

SPECIAL EDITION.

# THE ANN ARBOR REGISTER.

VOL. XVII. NO. 39.

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1891.—FORTY PAGES.

WHOLE NO. 874

## THE STORE UNDERSELLS.

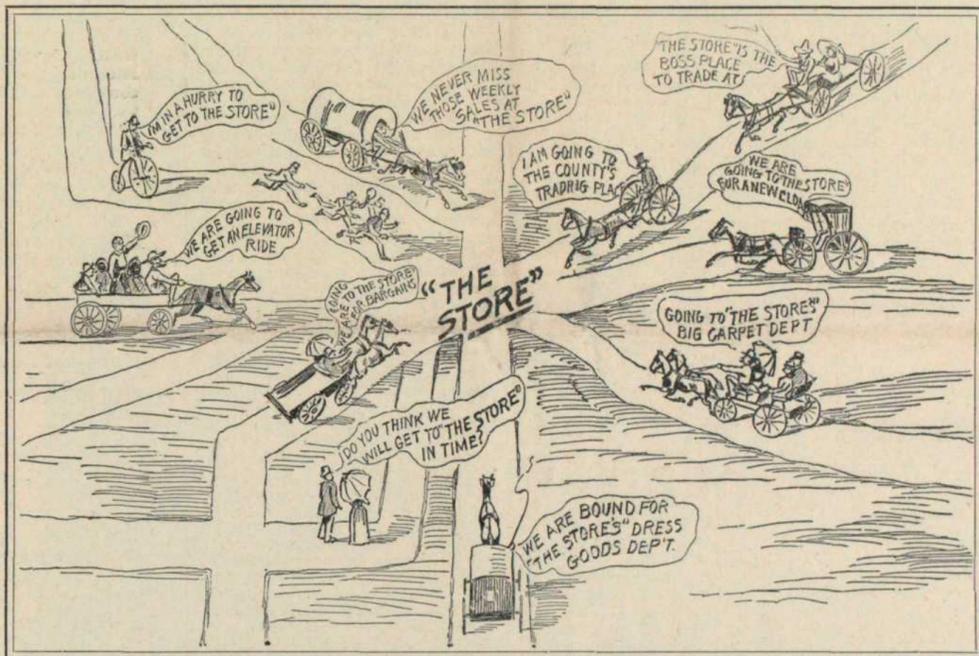
### MONEY REFUNDED.

If wear, quality, prices are not as advertised or represented.

Every Article guaranteed to be satisfactory to the buyer or made so.

# CHANGES IN "THE STORE" DRAW CROWDS

25 PEOPLE  
SELLING  
AND  
CUTTING  
OFF GOODS  
WITH ALL THE  
MODERN  
IMPROVEMENTS.



DRESS GOODS

LARGEST STOCK between  
Detroit and Chicago.  
PRICES UNEQUALLED,  
Ladies can now select from 5c  
to \$6 per yard.

## "THE STORE'S" CLOAK DEPARTMENT.

IS ALONE LARGER AND OCCUPIES MORE SPACE THAN ANY OTHER WHOLE DRY GOODS HOUSE IN THE COUNTY, EACH CUSTOMER RIDING UP AND DOWN IN OUR NEW PASSENGER ELEVATOR.

## "THE STORE'S" CARPET AND DRAPERY DEPARTMENT

Is what Ann Arbor has long needed, and shows its appreciation by the

### GRAND RUSH

Of business and big sales made in this department under the management of Mr. Morris, an old experienced city carpet and drapery man, who personally sees to all work connected with this department.

A CALL WILL GIVE YOU AN IDEA OF WHAT YOU CAN DO AT "THE STORE."

# MACK & SCHMID.

**ATHENS OF THE WEST.**

**ANN ARBOR'S HISTORY, LOCATION AND SURROUNDINGS.**

**Romance Surrounding the Place—Early Merchants—Present Population—Surface Contour—A Healthy Place—Natural Scenery—Other Leading Features of Ann Arbor.**

Ann Arbor, 'tis of thee we sing,  
From these our choicest blessings spring;  
Accept the tribute of our song,  
O Alma Mater, wise and strong,  
We love thy classic shades and shrines,  
We love thy murmuring elms and pines,  
Where'er our future homes shall be,  
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee.

Ann Arbor, 'tis of thee we sing,  
And life's dark voyage has begun,  
When waves of sorrow and distress  
Our weary, panting souls oppress.  
How bright shall beam thy beacon light  
To guide the wand'ring thro' the night;  
And as we catch thy gleaming rays  
We'll sing again Ann Arbor's praise.

Well has the college poet described the beauties of Ann Arbor. No student, visitor or business man can fail to be touched by the romance which surrounds the place. It is suggested by the very name itself, which, indeed, had a distinctly romantic origin. One of the earliest settlers of the village, so the story runs, had a wife whose name was Ann. A tent and a leafy arbor constituted their first home. To it her chivalric husband attached the name of Ann's Arbor. A village soon grew up around them, and what could they better call that than Ann Arbor? To-day there

City.	Population.	Total Equalized Valuation.	Per capita Valuation.
Grand Rapids.....	60,278	\$20,637,500	\$342 57
Saginaw.....	46,222	17,048,488	368 05
Bay City.....	37,839	10,991,446	287 22
Muskegon.....	22,702	5,918,339	260 69
Jackson.....	20,798	5,583,333	268 71
Kalamazoo.....	17,835	7,359,025	412 30
Battle Creek.....	13,543	5,082,000	375 25
Lansing.....	13,102	4,500,000	343 47
West Bay City.....	12,981	2,943,050	226 72
Manistee.....	12,812	2,362,519	184 20
Alpena.....	11,197	5,850,000	522 46
Flint.....	9,803	4,581,215	467 33
Ann Arbor.....	9,431	5,463,260	579 29
Marquette.....	8,083	3,400,000	420 92
Adrian.....	8,756	3,763,263	431 21
Owosso.....	6,564	1,470,000	223 95
Chesbogan.....	6,235	1,800,000	288 69
Pontiac.....	6,200	2,549,300	411 19
Ypsilanti.....	6,129	2,626,400	428 62
Detroit.....	206,876	142,200,000	689 71

Of course, some allowance must be made for the different degrees of honesty and the different systems of the various cities. Nevertheless, there can be no doubt but that Ann Arbor stands in the front rank as regards not only the amount but the distribution of its wealth.

**ANN ARBOR A HEALTHY CITY.**  
The reputation which Ann Arbor bears as a healthy city is widespread. Said the health officer, in his last annual report, rendered in May: "I am pleased to say that, at this date, the city is free from contagious or communicable diseases. I have no reports of the existence of such cases now, and the number reported during the year is very much less than for each of the two or three years

**ANN ARBOR THE COUNTY SEAT.**

Ann Arbor is the county seat of Washtenaw county. It was well selected, being centrally located. Here the officers and courts of 42,210 people make their headquarters.

Hon. E. D. Kinne, whose picture will be found in another column, is the judge of the twenty-second circuit, which includes Washtenaw and Monroe counties.

J. Willard Babbitt, of Ypsilanti, is probate judge, and William G. Doty, of this city, serves as probate register. The remaining county officers are: Charles Dwyer, sheriff; Arthur Brown, clerk; Michael Seery, register of deeds; Gustave Brehm, treasurer; Michael J. LeKman, prosecuting attorney; Patrick McKernan and Tracy L. Townner, circuit court commissioners; Charles S. Woodward, surveyor; Martin Clark and Edward Batwell, coroners.

The court house is a magnificent building, standing upon an entire square of land in the very heart of the city. The structure was finished in 1878, and its total cost, exclusive of furniture, was about \$70,000, of which amount Ann Arbor contributed \$20,000. The property, including furniture and site, is now valued at not less than \$125,000.

The court house is 80 x 127 in size, and about 54 feet in height. In the center rises a tower 152 feet above the basement. It contains a large clock, which can be seen miles away. There are fifteen large rooms in the building. One of these is used by the Ann Arbor city council as a place of meeting.

The county jail, which stands within a block of the court house, is a fine brick structure costing \$20,000. The sheriff's residence constitutes the front part. The cages stand on two floors and are separated from the outside walls by corridors. A solid cement floor, three feet thick, effectually prevents excavation. No prisoner has ever succeeded in escaping from Washtenaw's county jail. The average number of inmates is small, thus testifying to the peaceable character of the residents of the county.

A stoneyard across the street strikes terror into the hearts of all tramps and disorderlies. Most of them are inclined to give Ann Arbor a wide berth.

Three terms of the circuit court are held at Ann Arbor each year, and the docket is usually well filled. There are no less than thirty-five attorneys at law who reside at Ann Arbor, and some of them have even more than a state reputation. These, together with the deputy-sheriffs and other county officers, constitute quite a legal colony.

The board of supervisors, who constitute a sort of legislature for the county, meet twice a year to audit bills and equalize taxes. Six of these supervisors represent the city of Ann Arbor.

All the county conventions of the several parties meet at the court house, thus making Ann Arbor not only the legal and business center of the county, but the political center as well.

**RAILWAY CONNECTIONS.**

There is no great difficulty in reaching Ann Arbor by rail. On the great through line of the Michigan Central seven daily trains are run each way. The passenger business of Ann Arbor is larger than that of any other city between Detroit



CHICAGO'S HOMER CRAZE.

**Reporter Field, the Conscientious Helel-ist, Takes No Credit to Himself.**

The good work begun by Professor A. J. Fishbladder in Chicago some years ago is being continued by others now. It will be remembered that the professor came here and taught our best society how to behave itself. Public lectures were delivered upon etiquette, and private instruction was given in the art of entering a drawing room, eating with a knife, using the handkerchief, etc. This was a great work, and Professor Fishbladder will always be held in grateful remembrance by our community. Having learned not to draw their boots as soon as they enter the house, and having acquired the art of eating without their knives, our people have yearned after the enjoyment of those higher pleasures of which these preliminary teachings afforded a glimpse. Fishbladder was the pioneer; he set the ball to rolling, and it has been kept rolling ever since. The wool has dropped off and we are now nearer a wild, barbarous civilization. We have even ceased to regret that we used to live in trees and in leaves. We are a highly cultured people.

One of our latest fads is a Homer school. Homer was a poet who lived a good many centuries ago. Chicago society is as particular about its poetry as it is about its pork tenderloins. It has no use for fresh killed poetry; the poetry dished up for Chicago must have hung in the ice house a long, long time or it is rejected. Shakespeare and Dante were our favorites, until about six weeks ago along came somebody from the east and told us that Homer wrote poetry a thundering long time before either Shakespeare or Dante was born. At first we didn't believe it; thought it was a joke—didn't see how it could be true. But Professor Swing said it was so, and that he had known it all the time. Whatever Professor Swing says goes.

Then all at once Chicago began to take up with Homer. It was hard on Shakespeare and Dante, but it couldn't be helped; it was not Chicago's fault, but it was simply their misfortune that they were not born soon enough. The demand was for Homer; it was universal, extending from the stock yards to the water tower and from the lake front to Cicero township. Even Rudyard Kipling had to make way for the gentleman from Greece. Answering this demand our eminent publishers suspended work on their railway maps and guides and set about issuing a cheap paper edition of Homer's epics translated in gas meter by Professor Phlebotom, of Evanston, and adorned with a number of beautiful cuts which had been left over from their popular edition of "Bel-Ami." Two hundred thousand of these superb volumes have already been issued to the eager public, and the third edition is now in press. In the forum, upon the streets, in the horse cars, in the family circle—everywhere and at all times are our people to be seen poring over the immortal incubation of the extinct genius.

Responding to the Macedonian importunities of those who pine to "know more" of Homer, an army of professors and savants has flocked hither from the east. Some have come via slow freight, others have walked. They are a disheveled, unkempt, hungry looking lot. Their suspenders, when they have any, are secured at each end by means of tennypenny nails or second hand safety pins. They are impecunious but scholarly. They philosophize and rhapsodize and speculate and introspect; they do not pay cash. Their eyes are ablaze with inspiration; their bowels are filled with afflatus; their souls yearn and groan and long and pine and hunger and thirst, and their mouths overflow with polysyllabic bellowsings.

Chicago is the Mecca of these erudite professors. They are telling us all about Homer. We are flattered and delighted; they are making it pay. Three square meals a day is not to be sneezed at. Philosophy is not filling; it does not butter flapjacks nor grill rump steaks, unless, perchance, the philosopher happens to strike some such soft snap as Chicago is.

There are now eighty-seven Homer clubs in this city. Within a month the number of Browning clubs has dropped from sixty-five to eleven. The Homer boom is killing off everything before it. We understand that J. W. Ellworth and the Rev. Dr. Gausaulus have gone east to buy a first edition of the old man's book, if they can find one. Mr. Ellworth is reported to have said that he would pay \$25,000 for one if necessary. He wants to exhibit it in the Art society along with his Gutenberg Bible.

At the city register's office we are told that this Homeric infatuation is manifesting itself in the curious names now being bestowed upon infants at baptism. In March 40 per cent. of the male children born in Chicago were named Homer, 5 per cent. Ajax, 11 per cent. Achilles, 7 per cent. Hector, 3 per cent. Ulysses, 4 per cent. Nestor, and one infant has been named Thersites.

In the music circle it is rumored that Reginald de Koven and Harry B. Smith are engaged on a comic opera founded upon the scenes described in the Iliad. J. Raphael Fogg, president of the West Side Art association, has painted a life sized portrait of Homer, which is being exhibited in the well known meat shop of Cleaver & Co., in Milwaukee avenue, and is for sale, or will be exchanged for improved North Side real estate.—Eugene Field in Chicago News.

**A Danger Sign.**  
Daisy—Why does Hymen bear a torch?  
Dick—Because he typifies a lifelong torture.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

**STUDENTS**

AND ALL OTHERS who are in need of CLOTHING will do well to call on

**JAS. M. STAFFORD,**

FINE CUSTOM TAILOR,

19 S. Main Street,

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Our stock is now large, elegant and complete with all the novelties of the season.

**FURNITURE, CARPETS, DRAPERIES,**

**MARTIN HALLER'S,**

54 S. Main and 4 West Liberty-sts., Ann Arbor, Mich.

You have some furnishing to do this fall. It may be a whole house, it may be a single room, or it may be that you need only a single piece of Furniture.

I am prepared to show you such an assortment of goods that I know you can find just what you want. Having recently returned from the great Furniture Centers, CHICAGO, and GRAND RAPIDS, where I have made careful selections of the latest designs and novelties from the best manufacturers. I am convinced that I can gratify your wants, and give you a chance to select from a stock that is equal to the best in Detroit or Toledo, with the exception that I have not put fancy prices on the goods.

**CARPETS:** I am not the only Carpet dealer in the city, but I think I can show a line of samples that will enable you to find just the styles that suit you. I know that prices will. Splendid patterns in Chenille, Lace and Silk Curtains.

Give me a chance to show you what I have and you will regret it.

Very respectfully,

**MARTIN HALLER.**

Two Largest Sample Rooms in the State. Every Room Heated by Steam, and One Block from Street Car Line. House Lighted by Electricity.

**Germania Hotel,**

ANN ARBOR, MICH.

Location Central, Telephone No. 123. Rates \$2.00 Per Day. Wm. L. Frank, Prop.

Established 1846.

**KRAUSE**

**SHOES**

Come and get our prices. We keep the best manufacturers' lines made. To prove this, we carry E. C. Burt's fine Women's Shoes, \$4.00 and \$5.00; elsewhere \$5.50 and \$6.50. Burt's and Kears' fine Men's Shoes, \$6.00; elsewhere \$8.50. Our \$3.00 Shoe beats anything yet shown.

**KRAUSE'S SHOE STORE.**

48 South Main Street,

Ann Arbor, Mich.



Map showing a portion of the City of Ann Arbor.

is not another village or city in the world which bears this pretty name.

**LOCATION AND CLIMATE.**

Ann Arbor stands upon several long, sloping hills. It is 824 feet above the sea level and from fifty to seventy feet above the Huron river, a pretty winding stream which enters the city at the north and leaves at the southeast. The soil is a drift consisting of a sand and gravel bed from fifty to seventy feet in thickness. It is quite porous, which fact, together with the descent to the river, renders surface drainage a matter of little difficulty. The average annual temperature is about forty-seven degrees Fahrenheit. The average annual rainfall is something over thirty-one inches, and is, as a general rule, well distributed. The climate is equable, the summers being cooler and the winters warmer than in many other places having the same latitude.

**A LITTLE HISTORY.**

It was in February, 1824, that the first settlement was made in Ann Arbor. John Allen, of Virginia, and Elisha W. Rumsey, of Genesee County, New York, were the pioneers. What they found was a burr oak plain dotted here and there with openings. They pitched their tents on the east side of Allen's creek, near the present corner of Huron and First-sts. A coffee tavern was the first building. Others followed, and in 1828 there was a village of 150 inhabitants, with three stores and three taverns. A steady growth continued. Ann Arbor was incorporated as a village in 1834, and three years later the University of Michigan was located at this point. The Michigan Central railroad made its entrance in 1853. A city charter was granted in 1851. Of Ann Arbor's subsequent history it is not necessary to speak, for all the world knows it.

**POPULATION.**

The population of the city, according to the census of 1890, was 9,431, divided among the six wards as follows:

First, 2,402; second, 1,076; third, 1,503; fourth, 1,619; fifth, 719; sixth, 1,432. At the present there are probably not less than 10,000 residents, not including over 3,000 students who are with us three-fourths of the year. The character of the population is cosmopolitan, yet homogeneous. This is largely due to the great educational advantages of the city which invariably tone down differences and spread a general culture.

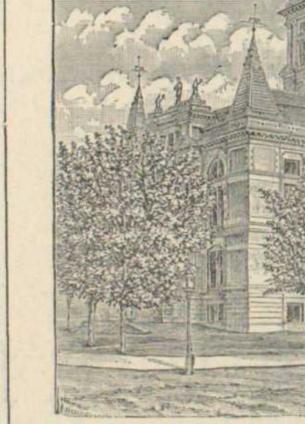
**ANN ARBOR'S WEALTH.**

Ann Arbor is a wealthy city, but it is not wealthy in the sense that the word is applied to New York City. If we mistake not, there is not one millionaire in the Athens of the west. Paupers are equally few in number. The good things of this life are distributed in Ann Arbor about as equally as is possible under present conditions. Most of all of the people are in at least comfortable circumstances.

There are but two cities in Michigan worth more *per capita* than Ann Arbor. These are Detroit and Coldwater. For the sake of comparison, we publish the following table, taken from the reports of the various municipal boards of review for 1891:

past, excepting the prevalence of influenza, which has been somewhat epidemic, and complications of pneumonia and bronchitis, the general health of the city is very good." The number of deaths during the year then passed was 148, which, in a population of 10,000, indicated a death rate of less than fifteen in a thousand. The board of health is extremely vigilant, and an offensive water closet or slaughter house is very soon ferreted out by the inspector. The streets and yards are kept remarkably clean. With the establishment of sewerage, which is sure to come about in a very short time, the sanitary condition of Ann Arbor will be well high perfect.

**RAILWAY CONNECTIONS.**  
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Washtenaw County Court House.

**A LOW RATE OF TAXATION.**

Although Ann Arbor is a rich and, withal, a progressive city, it has never been extravagant. The most rigid economy has always been practiced. As a result Ann Arbor is almost clear of debt and would be entirely so, were it not for the issuance of \$25,000 bonds, two years ago, for the purpose of aiding in the construction of the University hospital. Of this amount \$4,000 has already been paid. The disbursements for the year ending February 1, 1891, were \$45,823.37, of which \$9,425.40 were for streets; \$5,858.17 for the fire department; \$1,567.79 for police; \$1,971.25 for poor relief; \$5,119.25 for public lighting; \$4,000 for hospital bond. The remainder of the sum was spent in salaries and incidental expenses.

It will be seen that the expense of running this city of 10,000 people is wonderfully small. As a result Ann Arbor has about the lowest rate of taxation of any city in the northwest. The assessed valuation in 1890 was \$4,771,000, and the following rates per cent. of taxes were paid: State, 1.30; county, .60; city, .610; school, .550; total, 1.55. Are there many cities of 10,000 in the country that can equal this?

and Chicago. The depot building is a fine structure, built of boulder stones, and valued at more than \$35,000. It is surrounded by beautiful lawns and terraces. Few cities in the country can boast of depot grounds equal to these. The freight house is a structure 300 feet long and well fitted for the large business done at this point. Fifteen men, all under the supervision of the agent, H. W. Hayes, are employed by the company at Ann Arbor.

The Toledo, Ann Arbor & North Michigan railroad was commenced about thirteen years ago. It now runs from Toledo to Cadillac, and operates 274 miles. It crosses every east and west railway in the state. It has been from the beginning largely an Ann Arbor enterprise. It transacts at this city a business of over \$100,000 a year, surpassing every other station on the line except Toledo. The road, connecting as it does, with the south trunk lines at Toledo and striking the rich pine lands of Northern Michigan, has been of great advantage to Ann Arbor. At this point ten men, exclusive of trainmen and switchmen are employed. R. S. Greenwood is freight and ticket agent.

**A GARDEN OF EDEN**

IS A NAME NOT INAPPLICABLE TO ANN ARBOR.

**Her Broad Streets—Miles of Shade Trees—Her Parks—The Incomparable Boulevard—A Spacious Lawn—Surrounding Beauties.**

Philosophers have often contended that the aesthetic sense is closely related to the intellect. This is probably the reason why America's greatest University was located in Ann Arbor, for, if the testimony of visitors savors not strongly of "taffy," this city is one of nature's proudest works. The poet sings of "murmuring elms and pines." Had he substituted maples for pines, his words would have more truthfulness, although not so rhythmical. The streets of Ann Arbor are lined on both sides with the most perfect shade trees—hard maples, elms and occasionally broad and gnarled oaks. The walks are for the most part completely covered, becoming bowers as beautiful as they are pleasant.

The streets of Ann Arbor are broad and are laid out just regularly enough to guard against confusion on the one hand and monotony on the other. Many of them rise and fall in graceful slopes, and terraces abound in all parts of the city. So hard and, at the same time, so porous, is the soil that the streets are in as perfect a condition as if they were macadamized. They are constantly worked by the city and kept clear of weeds and rubbish.

The avenues surrounding the University campus are especially noteworthy. These are over 100 feet wide. Down the center of each runs a row of beautiful shade trees, standing in the middle of a long grass plot some twelve feet wide. On one side of the campus, flowering plants are interspersed among the trees. Ingalls-st. is a delightful avenue

Bend and winds in a corkscrew curve down the steep hill, till it finally meets the old river road.

Prof. Moses Costlyer and the late Dr. Frieze, in the old days, were wont to stroll over the hills, day after day, and they never wearied of the beautiful and diversified scenery. The latter used frequently to remark that the country around Cedar Bend reminded him of that near Tubingen, in Germany, where he spent some of his early student days.

By degrees, residents of this city began to wonder, more and more, why a beautiful drive had not long ago been built on the brow of the hills, and, about two years ago, agitation began with that end in view. A number of prominent citizens took the matter in hand, and pushed it finally to a successful completion. The owners of the surrounding land were approached, and were induced to donate a right of way, and the city could not very well refuse the gift.

**SURROUNDING SCENERY.**

Cedar Bend avenue is not the only beautiful drive near the city. Four broad roads, some of them quite picturesque, connect Ann Arbor with its fair sister, Ypsilanti, eight miles distant. The "river road," which skirts along the Huron for a portion of the way, deserves especial mention.

School Girl's Glen and Cascade Glen are written in the memory of every one who has ever visited Ann Arbor. These are beautiful ravines, with springs and trees. Cascade Glen is near what is known as Cornwell's mill pond, an enlargement of the Huron river half a mile wide and several miles long. This beautiful sheet of water furnishes excellent skating in winter, boating in summer and fishing at all times. The scenery on the Huron for six miles above Ann Arbor is a fitting subject for the painter's brush.

**ANN ARBOR'S PARKS**

are few in number, but to tell the truth, the whole city is but one large park. There are, however, three parks in the city which deserve mention. One of these, Relief Park, comprises forty or fifty acres of wooded land just within the city limits. It is the property of our German citizens and is the scene of many a gay celebration and picnic. Hamilton Park, towards the southern

**ANN ARBOR'S GOVERNMENT**

**ONE OF THE GREAT CAUSES OF HER PROSPERITY.**

**A Low Rate of Taxation—The Present City Officers—Synopsis of the City Charter.**

Ann Arbor was incorporated as a city in 1851. The government has during the past forty years been managed with marked economy and efficiency. As a result, the city has been kept clear of debt, and at the same time has secured all the modern improvements.

The present charter was adopted in 1889, and was amended in some particulars during the past spring. The city is divided into six wards, from each of which a supervisor, constable and two



Hon. W. G. Doty, Mayor.

aldermen are elected. The first two serve for a year, and the latter for two years. A mayor, president of the council, clerk, two justices of the peace, and an assessor, constitute the remaining elective officers. The appointees of the mayor are the city attorney, marshal, treasurer, members of the board of public works, members of the board of fire commissioners, and members of the board of health.

The position of mayor of Ann Arbor is one of honor and dignity. It is his duty to exercise a general supervision over the various departments of the city government, and to use the veto power when in his judgment it is necessary.

The present incumbent is Hon. W. G. Doty. He is a graduate of the University, having left its portals in 1875. He is an accomplished scholar and an enthusiastic student of politics. He is a lawyer by profession. He has won many honors in masonry, and in 1890 became grand commander of the Michigan Knights Templar. He has given general satisfaction as mayor of Ann Arbor.



Prof. M. E. Cooley, President of the Council.

The next position of importance in the city government, that of president of the city council, is held by Mortimer E. Cooley, the eminent professor of mechanical engineering in the University of Michigan. He makes a model presiding officer, and is able, by his knowledge of engineering, to be of great assistance to the council.

The city clerk, William J. Miller, before his election last spring to his present position, served as alderman for several years. He is thoroughly acquainted with the details of city government. He has been engaged for several years in the manufacture of pumps.

The justices of the peace are E. B. Pond and N. G. Butts. The former was for many years editor of the Argus. He was also at one time warden of the Jackson prison. He is thoroughly versed in the statute law, and makes a very efficient judge. The same may be said of Mr. Butts, who, together with his official work, carries on an extensive real estate and insurance business.

The treasurer, S. W. Benkes, is the able editor of the Ann Arbor Argus. He is a graduate of the University, and has served two terms as mayor of the city.

E. B. Norris, city attorney, is a prominent member of the Washtenaw county bar. He was for years prosecuting



T. J. Keech, President of the Board of Public Works.

attorney. He has made a careful study of municipal law.

The marshal, James Murray, has proved himself a competent officer. He has under him two patrolmen, David Collins and Clarence Tice. The police force is remarkably small for a place like Ann Arbor. It costs the city less than \$2,000 a year.

The assessor, Patrick O'Hearn, has held his position for several years. He has given such general satisfaction that at the last election there was no opposing candidate.

The members of the board of public works are: Thomas J. Keech, a prominent lumber dealer; J. F. Schuh, a hardware merchant, and W. H. McIntyre, a grocer.

The board of fire commissioners consists of George H. Pond, editor of the Courier; Moses Seabolt, a prominent grocer and capitalist, and Titus F. Hutzler, one of the proprietors of a large plumbing establishment.

The president of the board of health is Eli W. Moore, manager of the agricultural works. Dr. John Kapp is health officer, and Martin Clark inspector.

The board of building inspectors consists of Gottlob Luick and Herman Krapp, proprietors of planing mills, and John Koch, a prominent contractor.

The city council now in office is a very efficient body. It will be seen that its members represent all the varied interests of the city. They are: Eugene G. Mann, druggist; Levi D. Wines, professor of mathematics in the high school; William Herz, proprietor of a painting and decorating establishment; Christian Martin, a brewer; G. D. Allmendinger, a wood worker in the agricultural works; A. H. Fillmore, a retired capitalist; C. Frank O'Hearn, proprietor of a billiard hall; A. P. Ferguson, owner of an extensive carriage factory; Walter L. Taylor, fruit grower; Ernest A. Rehberg, foreman of the Northern brewery; Louis P. Hall, instructor in the dental department of the University, and Arthur J. Kiteon, a contractor.

**THE CITY'S POOR.**

Ann Arbor is a charitable city, and hence does not neglect the worthy poor who need her assistance. This whole matter is placed in charge of a poor commissioner. During the year 1890, sixty-six families, comprising one hundred and seventy-eight individuals, received aid from the city, and the total amount paid out was \$1,468.71—about sixteen cents for each inhabitant of Ann Arbor. It is doubtful if any other city in Michigan manages this department so economically.

**ANN ARBOR A PEACEABLE CITY.**

The inhabitants of this Western Athens are generally not of a quarrelsome or vicious disposition. By far the greater number of them never see the inside of a jail. During the year ending July 31, 1891, the marshal made only 123 arrests. Probably one half of the culprits were not residents of Ann Arbor. The police department numbers only three men, one marshal and two night patrolmen, and this force has proved amply sufficient. What other city of its size can get along with three policemen?

**ODDS AND ENDS.**

Of the 1,900 policemen in Chicago, 1,550 are Irishmen.

The United States has 637,000,000 gold coins, and only 411,000,000 are in circulation.

Two acres of land adjacent to the London houses of parliament have been advertised for sale at £1,000,000.

The bullet which killed Lord Nelson at Trafalgar is one of the treasured exhibits of the London Naval exhibition.

The people of this country use three times as much writing paper as those of any other nation in proportion to their number.

Another universal language after Volapuk has been invented in Chili by a navy surgeon. It is entitled "La Lengua Catolica."

Macon, Ga., has a ten-year-old stenographer and typewriter who has started in business for herself in a prominent hotel of that town.

After a recent rainstorm at Folsom, Cal., gold nuggets were picked up in the streets. A lucky boy found one that he sold for nine dollars.

A foundling asylum on Lexington avenue, New York, recently received two Chinese babies, who were subsequently adopted by respectable families.

An Irish-American in Newark, N. J., was let off from punishment in court recently for thrashing a foreigner who disputed his assertion that the United States was the best country on earth.

The bell ringers of English churches held a convention recently, the seventy delegates representing 12,000 members of the profession. They discussed methods of alleviating the horrors of harsh sounding bells.

The island of Hawaii, the largest in the Sandwich group, is constantly increasing in size, owing to the ever flowing streams of lava, which run out to the sea and flow over and make the shores of the island overhang the main stem of the formation.

**TURF TOPICS.**

It is said \$1,500,000 changed hands when Tenny won the Brooklyn handicap.

Prince Fonso is said to be hopelessly broken down. He won the Chicago Derby, the Twin City Derby and other big stake races.

Lord Randolph Churchill has a colt by Wisdom out of Socks, and a Canadian paper facetiously remarks that if he were an American colt Jerry Simpson would be a good name for him.

The stallion Blue Grass, by Pat Malloy, bred at Woodburn farm, Spring Station, Ky., won the queen's prize of £200 for horses owned in Cumberland, Durham, Northumberland and Westmoreland at the London horse show.

Some of the noted drivers of the country have been interviewed on kite shaped tracks, and the burden of their testimony goes to support the claim that the track is faster than the standard oval track, and that records on the new style of courses cannot be considered in the same light as equal records on the oval tracks.

At the sale of the race horses of M. Lupin in Paris Aerolithe and Robamonde were purchased for W. I. Scott, of Erie, Pa., the owner of Rayon d'Or. The prices paid were \$3,000 and \$4,600 respectively. Rayon d'Or was the highest price horse that ever came to North America. Mr. Scott paid \$30,000 for him in France.

**THE ANN ARBOR SAVINGS BANK.**

Organized 1869, under the General Banking Law of this State

Capital, \$50,000. Surplus, \$100,000. Total Assets, \$620,000.

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 \$100 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, W. B. Smith and L. Gruner.

**OFFICERS:**—Christian Mack, President; W. D. Harriman, Vice President; C. E. Hiscock, Cashier.

**Report of the Condition of the Ann Arbor Savings Bank**

At Ann Arbor, Michigan, at the close of business, May 4, 1891.

RESOURCES.		LIABILITIES.	
Loans and Discounts	\$ 431,333 71	Capital Stock	\$ 50,000 00
Stocks, bonds, mortgages, etc.	24,816 24	Surplus Fund	100,000 00
Overdrafts	10,612 26	Undivided Profits	33,333 27
Furniture and fixtures	1,490 80	Dividends unpaid	336 00
Current expenses and taxes paid	2,283 15		
<b>CASH.</b>		<b>DEPOSITS.</b>	
Due from banks in reserve	\$101,140 90	Commercial deposits	\$159,786 82
Due from other banks and bankers	1,785 83	Savings deposits	455,333 90
Checks and cash items	229 80	Certificates of deposit	28,545 00—643,571 20
Nickels and pennies	141 53		
Gold coin	15,000 00		
Silver	2,800 00		
U. S. and Nat. Bank notes	13,938 00—187,056 06		
	\$227,867 27		

CORRECT—Attest: CHRISTIAN MACK, L. GRUNER, WM. D. HARRIMAN, Directors.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 9th day of May, 1891.

MICHAEL J. FRITZ, Notary Public.

A special feature of this Bank is its NICKEL SAVINGS STAMP SYSTEM, designed especially for the Saving of small sums. Stamps can be obtained of any of the Bank Agents, and in sums of One Dollar can be deposited, and a book will be issued; therefore,

"Who would derive an ever-present friend  
Must to this maxim quick response extend;  
As Nickel Stamps to dollars quickly grow,  
The surest secret of the way doth show."

**THE GROCERY AND BAKERY**

Is the only place in the city where you can get

**THE BEST GOODS FOR THE LEAST MONEY.**

We make a specialty of furnishing Boarding Houses with Bread, Cakes, Groceries, Fruits, and all kinds of Provisions.

**STUDENTS**

Will find this the best place to get Lunches put up to order, as we handle Chocolate eclairs, Cream Puffs, and all kinds of Wafers. Give us a trial and you will be satisfied with the merit of our goods.

27 E. Washington-st. WM. SALYER.

**SCHUMACHER'S ROYAL FURNACE**

The Greatest Furnace that Ann Arbor ever discovered for Economy, Durability, and Simplest Furnace in Market.

68 South Main Street, Ann Arbor, Mich.

**WANTED---1,000 SUBSCRIBERS**

—TO THE LEADING—

DETROIT, NEW YORK, CHICAGO, TOLEDO, AND CINCINNATI PAPERS.

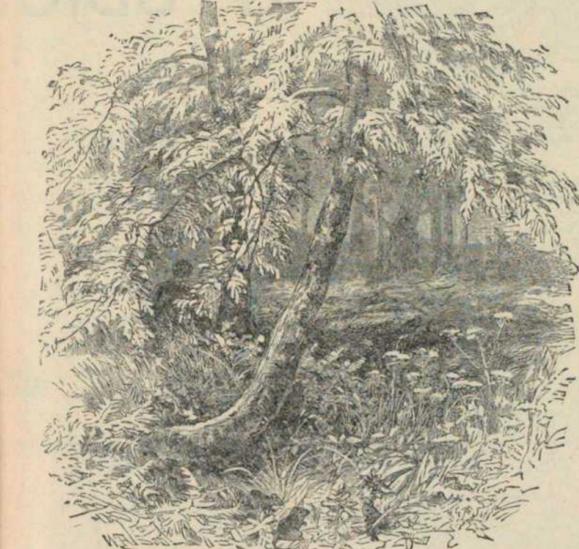
Leave Orders at Opera House News Stand, 12 N. Main-st.

Perfect system of Delivering Daily Papers. The combined distance is traveled by my faithful newspaper carriers each day to reach over 600 subscribers, in nearly 20 miles. Think of it, and yet we get there almost without a miss.

**CITIZENS, STUDENTS, FARMERS,** Give us your names as subscribers, whether for Daily or Weekly papers, whether for monthly publication, Magazine, Story Book, or Illustrated paper. We guarantee prompt attention, and prices to meet all competition.

F. STOFFLET, Newsdealer.

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN.



A Scene in Cascade Glen.

running on the brow of the hill for several blocks and overlooking the valley of the Huron river. Fine residences line the street on either side. Washtenaw-ave. is equally beautiful, if not more so. It starts from the northeast corner of the campus and runs in a southeasterly direction for nearly a mile, rising gradually all the way. Spacious lawns, comprising several acres, beautiful groves, picturesque terraces and magnificent residences, add to its attractiveness. Many other streets, such as Huron, State, Division and Packard, should also be mentioned.

**THE "BOULEVARD."**

No visitor to Ann Arbor, if he appreciates natural scenery, will fail to make a trip around Cedar Bend avenue, inappropriately called by some, "the boulevard." This is a beautiful drive, nearly a mile long, skirting the brow and sides



On the Lake.

of several high hills and overlooking both the city and the Huron river. Between the road and the Huron, in some places 175 feet below, lie thickly wooded slopes and smooth plains, which, some of these days, will be transformed into a park. At present this beautiful spot is frequented by many a picnic party and by many a pair of romantic lovers.

It is utterly impossible, by a verbal description, to convey an adequate idea of the "boulevard" and surrounding scenery. There is hardly a foot of ground which does not show some peculiar beauty of its own. Standing at the summit of the long hill on Broadway, the road runs straight for about ten rods. Then it turns sharply to the left and passes the Sugar Loaf, christened by the children "Lennon's Mountain." A little beyond, it passes a small bridge, which spans a pretty ravine watered by a stream. Here the road takes another turn and soon loses itself in a shady forest. A fountain, supplied with cool spring water, stands by the roadside. Gradually the drive leaves the woods and opens open ground again, revealing a beautiful view of Ann Arbor. Slowly descending, it passes the historic Cedar

limits of Ann Arbor, was laid out by Messrs. Hamilton, Rose and Sheehan and was donated to the city two years ago. It will, when completed, contain an artificial lake. It is already provided with winding roads and flower beds. In the center a large fountain disports itself. The ground formerly occupied by the "old cemetery," in the eastern part of Ann Arbor, is now the property of the city. Before many months have passed away, it will be transformed into a beautiful public park.

**NEIGHBORING RESORTS.**

Within short distances from Ann Arbor are a number of beautiful lakes. Of these Whitmore is probably the best known. Here the last encampment of the state militia was held. The lake is situated about twelve miles from this city on the line of the Toledo, Ann Arbor & North Michigan railway. It is about two miles in diameter. On its shores are two good hotels and a number of private cottages. Cavanaugh lake, Zukuy lake, North lake and Portage lake are beautiful sheets of water which are frequented by Ann Arbor people during the hot summer months.

**BEAUTIFUL FARMING COUNTRY.**

Washtenaw county is acknowledged to possess some of the finest farming country in the world. Beautiful crops make the farmers happy and heaven the whole business community. A yield of thirty or even forty bushels of wheat to the acre is by no means a rarity. Stock-raising—sheep, cattle and horses—is also extensively carried on. Washtenaw county is specially noted for its fine grades of wool.

To this it may be added that Ann Arbor is in the center of a fruit belt, which is known throughout the United States. Peaches, apples, pears and grapes are raised in rich profusion. A drive along some of the roads in the spring and early fall discloses a beautiful, as well as instructive, sight. From Ann Arbor are annually shipped thousands of barrels of rich fruit. David Henning, said to be the largest fruit shipper in America, makes Ann Arbor his headquarters.

Fruit culture, as well as the ordinary kinds of agriculture, are made the basis of an intelligent study by the farmers of the county. A well organized horticultural society meets monthly and discusses everything relative to the raising of fruit. Endowed, as it is with nature's richest bounties, is it any wonder that Washtenaw county teems with wealth, and that its metropolis, Ann Arbor, yearly becomes richer in the good things of this life?

**Her Question.**

The husband was reading the news at night, And his wife said, "Tell me, pray, How many balloonists were killed outright Who made ascensions today?"

**PUBLIC WORKS.**

**FEW IN NUMBER BUT THE BEST OF THEIR KIND.**

**The Matchless Paid Fire Department—The Proposed System of Sewerage, and Other Ann Arbor Interests.**

Ann Arbor is not managed according to socialistic ideas, and as a consequence her public works are not great in number. She owns neither water works nor electric lights, both of these enterprises being private property. Those public works which she does reserve to herself are maintained in a manner which reflects great credit upon the city.

**THE PAID FIRE DEPARTMENT** is the most important of these. It was organized in May, 1889, and at that time included three men, a team of horses

April 1, 1891, there were forty-one alarms, and the total loss from fire in this city of 10,000 people was only \$1,844.74, almost entirely covered by insurance. The losses during the last year of the volunteer department amounted to over \$37,000.

The department is economically managed. The total expenses for the year ending April 1, 1891, were only \$5,283.61, of which \$3,190.57 was paid in salaries. A board of three fire commissioners, holding office for three years each, has complete charge of the finances, and of the hiring and discharging of men.

In all probability the efficiency of this department will soon be made still greater by the establishment of a fire-alarm or telephone system.

**PROPOSED IMPROVEMENTS.**

The proposed sewerage system is absorbing a great deal of attention this year, and the project is likely to materialize within a comparatively short time. Many people are in favor of levying at once a special tax of \$20,000, with which



The Engine House.

and a hose wagon. It is a much more extensive affair now. Eight regular men and five minute-men, who report at night, are now on duty. Frederick Siple, who for twenty-five years has been connected with the department, is the efficient chief.

The total value of the property is about \$25,000. Of this amount \$15,000 is invested in the building, \$3,800 in hose wagons and hook and ladder trucks, \$1,700 in hose, and \$1,000 in horses, of which there are five. There are two hose wagons, one Seagrave hook and ladder truck, one steamer and two hand engines, all in good repair.

The rapidity with which the brave boys turn out to a fire excites the admiration and curiosity of all who see them. Without doubt they have been the means of preventing many disastrous conflagrations. During the year ending

to build the trunk sewer. Others prefer to bond the city. No matter which policy prevails, Ann Arbor is morally certain to have sewerage before the end of 1893.

Professor C. E. Greene, one of the foremost civil engineers in the United States, has carefully drawn up a plan for sewerage Ann Arbor, which is practicable and at the same time economical. The trunk sewer is to follow the course of Allen's Creek, a little stream which rises in the southern part of the city, and runs in a northerly and easterly direction to the river. The entire city slopes towards this creek, thus ensuring the best drainage possible.

Another project, that of paving the streets, is considerably agitated, although this is an improvement not so necessary in Ann Arbor as in some cities where the soil is not so hard or porous.

**ACTIVITY IN BUILDING.**

**LARGE INCREASE IN THE NUMBER OF HOUSES.**

**Ann Arbor Last Year Spent \$535,945 in Improvements and Will Have Spent Still More in 1891.—Some of the Important Structures.**

In a lively city the sound of hammers and the whirr of saws can be heard the year round. This is the case with Ann Arbor. The approach of winter does not deter her busy masons and carpenters. They lay brick and drive nails at all seasons of the year, regardless of the weather—indeed they are compelled to do so, otherwise prosperous Ann Arbor would too soon outgrow its clothes.

We cannot claim for this city a "boom," nor do we care to do so. Booms are suspicious. They are frequently fashioned of the things that "dreams are made of," and when they fade away they leave little or nothing behind them.

Ann Arbor's growth is a conservative and safe growth. The needs of business men and residents are continually expanding and must be provided for, but speculators do not find in this city a paradise.

An expenditure of \$535,945 in one year is by no means a poor showing for a town of 10,000 people. This was Ann Arbor's record for 1890. It is doubtful if many cities in Michigan, with less than 30,000 people, do better than this. The number of new residences erected was not less than 106. They cost \$224,025—an average of \$2,113.44 apiece. There were few palatial houses in the number and equally few small or cheap houses. The University spent last year \$29,000 and the manufacturing establishments \$32,000. The new electric railway was built at an expense of \$70,000. The extent of the improvements may be well seen in the following table, which was carefully compiled by THE REGISTER in January last:

New residences.....	\$24,025
General repairs on houses and stores—estimated.....	70,000
Church improvements—including the McMillan Hall.....	86,690
Stores and important improvements.....	20,660
Manufacturing improvements.....	32,000
University improvements.....	29,000
Gas Company—repairs.....	3,000
Ann Arbor Water Co.....	7,000
Railroad imp., Michigan Central.....	12,000
T. & A. A. Ry.....	670
Ann Arbor street railway.....	70,000
Hamilton Park.....	2,500
Michigan Telephone Company.....	660
Street improvements—crosswalks, etc.....	9,200
Electric light improvements.....	8,950
Schools, new building and repairs.....	8,650
County buildings—repairs.....	2,140
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>\$535,945</b>

It is, of course, too early to compile at this time an equally exhaustive table for 1891. The building season is but fairly begun and many new structures, not yet touched, will be commenced within the next few months. Nevertheless, it may safely be affirmed that the total value of improvements will not be less than it was last year. The number of new residences will ap-

proach 150, at least, and many place the figure as high as 200. The general repairs on houses and stores will amount to as much as they did in 1890, as will also the manufacturing and street improvements. The new hospitals, now completed, have cost over \$80,000, and other University buildings, to cost not less than \$45,000, will soon be commenced.

In every part of the city the greatest activity can be seen. One addition, that of Mrs. O. B. Hall, is almost entirely covered with buildings, although it was platted only a little over a year ago. Even in the Fifth ward, the oldest portion of Ann Arbor, new houses are springing up like magic.

Many of the residences completed this year call for special mention. That of Hon. Charles R. Whitman, state railroad commissioner, has cost between \$15,000 and \$20,000. It is colonial in style. The lower part is built of native stone and the upper part is finished in California red wood shingles. There are three stories, each one of which is finished off in the best woods obtainable. The residence of David Rinsey was completed in the early spring. It cost between \$8,000 and \$10,000, and is a model of beauty and convenience. The new home of Mrs. C. A. Wright stands at the corner of State and Hill-sts. It is built of stone and wood and cost upwards of \$10,000. Another fine residence is that of Miss S. M. Gardner on Washtenaw-ave. In the early spring Donald McIntyre completed a \$4,000 house on west Huron-st., and Prof. W. W. Beman recently took possession of his new \$5,000 house on North-st. C. H. Cady is now building a residence on Packard-st, which will cost about the same. Clark Cornwell's new house on Cornwell Place will be a fine building. E. B. Hall is erecting a residence on Hill-st, worth between \$4,000 and \$5,000, and Mrs. O. B. Hall is building another, equally fine, on Washtenaw-ave. Martin Haller has completed a house on Main-st which will cost over \$3,500. And so the story runs. We might mention also the following new residences, either finished or begun this year: Those of N. W. Cheever, \$3,500; F. A. Wilson, \$3,500; F. G. Schleede, \$3,000; Fred Rettich, \$3,000; Mrs. A. L. Behr, \$3,200; G. M. Henion, \$3,000. The number of the new houses costing upwards of \$3,000 is so large that it would be useless to attempt giving details.

Existing business buildings have undergone considerable improvement, and some new ones have been erected. The store of Mack & Schmid has been fitted from top to bottom, a new front has been put in and a bay window has been built on the second floor. The Maynard block, the store of C. W. Wagner & Co., the building now occupied by Frank O'Hearn's billiard hall, the stores of L. Gruner, Bach & Abel, E. F. Mills & Co., Wadhams, Kennedy & Reule, and Schun & Muehlig, have all been considerably improved and the Cook hotel has been renovated from the basement to the roof. Prof. F. M. Hamilton has about completed a two-story brick block on William-st., near the University. In the near future the "Blackstone block" will be erected on the corner of Fourth-ave and Ann-st. It will be two stories high, with a steep roof, forty feet wide and architecturally unexcelled.

Street improvements include, besides the usual number of culverts and repairs, several important additions. Work

has already begun on a magnificent bridge across the Huron which will cost upwards of \$3,000. Division-st has been widened and graded at a large expense.

The Toledo, Ann Arbor & North Michigan railroad has already begun preliminary work looking to the erection of a fine steel bridge over the Huron river and the tracks of the Michigan Central railroad. It will be about 900 feet long and will cost not less than \$40,000. The engineer was instructed to prepare plans for a structure whose equal could not be found in Michigan.

Among the church improvements may be mentioned the completion of McMillan Hall, which cost over \$20,000, the erection of the new Bethel A. M. E. church, at an expense of nearly \$4,000, the completion of the Second Baptist church, the finishing and fitting up of Newberry Hall, the building of a \$2,500 hall for the Roman Catholics, and the repairing of the Baptist and Presbyterian churches. The total cost of church improvements cannot be less than \$30,000.

The manufacturing establishments also, have been active in the building line. A large addition to the furniture factory, to cost \$10,000, is now under way. All the other establishments have done a large amount of repairing.

In a rough and unsatisfactory way, we have attempted to give a stranger a little idea of what Ann Arbor is doing this year in the way of building. A drive around the city would satisfy the visitor that we have not exaggerated in the least.



"Ethel Goodbell brought home a lovely souvenir spoon with her from England." "I know it; I saw her with him on the avenue Sunday morning."—Life.

**The Summer Hotel Bill.** "By the way," remarked a guest to the landlord of a summer resort as he paid his bill and started away, "do you permit your help to accept tips?" "Why, n-o-o-o," he said with nervous anxiety, as he glanced back over the account; "you haven't got any money left, have you?"—Detroit Free Press.

**A Precaution.** She—Is that friend of yours whom you are expecting a tall man? He—About 6 feet 2 inches. Why do you ask? She—Because in that case I shall have to dust the ornaments on the top shelf.—Der Schalk.

MR. J. F. RENTSCHLER,

PHOTOGRAPHIC

STUDIO!

Cor. Main and Huron Sts.,

ANN ARBOR, - MICH.

THE BEAUTIFUL GUILD PIANO

Manufactured in Boston for nearly 30 years. Nearly 26,000 in use. Taken 85 First Premiums.

NO RISK IN BUYING A GUILD. THEY NEVER FAIL. THE IMPROVEMENTS IN THE GUILD ARE VITAL.

THEY ARE IN THE VERY HEART OF THE PIANO.

No slipping, or springing tuning pins. Examine them. None are more honestly made. There is no shoddy about them. People like them and buy them. More of them sold in Ann Arbor last year than all others combined. Elegantly finished in various kinds of wood. See them before you buy.

From the Presto of August 20, 1891.

MR. GEO. M. GUILD'S SUCCESSES.

\*\*\* He has placed his patent improvements beyond the ban of criticism. His tuning pin and bridging devices have received pronounced praise from valuable sources, and have won a class of trade that has tied as closely to the Guild piano as bark grows to a tree.

(The Presto is one of the leading musical journals published in this country.)

Jackson, Mich., August 23, 1891.

\*\*\* "Do we like our piano?" It is called the finest and sweetest toned piano in this city. \*\*\*

John E. Durand.

YOU TAKE NO CHANCES IN BUYING A GUILD PIANO.

See them and see our list of purchasers. We might add testimonials by the score. Prices reasonable. Terms easy.

Other New and Second-hand Pianos, Organs, Guitars, Banjos, Etc., Etc.

Agency for the Standard Rotary Shuttle

SEWING MACHINE

See the

PARAGON

Before you buy a Bicycle.

PIANO AND ORGAN TUNING

I have a Tuner regularly employed.

Prompt attention given orders, and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

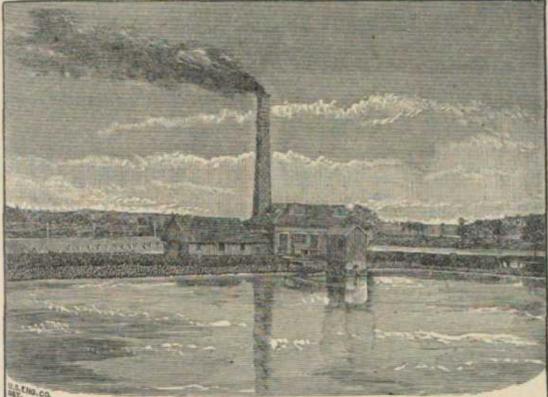
ALVIN WILSEY, 25 S. FOURTH AVE., ANN ARBOR, MICH.

**METROPOLITAN AIRS.**

**ANN ARBOR HAS ALL THE ADVANTAGES OF A CITY.**

**A Model Waterworks System—Good Hotels—An Electric Railway—Motor Line to Ypsilanti—Telegraphic Facilities—Good Newspapers, etc.**

If the stranger has somehow been laboring under the impression that Ann Arbor is a slow old college town, without any of the advantages usually possessed by progressive American cities, he will find himself greatly mistaken. Ann Arbor has a first-class electric railway, several good hotels, an opera house, a model system of waterworks, electric lighting, gas, and, best of all, progressive newspapers. What better advantages can even Detroit offer?

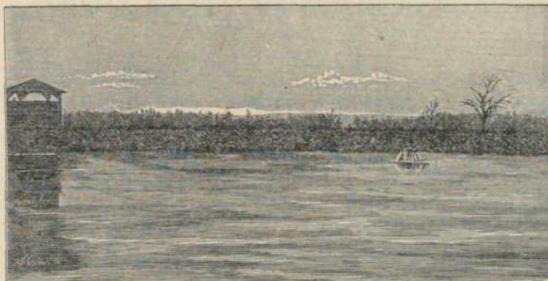


Waterworks Building, and Receiving Reservoir.

Let us glance first at the WATERWORKS SYSTEM.

This is owned and operated by the wide-awake and enterprising Ann Arbor Water Company. Though less than six years old, it has laid twenty-six miles of mains—more than the city of Jackson has laid after twenty years. The supply of water is drawn from springs and flowing wells, and is collected in two reservoirs, two miles west of the city. Thence it is pumped to a storage reservoir located 175 feet above Ann Arbor, giving a storage capacity of 3,000,000 gallons, affording the city a constant pressure of from sixty to ninety-five pounds, making absolute fire protection and also affording motive power for elevators and small manufacturing establishments.

The pumping works are located near the springs. They contain two pumps, one with a capacity of 2,200,000 gallons a day and the other with 1,600,000 gallons. That the citizens of Ann Arbor appreciate the value of the water supply is shown by the fact that already the company has made 1,300 taps for water connections and is now supplying over three-fourths of the citizens. The steady and constant growth of the city is in no small measure directly attributable to the excellent service supplied by the water company.



Waterworks Storage Reservoir.

The board of directors is composed of the following named persons: Prof. Charles E. Greene, Charles E. Hiscock, A. Kent Hale, Titus F. Hutzler, and A. W. Hamilton. The office of the company is located in the Hamilton block, where the president and superintendent, A. W. Hamilton, can be found ready to take orders at any time.

**ANN ARBOR'S HOSTELRIES.**

A hospitable city always makes good provision for its guests. That Ann Arbor does this, every traveller is willing to affirm. There are no palatial hotels here—you seldom find them except in large cities—but there are several houses which yield to no others in point of comfort or convenience.

Cook's Hotel, the largest in the city, is a four-story building standing on the corner of Huron-st and Fourth-ave, directly opposite the court house square. It contains seventy-five rooms and, with the furniture, is valued at \$50,000. On the ground floor is found the lobby, finely frescoed and furnished with upholstered chairs, a large dining room and an elegant bar. The ladies' parlor on the second floor is prettily furnished, having a piano, sofas and all the other conveniences. Several large sample rooms are scattered throughout the house. All of the apartments have been fitted out with entirely new furniture, and expensive Brussels carpets cover the floor in every story except the fourth. Two elevators—one for freight and one for passengers—will soon be running from basement to roof. The house is heated by steam and lighted by electricity and gas. The present proprietor, A. L. Nowlin, formerly of Romulus, Mich., is determined to place the hotel on a par with the best to be found in the state.

The Germania Hotel was erected in 1885 and is now the property of Michael Staebler. Its value, including site and furniture, is not less than \$25,000. This is a large three-story building, finished off in hard woods and handsomely decorated. It has four large sample rooms, one of which is the largest in the state. The bar-room, lobby and dining hall, on the first floor, are furnished with all the modern conveniences, and steam heating is provided for every room in the house. The hotel is now managed by Wm. L. Frank.

The Arlington, a pretty little hostelry, containing sixteen rooms, and the Franklin, a three-story building with forty-three rooms, also deserve mention.



Cook's Hotel.

**AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY.**

The business of this company at Ann Arbor is larger than that done in most cities of its size, amounting to \$30,000 a year. The number of packages sent and received annually is over 40,000. During the fruit season the shipments often exceed thirty tons a day. About \$50,000 in money-orders are annually cashed. The office force numbers five persons—the agent, A. W. Ames, two clerks and two messengers.

**THE OPERA HOUSE.**

Ann Arbor has a good theatre, capable of holding 1,200 people. During the

**THE POSTOFFICE.**

A good indication of a city's prosperity is the amount of postal business it transacts. In this respect Ann Arbor makes a very creditable showing. The receipts of the office during the year ending June 30th, 1891, from sales of envelopes, stamps, etc., and box-rents, were \$25,641.38, an increase of \$1,704.47 over the year previous. The total expenses were only \$14,451.90, leaving a balance of \$11,189.48 in favor of the government. The total number of domestic and foreign money orders issued was 5,101, representing \$38,656.29. The value of the orders cashed was \$110,947.86. The number of registered letters and parcels received was 4,290; and the number sent, 1,847. The sale of stamps was enormous—exactly 895,052, of which 701,492 were of the two-cent denomination; 145,220 postal cards and 233,725 stamped envelopes were disposed of. Seventeen employees, under the direction of Postmaster E. E. Beal, are kept on

the pay roll. Of these seven are carriers, the free delivery system being extended over the entire city. The postoffice building stands on the corner of Ann and Main-st. It is a fine three-story structure. During the evenings of the college year, the lobby presents a very animated appearance, thronged, as it is, by hundreds of eager and expectant students.

**STREET TRAFFIC.**

It is no longer necessary for Athenians to travel on foot or indulge in the expensive luxury of a horse and carriage. Electricity now transports passengers from one end of the city to the other—from the Michigan Central depot, on the north, to the fair grounds, on the south; and from the court house to the city limits on Packard-st. The total length of both lines is over four miles. Six electric motors and one trail car are in constant use. The value of the whole property is over \$100,000. Good profits have been paid from the beginning, and it is likely that lines will soon be built in other parts of the city. Connecting with the Packard-st. line is the steam motor line, which runs over the south road to Ypsilanti. Four cars, one of which is open, constitute its equipment. Trains are run every hour, and during an average month at least 15,000 passengers are carried. The road is largely

patronized, by students, in quest of their best girls; by business men, in quest of bargains, and by ladies who wish to exchange calls, or do shopping when they may best be suited.

gay season some kind of an entertainment is given almost every night. As might be expected, the Athenians are satisfied only by the best shows, and it is probable that the repertoire of Ann Arbor is above that of any other city in the land, with its number of inhabitants. Booth and Barrett, Janauschek and Gilmore's band, were some of the recent attractions.

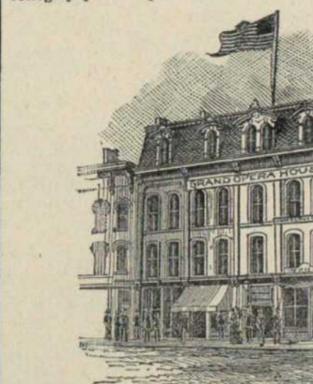
**THE "HELLO" BUSINESS.**  
Of course Ann Arbor has a telephone system. No modern city can dispense with it. Between fifty and sixty miles of wire are strung in this city. The number of subscribers is 135. The Ann Arbor office is connected with every large city in Michigan, and with Ypsilanti free telephone service is given.

**MOULDERS OF OPINION.**  
An intelligent and cultured city will support a goodly number of first-class newspapers. Ann Arbor is especially fortunate in this respect. The Argus is the oldest of the papers, having been established in 1835. It is now a six-column quarto, and is edited and published by S. W. Beakes. It is Democratic in politics. The Courier was established in 1861 and is now the property of Junius E. Beal. It is exactly the same size as the Argus and Republican in politics. In 1872 THE ANN ARBOR REGISTER was born. It has since changed hands several times. In January the paper became the exclusive property of Selby A. Moran. It is a seven-column quarto, Republican in politics, and has the largest circulation of any newspaper in Washtenaw county. The Democrat has been published about thirteen years. Miss Emma L. Bower is the editor and publisher. In politics the paper is what its



The Postoffice.

name indicates, Democratic. In 1879, the Washtenaw Post, the first German paper in Washtenaw county, was established. Louis J. Liesemer is now editor and proprietor. Der Deutsche Hansfreund, edited by Paul G. Suekey, shares with the Post the patronage of German readers. The daily Washtenaw Times was started in November, 1890, and is now owned by a stock company. The paper, which is under the editorial management of Fred C. Brown, is independent in politics. Besides these seven local journals, a number of college papers are published.



Grand Opera House.

**He Was Interested.**  
The first presentation of a stupid play. First Nighter (to companion)—This is awful rot; nearly everybody is nodding. Companion—Yes, but that fellow there in the box appears to be intensely pleased. He must be from the country. First Nighter—No; he's the author of the play.—Arkansaw Traveler.

**The Devil's in the Moon.**  
Girls, don't believe all the young men say to you on a moonlight night. Moonlight and truthful speaking don't travel together. If a young man tells you on a night that is stormy and threatening that he thinks a great deal of you, the chances are that he is telling the truth.—Atchison Globe.

**Within the Law.**  
Wild-eyed Man—I want a lot of poison right off. Drug Clerk—It's against the law to sell poisons to people who look as if they wanted to commit suicide; but I'll let you have a bottle of Dr. Black-Sequet's elixir of life. That seems to be pretty sure death.—Good News.

**That Explains It.**  
"What's the news?"  
"Old Schubert has given up smoking."  
"How long since?"  
"About a fortnight. He had gone to inspect a quarry, and dropped his lighted cigar in a powder barrel that stood beside him."—Humoristic Blatter.

**Gas Lighting.**  
The Ann Arbor Gas Company was organized in 1858 and the first officers were elected on April 2d of that year. The company is consequently now in the thirty-third year of its existence, making it one of Ann Arbor's oldest industries. Only a small part of the



Germania Hotel.

original works remains; as fast as new and improved machinery have come into use they have at once been adopted, so that Ann Arbor has gas works equal to any in the country for modern and improved machinery. The result of these improvements is shown by the reduction in the price of gas from four dollars to the present price of two dollars per thousand for lighting purposes and one dollar and fifty cents for fuel. The increase in output of the company has been continual in spite of sharp competition of late years. The total output last year was 11,000,000 cubic feet, and this year it will probably reach 12,000,000 cu. ft. There are 530

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ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN.

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you contemplate building call at  
**FERDON Lumber Yard**  
Corner Fourth and Depot Sts., and get our figures for all kinds of  
**LUMBER**  
We manufacture our own Lumber and guarantee  
**VERY LOW PRICES.**  
Give us a call and we will make it to your interest, as our large and well graded stock fully sustains our assertion.  
**JAMES TOLEBERT, Prop.**  
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**32 E. HURON ST.,**  
Is the place to get cheap house furnishing goods of all kinds, NEW AND SECOND-HAND.  
A fine lot of BABY CABS will be closed out at cost.  
The whole entire business for sale, cheap. A good chance for an enterprising man to step into a well established business. The only one of its kind in the city. Apply  
**J. S. MANN,**  
32 E. Huron St., Ann Arbor, Mich.

**HERMAN KRAPP,**  
CENTRAL  
**PLANING MILLS!**  
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN  
SASH, DOORS, BLINDS AND MOULDINGS.  
Custom Work Promptly Done.  
Detroit Street, Ann Arbor, Mich.

**DO NOT SEND MONEY BY MAIL!**  
If the letter is lost, stolen, or destroyed, the Money is gone and there is no way to get it back.  
**BUY AN AMERICAN EXPRESS CO. MONEY ORDER**  
And the Money is safe, as a Receipt is given that will procure a refund at any time if order is lost.  
**7,000 AGENCIES OF THE AMERICAN EXP. SELL THEM**  
And they are CASHED ON DEMAND AT 15,000 PLACES in the United States, Canada and Europe. In Europe they are always paid at their full face value Rates.  
PAYABLE IN U.S. & CAN. NOT OVER  
\$ 5.00..... 5 Cts.  
10.00..... 8 "  
20.00..... 10 "  
30.00..... 12 "  
40.00..... 15 "  
50.00..... 20 "  
PAYABLE IN EUROPE. NOT OVER  
\$10.00..... 10 Cts.  
20.00..... 18 "  
30.00..... 25 "  
40.00..... 35 "  
50.00..... 45 "  
**AMOUNTS EXCEEDING \$50.00 AT SAME RATES.**

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HEADQUARTERS FOR  
LAMPS OF ALL KINDS,  
CROCKERY, GLASS-WARE, FINE CHINA,  
DECORATED AND PLAIN DINNER AND TEA SETS,  
CHAMBER SETS, TIN-WARE,  
GRANITE IRON-WARE, TOYS, ETC.,  
**AT LOWEST PRICES.**  
**ADAM'S BAZAAR,**  
13 South Main St.

**DO YOU WEAR A HAT?**  
**WE HAVE THE BEST AND LATEST.**  
**IF YOU DO YOU ARE NOT WELL DRESSED. REMEDY THE DEFECT AT ONCE BY GETTING A PAIR OF OUR FOOT-FORM SHOES.**  
**DO YOU GO BAREFOOT?**  
**Goodspeed's.**

## THE BASSETT CLAIM.

By HENRY R. ELLIOT

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[CONCLUDED.]

There was the point. Louise slept little that night for thinking of that momentous "unless." Nor did the morning bring a solution. But as the day wore on she found one alternative outlining itself—they should still be as they had been, or closer; the truth should not separate them.

To get thus far was progress, and gave her a standpoint on which she could meet her benefactor with the grace and outward calm, if not the peace, of yore. The rest could be postponed; and, as it happened, she had not long to wait.

That night as—after bolting the world out—they drew up before the open fire on the hearth, for the happiest hour of the day, the colonel seemed strangely nervous and ill at ease. For a time he sat silently watching the prancing flames, then turning suddenly toward Louise he said, gently, but in his firmest manner: "Louise, you will be thirty in March. I think you ought to marry."

What did he mean! Her heart began to throb quickly and unsteadily. She could not speak or look at him. But if he noticed her confusion he did not choose to heed it, and continued: "Protestantism offers no career for a female celibate. Individual cases there may be of spinsters who have chosen a single life and found satisfaction in it. But I don't think you would, especially, if I may say so, after my death."

Louise, who hung breathless upon his words, now began to perceive their drift. He went on:

"I think you ought to marry. I advise you to marry. And, Louise, I recognize that I am, in this, counselling against myself. I assume that the marriage would be a wise and happy one; that means you would love your husband; that means I should lose you."

"And I you!" exclaimed Louise, impulsively, drawing nearer to the colonel. "Uncle, I shall never leave you!"

"No, no!" he replied, calm, but so only by a visible effort. "No, you must not say that, dear! No, you don't lose me; that is different. No, I want you to marry; to taste the sweetest joys and the finest sorrows of life. I've read that in Corea the male human being who is unmarried is never called a man, whatever his age. That is right, and a marriage is even more to the woman than the man."

"As to persons," he continued, "I shouldn't think of advising, though I should hope to have your confidence. But I have been thinking of this young Mr. Bassett. He is a handsome, honest, agreeable man, about your own age."

"Oh, don't uncle!" she interrupted. "Very well, Louise," he said; "I see I pain you. Let it rest there for the present, and let your heart be your guide. Fortunately you are independent. You inherited some money, and I may as well say now that at my death my property will continue to be yours."

"You good, kind, noble man!" exclaimed Louise, her eyes brimful of tears. "And yet you would drive me away?"

"For your good, Louise."

"Uncle, I shall never leave you!" she cried, with passionate earnestness. "Never! You are everything to me, and you shall be always, and if you die first, which heaven forbid! I'll love your memory alone!"

"Why, my child," said the colonel, his own eyes filling, "this is extravagance."

"Listen," exclaimed Louise. "Lately by accident—no, by the blessed providence of God—I learned a secret. My darling, noble benefactor and friend, how can I thank you for your life long kindness to a poor, homeless, friendless wail?"

The colonel stared at her in consternation. "What is this you say?" he gasped; and as he spoke suddenly an ominous change came in his face; his cheeks and lips grew pale, his features became rigid, his eyes shone with an unnatural brilliancy, and with a stifled groan of pain he pressed his hand upon his heart.

Louise was at his side in an instant. "Be calm!" she cried, herself as white as death. "Be happy; it is well. Calm yourself. Live! Live for me!" and, stooping, she printed a kiss of love on those firm, cold lips.

"The vial!" he said.

She flew to the desk and snatched from it the medicine that had lain there for years, ready for a crisis like this, and with swift hands prepared and offered the restorative. He took it silently, pressing her hands in thanks, but with fixed eyes, breathing heavily, suffering and fighting strongly for life; Louise, to aid him and to be ready for any emergency, keeping up meanwhile a pretense of coolness and bravery, but trembling and faint.

The colonel sat thus a long, long time, facing death, hoping and striving for life; then turning his face, still marked with the lines of pain but benignant with loving kindness, to Louise, he said in a tone that melted her very heart:

"Why, my child, I am an old man!"

"What of that?" cried Louise, kissing his hands for joy and passion. "After what I have seen and suffered, that is to your advantage! Are you better? Are you safe now and better? Is it over?"

"Joy never kills," said the colonel gravely, with his whole heart in his eyes. "My Darling!"

She had fallen upon his breast, and he raised kisses in her hair.

### CHAPTER XXIX.

A BAD DAY FOR MRS. EX.

When Windward came down late to breakfast the following, or rather the same, morning, he found a letter beside his plate. The postmark was familiar, though the handwriting was not, and he tore the envelope open rather impatiently. "That tedious Blamms!" he exclaimed. But he was mistaken. Blamms was to bore him no more.

"How!" he whistled, as his eyes ran down the page. It read as follows:

My DEAR SIR—I have to inform you that Mr. Blamms, at whose instance, I believe, you went to Washington, is deceased. He had been subject to melancholy for some time, and yesterday he was found hanging in his barn with life extinct. His pecuniary circumstances have of late been straitened, and they weighed upon his mind till it gave way. I regret to say his family are destitute, so that I hope you will spare no effort to press the claim in order to assist them in this extremity.

The letter was signed by a lawyer of the village, who, evidently, was in charge of the dead man's business affairs.

The missive slipped from his hand. "Am I guilty?" he thought. Reason said, "No, you did all you could, and you told the truth;" but conscience pricked him still. "Am I guilty?" he repeated after he had reasoned his innocence out quite clearly.

With a heavy heart he sought the family. "Mother," said he, "Mr. Blamms, my client, has committed suicide."

"Why, Windward, how shocking!" she replied.

"Yes, indeed," said Windward. "And now, of course, I wish I'd worked harder and done more."



She sat down and frankly told him what had happened.

Then, of course, the mother at once took her boy's part against himself.

"Why, Windward, you did all you could, I'm sure. You came down here to oblige him. You never expected to get any money; at least I'm sure I didn't. And now I hope you see the folly and ruin of it all and will give it up and go back to New York."

"The widow and children still live," said Windward.

"Well, they'll starve on the claim," replied Mrs. Bassett. "I think you did right to tell him there was no chance, and I think he might better have kept alive and worked for his family. I don't see what good hanging himself did. Not but I'm sorry for him and all of them."

"I think about as you do, mother," said Windward. "But despair is not logical. Poor fellow. I feel, in spite of myself, that I was a little harsh and hasty."

"I don't see how," chimed in Floy, "and you mustn't feel so. You are not that sort of a man. Of course it's terrible to think of, and perhaps we can help the family."

"Yes," said Windward, "I was thinking of that, too. I believe I will go on to the funeral and see that the family are not so broken up. And I think we had better all break up here. I was going to propose it soon anyway."

"Yes, I think so," said Mrs. Bassett. "I hate to go," said Floy, tapping his chair and looking out of the window into a far country beyond.

Windward smiled faintly. "Well," he said, "we need not be abrupt. But I feel that I should go on at once, and I can either return here for you or meet you in New York."

"We will talk it over again," observed Mrs. Bassett, "and meanwhile you have some things to see to, I suppose, if you are going on at once."

"Yes," said Windward, "I must see a few people, but I'll be back at lunch," and so saying he left them.

"I don't want to go, mother," said Floy, coming up to her mother and winding her arms about her neck.

"Why not, my child?" replied Mrs. Bassett, with a gentle kiss.

"Because," said Floy, laying her cheek upon her mother's, "because Mr. Stevens says he loves me very much."

"My dear child!" said Mrs. Bassett, fondly. "And does that make you happy?"

"Yes, pretty happy," Floy answered with a sob, hiding her face upon her mother's shoulder.

Windward, meanwhile, hastened to Stevens' desk at the department, but his seat was vacant, and a fellow clerk said he had not been there that morning thus far; so Windward was hurrying on to McArdle's office when he met Stevens just coming in, fresh and happy.

"More good news?" he exclaimed.

"Yes," said Windward. "Well, you tell yours first, for I've got bad news."

"What?" cried Stevens, his face changing its expression instantly to one of alarm and dismay. "What has happened?"

"Oh, nothing to you," said Windward, smiling at his friend's quick apprehensions; "but poor Blamms has committed suicide!"

"Is it possible? How terrible!" exclaimed Stevens, brightening up at once and very much relieved. "Why, how did that happen?" Whereupon Windward sat down and told him the whole story, and his purposes, so far as he had framed them.

"I don't see as you can blame yourself," said Stevens. "I'm sure you have been very kind and painstaking. And it will be good and suitable for you to go on to the funeral. And, as you say, I suppose you will all now be soon returning to New York. I need not say that I hate to have you go."

Windward smiled archly. "That's just what Floy said," he answered.

"Oh, did she, the dear—well, no matter; but was that not good in her! Well, now I can tell my news, and it fits in very well."

"Yes, what is it?" asks Windward.

"Why, I've been to the genie today,"

explained Stevens, "and told him all about it. He was delighted, called me a 'brick,' and hoped Buttons would hang himself; but that is serious business now, isn't it, Windward? Well, I told him it wasn't done yet; and then I begged right hard for a chance to get a start in railroading. 'Very well,' said he, in his gruff way, 'I'll put you in the New York office, and what becomes of you afterward depends on yourself.' So I am going there as soon as I can settle up here."

"Good for you!" exclaimed Windward. "Oh, you are all right now; and how pleasant it will be to be all together in New York!"

"Splendid!" said Stevens. "Oh, let me tell you a funny thing. The genie and I were still talking when who should come in but Atwood, just the same as ever, full of work, and settle right down as if nothing had happened!"

"Well, I don't understand it!" exclaimed Windward.

"Nor I either," said Stevens laughing. "But if the 'Old Man' can stand it I suppose we can."

And now Windward rushed over to McArdle, to whom he told again his story. The colonel was interested, but only nodded his head, and at the end said, merely by way of comment, "One more unfortunate!" Then, lowering his voice, he continued, "Mr. Bassett, you have made some changes in my family, too."

Windward was startled. Had Louise, then, told the colonel the discovery at the agency?

"Yes," McArdle proceeded; "you have lost me my only and beloved niece, but you have given me—and I thank you for the exchange—a wife."

"Is that possible?" exclaimed Windward, and a very queer and subtle pang cut through his heart as he spoke.

"Perhaps Louise would rather tell you the rest herself," said the colonel. "I think she is at home and would like to see you."

"I congratulate you, colonel," said Windward. "She is a noble woman."

"True," replied the laconic colonel; and rose to bid his visitor good-by. "I expect you, Mr. Bassett, to make our house your home when in Washington, and I hope to see you often—only don't get the claim on the brain. And if you find the Blamms people in need, as I presume you will, please let me know."

"A noble woman; yes, she is," thought the colonel, as he returned to his work after this episode, "and I guess that youngster was beginning at last too late to find it out. At least it was best to let him know the situation at once—even if his week of mourning isn't quite out."

Louise, Windward found, was a happy woman. Armed with the colonel's permission she plunged at once into the midst of things, and after a moment's hesitancy she sat down and frankly told him what had happened, and how it had happened, and joined him in marveling at the strange links of circumstance that had brought so joyful a catastrophe.

She pressed him to stay to lunch, but his limited time obliged him to decline, and so with sincere regret he left her, to hurry home to make the last preparations for departure.

And now his stay in Washington was measured by minutes. Once at home, he bolted his lunch, settled his account with the regretful Mrs. Ex, reciprocated compliments and regrets with Miss Sophia, and gave the parting directions and errands to the ladies who were to follow him northward in a few days. Mr. Quire was at home and among them at lunch also, but uncommonly glum and silent; for he, too, had gotten a letter that morning—a letter de cachet—in the shape of a brief, cold order to cruise for three years in the antipodes. They all congratulated him, and at the same time expressed their deep sorrow at parting, but the lieutenant, who, as a wanderer, had some skill in interpreting the language of farewells, could not but notice that the young ladies acquiesced in their loss with ready resignation.

"So much the better," thought the lieutenant. "It would be foolish to get all tangled up just before a long cruise. Besides, there's no telling what I might strike abroad, or how a woman would seem three years later."

And now the hack came, and after hand shakings and last messages and kisses Windward waved his hand and had started on his journey.

Stevens met him at the station, where the two friends spent a delightful last five minutes in happy reminiscences of the eventful weeks now ended, and bright hopes for the future. Then the gong sounded and cut short anecdote and sentiment.

"Good-by. Take care of mother and Floy," said Windward, stepping on the moving platform.

"I will—with my life!" Stevens replied. "Good-by till we meet again," and so they parted.

"Good-by, good friends," thought Windward, as he sat brooding with folded arms while the train swept around the base of the Capitol and sped on to the north. "Good-by, you beautiful dome. I know you do not mean to be unjust. Good-by. There! I knew I'd forgotten something. I forgot Clara Willis. How stupid! I wish I'd seen her. I rather ought to have seen her, and I'll write her a pretty note. Well, let it go. It wasn't a very glorious campaign. My love's gone wrong, and my client has hanged himself, but I have brought happiness and been a blessing to others; and as for myself, there is still the future."

### CHAPTER XXX.

L'ENVOY.

Dr. Benjamin Franklin wrote, paraphrasing Horace, "As well might a reader expect completeness in the preface as in life, that preface to eternity." Nevertheless a novel reader does expect completeness, pays for the volume on that understanding, and very properly feels cheated if on examination he finds his little toy world only half done. What, then, has happened in the four years that have elapsed since the principal events that have been narrated in the foregoing pages?

Col. McArdle and Louise were married

in the spring, went abroad on an extended wedding trip, and since their return have lived quietly and happily in Washington. They have one son—Thomas Bassett McArdle.

Louise's change of identity and her marriage threw Miss Clara Willis into a delicious fever of excitement, and amply confirmed her belief that "Lulu Sheffield was splendid, but deep, very deep." Clara is still single, though now that Lieut. Quire has returned from the Asiatic station they are much together, and rumor has it that they are more than "only friends," despite Miss Clara's declaration to that effect.



He is still a bachelor.

Florence Bassett is Mrs. Peter Stevens, the loving, happy wife of a strong and loyal man. And with whom does the reader suppose they play bezique these wintry nights in slush bound New York? Why, with Mr. and Mrs. Atwood, to be sure, and Mrs. Atwood is none other than our affable and sensible Miss Sophia.

After Mrs. Ex's table was so broken up by the departure of the Bassetts, Stevens and Quire, Mr. Atwood and Miss Sophia were left quite dangerously alone. Atwood, as the magnate had said, knew a good thing when he saw it, and for that reason, in his silent and matter of fact way, had been thinking Miss Sophia over for some time; and so one day he told her she would do, and she did. The consequence is, as they say in the circuitous game of that name, that she is now a happy mother, rides in her own carriage, and will no doubt be a wealthy woman.

Mr. Atwood, after the diplomatic episode which gave Stevens his opportunity, had his salary raised for the fact he had displayed in betraying by express direction, certain alleged secrets whereby a large flock of credulous "lamb" stumbled over one another in their eagerness to get first to the shearer's knife. To these poor, shivering folk the "Old Man" did not figure as a benevolent genie, but as an abhorred wrecker lighting false beacons on a dangerous coast. Stevens, as a clerk in the company's office, learned the history of the case, and had his laugh over the incident with Atwood, whom he came to like, and whom he found, like other men, to be, outside of the tricks of his trade, an honorable man.

The member failed of re-election. The invalid still lives, and so do the French spoliation claims.

A great author, after scattering calamity with a remorseless hand among his characters, dismisses one of them as follows: "He also came to a tragic end—he married." But a more shocking fate even than this awaited Windward Bassett—he is still a bachelor!

THE END.

### His Great Chance.

A small boy a few years ago used to be the terror of his family and all his friends, because of his passion for making what they called "remarks." These remarks were wont to be of the most original and personal character, and one or two of them in an evening were sufficient to bring panic into the midst of the most hilarious gathering. One day George's mother was going to make a call upon some friends. George begged to be allowed to go, too.

"No," said his mother, "you can't go; you'll make remarks."

"No, I won't," pleaded George. And his mother gave up and took him along, after first telling him that there was a very queer old gentleman in that house, and that he must promise not to say anything about the old gentleman's wig. George promised faithfully, of course.

Now, this old man was remarkable for having a very long white beard and a very glossy and very black wig, which gave him a rather unique, not to say startling, appearance. George kept his word during the entire call. Not a word of comment or criticism about the wig was offered. But just as they rose to leave George's mother saw with terror that the youngster was sidling up to the old gentleman, with his eyes fixed intently on the top of his head. And before she could reach the child they all heard him say, in a hoarse and confidential whisper, "See here, old man, if you'd put on striped clothes, and go to a dime museum and be a show, you could make loads of money!"—New York Evening Sun.

### Severe Discipline.

Editor in Chief (angrily)—What does this mean, sir? The paper will be the laughing stock of the town. Here we print an elaborate criticism of a new play which we state was presented last night, but which everybody knows was not produced at all. The star met with an accident and the theatre was closed.

Managing Editor—Our dramatic critic had attended the rehearsals, and his criticism was prepared in advance. Instead of coming to the office to notify us not to publish it, he sent a messenger, but the message was not delivered. Our critic is much to blame for trusting such an important matter to a chance messenger, and I intend to make an example of him.

"Good! Order him to attend all the amateur performances."—New York Weekly.

Celogyne cristata is one of the best and most useful of orchids.

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PAINTERS AND DECORATORS,

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Of the best makes to be found in Washtenaw County. Our prices are always the lowest. We are sole agents for James Means' original \$3.00 Shoes for gentlemen.

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— SELLS —

## THE CROSS CREEK LEHIGH COAL!

Pronounced by those who have already used it to be the best COAL in the City.

Yards on Toledo Road, North Main St., No. 103. Up Town Office at John Moore's Drug Store, 12 E. Huron St.

MARTIN CLARK,

Special Salesman.

62 East Washington Street.

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**THE GREAT UNIVERSITY OF THE NORTHWEST.**

With the Largest Attendance of any Educational Institution in America, and a Corps of Professors Equal to the Best—Something About Its Scope and Importance.

Well-to-do and cultured people naturally seek a home in that place where they may best indulge their own tastes and educate those of their children. That Ann Arbor, linked as it is to the University of Michigan, is fully able to satisfy this demand, does not require demonstration.

Professor Bryce defined the mission of this great institution by terming it a sort of metropolitan university for the northwestern states. But it is more than this: it is one of the great schools of the nation. The fact that the land grants from the United States government gave the University its first life and vigor should never be forgotten. The students come from the four corners of the earth. Of the 2,420 enrolled in 1890-91, 1,162 were from Michigan, 22 from Illinois, 205 from Ohio, 113 from Indiana, 84 from Pennsylvania, 84 from New York, 75 from Iowa, 31 from Missouri, 30 from California, 37 from Ontario, 28 from Minnesota, 27 from Wisconsin, 26 from Kansas, 24 from Nebraska, 22 from Utah, 21 from Colorado, 16 from Kentucky, 16 from Japan, 11 from Massachusetts, 15 from Washington, and the remainder came from 14 states and territories and 10 foreign countries.

fixed courses before graduation. That is all. He can take them in order or not, just as he chooses.

As a general rule, four years are required to complete any course, although the brighter students often succeed in gaining their diplomas within three years. There is a large and growing class of select students, who try for no degree and remain only a year or two, pursuing such studies as they consider most desirable.

An interesting feature of modern university study is what is known as the seminary method in literary courses, and as the laboratory method in scientific courses. For a description of these, we cannot do better than rely upon a recent article in the Chicago Graphic, written by Professor F. N. Scott, of this University. He says: "The idea at the basis of both seminary and laboratory is the same—to bring the student to a first-hand knowledge of the subject through personal manipulation of raw material. In the seminary courses no text-book is used. The student is referred to certain 'original sources' in the library, which he must read and about which he must form his own opinions. At a stated hour during the week the members of the seminary meet with the professor in charge for a prolonged consideration of the particular subject in hand. The results of the students' investigations are given in the form of reports or elaborate theses, and the questions thus raised are freely discussed by both student and instructor. In these little assemblies—the seminary does not as a rule contain more than twelve members—debate over mooted points sometimes grows warm; authorities are defiantly challenged and individual judgments maintained with all the resources at the student's command. The result is an enthusiasm for original research, such as, perhaps, no other method of instruction can hope to foster. A member of a seminary will go out from such a discussion to spend hours

by the growing number of applicants for instruction in Applied Chemistry. The last addition was completed in 1890 at an expense of \$21,000. The laboratory buildings now contain tables for 400 students and an equipment for practical work such as can be found nowhere else in the United States. Among the courses offered are Analytical, Applied, Organic and Physiological Chemistry, together with such special lines of work as Pharmacy, Metallurgy and Assaying. The laboratory is open to all students of the university, and is in constant use almost every working hour of every week day throughout the college year.

"Next in importance is the Engineering Laboratory. This was begun tentatively in 1881 in a small frame shop erected on one corner of the campus. The building was overcrowded from the start. Successive enlargements were called for, until now the handsome brick structure, with its machine shops, forges, foundry, pattern loft, engine-room and special mechanical laboratory, covers a



Law Building.

floor space of 20,000 square feet. The high quality of the work done is attested by the fact that several of the machines now in daily use were designed and constructed by the students themselves. The laboratory, young as it is, can already point to a respectable list of graduates whom it has helped to lucrative situations.

"A similar demand for instruction in the new-born science of electrical engineering is met by the equipment of the new Physical Laboratory. The basement floor of this commodious structure is provided with a complete electrical plant, including dynamos, lamps, resistance coils, storage batteries, and testing appliances of the most approved construction. Five rooms are fitted with apparatus for practical work in electrical measurements. The instructors are familiar with the methods of great manufacturers, such as the Brush and Thomson-Houston works, and are thus enabled to drill their students in the minutiae of modern electrical practice. The remainder of the building is mostly used for experimental work in general physics. The apparatus is all of recent manufac-

It still is firmly established in public estimation as one of the best.

The course of study covers four years, one of which may be pursued in a preceptor's office. Admission to this department is gained by the presentation of diplomas or by examination. The candidate must, however, be at least eighteen years of age. Women and men are admitted under the same conditions and pursue the same studies. They work separately only in the anatomical laboratory and in certain courses where it is not deemed advisable to have the sexes together.

The hospital advantages are of the best, two large structures having just been completed, at an expense of over \$80,000, for the use of both the regular, and the homoeopathic departments. To aid in their erection the city of Ann Arbor gave \$25,000. The buildings stand on the brow of a high bluff overlooking the Huron river. They are a credit to the State of Michigan in every respect.

Patients in these hospitals are treated free of charge. They are obliged to pay only for board and medicines. Operations which excite the interest of the entire medical world are frequently performed.

The regular medical school, during the past year, had 375 students on its rolls; the homoeopathic school had 71. The course of study in the latter institution, which was established in 1875, is now three years long, but will soon be increased to four. The homoeopathic college is considered one of the best of its kind in the country.

**THE LAW DEPARTMENT.**

To this great school the name of Judge Thomas M. Cooley is inseparably linked. He it was who, with other great lawyers, first raised it to its present high standing. If we mistake not, no other law school in the country has so large an attendance. The number of students on its rolls during the past year was 581, of whom only 165, or less than three-tenths, were residents of Michigan.

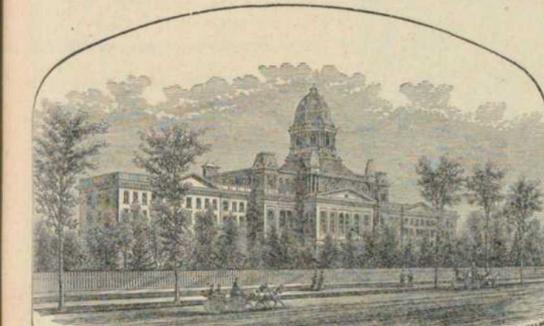
So crowded is the present building that the regents have decided to erect a \$30,000 addition within a short time. It will be architecturally beautiful and at the same time well adapted to the needs of the department.

The course of study leading up to the bachelor's degree calls for two years' work but many students remain a year after graduation and earn a master's degree. The regular instruction of the school is supplemented by much voluntary work, on the part of students, in debating societies and moot courts.

The law library contains 10,208 volumes. It is large and complete. Not only American reports, but also many others from foreign countries are kept on its shelves.

**THE OTHER DEPARTMENTS.**

The school of pharmacy is designed to train druggists and chemists. Its



University Hall.

It is easy to see from this that the University is cosmopolitan. It should be added that it is democratic also. No young man need allow poverty to deprive him of an education here. The fees are low. Michigan students, upon matriculation, pay \$10; all others \$25. In the literary department Michigan students pay \$20, and foreign students \$30 annual fees. In the professional departments the fee is \$5 greater for each class. Good board and lodging can be obtained at from \$2.50 to \$5 a week, and the average annual expenses of students, including incidentals, are less than \$400.

The University comprises six departments: The Department of Literature, Science and the Arts, the Department of Medicine and Surgery, the Department of Law, the School of Pharmacy, the Homoeopathic Medical College, and the College of Dental Surgery. As all these departments are located on the campus, students are thus enabled to use the same library. Many students pursue courses in two or more departments at the same time.

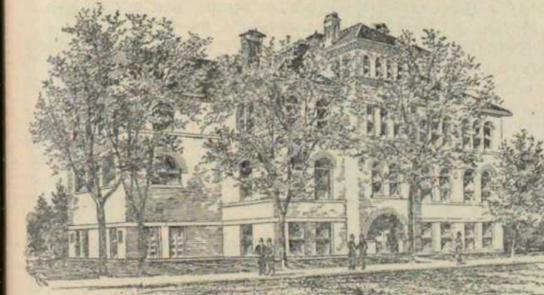
**THE LITERARY DEPARTMENT.**

Entrance to this department is gained upon successful examination in certain studies, or upon presentation of a

of hard labor in settling for himself some obscure point which, under other conditions, he would accept on second-hand authority without a moment's question. In the seminary rooms that are connected with the general library, students may be found going toilsomely through old volumes of the Congressional Globe, or collections of treaties and despatches, or dry compilations of statistics, tracking down some unsettled question in history or political economy. The actual working of great social, political and literary factors is in this way brought home to the student with peculiar vividness and force.

"Seminary courses are now offered in Greek grammar, Greek tragedy and Greek inscriptions, Latin philology, Roman art, German, French, English and American literature, the study of Shakespeare, literary criticism, constitutional history of the United States, comparative constitutional law, ethics, aesthetics, the history and philosophy of education, economics and finance. Admission to the seminaries, which carries with it many coveted privileges, is guarded by requiring of the students preparation in a series of disciplinary courses, the successful completion of which will guarantee his fitness to pursue the more advanced work.

"Several seminaries have recently been established for graduate students, and admit no others. The extension of this principle will doubtless result, in time, in the recognition of a graduate department designed solely for those pursuing work leading to the Master's



The Physical Laboratory.

Diploma from some one of the eighty-two high schools, in this and other states, which have been approved by members of the University faculty. Over one-half of the students gain entrance in the latter way.

Different courses of study are offered, leading up to the degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Philosophy, Bachelor of Science (general), Bachelor of Science (chemistry), Bachelor of Science (biology), Bachelor of Science (in civil, mining, mechanical and electrical engineering).

The greatest liberty in the selection of studies is offered in most of these courses, although the professional courses, necessarily, are for the most part prescribed. In all the other courses, however, fully one-half the work is elective. That a wide range is offered appears from the fact that there are 382 distinct courses in the department, from which the student chooses as inclination or wisdom directs. Everything imaginable is taught. Comparative embryology, the theory of statistics, the art of organ-playing or the Icelandic language can be studied to the heart's content.

Although the ancient terms "freshman," "sophomore," "junior" and "senior" are still used by the great body, they really have no meaning for there are, strictly speaking, no classes in the University. So-called freshmen and seniors are frequently pursuing the same studies. The student must complete a number of

and Doctor's degrees. Such a department really exists now in all except the name. Every advantage is offered to the students who desire to take up special lines of research. The treasures of the library are freely confided to his hands, and the members of the faculty devote to him a generous share of their time in personal help and counsel. To secure one of these higher degrees, a line of original research must be carried out to a definite and valuable conclusion. The graduate student, if he has really completed his period of apprenticeship at this or some other reputable university, is not held to any regular routine. Concentrating his attention upon one principal subject, called his major, and two subsidiary subjects, called his minors, he works in large degree independently. The results of his research he embodies in an exhaustive monograph which he must publicly read and defend. A rigorous examination must also be passed before the student will be recommended for the degree sought. During the year 1890-91, the number of students working for higher degrees was ninety-three. From this body, representing the most advanced work done at the University by students, not a few go each year to fill positions in colleges and institutions of higher instruction throughout the country.

"As suggested above, the scientific counterpart of the seminary is the laboratory. A chemical laboratory was put in operation as early as 1849. Since then six enlargements have been necessitated

ture at the hands of celebrated European instrument-makers. The other laboratories—Histological, Botanical, Geological, Zoological, Physiological, Hygienic, Pathological and Bacteriological—deserve equally detailed description.

"Of the nature of laboratory work is the exercise in practical surveying demanded of the civil engineers. During May and June of each year a class goes on a camping-out tour in charge of one of the professors of surveying, and performs the work of an actual surveying party. A class in railroad engineering spends the month of June in laying out a projected line, doing all the work up to the point of actual construction."

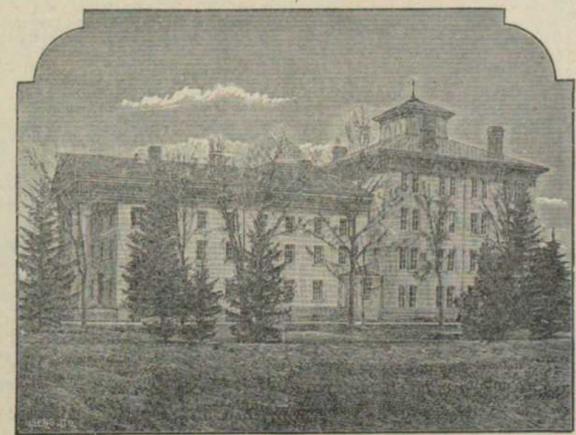
At this writing much may be added to what the writer quoted has said. A large three-story building is soon to be erected for the exclusive use of the engineering students. It will contain draw-

course of study covers three years of hard work. Ninety-one students were enrolled in the department last year.

The college of dental surgery has taken its place as one of the best schools in the world. In 1890-'91 it had 132 students, of whom three came from England, one from Ireland and one from Porto Rico. The department is now housed in the old allopathic hospital building, which has been fitted up, in first-class shape, during the past summer.

**THE LIBRARY.**

Around the library centers much of the real life of the University. Hundreds of students make use of its treasures. According to the last report the general library, exclusive of professional works, contained 59,735 volumes, 14,708 unbound pamphlets and 571 maps and



Medical Building.

ing, lecture and recitation rooms. The zoological and botanical laboratories are each to be transferred to the entire third and fourth floors of the south wing of University Hall.

Other improvements are begun or contemplated.

**THE MEDICAL DEPARTMENTS.**

At one time the college of medicine and surgery enjoyed the distinction of being the largest in the United States.

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MICHIGAN'S PRIDE.

(CONTINUED FROM SEVENTH PAGE.)

MUSEUM AND ART GALLERY.

If a visitor has time to take only a glance at the University, he will, most likely, direct his steps to the museum and art gallery. In the former may be seen magnificent zoological and geological collections—equal to the best in the land. And on the third floor is housed the famous Chinese exhibit, which was brought over to the New Orleans exposition and afterwards presented to the University. It is valued at \$250,000. Nowhere else in the country can a better idea of Chinese achievements be obtained. The art gallery occupies the third floor of the library building. It embraces some of the best works of Randolph Rogers and many other fine pieces of sculpture. The collections of paintings, bas reliefs, old coins, etc., are very interesting. The famous Henry C. Lewis collection, 650 paintings, now at Coldwater, will be transferred to the University as soon as suitable quarters can be provided.

CONCERTS AND LECTURES.

University Hall is the scene of many first-class entertainments. Two associations are maintained by the students, whose object is to provide only the best. The lecture association secures engagements from some of the foremost speakers in the world. Max O'Rell, Henry M. Stanley and Henry George were recent attractions. The Choral Union, comprising between 200 and 300 singers, stimulates the musical tastes of students. Under its auspices, concerts,

RELIGIOUS LIFE.

Although non-sectarian, the University is by no means irreligious. Almost every member of the faculty is a professing Christian and many are active in the work of the several churches. A spirit of broad and liberal, yet deep, Christianity pervades the whole institution.

Michigan University organized the first college Christian association in this country. From its establishment in 1858 to the present time, it has continued to be a leading factor in college life. Its membership during the past year was 422. During commencement week, last June, the new home of the association, Newberry Hall, was dedicated. The funds with which the building was erected were raised by private subscription. Mrs. J. S. Newberry, of Detroit, alone contributing \$17,400. The total cost of the building was \$36,775.00. Architecturally it has no equal in the city. It is provided with a large audience room, parlors, a library and several rooms suitable for prayer-meetings.

Connected with several of the churches are organizations whose object is to look after the religious welfare and social improvement of students. All of them support lecture courses during the winter. In this manner some of the ablest preachers in the country are brought to Ann Arbor. The pioneer among these organizations was the Hobart Guild, connected with the Episcopal church. It occupies a fine building, which contains a good library, reading room, parlors and gymnasium. A church, a priest or deacon, is in charge of the hall, maintaining a general supervision over the work of the Guild. In the early summer a fine building,

transients are taken care of in a city whose population is but 10,000. Hundreds of persons earn a respectable livelihood by renting rooms to students. Others devote their attention to supplying hungry scholastics with food. In one rooming or boarding business is overdone. The annually increasing numbers of students severely tax the accommodations afforded. Houses are in great demand, and even the yearly addition of 100 to 150 new buildings does not seem to suffice.

SAVED BY A SPOON.

Narrow Escape of a Young Man Who Came Near Getting Left.

Yale street, Englewood. In this recherche, a la mode, and comme il faut Rue de Style of Chicago's intramural southern suburb no ragweed, dog fennel or mullen stalk ever obtrudes its plebeian personality. No upstart dandelion rears its feathery head on the irreproachable lawns of this distingue highway of suburban fashion and blows about it afterward. The sun pauses decorously as it passes over Yale street and then hurries reluctantly on to fill unavoidable engagements elsewhere. The banana peddler speaks with a modulated voice and a more pronounced Italian accent when he invades its hallowed confines, and the nomadic fish merchant announces his coming by using a silver plated horn with an amber mouthpiece instead of the soul destroying squawker he employs when his wagon wobbles and rattles along Sixty-third.

A pale lemon tinted parlor with vivid permanganate of potash stencillings on the upper borders of the walls. A chandelier of gorgeous and intricate architecture doing its best to illuminate the surroundings, but hampered by having nothing but a shelf worn article of Town of Lake gas on hand to use withal. A young woman of elaborate bangs and laughing demeanor, and a youth of dejected mien who had received a blow and was endeavoring to grin and bear it, but found himself unable to grin.

Such was the general tout ensemble. "If this is all the answer you have to give me, Thuringia de Hote," he said, "I don't see any use in continuing the conversation." "None at all, Mr. Kershock." "And I might as well call it a water haul and go." "As you choose, Mr. Kershock." He muttered, as if communing with himself. "House over here on Harvard street, ten rooms, modern improvements, nineteen closets, regular hot air, see straight through dining room of north and south neighbors' houses, and plan all fixed for tennis court on shady side."

The young woman smiled a cold, glassy smile, and Mr. Kershock drew on a glove. "I see it now," he continued. "I might have known it. It was folly in me to think I could win the affections of an iceberg." He pulled on his other glove, took his hat, shook his head and went on with increasing sadness: "I had taken such satisfaction, too, in making a collection of souvenir spoons that I hoped some day—"

"Of souvenir spoons, Mr. Kershock?" "Yes. Been two years getting them together. What good will they do me now?" he asked drearily. "There's the Landing-of-the-Pilgrim-Father spoon, the Brooklyn bridge spoon, Stockyard's spoon, the Alhambra-by-Moonlight spoon, the Eiffel tower spoon and a whole raft of others. Got sixty-seven of them in all and"—

"Sixty-seven souvenir spoons?" exclaimed Miss De Hote as she rose up, quivering and panting. "Say it again, Clarence! Say it again!" "Yes. Sixty-seven," he replied in the same dejected way, "and I was going to"—

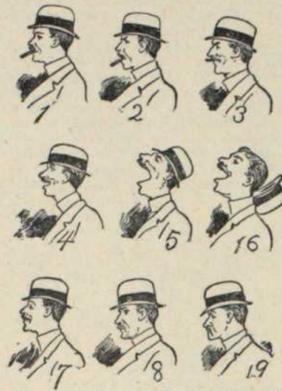
"Oh, Clarence!" The proud beauty threw herself in his arms, pillowed her classic Yale street head on his robust Stewart avenue shoulder, and the flickering glare of the consumptive gaslight fell dimly on a rapturous maiden whispering ecstatic nothings in the ear of a wildly astonished youth who wondered if he wasn't going crazy.—Chicago Tribune.

Sadly Neglected.

A little three-year-old who has been summering up in the country fell into an old well, where the water was only six inches deep, and remained there some time before he was discovered. When he was finally rescued his pent up indignation knew no bounds.

"You fink I kin tay in a well wuzout nuffin to eat, like a fwoz? Ey wasn't no better fadder 'n mudder 'n you, I'd go wifout children."—Texas Sittings.

A Baseball Study.



The national game—by innings.—Chicago Mall.

A Seaside Mermaid.

Binks and his wife had returned from a four weeks' sojourn at the seaside, and he stood in front of his home in the suburbs giving his friend Peters a graphic account of his vacation's pleasures.

"Want in bathing every day," he exclaimed enthusiastically. "Ah!" responded Peters, "wife go in too?" "Oh, yes, every day," said the returned vacationist.

"Can she swim?" queried friend Peters, with some interest. "No-o, she can't," was the reply. "She tried and tried to learn, but somehow she didn't get the hang of it. She said she couldn't get the right kick, and I let her think that was the reason, but the fact was"—and here he looked up at the house and sank his voice to a hoarse respiration.

"The fact was she couldn't keep her mouth shut long enough to take four strokes before she'd have some fool remark to make, when—kerwash—she'd swallow a whole wave and go plump to the bottom," and then he winked rapidly as the scene was recalled to his mind, and he went into the house chuckling with pleasure.

But he hadn't noticed a woman's face peering out of the curtains of a raised window.

Friend Peters saw the front door open quickly, saw a hand reach out and grasp the seaside boarder by the collar, saw the heels of that individual crack his back as he shot through the door, which slammed behind his vanishing form, heard a wild and stifled noise as of a body being hauled over the back and banged against the wall, and heard a muffled voice like unto that of an enraged woman say: "Take that back and I'll let you up, you walleied yahoo!"—Texas Sittings.

The Evidence a Colored Juror Wanted.

The coroner was holding the inquest. The facts brought out were that the woman was carrying a large watermelon down cellar when she fell on the stairs, broke the lamp, set the house on fire and perished with all the occupants save the one witness.

"The jurors may ask any question of the witness," said the coroner. "You say she wuz cyarrin er watuhmilon down sulluh?" asked the colored juror.

"Yes." "Was it er big watuhmilon?" "Yes; a very big one."

"Good an' ripe?" "Yes."

"How you know dat?" "We had plugged it."

"How did dat milon look inside?" "Very fresh and a beautiful pinkish red."

"Black seeds?" asked the juror, leaning forward eagerly.

"Yes; it was dead ripe."

"Youah honah," said the juror, "ef dat watuhmilon kin be brought inter cou't I kin tell veddah dis witness am er man ob troof an' veracity."—Detroit Free Press.

Too Clever.

Once there was a lawyer who closed up an estate case, but he died many years ago. He was a young man. He had studied law in his father's office, and his father finally retired and gave the business to him. One day, less than a week after the old gentleman had retired, the young man came home and proudly said: "Father, you know that old Gilpin estate case that you have been trying for years and years to settle?"

"Yes," answered the father with a suggestion of a smile.

"Well, it didn't take me two days to settle it after I got at it."

"What?" shouted the old lawyer. "You have settled the Gilpin estate?"

"Yes; and it was as easy as rolling off a log."

"Well, you infernal idiot, you! Why, that estate has paid the living expenses of our family for four generations and might have paid them for four more if I hadn't left the business to a nippy."—Detroit Free Press.

A Tale of Retribution.

"If I were as lean and scrawny as you are," said the Reporter they called Fatty, "I would Hire Myself Out as a Living Skeleton."

The Lean and Scrawny Reporter made no Reply, but the City Editor came in Presently and said:

"Fatty, there is a Man at the Hospital who has Lost Nine Square Inches of Skin from his Back, and the Doctors want Nine Square Inches of Skin from a Healthy Man to Replace it With. I want you to go and Furnish it."

So the Fat Reporter, with a sigh, went to the Hospital and Contributed of his Abundant Supply of Integument to save the Life of a Fellow Being, while the Lean Reporter went along and Wrote the Thing Up.

Moral—It is Possible to have Too Much of a Good Thing.—Chicago Tribune.

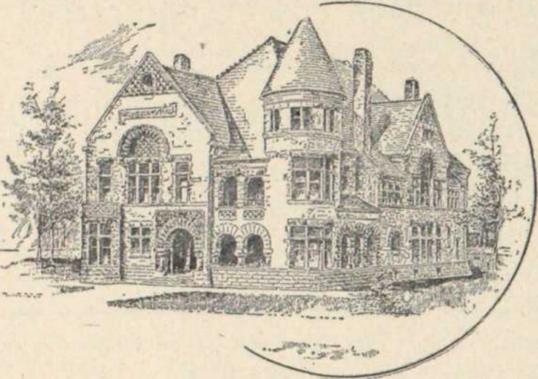
At the Seaside.

Maud—What are you reading? Pimmie—"A Man Without a Country." It's such a painful story!

Maud (looking drearily up and down the beach)—It isn't half as painful as a country without a man.—Chicago Tribune.

Inappropriate Simile.

Lieutenant (to elderly lady)—Madam, you look as fresh and blooming today as a rose of twenty summers!—Munchener Kalender.



Newberry Hall.

not inferior to the best which are heard in the large cities, are frequently given in University Hall. The "Redemption," the "Cristopheros" and the inimitable concert by the Boston Symphony orchestra were the principal attractions last year. Every one of the 2,500 seats in the hall is filled whenever a Choral Union concert is given. Besides concerts and lectures, many other entertainments are given, such as plays by the University Dramatic Society, joint debates and the like.

ATHLETICS.

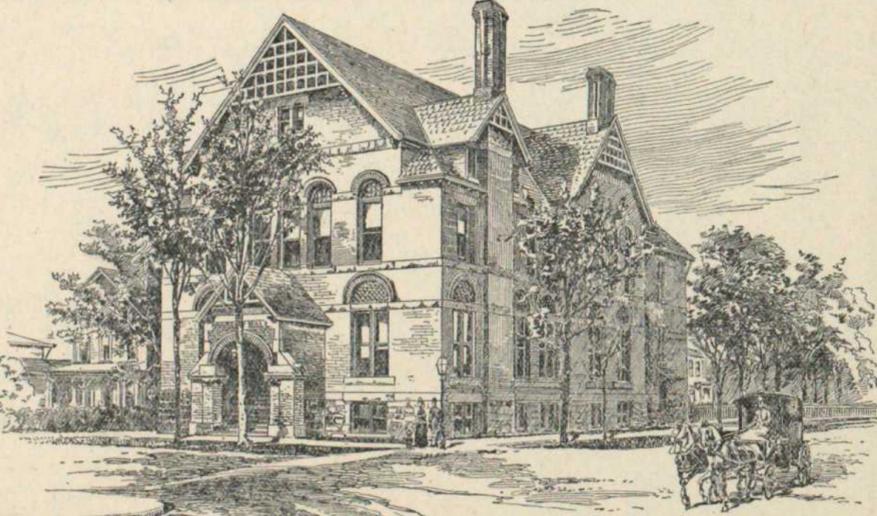
For years Michigan University has been longing for a gymnasium. Its hopes are now to be realized. During the past spring Joshua W. Waterman, of Detroit, offered to donate \$20,000 for a gymnasium, provided an equal amount could be raised by subscription. This was soon done. Architects have been at work upon plans for some time. When these have been adopted, the contract will be let for the building. The regents last spring set apart \$5,500 for the equipment of athletic grounds about half a mile south of the campus. The grounds include ten acres of land, perfectly level and thoroughly drained. On the north side is a straight track 220 feet long. To the south is an oval track which includes a base ball diamond. A grand stand, capable of seating 1,500 people, overlooks the field. Foot ball and tennis grounds are laid out further to the south.

called McMillan Hall in honor of the distinguished Michigan senator through whose generosity the building was obtained, was dedicated by members of the Presbyterian general assembly. It is to be the home of the Tappan association, an organization similar in its aims to the Hobart Guild.

The Wesleyan Guild in the Methodist church, the Foley Guild in the Roman Catholic church and the Channing Guild in the Unitarian church, have not as yet secured buildings. They are, however, all doing good work among the students.

THE COLLEGE PRESS.

Not student can be excused for not knowing what is going on around the University, for the college press is very active. The U. of M. Daily is published six days a week. It is a four column folio, filled with the latest news and with pithy editorials. As a weekly paper, the Chronicle-Argonaut is not surpassed. It is not only newsy, but at the same time has a literary value. The Inlander, published by the Inland Press, appears monthly. It contains prize essays and articles written by the students. Three annuals are published: The Palladium, the organ of the secret societies; the Castalian, the organ of the independents, or non-fraternity men; and the Oracle, the organ of the Sophomore class. The University Record, which appears monthly, is edited by the faculty. The Technic appears annually under the



Hobart Hall.

SOCIAL LIFE.

The students of Michigan University are not, as a general rule, recluses. They exchange calls and give parties in much the same way as other persons. There are church socials for the more sedate and Germans for the more giddy. The freshman banquet, the sophomore hop, the junior hop and the senior reception are all important features in a student's life. The senior reception always takes place during commencement week. It is held in a large tented pavilion and is attended by hundreds of young men and women from Detroit, Chicago and many other places.

The college fraternity system is largely developed in Ann Arbor. Alpha Delta Phi, Psi Upsilon, Delta, Kappa Epsilon, Delta Upsilon, Beta Theta Pi, Sigma Phi, Zeta Psi, Phi Kappa Psi, Delta Tau Epsilon, Chi Psi, and many other societies maintain chapters here. Most of them own houses, which are, in some cases, magnificent. Even the ladies have their secret societies. A Woman's League, composed of nearly all the female students, was organized during the past year.

auspices of the engineering society. The Monthly Bulletin represents the Student's Christian Association. All these publications are well-edited and both earn and receive good patronage from collegians.

COLLEGE DISCIPLINE.

The University of Michigan treats its students as men and women, not as children. There are no dormitories, no prizes, no "demerits" and no compulsory attendance at chapel. The authorities do not undertake to regulate a student's habits or associations. If he violates a law, he is amenable to the municipal authorities and to one else. If, however, he neglects his studies and, in general, seems to be devoting his time unprofitably, he is reminded that the University is no place for him and asked to depart to places more congenial. This drastic treatment, it may be said, is seldom necessary.

ROOMS AND BOARD.

A visitor to Ann Arbor is often struck by the fact that almost every house in the city contains a student. This does not seem strange if we reflect that 2,500

Consideration. A certain farmer gave evidence of his belief in his cattle's appreciation of scenery not long since when showing a visitor over his estate. After a long tramp through the woods the two men climbed a steep hill, on the summit of which was an inclosure where several cows were standing. "Isn't this a grand place for pasture?" asked the farmer.

The visitor looked out over the beautiful sheet of water which lay at the foot of the hill, more than a mile away, and agreed that it was a grand place.

"But," he said after a little, "there isn't much grass here for your cows to feed upon."

"No, that's true," the farmer admitted. "But it's a grand good place for them."

"There doesn't seem to be any water handy, either," remarked the visitor.

"No, but they drink just before they are driven up here and when they come down at night."

"There isn't much shade, is there?" the critical visitor further remarked.

"But good land, man! Just think of the magnificent view!"—Youth's Companion.

Do Not Overlook This!

It is a well known fact that Washtenaw County's largest stock and complete assortment of FURNITURE and Cabinet ware of every kind, CARPETS, Rugs and Matting of every variety, DRAPERIES, Curtains, Lace Curtains, Window Shades, Poles, Rods, etc., are to be found at

KOCH & HENNE'S.

The very best advertisement of their goods would be the goods themselves could they be sent around for general inspection. As this is impossible they invite you all to visit them at their store and examine their display.

They are this fall better prepared to meet the wants of everybody in both fine and low priced goods than at any previous time.

You will find their PRICE TO BE THE VERY LOWEST. Quality taken into consideration.

Remember that Koch & Henne, at 56, 58 and 60 S. Main-st, corner of Liberty-st, shall always be pleased to show you goods.

OUR NEW FALL GOODS

Are arriving daily. We have recently made extensive improvements in our store, and now have double the capacity we had before, and are showing twice as many goods as we had when we opened up three years ago this month. Our aim is to please our customers; and we do so by selling our goods at the lowest prices, and by giving the best value. Hoping you will give us an early call,

We remain,

Goodyear & St. James,

18 SOUTH MAIN ST., ANN ARBOR, MICH.

GO TO . . . .

G. H. WILD

FOR HIGH CLASS TAILORING

All the Latest Novelties. Dress Suitings, Top Coatings, Silk Vestings. Variety of styles in nobby Trouserings—Fall and Winter.

2 EAST WASHINGTON STREET, ANN ARBOR, MICH.

READ AND PROFIT BY IT

NOW is the time to outfit for winter again, and where can a man do the best for the least money?

BURCHFIELD, The Merchant Tailor, of Ann Arbor, No 6 East Huron Street, is certainly the Pioneer of Moderate Prices and now I have the largest and finest selection of Clothes, Overcoatings and Pantings in this city, and bought at the lowest possible figure for cash, and now they are going to be sold the same way. We don't wish to make a long story, but in regard to our work we simply guarantee every garment or money promptly refunded, and that will satisfy any reasonable man. Don't fail to come in before you buy, and we will soon satisfy you.

W. G. BURCHFIELD, PROPRIETOR.

Ann Arbor Engine and Boiler Works

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN

Corniss Engines, Vertical Automatic Engines and Boilers.

Saw-Mill and Flour Mill Machinery, Mill Gearing, Columns and I Beams, Channel Irons, Pulleys and Shafting, Tie Posts, Post Anchors, Grate Bars, Ash Pit Doors, Sash Weights, Patents and all kinds of Machinery made to order; also Patterns, Grey Iron and Brass Castings of all kinds. Anything on the Iron line made to order. REPAIRS OF ALL KINDS A SPECIALTY.

ROBERT HUNTER,

Agent for the Huber Engine and Thresher, and Victor Clover Huller.

FOR LADIES ONLY.

THE FARMERS' SHEDS

200 Feet North of P. O. on

Main Street, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Is the only place in the city where you can drive in your teams and carriages, shut them in secure from chilling storms, street mishaps or blistering suns. Good waiting room furnished with toilet and closet for ladies, free to all patrons. Good running water for man and beast. In connection is a store for handling

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

Groceries, Woodenware, Cordage, Tinware, Hardware, Etc. The goods and Prices must speak for themselves. If our neighbors will call, we shall be glad to make their acquaintance, even if we shall sell them no goods. No loafers allowed at the premises. Everything new and wholesome.

**OUR GREAT ACADEMY.**

**AND MATCHLESS SYSTEM OF PUBLIC WARD SCHOOLS.**

The History, Present Standing and Methods of the High School Detailed at Some Length.—A Marvelous Showing for Ann Arbor's Great Academy.—The Ward Schools Among the Best in the Country.—The Parochial Schools.

Ann Arbor's educational advantages do not, by any means, begin and end with the University. Were that institution located at Detroit or Jackson, or any where else, this city would still be known throughout the length and breadth of this land as an educational center. At no other place in the country, large or small, can be found a high school so well equipped and manned as that which is located at Ann Arbor. With its able corps of teachers and advanced course of study, it ranks well with many so-called universities and colleges. Nor are the ward schools by any means to be passed over. They are in every respect equal to the best in the land.

Is it any wonder, then, that hundreds of people settle in Ann Arbor for the sake of enjoying its educational advantages? Were these only better known, we doubt not but that the number of new comers would be still greater.

Ann Arbor does not constitute a school district entirely by itself. A considerable portion of the township is included, so that, while the population of Ann Arbor, according to the last census, was 9,461, that of the district was 9,896. Statistics relative to the enrollment, attendance, number of teachers, etc., are presented in brief form in the following table:

	BOYS	GIRLS	TOTAL
Enrollment, boys.....	344	292	426
girls.....	354	254	366
Total.....	698	546	1,244
Average number belonging to daily attendance.....	546	468	680
Number of non-residents.....	528	452	649
For cent. of attendance.....	341	41	37
No. men teachers and Supt.....	9	1	10
No. women teachers.....	7	18	25
No. special teachers.....	1	1	2
Average days' attend. each pupil.....	14	16	15
No. of pupils to each teacher.....	35	30	32

The consummation and special pride of our school system is the High School.

Circumstances partly growing out of location have brought it into exceptional prominence. It is no longer merely the high school institution of the Ann Arbor city schools, but it is a preparatory and academic department, whose patronage extends all over the western states and territories and, to no small extent, over the middle states as well.

In this connection, the history of the beginnings of the high school are of special interest. The University of Michigan, as is well known, began its career in about a dozen "branch" academic schools in various parts of the state, which were designed to be feeders of a large central school. But it was soon discovered that development could come to the University only by concentration of its energies at the present establishment. As the "branches" began to retire, in 1845, seminaries, academies, institutes and colleges all over the state began to spring up and ask for charters. At the same time a few "union" schools were born, which attracted a passing notice. In 1849 the state superintendent thus speaks of them: "This class of institutions, which may be made to constitute the connecting link between the ordinary common school and the state university, is fast gaining upon the confidence of the public. It was a race between the private academy and the public high school for the possession of the field of secondary education in Michigan, and the high school won."

Historically, then, the high school was an invention to take the place of discontinued branches of the University. This duty it has performed in a masterly way. But for the masses it has also developed into something better and grander. The high school is in reality the people's college.

It may be found almost at every man's door. It is no exaggeration to say that the high educational rank of our own state has been, in a great measure, due to the superior character of its graded and high schools.

**ORIGIN AND GROWTH.**  
The origin of our own high school was somewhat unique. It was not an accident; it was scarcely a growth from below. Previous to its organization in 1856, the schools of the town had been conducted in two districts, which were consolidated by a close vote after a bitter contest. The victory was at once realized. A central building was begun in 1855 and occupied the following year by the newly organized city schools, surrounded by a strong high school.

The future career of the high school was clearly seen by some of its distinguished abettors, such as Prof. (Pres.) E. O. Haven, Prof. H. S. Frieze and others connected with the University. Considerable preparation for the University had previously been done in the town, but the high school seems to have been designed from the first to supplant these and become the preparatory school of the University.

The first class that was formally graduated (1861) consisted of fifteen young men, eleven of whom entered the University. The number of pupils enrolled at that time was 270. As showing the marks of progress, we may state that at the close of the first year of the present superintendent's administration, (1871)

the high school enrollment was 275 and the tuition received was \$1,809. In 1881 the attendance was 470 and the reported tuition receipts, \$5,160. In 1891 the annual report shows an enrollment of 698 and receipts from tuition of \$7,793.

**THE INSTRUCTION.**

All schools must rest for their reputation upon the character of their work. The high school has not always had a fine building and abundant apparatus, but it has always had good teachers. Its good name seems to have been mainly acquired through the high character of the instruction it has furnished.

Differing in its history from most of the high schools of the state, the Ann Arbor high school has always maintained a strong classical course. Its teachers have always been the best that could be obtained. Among them have been Professors Pattengill, D'Ooge and Demmon, of the University, Judge C. B. Grant, of the Michigan supreme court, and Prof. S. R. Winchell, of the Champaign, Ill., university. The present instructor of Greek and Latin, J. G. Pattengill, also principal of the school, has been not less successful than those we have mentioned.

Originally each modern language formed a special complete course of itself, and was taught by a native teacher. Although the languages have been incorporated into other courses and are no longer taught by native teachers, they have in no respect been lessened in excellence. Any pupil who has passed through the course in German or French may be relied upon for a thorough elementary knowledge of the language.

In mathematics the high school has always had a high standing. The instruction is kept up to a somewhat severe tension, and a greater or less number of the seniors yearly fail to pass the final examinations in mathematics. Perhaps this is owing to the fact that the requirements for admission to the University in this branch are more severe than those in most of the eastern colleges.

The sciences were made much of in the early years of the high school. Book and definition methods prevailed. But when the scientific epoch began, a few years ago, to dawn upon the world, the Ann Arbor high school was one of the first academic institutions to feel the beating of the scientific pulse. Immediately the teaching of science in the high school began to assume a more inductive and educational spirit. Believing physics to be the central science, and in value ranking above any of the others, the school authorities set about giving it superior advantages. The apparatus



Ann Arbor High School.

for illustrating its laws and principles was considerably increased, and a room was equipped for pupils' laboratory practice and experimentation. These facilities have been added to and perfected until it is probable that no high school in the west would claim to be its equal, so far as facilities in the teaching of physics are concerned. The laboratory work is done in accordance with a book on the subject published by the instructor, H. N. Chute.

In astronomy there is not only first class instruction but, by the use of a good four-inch telescope, which is mounted in a separate building, good opportunities for practical observation are afforded.

In botany students have the use of a well-equipped laboratory, and the science is thereby taking a higher place and possessing a higher value in the curriculum.

The history of the United States should not pass unnoticed, for it is handled and taught in a masterly way. The same may be said of English Literature and, in fact, of all the other literary courses.

**THE COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.**  
Instruction in business methods and principles is becoming more and more a feature of modern high schools, and, in this respect, Ann Arbor is not behind other cities. A large room on the third floor is devoted to this department. All necessary appliances are found there. Desks and counters, similar to those found in banks and in offices, help to give the student a good idea of how actual business is carried on. The work is under the direction of Prof. J. C. McClenahan, and the course of study includes book-keeping by single and double entry, penmanship, business forms, commercial law, civil government, political economy and the common English branches. Large numbers of pupils who take the course succeed in obtaining good situations after graduation.

**MUSICAL INSTRUCTION.**  
The fine arts are not entirely neglected. One of these, at least, occupies a prominent place in the curriculum. We refer to the course in music. This is carried on during four years. It includes a vocal and a piano course. In the former voice culture and singing with choral practice are taught. Harmony is studied during the last year. For admission to the latter course the equivalent of three years of piano studies are required. After four years of study the pupil is expected to be able to perform compositions equal to Le Couppé, op. 25, Czerny, op. 299, books I. II., and the

like. Choral music, harmony and ensemble playing are also taught in this course.

**A USEFUL SUMMARY.**

A good idea of the range of work done in the high school, as well as its general character, may be gained from the following table:

STUDIES.	BOYS	GIRLS	TOTAL
Latin.....	165	161	326
German.....	37	28	65
French.....	71	22	93
English Literature.....	38	24	62
Rhetoric.....	26	26	52
American Literature.....	5	14	19
General English.....	220	229	449
Conversational German.....	27	40	67
English Grammar.....	66	108	174
Composition.....	63	82	145
Etymology.....	4	14	18
Physics.....	99	68	167
Astronomy.....	40	36	76
Botany.....	94	104	198
Physiology.....	45	38	83
Geometry.....	74	69	143
Trigonometry.....	18	6	24
Algebra.....	168	181	349
Arithmetic.....	81	102	183
Civil Government.....	28	18	46
English History.....	27	10	37
General History.....	101	95	196
United States History.....	105	77	182
Political Economy.....	14	23	37
Roman History.....	26	32	58
Greek History.....	17	19	36
Physical Geography.....	15	18	33
Chemistry.....	55	42	97
Book keeping.....	68	28	96
Commercial Law.....	19	14	33

Sixteen teachers are employed, every one of whom has been selected after careful examination. Their names, studies and salaries are as follows:

W. S. Perry, sup't.....	\$2,200
J. G. Pattengill, principal—Greek and Latin.....	1,800
H. N. Chute, Physics.....	1,700
L. D. Wines, higher mathematics.....	1,400
Allice Porter, Latin.....	700
Mary E. Hunt, natural science.....	700
Mary E. Dickie, German.....	600
Fred C. Clark, history and political economy.....	600
L. P. Jocelyn, mathematics.....	500
Anna H. Adams, French and Latin.....	500
W. W. Eagan, grammar and English.....	400
Callie H. Trueblood, elocution.....	190
J. C. McClenahan, book keeping and commercial law.....	200
Grace Taylor, rhetoric and English Literature.....	700
Sarah Whedon, general English.....	550
Jab & Montgomery, chemistry and astronomy.....	1,000
Nellie S. Loving, librarian.....	450
Total salaries.....	\$15,240

Taken all in all, the Ann Arbor high school is about as complete in its appointments, its courses of study and its teaching corps, as it can well be made. There is nothing in the academic or preparatory line that cannot be had for the asking. Four distinct courses, Arts, Science, Philosophy and Letters lead to corresponding courses in the University.

**PRIMARY AND GRAMMAR DEPARTMENT.**  
The Primary and Grammar depart-

ments have always ranked among the best in the state. In opposition to them, private schools have never gained much of a foothold. Our citizens have always felt a just pride in these departments and have unhesitatingly entrusted their children to the teachers for instruction.

**The Ward Schools.**

The public schools of Ann Arbor are organized according to the method employed by most city schools of the country. There are twelve grades or years' work in the complete course.

These are grouped in three sections, called departments, each of which includes four grades. The departments are termed Primary, Grammar and High School. The course of study is very carefully graded and adapted to the enlarging powers of the pupil, so that, in passing from grade to grade, and from department to department, the pupil is at no point subject to any special jar or strain of the mental faculties. The pupil's course is by no means a holiday pleasure, for his powers are tested at every point, but so gradually that even this at last becomes a pleasure. Let him only take his place in the attractive rooms of Grade One, stick to his post and perform his allotted tasks, and in a few years he will be safely and gently landed in the University of Michigan.

The first two years of the primary department constitute more especially the beginning of the pupil's educational career. Here he finds himself in the midst of plays and songs and pictures and colors and all the other features of kindergarten methods.

Our schools in these grades are now employing Froebel's Kindergarten "Gifts" intelligently and as far as they can profitably be used in public schools. The excellence of the specimens of clay-modeling, stick-laying, paper-patching, cutting, perforating, sewing, etc., that were on exhibition in the superintendent's room during June last, was a surprise to many. How could such work be done by children? Simply for the reason that it excites a child's interest and is adapted to his capabilities. It is in these exercises that the child's faculties begin to grow and strengthen. Thus he prepares for the more severe efforts which are demanded as he advances further along in the curriculum.

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ments have always ranked among the best in the state. In opposition to them, private schools have never gained much of a foothold. Our citizens have always felt a just pride in these departments and have unhesitatingly entrusted their children to the teachers for instruction.

Some features of these lower grades are especially worthy of note. More elementary science has been put into their course of study than will be found in most of the city schools in the state. The sciences include Leaf and Flower (one term), Physiology (two terms), Geology (two terms) and Physics (from one to two terms). Much instruction is given orally in the various branches. The special work in drawing and singing has been excellent for a dozen years or more.

In these grades a superior class of teachers are employed. The board have aimed to make first class appointments, from year to year, and the teachers have wrought in their several positions with the impression that it is their business to improve with every succeeding term.

**THE CADET SYSTEM.**  
The board have devised a unique method of providing teachers. Several "cadets" are appointed at the opening of each year to serve as assistants in rooms where they may be of the most service and learn the most of the art of teaching. These cadets attend all teachers' meetings and take up all the studies and many of the duties of the older teachers, so that, at the end of the year, if they have the aptitude for teaching, they are good candidates for appointments to permanent positions.

**SCHOOL FACILITIES.**  
After a pupil has completed the work of the eight grades belonging to the primary and grammar departments, he is sure to have a first class common school education. That the work is thoroughly done is proven by the fact that nearly all of the pupils, at the end of the year, succeed in passing the promotion examinations. The following table gives some interesting statistics relative to the movement of pupils over the grades:

	BOYS	GIRLS	TOTAL
No. in classes at close of year.....	883	588	971
No. imperfectly classified.....	48	3	51
No. promoted unconditionally.....	287	479	766
No. promoted conditionally.....	26	43	69
Extra promotions (skipped a grade).....	12	6	18
No. returned to lower grade.....	18	12	30
Failed to pass from irregular attendance.....	10	15	25

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(Continued on page 10.)

**LAMPS!**

THE ROCHESTER, THE KEY STONE, THE BELGIAN,

THE ROYAL, THE PRINCETON, THE GERMAN STUDENT,

ALL ARE

Central Draft and Nickel Plated, ranging in price from

**\$1 TO \$15 EACH!**

These Lamps are the best made. Give a bright white light. Are easily wickened, cleaned, and kept in order. The patents have expired on most of them and they now can be had for much less than last year. Examine our stock and you will be convinced that we distance competition in price, variety and quality of Lamps offered.

**RED STAR OIL**

Is made to order, is Safe, Clear, Clean, Gives a White, Smokeless and Odorless Light. Sold, four quarts to the gallon. Delivered anywhere in the city in our own cans, at 10c per gal.

STOVE GASOLINE of the best quality; delivered at 10c per gal.

**OIL CANS**

From two quarts to 120 gallons capacity constantly in stock, and at much less price than cans of equal quality are sold.

We also carry a full line of

**GROCERIES.**

Roast our Coffee, Grind our Spices, make our Baking Powder, and will sell as many pounds of Granulated Sugar for a Dollar as any one in this Country.

44 MAIN STREET, SOUTH. **DEAN & COMPANY.**

**NEW FALL GOODS AGAIN!**

SEPTEMBER HERE.

One season slips away into another without any interruption of trade. Immense lines of New Goods are rolling in every day, and we are putting out fresh attractions in every department, and make a big offer for your patronage in seasonable goods at very low prices.

**DRESS GOODS!**

If style and prices cut any figure the Dress Goods Trade of Ann Arbor will largely travel our way this Fall. Enough of what the ladies are going to wear this Fall is here to show the drift of fashion. Every day adds to the story and gives its cheering welcome to some speechless messengers of Fall Trade. Rough Wools with a craze for dots and spots; Scotch Twisted Suitings, Plaids and Camel's Hair, West of England Tweeds, English Suiting, Bedford Cords, Cheviots, Snow-flakes, Angora Cloths, Homespun and

**ELEGANT PARIS ROBES.**

Scarcely any two alike, making the grandest collection of Fine Dress Goods ever shown in Ann Arbor.

Last week we advertised seventy-five Stylish Dress Patterns in Rough Effects at \$3.97 a Suit, worth \$5.00. They were sold in three days. Not to disappoint our many friends we have secured 200 more, and will make the same low price \$3.97 a pattern to keep our Dress Goods Department popular.

**BLACK DRESS GOODS.**

Yes; This department has become a household word in Ann Arbor. Ladies! all we ask don't buy a Black Dress until you examine the best Black Goods stock in Michigan. That's right, we have only a few words to say about this stock. The goods sell themselves.

**SILK SURPRISES.**

500 yards Black and New Shades, all Silk Surah, cheap at 50 cents. For one week we make the price 25 cents a yard. 10 pieces Black Surah at 50c, 65c, 75c and \$1 a yard. 24-inch Faille Black Silk, cheap at \$1.50; this week \$1.00 a yard.

**CLOAK DEPARTMENT.**

**Fashionable Fall and Winter Garments.**

Our display comprises the latest fashions from all parts of the fashionable world in Jackets, Capes, Newmarkets, and Misses' and Children's Cloaks.

This cut shows one of the most popular Garments worn this season. It is the Leader of the season. It combines the best features of the hip seam and Reefer Jackets, being perfectly tight fitting in the back, and half fitting in front, a garment combining both grace and comfort. The demand for Fur Trimmed Garments is very large. Our stock comprises the newest styles in Jackets, trimmed with Astrachan, Opossum, Mink, Mufflon, Persian, Lamb and Coney.

Ladies! Don't miss seeing our grand display of New Fall Goods.

**SCHAIRER & MILLEN,**

LEADERS OF LOW PRICES

OUR GREAT ACADEMY.

(Continued from page 9.)

The work of the primary and grammar departments is carried on in six fine school buildings, situated in the six several wards of the city. These buildings all have comely exteriors and convenient, attractive interiors.

The total estimated value of all school property, including the high school building, is \$205,000. This comprises real estate, furniture, school libraries, apparatus, etc. Ann Arbor surely is a wealthy city, so far as school property is concerned.

Many of the rooms are not only beautiful in themselves but are tastefully decorated with pictures, bric a brac, etc. Cleanliness is one of the chief virtues of these schools, as the attending janitors very well know. Two of the buildings are heated and ventilated by the Smead system, and the ventilation in all of them is carefully attended to. Parents in these times may well rejoice over the care that is taken of and for their children during their school life.

Every convenience, such as globes, maps, reference books, apparatus, material, etc., is cheerfully supplied by the school board.

Management of the Schools.

The Ann Arbor schools are under the direction of a board of education comprising nine directors. They are chosen for a term of three years each at a general election held on the first Monday of September. Only tax-payers, including women, have the right to vote. As a result, only the best men are elected, and politics do not enter into the matter at all. The present incumbents are Philip Bach, Evert H. Scott, John V. Sheehan, Junius E. Beal, Christian Mack, William W. Wheldon, Leonard Gruner, Joseph T. Jacobs, Willard B. Smith. Mr. Bach has served continuously since the board was organized, over thirty years ago.

RECEIPTS AND EXPENSES.

Although the schools of Ann Arbor are run as economically as possible, they annually cost a small fortune. The receipts during the year ending September 7 were \$48,465.43, of which \$5,285.98 was primary school fine money, \$7,792.87 tuition, \$2,075.02 township tax and \$33,344.00 city tax. The remainder came from various sources. It will be seen, however, that Ann Arbor itself bears scarcely two-thirds of the expenses.

The expenditures included \$30,082.25, salaries; \$4,000, payment of bond; \$1,865.63, fuel; \$1,798.50, janitors, etc., etc. Teachers' salaries below the high school range from \$350 to \$500 a year.

Within the past few years an expensive addition to the high school building was erected and bonds were issued in part payment. Only \$20,000 of these remain due. They constitute the entire indebtedness of the schools.

Superintendent Perry.

Walter S. Perry, the efficient superintendent of the Ann Arbor public schools, was born in Otsego County, N. Y. He entered the Michigan Normal school at an early age and graduated from that institution in 1856. During the succeeding two years he taught at Ply-

mouth and Hastings. He entered the University in 1858, and graduated therefrom after three years' study. He was elected superintendent of the Marshall city schools, and held that position for three years. He then removed to Coldwater, where he remained in charge of the schools until 1867. He was chosen superintendent of the Branch County schools, but soon resigned that position



in order to accept the principalship of the Toledo high school. After one year's work there he was called to the college at Prairie Du Chien, Wis., of which institution he remained in charge until 1870, when the city of Ann Arbor was fortunate enough to secure his services.

For twenty-one years Mr. Perry has devoted his entire attention to the up-building of our public schools, and much of the success they have attained is due to his work. He has frequently been asked to accept other positions, but has invariably declined, preferring to remain in Ann Arbor.

Although Mr. Perry's work has not been of an ostentatious character, it has, in a quiet way, exerted beneficial influence over thousands of lives. Many young teachers come to him every year for advice and guidance, and text-book publishers have again and again asked him to review and criticize their publications.

In Michigan no educator is better known than Mr. Perry. He is an active member of the State Teachers' Association and was at one time its president. He has also been president of the University Alumni Association.

Parochial Schools.

In every city will be found hundreds of parents who desire their children to have a distinctly religious and theological training, along with the instruction in ordinary branches. By these parochial schools are maintained. Ann Arbor has but three. The largest is

ST. THOMAS' SCHOOL,

which is conducted under the auspices of the Roman Catholic church. The school is under the direct supervision of Rev. Father Kelly and is taught by the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary—women whose lives are devoted to the cause of Catholic education. Besides the ordinary branches, usually

taught in public and parochial schools, music and singing are studied. For the latter no extra charge is made. Lessons are given on the piano, guitar, banjo, harp, etc. The musical course is acknowledged to be an excellent one.

The school building stands on the brow of the hill which overlooks the Michigan Central depot and the Huron river. It is a large and beautiful structure.

THE BETHLEHEM SCHOOL.

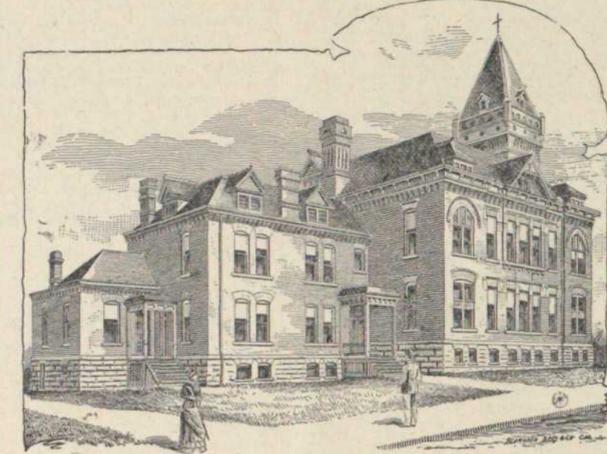
On First-st stands a building which serves as a home for the parochial school which is maintained in connection with the German Evangelical Bethlehem church. It is in charge of Frederick Fisher, a thoroughly competent teacher. About fifty pupils, on an average, are in attendance. Good instruction is given in the German language, as well as the common branches which are generally taught in public schools.

ZION'S LUTHERAN SCHOOL.

This school occupies a frame building next to the Zion church. Sessions are held during the whole year. L. Poes, a thoroughly competent teacher, has charge of the instruction. The number of pupils is about seventy. The branches taught are those usually found in a public school. Training in the German language and in religious subjects is also given.

The School of Shorthand.

The School of Shorthand was established, in the fall of 1884, by S. A. Moran, who was then a student in the University. There had been a number of per-



St. Thomas' School.

sons who had given instruction in shorthand and typewriting in Ann Arbor previous to the above date, but none of them, however, had met with a sufficient amount of success to warrant the establishment of a permanent school of this kind. It was not Mr. Moran's idea of doing anything more than to carry on a school of this kind while taking a course in the University, and in this way pay his school expenses. The attendance

upon his classes, and his success as a teacher during the school year of 1884-85, clearly demonstrated that there was a strong demand, at this great educational centre, for the establishment of a permanent school for instruction in both shorthand writing and in operating the typewriter. This was probably in part due to the fact that Mr. Moran did not limit himself to what local patronage might be obtained, but at once began to reach out all over the state by judicious advertising. He was led to do this by the belief that students who wished to take up either or both of these branches would rather come to Ann Arbor for the purpose of doing so than go to any other city. This belief has been verified by the large number of both young men and women who have come here especially to take the courses offered by the school. Students have come to attend the school from a score of different states, coming from as far east as New Hampshire, and west from Colorado. Since the school was organized it has enrolled over 1,000 students. Its representatives may be found in every large city in the country, where they are holding lucrative positions as stenographic clerks or court reporters.

From Mr. Moran's teaching a few hours each week, as he did in the start, while doing his college work, the school has grown so that it will open up this fall with five teachers and instructors, besides Mr. Moran himself, who still remains in full charge of the school. He does not, however, at the present time give much time to the work, that being left to competent assistants. The school has commodious and well

furnished quarters in the new Sager building, on South State-st, where at any time full information may be had in regard to courses in both shorthand and typewriting. It would be well to say in connection with the account of this school that a large number of the students who have come here with the idea of taking only a business course, have caught what might be well termed the "Ann Arbor fever," and have remained here and taken a full course either in the literary or in one of the profession a

departments. In this way the school has served as a valuable feeder to the University, having been the means of bringing a great many more students here than many of the high schools, the diplomas of which admit to the institution.

This is only another proof of the argument which has been urged, time and time again, that the more schools of all kinds which may be established here, the better it will be for the University, and for the city, too.

Cities of the Dead.

Ann Arbor does not neglect her dead. They rest in several cemeteries which, in point of beauty, cannot be surpassed by any in the State of Michigan.

Forest Hill cemetery covers a tract of forty acres of rolling ground lying in the eastern portion of the city. It is only about a quarter of a mile distant from the Huron river and affords from its highest points a beautiful view. It was



Entrance of Forest Hill Cemetery.

Breaking It Gently. In the province of Holstein, noted for its superior breed of cattle, the country people are not only very thrifty, but exceedingly fond of their cows, as may be gathered from the following characteristic story:

Farmer Jan was walking sadly down the road one day when the village pastor met him.

"Why so sad, Farmer Jan?" said the pastor.

"Ah, I have a very sad errand, pastor," replied Jan.

"What is it?"

"Farmer Henrik's cow is dead in my pasture, and I am on my way to tell him."

"A hard task, Jan."

"Indeed it is, pastor, but I shall break it to him gently."

"How will you do that?"

"I shall tell him first that it is his mother who is dead, and then, having opened the way for sadder news still, I shall tell him it is not his mother, but the cow!"—London Tit-Bits.

Had the Bulge.

He was in no hurry as he went up the steps of the Elevated station on Third avenue. He took plenty of time to buy his ticket, and he carefully looked it over to see whether it was a genuine ticket or a dead head pass to a theater. He walked slowly to the ticket box and fluttered it in, and then he advanced slowly to the up town train and reached the gate of a car just as it was locked on him.

"Too late!" said the conductor with a grin as he pulled the strap.

"Too late for what?"

"To take this train."

"Didn't want to take it—April fool! Just came up to pay you off for leaving me one day last spring! Go ahead with your old train—ha! ha! ha!"

And as the train sped away he walked off down stairs, chuckling and cackling over having the bulge on the Third avenue road.—M. Quad in New York Evening World.

first laid out in 1857. The first interment, that of a murdered man, was made two years later. The first president of the cemetery company was W. S. Maynard, the first clerk W. S. Saunders, and the first treasurer Elijah W. Morgan.

On July 1st, this year, there were buried in this city of the dead, 2,818 bodies. Quite a number have been interred since that time. The remains of many noteworthy citizens, including, among others, the late Professors Cocker, Watson, Palmer, Frieze, Winchell, Fasquelle, Morris, Jones and Douglass, rest within its sacred precincts.

A stone receiving vault, which cost \$1,500, and is said to be the best in the State of Michigan, stands near the entrance of the grounds. There is a fine stone cottage directly across the road, in which the sexton, L. V. Steinke, resides.

The present officers of the Cemetery Association are: J. Austin Scott, president and superintendent; E. B. Pond, secretary and treasurer.

The Roman Catholics have a cemetery of their own in the northern part of the city, just south of the Huron river. It comprises about six acres of ground, and contains the remains of over 500 persons. The trustees who have charge of the grounds are John Finnegan and David Kinsey.

The oldest cemetery in Ann Arbor has recently been vacated by order of the circuit court. The bodies have been removed, and the ground is now in possession of the city. This cemetery was donated by Andrew Nowland to the town of Ann Arbor, in 1832. It contained the remains of Edward Munday, first lieutenant governor of Michigan, and of other noteworthy men.

The cemetery in the fifth ward, or "lower town," is the property of the city of Ann Arbor. Many of the bodies taken from the "old" cemetery were re-interred here.

J. T. JACOBS, President.

THEODORE A. REYER, Secretary.

D. C. FALL, Vice-President.

JOHN H. CUTTING, Treasurer.

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PROMINENT MEN.

SOME RESIDENTS OF ANN ARBOR WITH NATIONAL REPUTATIONS.

Biographies of Ex-Senator Felch, Hon Thomas M. Cooley, President J. B. Angell and Mark W. Harrington.

Few of the smaller cities of the United States can boast of so large a list of distinguished men, both dead and living, as can Ann Arbor. The University, during the fifty-four years of its existence, has enjoyed the services of many eminent professors whose achievements have won the admiration of the whole civilized world. But it is not the University men alone who have made the name of Ann Arbor illustrious. Statesmen and financiers, as well as professors, have called this city their home.

In this article we shall not attempt to relate the history of those who are dead and gone, but shall restrict our observation, to four of the most distinguished men still living.

Alpheus Felch.

For many years the citizens of Ann Arbor have seen the kindly face of this distinguished citizen. They have revered him not only for his great achievements as a statesman, but also for his lofty traits as a man. On many occasions they have delighted to honor him, and their honors have ever been received with modest appreciation.

Alpheus Felch was born in Limerick, York county, Maine, September 28, 1804. He was an only son. At an early age he was left an orphan and was placed in charge of his grandfather, who bestowed upon him a parent's care. He graduated from Phillips Exeter academy and entered Bowdoin college, of which institution he became an alumnus in 1827. He was



admitted to the bar three years later, at Bangor, Me. For some time he practiced law in his native state, but in 1833 he found his way to Michigan. For ten years he resided in Monroe. He removed to Ann Arbor in 1843.

Mr. Felch was a member of the state legislature from 1835 to 1837, and in the following year he was appointed state bank commissioner. At that time "wild-cat" banking was at its height. Frauds were frequently committed and the currency was in a very unsatisfactory condition. This state of affairs was largely due to an unwise banking law, which Mr. Felch strenuously opposed while he was a member of the legislature. In 1839, thanks to the commissioner's efforts, the obnoxious measure was repealed.

In 1842 he was appointed auditor general, but was soon called from that position to that of associate justice of the supreme court. One year later he was appointed United States senator to fill a vacancy. In 1845, however, the Democratic party insisted upon nominating him for governor. He was elected and served two years. The legislature then made him United States senator for the full term ending 1853. His able services in Washington were such as to give him more than a national reputation.

At the end of his senatorial term, Mr. Felch was appointed one of the commissioners to adjust the Spanish and Mexican land claims in California. He was soon elected chairman of the board. The success of the negotiations proved that the president had made a wise appointment.

The ex-senator returned to Ann Arbor in 1856 and devoted his attention to the practice of law. He was subsequently nominated by his party for governor, but, as the Democrats were then in a minority, he failed of election in every case.

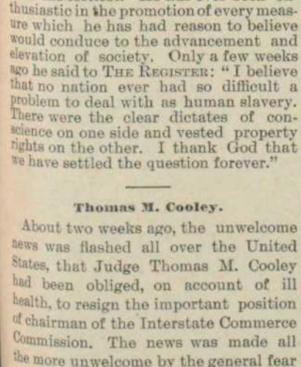
His legal attainments caused the University, to select him as a professor of law. He served in that capacity during the early days and again from 1879 to 1883. During the past eight years he has lived in quiet retirement with his daughter, Mrs. E. H. Cole.

Ex-Governor Felch has always borne a spotless reputation. No one has ever doubted his integrity. His ideals have been the loftiest. He has ever been enthusiastic in the promotion of every measure which he has had reason to believe would conduce to the advancement and elevation of society. Only a few weeks ago he said to THE REGISTER: "I believe that no nation ever had so difficult a problem to deal with as human slavery. There were the clear dictates of conscience on one side and vested property rights on the other. I thank God that we have settled the question forever."

Thomas M. Cooley.

About two weeks ago, the unwelcome news was flashed all over the United States, that Judge Thomas M. Cooley had been obliged, on account of ill health, to resign the important position of chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission. The news was made all the more unwelcome by the general fear that, with the retirement of Judge Cooley, the commission would be seriously crippled.

The life of Thomas M. Cooley has been an eventful one. He was born in Attica, N. Y., January 6, 1824. His father was a farmer, who, by dint of economy, succeeded in giving him a good academic education. In 1842 Thomas left the farm and went to Palmyra, N. Y., where he commenced the study of law. He removed to Adrian, Mich., the following year, and was admitted to the bar in 1846. He was for two years a partner of Judge C. A.



Stacey, in Tecumseh, but in 1848 he returned to Adrian. During his residence in that city there was scarcely an important suit in which he was not interested.

In 1857 Mr. Cooley was asked by the legislature to compile the statutes of the state. So well did he manage this work that he was, in the following year, appointed reporter of the supreme court decisions. While holding this position he published eight volumes of reports.

The University of Michigan, in 1859, decided to organize a law department.



Three men—Thomas M. Cooley, James V. Campbell and Charles I. Walker were chosen as the first professors. The success of this great school is due almost entirely to the efforts of these three men. In some capacity or other, Judge Cooley has been connected with the University ever since.

In 1864 this great jurist was elected justice of the supreme court over Alpheus Felch, who was the Democratic candidate. He was re-elected in 1869, and again in 1877. Since 1885 he has held no judicial position in Michigan. Within the next two years the Inter-State Commerce law was discussed and finally passed. Judge Cooley was appointed one of the five commissioners, and so great was the estimation in which he was held that the board immediately elected him chairman.

Upon the death of Chief Justice Waite, it was thought by many that President Cleveland would select Judge Cooley for the vacancy, but political considerations prevailed, and the appointment went to M. W. Fuller.

The contributions of Thomas M. Cooley to the literature of law and political science have won for him a reputation as the ablest constitutional lawyer in the United States. His "Constitutional Limitations," "Law of Taxation," "Torts," and edition of "Blackstone's Commentaries" are known throughout the entire civilized world.

For several years Judge Cooley has not been in the best of health, and the recent death of a beloved wife has proved a serious blow. It is to be hoped that complete rest and retirement from active life will have a beneficial effect.

James B. Angell.

It is by no means an easy task to manage a great educational institution. That James B. Angell has been wonderfully successful during the twenty years that he has been president of the University of Michigan admits of no question. During his term women have been admitted on equal terms with men, the course of study has been greatly extended, and the attendance has more than doubled. This result can be attributed largely to the principles and ideas which President Angell has succeeded in carrying out.

Unlike many great educators, Mr. Angell has been not only a great scholar, but a man of affairs as well. A glance at his life will bring this fact out clearly.

He was born in Scituate, Rhode Island, January 7, 1829. After gaining an academic education he entered Brown University, and graduated from that institution in 1845. He taught for several years, and was called, in 1851, to the chair of modern languages and literature at his alma mater. Shortly before the outbreak of the war he resigned the professorship in order to become the editor of the Providence Journal. His writings during that troublous period made the paper famous. In 1866 he was elected president of the University of Vermont, and continued to serve in that capacity until 1871, when he linked his fortunes to those of the University of Michigan.

Dr. Angell's success in managing this institution is due largely to his knowledge of human nature. He governs alike with tact and firmness. He is easily approached, and sets even the greenest freshman completely at ease. His influence in behalf of religion is pronounced, but not dogmatic. No one who has ever listened to one of his baccalaureate addresses could fail to be deeply impressed.



As a diplomatist Dr. Angell has won considerable distinction. President Hayes appointed him, in 1879, minister plenipotentiary to China for the purpose of securing a revision of the Burlingame treaty. This he did within sixty days after his introduction to the Chinese court. In 1888 he was appointed member of the commission which undertook to settle the fisheries dispute between the United States and Canada.

Gifted with an easy, flowing, yet precise style, Dr. Angell has become a much-sought contributor to magazines and reviews. His articles on subjects connected with international law are especially noteworthy.

Mark W. Harrington.

When it became necessary for the secretary of agriculture, a few months ago, to select a new chief for the weather bureau, his attention was early directed to Mark W. Harrington, of the University of Michigan. Inquiries were soon addressed to various scientific men, all of which were favorable to the professor. A number of Michigan men interested themselves in his behalf, and as a result the appointment of Prof. Harrington was soon decided upon. It has met with approval among all classes of people.

Mark Walrod Harrington was born in 1848 on a farm near Sycamore, Illinois. Through his father he is a descendant from the earliest settlers in New England. The celebrated judge, Theophilus Harrington, was a member of the family. Through his mother he is a descendant from the Dutch of New York state, her family name being Walradt.

He received his early education at Evanston, and in 1868 graduated from the University of Michigan, at the age of 19. For two years he was instructor of biological science. In 1870 he went to Alaska as astronomical aid in the United States Coast Survey, which was conducted by W. H. Dall. He returned to the University in 1872, and four years later went to Leipzig for an extended course of study. So great was his proficiency that, at the end of a few months, he was appointed professor of mathematics and astronomy in the school of the Chinese Foreign office at Peking. He was compelled, however, after one year's work, to return to America on account of his health.

In 1879 Mr. Harrington was called to the chair of astronomy, made vacant by the death of the famous Professor Watson. This position he has held continuously until the present time.

Prof. Harrington's achievements as a scientist are well known. He it was who in 1884 founded the American Meteorological Journal, now printed at the REGISTER office. It is needless to



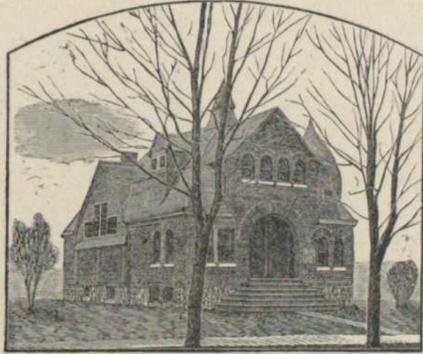
say that this monthly has conferred great honor upon the editor and has done much to further the study of astronomy.

The professor is a life member of the Linnæan Society, of London, England, and a fellow of the Royal Meteorological Society. He has traveled extensively and is well versed, not only in astronomy and meteorology, but in other sciences and the languages. He has always been a prolific writer.

He was married in 1874 and has one living child. Both Mr. and Mrs. Harrington have been highly esteemed in society circles. Mrs. Harrington has devoted much attention to astronomical studies and has given her husband much valuable assistance in many ways.

The Ladies' Library.

For several years the ladies of Ann Arbor have maintained a library association whose objects are both literary and social. The number of names enrolled at the last annual meeting was 122, and some have been added since that time.



The Ladies' Library.

A fine building, which cost over \$3,000, is used by the ladies as a meeting place and as a library. The number of books on the shelves considerably exceeds 3,000 and six magazines are taken. The main room has a smooth hard wood floor and is often used by small private dancing parties. The Ladies' Library Association is an important factor in the life of many Ann Arbor ladies.

Her Great Objection to the City.

She was a fresh looking young country girl, with rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes, and had come to visit her city relatives. She took a stroll around the neighborhood and when she returned to the house she seemed troubled.

"I guess I'll go home to-morrow," she said.

"What's the matter? Don't you like the city?" asked her city cousin.

"No, I don't," she said with decision.

"Do you miss the green fields?" queried the city cousin.

"Oh, no; it's not that," said the country girl.

"The noise of the streets troubles you, I suppose?" suggested the city cousin.

"I don't mind it at all," returned the country girl.

"Of course the air is not as pure and the soot ruins everything," admitted the city cousin.

"Oh, I don't care about that," said the country girl. "And the cable cars don't frighten me, and I don't get bewildered by the crowds, but I haven't seen a front gate to swing on moonlight nights since I've been here. How in the world do you city girls ever get married?"—Chicago Tribune.

LATE GRAZING.

The Quantity of Digestible Matter in Old as Compared with Young Grass.

In season when the grass grows too fast for the animals to keep pace with it, the grazing of meadows is uneven and there are patches gnawed down bare and others which are practically untouched, and animals rarely do well under these circumstances, for they are in the position of having a large supply of food by them, the greater part of which is both unpalatable and innutritious, because as the grasses become overmature the soluble feeding ingredients are converted into insoluble and indigestible woody fiber. That there is a greater quantity of indigestible matter in old grass is shown by the increased size of the droppings late in the season, as compared with those evacuated when the grass is younger and more nutritious, more food having to be taken in when it is old and tough to supply the necessary nutrition. It is a significant fact that no matter how good the grass may be in the latter summer months, it is rarely equal in feeding properties to spring grass, and in the event of a very wet period coming, as it sometimes does, the quality of the grass deteriorates in proportion to the rapidity of its growth, and extra food is necessary to produce the improvement in the condition of the animals which is desired.

The most approved form in which to supply the additional food has to be regulated by circumstances, although it is often taken in a very haphazard manner. Linseed cake stands with regard to cattle much in the same category as dung to land; it is safe, and unless placed in very inexperienced hands, rarely does injury, and some benefit is visible on almost all occasions; it is, in fact, the food which may be looked upon as the best all round one, but it is quite possible that in particular cases it is not the one which would give the best result. In cases of scour, when animals are in the yards, the bowels may often be brought to a healthy condition by withdrawing the supply of linseed cake, thus showing that the cake is either the cause or partial cause of the disturbance. If the linseed cake affects the animals in this way when they are in the fattening sheds, it is only reasonable to suppose that it should not be altogether free from the imputation in the field, and when the bowels are in too loose condition from the oversucculence of grass, it is quite conceivable that it would be wiser to give the animals their concentrated additional food in some other form.

Cotton cake is known to produce costiveness if given in too large quantities, and it acts as a corrective when the food has been of too laxative a nature; but it is too nitrogenous in its constitution to be given alone, therefore it should be given in connection with something which supplies more fattening properties. In the early portion of the grazing season, when the grasses contain a considerable quantity of carbonaceous matter, nothing is better than an admixture with an equal quantity of linseed cake; but later in the season, when the starchy matter has become destroyed, or rather converted into woody fiber, it is better to give additional starchy food, and a mixture composed of equal parts of linseed cake, cotton cake and griddled maize will be found to give the best results.

Exuberant Gratitude.

Karlina has knitted a pair of stockings for her friend Wilhelm, who has joined the Imperial guards, and presents them to him on his birthday, with the usual congratulations.

"Karlina," says the happy man, sobbing under deep emotion, "you are too kind—the nice white stockings—I'll wear them as long as I live!"—Illustrirte Chronik.

One Way Out of It.

A short man with red whiskers and shuffling gait wandered into the auditorium last evening and asked for a typewriter's studio. He lives in Indiana, not a million miles from Chicago, and has been there attending the races. Luck had walked on the same side of the street with him, and he wanted to stay another week. But his wife expected him home today, so he was in search of a typewriter to send home a letter to serve as an apology for his nonappearance.

"Chicago, this date, '91," he muttered to the typewritist.

"I have that."

"My dear wife."

"Yes."

"Very important business will require my presence in Sheboygan for a few days."

"Let's see," interrupted the artist, "how do you spell that Sheboygan?"

"Spell it yourself. It's your own typewriter."

"I can't."

"Can't spell Sheboygan?" he asked with disgust.

"No."

"Then I'll go to St. Joe."—Chicago Herald.

A Sure Sign.

"Well, miss, how soon is your wedding to come off?"

"My wedding? I have not the slightest intention of getting married!"

"Ah! but when young ladies like yourself begin buying 100 sheets of note paper to a single packet of envelopes, there is always something in the wind!"—Belletrische Zeitung.

THE

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STENOGRAPHERS AND TYPEWRITER OPERATORS

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Call at the School, No. 20 South State Street, or address The School of Shorthand, Ann Arbor, Mich., for full particulars, rates, etc.

Over 1,000 pupils have been taught in the school since it was organized in 1884.

Read what some of them have done.

FRANK HOLLISTER

Took our course in Shorthand in eleven weeks, and the next day after completing the work, took a position as Stenographer for Col. Rogers of the Michigan Military Academy, at Orchard Lake, where he is receiving a salary of \$100.00 per month and living expenses.

L. H. CARPENTER AND F. C. COBB,

Both of the Law Department, took our course while in College. The former is now court reporter in California at a salary of \$2,200.00 per year. The latter took a position as circuit court reporter in Kentucky at a salary of \$2,000.00 per year.

MISS EMMA SAXTON

Was teaching school near Ann Arbor at \$25.00 per month. She came here, took a course in Shorthand, and is now in a real estate office in Chicago, where she receives \$75.00 per month, just three times her former salary.

THEODORE ROEHM

Of Ann Arbor, took our course in Shorthand and changed from a position paying him \$15.00 per month to a position with the Manager of the C. B. & Q. R. R. at \$65.00 per month and traveling expenses, which makes his salary equal to \$75.00 per month, or more than four times his former salary.

FRANK MERRY

Of Ann Arbor, took our course in Shorthand and Typewriting in a little over three months, and is now stenographer for the Inter State Commerce Commission, at Washington, D. C., at a salary of over \$100.00 per month.

LEWIS WINANS

Of Jackson county, took our course in Shorthand while he was attending high school, and almost immediately took a position as stenographer in one of the corset factories in Jackson at a salary of about \$50.00 per month.

MISS ANNA FISHER

Of Ann Arbor, took our course in Shorthand and Typewriting, and is now employed as one of the assistant teachers of Shorthand in our school, at a salary of \$40.00 per month.

MISS DORA BOWEN

Of Ann Arbor, took our course in Shorthand and Typewriting summer before last, and is now stenographer for one of the largest lumber companies in the United States, at Tonawanda, N. Y., where she receives a salary of \$65.00 per month.

MISS ROSE REIDLING

Of Ann Arbor, took a course in Shorthand and Typewriting during a former summer term, and has since been with a wholesale house in Toledo, Ohio, as Stenographer at a salary of \$45.00 per month.

We could cite a large number of other cases where our students have, through our help, secured splendid situations. We are always pleased to assist competent students to good places, and seldom fail in our efforts to do so.

**ANN ARBOR SOCIETIES.**

**LARGE IN NUMBER AND ENTHUSIASTIC IN SPIRIT.**

**Something About the Masons, the Odd Fellows, the Knights of Pythias, the Maccabees, and the many Fraternal and Insurance Associations.**

Man is not a monad, self-centred and independent of the rest of humanity, but he is, in the highest degree, a social being. He belongs to churches, to satisfy the cravings of his religious nature, and he joins secret societies and fraternities to satisfy the cravings of his social nature. In Ann Arbor the idea of the brotherhood of man is emphasized as it is in few other communities. No city of the state, in comparison to its size, sustains so many different fraternities. In fact, the man who does not belong to an organization of some kind is the exception rather than the rule.

□ The oldest fraternity in existence, that of the Masons, has four distinct organizations in Ann Arbor. They are the

The Masonic Temple, a cut of which appears in this column, is, in many respects, the best in Michigan. The Masons occupy the entire third floor. This includes an area of 10,080 square feet. In the southeast corner is a large parlor, connecting with a library and a cloak room. The lodge room, which lies to the east, is a handsome apartment, forty-two by forty-five feet in size, with a high vaulted ceiling. Beautiful oil paintings surround the room, each one emblematic of some portion of masonic teachings. In the centre of the ceiling is a dome, whose curved surface is made to represent the heavens. Beautiful Brussels carpets and finely decorated walls help to make the apartment a model lodge room. The Red Cross room, the banquet room, the drill room and the armory, all elicit the admiration of visiting Masons. The temple is the scene of frequent parties, which, in size and splendor, compare favorably with any given in larger cities.

**THE ODD FELLOWS**  
have four different lodges in Ann Arbor. The subordinate lodges are the Washtenaw Lodge, with seventy-two members; and the Otsenigo with fifty. The Ann Arbor encampment, the next highest, has fifty-two members, and the Canton,

The Ann Arbor Lodge No. 215 of the Knights of Honor, with over thirty members; the Schiller Council No. 595 Royal Arcanum, with over sixty; the Ann Arbor Council No. 36, Royal Templars; the Select Ruling No. 22, with over forty members, and the University Ruling No. 24, both of the Order of the Mystic Circle, and the Ann Arbor Council of Bay State Beneficiary Association are the principal insurance societies of Ann Arbor.

**THE GERMAN SOCIETIES.**  
The Germans of this city have organized more chapters than any other class of people in the city. Many of them belong to several fraternities at the same time. One of the most prominent and at the same time most useful societies is the Ann Arbor Arbeiter Verein. At the last annual report 143 members were enrolled. Since 1876 nearly \$13,000 has been expended in aid and insurance by the local Verein. In June last the meeting of the state Bund was held in this city. Ann Arbor never entertained guests better than she did on this occasion.

The Schuetzenverein, Turn Verein, Germania Lodge No. 476, of the Harugari, Relief Park Association, Schwaebische Unterstuetzungs Verein, the Landwehr, and others, deserve mention.

**MILITARY COMPANIES.**  
Ann Arbor is well protected, there being no less than two military companies in this city. The oldest, that known as "Old Company A," has forty members. They are under the command of Capt. J. F. Schuh and meet for drill in the Palace Rink, which has been converted into a first class armory. The "old company" is an independent organization.

The Ann Arbor Light Infantry is a very young company. It was mustered in on May 18th as Company A, First Regiment. Seventy members are now enrolled. Chas. E. Hiscock, of the Savings Bank, is captain. The third floor of Hangsterfer's block is used as an armory, and fine club rooms have been fitted up in the story below. During the recent state encampment, the Ann Arbor company won many plaudits.

**THE GRAND ARMY.**  
Welch Post No. 137 has a nominal membership of about 130. Most of the old veterans in Ann Arbor are enrolled. Meetings are held twice a month in their hall over the store of J. T. Jacobs & Co.

The Woman's Relief Corps was organized in January of this year. It includes a large number of the patriotic ladies of Ann Arbor.

The Sons of Veterans organized a division in this city about three years ago. They meet weekly for drill and social intercourse. The number of members is about 55.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**  
Two prosperous labor unions, the Ann Arbor Carpenter's Union No. 85, and the Ann Arbor Typographical Union No. 154, meet frequently in their respective halls.

The Ann Arbor Temperance Union meets every Sunday afternoon. This organization, as well as the Ann Arbor Lodge No. 320 of the Good Templars, embracing about 45 young people, is doing much to promote the practice of total abstinence. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union is also productive of much good.

A large number of the wheelmen of Ann Arbor belong to the Wolverine

Cyclers. This club has a neatly furnished hall, in which weekly meetings are held.

The Washtenaw medical, pioneer, and horticultural societies have a large membership in the city of Ann Arbor. Other organizations might be mentioned if space permitted.

**PROMINENT MEN.**



HON. EDWARD D. KINNE, Judge of the Circuit Court.



HON. JOSEPH T. JACOBS, U.S. Indian Commissioner.



COL. H. S. DEAN, Member of the State Prison Board.

**ADVICE TO FARMERS.**

**The Young Man from the City and What He Learned.**

Harry Pointer (who has been boarding a month with Farmer Wetherbee)—I'm off for the city tomorrow, and I believe I've got information enough here to run my column all summer. Great place for a keen observer to pick up knowledge, Mr. Wetherbee.

Old Mr. Wetherbee—Let's see, you're the agricultural editor of the paper, I believe.

Harry Pointer—Not quite that, but I think I'll have charge of the "Farm and Garden Notes" when I show them what I've picked up.

William Wetherbee—I'd kind o' like to hear some o' the things he's set down in his book, wouldn't you, pa?

Old Mr. Wetherbee—W'yes. Read some of 'em off to us, Mr. Pointer.

Harry Pointer (producing notebook from his inside pocket)—They're mostly in the nature of suggestions and advice which such practical men as you are don't really need.

Old Mr. Wetherbee—Oh, good gracious, we don't get too old to learn. Go ahead.

Harry Pointer (reading)—"Now fatten your hogs." The column always begins with short, terse sentences like that, you know.

William Wetherbee—That's all right. That ain't bad advice.

Harry Pointer—"Fat hogs are wintered more economically than spare ones."

William Wetherbee—They're what? Harry Pointer—Wintered.

Hen Wetherbee—He means breeders, Bill, Harry Pointer—Certainly, its only the breeders that require fattening.

Old Mr. Wetherbee—Got any more as good as that? Harry Pointer—"Keep all the young pullets."

Hen Wetherbee—That's good sense. Poultry's got to be young and thrifty or else there's no money in it.

Harry Pointer—I think so. I've covered that point in my next note. I rarely pays to keep a pullet after he is 2 years old.

William Wetherbee (after an interval of silence)—You have got that point down in good shape. What else have you got there, Mr. Pointer?

Harry Pointer—"Do not uncover your potatoes until the bugs have left the field."

Hen Wetherbee—Well, potatoes want a little touch o' September frost, really, before they get meller enough to dig.

Harry Pointer—Yes, but I suppose that is too generally known to need comment.

William Wetherbee—You just want to put down things that ain't nerrally known, eh?

Harry Pointer—As far as poss'le, yes. Old Mr. Wetherbee—I guess you can do it, got any more?

Harry Pointer—"If your eggs don't hatch after the proper length of time has elapsed try them under a different hen."

Old Mr. Wetherbee (in a reflective tone)—It does beat all how a young, fresh mind let loose on an old farm like this'll think o' things we never dreamt of, and profit by our mistakes. I've thought of it often in readin these newspaper farm notes, but I never realized it so fully as I do at this munit. See here, Mr. Pointer, you send me the paper and come out in the fall to see how we've pi- up an improved. Come in O' when we're thrashin huckleberrie 's Waite in Detroit Free Press.

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**GRASS AND FIELD**

**REVERSIBLE SHARES**

**SEED!**

**ROGER'S AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE**

**GRAIN DRILLS**

27

**DETROIT STREET**

**ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN.**



Masonic Temple.

following: Golden Rule Lodge F. and A. M., No. 159, with over 200 members; Fraternity Lodge, F. and A. M., No. 202, with about 200; Washtenaw Chapter, R. A. M. No. 6, with about 200, and the Ann Arbor Commandery, K. T. No. 13, with 151, of whom 72 are residents of Ann Arbor, the rest being scattered throughout the county. All these lodges practice what is known as the York rite. Ann Arbor Masons have always stood well among their brethren in the state. William G. Doty has been Grand Commander, K. T.; Benjamin F. Watts, Grand High Priest, R. A. M., and Charles B. Davison is now Grand Junior Warden, F. and A. M. The membership of the various orders in Ann Arbor includes business men, professional men, professors and students.

the uniformed rank, numbers thirty. The Washtenaw and Otsenigo lodges meet in two halls, each one of which is beautifully decorated.

**THE MACCABEES.**  
are very strong in this city. In point of numbers Arbor Tent is surpassed by only two other tents in the state. There are at present on the rolls over 340 persons. Although the Maccabees have been in Ann Arbor only ten years, over \$12,000 insurance money has been paid out. The society occupies a large hall on Main-st opposite the court house.

**OTHER FRATERNAL ORGANIZATIONS.**  
The Knights of Pythias have sixty members, a large proportion of whom are students. The Ancient Order of United Workmen has two lodges in Ann Arbor. One, the Ann Arbor Lodge, No. 27, is known as the German branch; the members of the other, the Athens Lodge No. 49, are mainly of English descent. Meetings are held semi-monthly.

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Unprecedented Values.  
Black and Colored Silk Surahs, 25c.  
Fine Black Surah, 49c.  
Elegant All Silk Brocades, 89c.  
Black Faille—extra wide, 83c.  
Peau De Soie—value \$1.25, 98c.  
32 inch China Silks, 59c.  
Fine Colored Failles, 98c.  
18 inch Colored Velvets, 75c.

**DOMESTICS.**  
A STRONG DEPARTMENT WITH US.  
Middlesex, yard wide, Bl'd Cotton, 5c  
Atlantic L. L. Brown Cotton, 5c  
Good Cotton Flannel, 5c  
Bargain Domet Flannel, 5c

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Large Sales, Low Prices the Rule in this Department.  
Boarding Houses and Hotels Supplied at Low Rates.  
Towels at 10c, 12c, 15c, 17c, 25c and up.  
Napkins at 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75 and up.  
Table Linen, 25c, 35c, 50c, 60c, 75c, 85c and up.  
Housekeepers will do well to get our Prices before Buying.

**THE CAUSE OF RELIGION**

**REPRESENTED BY THIRTEEN PROSPEROUS CHURCHES.**

**A History and Sketch of Every Religious Society Given in Detail—Statistics and Other Information Relative to Ann Arbor Churches.**

Schools and churches are always found together—both working for the moral and intellectual welfare of humanity. No city in the country has educational advantages superior to those of Ann Arbor. It is safe to say also that no city has superior religious advantages. Thirteen denominations—all the important ones in the country—are represented here. Several magnificent edifices costing thousands of dollars have been erected and many more will be in the near future. All the pastors are very active, fully impressed, as they are, with the great responsibility which a college town imposes on a clergyman. A large number of religious societies are maintained by laymen who are scarcely behind their pastors in religious enthusiasm. A detailed account of every church in the city is given below.

**FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.**  
This church was organized in January, 1818. In June, 1849, its first house of worship, located on the corner of Fifth and Washington-sts, was dedicated, and here the church worshipped until its removal to its present edifice in May, 1876. This building is a fine stone structure, situated on the corner of State and William-sts., nearly opposite the Law Department of the University. Its auditorium has a seating capacity of between

Among the organizations connected with the church, and rendering valuable assistance in the various departments of work undertaken by it are a very efficient Ladies' Aid Society, the Ladies' Home and Foreign Missionary Societies, the Young People's Missionary Society, the Children's Missionary Society and the King's Daughters.

The usual contributions of the church for all purposes are in the vicinity of \$4,500 per annum. In 1890 the amounts contributed were \$2,985 for various home expenditures, and \$1,513 for benevolence.

The Congregational church has always been an important factor in the religious life of Ann Arbor. President Angell, Judge Thomas M. Cooley, Prof. Martin L. D'Ooge, Superintendent W. S. Perry, and other prominent citizens are all active workers in the parish, and many that are now gone have left the marks of their faithful service behind them.

**ST. ANDREW'S (EPISCOPAL) CHURCH.**  
A beautiful stone church, overgrown with ivy, standing quite a distance back from Division-st., elicits the admiration of all who pass. It is built after the early English style, without tower or turrets. The church proper is capable of seating about 800 persons. There is a gallery in the rear, and a recess chancel in front. Back of the main building, and connecting with it through a corridor, stands the chapel, a pretty little edifice, which serves for week-day services and meetings of a semi-religious character. A fine stone building, to the north of the church, is used as a residence by the rector of the parish. Harris Hall, so named in honor of the late Bishop of Michigan, stands on State-st., and affords accommodation for the guild of students to which we have before referred. The total estimated value of these buildings is \$65,000.

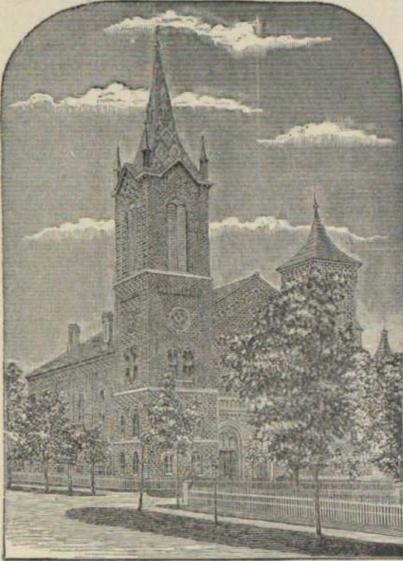
St. Andrew's church is one of the largest and most prosperous churches in the city. There are over 280 families, 513 communicants, and about 950 souls

in the fall of 1827, by five men, assisted by Rev. Mr. Cadlo, of Detroit. It was prosperous from the first. The stone edifice in which the congregation now worships was built in 1867. Among the many notable rectors who have served in the church may be mentioned Rev. Geo. D. Gillespie, now Bishop of Western Michigan.

**PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.**  
The Presbyterian is one of the largest churches in the city. It stands on the corner of Huron and Division-sts and has a full seating capacity of over 1,000, and is valued at \$40,000. Large parlors and meeting-rooms are found in the basement. On many occasions, even

as a place of worship until 1862, when its place was taken by the magnificent brick edifice which is still used. The church is now in a prosperous condition. Between \$4,000 and \$4,500 is annually raised for all purposes.

**ST. THOMAS' CHURCH.**  
St. Thomas' church (Roman Catholic) is located on East North-st. It occupies what now seems an humble structure, but what was considered a magnificent temple in earlier days, when the congregation was small and building was both costly and tedious. With one addition, the edifice stands as it was erected nearly fifty years ago. It seats about 450 people, but even with two morning ser-



First Presbyterian Church.

this large building fails to accommodate the congregations which assemble within its walls.

The present membership of the church is about 350. Over 200 families, comprising 800 souls, are under the care of the pastor. Besides these, between 300 and 400 students in the University of Michigan call for spiritual guidance.

Rev. J. Mills Gelston, the present pastor, graduated from the University of Michigan in 1869, and from the Union Theological Seminary in 1873. Before he came to Ann Arbor he was in charge of several important churches. He has been in this city nearly three years.

The Sunday school is large, numbering about 200 pupils. The method of instruction pursued is quite a new feature. Aside from the study of the International lesson, special courses of study are offered in the Bible-class department. Heretofore a course has been pursued in "Comparative Religion," in "Christian Evidences," in the "History of the Books of the Bible," in the "History of the Early Church." The announcement for this season has not yet been made.

The usual number of church societies are maintained. The Ladies' Home and Foreign Missionary societies meet once a month. They have proven very effective agencies in church work. The young people also maintain societies

which the church has not been large enough, for years past, to accommodate all who sought admittance. The present rector, Rev. E. D. Kelly, took charge of the church on the first of June this year, and immediately instituted three morning services, being assisted in his work by Rev. Father Goldrick, of Northfield.

The number of families on the church rolls is over 300, and the number of communicants, exclusive of Catholic students attending the University, is about 1,000. The total number of souls under the care of the pastor cannot be much less than 1,400. It may be stated here that there are fully 300 Roman Catholic students attending the University. The usual services of the church are always held, both "in season and out of season," and the attendance at all times, even on weekday mornings, is very large.

There are several societies connected with the church, the most prominent being the Children of Mary, the Young Ladies' Sodality, and the Altar Society. Branch 45 C. M. B. A., the Ancient Order of Hibernians and the Foley Guild are indirectly connected with the church. The last mentioned society was organized by the Catholic students of the University, and already has a large membership. It was named after the present well-known bishop of Detroit. All these organizations have passed the experimental stage, and are prosperous in the

highest degree.

The financial condition of the congregation is good, and promises well for the future. The total value of church property will not fall short of \$30,000, while there yet remains to be built a substantial church and rectory. The wants of the congregation were recognized long ago by the former rector, Father Fierle, who purchased valuable property between Elizabeth and State-sts, and north on North-st., which property is intended for a school and church. Already, the school, a cut of which is found in another sketch, has been erected. It is one of the most substantial and beautiful buildings of Ann Arbor. A new church is to be erected in the very near future. It will cost upwards of \$40,000, and will be an ornament to our city.

Rev. Thomas Cullen, who came to Ann Arbor in 1840, was the first regular pastor of the church. Before his arrival, the few Roman Catholics resident here met together in private houses, and were attended occasionally by visiting priests. It was during Father Cullen's rectorship that the present church was built. He remained in Ann Arbor until the time of his death, which occurred in 1862. His successors have been Rev. J. Stephen, Rev. H. Delbaer, Rev. J. Murphy, Rev. Francis J. Van Erp, Rev. W. J. Fierle and Rev. E. D. Kelly.

St. Thomas' trustees are such well known business men as David Rinsey, William McIntyre, Ambrose Kearney, Daniel Ross, Morgan O'Brien, Edward Duffy and W. Cornwell.

The services on Sundays are as follows: Masses are said at 7, 9 and 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 3 p. m., and vespers and benediction at 7:30 p. m.

**THE UNITARIAN CHURCH.**  
The Unitarian church is one of the most active religious societies in Ann Arbor. It was organized in 1837, which served

known as the "Helpers' Band" and "Cheerful Workers," which meet once a month. The Young People's Association is quite a factor in church life. It is controlled entirely by the young men and women of the congregation. It aims to promote an active Christian life among the young. Its meetings are held every Sunday evening at 6:30 p. m. They are largely attended, not only by residents, but also by students of the University and high school.

Socials are given nearly every month in the church parlors during the winter season. They are always pleasant and are always attended by many guests. The Young People's Association will give an occasional social in McMillan Hall during the college year.

The Tappan Association is, in a certain sense, connected with the Ann Arbor church. Its object is to promote the social and spiritual welfare of students. The fine McMillan Hall, lately completed, affords ample accommodations. The property is valued at \$25,000.

Religious services are held on Sundays at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. The Young People's prayer meeting takes place at 6:30 p. m. On every Wednesday evening general prayer meeting is held. Communion is administered on the first Sunday of every alternate month.

The Presbyterians were the first Christians to organize a society in Ann Arbor. This they did in August, 1826, under the direction of Rev. Noah M. Wells, a minister residing in Detroit. Eighteen persons were included in the organization. The first place of worship was a log school-house standing on the corner of Main and Ann-sts.

For eight years after 1829 the Presbyterians met in a wooden building which stood on the site of the present structure. It is said to have been the first Protestant church building erected in Michigan, west of Detroit. A frame church was built in 1837, which served

the Ann Arbor parish was organized

on the parish register. About \$6,000, for current expenses, missions, charities, etc., are annually raised by the congregation.



First Congregational Church.

600 and 700, and its chapel, missionary room, class rooms, parlor, kitchen, etc., afford ample provision for Sunday school, occasional meetings, social gatherings and other services connected with the life of the church. The amount expended in the erection of this house of worship was between \$40,000 and \$50,000.

The number of members associated with the parish during the forty-three years of its history is 1,213. The present membership comprises some 350 persons, thoroughly awake to the interests of the church as God's instrumentality for blessing the world, most cordial in their reception to strangers, especially glad to welcome the young people sojourning here as students, and to render them any assistance which shall make their residence here both pleasant and profitable.

The Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, connected with the church, is an energetic organization, with an active membership of 100, at whose religious services and social gatherings all young people of the congregation are heartily welcomed.

In the Sunday school, with its various Bible classes and classes for the study of special subjects, the endeavor is made to provide old and young with instruction which shall be both helpful and interesting. Among the special studies recently pursued by such classes are the New Testament in Greek, the founding of the Christian church, the influence of Christianity upon the life of the early centuries, the Old Testament Prophets and other topics of similar character. The number of pupils is about 210.

The pastors who have served the

church in the past have been Rev. E. P. Ingersoll, Rev. L. Smith Hobart, Rev. Wm. L. Mather, Rev. Samuel D. Cochran, Rev. Abram E. Baldwin, Rev. Wm. L. Smith, Rev. Henry L. Hubbell and Rev. Wm. H. Ryder.

The present pastor, Rev. J. W. Bradshaw, is an alumnus of Middlebury College, Vt., and of Chicago Theological Seminary, and has had pastoral charges in Batavia, Ill., Rochester, Minn., and Galesburg, Ill., before coming to this city. His pastorate here dates from Nov., 1888.

Andrew's church, the last incumbent, Rev. W. O. Waters, having accepted a call to St. Andrew's church, Detroit. It is probable that his successor will be appointed within a very short time.

A vested choir of thirty-two voices, under the direction of John H. Allen, a very competent chorister, furnishes excellent music for the church services.

Two missions are maintained by St. Andrew's—one at Geddes and one at Foster's. Services are also held frequently at the County Home.

The Ann Arbor parish was organized

the Ann Arbor parish was organized

the Ann Arbor parish was organized

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AND

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No. 9 North Main Street, - - - Ann Arbor, Mich.

(Continued on page 14.)

THE CAUSE OF RELIGION

(Continued from page 13.)

Arbor. It has an attractive and convenient house of worship, built of stone, on the corner of State and Huron streets. It has also a handsome parsonage, owned by the society, on State street, adjoining the church. The society is free from debt and the value of its property is about \$22,000.

The present pastor is Rev. J. T. Sunderland, under whose ministrations both the church and the parsonage have been built. Mr. Sunderland was born in Yorkshire, Eng., in 1842. His parents came to America when he was two years old and settled in Chautauque Co., N. Y. His education was gained in the Burlington University (Iowa) and in the Madison University (N. Y.). When the war broke out he enlisted in the Union army and served a year and a half. Subsequently he entered the Baptist Union Theological Seminary. Two years after graduation from that institution he was led to question the doctrines of orthodoxy and became a Unitarian minister. Before coming to Ann Arbor he served as pastor of churches in Northfield, Mass., and Chicago, Ill. Mr. Sunderland is well known throughout the country, as the editor of several books and as the editor of the Unitarian.

The Ann Arbor church was organized in 1867. Its first pastor was Rev. Charles H. Brigham, who remained in charge eleven years. It was in October, 1878, that the present incumbent came to Ann Arbor.

The society now has a membership of about seventy families; the services are also attended by a large number of students. The Sunday school and Bible class are held at 12 o'clock. The latter numbers from 60 to 120. In the past two years it has gone carefully over the History of Israel and the Origin and Growth of the Books of the Old Testament and the New. The coming year it will devote to the Great Religions of the World. Connected with the church is the Unity Club, an organization literary and social in its character, which holds its meetings every Monday evening, from October to May. It has papers by professors and students of the University, and others, lectures by distinguished persons from abroad, music, readings, discussions, concerts and dramatic entertainments. Every fifth meeting is a social. It has a membership of upwards of 100. The ladies of the church are formed into an organization known as the Ladies Union, which besides carrying on social and charitable work holds literary meetings on alternate Wednesday afternoons in the church parlors, with papers, talks and discussions. During the past year a series of papers were given on Travel and another on Social Science in its Relation to Women's Work, by leading ladies of the city. The attendance on these meetings has been from thirty-five to fifty. Among the young ladies of the church is an organization of King's Daughters, numbering forty members. These, besides being engaged in various lines of work, have monthly religious meetings. There has been established in connection with the church a fine loaning library of nearly 2,000 volumes, which is free not only to members of the church but to students and citizens of the town. A free Sunday afternoon reading room is also maintained, supplied with the best religious papers and the leading magazines and reviews. Within the past six years Mr. Sunderland has established a liberal religious monthly magazine, entitled The Unitarian, which has been very successful, attaining a large circulation not only in this country but in England. It was published in this city until last January, when it was removed to Boston. But Mr. Sunderland remains still its editor. The church expects to bring several distinguished men from abroad into its pulpit during the coming winter, among the number Dr. Edward Everett Hale of Boston.

FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH. The Methodists have the largest church building in the city, and with respect to the number of members, they rank among the first. They were one of the very first denominations to establish a church in Ann Arbor. It was in the month of November, 1825, that Rev. John Baughman visited Ann Arbor and preached the first Methodist sermon. A society was organized nearly two years later, which comprised only five persons, two of whom were women. The first prayer meeting was held in 1827, soon after the organization of the church and the first conversion was made in February of the following year. No church was erected till 1837, when a frame building was put up, which served as a place of worship for twenty-five years. In 1862 the present church was built. The value of the church and parsonage is estimated at \$35,000.

Methodist ministers are transients, and, as a consequence, the Ann Arbor church has had many different pastors. During the past year Rev. R. H. Rust has been in charge. He is an alumnus of the Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn., and also of the Union Theological Seminary. On Sunday evening, September 13, Mr. Rust preached his farewell sermon in Ann Arbor, and within a few months he will assume the presidency of the Cincinnati Wesleyan College.

His successor will be Rev. Camden M. Coburn, now pastor of the First church in Saginaw. Mr. Coburn is a fine scholar, an earnest worker and an eloquent preacher. His first sermon will be delivered next Sunday.

Over 300 families, comprising at least 1,000 souls, are under the spiritual guidance of the Ann Arbor church. The actual number of members is 550. A large and flourishing Sunday school, with twenty-six efficient teachers and 350 scholars, is maintained in connection with the church.

The Woman's Foreign and Home Missionary societies have been organized among the ladies of the parish. The Ladies Aid Society is designed to serve the ends of benevolence. The Young People's Band, which meets every Sunday evening for prayer, does very effective work among young men and women. Besides these societies should be mentioned the Wesleyan Guild, an organization which aims to look after the University students. Under the auspices of the Guild, a course of lectures by some of the bishops and great divines of the Methodist church is given every year.

The contributions of the church for all purposes are large and generous. During the past year over \$6,000 was raised. Much of this was expended in missions and charities.

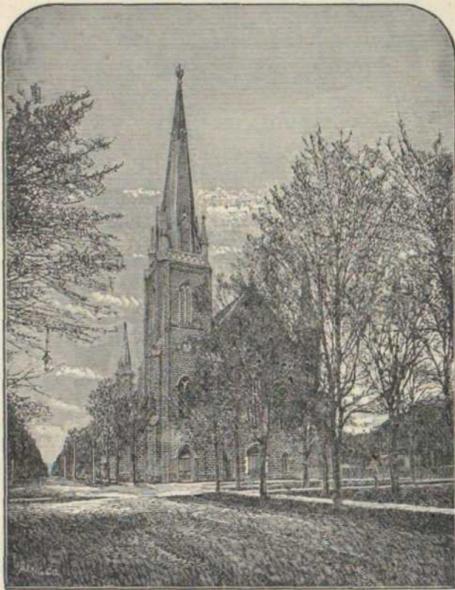
The church building has been repaired and renovated. It is a fine structure

with a seating capacity of 1,200. The commencement exercises of the University were frequently held in the large auditorium before the present University Hall was erected. Even now the room is frequently so well filled that chairs have to be placed in the aisles. The basement contains a number of parlors, besides a large meeting room which is capable of seating about 600. The value of the church is not less than \$50,000. A parsonage is also owned by the society.

The temporal matters of the church are looked after by eight trustees, including some of the most prominent residents of the city. At present they are: J. E. Beal, A. L. Noble, W. F. Breakey, Dr. D. A. MacLachlan, John Ferdon, Prof. E. L. Walter, Dr. W. W. Nichols and H. A. Kitson.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH. This church was organized in the spring of 1828. It began in the home of its first pastor, Rev. Moses Clark, in the neighborhood of Geddes, east of Ann Arbor. In 1832 it was transplanted to the village of Ann Arbor. At that time Daniel Brown and his wife were received into membership, and they are probably the sole survivors of that early band. The church building was first located in lower town. It still exists, with some alteration, and is used by the Methodists as a chapel. In about the year 1850 the church location, following the movement of population, crossed the river, and for many years remained on east Catherine-st. The brick dwellings at Nos. 23 and 25, mark the site and are constructed of the materials of the old church.

The present edifice was built in 1881. It is of dressed boulders carefully chosen and placed. It has a seating capacity in



Methodist Episcopal Church.

the main audience room of 800, and is acoustically perfect. The arrangement of galleries and transepts bring each individual of a large congregation within range of familiar address. The pastor's room and choir room above, lecture room, parlors, class rooms, dining room and kitchen below, complete the equipment of a modern church. The church property is valued at \$30,000. The church has also come into recent possession of an excellent parsonage, the bequest of the late Mrs. S. S. Cowles. It is located at No. 29 east Ann-st., and is valued at \$4,000.

The pastors of the church have been: Moses Clark, J. S. Twiss, Harvey Miller, W. L. Brown, A. A. Guernsey, O. C. Comstock, Marvin Allen, A. Tenbrook, C. DeLand, E. S. Dunham, S. Graves, G. W. Gunnison, J. M. Gregory, A. L. Freeman, S. Cornelius, N. S. Burton, S. Haskell, A. S. Carman.

Of these pastors, O. C. Comstock was a member of Congress converted during his term in Washington, and serving afterwards as a pastor very prominently. Ann Arbor people still talk of the original ways and quaint expressions of "Elder Cornelius." Professor Tenbrook, who served the church gratuitously for a time as pastor during his connection with the University as professor and librarian, is still in Ann Arbor and active in the church. Drs. Samuel Graves and N. S. Burton, after important service in the pastorate and in educational work, are still active, the former as president of Atlanta Theological Seminary, the latter as pastor at Needham, Mass. J. M. Gregory, LL. D., is widely known as the first president of the University of Illinois, and a member of the first U. S. civil service commission. Dr. Samuel Haskell, whose admirable service in a pastorate of seventeen years is still fresh in the minds of Ann Arbor people, has recently removed to Kalamazoo, where he will serve as Biblical Instructor for Kalamazoo College. The present pastor, Augustine S. Carman, is in his fourth year in Ann Arbor, having begun his pastorate June 1, 1888. He is a graduate of the University of Rochester '82, and Rochester Theological Seminary '85. His first pastorate of nearly three years was in the city of Cincinnati, whence he was called to Ann Arbor.

The church has a present membership of about 400. The number of families is approximately 300. It is supposed that at least 250 or 300 students of Baptist affiliation are in Ann Arbor during the college year.

The officers of the church, which was reorganized under the state law in June, 1888, are a pastor, clerk, treasurer, six deacons and nine trustees, of whom the pastors constitute six. The church has for several years followed the plan of voluntary contributions, instead of the renting of pews as a means of meeting its expenses. Over \$3,500 for all purposes is annually raised.

The following organizations are in active operation in the church: The Ladies Society; the Woman's Foreign Mission Circle; the Woman's Home Mission Circle; the Young People's Society; the Temple Builders; the King's Daughters.

EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN ZION'S CHURCH.

Although in age the youngest, Zion's church is the largest of the Protestant churches. There are about 310 families and 974 confirmed members on the parish rolls. The Sunday school comprises 322 scholars and thirty-six teachers.

and nothing did they miss more than the church choir. The Sunday school, of which Emanuel Spring is superintendent, has 300 pupils. A mission circle ("Halbbatzen-Verein," numbering forty collectors and four hundred givers, is active in the church. So also are a Ladies' Society, of sixty members, and a Young Ladies' Society, of thirty-five members. The church annually raises, on an average, \$3,500.

The value of the property at present, belonging to the society, including church, parsonage and school, is about \$14,000. Steps have been taken looking to the erection, in the near future, of a finer place of worship. The congregation has been highly blessed in the past and looks confidently towards the future.

GERMAN EVANGELICAL BETHLEHEM'S CHURCH. The pastor, Rev. Max Hein, came to Ann Arbor in May, 1890, from Appleton, Wisconsin, where he preached for seven years. He is a graduate of the Capitol University, of Columbus, Ohio.

Two parish societies are maintained—one by the ladies and the other by the young ladies. Much earnest missionary and charitable work is done.

The congregations are very large. In fact, it is necessary on many occasions to turn people away, simply because there is not room for them. The difficulty of seating a congregation of over 1,000 persons in a room which will accommodate less than 500, is frequently experienced.

It was sixty-two years ago that the first Germans, J. Schilling and J. Mann, came to Ann Arbor. Finding what they desired, a fertile soil and a good climate, they at once settled here and were soon followed by others of their countrymen. Ann Arbor then consisted of but a few huts in the woods. Toil, hardships and deprivations were the lot of the settlers;

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The Church of Christ.

held there before, the structure was not completed till 1849, when it was dedicated and called "Bethlehem Church." This has been enlarged several times, in 1863, 1868, and again in 1878.

In 1858 a pedal harmonicon was imported from Stuttgart, and this was replaced in 1877 by the present large organ. Since 1869 a bell was hung in the tower.

In 1871 Rev. F. Schmid, feeble and ill, was compelled to give up his work, and Rev. H. Reuther, also from the "Missionshaus" at Basle, was called by the congregation. Ill health forced him, in 1877, to resign his duties. He returned to Switzerland. In July of the same year, the present pastor, Rev. John Neumann, a graduate, as his predecessors had been, of the "Basler Missionshaus," took charge of the congregation. In the same year the parsonage on Fourth-ave was erected.

Bethlehem's church now numbers 206 families, 600 communicants and about 1,900 souls. It has a school on First-st., which is attended on the average by fifty pupils. Frederick Fischer, the teacher, is also the organist and the director of

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GERMAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH. In 1847 a brick church was erected at the corner of Division and Liberty-sts. for the use of the German Methodists. The church membership is not large, only nine families and twenty-eight members being on the church register. What is lacking in numbers, however, is made up in earnestness.

The pastor for the year past was Andrew Kruming, who came to Ann Arbor from Francisco, Mich. His successor has not yet been appointed. A Sunday school with about thirty members is maintained. The Ladies' Sewing Society is the only other organization connected with the church.

The value of the parish property is placed at \$4,000. It includes a church and a parsonage. The former is one of the oldest buildings in the eastern part of the city.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

The Church of Christ, or Disciples' Church, is the most recent church organization in the city. Its establishment has been a struggle on the part of the few resident Disciples and students of the same communion attending the University, assisted by the Christian Woman's Board of Missions. In 1886 a temporary organization of about forty members, consisting largely of students, was effected. Through the courtesy of the Congregationalists, meetings were held in the parlors of their church on Sunday afternoons. The outlook was by no means flattering, but the more sanguine never ceased to hope, fully realizing how vast was the field of labor about them. Not knowing from what direct source the financial aid necessary to build a chapel would come, they did not anticipate that by the present time they would have a beautiful house of worship completed, entirely free from debt, and a pastor secured to begin active, aggressive work. This was accomplished in the following manner:

About the time the first organization of the Church of Christ was formed in Ann Arbor the Christian Woman's Missionary Society of Michigan began to consider the establishment of a Mission church at Ann Arbor. The Christian Woman's Board of Missions, with headquarters at Indianapolis, also became interested in the work, but their large expenditures, both in home and foreign fields, made them hesitate to assume the entire financial responsibility of such an important enterprise. How to secure the necessary funds for the work was the question, which was solved by the will of Mrs. Sarah H. Scott, formerly a member of the Church of Christ in Detroit. She bequeathed a considerable property to the various state and national church organizations. In her liberality Mrs. Scott did not restrict these organizations as to how the funds accruing from the bequests should be appropriated. The entire amount was placed at the disposal of the C. W. B. M. for this purpose. With some aid from the churches in Michigan, the C. W. B. M. has erected the elegant and substantial chapel, costing, with the furnishings, \$17,000. It contains several beautiful memorial windows. Those in memory of Mrs. Sarah H. Shortridge and Isaac Ewert are the largest. The pulpit furniture was donated by A. M. Atwater, of Wabash, Ind. The C. W. B. M. and the local members are especially indebted to Bro. John S. Gray, of Detroit, for his untiring and efficient superintending of the work of building. To him almost entirely is due the credit of having such a handsome building at so moderate a cost. The church is excellently located on South University avenue near State street. The seating capacity of the auditorium alone is about 450. When the parlors are opened it will furnish 600 sittings. The church will be formally

dedicated on Sunday, October 11th, at 3 o'clock p. m. The dedicating address will be delivered by Rev. B. B. Tyler, pastor of the Church of Disciples, New York City. Rev. Charles A. Young, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has been called to the pastorate of the church. His residence is on south Twelfth street.

The Church of Christ will remain a mission of the C. W. B. M. until it becomes self-supporting. It will represent the purpose and principles of the movement known as the Christian Church in the west and the Disciples' Church in the east. Their distinctive plea is the unity of faith in a personal Saviour, Jesus "the Christ, the Son of God," leaving questions of church polity with the individual congregation and questions of interpretation with the individual Christian. They number about one million communicants, and are especially strong in the central and western states. They are evangelical in their faith and congregational in church government.

AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH. In 1871 a parish of the African Methodist Episcopal church, with sixteen members, was established in Ann Arbor. Rev. J. W. Brooks was the first pastor. The growth of the church has been very encouraging from the first. At present there are fifty members, all united and enthusiastic in behalf of the church.

The congregation has been worshipping, since its organization, in a small frame structure, now found to be entirely too small. A larger building, which will cost when completed, \$3,500, is being erected. Over \$500 has already been raised by members of the parish and white friends, for the purpose of carrying on this improvement. During the past year the amount contributed by the congregation for all church purposes was over \$1,000.

The present pastor of the church, Rev. Abraham Cottom, came to Ann Arbor about a year ago. He joined the African church at the age of twenty-five and six years later entered the ministry. He is untiring in his efforts to build up the parish.

SECOND BAPTIST CHURCH. The Second Baptist church has a membership of forty-four, forty-one of whom are residents. There are eighteen families connected with the church, embracing seventy-two souls. The Sabbath school, including officers and scholars, numbers fifty-six, with an average attendance of about forty-five.

The church property is valued at about \$3,000. The audience room, which was very neatly furnished last spring, prior to the dedication in May, will seat comfortably 150 persons.

The Second Baptist church is an outgrowth of a Union church, organized in 1858. It was formally recognized as a Baptist church in the year 1882, when the organization was effected by Dr. S. Haskell and others.

The present pastor, Rev. Enos L. Scruggs, is a graduate of the Lincoln Institute, Jefferson City, Mo., and the Union Baptist Theological Seminary, located at Morgan Park, Ill. He finished his course in the latter institution April 17, 1890, and came to Ann Arbor, this being his first pastorate since entering upon the active duties of the ministry.

During the past year interest among the members has been greatly increased. Unity of spirit and purpose has pervaded the little congregation and as a result over one thousand dollars was raised to complete the church and to meet other demands. The pastor and people look forward to the future hopefully, and expect by strenuous efforts to pay off the present indebtedness and thereby pave the way for more vigorous work in the moral and spiritual upbuilding of the African race.

With freedom from debt and the ability to raise enough money to make it self-sustaining, the church will soon be on a permanent basis.

A Summary. It needs but a few figures to show that the church membership of Ann Arbor exceeds that of most cities of its size. The following table, while necessarily only approximately correct in most cases, will give a good idea of the size of the various churches. It will be seen that over half the population belong to some one or other of the religious bodies:

Table with 5 columns: Churches, Families, Members, Sunday School, Value of Property. Rows include African Methodist, Baptist, Bethlehem (Lutheran), Disciples, Episcopal, German Methodist, Methodist, Presbyterian, Roman Catholic, Second Baptist, Unitarian, Zion's (Lutheran), and Total.

\* Not yet organized. \* This number means little, as Unitarians do not estimate by members.

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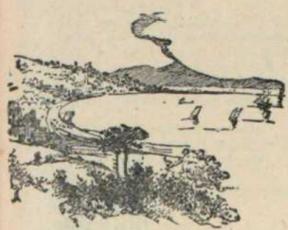
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The Fisherman of Naples.

By ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

CHAPTER I.

THE WALK ON THE BEACH.



On the 6th of July, 1647, two women furtively issued, somewhat late in the day, from the palace of the Vicaria, that ancient residence of the kings of the Two Sicilies, which is known at present by the name of Castel Capuano, and which now serves as a court of justice to modern Naples.

The two persons in question, one of whom was a young girl of 18, and was dressed in the picturesque costume of a Neapolitan merchant's daughter, while her companion had the appearance of her nurse, immediately dived into a labyrinth of steep and narrow streets, paved with dingy looking flagstones, and in which the population of Naples began to assemble from all parts, now that the burning heat of the day was beginning to abate.

After walking for about ten minutes they descended a rapid slope, and found themselves on the harbor. Suddenly the young girl seized her companion's arm and exclaimed:

"Oh, heaven! what do I see? Look!"

She pointed toward the bay, where Dame Pedrilla saw a line of Spanish galleons sailing about, with their bright colored streamers floating in the evening breeze.

"It is the squadron of Don Juan Fernandez—he is come!" added the young girl in a voice full of emotion.

"Mercy on us! Let us return to the palace immediately, or we shall be lost," said the nurse.

"How so?" asked the young girl, who seemed to have recovered a little from her fright.

"Need you ask?" said the old nurse, with amazement.

"Why, what have we to fear?"

"In a few moments your future husband will disembark, and the viceroy will necessarily ask for you."

"Well, Inez has orders to say that I keep my room through illness, and that I can see no one."

"Reflect well, my dear Isabella; on an occasion like this, the arrival of your future husband, the viceroy will surely insist on your appearing."

"Fear nothing; Inez will say that I am asleep, and my father would not think of disturbing my repose."

The daughter of the duke of Arcos—for it is she whom we thus find traversing the streets of Naples under the costume of a common tradesman's daughter—again took the arm of her nurse, and they both continued walking along the quay.

They were soon out of the town, and continued to pursue their way on that part of the beach called the Mergellina.

At first Isabella took no notice of the woman's piteous exclamations; but she became so frequent, and the old woman trembled so excessively, that Isabella suddenly stopped, and, stamping on the ground with her foot, exclaimed: "You begin to tire me; I will take upon myself to shield you from all disagreeable consequences; so, silence!"

Dame Pedrilla sighed.

"Come, daughter," said she, "fly not into a passion, but be reasonable. Did I ever give you any advice but what was good and prudent?"

"There you are right, nurse, and I am always most willing to follow it, unless it is too good and too prudent. We will return to the palace before nightfall, you may rely on it. But, apropos, what was this riot?"

"My father was all day away at the council, and I could ascertain nothing from him."

Isabella evidently wished to give the conversation a different turn, and to make a diversion in favor of her nurse's fears.

"I thought you had heard all the particulars of it," answered Pedrilla.

"All I know is, that the people appear dissatisfied with my father."

"Yes, they are; but the viceroy laughs at them, and he is right."

"No; he is wrong," replied Isabella.

"Gracious goodness! why, it would be ridiculous for him to care one straw about the brawlings of such a rabble—a set of drunkards and tattered demagogues, who, all put together, are not worth a single maravedi."

"Silence! you know that I do not like such language."

"Yes, I know. Jeanne's brother, your fine fisherman, biases your mind, and represents the poor lazaroni to you as so many saints, while there is not one of them who does not deserve to be hanged."

"But what if they are hurried on to crime by the harshness with which their misery is treated?"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Pedrilla.

"We shall never agree on this head, nurse. But, tell me, what was the cause of the riot?"

"A peasant girl, who was carrying a basket of fruit this morning along the market place, could not pay the dues; the collectors of the customs therefore seized her basket, and turned her out of the market."

"Poor woman!"

"She ought to have remained at home," observed Pedrilla.

"But to take her fruit! the only means she perhaps had of keeping herself from dying of hunger."

"Cush! it was a got up affair. The fruit had scarcely been confiscated, when a whole band of scoundrels rushed to the defense of the woman, pillaged the office of the royal officer general, and hastened to the Church of Santo Domenico, where the viceroy was attending mass. They waited for him under the portico, surrounded him with the most respectful exclamations and tore, from him, their menaces, the promise that he would abolish the tax on fruit."

"By their menaces? Are you quite sure of it?"

"I suppose so, at least. Is it possible for a man to act otherwise? But once within his power the viceroy ordered his guards to seize these rips, and the tax is now as usual in vogue as ever."

"After my father had given his word? Is it possible?"

"Certainly it is; they withdrew howling like wild beasts, and force remained with the viceroy."

"What right?" said Isabella, sighing; "that is the question. But, come; let us hasten on!"

I am desirous of learning what our friends yonder think of all this."

"What?" exclaimed Pedrilla; "is it your intention to go as far as the fisherman's but this evening?"

"Most assuredly it is."

"Are you serious, Isabella? The sun is sinking fast, and it would be dangerous for us, after what has happened today, to be overtaken by night in the streets of Naples."

"Fear nothing; we shall have some one to accompany us on our return. Besides, there is no cause for alarm with respect to the arrival of Don Juan Fernandez. All vessels, you know, coming from Spain, are forced to perform quarantine."

"True; I had forgotten that."

"You see, then, that we can go in all safety to the but. I have not seen Jeanne for a week."

"Isabella, is it really on Jeanne's account that we take such frequent walks on the beach? Is it really on Jeanne's account that a high born lady of Spain, that Isabella d'Arcos treads under foot all the rules of etiquette, and assumes a costume alike unworthy of her rank and birth?"

"On what other person's account should it be then?" asked the young girl, with a blush, which she tried to keep down by forcibly laughing at her nurse's attempts at remonstrance.

Pedrilla saw that it would be useless to say more, so she patiently followed her mistress, who set off running along the road, as happy as a lark escaped from prison, and as light as a hind bounding through a glade. Every now and then she stopped, in order to give Pedrilla time to rejoice her; and, while waiting for the duenna, she would gaze with rapture on the beautiful scenery that surrounded her.

Before her was the azure bay, in which were seen in the distance the little verdant islands of Procida, Ischia and Capri, three graceful emeralds, placed there on purpose to break the uniformity of this ocean of sapphires.

On her left, Vesuvius raised its majestic head, and the setting sun crowned it with a diadem of gold and fire; and behind her, on the declivity of its hills, lay Naples, in the form of an amphitheatre—Naples, that fragment of heaven, fallen by accident to the earth—Naples, that ever smiling city, the foot of which is washed by the finest sea of all the world, and whose head is hidden like a dried beneath the shade of Paesulippo.

CHAPTER II.

THE TEMPEST.

The Duke of Arcos had governed the people of Naples for the last three years, and this was not the first time that Isabella had heard their words of complaint and cries of distress. Either from want of energy or excess of love, the viceroy allowed his daughter to do pretty much as she liked; and she had long since given a proof of the liberty she enjoyed by entirely breaking off with her maids of honor, to form elsewhere acquaintances more in unison with her ideas and tastes.

On hearing that the people were oppressed, she resolved to examine their condition and prove for herself their misery; and this was one of the causes of her mysterious walks about the city of Naples.

Her two confidants were Dame Pedrilla and a sly young Castilian, named Inez, the same who was at present fulfilling the functions of Cerberus at the door of her apartments.

Dressed in a costume beneath which it was impossible to recognize her, the daughter of the viceroy fearlessly visited the steep and somber streets of Naples, which form a continual staircase that you ascend and descend upon them.

At other times she mixed with the laborious population of the harbor, and when she met with any one in need of assistance Dame Pedrilla drew forth a purse, and a few Spanish ducats were slipped into the hands of the unfortunate person, who was hardly ever allowed time to express his thanks, for Isabella immediately disappeared, and was soon beyond the reach of all words of gratitude.

But Isabella's benevolence was more particularly exercised in favor of those fishermen who then lived outside the city, and whose wretched cabins, scattered about the Mergellina, betrayed great indigence, if not complete destitution.

One day, as she was leaving one of these cabins with a joyful heart, for she had just saved a whole family from ruin, she expressed a wish to go out for a sail on the bay, and run over to Procida to eat oranges there.

Pedrilla and she, therefore, went down to the shore, and begged a young fisherman who was mending his nets to convey them to the island in his bark.

"I will do so willingly," replied he, without quitting his work. "The sea is calm, and I was about to take my sister Jeanne out for a little trip. So, if you like to go as far as my but yonder and fetch Jeanne, we will set out directly."

Isabella ran off in the direction mentioned by the fisherman, and soon returned, accompanied by a tall, handsome girl, with a serious expression of countenance and proud, noble look, resembling a princess hidden beneath the poor attire of a woman of the lower classes.

"Good evening, Jeanne," said the fisherman to his sister as she approached.

"Good evening, brother," replied Jeanne, offering her fine forehead to her brother's lips. "You've not been lucky, I see."

"No, Jeanne, I have not. I caught a magnificent salmon, but he broke through my net at the very moment I was about to drag him into my boat. He got off quite safe, and this will cost me two days' work. I do not complain. When the slave breaks his chain it is his master who suffers; it is but just. Has Dom Francesco been here?"

"Yes, brother, and he left this letter for you."

The young fisherman took the paper which Jeanne offered him and attentively perused its contents.

"Dom Francesco," said he, "cannot come for a week, and he begs me to visit him at his convent to-morrow. I wonder whether he's ill."

"Alas!" replied Jeanne, "that would be all that is wanting to complete our misery."

"Tranquillize yourself. I recollect now that he has shut himself up to finish his great work, before submitting it to the court of Rome. But you appear melancholy, Jeanne. What is the matter with you? Pietro came, no doubt, to see you yesterday, as he promised."

"Pietro was seriously wounded last night by the soldiers of the viceroy," replied Jeanne.

"Heavens! what do I hear?"

"It was his father himself who came and told me of it. I immediately hastened to their cabin and dressed his wounds."

"Kind, good girl! your presence, doubtless, proved a salutary balm to him. But do you care much about the trip I promised you?" added he in a low voice, taking his sister aside. "Don't you think that I should do better to go and pay the wounded man a visit?"

"No, for he has just got some rest, and must not be disturbed. Besides, we have not a farthing in the house; all Pietro's things have been seized, and he also is without money. I have not been able to go to market, and it will, you say, take you two days to repair your nets. So, how are we to

live till then? These two persons will, of course, give you something for taking them to the island."

"You are right, sister. We must try, in the first place, not to die of starvation."

He picked up his nets, and loosened the cable by which the bark was tied to the shore, while Jeanne aided Isabella and Pedrilla to take their places in the little craft.

They seated themselves at one end of it, and the fisherman took up his station at the other. He unfurled his triangular sail, seized the rudder, and the light bark, skimming the water's surface like a sea mew, immediately bore away toward Procida.

Isabella, as may be imagined, had been struck by certain remarks which fell from Jeanne in the course of the conversation she had with her brother before quitting the shore. She was desirous of knowing why the soldiers of her father had, the night before, wounded a man in whom the fisherman and his sister seemed to take so great an interest. Isabella hesitated a long while, for the brother's countenance was overcast, and the sister appeared pensive; neither seemed disposed to enter into conversation. At last, however, Isabella ventured to break the silence.

"If you will tell me your name," said she to the young man, "I shall be happy to send you those of my friends who may be desirous of sailing about the bay."

"My name is Thomas Aniello, senora," said the fisherman, "but my companions call me Masaniello."

"Why do you call me senora?" asked Isabella.

"Because you have a Spanish accent. Besides, I heard you just now address a few words in Castilian to the person who is with you."

"Oh!" said Isabella, much confused; "you understand Castilian, then?"

"Yes," replied Masaniello; "the slave ought ever to know how to speak the language of his masters. It is a means of being the better able to serve them, when they are kind hearted, and of more easily demanding justice when they are tyrannical."

A deep caration covered the cheeks of the young girl, for while Masaniello and his sister were talking of their own affairs, she recollected having said to her nurse: "What a pity it is that a handsome young man like this should wear the woolen cap and the ugly canvas jacket of a common sailor! A more accomplished cavalier could not be found at court."

Her embarrassment was, therefore, extreme, when she learned that Masaniello had understood this phrase; but as the young man, who continued to look grave, seemed to pay little attention to the stranger's opinion of his person, Isabella soon gained courage to go on with the conversation.

"You are right," said she, "I am Spanish, and my father is an officer in the viceroy's guards. I was therefore much grieved just now to hear that some soldiers, who are perhaps commanded by my father, had wounded a person who seems dear to you. Let me know the place where the attack was made, as well as the corps to which these soldiers belong, and I give you my word of honor that they shall be punished."

"These soldiers only obeyed their orders, senora," replied the fisherman; "it is not they, therefore, who are guilty. They are but passive instruments in the hands of tyranny, and it is with this tyranny itself that we must cope hand to hand."

"With the viceroy?" exclaimed the young girl, in a voice full of emotion.

"Yes, senora; with the viceroy!"

"What do you reproach him with, then?"

"I reproach him with making the people groan beneath the weight of the taxes heaped upon them."

"But he acts in the name of Spain; it is not he whom you ought to accuse."

"'Tis he alone that I accuse. And it is too much the interest of Spain to preserve her conquest, for her not to disavow his maladministration and his vile, unbearable despotism, which, if continued, will some day force the people of Naples to revolt."

"Great heaven! can this be true?"

"Senora, you will be of my opinion, when you have heard how Pietro has been treated."

"Speak!" said Isabella, trembling with emotion.

"Pietro," began the fisherman, "has been my friend since childhood. We are both from Amalfi, and he came last year to Naples, where he hoped, by his labor, to keep himself from want. But at Naples labor produces nothing, and only leads to ruin."

"How so?" asked Isabella.

"You shall hear," replied the fisherman. "Pietro had an aged father to support. He first of all turned laborer, so that he might scrape together enough money to buy a boat with. By dint of hard work and privations he succeeded, and then he came and built a hut next to mine. The viceroy issued two edicts, one after the other, about this time. The first of them announced that every fisherman possessing a boat should pay an annual tax of sixty silver reals, and, by the second, all the cabins built along the shore were subjected to a duty of from twenty to thirty ducats, according to their size. Thus Pietro and I had, each of us, to pay annually to the fisc about two hundred reals, that is, much more than we make by our trade."

"Merciful powers! But did you make no representations to the viceroy?"

"The viceroy turns a deaf ear to all complaints, and only thinks of enriching himself with our spoils. His yearly allowance is a hundred thousand ducats, and he sends annually to Spain thirty ships, each loaded with three millions of piasters. Reflect on the largeness of the sum! For it is out of the people of Naples that all this gold is sweated!"

Isabella turned pale, but kept silent.

"When called upon to pay I, heaven be thanked, was ready; for Jeanne is an angel, and courageously gets up every morning at 5 o'clock to go and sell her fruit at the market of Naples. No tax has as yet been put on this calling. Fruit forms almost the sole food of the people; and the government merely hesitates, because it is afraid to attack them in their very existence. Oh! if our tyrants were ever mad enough to do that!"

Jeanne raised her fine and melancholy head, and, looking at her brother, said: "The tax on fruit will be decreed this week: it was said so at the market yesterday."

"Great Heaven! It is impossible!" exclaimed the daughter of the viceroy.

"Everything possible to insensate power, which ever refuses to see the light," replied Masaniello. "But to return to Pietro: I had 200 reals by me, but he, poor fellow, was far from possessing such a sum. With his face bathed in tears, he fell on his knees before the tax gatherers, who were taking away his furniture, and implored them to leave him, at least, the bed of his poor old father; but he prayed in vain. In his rage, therefore, he seized his musket, and I arrived just in time to prevent the perpetration of a murder, for his musket was already leveled at the despoilers of his hut. I seized his arm, saying: 'Patience, Pietro: these are not the persons you must punish.' His boat was taken along with the rest. He was now entirely without the means of living, so he turned smuggler, but he is not, for all that, one bit the less an honest man. Do you not now believe, senora, continued the fisherman, "that the 50,000 others who have been treated like Pietro will some day rise up, and, in their turn, crush

those by whom they have been oppressed so long?"

"I believe," answered Isabella, "that if the Duke of Arcos were informed of the real state of things, he would prevent all revolt by doing the people justice."

"May Heaven inspire him!" said the fisherman.

Five minutes afterward, Isabella skipped lightly out of the boat, and taking the hand of Masaniello's sister, soon disappeared beneath the shady trees of the island of Procida.

As soon as they were well laden with oranges, which they had bought of the peasant girls, they hastened to return to the seashore. As they approached within sight, they observed Masaniello, who had remained in the boat, waving a piece of sail as a signal of distress.

"Make haste!" cried he, as soon as they were within hearing. "The sky looks threatening, and the sea begins to swell."

"Mercy on us!" said Dame Pedrilla, making the sign of the cross. "It would be better for us perhaps to remain on the island."

"Make up your mind as to what you mean to do," said Masaniello. "As for Jeanne and myself, we shall leave, happen what may."

"Then you don't think there is any danger?" asked the viceroy's daughter.

"I think we shall have a tempest. But we shall brave it, shall we not, Jeanne?"

"Oh! yes."

"And so will I," said Isabella, leaping into the bark.

"My child, you are mad!" cried Dame Pedrilla, in the greatest alarm.

"You can remain behind," said the fisherman to the duenna; "but we have no time to lose, so you must be quick, if you are coming with us."

"I order you to come," said Isabella imperiously.

Dame Pedrilla obeyed, but she really thought her last hour was come. She therefore drew forth her rosary, and began to invoke every saint with whose name she was acquainted.

The sun had disappeared, and the sea now began to assume that greenish tint which announces the approach of dreadful disorder in its fathomless depths. The foaming waves dashed boisterously against the sides of the frail bark, and the sea mew shrieked forth its shrill notes, as it flew backward and forward over the heads of the fisherman and his companions.

Masaniello, stationed at the stern of the boat, grasped the rudder with a steady hand, and dexterously guided his bark through the roaring billows. His look was intrepid, and his bearing noble.

"How is it," said Isabella to him, "that you still follow the calling of a fisherman, when you might aspire to a more lucrative and less perilous profession?"

"Because it gives me freedom," said the young man. "There is no profession which the foreign domination now exercised at Naples would allow me to follow without a blush."

"What do you mean?" asked Isabella.

"When the poor man," continued Masaniello, "renounces manual labor, he has but two resources left him—domestic or military service; but the former is the worst of slavery, for it degrades and dishonors him."

"Well," added Isabella, "but what say you to the military profession?"

"It is," answered Masaniello, "a holy one, when it calls on you to deliver your country, but a cowardly one, when it merely serves to oppress it. The only profession which would have suited me," continued the fisherman, "is that of an artist. Twenty times has the celebrated painter, Salvator Rosa, sketched before my eyes, in this very bark, the majestic views by which we are surrounded."

"Why did you not become his pupil, then?" asked Isabella.

"I contented myself with being his friend," replied Masaniello, "for it was too late to begin to study. He also advised me to enter the army; but he soon understood my aversion to do so, for he, too, loves liberty, and abhors despotism. No, no! I would sooner starve than serve under the viceroy."

"You hate the viceroy, then?"

"I hate injustice and tyranny."

These words were exchanged in the midst of the noise caused by the thunder and the roaring of the waves; but Isabella paid no attention to the storm: she was entirely absorbed by contemplating the pilot of the little argosy.

"How handsome! how grand he looks!" thought she.

The violence of the tempest increased; flash upon flash of lightning turned the gloomy heavens into a vivid glare; the thunder rolled forth its heavy peals in quick succession, and seemed to whirl the wind along like monster cannon balls before it, so boisterously did it blow. The waves, too, rose like precipices, touching the skies; and as one of these living mountains appeared about to fall on Isabella's head, she suddenly yielded to her fright, uttered a shriek, and fell, half dead, into Masaniello's arms. A

sort of electric shock ran through the bodies of these two beings. The Spanish noble's daughter and the offspring of the poor man felt that they were about to love!

CHAPTER III.

THE CABIN ON THE MERGELLINA.

Ten minutes afterward, Masaniello brought his bark and its occupants safely into the roadstead of Pozzuoli. They immediately set off for Naples, whence they were distant two good leagues. Such was the origin of the singular acquaintance which was formed between the daughter of the viceroy and the poor fisherman and his sister.

From that time Isabella constantly endeavored to inspire her father with some compassion for the misery of the people. But the viceroy of Naples, whose policy was inspired by a cold, unrelenting nature, and whose heart was closed to every generous feeling, facetiously joked his daughter on her new "hobby;" and when she hinted at the possibility of a revolt, he replied, with a burst of laughter:

"The people, my dear child, are like a beast of burden—the more you load them, the less will they kick."

A few days after her attempt to convert her father, Isabella, who strove to persuade herself that she was attracted by the sister rather than by the brother, paid another visit, with Dame Pedrilla, to the cabin of Masaniello.

As they approached, they perceived Jeanne

(Continued on page 16.)

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THE CLOTHING BARGAIN HUNTER

pointed outside on a stone bench, with her face buried in her hands. At the sound of the visitors' footsteps she rose up, and Isabella then perceived that her face was bathed in tears.

"Merciful goodness! what is the matter with you?" exclaimed Isabella, clasping Jeanne to her bosom.

"Alas!" replied Jeanne, "had you come sooner, you would perhaps have hindered him from leaving."

"What Masaniello?"

"Yes! we are ruined! He would listen to nothing; but it is not to be wondered at."

"Come, tell me what has happened, Jeanne," said Isabella, taking her hand.

Masaniello's sister rose up slowly, threw the door of the cabin wide open, and said to Isabella:

"Look!"

"Gracious Heaven! where is all your furniture?" exclaimed Dame Pedrilla, stupefied; "there is nothing left but the bare walls!"

"Is it the people from the fish who have done this?" asked Isabella.

"Yes," replied Jeanne; "they have taken everything, and I passed the night on the bare ground."

"Oh! this is frightful!" said Isabella.

"But the seizure of our furniture is nothing in comparison with the rest. You don't know how all yet."

"Heaven! What else has happened?"

"I had time to save two baskets of fruit yesterday. They formed the sole resource of us all, for Pietro, who was lately wounded in a fray with the excise men, is not yet sufficiently recovered to do any kind of work. It is we who have kept him till now, and this is one of the reasons why we are not able to pay the tax gatherer."

"I understand your ruin has been the price of a good action."

"My brother," continued Jeanne, "insisted on accompanying me to the market. I begged him not to do so, for I foresaw what has happened. Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

"Go on, Jeanne," said Isabella, with great anxiety.

"Well, then, what I wanted was to obtain permission from the head clerk at the fisc to sell my fruit before paying the market dues, which is contrary to custom. They not only refused me, but one of the men there brutally wrested my baskets from me, and all my fruit rolled into the gutter."

"Poor girl!" said Isabella.

"As I have already told you," continued Jeanne, "my brother had insisted on accompanying me, and in this lies the greatest cause for regret. On seeing me so roughly treated it was impossible for him to remain quiet. His cheeks burned with rage, and with one blow he felled to the ground the man who had thrown my oranges and figs into the gutter. Every one said my brother was right, and 200 lazaroni, who cried aloud for vengeance, immediately placed themselves at his orders. The head clerk instantly took to flight with his men, and their office was delivered to the flames."

"A fine piece of work, indeed!" said Dame Pedrilla.

"Silence!" replied Isabella, harshly. "You must be either mad or void of all feeling to talk thus."

"When the outbreak was at its height," continued Jeanne, "some one cried out that the Duke of Arcos was at the Church of Santo Domenico, and Masaniello exclaimed: 'Brothers, let us go and see if the viceroys has ordered cowardly custom house officers to insult our wives and sisters.' When the viceroys left the church," continued Jeanne, "and was about to get into his carriage my brother addressed him at the wish of the people. He did this with proper respect. He held me by the hand, and I heard him relate the circumstances to the viceroys as they had happened. Oh! both his and the people's behavior merited something better than such scandalous treachery as has been practiced by the viceroys."

"Treachery!" said Isabella, with afright.

"Yes," replied Jeanne, "treachery; for the duke thought our complaints well founded; and when the crowd, after my brother's speech, exclaimed: 'No more taxes! no more taxes!' the viceroys hastened to reply: 'No, my friends, there shall be no more taxes, be assured; I will immediately take measures for abolishing every tax which weighs on the indigent and laborious classes. You ask for justice, and you shall have it; I give you my word for it.' These words," continued Jeanne, "were received with cries of enthusiasm. The viceroys got into his carriage, and the people accompanied him to the palace. But his carriage had scarcely entered the Vicaria when a troop of mercenary German soldiers, supported by Spanish arquebuses, suddenly issued forth and charged the inoffensive crowd. Women, children and old men were alike shot down and trampled under foot. I saw all this myself. Oh, 'twas horrible!"

Isabella took Jeanne tenderly by the hand and asked her what had become of Masaniello.

"We were driven back to the harbor, where, after a short deliberation, the people resolved to rise in arms, and Masaniello was chosen chief of the revolt."

"Great heaven! what do I hear?" exclaimed Isabella. "Why did you not turn him, on your knees, from such certain ruin?"

"I did all that the love I bear him could do, but he remained inflexible."

"May heaven protect us all!" murmured Isabella.

"He brought me back here," continued Jeanne, "and implored me not to attempt to shake him in his purpose. 'Have they not,' said he, 'taken everything from us? My boat is seized, and we have neither bread nor the means of earning any; and shall I see you die of want? Never. Under such circumstances revolt is a sacred duty. I will deliver Naples, and punish her tyrants.'"

"But where is he now?" asked Isabella, anxiously.

"I know not. He has not told me where the conspirators are to meet."

"But is he not coming back?"

"Yes; I am without a home for to-night; he has undertaken to find me one."

Isabella took her nurse aside, and said a few words to her in a low voice. Dame Pedrilla wished to offer some objections, but Isabella immediately interrupted her, and, throwing her a purse of money, said:

"It is my wish. Let everything be here in an hour."

The duenna said not another word, but silently left the two young girls, and took the road that led to Naples, while Isabella went and sat down by the side of Jeanne on the stone bench.

An hour afterward Dame Pedrilla came back, followed by a cart and three porters. The cart stopped before the cabin, and Jeanne cried out in amazement:

"It is our furniture! they have brought us back our furniture!"

"And they have not forgotten Masaniello's boat," said Isabella, pointing to another cart, which had stopped about a hundred yards off.

The boat was taken out of the cart and put into the sea again.

As her mistress had ordered her, Dame Pedrilla had been to pay to the fisc the two hundred reals, and redeemed all the objects which had been seized the evening before.

"Oh! my benefactress!" cried Jeanne, her eyes streaming with tears of joy, "how can I ever thank and bless you sufficiently?"

"You see, Jeanne," replied Isabella, "the

harm done you is repaired. You will not be able to continue your customary mode of life. Masaniello has no longer any reason for encouraging the revolt, and he must now appease the people."

"Here he comes!" exclaimed Jeanne, with an expression of joy.

And the young fisherman was perceived in the distance, with a musket on his shoulder, coming at a rapid pace in the direction of the cabin.

CHAPTER IV. THE CONSPIRATOR.

Isabella and Jeanne left the duenna at the door, and ran to meet Masaniello. But, when they approached him, both of them shuddered, and uttered simultaneously a cry of terror.

The features of the young man were full of terrible animation; his eyes were bloodshot, and it was easy to see that rage, hatred and every other violent passion filled his breast.

"You here, senora!" cried he, for recognizing Isabella. "To-day is not a day for visits and walking. You must return instantly to the city, and take care to leave your father's house no more, for to-morrow carnage and death will reign triumphant in the streets of Naples."

"Merciful powers!" exclaimed the two young girls.

"Senora," added the fisherman, quickly, "did you not tell me that your father was an officer in the army of the viceroys? If such is the case, and if your father loves you, let him break his sword this very evening, for to-morrow there will be neither truce nor mercy! To-morrow the people will crush, without pity, every hireling of despotism."

These last words were pronounced in a tone of voice fitted to make the bravest shudder.

"I frighten you," continued he in a milder manner, and approaching Isabella; "pardon me; but do not forget the advice I have given you. The measure is full; the day of vengeance is at hand; yet let not my hands be dyed, senora, with the blood of your father."

"Unhappy man," said Isabella, "you yourself may be the first to fall in to-morrow's combat."

"May heaven hear your words!" answered Masaniello, "provided that out of my blood spring the liberty of Naples, that our tyrants are completely vanquished, and that the squadron you see yonder carries them far away from us."

He pointed to the Spanish galleons, commanded by Don Juan Fernandez, which had cast anchor in the bay about two hours before.

"To-morrow," added the fisherman, "the guns of this squadron will pour forth their thunder, with a view to crush the revolt, for they are the orders of a man who will necessarily support the viceroys."

"And who is this man?" asked Isabella, with emotion.

"Juan Fernandez. He was formerly governor of the Indies, and he is now come to marry the daughter of the Duke of Arcos, to whom he brings a dowry of three hundred thousand ducats, the fruit of the most infamous extortion."

At this moment the eye of Masaniello lighted on the boat which had been seized the evening before. He started with surprise.

"What do I see?" exclaimed he. "Is it a dream?"

Jeanne made signs to Isabella, who had, as yet, hardly recovered from the shock produced on her by the last words of Masaniello.

"No, brother," said she, "it is not a dream. Providence has been at work for us in your absence."

The fisherman looked at the two young girls in turn. His chest heaved and his eye was moist. Then he again turned toward the bay and exclaimed:

"Yes, it is my own bark! I see once more the companion of my life, my daily bread!"

"But this is not all," said Jeanne; "come!" She took Masaniello by one arm, while Isabella, much affected, leaned upon the other.

The young fisherman started on, feeling the weight of that soft, white hand which did not fear to come in contact with his rough sleeve.

"Well, Masaniello," said Isabella, "will you still continue to grieve your sister and me by talking of murder, blood and carnage?"

Masaniello listened with great emotion to this gentle voice, which sounded like sweet music to him.

On reaching the door of the cabin Dame Pedrilla said to her mistress, in a low voice: "My dear child, night is coming on; we must return."

Isabella did not even hear her, and the angry nurse remained on the sill of the door listening attentively, and casting from time to time a look of suspicion into the cabin.

The viceroys daughter was delighted with the astonishment of Masaniello, who, on finding his home furnished again, experienced the same emotion he had felt at the sight of his boat.

"To whom," murmured he, "do we owe all this?"

"Cannot you guess, brother?" said Jeanne, pointing to Isabella.

Masaniello knelt down, and, placing his hand on his heart, said to the viceroys daughter:

"Dispose of my life—it is yours."

"Indeed," replied Isabella, "you owe me no gratitude whatever; I am but too happy at having served you," and she offered her hand to the young man, who carried it to his lips. "So now," continued she, "you will not return to Naples, or, if you do, it will only be to calm the people and to quell the revolt. Promise me this, I implore you."

Masaniello rose up hastily, passed his hand across his forehead and stared vacantly at the young girl.

"Calm the people—quell the revolt!" stammered he.

"Oh! brother," said Jeanne, "do not refuse our benefactress what she asks of you."

"Not another word—what you ask is impossible."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Isabella, in great grief.

"Yes, impossible, for the people have my promise."

"You must say that you have changed your mind," said Jeanne.

"What! after they have chosen me for their leader? You would have me betray them then! Never! Adieu!"

The young man turned toward the door, but Isabella, with her hands clasped and her face bathed in tears, threw herself before him.

"Stop, Masaniello!" cried she, "just now you told me to dispose of your life. Alas! your offer was nothing but an empty word!"

"Not so, senora. I said then and I say now: Take my life, take my blood to its last drop, but leave me my honor!"

"Does honor, then, consist for you, Masaniello, in rendering Naples desolate by fire and sword?"

"The crime belongs to those who have forced the people to rise. They have compelled the lion to leave his lair, and they have, at present, none to blame but themselves if he devours them."

"But it is you, Masaniello, who are exciting the anger of the people. Why do you thus continue to fan the flame, when you could extinguish it with a word?"

"Senora," said the young man, "you have this day rendered us a service which entitles you to our eternal gratitude; but if you re-

quite me, in return, to commit an act of treachery, take back the things you have restored to us and let me leave."

"Oh! Masaniello! Masaniello!"

"You, senora, are a Spaniard, and you cannot, therefore, understand my duties."

"I know that you are rushing headlong to your ruin."

"What does it matter?"

"The Duke of Arcos has immense forces, and Naples is full of soldiers."

"We have God on our side."

"But what will become of Jeanne if you fall?"

"Pietro, her affianced, who cannot join us in the struggle on account of his wound, will be left to protect her. But Jeanne is brave and strong minded, and she would rather weep over her brother's tomb than see him abandon the holy cause which he has espoused."

"Oh, Heaven! oh, Heaven!" murmured Isabella; "he cannot guess the real cause of my terror!"

"Do not forget, senora, the advice I gave you with respect to your father," said Masaniello.

"My father! But if it is not on his account that I tremble?"

"What do I hear?"

"Alas! he runs no risk; it is you alone who are in danger."

"Then, senora," said the young man, in a trembling voice, "since you fear not for him whom I at first imagined to be the cause of your alarm, I may be allowed to think—But no! not such a thing is impossible!"

"Do you, then, think it impossible for me, Masaniello, calmly to see you rush to certain death?"

"Senora, you cannot be aware of the trouble that your words throw into my heart. Pity! oh, pity!"

"Masaniello! my friend—my brother!"

"No, no!" quickly replied the young man, "I am not your brother; I have given you, in my dreams, a far dearer name."

"And I will answer to it," cried she, with a burst of frantic passion.

"Oh, Isabella, spare me! Can I, the poor fisherman, ever hope to obtain the love of—"

"Stop!" cried the young girl, with great emotion; "in owing to you the weakness of my heart, I reserve the right of bidding you adieu forever, if you refuse to accede to all my wishes."

"It is perjury you would have me commit!" said Masaniello, in a trembling voice.

"It is not perjury to quell a revolt which you yourself have raised."

"Your accusation is unjust. The anger of the people has been excited solely by the bad faith of the Duke of Arcos."

Isabella shuddered.

"Though it be so, Masaniello," said she, "does a fault justify a crime? What matters it on which side the wrong lies? I am a Spaniard and you are a Neapolitan; thus, if the revolt breaks out, we shall be separated forever."

"You are right, senora," said Masaniello, after a moment's struggle with himself; "a fault never justifies a crime. Supposing that the people and I were wrong in committing a first act of violence, the man who afterward odiously deceived us, and who profited by the confidence with which he had treacherously inspired us, to shed the blood of the Neapolitan people on the place of the Vicaria, is at fault."

"Stay, Masaniello!"

"This man, I say, is an infamous wretch!"

"Oh! I implore you, do not speak thus!"

"If the fault is the people's, the crime is the viceroys', and I will undertake the punishment."

"Great God," exclaimed the young girl, "I have just told him that I love him, and this is his reply!"

"You love me, Isabella? Oh, may Heaven pour its blessings on your head for this avowal, which fills my soul with pure and boundless joy! You love me!—you! Alas! alas!"

"Masaniello! no longer turn, I beseech you, a deaf ear to my prayers."

The young man answered nothing, but let fall his head with the greatest melancholy.

After a short silence he again looked up, and said:

"You were right; you are a Spaniard, and I am a Neapolitan; what is about to happen will raise an insuperable barrier between us; you will, doubtless, hate me, but I must sacrifice your love."

"Silence!" sobbed Isabella.

"Hear me, and let me tell you how holy and unchangeable is the affection I have conceived for you. Your image has been deeply engraven on my heart since the first day I saw you."

"It is false; for, were it so, you would have some pity for me."

"My sufferings are greater than yours, Isabella. But would you have me betray my brothers?"

"You are leading them to their ruin."

"I am leading them to glory."

"No, not you can have never loved me."

"It is because I love you that I am inflexible."

"Hear him, oh, heaven! and judge," said Isabella, clasping her hands.

"Yes," repeated Masaniello, "because I love you. Were I to obey you today, to-morrow I should blush in your presence, and you would possess the right to treat me as a coward."

"Masaniello!"

"As an infamous and cowardly wretch, for I should have lied to my conscience, broken my oath and repudiated my principles. I should have laid the basis of my happiness on the suffering of the people, and my happiness would have been cursed and blighted."

"No more! Come, join your prayers to mine, and tell him that he is mad!" exclaimed the young girl, running to Jeanne, and taking her by the hand.

Masaniello's sister was weeping by herself in silence. She dried her tears, rose up slowly, and, pointing to the sky, said to the daughter of the viceroys:

"I begin to think it is the will of heaven. I, as well as you, have tried, by my prayers, to turn my brother from his purpose, and

ward and caught her in his arms. He placed her, perfectly senseless, on a chair of the cabin, and, kneeling before her, pressed her cold hand to his lips.

"Adieu!" murmured he, "adieu! This is, perhaps, the last time that we shall meet in this world; but if it is decreed that I am to see you no more, if I fall in this undertaking, your name, with that of my well beloved sister, will be the last words which my dying lips will utter."

He then rose up hastily, seized his musket and rushed out of the cabin.

CHAPTER V. A SUSPICIOUS MEETING.

Night was descending. Masaniello, on leaving the cabin, thought he perceived a human form seated at some distance, under a bower of wild pomegranate and olive trees. He fancied that this might be a spy, but, as he had no time to lose, he passed on, and two minutes afterward was in Pietro's cabin.

The smuggler made an effort, and rose to welcome Masaniello, whose hand he shook cordially. He was a man of about 30, with a frank, loyal expression of countenance, and had arms which seemed formed of iron sinew.

"Remain seated, Pietro," said Masaniello. "Why did you not come to see me yesterday?" asked the wounded man.

"Because I had nothing but my ruin to tell you of; but today it is different."

"Will you not revenge yourself?" said the smuggler.

"To-morrow," replied Masaniello, "Naples will be free, or I shall have ceased to live."

"You are going to rouse the people, then? You are going to fight? Oh, I shall be strong enough to follow you—wait for me."

"Do not stir, I beg; but listen to me attentively."

"Go on," said Pietro.

"You still love my sister?" asked Masaniello.

"How can you ask me such a question?"

"And you still wish to marry her?"

"Yes."

"In that case, cured or not, you must not join us in the combat."

Pietro started from his seat.

"No, you must not," added the fisherman, "because it is necessary that one of us should remain to take care of Jeanne. Do you understand me now?"

A tear rolled down the smuggler's face.

"You are right," murmured he; "yet, after all, it's a hard thing."

"Then this is settled," said Masaniello. "If, therefore, I do not return to-morrow evening, you will take Jeanne's arm and go with her to the Benedictine convent. Don Francesco is to return today from Rome; I will call presently and tell him that you and Jeanne are coming to-morrow to receive the nuptial blessing."

"I hear," said Pietro, trying to stifle his sobs.

"Come, Pietro, if you cannot fight with us you can pray for us. Cheer up." And Masaniello left the cabin.

He did not take the road to Naples, but followed the outward wall of the fortifications and directed his steps toward Pausilippo.

Suddenly, the same doubtful form which he had seen on leaving his own cabin appeared again before him.

The young man quickly took his musket off his shoulder and clasped it tightly in both hands.

A loud, rough voice immediately exclaimed:

"Hullo! Signore, I hear, methinks, the wheel of your musket creaking. Corpo di Cristo! your caution is praiseworthy in such times as these, and while you, my master, are playing the game you play. Be not so hasty, and do not, at all events, shoot me before you have heard what I have to say. Diavolo! I formally object to it."

By the time the stranger had finished speaking, Masaniello found himself face to face with him.

"Who are you?" asked the fisherman, "and what do you want with me?"

"Bravissimo! signore, that's speaking plainly and intelligibly. But you seem to be in as great a hurry as a hind with a pack of hounds at its heels. Let us walk on together, and I will tell you."

Masaniello replaced his musket on his shoulder, taking care, however, to keep a strict watch on the movements of the stranger, who was of commanding stature, excessively robust, and armed to the teeth.

"So you are going to revolutionize Naples, caro piscatore?" said the colossus, in an ironical tone.

"It appears to me that before putting questions you might answer mine."

"True. Don't be offended. You ask me who I am. Why, sango de Cristo! you know me well enough."

"That may be; but, at the same time, it would be just as well if you were to tell me your name, for I am not a sorcerer."

"Corcelli, then, mio caro—Corcelli, at your service!"

"What! the captain of the banditti of Vesuvius?"

"The same, signore."

"Well, what do you want of me?"

"Well, carissimo, as you place me at once on a footing of familiarity, I will follow your example, and tell you, without more ado, that I want nothing of you, but that I come to offer everything. Yes, before proceeding further, I wish to know if you are really serious in your projects."

"What interest can you take in them?"

"The same interest that is taken by every true Neapolitan who loves his country, and who hates foreign despotism."

Masaniello raised his head, but the darkness prevented him from seeing the stranger's features; but as the latter's voice seemed full of frankness, he answered:

"We are serious in our projects."

"Bravissimo!" replied the bandit. "But, per Bacco, my young master, you forget the Duke of Arcos has placed Naples in a state of defense; the castle is full of culverins, which will spit out grape shot on you from the top to the bottom of its bastions."

"No matter," said Masaniello; "I will brave their fire."

"Very good; but have you reflected, Signore Piscatore, on the immense number of retiers and lansquenets that fill the place? Have you taken into calculation all the Spanish infantry and Castilian arquebuses which occupy every post and fortress from the sea side to the furthest limits of the city? Don't you suppose that the viceroys will let all these military blood hounds loose on you? Corpo di Bacco! you will be made mince meat of in the twinkling of an eye."

"Speak, then."  
 "How many muskets and arquebuses do you require?"  
 "I will let you know, as soon as I have counted my men, in an hour," answered Masaniello.  
 "Are they all to be at the catacombs?" asked the bandit.  
 "What?" exclaimed the fisherman, with surprise, "do you know the place we meet at?"  
 "Know it? Yes."  
 "Who informed you of it?"  
 "Cospetto! you're inquisitive; but then you're young. I not only know," continued the bandit, "the conspirators' place of rendezvous, but I am also acquainted with the reason why you stop at this monastery."  
 And Corcelli pointed to the Benedictine convent.  
 "What is it, then?" asked Masaniello.  
 "You are going to seek a monk by the name of Dom Francesco. Am I right?"  
 "Do you know him, then?"  
 "Yes; he was in my cave, near the volcano, this very morning."  
 "You joke?"  
 "Not I, per Bacco! We took him yesterday, on his return from Rome, and let him go this morning, for fear he should convert us."  
 "It was, then, he who told you all?"  
 "Aha! povero! your inquisitiveness is at work again! No, it was not he. But, while I think of it, have you ever seen the vicary's daughter, mio amore?"  
 "No, never," answered the fisherman, with surprise; "but what makes you ask?"  
 "Oh! nothing. Corpo di Cristo! I guessed the trick."  
 "What trick?"  
 "Don't be uneasy. These little Spaniards have plenty of anxiety. Cospetto! but her taste is not bad; fellows of your sort are not to be met with every day."  
 "You abuse my patience!" cried the fisherman. "What is the meaning of your enigmatical language?"  
 "The meaning of it is, mio caro, that from time to time I look after your interest, and you ought to do anything but complain, since I am about to give you the means of obtaining a certain victory. Listen! go and see the monk, then hasten to the catacombs, decide on the hour of attack, and afterward come to me at the foot of Vesuvius. You will then be able to see what means I possess for carrying on war, to count the men I place at your orders, and to listen to my conditions. Do you agree to come?"  
 Masaniello hesitated.  
 "I hope, mio pisicatore, that you do not think me capable of laying a snare for you?"  
 "I do not," answered Masaniello, "for what could you have in doing so?"  
 "Well spoken, carissimo! On the word of a brigand, you have nothing to fear, for I am an honest man."  
 "I will be there," said the fisherman.  
 "But wait! I must tell you the password."  
 "What is it?"  
 "Masaniello."  
 "You honor me, indeed."  
 "Are you not the hero of the day? Recollect, I am waiting for you."  
 "I will soon be with you," answered the fisherman.  
 And they separated.

"And now, my son," said Dom Francesco, pressing Masaniello to his heart, "what are you going to do?"  
 "At present I am going to the catacombs, where my associates are waiting for me."  
 "I will accompany you."  
 "Come, then, father," said Masaniello, "and you shall bless our pontiards."  
 "But what measures have you taken to insure yourself and your companions a safe retreat, if your place of rendezvous were discovered and surrounded by soldiers?"  
 "None."  
 "Imprudent man! But follow me, I will be your guide."  
 Dom Francesco, followed by the fisherman, left his cell, traversed the cloister, passed by the chapel, and stopped at last at the top of a damp staircase, which appeared to lose itself in the depths of the earth.  
 "But where would you lead me to, holy father?" asked Masaniello.  
 Before replying, the Benedictine drew from beneath his dress a steel, a flint and a key; then, taking Masaniello by the arm, he went down twenty steps, and stopped before a massive iron door, which, on applying the key to it, turned heavily on its hinges. Then the monk said:  
 "My son, the catacombs of Naples have four different outlets. One of them is in the wood of Pausilippo; this is, doubtless, the one by which you were all to enter."  
 "It was."  
 "The second is beneath the Castel Nuovo; the third is behind the choir of the Church of St. Januarius, and the fourth is in the convent of the Benedictines. You see that Providence is with us. In case of danger you will be able to take refuge in the monastery, and woe to your enemies if they follow you into the intricacies of the labyrinth it forms."  
 While speaking, Dom Francesco lighted two torches which he took from a hollow in



While speaking, Dom Francesco lighted two torches.

the wall. The monk kept one, gave the other to Masaniello, and continued his way with the fisherman, having first taken the precaution to tie at the beginning of the passage the end of a ball of string which unwound itself as they advanced.  
 "This new thread of Ariadne, my son, will insure your safety if the vicery's troops block up the outlet of Pausilippo."  
 "It is but too true, father," said Masaniello, "that we are surrounded by dangers. To-morrow, or even this very night, I may fall. If I do," continued he, "promise me that you will bless the union of my sister Jeanne with Pietro."  
 The monk pressed the young man's hand and silently dried a tear.  
 After walking for about half an hour a distant murmur fell upon their ears.  
 "Tis they!" said Masaniello.  
 "You told them to assemble, then, in the rotunda of Diocletian?"  
 "I did, father."  
 "In that case, turn to the right," said the monk.  
 A minute afterward they were in a sort of gigantic chamber, dug in the rock, and the walls of which were covered with stalactites that made them sparkle in the torch light as if they were walls of diamonds. There were assembled all the fishermen and lazaroni whom Masaniello had harangued the day before on the harbor. When the young man appeared a joyful clamor arose on all sides.  
 "It is he!"  
 "It is our young leader!"  
 "Long live Masaniello!"  
 Such were the greetings with which he was welcomed by the ragged men who filled the subterranean chamber.  
 Masaniello mounted on a large stone which was in the middle of the place. Both fishermen and lazaroni formed a circle round him, and the greatest silence immediately prevailed.  
 "Comrades," said Masaniello, "did you all take different roads as I recommended you?"  
 "Yes, we obeyed your orders."  
 "Are you sure that there are no spies among us?"  
 "Fear nothing; we all know one another. Ten men came forward, some with pikes and the others with arquebuses or pertisians.  
 "Place yourselves," said Masaniello, "at the entrance to the catacombs, and let none force their way in, except over your bodies."  
 Then, pointing to the monk, who was standing on his right, he added:  
 "There, my friends, is my master; there is the master of us all."  
 "Ho! ho! he is!" exclaimed several voices.  
 "We know him!"  
 "It is Dom Francesco!"  
 "The friend of the people!"  
 "Long live the Benedictine!"  
 "It was not I," continued the young man, "whom you applauded yesterday on the harbor; I was but the echo of this holy man, to whom I owe the little instruction I possess. It was he who spoke to you through me."  
 "Long live Dom Francesco!" cried all present.  
 "It is true, my dear brethren," said the old man, "that to see you happy has been my hope through life, the aim of my studies. I have spent my long career in pleading your cause and defending your rights. Like the Hebrews in the land of Egypt, you have toiled for greedy despoilers, who grow fat on your substance and drink your tears. But another Moses has arisen to shake from off you the yoke of Pharaoh, and to lead you to the promised land of liberty."  
 These words were received with cries of enthusiasm.  
 "Liberty forever!"  
 "Liberty we'll have!"  
 "No more fetters!"  
 "No more taxes!"  
 "No more suffering!"  
 "Liberty! liberty forever!"  
 On a sign from Masaniello silence was restored.  
 "Yes, Neapolitans, you shall be free, I swear it!" exclaimed he, with fire. "The struggle will be a desperate one, and there will be many of us turned into martyrs; are you, therefore, prepared to fight to the death?"  
 "We are!"  
 "If I have no arms to give you, will you even then confront the troops of the vicery without trembling?"

"We will!"  
 "And the guns of his fortresses?"  
 "We will!"  
 "And the arquebuses of his guards?"  
 "We will wrest them from their blood-stained hands."  
 "Will you come with me to break down the gates of the Vicaria and dictate to the duke of Arcos the orders of the victorious people?"  
 "We will!"  
 "Then let every one approach and take the oath."  
 Two men brought a Bible and a crucifix to the monk. Then all the conspirators approached in turn, and kneeling on one knee and placing a hand on the cross, repeated the following oath:  
 "In the presence of the blessed Redeemer, and on the Holy Bible, I swear to defend, until death, the rights of the people of Naples and to obey our leader, Masaniello."  
 "When they had all taken the oath Masaniello exclaimed:  
 "My friends, draw your pontiards."  
 The daggers hid beneath the rags of the lazaroni and the jackets of the fisherman immediately gleamed over the heads of all.  
 "Till now," continued Masaniello, "these have been your only means of attack and defense; in default of other arms they will still suffice. And if you ever discover a traitor in your ranks, swear to me that you will use them to pierce him to the heart."  
 "We swear it."  
 "And now, holy father," added Masaniello, kneeling before the Benedictine, "implore for us the protection of heaven and bless our arms."  
 All knelt down, like their leader. The monk extended his arms over the prostrate crowd and said:  
 "Go forth, my children, to combat, for your cause is just and holy. Be prodigal of your own blood, but sparing of that of your oppressors, and may the God of armies protect you in the struggle. I bless both you and your arms in the name of Heaven!"  
 "Thanks, father," said Masaniello. He then rose up and added: "Brothers, go and take your repose. Sleep, as usual, on the steps of the harbor, on the sand of the beach, on the steps of the churches, and under the peristyle of the palace, but to-morrow morning at sunrise let me see you all assembled before my cabin. Good night!"  
 "Good night!" repeated all the conspirators.  
 The torches were extinguished; a few moments afterward all those present were scattered through the avenues of Pausilippo, and the catacombs were again enveloped in darkness.

CHAPTER VII.  
 VESUVIUS.

On leaving the catacombs, Masaniello mounted on a horse which he had waiting for him, and hurried to Vesuvius. He had just reached the foot of the mountain, when the challenge of the sentinel stopped him. Masaniello told him his name.  
 "Pass on," said the sentinel. "Follow this sulphur furrow which you see on your right, and you will reach the edge of the volcano."  
 In a quarter of an hour, Masaniello arrived at the appointed place, but there was no Corcelli to be seen. He at last perceived, at some distance, a light in the hollow of a rock; he drew near, and beheld forty or fifty individuals, in tattered apparel, standing against the walls of a grotto.  
 A man, with long hair and a velvet doublet, was sitting with his back to the others, toward whom, however, he frequently turned. He had a pencil in his hand, and was tranquilly taking silhouette sketches of the figures that surrounded him.  
 "I had stayed a long time without moving, Mr. Artist," said an athletic German. "Will you soon haf done my portrait?"  
 "Silence you rogue," answered the artist, "and keep still. By St. Januarius, you had better not make me spoil the drunkard I have dreamed of so long."  
 Masaniello recognized the voice of his friend, Salvador Rosa.



Masaniello recognized the voice of his friend, Salvador Rosa.

He entered the grotto without being seen by any one.  
 "Mr. Artist," continued the German, an ex-lazaroni, who had turned brigand after having first been a vagabond, "don't forget to baint my mustache, pegause the girls of Suapla ding it fery fine!"  
 Salvador Rosa replied to this observation by a rap with his main stick.  
 The brigand drew his ponyard.  
 "Back to its sheath with that, scoundrel!" exclaimed Corcelli, placing himself between Salvador and his model.  
 At this moment, Masaniello touched the captain on the shoulder.  
 "Ah! here he is at last," said Corcelli. "Rise, all of you, you rascals, and salute Il Signore Masaniello!"  
 At this time, Salvador Rosa turned round quickly, and came and shook the fisherman by the hand.  
 "You here?" said he.  
 "Yes, I have something of importance to talk to Corcelli about. But how have you, my dear Salvador, got into such company?"  
 "I left Naples three days back to go and study the beauties of our mountains when these three donkeys made me prisoner."  
 "And you may be certain that you will not leave us before you have paid your ransom," added the captain of the brigands.  
 Salvador began to laugh.  
 "This is one of the most original beings I have ever met with," said he to Masaniello. "He imagines that a painter has money and can pay a ransom! Oh, Corcelli! what an illusion is yours!"  
 "Let us retire for a moment, and talk of our affairs," said Masaniello, drawing the captain out of the cave.  
 "In the first place," said Masaniello, "I require you to restore Salvador Rosa to liberty."  
 "What! after I have kept him gratis?"  
 "Has he not drawn the portraits of nearly all your men?"  
 "A fine family picture gallery, indeed!"  
 "Salvator is my friend."  
 "Well, then, let him pay me a hundred ducats, and go."  
 "A hundred ducats! Why, Corcelli, no artist ever possessed such a sum."  
 "Then fifty."  
 "Capture cardinals, abbes, monsignori, and

make them capitulate, if you like; but do not think that an artist possesses even fifty ducats."  
 "Not fifty? not twenty?"  
 "No, nor twenty. It appears that you roll in gold, Corcelli. Oh! it is easy to see that you are a robber."  
 "Well, then, take the prisoner away with you. Where there is nothing."  
 "The brigand loses his rights. Now that the preliminaries are settled, let me know how many men you have."  
 "Two hundred."  
 "Brave!"  
 "As lions."  
 "Devoted!"  
 "Like dogs."  
 "Capable of bearing fatigue!"  
 "Very donkeys."  
 "And what arms?"  
 "Three hundred muskets and five hundred pontiards."  
 "And you place all these at the service of the insurgents?"  
 "Yes, all."  
 "On what conditions?"  
 "I ask for nothing, or next to nothing, my dear Masaniello."  
 "What is it?"  
 "Two hours' pillage."  
 "Oh, that's all!"  
 "Yes."  
 "Well, hear me. I have given orders to have the man who appropriates to himself one single article shot. You see how we agree."  
 "But why, then, are you going to have a revolution, my little angel?"  
 "To free Naples, and not for the sake of pillage."  
 "And what advantages shall I find in Naples being freed?"  
 "You will profit by the victory."  
 "How?"  
 "You will be able to become an honest man, and to serve in the army as my lieutenant."  
 "I am captain already, and you want me to expose my doublet to the balls of the enemy to become a lieutenant?"  
 "Your men shall receive good pay."  
 "How much a day?"  
 "Two ducats."  
 "From whom?"  
 "From me."  
 "Ah! povero mio, what excellent security! But where is the Jew who would discount your bills? He is still in his swaddling clothes."  
 "I will pay in ready money."  
 "With what?"  
 Masaniello pointed to the Spanish vessels riding at anchor in the bay.  
 "Among those vessels," added he, "there is a galleon loaded with three hundred thousand ducats, the fruit of exaction and rapine."  
 "Three hundred thousand ducats!" exclaimed Corcelli, stroking his mustache. "And how many guns to protect them?"  
 "I know not."  
 "Hum! Three hundred thousand ducats! It's a pretty sum."  
 "It is from the Indians of Mexico and the burghesses of Flanders that this money was extorted. Stolen from the people, it will pay for the people's victory; for to-morrow we will attack the flotilla of Don Juan Fernandez."  
 "We are beginning to understand each other. But how will you manage to get at this treasure?"  
 "My plan of attack is already arranged."  
 "What post will you assign to us, Masaniello?"  
 "You will occupy the gate of Marina."  
 "Good."  
 "And you will wait quietly until you hear the tocsin of the convent of the Francis-cans."  
 "Well, what then?"  
 "Then you will make a sally on the market place, where you will find us engaged with the vicery's troops."  
 "Well!"  
 "By our lady del Carmine, you will then be able to see what you are to do. You can choose from the roisters, the lansquenets, the Castilian arquebuses and the cavalieria del re. All I recommend you is to do your business well."  
 "Set your mind at rest. My men will not fail to dash into the hottest part of the fray."  
 "Do not forget to return to the harbor after the battle, and wait for me there."  
 "You will be obeyed in everything, carissimo. Yet!"  
 "Well, what?"  
 "If the expedition which attacks the flotilla is repulsed may I not interfere?"  
 "Corcelli! Corcelli!" replied Masaniello, "the thought of this galleon will lose you."  
 "Nonsense!" said the brigand, laughing. "But day is breaking. I will go and muster my men, and follow you in a quarter of an hour."  
 Masaniello returned to the grotto, where he found Salvador still sketching.  
 "Come, Salvador," said the fisherman, "let us go."  
 "What! have you made this miscraent reasonable at last?" said the artist, pointing to Corcelli.  
 "Be off with you, you beggarly painter," said the brigand; "return to Naples and rid us of all these papers, pencils and colors, which take up my men's attention and hinder them from doing their business. And you, you scoundrels," added Corcelli, addressing his band, "look at him well, so that you may be able to know him, for he among you ever brings him back shall receive a hundred lashes."  
 "My sword!" said Salvador.  
 "Give it him, sanga di Cristo! and let him go," cried Corcelli, impatiently.  
 The artist belted on his sword, slung his box of colors over his shoulder, took up his stick and followed Masaniello.  
 "And now I will tell you, Salvador, what brought me to Vesuvius this morning. During your absence, the most surprising things have taken place at Naples."  
 Here Masaniello gave Salvador a graphic account of everything which had happened.  
 "Bravo! bravo!" exclaimed the painter.  
 "By St. Januarius! I will join you! It shall never be said that the sword of Salvador Rosa slept in its scabbard while the roar of musketry rolled through the streets of Naples in the name of liberty!"  
 Masaniello and his companion descended the rest of the mountain in silence and soon arrived at the inn where the young fisherman had left his horse.  
 As time pressed, Masaniello took Salvador up behind him, and the horse darted off at full gallop.

CHAPTER VIII.  
 REVELATION.

When the daughter of the Duke of Arcos recovered and saw that Masaniello had left the cabin, she understood that the young man had resolved to make the sacrifice of her love. She had wept at his knees, had owned her affection, and yet he had remained inflexible. "The pride, therefore, of the noble Spaniard suddenly overcame her despair. She rose up haughtily, imposed, with a pure, silence on Jeanne, who was attempting to console her, and, to the great satisfaction of Dame Pedrilla, left the cabin.  
 When she arrived in Naples the streets were empty. All those who usually filled them at that hour had gone to the catacombs. Isabella hurried through the city, and was soon in the sumptuous apartments into which Lucia had received orders to admit no one.

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"Oh, Heaven's savior, where can you have been to at this hour?" said Inez.

"Silence!" replied Padre Pedrillo.

Then, approaching Isabella, who had just fallen with a sigh into a chair, she said:

"I felicitate you, my child, on the step you have taken. Follow my advice, and go and find the viceroys. Acquaint him with the project of this miserable fisherman, so that prompt measures may be taken for arresting him and all the wretches of his kind."

"What do you say?" cried the young girl, starting up, and burning with indignation.

"I say," stammered the duenna, "that this Thomas Aniello ought to be hanged immediately, with all his accomplices."

"Miserable creature!" shrieked Isabella, with a furious burst of passion. "Out of my sight, and let me not see your face again!"

The duenna hung her head and left the room.

As soon as she was alone with Inez, Isabella burst into tears, and related to her all that had taken place in the fisherman's cabin.

This was not the first time that Isabella had made a confidante of Inez, and the sparkling soubrette was far from disapproving her mistress' intention to see Masaniello once more.

"Retire, senora, to rest," said she, "for a few hours. I will wake you at day break, and we will go together to the cabin on the Mergellina."

The first rays of the next day's sun had scarcely kissed the waters of the sparkling bay, when the two young girls were to be seen walking along the beach in the direction of Masaniello's dwelling. But what was their surprise on beholding an immense crowd assembled round the cabin! All those who had taken the oath at the catacombs the night before had already arrived, and were impatiently waiting for their young leader.

Isabella and Inez traversed these groups of men, who were clothed in rags and whose looks were squalid and suspicious.

The viceroys' daughter guessed too well the cause of the tumultuous assemblage. She entered the cabin, and found Jeanne alone with Pietro.

Isabella ran and embraced the young fisherman's sister, and begged forgiveness for the manner in which she left her the evening before; then, looking at her uneasily, she tremblingly murmured:

"Where is he, Jeanne?"

"Before Pietro's affianced could answer, a loud, joyous clamor was heard outside, and the air rang with cries of 'Masaniello! Masaniello!'"

It was the young fisherman, who had just returned from Vesuvius with the artist.

"Go, Jeanne," said Isabella, "go and tell him that I implore him to see me once again."

Jeanne obeyed. But when she approached her brother, and whispered something in his ear, he started, and made a violent movement, expressive of refusal.

The viceroys' daughter saw the gesture and shuddered.

"Salvator, my friend," said Masaniello to the artist, "go back, I beg of you, with Jeanne; she will take you to a person whose tears have already made me waver. She is a Spaniard, where the men who form it will receive partisans, blunderbusses and muskets. Keep your arms as secret as possible; utter no cries, but wait for the signal, and enter the city the moment you hear the tocsin of the cathedral sound."

"We will obey you," cried they all.

"I name Salvator Rosa, whom you all know, leader of this division."

"Bravo!" cried all the conspirators.

"And now," continued Masaniello, "listen to my last orders."

All were instantly silent.

"Divide yourselves into two parts. The first will remain, unarmed, under my command; the other will proceed to the gate of the Marina, where the men who form it will receive partisans, blunderbusses and muskets. Keep your arms as secret as possible; utter no cries, but wait for the signal, and enter the city the moment you hear the tocsin of the cathedral sound."

"I will obey you," cried they all.

"I name Salvator Rosa, whom you all know, leader of this division."

"Bravo!" cried all the conspirators.

"Long live our leader!"

"Long live Salvator Rosa!"

At this instant the artist rejoined Masaniello.

"Brother," said he, in a low voice, "where did you make the acquaintance of this young girl?"

"Here, on the beach."

"Do you know her family?"

"No."

"Has she never spoken of her father to you?"

"Her father is a captain in the Spanish army."

"You have been deceived."

"What do I hear?"

"I say that she has deceived you; her name is Isabella d'Arcos, and her father is viceroys of Naples."

Masaniello started like a wounded tiger.

"Viceroys of Naples!" exclaimed he.

"I am sure of it," replied the artist. "She did not recognize me, although I have often worked at the frescoes of the Vicaria. Her presence here must be owing to some deep design. Masaniello, beware!"

"Great God!" cried Masaniello, "my head burns. She, the daughter of the despot, in my cabin! I understand all now; she doubtless came here as a spy."

"Masaniello, be calm."

"I will," said the fisherman.

"I think," added Salvator, "that you ought to go and speak to her. If there is treachery she can be detained as a hostage. But, in this case, there must be no mercy, no weakness."

"I would pluck out my heart sooner than show any," said Masaniello, pressing the artist's hand.

Salvator Rosa put himself at the head of his division and moved toward the place where the arms were to be distributed. As for Masaniello, he chose a lieutenant and ordered him to take his men and await his arrival on the road leading to Portico. This done, he hurried to the cabin. He entered with a fiery eye and a beating heart. Having waved to Jeanne, Inez and the smuggler to retire, he folded his arms on his breast and cast a withering look on the daughter of the viceroys. The unhappy girl let fall her eyes before the irritated countenance of the fisherman, who cried out in a voice of thunder:

"Isabella d'Arcos, what do you want here?"

Had a thunderbolt fallen on the poor girl's head it could not have produced a more terrible effect; she clasped a chair in order not to fall, and murmured, in a stifled voice:

"Pity! Masaniello, pity! Oh! who could have acquainted you with a secret which you ought still to be ignorant of?"

"So you own it. You do not seek to deceive me any longer. I have no time to lose, therefore, I again call on you, Isabella d'Arcos, the daughter of the viceroys of Naples, of the traitor of my country, to tell me what you want here, in the abode of the man of the people, by whom your father is abhorred?"

"Masaniello, speak not thus to me; you

kill me with terror. Alas! I came to try, once more to save you."

"It is false! What interest can you take in my safety?"

"Oh, heaven! how can he ask me!"

These last words were pronounced with so true an accent of despair and real grief that Masaniello felt his heart tremble and his anger yield.

"Oh," murmured he, "do not still hope to deceive me. Your conduct is beyond excuse. It is impossible that you, the daughter of him who represents the king of Spain, could ever have loved the poor fisherman of the Mergellina!"

"Masaniello!"

"No, no!" continued the young man, "you merely came to trouble my happiness, or from idle curiosity; and may heaven grant that it was not for a mere purpose!"

"What do you want, Masaniello?" asked Isabella, trembling.

"Oh! I know, senora, what your justification will be. But if a sentiment of filial love excuses you in your own eyes; if, in order to save the viceroys from the dangers which surround him, you had recourse to stratagem, you might at least have spared my heart, and not lent your own to falsehood, in order to obtain my confidence."

Isabella listened to him with a starting eye and a face as pale as death.

"This idea is not your own, Masaniello!" cried she. "Confess it! It has been suggested to you by some one else—a person who cannot judge our acquaintance properly, and who calumniate me without knowing me."

"It is true," said Masaniello.

"Who is this person?"

"He whom I just now sent to you, and who recognized your person."

The viceroys' daughter placed her hand on her heart, and uttered a sigh, as if she had just been relieved of an enormous weight.

"Oh!" said she, "I should have despised you, if I had found you capable of entertaining such an ignoble suspicion. I can understand that the revelation of my rank and birth confused your head, and made my conduct appear unaccountable. One word will suffice to enlighten you on everything. As I could not descend to you, I had formed the project of raising you high enough to present you, some day, to my father and to say to him: 'This is the man I love!'"

"Isabella!—no more!" exclaimed the fisherman, with the greatest anguish.

"Nay," answered she, "let me justify myself, for you have accused me. Such was my dream, then. You possess all that is necessary to rise rapidly to a brilliant position. Yesterday you talked to me of honor, and said you would not betray the cause of the people. Is it betraying the cause of the people to approach him whom you blame, and to gain, by reasoning, that which an ill advised revolt will forever place beyond your reach? The viceroys would yield to persuasion; but he will chastise violence. Oh! I implore you, do not let me have the sorrow to see you treated like a criminal, you whose life might be so brilliant, for whom I had conceived such boundless hopes!"

"Mad and chimerical hopes!" interrupted Masaniello, led away, for an instant, by the mirage of ambition which Isabella had held before his eyes, but who quickly recovered all his fiery energy on thinking of the wrongs of the people, and of the poniards blessed by Dom Francesco.

"Then you are still bent on this revolt?" said Isabella.

"Yes."

"And you renounce my love?"

"Senora, Don Juan Fernandez cast anchor in the bay yesterday. He has come from Spain on purpose to marry the viceroys' daughter."

"But I hate him—and will never be his!"

"What! hate him?" said the fisherman, his face radiant with joy, "will you refuse this alliance?"

"Yes," murmured she, in the midst of her sobs, "I will refuse it; for it is you alone, Masaniello, that I love. Oh! yield to my entreaties. Yield! I implore you!"

"It is impossible. Were I to betray the cause of the people I should be forever cursed both in heaven and on earth."

"But I have just told you of a better way to serve the cause of the people."

"Illusion! Were I even to obtain the position your dreams have placed me in, I should become corrupted, like the rest, and practice perfidy as they do. No! no! I will remain Masaniello, the fisherman, and hasten to the combat."

"Gracious heaven! You are hurrying to your destruction."

"What matters! When tyrants vanquish, the scaffold they raise becomes a throne of martyrdom for the vanquished."

"Masaniello! Masaniello! has everything ceased, then, between us?"

"Yes, senora. The daughter of the viceroys and the fisherman of the Mergellina must forget past days. My heart will bleed in consequence. It is with sorrow and regret that I tear in twain this page of my life. But the suffering people expect their deliverance from me. Adieu! I am henceforth unknown to you!"

CHAPTER IX. THE TOCSIN.

Pietro accompanied Masaniello some distance along the road leading to the place where his men were waiting for him.

"Well," said the young fisherman, "since you wish to be useful, take your affianced with you to the Abbey of Santa Chiara, which I have supplied with fish for the last two years, and the abbess of which will not refuse to take my sister in. If we are vanquished, Jeanne, while there, will escape the brutality of our murderers; and my mind will be at rest about her."

"I will," said the smuggler; "what next?"

"As soon as Jeanne is in safety, go to the gate of the Marina, and keep an eye on Corcelli and his band. I mistrust this man. There is, or I greatly mistake, some fatal project hidden beneath his proffered services."

"Good," said Pietro, and they shook hands and separated.

Two hours after, a curious scene occurred in the interior of the city, in the market place, and before the very office of the customs, which had been reduced to ruins.

The collector and his officers, who had been driven away the day before, returned early in the morning to resume their functions, escorted by a company of lansquenets, who had been sent on purpose to protect and defend them.

The officers, visibly uneasy, set about preparing to receive the market dues.

In about an hour, a number of men, walking two and two, were observed coming along, with the greatest regularity. Each man who carried a basket of fruit had at his side a companion who carried nothing, but whose right hand, buried in his bosom, seemed to clasp an offensive arm.

The head of the cortege stopped before the collector's house.

The collector called on the man who came first to pay his dues. He pretended to submit his basket of watermelons to the inspection of the officer, but the latter, on approaching, suddenly felt his throat touched by the sharp point of a dagger.

The companion of the man carrying the basket had just drawn his hand from beneath his jacket, and cried out, in a voice of thunder:

"Back with you from today the people pay no more market dues."

The officer drew back, terrified.

The cause a basket of figs, and the figs passed like the watermelons—by the aid of the dagger.

The whole cortege went by in the same manner.

At the first sign of violence the custom house officers had called on the company of lansquenets for aid and protection; but the factious Germans were so amused at the scenes passing before them, that they exchanged their matches, shouldered their muskets and began standing around, like the market women clapping around, and laughed heartily at the disconcerted appearance of the collector, at the fright of his subalterns and at the imperturbability with which the insurgents followed the example of their leader. For it was Masaniello who opened the procession.

Having stopped the peasants along the road and at the gates of the city, he had no difficulty in inducing them to refuse to pay the market dues.

Maddened by the conduct of the lansquenets, the collector rushed through the narrow streets that surrounded the place, and soon reappeared with a squadron of reiters, a grotesque kind of horsemen, whose disordered costume and reckless appearance made them look like so many beggars on horseback, and who can only be compared to the Cossacks of the present day.

Masaniello saw them issue forth from the streets leading to the Vicaria.

Lazaroni, mariners, porters and peasants all had their eyes bent on Masaniello, and were ready to obey his nod and rush to death on a single sign from him. Every fruit seller had orders to remain perfectly quiet, by the side of his baskets and his companion, whose dagger was again hidden beneath his rags.

Masaniello kept his eye constantly fixed on a dark edifice, which might have been taken for a fortress if a tapering spire had not towered above its ramparts. This was the convent of the reverend Franciscan fathers, furnished with battlements and bastions, like that of the monks of St. Benedict. Twenty stalwart men had been sent through the back streets, and before the inmates of the convent could receive an alarm had forced an entrance, and taken possession of the edifice.

Masaniello saw a red flag floating out of one of the tower windows.

"My men are there," said he.

Three other bands, sent in different directions, had also made themselves masters of the bells of Santo Filippo di Neri, of Santo Domenico, and of the cathedral.

At the first signal the tocsin was to be sounded everywhere.

The peasants, followed by their armed acolytes, now drew up in a line. If the lansquenets had favored the disorder the reiters, who had come at full speed from the palace of the Vicaria, did not seem at all inclined to follow their example; they drew up in battle array before the insurgents, and the collector, followed by his officers, again summoned the peasants to pay.

"In the name of the viceroys," said he, "I command you to pay the dues!"

His words were hooted.

Masaniello approached.

"Go, and tell your master," said he, "that the people refuse to pay the dues, and that they demand the charter of Charles the Fifth, and all their former rights! Say, also, that we are ready to die, and that if he does not comply with our demands fire and carnage will presently stalk through the streets of Naples!"

The collector and his men drew back before the awful expression of Masaniello's countenance.

They sought refuge in the ranks of the German cavalry, and the reiters spurred on their horses to the charge.

"Our liberties!" roared the crowd, "or death to the viceroys!"

In an instant every basket was overturned; oranges, melons and figs strewn the ground. A thousand hands picked them up and showered them on the horsemen's heads.

It was in vain that the reiters spurred their horses—the latter, frightened by the yells of the people, reared and threw their riders, or turned round and disappeared, with the rapidity of lightning, in the adjoining street.

A minute afterward there was not a single enemy to be seen near the market place.

Here Masaniello gave the signal, and the bells of the convent of the Franciscans immediately filled the air with a lugubrious sound. The bells of Santo Filippo di Neri tolled in their turn, then followed those of Santo Domenico, and at last the great bell of the cathedral was heard above all the others.

As the gate of the Marina was not far distant from the market place, Salvator Rosa was now seen to issue forth at the head of his division, and the brigands of Vesuvius, wearing helmets and armed with carbines, followed, and drew themselves up in line of battle along the market place.

At this moment a formidable cry was raised by all these men—an immense clamor, which, for an instant, overcame the roar of the tocsin. Masaniello had just perceived the enemy; but, this time, it was a formidable enemy—Spanish infantry, Castilian arquebuses, and the cavalleria del rey, composed of old soldiers barded with iron, tried by twenty combats, and mounted on fiery and impetuous chargers, which already seemed to sear carnage and death.

This menacing cavalry came down at full speed on the insurgents. But Masaniello had calculated everything; the measures he had taken were such that this second charge could not succeed better than the first. Round the market place were about a hundred stalls, built of wood. By the time the cavalry arrived every one of these were demolished, and their materials—beams, doors, benches, seats, etc.—rolled at a signal from Masaniello, beneath the horses' feet, which fell, neighing with pain. At the same time a fire was opened along the whole line.

While Masaniello and his men were engaged with the cavalry, Salvator Rosa, who had just stood a discharge from the Spanish infantry, rushed up to them with his men, and obliged them to fall back in disorder on the castle.

At another point, Corcelli and his brigands were engaged with the Castilian arquebuses. Balls whizzed about on every side, the place was already strewn with corpses, and the ground dyed with blood. The increasing noise of the tocsin continued to summon forth from every part the raggled population of the faubourgs, armed with stakes, forks and boat hooks. All this panting, furious and foaming crowd joined Masaniello after falling on the viceroys' troops from behind.

At this moment the lansquenets, recognizing among Corcelli's band some of their former companions in arms, went over to them, and soon put the Castilian arquebuses to rout.

Then was heard the voice of Masaniello.

"Stay!" cried he, "kill no more! Our enemies are put to flight, and we have vanquished!"

"Long live Masaniello!" was heard on all sides.

"And now," said Masaniello, mounted on a platform which had been erected hastily, "let us thank heaven for our victory, for it is to heaven that we owe it!"

And the crowd knelt down in the blood that it had just spilled.

"Brothers," continued he, "it is now time for us to proclaim our rights!"

"Huzza!"

"No more taxes!"

"We delegate you to procure the restoration of our rights."

"I accept the office," replied the young man, "and I swear to prove myself worthy of it."

"Long live Masaniello!"

"Long live the Head of the People!"

Masaniello signed to Salvator Rosa to mount the platform.

"Write," said he, "what I dictate."

The artist knelt down on one knee and wrote three decrees. The first re-established the charter of Charles the Fifth; the second declared null the ordinances of the viceroys which imposed an exorbitant tax on wine and spirits; and the third abolished every kind of tax on fruit and fish.

Salvator read the decrees, which were received by the crowd with frantic applause. This done, Masaniello raised his hand.

"Brothers!" cried he, "we must resume our arms. Though vanquishers at one place, we are not so at all. We must go to the viceroys and treat with him as between one power and another."

And he descended from the platform.

The multitude had already disappeared in the streets that led to the Vicaria.

Before leaving the market place Masaniello sent for one of the most intrepid sailors he knew, ordered him to choose two hundred men, to man twenty boats, and while he himself was preparing to attack the palace with Corcelli and an exorbitant squad of Don Juan Fernandez.

CHAPTER X. THE VICARIA.

A few hours before the events we have just related took place the Duke of Arcos, in great agitation, was pacing up and down an immense room in his palace.

The Duke of Arcos was aged; in his person he was tall and spare, and his features denoted a peevish temper and systematic obstinacy. His eye was gray, piercing and implacable. He rarely laughed, always walked erect, was imperious and haughty in his gestures, abrupt in speech, and of a grave and pensive demeanor; in a word, he was a Spanish grandee of the first order, stiff and tight laced, a solemn automaton, quite a sight to look at, with his somber colored costume covered with orders, a strict observer of etiquette, ever parading and assuming theatrical attitudes.

After walking about the room for nearly half an hour, he stopped before a table and rang a silver bell, which tinkled most melodiously.

A short, quiet personage, but with a light step, a quick eye, an insinuating smile, and a sly look—in a word, the living antithesis of the viceroys—pushed aside the arras, and entered the room.

"Conde de Badajoz y Suerra y Nevada y Fuadles," said the duke in a severe tone of voice, "are you not charged with the superintendence of my police?"

"Yes, mi senor," replied the little man, with a bow so low and graceful that a dancing master would have been jealous of him.

"Then your spies are unfit for their office. I am not satisfied with their reports. There is nothing precise, nothing exact in them. Why have there been no arrests? Who is this man that harangued the sailors on the pier yesterday evening?"

"The same who presented your highness with a petition beneath the doorway of Santo Domenico."

"His name?"

"I am not acquainted with it."

"That is most blamable in you, Conde."

"But it was impossible for me to learn it, mi senor."

"I will accept no excuse. But how is it that this mob orator has not been arrested?"

"The sbirri tried to do so; but he disappeared in the crowd of lazaroni, and could be found nowhere. These scoundrels are all alike."

"Then why not arrest them all?"

"Your highness forgets; the prisons are full."

"But, mi senor—"

"Enough! Conde de Badajoz y Suerra y Nevada y Fuadles, I am displeased with you. At this moment the arras was pushed gently aside, and the head of a sbirri, with his countenance discomposed and full of terror, appeared, and looked uneasily toward the Conde de Badajoz y Suerra y Nevada y Fuadles.

The viceroys turned round, and perceived the pantomime that was going on.

"Who's this, Conde?"

"One of my men, your highness."

"Approach, knave!" said Isabella's father. The sbirri advanced with a trembling step.

"Speak; what has happened?"

"Mi senor, the entire people have broken out in open revolt in the market place."

"You lie! such a thing is impossible," said the viceroys.

"The farmer of the customs is below," said the sbirri; "the peasants refuse to pay the dues, and the lazaroni have threatened to kill the custom house officers."

At this instant another sbirri entered, in a state of the greatest consternation.

"What news do you bring?" exclaimed the viceroys.

"The people have openly revolted, mi senor," said the sbirri, in a trembling voice. "Two of my comrades have been massacred at the gate of the Marina, and thrown into the sea."

"By St. James! it is a revolution, then?" exclaimed the Duke of Arcos, entirely forgetful of his studied sang froid.

"A terrible revolution, mi senor—"

"Leave me, scoundrel. No, remain! what in the name of heaven is to be done? Oh, Conde! Conde! we owe all this to your want of tact!"

"Mi senor—"

"Silence! Let a hundred horses leave the palace instantly and fly to the thickest part of the riot! Order my guard, both horse and foot, to prepare for battle! Go, Conde, and repair your faults by your promptitude in seeing my orders executed. Go!"

The Duke of Arcos began pacing the room again, but his demeanor had lost much of its calm and noble dignity.

"A revolution! Bah! it is absurd!" said he. "These scoundrels have lied. Besides, I have forces enough to make all these Neapolitan rascals see for mercy. But, by my Lady, they must be mad! Oh! his Catholic Majesty would certainly laugh, if he could see all this. So, so, sweet people, you have longed for blood, and blood you shall have!"

At this moment the Conde returned.

"Well?" asked the viceroys.

"Your orders have been executed, mi senor."

"Have the cavalry left?"

"Yes, your highness."

"Are my other troops ready?"

"They await but the signal to go and chastise the rebels."

"Good! So, so, inhabitants of Naples," added the Spanish grandee, "it was our intention to get the upper hand, eh? and it is at the end of a poniard that you present your petitions. By St. James! we will bring you to reason, and I swear that before an hour—"

He suddenly stopped, listened for an instant, and then exclaimed:

"The tocsin! It is not the tocsin, Conde?"

"It is, mi senor," murmured Badajoz, in a voice of terror.

"And who has ordered it to be sounded?"

"Nobody."

"Guards, there!" cried he, violently throwing the arras aside.

The officers of the Spanish regiment immediately rushed in from the ante-chamber, where they were waiting for orders.

"You hear, gentlemen," continued the viceroys. "These wretches have dared to sound the tocsin. They will cast alarm everywhere, throughout Naples and all the surrounding country. Hasten to your duty, and let not one of these rebels escape! No mercy!"

He fell into an arm chair, murmuring: "Holy Madonna! they must be masters of the entire city. Listen—the bells of several churches are tolling. I hear the great bell of St. Januarius—there, go!—what are you doing here!—go, I say, and let me know what is passing."

Badajoz rushed from the chamber, but was immediately called back by his master.

"Run first," cried he, "and bring me my daughter, Isabella."

After the departure of the minister of police, the duke went and carefully examined a secret door made in the wall. He then called three major-domi and ordered them to search in some subterranean places known but to them and himself, his cash box, his diamonds, his gold and silver plate, and every precious object the palace contained.

Isabella, half dead with terror at what she had seen and heard, had just returned from the cabin on the Mergellina, when the Conde de Badajoz came to lead her to her father. She could hardly walk, and when the viceroys saw her pale, affrighted countenance, he hastily advanced to meet her, and, taking her in his arms, said:

"My dear child, I can account for your terror. Oh! were the crime of this odious person productive of nothing else but the paleness of your cheek, I would have no pity for them, and grant them neither pardon nor mercy!"

"Father! father!" murmured the poor girl, clasping her trembling hands together.

"But it is, above all, their leader, a fisherman of the Mergellina—the same who had the boldness to address me under the doorway of a church—who, they say, excites all these brigands. Listen, Isabella! Do you hear the musketry? Why, they have dared to reply to the fire of my soldiers! Oh! they must bring me this leader, and by the blood of—"

"Pity, father! pity for him!"



"Pity, father! pity for him."

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"Doctor, I wish you would prescribe something for these awful colds of mine."

"Certainly," said the doctor, and wrote the prescription:

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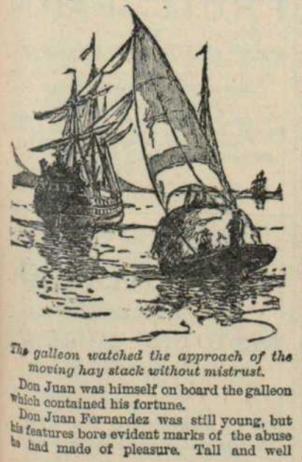
**New Equipment on the Wabash.**

The Wabash Railroad has just placed on its day trains between Chicago and St. Louis a line of elegant new Wagner buffet parlor cars. These cars make direct connection at St. Louis with through sleepers for Hot Springs and the Southwest. The night trains on the Wabash running between Chicago and St. Louis have long held the distinction of being the finest in the West, their compartment sleepers being especially popular. This new departure brings their day trains up to the same standard.

"No, father, replied Isabella, firmly, "I will not leave."  
 "Are you mad?"  
 "No!"  
 "Do you know that I can compel you to leave?"  
 "Then it will be the first time you have had to use violence toward me."  
 The duke still managed to master his anger.  
 "Isabella, my dear child," said he, "I tremble when I think that each minute may bring your ruin. Go and stay with Fernandez. He is your affianced, and, next to your father's, it is his duty to watch over and protect you."  
 "My affianced! Yes, I know that it has pleased you to give him my hand; but suppose I do not love him?"  
 "Isabella!" cried the viceroys.  
 "But suppose I do not love him," repeated the young girl, bearing unflinchingly her father's angry looks, "will you still force me to give him my hand? Will you still insist on condemning me to eternal despair?"  
 "But why did you not tell me this before? Why wait till this fatal moment to make such an announcement?"  
 "You never consulted me."  
 "An obedient daughter ought to accept the choice of her father."  
 "Yes, when that choice entails no misery."  
 "Isabella," exclaimed the duke passionately, "you shall obey me."  
 "Mi senor!"  
 "You shall obey me, I tell you! The question at present is not about your marriage. I will listen to some other time to your objections, and I shall duly consider them; in the meantime, you must look upon Don Juan Fernandez as a friend of our family, to whom I send you, so that you may be out of the reach of danger."  
 "I beg of you, father, not to compel me to tell you a third time that my resolution is unchangeable."  
 "By our Lady!" exclaimed the duke, seizing his daughter by the arm, "you shall leave, and instantly."  
 "Recollect, father, that I am a woman!" said Isabella.  
 The duke, ashamed of his brutality, withdrew his hand.  
 "But give me your reasons," said he; "in the name of heaven, give me your reasons."  
 She looked her father full in the face, and said:  
 "I am Isabella d'Arcos. The honor of the viceroys of Naples is dear to me, and I remain with him, so that history may never be able to say: 'He possessed a heart of stone and a soul void of pity, for he used the most refined torture to put to death those unhappy men whom distress and hunger had driven to rebellion.'"  
 "Is that all?" asked the viceroys, in a hollow voice.  
 "Yes," answered Isabella.  
 The viceroys rang. Badajoz and the chamberlains appeared.  
 "How do things go on?" asked the duke.  
 "Mi senor, the most vigorous resistance is being prepared, and circumstances give us reason to think that this time we shall master the riot."  
 "Good! Have you communicated my orders to the troops?"  
 "Yes, mi senor."  
 "Neither mercy nor pardon! And if the leader of the insurrection is taken, let not a hair of his head be touched—he belongs to the executioner."  
 "Father, father! this is infamous!" cried Isabella, advancing toward the viceroys.  
 "You hear, gentlemen—the revolt is everywhere—in the bosom even of my own family. Isabella d'Arcos refuses to go and wait for our victory over the rebels with the squadron of Don Juan Fernandez. Let the guards advance and save her, in spite of herself."  
 Twenty soldiers, called in by the chamberlains, entered the room. On a sign from the Duke of Arcos they began to close on the young girl.  
 Isabella, pale and trembling with rage, advanced with a haughty look to meet them. Her Spanish blood boiled in her veins. She suddenly drew a small Toledo poniard from beneath her corsage and exclaimed:  
 "Back, all of you! The first who approaches me falls dead."  
 All the guards drew back.  
 At this moment a frightful detonation—something that resembled a hundred claps of thunder all combined—rent the air on the side of the bay. Every one hurried to the window, and in the place of the ship to which mi senor the Duke of Arcos had wished to send his daughter nothing was seen but a shapless wreck and an immense cloud of smoke, which the wind was hurrying toward the clouds. At the same moment the arras were pushed violently aside, and Don Juan Fernandez appeared on the threshold of the door.

CHAPTER XI. THE BOARDING.

The sailor whom Masaniello had ordered to attack the squadron was named Gennaro. He was a man of about thirty, inured to fatigue, robust and muscular, fond of danger, provoking and quarrelsome, and always ready to break the head of every one, or to let his own be broken.  
 Gennaro chose his men and hastened to the seashore, when he saw, with the greatest satisfaction, the richly laden galleon riding at anchor, alone, the rest of the squadron having gone to the other end of the bay, where they were tackling about in the cool breeze.  
 A vessel loaded with hay was lying in the harbor.  
 "This," said Gennaro, "will supply the places of twenty other boats. In with you all; and, corpo santo! let not the smallest bit of any of you be seen."  
 "Bravissimo!" cried the lazaroni, hastening into the vessel, and hiding themselves under the hay.  
 The mass of ships anchored around prevented the officers of the galleon from perceiving what was going on. Gennaro kept two men to work the vessel, stationed himself at the helm, passed out of the harbor, and sailed toward the enemy.  
 The galleon watched the approach of the moving hay stack without the least mistrust.



The galleon watched the approach of the moving hay stack without mistrust. Don Juan was himself on board the galleon which contained his fortune. Don Juan Fernandez was still young, but his features bore evident marks of the abuse he had made of pleasure. Tall and well

made, elegant in his dress, and of irreproachable demeanor, he passed for one of the most finished cavaliers of the court of Spain, and many a noble senora would have been proud to bestow her hand upon him.  
 As he was desirous of learning the cause of the firing he had heard throughout the day—for as the squadron was performing the quarantine, he had not been able to send for information, and none had thought of taking him any—he joyfully hailed the vessel commanded by Gennaro.  
 "Have to," cried Don Juan.  
 "I have not time," answered Gennaro.  
 "Where are you going?"  
 "To Capri."  
 "Put about, then, so that I may speak to you; it is in your way."  
 "I can't."  
 "By St. James! but you shall, or I will send a broadside into you."  
 "Send away!—but have you anything to drink on board?"  
 "Yes; some malaga and sherry, at your choice."  
 "Per Bacco! I'll come then. Don't move, you rascals!" added he in a low voice to some of his men who had poked their heads out of the hay from curiosity.  
 "We're stifled here," replied they.  
 "Sacramento! I'll knock out the brains of the first who moves with my boat hook."  
 A minute afterwards Gennaro's vessel was alongside the galleon, under its port holes, and had thus nothing to fear from the guns it carried.  
 "What has happened at Naples?" asked Fernandez.  
 "Ah! signore, very awful things indeed."  
 "Explain your words."  
 "Diavolo! I am very dry; your malaga would be most acceptable," said Gennaro, in a wheedling tone of voice.  
 "Get on board, then," replied Fernandez, throwing him a rope.  
 All the officers were dining in the cabin, and nearly the whole of the sailors were enjoying a siesta and were fast asleep on the hatchway.  
 "Well," said Gennaro, as soon as he was on board, to the two men who were not beneath the hay, "are you ordered not to drink malaga?"  
 The cord was again thrown out, and both the persons addressed climbed up the side of the galleon.  
 "So, then," continued Fernandez, "there has been fighting in the streets of Naples?"  
 "And fine fighting, too," answered Gennaro, "like that we are going to have here."  
 "What do you mean?"  
 "That's what I mean!" said the sailor, and he knocked Fernandez down with a terrific blow, and held a poniard to his throat. The two men followed their captain's example, and grappled each an officer.  
 "Help! help!" cried Gennaro, in a voice of thunder.  
 In an instant, all the men hidden beneath the hay were on board the galleon.  
 "Brigands!" cried Fernandez.  
 "Silence," said Gennaro, "and repeat to your crew the orders I am about to give you, or you die."  
 At this instant both officers and sailors, attracted by the noise, rushed on deck.  
 "Order them to go down again," continued Gennaro, pressing his poniard closer against the breast of Fernandez.  
 He had scarcely uttered the words, when a musket shot stretched him on the deck, which he inundated with his blood.  
 Fernandez bounded up like a tiger, flew down the hatchway, drew after him the boatswain's mate, who had just delivered him, and disappeared.  
 His crew consisted of twenty men, all brave, determined and robust. His resolution was soon taken. He assembled his men around him, made an attack on the lazaroni, who were plundering the ship between decks, and threw them all into the sea out of the port holes.  
 "Now," said he, "let us go on deck and throw the rest of these scoundrels overboard!"  
 This order was executed with wonderful rapidity and success. The sailors of Fernandez committed fearful havoc among the lazaroni who occupied the forecabin.  
 But the latter gained fresh courage at the voice of Il Bambino, an athletic porter of the harbor, who had been thus christened in opposition to his size, and who had succeeded Gennaro in the command.  
 Then the boat hooks of the one side, and the muskets and handspikes of the other, recommenced their bloody work. It was a deadly hand to hand struggle. But the soldiers of Fernandez, overcome by numbers, were at last obliged to retreat to the fore deck.  
 Fernandez saw that his galleon was lost.  
 "Periz," said he to the captain, "hold out to the best of your power, and prolong the combat as much as possible, even at the loss of your best sailors."  
 He then ran to the powder magazine, overturned a barrel of powder, applied to it a match which would burn some time, and having lighted the further end of it, he closed the door of the magazine and returned on deck.  
 "I see," said he, to the lazaroni, "that to attempt further defense is useless. We are but ten against sixty. Yet we would all sooner die than be taken prisoners."  
 "We would!" cried all the Spaniards.  
 "I propose a capitulation."  
 "What is it?" cried Il Bambino.  
 "We will abandon to you the galleon, provided you let us leave."  
 "Addio, addio, carissimo!" exclaimed the Neapolitans, with a shout of laughter.  
 "A moment," added Il Bambino, "a moment, sweet gentlemen. You have killed fifteen of my men, without counting those who have been drowned. We shall be obliged to have masses said for the repose of their souls, and we want the three hundred thousand ducats hidden in this ship to pay for these masses. Where is the money?"  
 "Look for it."  
 "Per Bacco! your answer does not suit; I want to count the money before you go."  
 "Let us leave, or we will resume the fight."  
 "Get out the long boat," cried Il Bambino.  
 "All our boats are on board the other ships," remarked Fernandez.  
 "Then take our vessel, and a happy journey to you, mio gentile capitano!"  
 Fernandez replied nothing, but descended into the vessel with the rest of his men, and bore away from the galleon.  
 "My compliments to the viceroys," cried Il Bambino.  
 The Spaniards immediately directed their course toward Naples.  
 "Fire and thunder!" exclaimed the Neapolitan commander to his men, "we are real heroes!"  
 The lazaroni threw their caps into the air, and, brandishing their boat hooks above their heads, uttered cries of joy.  
 "To the hold, my boys! and bring up a few casks of sherry, so that we may drink to the health of Masaniello. We will look for the ducats afterward."  
 This was no sooner said than done, and all the lazaroni were soon engaged in drinking, when suddenly a man appeared, and, with a pale and haggard countenance, exclaimed:  
 "The powder magazine is on fire! We are lost!"  
 These words froze the blood of all present, and they looked at each other, terror struck and bewildered.  
 "What the devil are you muttering there?" cried Il Bambino.

CHAPTER XII. VICTORY.

Masaniello had surrounded the palace of the Vicaria with his fishermen and lazaroni. Yet the Vicaria presented a formidable appearance.  
 Several companies of reiters and lansquenets defended the entrance, and the Spanish guards of the Duke of Arcos were stationed on the bastions.  
 Masaniello placed his men as sharpshooters, reserving, however, a picked body with which to force an entrance into the palace when the time for doing so had arrived.  
 The fire had scarcely opened, when both reiters and lansquenets, won over by those of their countrymen who had already joined the people's cause, abandoned their posts, and ran up to the insurgents, crying out: "Long live the Neapolitans! Down with the Duke of Arcos!" They mixed with the lazaroni, and immediately rushed back with them towards the palace.  
 The gates were instantly broken in.  
 All those Spaniards who offered any opposition were massacred without exception; the grand staircase of the Vicaria was quickly dyed with blood and strewn with the wounded and the dead.  
 Masaniello was at the head of the combatants. He advanced from room to room, and from passage to passage until he found himself in the council chamber, face to face with the Duke of Arcos.  
 "Duke of Arcos," said Masaniello, after looking at the viceroys for a moment, "the people of Naples, whom you have so long oppressed and crushed with taxes, and whose prayers and threats you but yesterday disdain to listen to, are today come themselves to protest against the tyranny of their master. Look!"  
 And he pointed to the tumultuous assemblage roaring without, to their hatchets, their muskets, their pikes and their poniards, which were raised from time to time above their heads in a threatening manner.  
 The viceroys looked for an instant at the crowd of men, who uttered repeated cries of vengeance, and then turned his gray eyes on Masaniello.  
 "And who are you?" asked he of the young man; "you who are seen wherever the revolt breaks out, and wherever traitors massacre the servants of the king?"  
 "Who am I? A dog," answered Masaniello, with bitter irony, "whom the farmers of the customs have pilfered for the last ten years, but who has now determined, Duke of Arcos, to taste unfeigned the fruit he cultivates and the fish he risks his life to catch, or to die with a musket in his hand."  
 "But your name?"  
 "Masaniello."  
 "And you are the scoundrel who has dared attack the soldiers of his Catholic majesty Philip the Fourth?"  
 "Hold! Duke of Arcos, Masaniello means the victory of the people. Masaniello is the people's will, and this will could crush you like a reed."  
 "Death to the viceroys! Death to the tyrant!" cried the insurgents.  
 Some of them rushed into the chamber, and the Duke of Arcos saw himself covered by their muskets.  
 The old Spaniard did not, however, abate his pride one jot.  
 He seized Masaniello by the arm, and led him to the window.  
 "Young man," said he, "you are brave and generous; save, therefore, this multitude, whose misery has moved you, and who cannot shower sufficient praise on you now. Yet take care! popularity is but a changing breath, which would raise you to power today, and to-morrow dash you to the ground; show yourself to be a loyal subject of the king of Spain, my master, tell me what you desire, and neither honors nor fortune shall be refused you."  
 "I require the people of Naples to be made free and happy," replied Masaniello. "I require that they shall no longer be forced to work like beasts of burden in order to enrich insatiable foreigners; I require that our homes shall be no longer pillaged, and that women and children shall no longer be cast, numbed with cold and dying of hunger, into the streets. There, Duke of Arcos, that is what we all desire."  
 "Let him grant our demands or die!" cried the insurgents.  
 The viceroys seemed to yield.  
 "But what are your demands?" asked he, with a slight ironical accent.

"The dismissal of all foreigners from the public posts of Naples, and the abolition of the taxes," cried a hundred voices.  
 "Have you any paper that I must sign, or what else must I do?"  
 All eyes were turned toward Masaniello.  
 "Not an hour ago," said the latter, "I published, on the market place, in the midst of the victims whom your satellites had immolated, three decrees, sanctioned by the acclamations of the people. Let these edicts receive the approbation of the king of Spain and before sunset Naples shall be, if not tranquil, at least disarmed."  
 While he thus spoke, Masaniello drew a paper from his pocket, and read it aloud.  
 "I thoroughly approve of all this, Masaniello," said the viceroys, tapping the fisherman on the back; "you must remain with me, to be my counselor and my guide, and you shall see yourself to the execution of these decrees. You will also free me from the fatal influences which have misled me up to the present moment."  
 "Sign, then," said Masaniello.  
 "What! is not the word of a nobleman, of a Spanish grandee, of the representative of the family of the Arcos, a sufficient guarantee for you?"  
 "No!"  
 "No!" repeated all the others, "not after you have already lied to an entire people."  
 The fire of hatred showed in the viceroys' eye.  
 He contained himself, however, tremblingly seized the paper, and leaned back against the wall, in order, apparently, the better to peruse it.  
 A moment of solemn silence followed.  
 All that was heard was the confused murmur of the crowd, and the noise made by the muskets and participants on the stone flooring of the palace.  
 Suddenly a panel of the wall yielded behind the Duke of Arcos.  
 He glanced at the crowd of men before him, gave a loud, sardonic yell, and disappeared.  
 Masaniello tried in vain to follow. A hundred arms struck, in turn, at the secret door through which the viceroys passed. But the panel yielded not. The insurgents could but just perceive the joint, after they had torn down the Astrakhan leather with which the wall was covered.  
 Cries of "Treachery! To arms!" now responded on all sides.  
 Masaniello leaped on the carved oak table which stood in the middle of the room. In one hand he held his poniard, and in the other the paper containing his decrees.  
 "The Duke of Arcos has fled!" said he. "So much the better, for he only knew how to pillage, assassinate and betray. The people are intelligent enough to govern for themselves, and strong enough to defend the independence they have conquered. I declare that Philip the Fourth, king of Spain, has forfeited the throne of Naples, both he and his descendants! Long live our Lady and our liberty!"  
 "Long live our leader! long live Masaniello!" added the insurgents.  
 Masaniello was carried in triumph to the terrace in front of the chamber in which the scene we have just related took place.  
 The streets were filled with noisy and motley crowds of women, peasants, fishermen and lazaroni, who were rejoicing over their victory, and singing their national songs.  
 The combat had ceased, and not a soldier was to be seen anywhere. They had all taken refuge in the Castel-Nuovo, on the towers of which they were already pointing their cannons against a people intoxicated with joy.  
 An immense shout ran throughout the city when the Neapolitan flag was seen floating on the terrace of the Vicaria.  
 But a greater one still was raised when he who had planted it there was recognized. It was Masaniello.  
 He motioned the people to be silent.  
 "No more Spaniards!" cried he.  
 "Long live Masaniello, the head of the people!" replied the multitude.  
 "No more taxes!"  
 "Long live Masaniello!"  
 "No more tyrants! Henceforth the motto of Naples shall be 'Christ and Liberty!'"  
 "Christ and Liberty!" repeated the enthusiastic people, in voices of thunder.  
 The fisherman returned to the council chamber, called around him the leaders of the revolt, ordered them to keep the people under arms, to place sentinels at the corners of the streets, and to cut off the aqueducts leading to the Castel-Nuovo.  
 Then he drew up a proclamation, in which the life and property of every one was proclaimed sacred, and in which those who committed the slightest act of pillage were threatened with instant death.  
 At this moment Don Francesco entered.  
 "We are victorious, father," said Masaniello. "The treacherous Duke of Arcos has fled."  
 "Let him go," replied the monk, "and tell his master that the people of Naples will no longer bear a foreign yoke, and that they have regained all their rights and liberty."  
 "Yes," added Masaniello; "let him go, though he takes with him my last hope—my only love!"  
 "You weep, my son!" exclaimed the monk, who was still ignorant of the dreadful secret which Salvador Rosa had divulged.  
 "Francesco," said Masaniello, "one day has sufficed to destroy all my happiness."  
 "What do you mean?"  
 "This young girl I loved!"  
 "Well?"  
 "For whom I would sacrifice all, my life, my liberty—is Isabella, the daughter of the Duke of Arcos!"  
 "Unfortunate man!" exclaimed the monk. "Abundant tears ran down the fisherman's unburned cheeks."  
 "All is lost!" murmured the monk.  
 "No!" exclaimed Masaniello. "Liberty is too precious a thing to be thus abandoned; it must be conquered by tears and suffering. Were it even to kill me, I would tear from my heart the love I have conceived—that monstrous passion which was to unite the man of the people and the daughter of the tyrant."  
 "Will you have the strength to do this, my son?"  
 "Yes, father: the field of liberty must often be watered with our tears as well as with our blood."  
 "May heaven bless your efforts, Masaniello! Man is weak. Remember that the look of a woman may break the sword grasped by the firmest hand. Isabella must leave without your seeing her again."  
 "Oh! there is nothing more in common with me and the despot's daughter," replied the fisherman.  
 Then he added, in a voice choked with emotion:  
 "But where could I see her? Who knows what has become of her? Perhaps—but not I must have but one thought now, since such is the will of heaven. The enemy of the Duke of Arcos must be the enemy of his daughter. Adieu! father, adieu!"

CHAPTER XIII. THE ABBEY OF SANTA CHIARA.

Don Francesco had scarcely quitted the palace when Pietro appeared.  
 "What news of the Duke of Arcos?" asked Masaniello.  
 "His standard is floating on the donjon of the Castel-Nuovo. But it is not there that

"The truth," replied the lazaroni; "I looked through a crack in the door of the magazine, and saw a lighted match burning near a barrel of powder."  
 "Damnation!" cried the lazaroni, rushing to the side of the ship.  
 But the greater part drew back before the ocean's yawning abyss. Those who knew how to swim, but their number was small, jumped into the sea. The others ran about the deck like madmen, looking for a means of escape, stretching forth their hands to the shore, blaspheming, weeping and invoking Our Lady and St. Januarius.  
 Il Bambino, who was now quite drunk, continued to laugh and fill his glass.  
 Suddenly a frightful explosion took place beneath the feet of these men. An immense mass of fire shot from the sea into the air, and each of its blazing streams carried with it plants, carronades, lazaroni, casks, barrels of wine and boxes of gold. The sea opened, closed again an instant afterward, and was immediately covered with the remains of the galleon.  
 A thick cloud formed itself in the air, and was wafted along for some time without dissolving.  
 Fernandez had already reached the harbor, and was entering the chamber of the viceroys at the moment the explosion happened.  
 Don Juan explained the catastrophe to the duke, who, abandoning the thought that the squadron could offer a safe retreat to his daughter, said to her:  
 "You were asking me just now, my dear child, to take compassion on these miserable rebels. I now yield to your entreaties. Don Juan will accompany you to the Castel-Nuovo, and I will remain here for the moment. If we repel the rebels heaven be praised, but if they force an entrance into the palace I will see them, speak to them, and listen to their complaints."  
 "It would be better to send some one to parley with them at once," said Isabella, in a trembling voice.  
 "Isabella," answered the duke, "will you allow me to think for myself? You are unreasonable, my dear girl, and you seem to take the viceroys of Naples for your slave."  
 "Yet, it is to be feared, mi senor," said Fernandez, "that this horde of ruffians will do some violence to your person."  
 "Fear nothing," said the duke, in a low voice, to Don Juan; "you are not aware how ignorant and stupid these people are. I have already deceived them three times, and I will do so again."  
 Fernandez saw that there was no reply to this.  
 He rested his arm on Isabella, who dared not offer any longer, and prepared to leave for the Castel-Nuovo.  
 Two companies of guards escorted them.  
 But the moment they left the palace by a secret door they fell into the hands of an immense crowd of people, who instantly recognized the viceroys' daughter, and cried aloud for vengeance.

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our most formidable enemy is to be found. Corelli has assembled his men at the gate of the Marina, and demands an hour's pillage."

"Ah! Il Signore Corelli wants to pillage Naples," murmured Masaniello. "He wants to recover on terra firma the ducats swallowed up by the ocean; but he has no longer to do with his old acquaintances, the sbirri of the vicery, rascals who were ever ready to effect a compromise. He shall leave Naples and her territory to-morrow or I will have him tracked like a wild beast. But are our comrades still in the palace, Pietro?"

"Yes," answered Pietro. "Armed?" "To the teeth." "Good. I will see Corelli. As for you, return to the abbey of Santa Chiara, and tell my sister Jeanne that I am in perfect safety. You must not be seen with me, for I want you to keep a watch on these brigands one night more, and they would mistrust you, if they knew we had been together."

"Is there no one else in Naples, Masaniello, who is dear to you?" asked Pietro. "Of whom would you speak?" "Of the young girl who repaired the harm done by the Duke of Arcos?" "Masaniello turned pale, and said in a trembling voice: 'Has anything happened to her?'"

"The people surrounded her carriage and dispersed her escort," replied Pietro, "at the moment she was leaving the palace. Corelli and I saved her, and the Madonna be praised, Isabella is now out of danger, for I have taken her to—"

"Enough! enough!" interrupted the fisherman; "I neither wish to see this woman again nor to know the place of her retreat; return, therefore, to the abbey and let Isabella be restored to her family; I will join you an hour hence."

Masaniello took up his musket, assembled his men, placed himself at their head and left the Vicaria. He was triumphantly received by the crowd assembled without; every voice blessed him and every hand sought his. He passed slowly through the enthusiastic multitude, repeating at every step: 'Brothers! let us be calm and moderate in our victory, and show ourselves worthy of the liberty we have just gained. Let us even respect the property and persons of those who have so long devoured the fruits of our labor. Do not let us give our enemies the right to accuse us. Let all pillagers be seized and executed instantly. The power which the people have founded must be respected.'

"Death to all pillagers!" immediately resounded on all sides. "Paolo," continued Masaniello, turning to a lazaroni, "take five hundred of your most determined comrades, and go and occupy the sea shore between the harbor and the Marina; do not let a single one of Corelli's brigands pass. I will march on them from the opposite side. These men have some sinister project in view."

While Paolo was executing these orders, Masaniello led an army of fishermen across the market place, passed with them through the gate of the Marina, and advanced toward Corelli's undisciplined horde of banditti. "Follow me," said he to the captain, and he led him into a neighboring tavern. "Corelli," added he to the condottiere, "you served us usefully this morning."

"Yes," replied Corelli, "I do not think that, without me, you would have put the Spaniards to flight with your oranges, pomegranates and watermelons."

which menaced him, for he immediately prepared to obey Masaniello's orders. As soon as the bandits had disappeared Masaniello set out for the abbey, where Pietro was waiting for him. When he arrived he found the abbess ready to receive him, and he was immediately conducted to his sister.

"Oh! welcome, welcome, my dear brother," said Jeanne; "the Lord has chosen you to accomplish great things, and I am proud to be called your sister."

Masaniello smiled gently. "Yes, we have accomplished great things," said Masaniello, "but I feel myself almost unequal to the arduous duties I have to fulfill."

"Courage, brother, courage! Providence never abandons those engaged in a good cause," added Jeanne, "but the daughter of the vicery is here."

"Isabella here?" exclaimed Masaniello. "You must see and console her, for misfortune has fallen on her family and she is in the greatest despair."

"See her! Oh, no, it is impossible!" "Impossible! Oh! do you forget that it was she who came to our assistance when we were weighed down by misfortune?"

"Oh! yes; I will remember her noble conduct." "And because her father is at present proscribed, because it is you who now rule at the Vicaria, you refuse to hear her? Oh! Masaniello, be not ungrateful."

"Pity!" murmured the fisherman. "Well, then, no," added he, "with an effort, I will not see her; there is too wide a stream of blood between us. Friendship ought not to unite those whom warfare has made enemies."

Jeanne listened no longer to her brother, but raised a curtain, and Isabella appeared before Masaniello. "My father! my father!" exclaimed she, "what have you done with my father?"

Masaniello drew back with a fright, for Isabella was no longer the gay, smiling being he was wont to see, but her features were pale and haggard, while her eyes were red with weeping.

soon arrived, and the hungry band fell upon them like so many wild beasts. As soon as Corelli had supped he beckoned to his two lieutenants and led them into the adjoining room.

"We have, as you know," said he, "been balked of the pillage we expected."

"Yes, duped!" interrupted a little old man of paternal appearance, and whose angular face was worn and haggard. This personage had been nicknamed Il Buon Padre, on account of the simplicity of his gestures and his unctuous way of speaking.

We need not add that Il Buon Padre was one of the most determined, avaricious and inexorable rascals of Corelli's band. "The Duke of Arcos," continued Corelli, "though he had a certain love for hanging us, which, I believe, is traditional in his family, was yet a very generous vicery, who intrusted us, from time to time, with a lucrative expedition. Then the lords and ladies of the court sometimes honored us with their confidence if they wanted to calm a jealous husband or to correct a faithless lover, it was our poniards they employed in both cases. But this cursed revolution, which we, like fools, helped to bring about, has deprived us of the best part of our revenues for us."

"Then why did you lead us against the Spaniards?" replied Il Buon Padre. "Did you not know that every kind of industry suffers in time of riot? All confidence is destroyed, money disappears, there is nothing to be done on the road, and, per Bacco, we condottieri die of hunger."

"Il Buon Padre is right," added Marsupio, the second lieutenant. "A nobleman like the Duke of Arcos, whose ancestors have inhabited a castle on the top of a mountain for the last five centuries, and who have never had any occupation but that of slaughtering the monks and plundering all travelers, can understand a business like ours. He has some respect for us gentlemen of the mountains, and makes sbirri of us when we grow old and when the sharp air of the Apennines no longer suits our health. But these fishermen and peasants have neither pity nor consideration for us."

After having allowed his lieutenants to give free course to their bad humor, Corelli said: "Masaniello has promised to pay me twenty thousand ducats; but the humbug will be like enough to send down here five or six hundred fishermen armed with boat hooks, and to have us harpooned like congers. What do you think, Marsupio?"

"I think that viceroys in bonnats are more dangerous than those in velvet doublets," replied the lieutenant, pouring himself out a glass of wine, which he swallowed at one draught.

"I have, therefore, determined," continued Corelli, "to leave this very night, but before doing so—"

"In a word, I know where to find a treasure—two treasures—which I will carry off at any time."

"Prepare your arms," roared Corelli, in a voice of thunder, "and shoot the first of these women who stir or utter the least cry."

The nuns covered their faces with their veils; and then began a frightful scene of sacrilege and spoliation. The brigands had not half accomplished their work of pillage and destruction, when Corelli, taking aside ten of his most determined scoundrels, approached the abbess.

"Have not two women taken refuge in your convent today?" inquired he. "Two women?" stammered the abbess, whose head was now confused by fear. "Yes—certainly—but of whom are you talking?"

"Of Isabella, the daughter of the Duke of Arcos, and of Jeanne, the sister of Masaniello. You must deliver these two women up to us."

"Oh! never! never!" exclaimed the abbess, wringing her hands. "Obey instantly, old woman!" replied Corelli, striking the ground with his musket.

"Not! it shall never be said that I gave up two young girls who had sought refuge in the sanctuary of my convent!"

An instant afterward she fell back, wounded in the arm by a trust from Corelli's poniard.

"Where are they?" roared Corelli, foaming with rage. The abbess answered nothing.

"Nuns of hell!" exclaimed he, "will you deliver up to me Isabella, the daughter of the Duke of Arcos, and Jeanne, the sister of Masaniello?"

No voice returned an answer. Corelli repeated his question. The old sister advanced, and taking God to witness that she and her companions were acting under the influence of fear, she led the bandit into the cell occupied by the young girls.

followers, who have consumed more olla podrida, hams and wine than would keep all the king's cavalry for a week, have told me that Masaniello will pay for what they have had. Do you believe it?"

"How can I know? But listen," added Pietro; "if you will obey me, I promise you that you must be paid."

"What must I do, then, Santa Maria del Carmine?" "One of these fellows is still here?" "Yes, signore mio, a horrid German, who eats like a boa constrictor, and drinks more than a fish."

"Keep him here till I return." "Will that be soon? for if I have to keep him long?"

"Fear nothing. Let him have what he likes, and you shall be paid to the last penny."

And Pietro cast a glance or two at Conrad, in order to see with what sort of a rascal he had to deal, and then took his departure for the Vicaria.

Naples had just awoke when Dom Francesco knocked at the gates of the Vicaria. He was immediately received by Masaniello, who led him into the council chamber.

"You did not sleep last night, my monks," said the monk to Masaniello, whose cheeks were pale and whose eyes were red with weeping.

"No," replied the young man; "the load I now bear crushes me; yesterday I felt strong and full of resolution, but today I feel my weakness, and an almost sinking beneath despair."

"Courage, Masaniello, courage! We bestride him who hesitates, after having let loose the gushing waters of promise!"

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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In this world, says J. Hoffherr, of Syracuse, N. Y., is Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, because my son, who was partially paralyzed three years ago and attacked by fits, has not had any symptoms of them since he took one bottle of this remedy. I most heartily thank for it.

FRANK HAUTE, Esq., Oct. 17, 1890. Some time ago a sunstroke so affected my nerves that, at times they were beyond control; eyes were dull and without expression, and a twitching of the muscles of the face and almost continual movement of the hands and arms, especially the left side. There was impediment of speech, and at times would be no overcome with dizziness, as to be unable to stand. Heard of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic; tried one bottle and noticed a great change; tried another, and now can say that I am enjoying perfect health, steady nerves and good appetite, which I had lost entirely before using your medicine. FRANK L. GRACE.

FREE—A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and a sample bottle of this medicine free of charge. This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1878, and is now prepared under his direction by the KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill. Sold by Druggists at \$1 per Bottle. 6 for \$5. Large Size, \$1.75. 6 Bottles for \$9.

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"Look!" continued he; "the shore is covered with armed men. On a word or a sign from me you would all be massacred."

### CHAPTER XIV ABDUCTION.

Corelli's men took up their quarters at an inn in the faubourg of Loreto. As soon as they had entered Corelli called for the landlord.

"What's your name?" said he. "I am called Il Cappucino, monsignore," replied the tavern keeper, casting an uneasy glance around him.

"Well, then, reverendissimo Cappucino," said Corelli, "serve us up a tub of olla podrida, lots of smoked hams and a cask of wine of Vesuvius. Do you hear?"

"Yes, monsignore, I hear; your lordship wants a tub of olla podrida, lots of smoked hams and a cask of lacryma Christi."

### CHAPTER XV. DOM FRANCESCO.

Pietro had faithfully executed the orders of Masaniello; but, by a fatal series of circumstances, he had been able to save neither his affianced nor Isabella.

The smuggler had followed them in their flight from the faubourg of Loreto to the Convent of Santa Chiara, and had hidden himself in an alley opposite, in order the better to observe their movements. Unfortunately, the beginning of this alley was occupied by four or five of Corelli's men, who hindered Pietro from seeing, forced as he was to retreat to the end of the alley, what was going on.

At last Corelli and his men set off from the convent, but Pietro still remained ignorant of what had taken place. He followed, and only learned his misfortune when, after walking some distance, he saw the banditti open the thick rank in which they were marching, while Corelli led the prisoners to a calesino which was waiting to receive them. The vehicle took the road to Calabria and the banditti formed themselves into a running escort by the side of it.

Pietro still followed, for it was, above all, necessary that he should know to what place Corelli conducted his victims. On, on he ran, with the courage of despair, until he at last fell down, worn out with fatigue and weeping with rage, in the middle of the road.

### CHAPTER XVI. THE POOR FELLOW.

The poor fellow managed to drag himself back to the faubourg of Loreto, where he arrived at break of day.

He entered the tavern of Il Cappucino, and found Conrad still asleep there.

Pietro called up poor Cappucino. "You have had carousing here to-night?" said he to the tavern keeper.

"Ah! signore mio carissimo! don't speak of it," replied Il Cappucino; "but, added he, in a plaintive voice, 'do you know Masaniello?'"

### CHAPTER XVII. THE SMUGGLER.

"Yes," replied he, "I know Masaniello, but I don't know where he is."

"Well, then, this scoundrel here and his

"You did not keep watch over the brigands, then?" exclaimed Masaniello. "I never quit them for an instant."

lowing mechanically the monotonous psalms of his prostrate chaplains. The two priests were reading him his breviary, and praying in his stead.

For Monsignore Filomarini was a great church dignitary, and rich and noble enough to implore, by proxy, forgiveness of his sins and the grace of God.

By an almost imperceptible gesture the prelate signed to him to be seated, and the monk obeyed.

The service was just over. We must not forget to remark that Monsignore Filomarini had not quitted, for a single instant, his listless position, that his chaplains had risen and knelt for him, and that he had bowed and crossed himself throughout by proxy.

The cardinal's devotion cost him exactly a hundred and sixty ducats a year.

"What streams of blood will have flowed, what numbers of victims will have perished, oh, heaven!" murmured the Benedictine, "by the time Masaniello returns to this city, which Providence seems to have abandoned!"

"Sanguine di Cristo!" exclaimed the fisherman, half suffocated with rage, "you talk like a madman, father. For Jeanne, whom this ruffian Corcellii holds in his claws, is my sister."

"Is it solely on this account that you are about to take this journey into the Apennines?" asked Dom Francesco, coldly.

"I go to rescue both her and Isabella," replied Masaniello; "that angel of beauty and love, who, but yesterday, whispered in my ear, at the convent of Santa Chiara, such sweet vows, and such ineffable promises."

Oh, father, one must be mad and cowardly indeed not to try to redeem, at the cost of all his blood, the honor and liberty of these poor women who now hope but in me."

"Then you have seen the daughter of the Duke of Arcos again, Masaniello?"

"She had taken refuge with Jeanne in the convent of Santa Chiara, and I went there to see my sister."

"You ought to have told me this, my son, when I read you the draft of the constitution; we should have avoided a good deal of discussion," added Dom Francesco.

At this moment an arrow, shot from the place before the Vicaria, struck against the wall facing the window and fell at Masaniello's feet.

A letter was attached to it and read the following words, in a panting voice: "Masaniello, when you read these lines Isabella and your sister will be my prisoners. If, three days hence, you have not placed beneath the large oak which stands in the midst of the plain of Portici, facing the tavern of Buona Fede, 10,000 ducats for Jeanne's ransom, and 50,000 ducats for that of the noble Isabella d'Arcos, two women will never again go in your bark to eat oranges at Procidia. Recollect that it is dangerous to disobey Corcellii."

"You see, father, how necessary it is to treat with the viceroy, and to obtain the money required for the ransom of his daughter and Jeanne. For if, after all, our expedition should not succeed; if in three days—but it is too horrible to think of, Dom Francesco! Therefore, take pity on us, father; we were once dear to you. Go to the Castel-Nuovo, and come to some understanding with the Spaniards, while I lead the expedition against these brigands. The viceroy will grant you, who are an ecclesiastic, and whose virtues are known to the whole town, what he would refuse a poor fisherman like Masaniello."

"My son," replied the monk, "I wish to warn you against an unfortunate love; I have tried all I could to stop you from that perilous way, at the end of which you will find nothing but death, and perhaps dishonor. But, alas! I have not succeeded. Yet, I will not abandon you in misfortune. I will go to the Duke of Arcos; he will perhaps consent to meet you on some neutral ground, chosen by common consent. But let the people remain under arms if you wish to conquer the viceroy's pride. Dictate to him your self the wishes of the Neapolitans, and let him know that you have at your orders 30,000 muskets, ready, at a moment's notice, to maintain your demands."

"Thanks, father, thank! let me interview with the duke take place about 5 o'clock, in some church or other, in that of Santo Domenico, for instance, which is half way between the Castel-Nuovo and the Vicaria; let also my edicts and the charter of Charles V. be published toward the evening, so that I may afterward be able to go and inflict on the Corcellii just punishment for his perfidy."

Dom Francesco withdrew. "Listen, brother," said Pietro to Masaniello, after the departure of the monk, "you must not quit Naples. Besides, by openly attacking Corcellii in his den, you would expose Jeanne and Isabella to the greatest violence. I have a means of getting at Corcellii."

"What is it?" Pietro related to the fisherman the events of the preceding night, and told him how one of the banditti, Conrad, had remained in the tavern of Il Cappuccino. Then he explained the manner in which he hoped to bring the prisoners back to Naples; and, to do which he would not hesitate, if necessary, to cut the throats of those who had carried the two young girls off.

Masaniello approved of his project. It was therefore agreed that the fisherman should only employ himself in procuring the young girls' ransom, while Pietro was introduced by Conrad into the fortress occupied by Corcellii and his band.

CHAPTER XVII. THE CASTEL-NUOVO. Dom Francesco advanced, with a solemn step and a pensive brow, toward the Castel-Nuovo, whether his important mission summoned him.

He was terrified by the aspect of Naples: the city was still more agitated and tumultuous than it had been the preceding evening. Women and armed men filled the streets, calling for Masaniello to come and lead them to attack the Castel-Nuovo.

It was with the greatest difficulty that the Benedictine at last contrived to reach the gates of the castle.

As soon as he was perceived, with a white flag in his hand, from the towers, the governor of the fortress went down himself to meet him.

Arcos. "Fernandez, be good enough to introduce him."

Don Juan Fernandez left the terrace and soon returned, followed by the monk.

The Duke of Arcos sat down on the carriage of a cannon. The archbishop was on his right, while he had his intended son-in-law on his left.

Francesco stood before them, with his head uncovered and his eyes bent on the ground.

"You come from Masaniello?" asked the viceroy.

"Yes, monsignore," answered Francesco.

"Have you power to act in his name?" "I have not; the Head of the People will himself treat with your highness, monsignore, if you consent to meet him on neutral ground—at the church of Santa Domenico, for instance, or at any other spot half way between the Castel-Nuovo and the Vicaria."

"Would he not come here?" "No."

"Fernandez," said the duke, turning to Don Juan, "have you given orders for immediately opening the fire on the city?"

"Yes, my senator; the garrison is animated with the best spirit; your soldiers will do their duty."

"You see," remarked the duke, "all that remains for the rebels is to submit properly."

"Take care, monsignore," replied Dom Francesco. "I have just traversed the streets of Naples. If the combat begins, not one single Spaniard will escape."

The viceroy burst into a laugh. "I am anxious to learn what are the conditions this Masaniello intends to propose to our most gracious and noble master, his Catholic majesty, Philip the Fourth. By the blood of the Arcos! this young scoundrel seems to forget that there is a gibbet in the market place, and that many, more worthy than he, have perished with a hempen cravat round their necks."

"Masaniello wishes to avoid the spilling of blood, to calm our civil disorders, and to replace Naples under the rule of the king. If he had listened to the advice of those clear sighted persons who—"

"To yours, perhaps, Dom Francesco?" interrupted the archbishop.

"Exactly, monsignore, to mine."

"Well, what would he have done, then?" asked the viceroy.

"He would have forever scared from Naples those interminable flights of birds of prey which shoot incessantly across the sea to settle in our lovely plains. But he would not. Heaven grant that he may never have to repent his moderation!"

"So then, this fine fisherman of the Mergellina is willing to let us still reign a little longer in Naples. Good father, we are grateful for this concession. But what does he require to allow us to return to the Vicaria?"

"He himself will let your highness know."

"But yet I cannot quit the Castel-Nuovo without knowing what is the nature of the negotiation."

"The Rev. Dom Francesco," said the archbishop, "thinks that Masaniello, the head of the people, as he calls him, will merely ask for a fresh sanction of the charter of Charles V. and your signature to certain edicts of his own. Is it not so, father?"

"Exactly, monsignore."

"Then what is the good of all this martial noise and preparation for war?" asked the duke.

"And if I not already granted Masaniello everything he requires?"

"I was told that your highness had disappeared when about to sign the decrees which the insurgents had brought with them."

"True; for how could I grant anything validly while a hundred poniards threatened my breast and double the number of muskets were leveled at my person?"

when they come to present their credentials to me?"

"But you will, at least, lessen the expense of your stud. I can easily understand that you will soon cure yourself of that mania of yours for horse, which causes 60,000 ducats to pass annually from your pocket into that of the Arab horse dealers."

"Silence, Fernandez, you irritate me, and I want all my patience for the approaching interview."

"Will you have patience enough, my senator, to listen to the complaints of your municipalities and corporations, when the fat citizens who form them come to clamor about the maintenance of their privileges? Will you have patience to worm out of them, ducats by ducats, the sums necessary to supply the expenses of your household? If Marguerite, the regent of the Low Countries, were still alive, she could tell you what she had to put up with from the snarling disposition and sordid avarice of the magistrates of Brussels and Antwerp; she could also tell you whether ever had an instant's repose, when the worthy states general of Flanders, of Brabant, or of any other province were assembled. The Emperor Charles the Fifth, my senator, had, you see, been brought up among all these Flemish creatures; he had a mania for charities; and the consequence was, that, at his death, the immense empire he had founded fell to pieces. It would be better for you to abdicate at once than to grant these Neapolitan scoundrels the charter they persist in endeavoring to regain."

"Isabella, my dear daughter, Isabella, has fallen into his hands, Fernandez," murmured the Duke of Arcos, and a tear started from his eye.

"Alas! my senator," replied Don Juan, "I made superfluous efforts to save her; and one would think that your Spaniards are in league with the people, for they all took to flight at the first cry of the multitude, and I was separated from Isabella by the infuriated crowd."

There was a moment's silence between the viceroy and his counselor.

"And then," continued the former, "what will his majesty Philip the Fourth say when I return to Spain after having lost one of the brightest jewels of his crown? The Duke of Arcos will be banished from court, banished and dishonored! Oh, God! oh, God! how will it all end?"

"Well, if you choose to listen to me"— "What would you have me do, then?"

"The Fifth, cut out from the text of Charles the Fifth all that refers to the privileges of the corporations and municipalities and to the rights and immunities of the nobles, the clergy and the citizens. I would then put my seal to the act thus modified, and would order the chancellor to restore the article suppressed when he read the charter to the lazzaroni and mendicants of Naples; I should thus gain time, my senator; and to gain time is something when we are pressed by revolutions."

"And in the meanwhile his Catholic majesty could send a fleet to Naples with reinforcements," added the viceroy.

"To speak frankly, I think that the vessels of the king of Spain would arrive too late," said Fernandez.

"You think, then, that the insurgents would discover our stratagem, and immediately take dire revenge?"

"They would, on the contrary, be crawling in the fifth out of which they never ought to have come, long before the arrival of the fleet."

"You mistake. As long as Masaniello lives, Naples will never be tranquil."

"My senator," said Don Juan, "will your highness allow me to invite two of my friends, the prince of Caraffa and the duke of Monteleone, to accompany us to the interview?"

"Most certainly, I even beg you to do so."

"Good," said Fernandez. "Now, Duke of Arcos, remember my words: before night descends from the heights of Pausilippo, you will have returned to the Vicaria, and the whole kingdom of Naples will again be under the rule of King Philip the Fourth."

CHAPTER XVII. THE CHARTER. The Duke of Arcos advanced toward the church of Santo Domenico, through the street of Toledo, and Masaniello through that of the Vicaria.

But the viceroy's procession afforded a very different aspect to that of the noisy escort of the fisherman.

Masaniello wore the costume of his calling—a slouched felt hat, a woolen mantle, with hose of the same stuff, a bright colored sash, and long boots, the thick leather of which reached above his knees. He walked in the midst of a group of fishermen of the Mergellina.

A squadron of cavalry, sword in hand, preceded the viceroy.

Don Juan Fernandez and some Neapolitan nobles walked close by his side, less as a mark of honor than as a rampart to shield his person.

Then came a large body of infantry, in the midst of whom were seen two pieces of artillery, loaded with grape shot.

The procession was crossed by a company of municipal guards.

Masaniello was the first to arrive. Everything had been so arranged inside the church that Masaniello should seem to be on a footing of the most perfect equality with the viceroy.

The choir of the church was the place selected for the holding of the conference, and it had been agreed that the viceroy and his adversary should enter it from opposite sides at the same time, and should each walk an equal distance.

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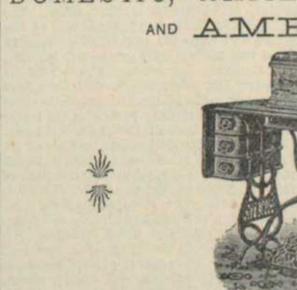
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Philip the Fourth, king of Spain. "And you, Duke of Arcos, proudly answered Masaniello, "are you really animated by the desire of defending the authority of the king, and of respecting, at the same time, the liberties of the people?"

Justice of heaven, will undertake to do this." Masaniello approached the Duke of Arcos, whose face was livid, and whose head was bent beneath the weight of his shame and remorse.



These words were received with the most joyful exclamations. Masaniello was motioning the people to be silent, when a sudden flash of light illuminated the whole place; a terrible detonation followed, and 300 balls whizzed about the fisherman's head.

"Be not uneasy, you shall lose nothing." "And will you deliver me of this ogre?" added the tavern keeper, pointing to Conrad.

one of those Madonnas whom painters represent weeping over the inanimate body of their divine son. At some distance from the two women a ragged bandit was pacing up and down with measured steps, and a musket over his shoulder.

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"Down wid de moogsuets, Donner-Wetter, down wid de moogsuets!" cried Conrad. "Sagament und tausend Teufel, do you want to grill your comrades?"

The sentinel Tristano took a thick plank, from feet long, to the end of which a rope was fastened. He placed one end of the plank in a groove chiseled out of the rock, took the rope in both hands, and allowed the suspension bridge, invented by Corcelli, to fall across the abyss.

Conrad passed over.

Immediately afterward he presented Pietro to the captain.

The smuggler underwent a long examination, but he awaited the issue without fear. The liberty of the prisoners, and, perhaps, the life of Jeanne's courageous betrothed, depended on it. The face of the person under examination was not unknown to Corcelli. The captain was cunning and suspicious.

"So you are determined to enter my band?" he said to Pietro, when the latter had replied to all his questions, or dispersed almost all his doubts. "Conrad has explained to you your mode of life, has he not?"

"He has."

"A continual state of warfare."

"Such, I am aware, is the case."

"Perilous expeditions."

"Of those, too, I am also aware."

"The most absolute submission."

"To that I had made up my mind before coming here."

"I will give you an opportunity of proving yourself this very day," added Corcelli. "A few of Capua has ransomed himself for a sum of money, which he is to pay this evening. You shall go and fetch it from him."

"Very good, captain. When must I set out?"

"Rest yourself a little, and take some refreshment. You will leave the mountain when the sun has nearly run its daily course."

It would take too long for us to explain to our readers how Pietro accomplished his journey successfully, and, besides the money, brought back from Capua a letter which he was charged to give to Corcelli. The Jew to whom he had been sent was no other than a receiver of stolen goods with whom the brigands kept up a constant communication.

The night was drawing to a close when Pietro regained the camp.

He was conducted into the captain's presence, and there he witnessed a horrible sight.

All the brigands were drawn up in a circle at the bottom of a small crater that had long since been extinct. Before them were piled up jewels, precious stuffs and the sacred vessels that had been stolen the night before from the Abbey of Santa Chiara. Corcelli was walking up and down inside the circle, and when Pietro, who was breathless and worn out with fatigue, had given an account of what he had done, Corcelli said to him:

"It is good. Sit down with your comrades; you will receive your share of the spoil."

Each member of the band now arose in his turn, approached the lieutenant who was charged with the distribution, and received his portion of the booty.

Velvet cloaks, satin vests, rich eastern stuffs, magnificently chased jewels, chalices and sacerdotal ornaments adorned with golden arabesques—all were torn, broken up and distributed in pretty equal portions among the bandits.

Corcelli, with a pistol in his hand, presided at the distribution.

When it was finished, the robbers, retiring on one side, scrutinized, examined and weighed in their hands the lot which had fallen to the share of each one.

Lupo, the same who, in the morning, had been on guard before the cavern in which Jeanne and Isabella were confined, approached Corcelli.

"I have been cheated," said he to him, impatiently.

"In what way?" inquired the captain.

"The foot of the chalice, of which I have hardly received a quarter, was only silver gilt."

"Well, and if it were, you have received about the value of two ducats."

"And what are two ducats for three days' pay?"

"Ah! you are not contented with your pay, eh?" said the chief, leveling his pistol at Lupo. He fired, and Lupo fell down dead.

A low murmur ran through the brigands.

"Is there any other among you who is not satisfied with his pay?" asked the captain, drawing a second pistol from his belt.

No one spoke; the robbers sought their several cantonments in affright.

The next day Jeanne and Isabella were seated on the same spot where Corcelli had found them the day before. A man of lofty stature, with a face red from drinking, and whose lips were shaded with an immense pair of mustaches, was guarding the prisoners.

To the great astonishment of the two maidens, this individual, as he paced up and down before them, threw out the following phrase in fragments:

"Be ready to leave, my children—Bistro has been here since yesterday—We are guarding over you, and dis evening, perhaps, we shall find an obnoxious of delirious you."

It is superfluous to add that this man was Conrad.

Jeanne wished to ask him a few questions; but the German, still marching up and down with a military step, added:

"Silence, silence! Seem to know neither me nor Bistro—otherwise all is lost."

The young girls returned into the cave, and threw themselves into each other's arms. They then knelt down upon the ground and besought heaven to aid Bistro, who was risking his life in such a dangerous enterprise.

They had not to wait long ere Conrad's promises were realized.

That very evening Pietro was selected to guard the ravine.

The night was dark and the wind blew tempestuously over the bare mountain tops. Sometimes the thunder was heard growling in the distance, while brilliant flashes of lightning illuminated for a second the clouds from which they burst forth.

At this period a man appeared upon the top of the ravine, and, descending from rock to rock, came and touched Pietro on the shoulder.

"The moment is gone," he said.

"Have you succeeded in sending Giacomo to sleep?" asked the smuggler.

"No, he is not drunk yet."

As he spoke these words Conrad showed his accomplice the wine flask they had brought from the faubourg of Loretto. It was empty.

"That man is a regular cesspool," added the German; "dere is no villing him."

"It is you who have drunk the wine, you see?" said Pietro. Conrad took the liberty of making no answer.

"What is to be done now?" said Pietro.

"I'll guill him, Donner-Wetter!" replied Conrad.

"But he will cry out," continued Pietro.

"Will he cry out louder dan dee tunder?" asked Conrad.

He retraced his steps, and, drawing his knife, advanced on tiptoe toward the cavern in which Giacomo was mounting guard.

Five minutes afterward Conrad rejoined his companion. This time, however, he had not Jeanne upon his back.

The poor girl rushed to clasp the neck of her betrothed.

"Thanks! thanks! Pietro," said she. "And what of Giacomo?" asked the smuggler.

"It is all right," replied Conrad. "I will now go and fetch de oder shill. Do you, Bietro, get de plang ready; it will saf dime."

The German fulfilled his task of carrying off the young girls with the greatest coolness in the world. It was not long before he reappeared, holding Isabella in his herculean arms.

"She has fainted," he remarked; and, so saying, crossed the ravine. Pietro followed him.

They now both united their strength and endeavored to draw the suspension bridge of the fortress over to their side.

But one of Corcelli's lieutenants had been awakened by the noise made by the fugitives as they went to and fro. He suddenly leaped, like a hyena, from the rock on to the plank, and, placing the barrel of his musket on Pietro's breast, exclaimed:

"Surrender yourself prisoner!"

To this summons Conrad replied by a blow with the butt end of his musket, which caused his comrade to lose his balance. The latter fell astride on the plank, and holding on to it convulsively, cried loudly for help.

There was not a moment to lose.

Pietro seized the end of the fragile support which still kept up the lieutenant, and balancing his victim over the gulf, cast him into it.

An oath, the noise of water disturbed by the falling body, a roll of thunder, and all was over.

Some others of the brigands now ran up. Conrad and Pietro saw them in the lightning, gliding, like shadows, through the brushwood. The bandits also saw Pietro, for five or six shots were heard at the same time, and then boomed, for some time afterward, along the somber depths of the ravine.

Conrad and his friend had placed their precious burdens on their backs. It took them a long while to descend the sharp rocks, at the foot of which they had stopped as they came from Naples. They succeeded, however, in effecting their purpose before Corcelli could send any one in pursuit of them. They then fled across the mountains, in the midst of the rolling of the thunder, which seemed to pursue them, and of the flashes of lightning, which cast a dead like glare beneath their feet.

As long as their road lay over the crumbling lava, Pietro allowed Conrad to serve as guide; but as soon as they reached the vineyards he went on first, and, beginning to run with marvelous rapidity, leaped over hedges and ditches, and passed, like a reptile, through thickets that appeared impenetrable.

At last he reached the middle of a glade, to which there appeared to be no beaten path, but where he had, doubtless, often fled for refuge during the course of his smuggling expeditions. Placing Jeanne upon the ground, he exclaimed:

"We are saved! We are saved!"

CHAPTER XIX. POWER AND POWER.

The head of the people had for a whole weary day awaited Pietro's return, but in vain. Devoured by anxiety and agitated by that feverish feeling of impatience which renders men accustomed to take the lead incapable of waiting, he had resolved to set out for the Apennines the next morning and place himself in direct communication with Corcelli.

After a long conference between the head of the people and Don Francesco—a conference in which they were not able to come to any understanding—Masaniello was on the point of setting out from Naples, when our old acquaintance, Conrad, appeared before him.

"Cheneral," said he, accompanying his words with a military salute, "I haf goot news do dell you."

"Who are you?" asked the fisherman.

"I am called Conrad, and as late as yesterday I belonged to Goryelli's band."

"To Corcelli's band! What has become of my sister? What has become of the daughter of the Duke of Arcos?"

"I hab garried dem off dis morning wid Bietro."

"And where are they now?"

"In Naples, Cheneral, in a cabin ov de Marchellina."

"Come, come, my brave fellow!" said Masaniello, as he rushed into the street preceded by the lansquenet.

Conrad proceeded to the sea shore, and, after walking sometime along the beach, reached the fisherman's hut.

"It is dere!" he said.

Masaniello beat violently, and his limbs could scarcely support him, as he entered the wretched dwelling that he was never destined to inhabit again. Jeanne threw herself into his arms. Isabella cast toward him a look full of sadness and of love.

As for Pietro, the poor smuggler, he was worn out with fatigue. As he lay stretched upon a coarse mat in one corner of the cabin, he could hardly press the hand Masaniello held out to him.

"Thanks, thanks, my brave Pietro!" murmured the chief of the people, in one of those tones of voice that proceed direct from the heart.

He approached the viceroy's daughter, and knelt down before her. He then took her hand and kissed it.

"What have I seen—what have I heard, Masaniello?" said Isabella to him. "Can it be true that at Naples houses have been pillaged and burned—that nobles have been killed in their own palaces?"

The fisherman held down his head.

"I have also been informed," continued the Spanish maiden, "that it was you who led on the pillagers, the incendiaries and the murderers?"

"Dear Isabella—"

"What?" she continued, "do you wish to dishonor the revolution you have effected—to sully the victory the people have achieved, and raise against the Neapolitans the whole of indignant Europe?"

"Do not judge me without a hearing," he replied.

"Speak, oh, yes, speak!" she exclaimed; "for between you and me there is at present blood, the blood of the dead! You were ever dear to me, Masaniello, but alas! at present I do not know that you are not odious in my sight!"

"Odious, do you say?" asked the young man shuddering mournfully, and passing his hand across his forehead. He then continued as follows: "Senora, I am but a poor fisherman; I have no right to feel indignant as a noble viceroy does, who crushes beneath squadrons of cavalry the vulgar rabble that rise up in insurrection! I have incurred your contempt, and I should have expected it. I dared, in a moment of rage and despair—I, a mere serf, a laborer, dared to meet assassination with murder, dared to reward treachery with the incendiary's torch."

"Assassination, treason!" exclaimed the young girl. "Gracious powers, what has happened during my absence; who has betrayed you?"

"Your father!"

"My father attempt to assassinate you?" asked the young girl.

"Prince Caraffa, and others whom I suspect, but whom I will not name. I had two hundred musket shots aimed at me," replied Masaniello.

"Unhappy creature that I am!" said the

maiden, interrupting him, and bursting into tears. "I am surrounded with naught but perjury and murder."

"Ay, you speak rightly, Isabella," observed Masaniello: "murder and perjury! But it is not I; it is the noble Duke of Arcos who is the perjurer."

"By Heaven, it is impossible!" exclaimed Isabella.

"Hear me," continued the fisherman calmly. "Some friends of mine, whose prudence and good intentions are well known to me, advised me to drive the Spaniards out of the kingdom and have done with tyranny forever. I had already proclaimed the deposition of Philip the Fourth; all I had to do was to persevere. I saw you at the convent of Santa Chiara, and my affection for you obtained the mastery over me. I agreed to treat with the Duke of Arcos. It became still more necessary to carry on a negotiation when Corcelli had carried you off, as well as my sister, from your sacred retreat. The villain required sixty thousand ducats for your ransom, and the viceroy was the only person who could raise that sum within the time stipulated by the brigands."

"Don Francesco proceeded to the Castel-Nuovo, where he obtained an audience of your father."

"An interview was agreed on between the Duke of Arcos and myself. It was to take place in the church of Santo Domenico, in the presence of his grace the archbishop, and all the great officers of the crown. The duke there gave his sanction to my edicts; he renewed the charter of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, and swore, by the holy evangelists, to observe it. Do you mark, Isabella! He swore!"

"Thus, then, my father accepted all your terms, and submitted to all your demands?" asked the maiden.

"Yes, but the charter which was read, I blush to say—"

"What—been tampered with?"

"Oh, Heaven!" exclaimed the maiden, "this is infamous! My father must have been deceived by some perfidious counselors!"

"I spared these perfidious men," he continued. "They had gone to the church of Santo Domenico, trusting on my pledged word. Up to this point, on which side, Isabella, was the wrong; on the side of the grandee of Spain, or on that of the poor fisherman?"

"Do not ask!" replied the maiden.

"But I wanted money," Masaniello went on to say; "I wanted money to procure your freedom and that of my poor Jeanne. After deliberately weighing over the matter, however, in my own mind, I preferred making an appeal to the people, for the people would have paid your ransom, believe me, but—"

"What happened then?" asked Isabella, in a tone of anguish.

"As I was addressing the assembled crowd, a horrible explosion broke forth, and a shower of grapeshot passed over my head. But heaven, doubtless protected me, for I was not touched."

"Poor Masaniello!"

"Prince Caraffa, who had ordered the troops to fire, was brought before me. It is superfluous to tell you the rest. An instant afterward the young man was dead, his palace and twenty others were pillaged, ransacked, burned, and I had the sixty thousand ducats, without which I was doomed never more to behold all that I love in the world, all that gives me joy, hope, courage, and life here below. At present, Isabella, will you condemn me?" asked Masaniello.

"Condemn me to my father without an instant's delay!" cried the maiden.

"You shall be obeyed, senora," replied the Head of the People, "but if to-morrow you do not return, I shall have ceased to live!"

"Before the sun sets we shall all be assembled at the Vicaria!" answered Isabella. "Peace shall be re-established in Naples, and nothing shall ever separate us again, dear Masaniello—for you are still the same Masaniello who were wont to be, my dearly beloved Masaniello, my savior, my husband! Pietro, Jeanne, farewell for a short time."

After the fisherman had sent Isabella under a good escort to the Castel-Nuovo, Conrad wanted to accompany him to the Vicaria.

The lansquenet entered the council chamber with him without ceremony.

"Signora Masaniello," said he to him, "I haf still something do asg ov you!"

"What is it?"

"Only den dousand doogats."

"How can I procure so large a sum, my brave fellow?"

"It is Bietro who bromised dem do me."

"For delivering the two young maidens?"

"Ya, ya, mein Herr!"

The fisherman immediately granted the demand of the deliverer of Jeanne and Isabella. Conrad filled his pockets with the gold pieces.

"At present I shall go," he observed.

"And where are you going?" asked Masaniello.

"Do find out my liddle Pafarian."

"Your little Bavarian?"

"Ya, ya, my Pafarian, Donner-Wetter! a bretty girl, who is in love wid my muscadache, and whom I haf been goeing to marry for dirty-fife years."

"I wish you may be successful, Conrad!"

"Thank you, signora. Shake hand wid [dat goot yellow, Bietro, for me.]"

As each successive day passed by, the position of the Duke of Arcos in the Castel-Nuovo became more critical. The revolt of Naples was becoming more serious. The people had fought with the Spaniards on the first day; they had pillaged and murdered the next day, and from the battlements of his fortress the viceroy had been able to see the gloomy reflection of the burning buildings.

The Spaniards were completely discouraged. On the first day of the siege, Naples might have been frightened into submission by a bombardment. But the viceroy had hesitated; for, after all, the Neapolitans were a property to him, a valuable property, a harvest always ripe, always fit to be cut down in fat sheaves by the sickle; it was more profitable for him to deceive this vulgar herd than to mow them down with grapeshot.

Suddenly the news was brought to the viceroy that his daughter, escorted by a troop of armed fishermen, was at the gates of the fortress. The old man rushed down in person to the gates in order to convince himself of the truth of such good news, which indemnified him for his most bitter annoyances, and afforded him an honorable excuse for renewing with Masaniello the negotiation that had been broken off. He did indeed behold his daughter in the midst of a group of men of the lower classes, whose weapons were ornamented with olive branches fastened by white kerchiefs. In his joy he immediately ordered the drawbridge to be lowered, and advanced to meet Isabella. He led her into his own apartments, and pressing the beautiful head of his beloved child between his trembling hands, said to her:

"Do I then see you once again, my Isabella, my beloved! Do I then see you, after these dreadful days of revolution, still young, beautiful and smiling? Oh! my misfortunes are now nothing since you are here to share them with me! But what are those men doing there?" continued the viceroy, as he perceived those who had brought back his daughter walking peaceably up and down on the external glacis of the fortress.

"They are waiting for me, they are waiting for us, father," answered Isabella.

"They are waiting for us?"

"Yes, for I proclaim peace to you, and I am come to bring back to you the viceroyal crown which you were unfortunate enough to lose."

"My child—my good Isabella, is that possible? Good heavens, is that possible?"

"You must sign Masaniello's edicts; you must renew the emperor's charter—the true one, mind, and the head of the people will himself reconduct you through the city to your palace of the Vicaria!"

"Have you seen this fisherman, then?"

"Yes, I have seen him. Oh! Masaniello has a noble soul. Under the embroidered doublets of our Spanish grandees there does not beat a more generous heart than his."

The countenance of the Duke of Arcos darkened.

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"You must sign Masaniello's edicts; you must renew the emperor's charter—the true one, mind, and the head of the people will himself reconduct you through the city to your palace of the Vicaria!"

"Have you seen this fisherman, then?"

"Yes, I have seen him. Oh! Masaniello has a noble soul. Under the embroidered doublets of our Spanish grandees there does not beat a more generous heart than his."

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"Have you seen this fisherman, then?"

"Yes, I have seen him. Oh! Mas

The duke advanced, hat in hand, to meet the fisherman, and having embraced him, leaned familiarly on his shoulder.

He would not allow the troops to accompany him, but re-entered his palace surrounded by an escort of the people and greeted by a thousand cries of "Long live Masaniello! Long live the viceroys!"

We must not omit to state that Il Cappuccino was paid to the last real. But how great was the happiness of the people, when the next day, the edicts of their chief were put into execution!

As head of the people, Masaniello shared with the Duke of Arcos the care of the government. His hands were always filled with favors and with alms, which he distributed in profusion as he passed along.

The fisherman was indeed the betrothed of Isabella; and he enjoyed all the privileges of his position.

In his impatience to see their marriage concluded, the viceroys begged from the cardinal archbishop the necessary dispensations to do away with the delay required by the ecclesiastical laws.

He succeeded in obtaining them. Immediately he had done so, and of his own free will, he decided that the nuptials should be celebrated the next day.

CHAPTER XX. POISON IN THE FLOWER.

Let us now enter that same chamber where we have seen the Duke of Arcos forget all etiquette, as well as his own dignity as a grandee of Spain, in his excitement against Senor Badajoz y Suerry y Nevada y Fualdes, and especially against his daughter Isabella, at the moment the revolt was threatening him at the gates of the Vicaria and on the market place.

Fernandez was standing up, leaning against the wall, while the duke was hastily pacing up and down, stamping impatiently on the bright colored carpet under his feet.

Most certainly his grace the Duke of Arcos had lost a great deal of his dignity and his marvelous calmness.

"Two days more," said he, "two days more, during which I must master my anger, and veil, with a continued smile, the rage which is gnawing at my heart."

"But, then, your grace, you will revenge yourself like a king!" replied Fernandez.

"Yet, after all, will it be less true that this fisherman—this boor—has been for three days betrothed to Isabella; that he has spoken to her of his love before every one; and that, with his lazaroni hand—a serf's hand—he has pressed that of the noble daughter of the house of Arcos?"

"Your grace is a devoted subject of the king, our master, and you were resolved, even at the most fearful sacrifice, to preserve intact the sacred pledge of power which you had received."

With a gesture of rage, the duke tore his ruffles of Brest lace.

"What will his most Catholic majesty say of this revolt? He will be irritated against me, and a host of cowardly enemies will seize this opportunity of ruining me. Oh! Masaniello, Masaniello! accused lazaroni can it be true that I have degraded myself so far as to hate you?"

"The miserable wretch will pay dearly the honor your grace does him," said Fernandez.

"You have seen the court perfumer?"

"Yes, this evening we shall have the flowers I ordered."

"Have you written to Corelli?"

"Your grace must excuse my not having done that; I never commit such an act of imprudence. A person on whom I can depend, and of tried fidelity, has made an appointment with him for to-morrow evening."

"But supposing that our projects are not successful?"

"They will be successful, my senior!"

"Have we not another revolt to fear from this people?"

"Masaniello," replied Fernandez, with a gloomy smile, "has, for the last two days, shared with you the supreme authority. Yesterday the Neapolitans still adored him; today they look on him with indifference; to-morrow they will desert him. Such is always the course of popular favor, my senior!"

"You have not yet been able to persuade him to assume a court dress?"

"Not yet; but when he has beheld the splendid entertainment that you are preparing for this evening, in the rich toilets and the brilliant uniforms, in the midst of which his wretched fisherman's costume will look like a black spot; when alone, in the recess of a window, feeling himself ridiculous, and not daring to go near Isabella, he has seen his betrothed, light and joyful, following the excited rhythm of the boleros and sarabandes; when we have rendered him intoxicated with jealousy, and still more intoxicated with the perfume of the flowers I have destined for him—oh, then, never fear, he will put on his noble's dress. I know Masaniello."

"Good! In this dress will take him?"

"In a state carriage, my senior, that all eyes may see him."

"The very thing. We will show the Neapolitans the head of the people transformed into a courtier."

"And your grace can then celebrate the marriage of your daughter Isabella," added Don Fernandez, with his sinister smile.

They left the apartment together.

The hour fixed for the fete given by the viceroys on the occasion of the approaching marriage of his daughter was now arrived. Twenty chandeliers illuminated the principal saloon—twenty chandeliers covered with crystal drops which glistened like a myriad of stars, and were reflected by the show of diamonds around.

All the court were assembled. Hardly had the Duke of Arcos, accompanied by the great officers of his household, traversed the various apartments in which the guests were

collected, courteously saluting the ladies and addressing a few words of flattery to the men, ere the orchestra gave the signal for the dancing to commence.

A rapid movement now took place in the midst of this crowd of beautiful women and noble lords. A large space was cleared in the center of the principal saloon. Into this space a number of couples advanced and began whirling round to the sound of the castanets, marking with their light steps the joyous cadence of the music, varying their attitudes with marvelous grace, and exciting each other with their gestures, their looks and their voices.

Dressed in his fisherman's costume, which, in truth, formed a strange contrast with that of the haughty Spaniards and of the vain Neapolitans, Masaniello contemplated, with a feeling of naive simplicity, a sight so new to him.

Don Juan Fernandez went up to the fisherman, and, putting his arm familiarly under his, led him into a neighboring room.

"What do you think of our fete?" said he, in a winning tone.

"It is magnificent," replied the young man; "nothing could be more admirable."

"Unless it were a revolt in the market place, eh?"

Masaniello looked his interlocutor full in the face, and then replied: "There is this difference between a revolt and a ball, senior: that those who take part in the one are starving people, while in the other—"

"Come, come," remarked the Spaniard; "let us leave politics, and change the conversation. You are a man of taste, Masaniello."

"I am, at least, a man of courage."

"Taste and courage are nearly connected. Allow me to ask you, therefore, why you have come in the simple costume of a fisherman to so noble an assembly?"

"The costume I wear belongs to my class."

"Ay, it did so a few days since, when your courage and talents had not raised you above the vulgar herd, when Naples had not yet bestowed upon you the title of head of the people—a title which you so well merit. But today—"

"Today I am the same I was yesterday, the same I shall be to-morrow, the same I wish to be all my life—a child of the people, who resembles, neither by his education nor his mind, nor, on my faith, by his frankness, those malevolent beings whom we call it prepotenti."

"Masaniello, you do not set a sufficient value on the consideration which the court manifests toward you. See! every eye is turned to you, every one admires you. All these noble ladies whisper to one another how handsome you would be with a velvet mantle, and how well a sword would become you, as well as bucket boots, garnished with point lace, and which it is so difficult to wear with grace."

"As for the sword," replied the chief of the people, proudly, "the ladies are right. I do wear it pretty well—in my hand."

"Come, come, my dear friend; forget your stoicism for a moment, and let us talk sensibly. You love Isabella?"

"I do, senior; that is no longer a secret from any one."

"And you are about to marry her?"

"I desire this marriage with the whole force of my soul."

"Will you renounce the pleasure of dancing with your wife, or will you forbid her to indulge in an amusement which is fitted to her age and of which she is distractedly fond?"

"I do not know," replied Masaniello, sharply.

"That is no answer. Your position will become a most horribly difficult one at the viceregal court. In your fisherman's dress you will not be able to take any share in all these fetes, to which your betrothed is as much accustomed as you are to spread out your sail to the breeze, and of which she constitutes the brightest ornament."

"It is good, senior; I will reflect on what you have said. I will reflect on what you have said," replied Masaniello pensively.

"Judge of the future by what happens to you today, my dearest friend. Your betrothed awaits you, and what a betrothed! The richest, the handsomest, and the sweetest creature in all Castile. Our most popular young noblemen press around her, all soliciting the honor of guiding her steps in a bolero or a saraband. But Isabella refuses—her eyes seek you; she would fain indulge, as she has been wont to do, in the amusement of the dance; but she would blush to have any partner save Masaniello; and you—you dare not approach her, you dare not offer her your hand, and conduct her, triumphant and radiant with joy, through the ball. And what is the reason? A ridiculous one—because you have on a monk's hood, a carman's gaiters, and a pointed hat, like the steeple of Notre Dame del Carmine."

"I know some of these same young nobles who are parading before these high born dames this evening, whom this hat, this hood, and these gaiters have struck with terror at Santo Domingo, and on the market place," said the young man, whose face brightened up with pride at the recollection.

"Well, my dear friend, the times of revolt are passed. You are the Head of the People, the equal of the viceroys, and the betrothed of Isabella. Try to fill worthily the high position that you have achieved. I am giving you a piece of friendly advice. Good-by for a time. I see Donna Marie de Badajoz, whose sassy little foot is impatiently counting the measures of the bolero. I must go and offer her my arm, and lead her to take her place in the dance."

Fernandez disappeared in the crowd that blocked up the room.

After having long waited in vain for Masaniello, after having sought him with her glance in every direction, Isabella had, at length, not been able to refuse the invitations of the young nobles who pressed around her. In obedience to her father's orders, she selected as her partner the Duke of Spinola.

Her betrothed perceived her bending her voluptuous figure and turning aloft her charming arms in the midst of the groups that were moving in cadence to the jerking measure of the bolero. His heart was wrung with jealousy. A cry of rage and impetuous passion burst from his breast, and he hesitated whether he should rush into the midst of this diabolical vision, stab Spinola, seize Isabella, and carry her off from the dance. Who could place any obstacle in his way? Was she not his betrothed—his property—whom he had gained by talking of love to her in the bay, and in fighting like a lion in the midst of the carnage on the field of battle?

He then cast his glance upon the poor dress he wore, and recollected the words of Don Juan Fernandez.

It was, indeed, strictly true that he had got on a monk's cowl, a carman's boots, and a pointed hat, like the spire of Notre Dame del Carmine.

The bolero had just terminated. The same man whose cruelly logical conversation had proved to the fisherman how great an abyss separated his present position from that which it was the day before, now went up toward the daughter of the Duke of Arcos, and led her to that corner of the apartment in which Masaniello had taken refuge. In her naive and childish coquetry, Isabella little suspected the torture she had caused her lover.

"Masaniello," said Fernandez, "I have the honor to present to you Donna Isabella, who has long been looking for you in the crowd,

and whom, doubtless, you have forgotten to greet."

"The unhappy lover knew not what to reply. A spasmodic contraction closed his throat; he could only make an inclination of the head."

"Don Juan, leave us," said the daughter of the Duke of Arcos.

The Spaniard withdrew.

"What a horrible lazaroni!" he grumbled to himself, as he retired; "and to think that we are obliged to deliver up Isabella—yes, to deliver her up to this wretched being! A few hours more—only two days—and the nobles of Castile will be revenged!"

Fernandez left the apartment, and, retiring into his room, took up a bouquet of artificial flowers, which he contemplated with all the intense pleasure of an impatient being gratified.

"What is the matter with you, dear, Masaniello?" said Isabella to her future husband.

"Why that thoughtful face and that mournful look! The fete given in our honor by my father is charming; but you were not near me and I have not been amused."

"Yet the Duke of Spinola is an elegant dancer and an amiable cavalier."

"What is that you say?"

"The Duke of Spinola is an elegant dancer and an amiable cavalier!"

"Why, you are not jealous?"

Masaniello made no answer.

"Jealous of Spinola?" exclaimed the maiden, laughing, but at the same time directing from her limpid eye a glance of reproach and love upon the fisherman.

"Isabella," said Masaniello, "I have this evening become conscious of many things of which I had never before had an idea. A man so easily shuts his eyes to the truth when he loves," he added, in an accent of sadness.

"And what are these things?"

"I have measured the abyss which separates us from each other, and I feel that I should in vain endeavor to cross it."

"Has not my father consented to our union?"

"Alas, how can a fisherman of the Mergellina ever become the husband of the viceroys' daughter?"

"Confess the truth, Masaniello—is it not Don Juan Fernandez who has suggested these thoughts to you?"

"Alas! I appreciated their force but too well! I felt that I was not in my place in the midst of this brilliant assembly! I was so poorly clad that I did not dare approach you."

"You do not think, then, Masaniello, that my affection is a sufficient title to respect? Has any one smiled, perchance contemptuously, at the sight of my future husband?"

"No, no, no! I have not seen any one who has smiled at you."

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hat, and a sword at my side, and to assume the spurs which clink upon the pavement as you walk along the streets! Good!"

CHAPTER XXI. MADNESS.

Masaniello kicked away with his foot the rags he had worn the day before.

"Farwell to the cabin wetted by the sea waves!" he exclaimed; "farwell to the hat with its torn brim! Dress yourself, fisherman of Naples, and hasten to show yourself to Isabella in the sumptuous habits given you by the people."

Speaking thus, he drew convulsively from out of the basket the costume which it contained. Hardly, however, had he put it on, ere he felt a feeling of invisible lassitude creep over him. He sunk upon a chair, and leaning his whirling head upon his hand, wiped away with his handkerchief of fine Flemish cloth the drops of perspiration which burst out on his forehead.

"Oh! how I suffer," he murmured. "My strength is leaving me, and life seems flying from me. What is this illness which is consuming me! Dear Isabella! it is possible that, when the day of our union draws near, there will be naught here save a corpse!"

Masaniello now perceived the flowers he had received the preceding night, and tried to carry them to his lips.

Hardly, however, had he touched them than he started up with his hair on end, his eyes inflamed, and, pacing rapidly up and down his room, he exclaimed:

"Fernandez came to Naples to marry her! but it is I—alone, the fisherman of the Mergellina, whom she loves! Fernandez has leagued himself with Spinola to tear her from me! Oh! they do not remember Caraffa's death! Oh! I will challenge these haughty nobles who, from their earliest infancy, have learned the art of making up for want of courage by the use of stratagem, and who kill their adversary with such grace. By Saint Januarius, I will teach them a mode of fighting they do not know—a mode of fighting always practiced by a man whose arm is strong and whose heart is inaccessible to fear. Spinola, Fernandez, defend yourselves!" cried the fisherman, drawing his sword and



**FOUR FLOORS FULL.**

**THE LARGE ESTABLISHMENT OF MACK & SCHMID.**

**A Glance at the Recent Improvements—What a Newspaper Man Saw When He Took a Stroll Through the Building.**

A person visiting the store of Mack & Schmid to-day would hardly think that it was the same building in which they have been doing business so long. Carpenters, masons and painters have been at work for several months improving the structure. The outside brick has been painted white, a fine bay window has been placed in the south wall in the second story, an entirely new entrance—now the best in the city—has been constructed in front, the partitions in the second and third stories have been torn out, and, last but not least, a magnificent

**PASSENGER ELEVATOR**

has been placed in position and is now running from the first floor to the third.

Four stories, including the basement, each 20 x 100 feet in size, are devoted to one of the largest dry goods stocks in Michigan. A glance at the displays is enough to attract the attention of the most unattractive person. A representative of THE REGISTER dropped into the establishment the other day and was greeted by Walter C. Mack, the youngest member of the firm, who kindly conducted him through the establishment.

Starting from the office, where sat the busy cashier and type-writer figuring up the day's sales, the newspaper man took the elevator, which smoothly glided to the second floor.

Here we found a large, well-lighted room containing a very large display of

**CLOAKS.**

The merchant informed us that the establishment at the present time carries a larger stock of cloaks than any other in Michigan. Miss Nona O'Brien has charge of this department and is always ready to assist ladies in their choice of garments.

The display is a magnificent one. So great is the variety that it quite taxes the ingenuity of the salesman to remember the different styles. The best kinds of trimmings are used. The mink, mutton, seal skin, cape seal, French cunny, astrachan, crimmer, black martin, sabin, silver fox and other fur trimmings especially are to be noted. Ostrich and cock feather trimmings are also to be found.

In another part of the room is displayed a large assortment of jackets and long capes. The latter are especially popular with the ladies.

The long, tight-fitting sacks, made of the most seasonable materials and trimmed with feathers and furs, are styles for which the firm of Mack & Schmid have the exclusive agency. These, as well as the long English walking garments, with detachable capes, as Mr. Mack informed us, meeting with much public favor.

Many fur-trimmed jackets in the room, which have been sold for from \$18 to \$20, are now being closed out at \$10. The object of the firm in making this reduction, is simply to advertise and enlarge this department of the business.

"In pushes," said the merchant, "we carry only the Walker make, and we give a written guarantee with every garment. We are sole agents for the Seattle pushes, which are made tight-fitting. Every style is manufactured exclusively for us and on each garment we attach a printed guarantee."

"I suppose by this time you have seen enough of cloaks; let us step to the other end of the room and look at these blankets. We sell many grades—from the ten-quarter size at fifty cents a pair to the California 14-quarter at \$25 a pair." The reporter glanced admiringly at this stock and then rose to the third floor on the elevator.

He found another large room tastefully arranged and well stocked with

**CARPETS AND DRAPERIES.**

This department is under the supervision of Mr. Morris, a carpet man of long experience. In the carpet department, we are informed, Mack & Schmid have made a great success. The eyes of a visitor are likely first to alight on a fine assortment of Turkish rugs, made in Central Turkey 200 years ago. These are in all sizes and serve for many different purposes. It would pay any lady to visit the store, even if she saw nothing except these rugs. The Smyrna rugs, some costing as much as \$50, are worth seeing.

The display of carpets is very fine. Moquettes, axminsters, ingrains and Brussels of both varieties are to be found here. Seventy-five pieces of cheap tapestry brussels were opened the day we visited the store. They were bought at a cut price and will be sold at cost. They are sure to please all who are about to re-carpet their homes.

After taking a glance at some very convenient carpet-sweepers, the newspaper man was escorted into the drapery room. He found there all of the best varieties of curtains, including Chenilles, Velours, Swiss and Irish Point, Nottingham, Madras, silk and others. Curtains are sold both by the pair and by the yard. There is also displayed a large line of curtain loops and fixtures, and a stock of Hollands in all widths, which are adapted to window shades and are made to match all kinds of wall paper and painting. Before the scribe left the room, his attention was directed by Mr. Mack to some elegant curtains made in Japan and Turkey.

Having thoroughly examined the carpet room, Mr. Mack and his companion descended to the first floor. The

**NOTION DEPARTMENT.**

to which three or four ladies were devoting their attention, was very interesting. Here were displayed handkerchiefs, underwear, corsets, kid gloves and many other novelties. There is a separate counter at which ladies may try on and fit gloves before purchasing. A stock of muslin underwear and yarns was also carefully noted.

The underwear department at the rear of the store was visited next.

Forty-five feet of shelf room are devoted to this branch of the business. Everything in this line, from a low grade of goods, at five cents, to the Dr. Jaeger and Lieb garments, was found; beside a full assortment of the Ypsilanti and Lewis ribbed

**UNDERWEAR.**

which are undoubtedly the best in the country. Mr. Mack assured THE REGISTER that the firm carries a more complete stock than any store in the state. The whole attention of two ladies is required to look after customers in this department.

**DRESS GOODS.**

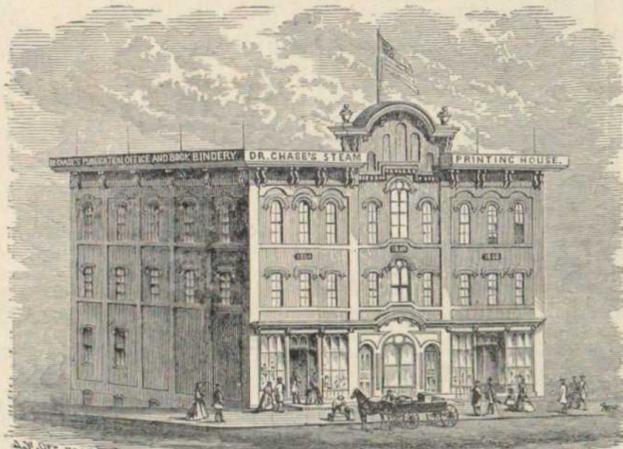
The display of which extends over a space of more than fifty feet, excited the admiration of the newspaper man. This department, so he was informed, has recently been doubled in size. French and other foreign novelties, not to be found generally speaking, except in large cities, were kindly pointed out by the merchant. Among these were noted some fine Henrietta cloths, conceded to be the best made, which came from the factory of Friedrich Arnold, in Greiz, Germany. They are of all shades and colors and make a very pretty display. There are three great leaders in this department, in which the firm take especial pride. A 19 Twill, formerly priced at \$ .85 to \$1.00, sells for \$ .75, and a 15 Twill, of the same make, color and width, formerly sold by all at 75 cents, now sells at 50.

"Another leader with us," said the merchant, "is the black goods stock. We are agents for both the Lubins and Priestly goods and, although we meet with a good deal of competition from the large cities, we invariably find our prices lower. I might mention that we are paying cash for these goods and are thus enabled to give jobbers' prices. If you will move on a little farther, I will show you our

**SILK DEPARTMENT.**

We handle goods from the John D. Cutter Natchang factory, also from the Chaffee & Sons' and the Willimantic factories. We get our goods directly from these mills. I am sure we have a much larger variety in shades, styles and prices than you can find in this part of the country. Have you seen enough of the silks? If so, let us pass to the velvets."

The reporter did so and was well pleased with what he saw. Besides velvets he found the best dress trimmings, fancy silks and linings displayed. The stock of flannels also greatly interested him. The variety is very great, including at the same time stuffs suit-



The Courier Building.

able for laboring men's shirts and the finest cloaking and imported flannels. We learned that the Amasa Association furnished almost all of these goods.

Cassimeres, suitable for cloaking and skirting, including some of the latest novelties, were arranged next to the flannels. They not only were attractive, but appeared at the same time to be very durable.

The display of white goods, damasks, table-cloths, napkins, etc., is admired by all ladies who visit the store. The prices are so low that the demand for these goods is very great.

Domestics, including a large variety of sheetings, cottons and flannels in all colors, were next to be seen. The stock of ginghams is also to be noted.

So much did the reporter see that formed a part of ladies' apparel that he began to wonder if there was anything at all in the store for gentlemen. Just as he was about to go out, Mr. Mack took hold of his arm and insisted that he should look at the

**GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS.**

He did so and was more than pleased with the fine display before him. Surely, he thought, no firm ever sold linen collars, cuffs and shirts at such prices as Mack & Schmid offer. But cheapness is not their sole merit. They are both beautiful and durable and deserve attention on the part of every gentleman.

In the center of the room stands a large double show case, filled with jewelry, brushes, combs, shopping bags, fancy laces, fans, purses and other things which it is impossible to mention in detail. An assortment of umbrellas—silks, mohairs, woolsens and cottons—is also to be found. Their equal cannot often be seen.

Mack & Schmid, we are informed, always make it a point to display their goods well on the counters so that customers can see at a glance what the store contains.

The trade of the firm has grown so large that twenty-five persons are required to attend to customers. All the clerks are experienced and are always found anxious to show goods and give information even if, so far as a purchase is concerned, their labor is in vain.

The stock of goods, Mr. Mack stated, has been increased so largely, that it recently became necessary to take out an additional policy for \$30,000.

As the REGISTER man took his leave, his attention was directed to a lady who came in and asked for a copy of Butterick's Metropolitan Fashion Sheets. As no money passed hands, he expressed surprise. Mr. Mack at once assured him that it was a practice with the firm to deliver this publication free to customers. On an average, he said, 1,000 copies per month were disposed of.

Subscribe for THE ANN ARBOR REGISTER, \$1.00 a year.

**NATIONAL IN SCOPE,**

**IS THE EXTENSIVE CONCERN OF EBERBACH & SON.**

**Manufacturers of Physical Apparatus, Especially Electrical—A Well Equipped Chemical Laboratory and a Well Equipped Pharmacy.**

When Christian F. Eberbach started in the drug business about fifty years ago, it is probable that he did not expect to deal in anything but the ordinary articles sold by pharmacists. The manufacture of physical apparatus and the preparation of chemicals for use in schools was probably very far from his thoughts.

Mr. Eberbach was educated in Stuttgart, Germany. He came to Ann Arbor in 1838, and clerked for a time in the store of W. S. Maynard. In 1842, however, he went into business for himself, starting a drug store on Huron-st. He built, several years later, the block now occupied by B. F. Watts. In 1850 he erected the building which he still uses. He was associated in business with the late Emanuel Mann until 1876, when his son, Ottmar Eberbach, a former student at the famous Tubingen University, became his partner.

Christian Eberbach was the first dispensing druggist in Ann Arbor. But he did not stop there. He has for many years manufactured preparations in his own laboratory. This branch of the business occupies a two-story building, and is supplied with all the necessary machinery. In the basement stands a six-horse power engine, which furnishes power for several large root-crushers. Steam-jackets for evaporating and machines for distilling are found on the first floor. The second story is used as a store room. It contains many hundreds of flasks, test tubes, beakers, retorts and other chemical glassware. There can be no doubt but that Eberbach & Son have a larger variety than any other house in the state. Besides those of their own manufacture, they import many from Germany, France and England. The University of Michigan and the Ann Arbor high school depend upon the firm largely for their supplies.

**THE APPARATUS DEPARTMENT.**

It was in 1872 that Eberbach & Son went into the chemical and physical apparatus business. This has since developed until it has reached proportions which will

surprise even many Ann Arbor people. A complete line of the various articles and devices used by teachers to illustrate the principles of physics and chemistry is kept in stock. The firm supplies the University of Michigan with much of its scientific apparatus. Its field is not, however, limited to Ann Arbor. Many schools, not only in Michigan, but in distant states, are becoming more and more dependent upon this enterprising firm.

The latest addition to the facilities of Eberbach & Son is a mechanical laboratory for the manufacture of physical apparatus, especially that suited to electrical research. A competent mechanic, Edwin Burdick, is employed. A glance at the work done by him would excite the admiration of everyone. Resistance coils, wheatstone bridges, galvanometers—what not—are made in such a way as to be almost perfect, not only as regards mechanical precision, but also as regards beauty. One of the most interesting articles lately made by Eberbach & Son is an improved clamp for holding small animals for investigations in physiological laboratories. This is probably the first manufactured this side of the Atlantic. It will be used by the University of Michigan.

The firm has recently filled an order from the University of Colorado for a large number of appliances of their own manufacture.

A visit to the establishment of Eberbach & Son would repay any lover of science. No teacher of chemistry or physics should fail to inspect the large line of goods and watch the process of their manufacture. Many, it is needless to say, have already availed themselves of the opportunity.

When the representative of THE REGISTER was piloted through the establishment he learned more than one week's study in a high school or college could possibly have taught him. Scientific students watch with great interest the work done by the firm. Many of them, after leaving their alma mater and becoming teachers themselves, send to Eberbach & Son for all their supplies. Under such circumstances, can it be doubted that the firm has a great future before it? Keen insight, a careful study and above all, push, have never yet failed to bring success.

**"The Two Sams"**

By this striking name is known one of the most enterprising establishments in this city. Speaking technically, the business is owned by Louis Blittz, of Detroit, but the management is entrusted to Messrs. S. S. Blittz and Sam. Langsdorf, of this city, two clothiers of long experience.

A beautiful store—the most modern in every respect which stands on Main-st—affords accommodations for the largest stock of clothing. Both the first and second floors are used.

Downstairs will be found hats, furnishing goods, men's and boys' clothing, and the odds and ends of a clothing business. On the second floor, which is fitted up with carpets, dressing rooms, bureaus, mirrors and all the other conveniences, are found overcoats, mackintoshes and children's clothing. The variety in all these articles is large enough to please the most fastidious.

A peculiarity of the stock kept by "The Two Sams" is the fact that almost all of it—in fact all of the fine goods—have been made to order. Several weeks ago Samuel Langsdorf, the youngest of the "Two Sams," made a visit to New York, where he remained three weeks. His time was spent mainly in making trips from one merchant tailoring establishment to another. The questions he asked were many and the answers were carefully noted. In this way he learned what styles of clothing were best suited to the popular demand, as regards both beauty and durability.

Having gained the knowledge he desired he proceeded to the large establishment of Alfred Benjamin & Co., where he left an order for an excess of all previous ones. So pleased was the firm with some of his selections that they have preserved for their own use two samples of every style of overcoats ordered by Mr. Langsdorf.

The "Two Sams" have the reputation throughout the state of carrying more novelties than any other concern in the state. As evidence of this may be cited the fact that some of the best dressers in Detroit buy neckwear of this establishment.

The agencies for both the Knox and Silverman hats are in the hands of the "Two Sams." It is doubtful if any other retail firm in the country is allowed agencies for two of the standard hats at the same time.

Every one knows that the students are particularly fond of trading with the "Two Sams." The firm has always made it a point to cater to the tastes of the young people—a policy which has proved mutually satisfactory.

Another secret of their success is their skill in advertising. No firm in the state has used printer's ink more often or more judiciously.

**A Model Store.**

The term "Model" applies very well to the store of Schuh & Muehlig. Everything about it is worthy of imitation by all hardware firms who wish to please the people and thus win prosperity.

The senior member of the firm, Jacob F. Schuh, has been in business ever since 1861. He is said to be the oldest hardware dealer in the county. He and his partner, Mr. Muehlig, are ever ready to attend to the wants of customers.

The store occupied by Schuh & Muehlig is 120 feet long, and has three stories and a basement. The entire building is packed with goods. On the first floor may be found everything kept in an ordinary hardware store—locks, hinges, screws, nails, stoves, refrigerators, cutlery, etc. At the rear of the store is the tinning and plumbing departments. Here ten men are constantly employed. This kind of work is increasing so rapidly that the firm expect soon to have a still larger force.

On the second floor is the mantel room. This is said to be the finest display room in Michigan. Everything is artistically arranged. Hanging lamps and chandeliers are suspended from the ceiling, while along the walls mantels are displayed. They range in price from \$20 to \$150 apiece. Some are made of wood, some of imitation marble and some of tiles. No home should be without one of these beautiful articles.

Sewing machines of four makes—Domestic, White, New Home and Davis—are also displayed on the second floor. They are made a specialty with the firm of Schuh & Muehlig.

By means of the club system purchasers are enabled to secure sewing machines very cheaply. During the past twelve years the firm has disposed of nearly 5,000.

The third floor of the large establishment is devoted to agricultural implements, gasoline stoves, furnaces, etc. The sale of furnaces is rapidly attaining large proportions. The Bolton, the Carbon and the Gilt Edge, all are favorites with those who own houses. They are warranted to give good service. Any person who is interested in hardware, or desires to see a good display, should certainly visit the store of Schuh & Muehlig. He is almost certain to become a purchaser, and even if he does not buy, he will have seen something which interests him.

**A Rapid Growth.**

When D. C. Goodspeed threw the doors of No. 17 Main-st open for business on the first day of September, 1883—without a friend or acquaintance in Ann Arbor—he did not dream of at once getting into that popular favor of the shoe buyers that has clung to him until the present time. But a determination to give the public honest goods at moderate prices, and an earnest effort to see that all patrons received prompt and careful attention, [he admits that in last particular he has sometimes failed, for even with increased help the public have been too many for him]. Taking care to watch the market closely that value and late styles were always at their command, have contributed largely to the constantly increasing business and success of the enterprise.

In 1886 the firm was changed to Goodspeed & Sons, and in May, 1888, the hat and furnishing goods stock of A. A. Terry was bought and added to the business. The store was entirely refitted and stocked with the best to be had in market, and when opened for business in the fall the new venture met with the same popular favor as the shoe business before it, and with that customer's determination to see that their customers get what is in the market, with an honest dollar's value for every dollar left with them, the business seems destined to increase indefinitely.

**The Cause.**

"You were lucky, I believe," said Cholly. "Ya'as," said Chappie, "I forgot to put on my yachting clothes, doncher know, before you got out."



**THE GREAT HIGHWAY**

BETWEEN THE

**EAST AND WEST**

VIA

**NIAGARA**



**FALLS**

**ROUTE!**

THE ROUTE OF THE FAMOUS

**"NORTH SHORE LIMITED."**

THE DIRECT LINE TO

- New York,
- Boston,
- Albany,
- Philadelphia,
- Washington,
- Buffalo,
- Toledo,
- Cincinnati,
- Grand Rapids,
- Mackinaw.

THROUGH SLEEPING AND DINING CARS

FROM CHICAGO TO DETROIT

O. W. RUGGLES, H. W. HAYES, G. P. & T. Agt., Chicago. Agt., Ann Arbor.

**DRY GOODS GALORE.**

**SKETCH OF THE E. F. MILLS & CO. ESTABLISHMENT.**

**A Large Line of Dress Goods, Carpets, Linens, Flannels, and All the Articles Generally Kept in a First Class Dry Goods House.**

The firm of Wines & Worden was established many years ago. It won great success and was always one of the foremost dry goods establishments in this part of the country.

In March, 1890, however, the surviving member of the firm, C. H. Worden was led, by a wish for retirement from active life, to dispose of the business to younger men.

Fortunately it fell into the hands of E. F. Mills and H. G. Van Tuyl, men who had devoted many years to the dry goods business in Detroit and Albion, Mich., and had pushed themselves to the front by dint of hard work and natural acuteness. The firm name is E. F. Mills & Co., Mr. Van Tuyl being a silent partner.

As soon as the new men took charge of the business they instituted many improvements. The store was entirely remodeled, a new plate-glass front was put in, a better floor was laid, new shelving was purchased and other changes were brought about—the total cost of the improvements exceeding \$2,000. The old stock of goods was largely cleared out during a special sale, and was replaced by a larger

No department in the store gives more satisfaction to the average lady than that of hosiery and underwear. Few establishments in the cities carry so complete a line in everything, from infants' suits to ladies' clothing. Ladies' Union suits at \$1 a garment are remarkably cheap. A specialty with E. F. Mills & Co. is misses' and children's underwear, of which an unusually full stock is shown.

The notion department enjoys a large and rapidly increasing trade. A specialty is made of kid gloves, of which the firm handles a large number. The Biarritz glove, at 98 cents, and the warranted dressed kid, at \$1, attract many buyers. The Fontaine 8b suede glove and Le Grande seven-hook glove, at \$1.50, are also great favorites with the ladies of this city.

The carpet department of this house is probably the largest in the city. It occupies the greater part of the basement. Everything in carpets, lace curtains, portieres, rugs, linoleums, oil cloths, matting, etc., are to be found in endless variety. The carpet room is in charge of an experienced carpet man, Mr. L. C. Goodrich. Notwithstanding the recent rise in the manufacturers' prices of carpets, this house is selling nearly all grades at less than the prices of two years ago and can save from 10 to 15 per cent. over the prices obtained by the large city stores. In proof of this statement may be cited the fact that the new proprietors of the Cook House placed their entire order for carpets with this firm, and that after obtaining competing prices from Detroit.

E. F. Mills & Co. have, from the beginning of business, adopted the one-price system and, as a result, have sold

**FIFTY-THREE YEARS OLD.**

**THE TAILORING BUSINESS OF WAGNER & CO.**

**A Little History—A Beautiful Store—Good Accommodations—A Fine Stock of Goods.**

It was only last week that Wagner & Co. moved from temporary quarters back into their old store, which had been overhauled and improved to such an extent that one could hardly recognize it as the same place. The store has been modernized in every way. The first thing that attracts the attention is its light, roomy appearance, caused by raising the ceiling, making it twelve feet high. By taking out the heavy pillars supporting the front and substituting an arrangement of plate glass somewhat different from anything in Ann Arbor, they have secured very handsome show windows. A handsome, neat pattern of glazed tile adorns the entrance.

The left side of the store is devoted to furnishing goods. Deep shelving of antique oak, elegantly finished, and of entirely new design, extends to the rear. Directly in front of this shelving are forty feet of show cases, resting on oak tables of handsome design finished to match the shelving.

The right side, as you enter the store, is devoted to the display of seasonable

tailors, saving the middlemen's profits. They are thus enabled to get the new styles sooner, while by buying for cash, and taking advantage of a cash discount, they own their goods at a less price than they otherwise could, giving their customers the benefit.

Woolens of all kinds—principally the imported varieties—are kept in stock. Suits are made to order for \$20 and upwards. Trousers range from \$5, and overcoats from \$18, to much larger amounts. A specialty with the house is a line of handsome silk vestings suitable for the fancy vests which are now very popular.

Only first-class trimmings are used. Said Mr. C. W. Wagner: "I believe that the lining should wear as long as the outside of a garment. I never try to save a few cents by using poor stuff. On the whole, I would rather hold one old customer than make two new ones. A good deal of our trade we have had for years."

A novelty lately introduced into the tailor shop is flat iron, which, instead of a charcoal fire, has a gas jet inside. Thus all annoyance from dirt or cinders is avoided.

For many years Wagner & Co. kept a large stock of ready made clothing. This they disposed of recently in order that they might be able to devote more attention to the tailoring business proper. The old stock of furnishings was also sacrificed by a special sale, in order to make room for a larger and better assortment. The purchases in this line of goods have been remarkably large this fall and more than an ordinary amount of attention has been given to them. No other house in Ann Arbor can boast of so large a variety of fine linen collars, cuffs, dress shirts, underwear, neckties and the like. It would pay any person, with an eye for beauty, to look over the stock even if he does not care to purchase.

In connection with the establishment the firm have a first-class steam laundry, which bears the reputation of doing the best work in this section of the country. A beautiful delivery wagon, making frequent trips, gathers and distributes the work. The laundry is rapidly becoming a stronger and stronger adjunct to the business.

**Koch & Henne.**

In March, 1888, this firm purchased from Messrs. Richmond and Treadwell the Keck stock of furniture.

The senior member of the firm, John Koch, has had twenty-five years' experience in the business. He served an apprenticeship in Germany, and learned all the details from actual experience.

The junior partner, William G. Henne, was a cabinet-maker by trade. For several years he was employed by the Michigan Furniture Company. Both members of the firm, it will be seen, were almost sure to make a success of the furniture business. That they have done so is proved by the experience of the past three years.

Koch & Henne occupy a large three story, triple-front building, a cut of which is found on this page. On the first floor general household furnishing goods, including many odds and ends, are kept. There are folding beds, bureaus, tables, wash-stands, chairs, mantels, brackets, etc., etc., too numerous to be mentioned in this article.

On the second floor are the carpet and chamber-set departments. The carpet room is, by all means, the most showy room in the city. All kinds of ingrain, tapestries, matting, moquettes, Brussels carpets (body and tapestry), are there found in great variety, and the latest patterns and styles are displayed.

The third floor is mostly devoted to storage and repairing of furniture. A large reserve stock is kept both here and in the basement. The repair shop is well equipped. Even the most badly used furniture can there be mended and made to look as fresh and new as if it

**BOOKS! BOOKS!**

**STUDENTS' BOOKS.**

**SHEEHAN & COMPANY,**

**THE UNIVERSITY BOOK-SELLERS, STATE ST.,**

Have just received from the New York publishers 10,000 vols. comprising all the books used in the University of Michigan. Law and Medical Books, College Text, School and Miscellaneous Books.

New and Second-Hand at Bottom prices.

Headquarters for drafting Instruments and Drawing Materials of all kinds.

We have the best and cheapest Note Books in the city.

**FINE STATIONERY SOLD BY THE POUND.**

**GEORGE WAHR,**

Main Street, opp. Court House, ANN ARBOR, - - MICHIGAN.

OFFERS SPECIAL DISCOUNT ON ALL STANDARD BOOKS IN SETS AND MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS.

We Buy, Sell and Exchange Second-Hand School Books.

**BLANK BOOKS AND STATIONERY**

A SPECIALTY. Wall Paper from 5c to \$1.00 per Roll. Interior Decorating Done to Order.

**S. VOLLAND,**

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN FINE

**HARNESS, BRIDLES, AND COLLARS,**

ALSO DEALER IN

Trunks, Traveling Bags, Blankets, Robes, Whips and Razor Straps.

NO. 9 EAST HURON STREET.

*Gibson*

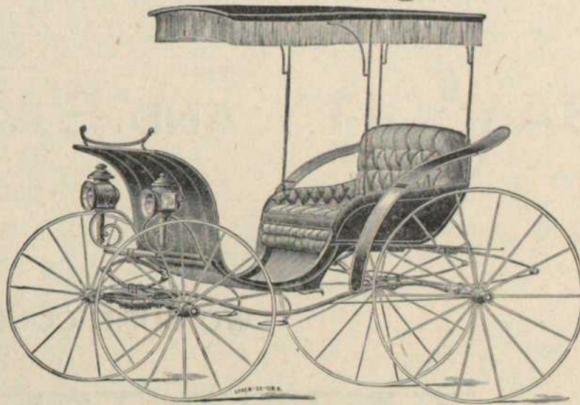
12 W. Huron St. - Ann Arbor, Mich.

GEORGE WALKER. MICHAEL GROSSMAN. CHRISTIAN BRAUN

**WALKER & CO.,**

PROPRIETORS OF THE

**Ann Arbor Carriage Works**



MANUFACTURERS OF

**Carriages, Coaches and Sleighs.**

REPAIRING PROMPTLY DONE.

9 and 11 W. Liberty and 21-23 Second St., - - ANN ARBOR, MICH.

**COAL COAL COAL**

The Best Anthracite Plymouth Coal

**LOUIS ROHDE'S.**

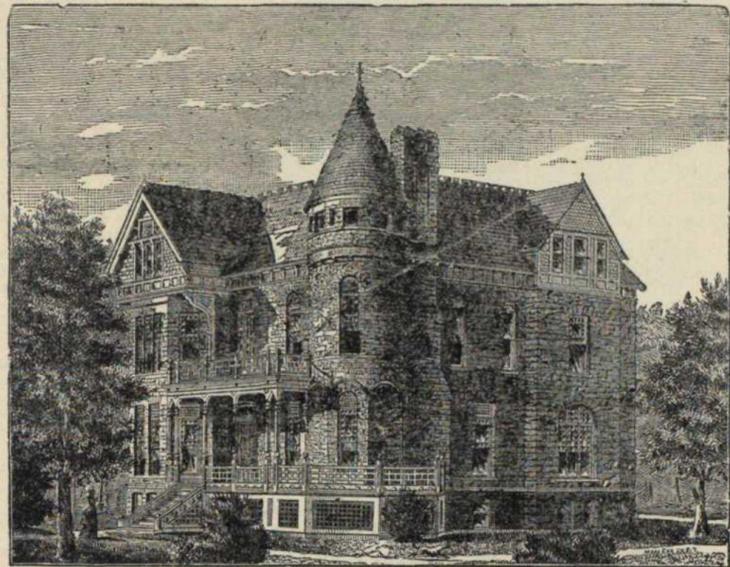
ALL KINDS OF GOOD WOOD AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

Prompt Delivery to any part of the City.

Wood Yard: Cor. E. Huron St. and S. Fifth Ave. Coal Yard: W. Huron St., near T., A. A. & N.M. Crossing. Main Office, 36 E. Huron St.,

Where you can leave your orders for Coal and Wood.

LOUIS ROHDE.



The Alpha Delta Phi Fraternity House.

variety of goods than had ever been carried by the old firm. The business of the store has increased 50 per cent. since E. F. Mills & Co. took hold. Twelve persons are now employed and three floors are used for the display of goods.

The store is one of the best lighted places in the city. The windows in front and in the rear are supplemented by a large sky-light in the center. In the evening large electric lights on the arc system make the store as bright as it is in daytime.

**A GLANCE AT THE STOCKS.**

The display windows are undoubtedly the finest in the city. Said a prominent citizen to Mr. Mills the other day: "I am not much of an aesthete myself, but my wife prevailed upon me the other day to stop and look at your windows as I passed by. I did so, and I must say that the display struck me as being the best I had ever seen. It is far ahead of anything in Ann Arbor." The display windows, it should be added, are under the special charge of Messrs. C. E. Mutschel and M. Duke.

Let us glance at the various departments of the store. There is, first, the dress goods department. Everything from 10 cents up to \$2 a yard, including the latest Parisian and Berlin novelties, can be found here. The preparations in this department for the fall trade are much more extensive this year than they have ever been before. Over 10,000 yards of the latest designs and fabrics have been placed on sale this month. Trimmings in every conceivable shade, ranging in price from 15 cents to \$2.50, are kept to match all shades of dress goods. In view of these facts, why need ladies go to Detroit or Chicago for fine dress goods?

The silk department is quite as extensive as the dress goods. The firm have the agency for the celebrated Gold Medal warranted black silks, of which they carry every grade and for which they have an enormous sale. Not only black silks, but full lines of colored failles, surahs, chinases, plain and figured Florentines, etc., are kept. A large stock of silk surahs at 25 cents a yard attracts special attention. A warranted black faille at 83 cents is undeniably cheap. These and a full line of plaid silks at 50 cents, which cost 65 to import, are some of the many bargains offered.

Linens and white goods are a specialty in this house. Every grade, from 25 cents up, is carried. Napkins, ranging from 50 cents to \$7 a dozen, attract the attention of every visitor.

The new department of this store is that of ladies' muslin underwear. It was opened about six months ago and has attained marked success. There has been a growing demand in this city for a better class of these goods, and while the firm are carrying a line specially suited to meet the demand, they have not neglected the cheaper grades. Everything from 17 cents to \$2.75 per garment is being carried.

A complete line of flannels, eider downs, etc., is kept in stock and sold at the usual reasonable prices. The department of wash goods and domestics is also a strong one with this house.

The gentlemen's furnishings department is another addition made by the firm. Medium and low priced goods are kept and sold at prices far below those offered by exclusively furnishing stores.

at lower prices than would otherwise be possible.

Rapidly increasing business has made it necessary for the firm to obtain larger quarters. Arrangements have been completed by which, in February next, the two upper floors, 24x100 feet each, will be entirely remodeled and placed in such a condition that they may be occupied by the firm. A fine new passenger elevator will be put in, thus making the higher floors easily accessible. New departments will be added, and when all the improvements have been completed the city can congratulate itself on possessing one of the finest and best equipped dry goods stores to be found in any city of its size in the United States.

woolens, and one would be hard to please who could not find something to his taste in so large and varied an assortment. The second floor, reached by means of a handsome oak staircase, is used for surplus stock.

This is the store of 1891. When William Wagner, the senior member of the firm, went into business during the year 1838, the quarters he occupied were much more modest. The old store stood on Huron-st. in a block of buildings which were burned down in the disastrous fire of 1848. It was not long before Mr. Wagner had the foundation laid for a new structure, and in 1849 he took possession of the store which he



Building occupied by Koch & Henne.

**Quotations Amended to Suit the Times**

"For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight."

"Be good and your religion will be right."

"Honor and shame from no condition rise."

"The great are those on whom there are no lies."

"Know then this truth" (it is a truth we know),

Woe paves the road to happiness below.

"She who ne'er answers till a husband cools."

More wisdom has than e'er was taught in schools.

"Good sense, which only is the gift of heaven."

Can not into the cranium be driven.

**Good Apple Year.**

Stranger—"This tree seems to be loaded with apples."

Rural Miss—"Yes sir. Pop says this is a good apple year."

"I am glad to hear that. Are all your trees as full of apples as this one?"

"O, no. Only the apple trees."

has occupied continuously till the present time.

In 1887 his son, Charles W. Wagner, who had learned the business thoroughly, was taken into partnership and in February of this year, James N. Riley, formerly of Williamston, also became a member of the firm. Mr. Wagner attends exclusively to the cutting of garments, while Mr. Riley waits on the trade.

**THE STORE**

is 66x18 feet in size and two stories high. A magnificent plate glass front and a skylight in the rear afford light in the day time, while in the evening business is transacted under the glare of the electric light. Fine mirrors and convenient dressing rooms are a part of the equipment.

**FINE TAILORING.**

As before remarked, C. W. Wagner does all the cutting. He has had thirteen years' experience in this kind of work, and, judging from the class of customers who patronize the firm, and their increasing business, his work is giving the best of satisfaction.

The firm buy all their goods direct from either the importers or manufac-

had just been bought. The upholstering room is also on the third floor. The firm pride themselves upon doing most excellent work in this line.

Everything throughout the building is of the most approved style. Few stores in even larger cities can compare with it. All the stock is purchased either at Grand Rapids or at Chicago, and is of the very best. It could not be otherwise, for it is always selected by Mr. Koch personally, and, as a friend once said of him, "What John Koch doesn't know about furniture isn't worth knowing."

**True Humility.**

Lady—Now that I have given you a dinner I suppose you won't object to sawing a little wood for me.

Tramp—That is labor, isn't it?

Lady—I suppose so.

Tramp—You have heard of the dignity of labor, haven't you?

Lady—Yes.

Tramp—Well, madam, don't you think it would be presumptuous in a miserable looking wretch like me to aspire to any dignity? No; I'm a tramp, but I'm no upstart. Good day, madam.

A LARGE ESTABLISHMENT.

HISTORY AND PRESENT STANDING OF HUTZEL & CO.

Fifteen Men Employed—All Constantly Busy—The "Hutzel Hot Water Boiler"—Something About a Large and Growing Establishment.

A very familiar name to Ann Arbor people is Hutzel & Co. This has been the firm name of the owners of a very thriving and prosperous business establishment on Main-st for a great many years.

The record of the growth and development of the business of this firm is interesting, indeed, and is an important chapter in the history of Ann Arbor. Very many years ago the two stores now owned by Eberbach & Son., and Hutzel & Co., were Eberbach & Co., and composed of Christian Eberbach and Emanuel Mann.

About 1875, August Hutzel bought out the interest of Messrs. Eberbach and Mann in the firm of Hutzel & Co., and continued in the business alone until 1878, when his two sons, Herman and Titus F. Hutzel, became associated with him, and the same firm name continued. They then established the business of plumbing, steam-heating, gas-fitting, and the furnishing of water and gas supplies, etc.

A wonderful increase in that department of their business has been experienced since that time, and a great deal of outside contracting has been done. Among the cities where they have been successful bidders for municipal contracts are: Streeter, Ill., where fourteen miles of pipe have been laid; and Elgin, Ill., where they have put in over twelve miles of piping.

ing, gas-fitting, etc., are frequently taken in neighboring cities. They have one of the best equipped shops in the state, and have all the facilities that modern inventions afford, and are able to do all their fitting and other work in their own shops, and are prepared to furnish estimates, on very short notice, in any branch of their business, from the simple laying of pipe, to the putting in of the most intricate system of plumbing. There is nothing in this line of work which they are not able to do. They have recently finished some very unique jobs in this city. They have put in a complete hydraulic arrangement in the Western brewery, changing it into a steam plant, something over \$3,000 worth of work being put in. They are now doing from \$5,000 to \$6,000 worth of plumbing on the new University Hospital buildings. But their most elaborate plumbing job will be the plumbing of the new addition to President Angell's house this fall, which they claim will be as near perfection as their work can be made.

This firm have also invented a new hot-water heater, known as "Hutzel's Hot-Water Boiler," which has not been given a severe test yet, because of hard winters, but which they expect great returns from as soon as a thorough, practical test can be made of it. Four of these boilers have already been placed in Ann Arbor, in the residences of Messrs. Taber, Scott, Belser and Fillmore, and have given great satisfaction in every instance.

The members of the present firm, Herman and Titus F. Hutzel, are both practical business men who have always lived in Ann Arbor, both being born in this city, in 1855 and 1850 respectively, and have been identified with the development of many of its industries. They were among the principal instigators of the organization of the Allmendinger Piano and Organ Co., both being stockholders at the present time, and of which Herman Hutzel has been vice-president since its organization.

A few years ago they conceived the feasibility of Ann Arbor making its own brick, and through their instrumentality the organization of the Ann Arbor Brick, Tile and Sewer Pipe Co. was brought about. They are both stockholders and directors in this company, Herman Hutzel being the secretary and superintendent. They have failed to make first-class brick as yet, but the industry is far from dead. They have been prospecting along the railroads, and now have the option of thirty acres of very promising land near Leland. An experimental "burn" will soon be made, and it is expected that another thriving industry will soon be added to Ann Arbor's category.

The gross revenue from tobacco in Great Britain last year was £9,717,784. There is no free trade in tobacco in England.

The highest inhabited place in the world is the Buddhist monastery, Haine, in Thibet, Asia; 16,000 feet above the sea.

One hundred years ago there were in the South 54,258 colored people to every 100,000 white people; to-day there are but 41,476.

A PROMINENT MERCHANT.



Frederick Schmid.

Mr. Wilsey and the Guild.

Doubtless, everyone has heard of the famous Guild. If he has not, he had better do as the writer did—visit the local agent, Alvin Wilsey.

Mr. Wilsey sang but one song to us, the refrain of which was, "the beautiful Guild piano," and the refrain seemed to be about all there was of the song. He managed to tell us, between spells, that it was difficult to keep any of them in stock. "Why," said he, "look at this list of recent purchasers. There are: Rev. E. S. Shaw, Benzonia, Mich.; F. C. Brown, O. C. Bacon, Miss Clara Gott, Professor W. W. Beman, A. P. Ferguson, James Walsh, Miss Alice Treadwell, Charles Walsh and others, but some people don't like to see their names in print, so, may be, you had better not mention names. Yes, my store is full, too full to show goods to advantage, but I must have the goods if I expect to sell them. Oh, yes, we keep other pianos and organs, and all kinds of small instruments, also sewing machines and bicycles."

"Have much help?" "No, sir, we do our own work; but you may mention the fact that we now have a tuner, who is ready on short notice to tune and repair pianos in first-class shape. He is Mr. H. T. Pixley. He came here and looked the town over, declared it the most beautiful place he had seen, and at once sent for his wife. She has arrived, and both are well pleased with their new home.

"Yes, sir, the Guild piano sells. Why, see here, the other day a stranger stepped into the store and remarked that the name Guild seemed like an old friend. 'How long,' said he, 'have you known the Guild piano?' 'I told him about twenty years.' 'Well,' said he, 'I bought one of them about thirty years ago, and it is practically as good as ever.' This was a strong testimonial, entirely unsought, and I was pleased to learn that the gentleman

was the superintendent of schools at Bridgeport, Conn.

"One of our Main-st business men hailed me on the street recently in this style: 'See here, Wilsey, you are making such a blow about that Guild piano, perhaps you would like to know that we have one that has been in use twenty years, and is as good as ever.' The piano, I might add, has been in use twenty-five years—and so it goes, but what's the use of talking? The pianos sell themselves as fast as I can get them. I could get a magnificent list of testimonials from Ann Arbor people for the Guild piano. But I have talked enough. Good morning, sir."

Many Ladies

Say that there is no place in Ann Arbor where you buy first-class dry goods so cheaply as you can at Schairer & Millen's. One would soon become convinced of this if he but took the time, some day, to walk through this flourishing establishment. Obliging clerks will take pleasure in showing him or her the goods, even if he or she do not purchase.

A visitor will find on the first floor everything in the way of dress goods, flannels, silks, etc., which the most fastidious could desire. Enough is here displayed at the present time to give a lady a good idea of what Dame Fashion proposes she shall wear this fall. Among other things we might mention rough wools (with a craze for dots and spots), Scotch twisted suitings, plaids and camel's hair, West of England tweeds, English suitings, Bedford cords, chevrons, snow-flakes, Angora cloths, home-spuns, and elegant Paris robes. The special beauty of these styles is that no two are alike.

The craze for black has not by any means abated, as Schairer & Millen are well aware. They have consequently laid in this fall what they consider the best black goods stock in Michigan. In variety and cheapness these goods compare well with any stock kept in Detroit.

All ladies who are in the habit of wearing silks should certainly call upon Schairer & Millen before they finally purchase. They are selling this week all silk surahs, in black and other shades, which ordinarily bring fifty cents for twenty-five cents a yard. A 24-inch faille, black silk, is also a specialty with this firm.

It is the cloak department of this store, however, in which these enterprising merchants take the most pride. The whole second floor of the building they occupy has been devoted to this branch of the business. The latest fashions from all parts of the world, in jackets, capes, Newmarkets and misses' and children's cloaks, are displayed. The leader of this season combines the best features of the hip seam and reefer jackets, fitting tight in the back and quite loose in front. Fur trimmings are quite in vogue this fall. The best astrachan, opossum, mink, mufion, Persian lamb and coney furs are used.

Subscribe for THE REGISTER.

The Whiskers and the Wind.

Clarence Wells had wondrous whiskers, Which he cultivated duly; Long and luscious, sleek and glossy, They were hisrite marvels, truly! With pomatum and cosmetics, Clarence was attentive to 'em— Yet all vainly, for profately Did the wind go blowing through 'em.

Though their shape was all the fashion, And their texture soft and wavy; Though their color was no duller Than the pink of roast beef gravy: Though the poets sung their glory And the damsels loved to woo 'em, Still the gusty gales and lusty Kept adversely whisking through 'em.

Clarence Wells at last surrendered To fate's fitful, drafty phases, And one day, sir, with a razor Off he swiped those crinose daisies! Fortune favored him divested Of his furry freaks to glory, With no furry freaks to worry, All at once the wind stopped blowing.

Two Views of It.

"Tommy," said his mother reprovingly, "I should think you'd be ashamed to be in the same class with boys who are all so much smaller than yourself." "Well, mother," replied imperturbable Tom, "I look upon the matter in a different light altogether. It really flatters my vanity to see how proud the small boys are to be in the same class with a big boy like me."—New York Herald.

Good Advice.

"I say, Isidor, what do you think of my wife?" "If I must tell you the truth, Sammy, she isn't handsome." "Ah, well! Externally, perhaps, she is not all that might be wished, but internally—ah! Isidor, she has a beautiful mind!" "Tell you what, Sammy; have her turned!"—Daheim Kalender.

Vain Appeal.

Scene: Double bedded room at a hotel; couple of friends have retired for the night. Pierre—Jean, are you asleep? Jean—No. Pierre—Then will you lend me five francs? Jean—(A deep snore.)—Recueil Anecdote.

They Were There.

"Were there many people at the performance last night?" asked a New Yorker of his friend, referring to a new piece that had been put on the boards. "Yes, but most of them were on the stage."—Texas Siftings.

Found!

The lady who lost her false teeth in the cloakroom at the opera last week can have her property by applying at the manager's office, where they are now doing duty as a paperweight.—Spirito Folletto.

A Natural Inquiry.

"Do you keep pigs?" inquired the commercial traveler of the country land-lord. "Why," answered Boniface, "do you wish board?"—Harper's Bazar.

Signal Service Suggestions.

He had finally reached the top of the Auditorium tower and when he entered the signal service office he said abruptly: "This 'ere's where you give out weather predictions, ain't it?" The clerk nodded. "Well," continued the old man, "I thought as how I could come up an give you some pointers." "Yes," said the clerk politely. "Yes, I've figgered on it a little an I find that ye ain't al'ays right." "No. We sometimes make mistakes." "Course ye do. We all does some time. Now, I was thinkin as how a line that used to be on the anction handbills down in our county might do fast rate on your weather predictions an save ye a lot of explainin'." "What was the line?" "What an weather permittin'." He went down without waiting for the elevator.—Chicago Tribune.

Fond, Anxious Love.



"My dear, now pray don't get into that boat!" "Why not, darling?" "It looks so very dangerous, and you are so awkward. Suppose you were to drown, whatever would become of me?" "Do be quiet. I know how to take care of myself." "Well, if you persist, get into the boat; but hadn't you better leave me your watch and chain?"—Strasburger Bote.

The Main Chance.

Sweet Old Lady to rustic youth who has brought a hamper over from the farm)—"Won't you step into the pantry and ask cook to give you a glass of ale, my boy? You must be thirsty after your long walk." Ingenuous Youth—Well, mum, it'll be ha-a-rd to say whether I be most thirsty or most hungry; but I be both powerful bad, surely. (Claim allowed, and cold collation set forth.)—Fun.

THE KEY TO MICHIGAN.



THE TOLEDO, ANN ARBOR & NORTH MICHIGAN RAILWAY.

The only North and South line in the State which crosses every important Railroad East and West, making a direct, short and quick route from TOLEDO and ANN ARBOR to Jackson, Lansing, Grand Rapids, Grand Haven, Ionia, Battle Creek, Milwaukee and Chicago.

BAY CITY AND SAGINAW TO ANN ARBOR AND TOLEDO.

Quicker Time and Better Service than any other line in both directions.

TWO SURE CONNECTIONS BETWEEN ANN ARBOR AND LANSING DAILY.

HUNTER'S TICKETS

To parties of 3 or more, now on sale at all stations to points in Upper Peninsula, good to return November 30. Stop-over allowed North of Farwell. 150 pounds baggage and camp stuff, dogs and guns carried free. Lower Peninsula tickets on sale November 1st.

Three Trains Daily, making sure connections with Toledo Railroads for all points East, South and West. Get tickets via Toledo, Ann Arbor & No. Mich. Ry.

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Agent, Ann Arbor.

**THE HUM OF FACTORIES.**

**ANN ARBOR QUITE A MANUFACTURING CENTER.**

The Reason for Its So-Being—The Present Magnitude of the Factory Interests—A Glance at the Most Prominent Institutions.

"Ann Arbor is a college town, there is no business or manufacturing there; if it wasn't for the University there wouldn't be much to say about the town." We used to hear such assertions as this ten years ago, but an intelligent man would be ashamed to talk in that manner today. Proud as the city is of the University and the other educational institutions, it is by no means entirely dependent upon them for existence or fame.

A glance at Ann Arbor's advantages as a manufacturing point would be of interest to all manufacturers who are looking for a good location. Railway connections, in the first place, are all that could be desired. By means of the Michigan Central, Ann Arbor has direct communication with all the western roads diverging from Chicago, and with the eastern seaboard. The Toledo, Ann Arbor & North Michigan railroad, extending northerly to Frankfort and southerly to Toledo, places Ann Arbor in communication with rich forest country, and with all the south and west roads centering at Toledo. Rates are made on both the railroads, decidedly favorable to Ann Arbor. The great advantages to be derived from such connections are apparent at even a hasty glance.

Ann Arbor's natural resources, so to speak, also deserve mention. Surrounded by a rich grain and fruit country, and not far distant from extensive hard wood forests, it is enabled to secure all kinds of raw material at a comparatively small expense.

Factory buildings can be put up more cheaply here than in almost any other city in the country. Pine lumber is brought directly from Saginaw and other northern points, comparatively near. Large bills are thus avoided. Hard wood lumber also, to some considerable extent, is manufactured within the corporation limits of Ann Arbor. Brick is made at several places in and near the city. Lime is brought from Dundee, twenty miles distant, and sand can be easily obtained in this vicinity.

The water furnished by the water company is well adapted for use in boilers. Good power is also furnished for water motors. Soft coal seldom costs more than \$2.50 per ton. It will thus be seen that the power facilities of Ann Arbor are all that could be asked. There is much land near the heart of the city and adjoining the railroads, not yet taken, that would furnish good, as well as cheap, sites for manufacturing establishments. When purchased, they would be burdened with only a small amount of taxes, the rate in this city for municipal, county and state taxes being, during the last fiscal year, only 1.35.

Both capital and labor can be secured in Ann Arbor at a comparatively small outlay. Money is never as scarce here as elsewhere. It is always seeking good investments. Labor also is plentiful, and strikes and other troubles are not frequent.

A GLANCE AT EXISTING FACTORIES would be profitable, for two reasons: First, it would show that manufacturers are not blind to Ann Arbor's advantages, and, secondly, it would show very clearly that the manufacturing interests here are by no means so insignificant as many misinformed persons seem to think. As all industry, at last analysis, centers around agriculture, we cannot do better, in the first place, than glance at the

**AGRICULTURAL WORKS.**

This factory has more than a national reputation. It has carried the fame of Ann Arbor as far in business circles as the University of Michigan has carried it in educational circles. It is owned and controlled by a stock company and the plant is valued at \$75,000. Upwards of 100 men are employed during the busy season. The company manufactures a variety of farming implements, for which they find markets in all parts of the globe.

**THE FLOURING INDUSTRY**

is an important part of Ann Arbor's manufacturing interests. There are three mills, all supplied with the best machinery. The total grinding capacity is about 3,000 bushels and 700 barrels per day. The largest of the mills is that of the Ann Arbor Milling Company, with a daily capacity of 300 barrels. The Swathel, Kyer & Peterson mill has a capacity of 225 barrels, and the Central mills a capacity of between 150 and 200 barrels. The three establishments maintain cooper shops in connection with the mills. In all branches of the business about seventy-five men are employed. The product of the mills, which amounts to about \$800,000 annually, finds its way into all

the eastern and northern states, and some is sent even as far as England.

**THE FURNITURE INDUSTRY**

at Ann Arbor is large and rapidly growing. It gives employment to nearly 125 men, and the total value of the property is upwards of \$110,000. The largest factory, by far, is that of the Michigan Furniture Company. This institution alone employs nearly 100 men regularly. It is rapidly increasing its facilities and extending its markets. Smaller factories are operated by Gruner & Kuebler and J. Rauschenberger. C. St. Clair & Sons manufacture certain kinds of school seats and the Triumph wind mill. Other furniture factories are projected. Closely allied to the furniture industry are the

**PLANING MILLS,**

of which there are four in Ann Arbor. Those of the Luick Bros., Herman Krapf and John Armstrong are planing mills proper, while that of J. M. Hallock is also a saw mill. About thirty men altogether are employed and over \$50,000, exclusive of stock, is invested in the various plants. The manufacture of sash, doors and blinds is keeping pace with the large amount of building done in Ann Arbor.

**CARRIAGES AND ROAD CARTS**

in large numbers are made in this city. Four factories of no mean proportions are maintained. Walker & Co. occupy a large three-story building and employ about twenty men. Wurster & Kirm employ about ten and A. R. Schmidt about five. The most recently established factory is that of A. P. Ferguson. It was removed from Dexter to Ann Arbor in 1887, and its business has increased so rapidly that now it furnishes employment to nearly forty men. Besides these factories a few small car-

**THE ORGAN WORKS**

were established many years ago by D. F. Allmendinger. At present they are owned and controlled by the Allmendinger Piano and Organ Company. The estimated value of the plant, exclusive of stock, is about \$12,000, and the annual product is valued at \$75,000. Forty-five persons are employed the year round. The present prospects of this enterprise are very flattering.

**IRON WORKS.**

All the factories that have been discussed so far use wood as a raw material. There is one, of large proportions, which uses iron. We refer to the foundry and boiler factory of Robert Hunter. About seven men are ordinarily employed, but the number is increased to fifteen during the busy season. All kinds of Corliss and vertical automatic engines are made. The value of the plant is \$9,000.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

The number of small factories in Ann Arbor is quite large. Many of these are destined to assume much larger proportions. One of the most important enterprises coming under this head is the Ann Arbor fruit and vinegar factory. From twenty-five to thirty persons are employed during the busy season. The output of dried fruit and vinegar is rapidly growing from year to year.

The wood pulp mill of the Cornwell Manufacturing Company, just above the city, is a comparatively recent enterprise, having been established in 1885.

The Ann Arbor Brick, Tile and Sewer Pipe Company built a factory, not long ago, on one of the roads leading out of the city. Their business is rapidly increasing.

The Union Shade Pull Company manufactures all kinds of shade pulls and curtain loops. The number of employees, during certain months, reaches nearly thirty.

The Crescent clasp and corset factory is the latest Ann Arbor enterprise. A stock company, with \$10,000 paid in

**THE FURNITURE FACTORY.**

**HISTORY AND SKETCH OF A FLOURISHING ESTABLISHMENT.**

Something About the Methods of Manufacture Used and the Extent of the Business—Future Prospects all That Could be Desired.

When the visitor at Ann Arbor is shown about the city, as he looks over across the T. A. A. & N. M. R. R. tracks he invariably inquires: "What is that large four-story brick building yonder?" That, he is told, is the plant of the Michigan Furniture Co. On the spot where this extensive factory now stands there formerly stood a three-story frame building, which was built by Messrs. Paul & Bissing, who established the industry in 1866, and engaged in the manufacture of all kinds of furniture. About two years later Paul's interest in the business was purchased by John Keck, and the firm was thereafter known as John Keck & Co. A small addition to the old plant was then made. Although several changes were made in the firm, they continued to operate under this name until 1879, when a stock company was formed, which assumed control of the business Aug. 30, 1879. The authorized capital stock of the company was \$50,000, of which \$40,000 has been paid in. The first directors elected were John Keck, W. D. Harriman, L. Gruner, J. T. Jacobs, J. J. Ellis, C. E. Hiscock and Moses Seabolt. They organized by electing the following officers: President, W. D. Harriman; vice president, L. Gruner; secretary and treasurer, C. E. Hiscock. These officers have been continued since the organization of the company. A few changes have been made in the directors, however, and those now acting in that capacity are, W. D. Harriman, L. Gruner, Moses Seabolt, C. E. Hiscock, E. E. Beal, A. W. Hamilton and Paul Snauble.

When the stock company was formed many improvements in the plant, and changes in the policy of the concern were made. The old frame building was torn down, and in its place was erected a fine four-story brick building, which, with the addition now nearly completed, makes a spacious main building, 45x200 feet. The business was changed from the manufacture of all kinds of furniture to the making of bed-room suites, exclusively, and became known as the "Keck Furniture Co.," under which name the company continued to operate until January, 1884, when the name was changed to the "Michigan Furniture Co."

During the first years after the organization of the stock company, John Keck was the managing director, or superintendent. He was followed by J. J. Ellis, who was in turn succeeded by Paul Snauble, the present superintendent, in January, 1885. Mr. Snauble is a practical business man, has been connected with the company for upwards of thirteen years, and during the time he has held his present position, has proven himself to be an efficient manager.

The affairs of the company are now in a very prosperous condition, and many improvements in their plant have been made to increase their facilities for doing business.

A representative of THE REGISTER visited the factory a few days ago and was both pleased and surprised at the scene of thrift and activity presented. In the yard about the factory was piled about 1,000,000 feet of fine hard-wood lumber, which amount the company keep constantly on hand; and which, by the way, is about the amount used annually in their factory. From the yard the lumber is transferred to two large dry kilns, with a capacity of 48,000 feet, and conveniently arranged on

takes place in the fourth, or upper story. Here by a series of rubbing, filling, painting and varnishing, the handsome finish is put on, and the beautiful grains of the wood brought out. Two large two-story store rooms are constantly filled with the products of the factory, ready for packing and shipping. Here is one of the interesting sights of the factory. The great variety of handsome suites, ranging in price from \$20 to \$60, elegantly finished in all modern finishes of elm, ash, maple, oak and walnut, and their unique sixteenth century finish, forms a pleasing sight indeed. It then passes into but one more room, and that is the packing room, 60x45 feet, where several men are employed in preparing the goods for shipment. The constant stream of goods going forth from this room is ample proof of the demand for their goods and the prosperity of the concern.

There is but one other room to visit—the engine and boiler room. This is not the least interesting sight by any means. A magnificent 100-horse power Corliss engine, which, by the way, was built right here in Ann Arbor by Hunter & Co., keeps up its steady, majestic motion from morning till night, as if it were aware that upon it depended the action of countless wheels and various pieces of machinery above. The new engine and boiler room is nearly completed, and a new 120 horse power boiler being put in, which, with the boiler now in use, will make a boiler capacity of 205 horse power.

Throughout the whole establishment one cannot help noticing the admirable system of regularity. Not one force is wasted. Everything moves like clock-work from the beginning to the end, and the greatest precautions for utilizing every force have been taken. Moreover, all the modern appliances used in the business will be noticed in every department, from the dry-kiln to the packing room.

The company now gives employment to 85 men, and their factory can now turn out \$100,000 worth of goods annually. The trade is with jobbers and wholesalers exclusively, no order work being done. Sales are made from the office and by personal solicitation. Mr. Snauble, the superintendent, takes a good share of the orders himself. In January and July of each year he visits the principal cities in New York and adjoining cities and opens a market for the products of the factory. The bulk of their trade is confined to Michigan, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa; but sales are frequently made in other states, and their goods have gone as far south as Florida, and west to Washington.

Since the first establishment of his industry, it has met with varying success, but at no time in its history has its prospects been as bright as at the present, and by continuing in its present policy of manufacturing the best goods of the kind on the market, at the low prices the economical system of manufacture will enable the company to sell at a more wonderful business development may be expected.

**The City Mills.**

The Ann Arbor Roller Mills, situated on North Main-st., just at the point where the Michigan Central passes under the high trestle of the Toledo, Ann Arbor and North Michigan Railway, form a conspicuous object to travellers approaching the city over either of those roads. The mills afford employment to thirteen men, and have an output ranging from 175 to 200 barrels per day. Nothing but the improved roller process machinery is used, the grade of flour manufactured being so high that the two brands of the mills, the "Patent Roller King" and "Straight Roller Queen," have a sale extending to Virginia and the most distant eastern points.

The City mills were established by J. T. Swathel, in 1844, and continued in his name until 1874. In that year Messrs. Ailes and Kyer purchased an interest in the business, the new firm being known as Swathel, Ailes & Kyer. A. R. Peterson bought the interest of Mr. Ailes in 1880, and Swathel, Kyer & Peterson have remained the proprietors ever since. Since 1874, when Mr. Kyer entered the firm, over \$30,000 have been expended on buildings, the plant now being valued at upwards of \$50,000. In the same time the output has increased from twenty barrels a day to over 200 per day.

Their mills being situated on both of the railroads which pass through Ann Arbor, Swathel, Kyer & Peterson enjoy exceptional facilities for the transportation of their flour and feed. Cars are drawn on to the track scales in front of the elevator, weighed, loaded with feed from one of the shoots, reweighed, and then taken away to give place to the next, all with the greatest economy of time and labor. The elevator is a tall, corrugated iron building, stored with wheat above and flour below. The wheat room has a capacity of 10,000 bushels. The room below is so completely filled with flour that one can scarcely make his way through.

In the rear of the elevator is the mill proper, a large four-story building, filled with machinery from the ground to the roof. Here the wheat is first dumped into a dustless receiving separator and thoroughly cleaned. This machine is one of the first in use here. On the first floor, also, are fifteen sets of rolls.

Outside the main building is the new and commodious office of the firm, and over by the side of the Toledo and Ann Arbor trestle is the cooper shop of the mills, a large three-story frame structure. From the cooper shop the barrels are rolled to the elevator on a wire tramway.

Nelson J. Kyer, who has been the general business manager of the firm since the retirement of Mr. Swathel, about ten years ago, is a public-spirited citizen and an unusually active, energetic man. He is a native of Denmark, having immigrated to America in 1865. He has been in the milling business ever since he landed. After working in the east for three years, he came to Michigan, going direct to Dexter, this county. Here he was employed by Everts & Co. From Dexter, Mr. Kyer went to Scioto, and entered the employ of N. W. Briggs, with whom he remained until 1871. In the latter year he moved to Ann Arbor and began work with J. T. Swathel, in the City mills, where he has remained until now. He became a partner in 1874.

**GEO. L. MOORE, 6 SOUTH MAIN STREET**

IS THE PLACE FOR EVERYBODY WHO WANTS A BOOK OF ANY DESCRIPTION. OUR BUSINESS HAS BEEN CONCENTRATED. THIS ENABLES US TO GREATLY REDUCE PRICES. CALL AND INSPECT FOR YOURSELF.

**WALL PAPER, WINDOW SHADES CURTAIN POLES, ETC.**

OF THE VERY LATEST PATTERNS AND STYLES. WE ARE ANXIOUS TO SHOW OUR GOODS, For SHOWING THEM ALWAYS SELLS THEM 6 SOUTH MAIN STREET.

**One "Count" Against You**

For every time you pay a high price for a cheap Shoe when REINHARDT & CO. will sell you a good Shoe at a low price. We guarantee to give you Shoes made of good, honest leather for less than you can buy them any where else in the city.

Remember We Keep No Shoddy Goods.

**REINHARDT & CO.,** 42 S. MAIN ST., ANN ARBOR.

Agency for W. L. DOUGLAS Shoes.

**ARTISTIC MILLINERY!**

MILLINERY FOR FALL AND WINTER.

We are ready with the largest assortment of beautiful and fashionable Millinery for fall and Winter, it has been our good fortune to command. See the

HANDSOME DISPLAY

Of new goods for the coming season in our windows. The first choice of these new and beautiful designs is worth looking after. Call and examine our stock at NO. 11 SOUTH MAIN ST.

Respectfully,

**WM. HASKINS.**

**CITY LAUNDRY,**

The oldest and one of the most reliable laundries in Michigan. Work called for and delivered free of charge.

NO. 2 FOURTH AVENUE,

East of Court House.

**M. M. SEABOLT, PROP.**

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**THE U. S. M. DAILY**

The only College Daily in the West, and the cheapest in the United States.]

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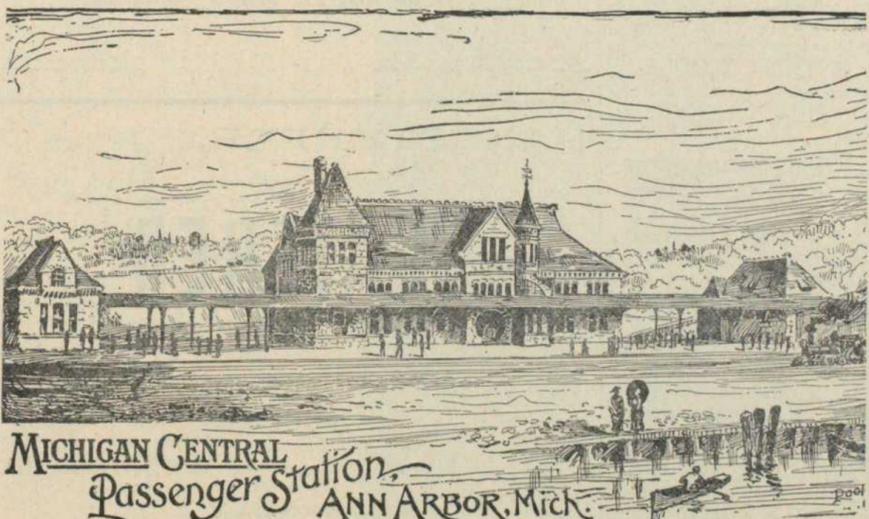
School for Dancing—9th Season.

Class for children (beginners) will commence Friday, September 25th, at 4:15 P. M. Ladies—Saturday, October 10th, 4 P. M. Gentleman—Thursday evening, October 8th, 8 o'clock. Tuition fee, payable in advance, \$5.00 per term of twelve lessons. Private lessons, by appointment, given at any hour not occupied by the regular classes. To prevent confusion at beginning of classes, it is desired that application be made in advance. Special arrangements may be made for private classes under the exclusive control of those forming them.

Office and Academy, 46 S. State St., Ann Arbor. Hours, 1 to 3 P. M.

Fancy, characteristic, stately, parlor and fashionable society dancing taught.

**MR. & MRS. R. GRANGER.**



**MICHIGAN CENTRAL Passenger Station, ANN ARBOR, Mich.**

capital, has been organized, and a building has been rented. Seven or eight men will be employed at the outset.

The physical apparatus factory of Eberbach & Son, two flourishing breweries, several cigar factories, a number of cooper shops, the Ann Arbor butter and cheese factory, several machine-shops, one or two pump factories and the Ann Arbor soap works should also be mentioned in this connection.

**THE FINAL RESUME.**

We are able, by means of careful inquiries, to give some idea of the extent of Ann Arbor's manufacturing interests. The following table will prove interesting, not only to residents of other cities, but also to many old citizens of Ann Arbor:

INDUSTRIES.	No. men Employed.	Value of Plant.
Agricultural works.....	100	\$ 75,000
Furniture factories.....	125	110,000
Flouring mills.....	75	40,000
Carriage factories.....	50	50,000
Planing mills.....	30	50,000
Organ factory.....	45	12,000
Iron works.....	15	9,000
Miscellaneous.....	110	80,000
Total.....	590	\$526,000

No one, after reading this table, can truthfully say that Ann Arbor does no manufacturing.

Subscribe for THE ANN ARBOR REGISTER, \$1.00 a year.

wheels; where, in a temperature of 200 degrees, the greenest plank can be thoroughly dried in seven days.

Without re-handling, the dried lumber is conveyed on trucks to the lower floor of the main building, where it is sawed into strips, sticks and timber, the length and size most convenient for further working. This is done on the second floor, where these rough pieces from the saws below are planed, grooved, carved and made ready for putting together. In the rooms in this floor is the scene of the greatest activity. All kinds of machinery known to modern invention are here employed to prepare the strips of timber for the various places they are to fill, and to fit each piece for its own peculiar function. The work of several men, and much better than all could do it, can be accomplished by a new "invincible" sand paper machine, which puts a beautiful glass-like surface on the wood. And here the handsome carvings, and the various ornamental designs which so please the popular taste, are made.

Another busy scene is presented to the visitor on the third floor. Here the different strips and pieces of wood from the machines below are put together by many skilled workmen; and what started from the lower floor as mere rough and unattractive pieces of board are, by experienced hands, transformed into the various pieces of bed-room furniture. But the greatest transformation

**THE ORGAN FACTORY.**

**AN ENTERPRISE ON WHICH ANN ARBOR PRIDES ITSELF.**

**Something About the History of the Establishment—A Tour Around the Factory—How the Retail Business is Managed.**

It is not every manufacturing industry that, beginning in a small way, grows to proportions beyond the expectations even of its promoters. It takes something besides energy, forethought and money to make a manufactured article popular. It must possess of itself that greatest element which creates popularity—merit. This the Ann Arbor organs, manufactured by the Allmendinger Piano and Organ Company, of Ann Arbor, Mich., certainly possess, as has been demonstrated by the rapid growth of this company, even under the most conservative management, and by the fact that these instruments have been brought into more than usual popularity wherever they have been introduced.

The founder of this, one of Ann Arbor's most important industries, is David F. Allmendinger, and to his mechanical genius are due the many important features that make the Ann Arbor organ what it is. Born in Wurttemberg, Germany, Mr. Allmendinger came to this country at an early age, and located in Ann Arbor. He served an apprenticeship in the pipe and reed organ factory of G. T. Gardner, formerly superintendent of the great pipe organ factory of Walker & Co., Ludwigsburg, Germany. In 1871, Mr. Gardner, desiring to retire from organ building, Mr. Allmendinger bought a part of his machinery and tools, and began manufacturing in a small way the Ann Arbor organs. For his instruments a demand quickly sprang up, which increased so rapidly that he was unable to supply it. In 1888, he succeeded in interesting some of the most prominent business men in Ann Arbor, who became associated with him, and formed the Allmendinger Piano and Organ Co.

A large four-story brick factory was immediately erected, equipped with modern machinery and conveniences, enabling them to largely increase the output. Lumber yards adjacent to the factory have since been acquired, which, with a private side-track from the Toledo and Ann Arbor railroad, enables them to conveniently have at all times a large stock of black walnut and other fancy lumber.

A description of the various steps in the construction of an organ may be of interest to our readers. An organ is not unlike a watch, in that the case and action, or works, are entirely separate in all important details. We will first describe the

**CASEMAKING DEPARTMENT,**

in which are employed about twenty-five men, and machinery to the value of several thousand dollars. The lumber is first thoroughly seasoned in the yards, then placed in the dry kiln, where all moisture is thoroughly taken out. It is first taken to a large crosscut saw and cut into approximate lengths for the various parts of the case. It is then run through a planer, after which the various pieces are passed to a double cut-off saw, which saws with mathematical accuracy the board to proper length and width. It then goes to a sand-papering machine, or "sander," as it is called. This one piece of machinery, costing nearly \$1,000, does the work of many men, and more perfectly than it is possible to do it by hand. It consists of three double oscillating drums, the first of which is covered with coarse sandpaper, the second with a finer paper, and the third with still finer, which drums, when in operation, not only remove all unevenness in the board, but sandpaper it more finely and perfectly than it could possibly be done by any other means. The lumber, now having been cut to proper size, thickness and smoothness, is taken to the next story, where the hand carving, scroll and band sawing is done, and all moldings made on two machines known as the "sticker" and the "shaper." Here the holes are bored and the joints fitted, and every part of the case prepared for the casemaker. They are then taken, each portion of the case by itself, in lots of from twenty-five to fifty, to the casemakers, each of whom works continuously on his particular style of case. When the cases are once together, or set up, they go to the filling room, where the pores of the wood are filled, after which they are sandpapered smooth, varnished, and rubbed down with hair cloth and revarnished, after which they are taken to the rubbing and polishing room, where they receive, in this factory, the same treatment as the finest piano cases, being rubbed with pumice stone, rottenstone and oil until a perfectly smooth surface is obtained, when a flowing coat is given them and the finish is completed by hand polishing. In this department of the work the Ann Arbor organs have been particularly praised, as it is an admitted fact that no other company so nearly attain that mirror-like piano surface which is seen on the organs of this company.

The cases having now been made ready for the fly finisher, we will proceed to the

**ACTION DEPARTMENT,**

which is by many considered of more importance, as it is here the musical and fine tone and the obtaining of the various mechanical effects in the organ are made possible. Here are employed fifteen experienced men. The reed boards first go through the process of gluing up, as it is called, after which they are shelled, rubbed down and varnished to moisture and atmospheric influences. In the meantime the reeds have been filed to pitch on what is known as a filing jack, after which, by a delicate bending and adjustment of the tongue, the reed is made to speak promptly and with the desired quality of tone. The valves, tracker pins, mutes, swells, stops and keys, each of which

have been prepared and put together in their special departments, are now placed in position and in working order, and now go to the fly finisher, who, having already received the case, places the action in the same, adjusts all the parts to work easily, puts on the lid, pedals, mouse protectors, knee-swells, and the hinged back, bushes the various sliding portions with felt cloth to render them noiseless, and when the instrument is thus finally set up, it again goes to the tuner, who fine tunes it, tuning each reed properly and voicing them equally throughout the entire compass of the organ.

The instrument now stands in the warerooms or storage rooms until ordered, when it goes to the corrector, who examines all the details, corrects any defects, and the organ is placed in a box ready for shipment only after having received his approval.

This general description gives but little idea to the reader of the detail work necessary in all departments of a successful organ factory. Particularly is this true in the action department, where the utmost care must at all times be exercised to obtain a perfect working action.

In the Ann Arbor organs nothing but the best material is used. The cases are made of

**SOLID BLACK WALNUT,**

the bellows all built up of three-ply stock, the valves and mutes covered with the best of leather, while the felts used are of extra quality. Nickel-plated action wires are used, which prevents any rusting, and the cedar tracker pins are carefully leaded.

Several valuable improvements, the result of Mr. Allmendinger's genius, are used in these instruments, among them a Dial Expression Indicator, placed in the stop board directly over the keys, which shows the player at a glance the amount of air in the bellows, thus enabling him to obtain those gradual modifications of tone so pleasing to the musician. The push pin bushing, consisting of rubber cloth on the reed board and about the hole through which the tracker pins pass, prevents any dust from reaching the reeds or valves, and effectually does away with sticking pins. The dust protector, placed directly in front of the mutes under the swells, prevents any dust reaching the reeds, and modifies and softens the tone.

Every part of the action can be removed by the turning of a button or the unfastening of a hook. This is particularly important, as it makes the action easy of access in case of accident.

Among the agents of this company are some of the best posted and most influential men in the piano and organ trade. The high character of these agents speaks for the reliability of the Ann Arbor organs.

The establishment of the various agencies, and the systematic method of conducting the business of this company, is due to Lew H. Clement, who became a member of the company in September, 1889, consolidating his retail business with them to assume the management of their retail department. In October, 1890, he was elected secretary and general manager, which position he now holds. Mr. Clement is a Wolverine, though he obtained most of his business education in the "Windy City," Chicago. He not only supervises the agencies, but also takes active management of the

**RETAIL DEPARTMENT**

of the company, of which we must make more than casual mention.

The company has but recently moved from their old quarters to the large store in the Binder Block, corner of Main and Liberty-sts, which has been fitted up by them especially to meet the requirements of their rapidly increasing retail and jobbing business. The main room is devoted to their sheet music and musical merchandise department, and also as a sales room for pianos and organs. This has been newly decorated, and being well lighted, makes a model piano sales room. In the rear part of the room are the offices of the company, which have been tastefully fitted up. A room just off the main sales room has been liberally furnished, and it will be used especially for pianos in fancy cases and for grands. This has been decorated in the most pleasing manner, and is furnished and carpeted similar to a pleasant parlor, and will prove especially suitable for the trying and judging of pianos as to their particular fitness for the home. Still back of this room are others especially for the use of teachers, many of whom make this store their headquarters.

The company are wholesale and retail agents for a large number of America's best pianos, among them the Chickering and the Mehlin, with which they have had the phenomenal success. The policy of the company of furnishing at the least possible price consistent with good business, instruments of integrity and sterling worth, is one that has been rigidly carried out from the first, and has proven itself appreciated by the purchasing public. Instruments of inferior grade are not recommended or sold, each piano being a representative one among its class, and while instruments may be obtained of this company at moderate prices, they are of such workmanship and tone quality as will give continued satisfaction.

This company is appreciated in Ann Arbor from the fact of its bringing from other states large sums yearly, which are paid to its employees with regularity and promptness.

The board of directors of this rapidly growing industry are among Ann Arbor's most popular and reliable men, and for the present year are as follows: Frederick Schmid, of Mack & Schmid, president; H. Hutzel, of Hutzel & Co., vice-president; Frederick H. Belsler, cashier Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, treasurer; Lew H. Clement, of Allmendinger Piano and Organ Co., secretary and manager; David F. Allmendinger, of Allmendinger Piano and Organ Co., superintendent; G. F. Allmendinger, of Allmendinger & Schneider; G. Luick, of Luick Bros.

**A Neighboring Call.**

Neighboring Caller—How many children have you, Mrs. Newcomer?  
Mrs. Newcomer (just moved in)—Two.  
Neighboring Caller—Only two! Dear me! I thought I heard of a dozen.

**Social Aspirations.**

Jinks—"That fellow Winkers is trying to get in the Four Hundred, isn't he?"  
Binks—I don't know. Why do you think so?"  
Jinks—"He has given up business, and has begun living on his wife's money."

**A FLOURISHING FACTORY.**

**THE ESTABLISHMENT OF WALKER & COMPANY.**

**Everything in the Line of Carriages and Sleighs Manufactured—A Little History—Something About the Men Who Have Established this Enterprise.**

The manufacture of carriages is a vigorous industry in Ann Arbor, and one in which her citizens take a just pride. A leading house in this business is that of Walker & Co., proprietors of the Ann Arbor Carriage Works. At the shops, 9 and 11 West Liberty-st, and 21 and 23 Ashley-st, from eighteen to twenty men are constantly employed, turning out over 700 carriages, coaches and sleighs each year. The firm is composed of Messrs. George Walker, Michael Grossmann and Christian Braun. They make a specialty of phaetons and surreys, aiming always to produce the newest and noblest of designs in the best of workmanship.

A visit to the works is interesting and profitable. On the ground floor of No. 9 Liberty-st, and in the building 21 and 23 Ashley-st, all the iron work is done. This department is under the personal supervision of Mr. Braun, who is himself a thorough first-class mechanic. Here also they do their own metal burnishing, the power being furnished by a water motor. On the second floor is the paint shop and body-finishing room, of which Mr. Grossmann is foreman. The third floor is the gear finishing room, where the last touches are put on. Here, too, is the trimming department.

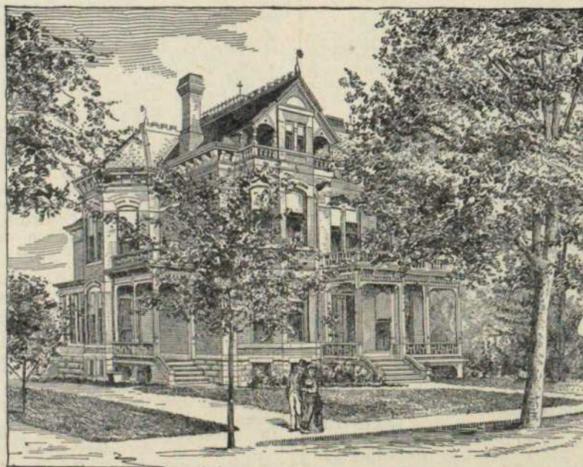
The firm manufacture a cushion of which they are particularly proud. Instead of having a single set of springs, set in the middle of the cushion, it has an extra set at the top, in the place where the weight of the body presses hardest. Steel wires are employed to keep them in position.

On the third floor, also, the carriage tops are manufactured. In this room may sometimes be found 125 tops, stacked up to await the spring demand, at which season of the year the trade is particularly brisk.

The ground floor of No. 11 West Liberty-st is the carriage repository and salesroom, where may be found a line of stylish carriages, dignified-looking coaches, graceful phaetons, nobby surreys and jaunty sleighs, that would move the aesthetic spirit of the most phlegmatic visitor. In the rear of the works is a large three-story frame building, used as a warehouse and repairing shop. In the loft 350 sets of wheels are being seasoned by the sun.

**A LITTLE HISTORY.**

The Ann Arbor Carriage Works were established by Christian Walker in 1867. In 1873, his brother, George Walker, joined him in the business, the firm name being Walker & Bro. The factory was situated just where it now is, but was, at that time, very small. However, business increased so rapidly that in a short time the works had to be materially enlarged. The premises on Ashley (then Second) street were purchased, accordingly, and a frame structure erected. This now forms a part of the blacksmith shop. In 1888, upon the death of Christian Walker, Michael Grossmann purchased of the estate an interest in the works, and Christian Braun was admitted to partnership, the new firm continuing the business under the name of Walker & Co. The output has nearly doubled in the last year. The building and lot adjoining the works on the east have recently been purchased. These premises, now occupied by Grossmann & Schlenker, will



Residence of A. L. Noble.

soon be vacated by them, to permit the erection of a handsome brick building by Walker & Co., the upper floors of which will be used as an addition to the works. Walker & Co. are also contemplating the building of another brick structure extending from the rear of No. 7 out to Ashley-st.

Large sales are made in Detroit, Grand Rapids, Adrian, Bay City and Saginaw, while carloads of carriages are frequently shipped to the state of Washington, Texas, and even to Australia. To the latter point a shipment of buggies was made but a few weeks ago.

Walker & Co. are constantly bringing out the latest designs. The Russian road wagon, a very handsome vehicle, is one of their latest manufactures. This style is so new that it is scarcely seen on the streets in this state, and it is a novelty everywhere. A carload of these wagons has just been shipped to a house in New Hartford, Conn.

**THE PROPRIETORS.**

George Walker, the senior partner and general business manager of the firm, was born in Wittenberg, Germany, in 1849. His father was a farmer, and a man of high standing in the community

where he lived, the office of mayor of his native city having been offered him on several occasions, and as often declined. In 1873, George emigrated to America, coming directly to Ann Arbor to join his brother. Although it was his first work in a carriage shop, the new member of the firm soon proved invaluable. The business was enlarged at once, and has continued to increase in volume each year to the present time. Mr. Walker superintends the woodwork.

Michael Grossmann was born in Ann Arbor, in 1855. He accepted the stern duties of life when but twelve years old. Entering the employ of Keck & Bissegger, furniture manufacturers, he served his time at the upholstering trade. Leaving Ann Arbor for a few years, he went to Detroit and worked as a carriage trimmer. In these two places Mr. Grossmann obtained the experience and technical skill which now make his services so valuable as foreman of the departments of trimming and painting. Mr. Grossmann, moreover, sometimes serves his firm as a salesman on the road. He began work for Walker & Bro. in 1875, and in 1888 became a member of the firm.

Christian Braun was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1856. He was a farmer boy. At the age of seventeen he began work as a blacksmith in a carriage factory. In 1875 he came to Ann Arbor and entered the employ of Walker & Bro., with whom he remained until 1888, when he became a partner in the business.

Each member of the firm is, thus, a skilled mechanic and a specialist. Each has his department. As all are thorough, practical workmen, they hesitate at no work in their line, however delicate or novel. Until recently they had never turned out anything in the shape of a delivery wagon at their factory. One of the leading retail firms of the city, however, came to them a short time ago and asked them to submit designs for such a vehicle. The result is that they will soon have on the streets one of the handsomest delivery wagons to be seen in the city.

**Dried Fruit and Vinegar.**

For several years the fruit works were managed by Allmendinger & Schneider. Their place was taken, in 1890, by a stock company entitled the Ann Arbor Fruit and Vinegar Company. A large four-story addition to the old building was erected and new and better machinery was purchased.

The factory now has an evaporating capacity of 525,000 bushels annually. All the modern appliances are used, and the machinery for paring, slicing and drying fruit is of the best. The process of evaporating is very interesting and well worth seeing.

Equally interesting is the manufacture of vinegar. There are two mammoth hydraulic presses for crushing apples, and large tanks, capable of holding 5,000 barrels, for receiving the vinegar. Additions will soon be made which will largely increase this capacity.

The side tracks of the Toledo, Ann Arbor & North Michigan Railway run by the building and afford good shipping facilities.

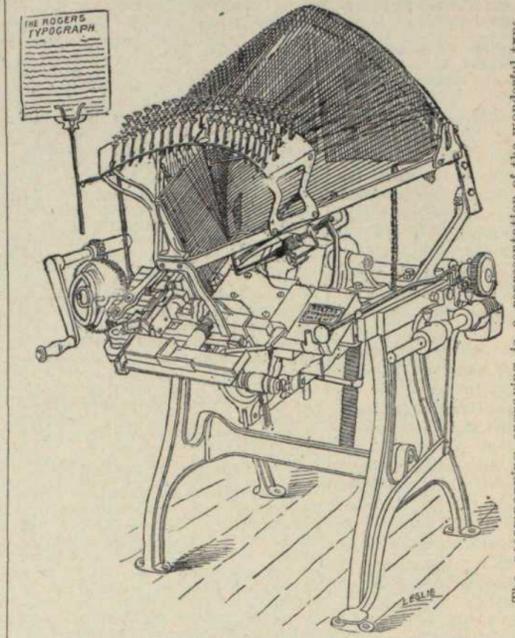
At the present time about twenty-five persons are employed. The number will be considerably increased as the season advances a little further.

Ann Arbor is very favorably situated for an enterprise of this kind, lying, as it does, within the center of the richest fruit section in the United States. As good prices are paid for apples and peaches there is reason to believe that fruit-growers will derive all the benefits accruing from an increased demand, while the factory will continue to grow and expand.

**Invest Your Savings.**

The poor man of Ann Arbor, if he is industrious and economical, need not long live in a rented house. The number of those who have not passed this stage is small. Two savings associations, known respectively as the Ann Arbor Savings Association and the Huron Valley Building and Savings Association, are maintained in this city. The former was es-

**THE ANN ARBOR COURIER'S TYPE SETTER.**



The type in this "ad" is the work of the Typograph.

The accompanying engraving is a representation of the wonderful type setting machine known as the Typograph, by which the type in the Ann Arbor Courier is set and cast each week. The machine is a weekly Republican eight-page paper, issued every Wednesday, at \$1.00 per year. It aims to furnish all the news of the day, both local, county and general, in a readable and entertaining manner. Great inducements for new subscribers. Send for sample copy. J. HENNE, E. BEAL, Editor and Proprietor.

**J. HENNE & CO.,**

DEALERS IN

**FANCY AND STAPLE GROCERIES**

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**R. E. JOLLY & CO.,**

26 South State Street,

DEALERS IN

**Stationery, Athletic Goods**

STUDENTS' SUPPLIES,

Ice Cream, Soda Water, Hot Coffee, Chocolate and Lunches of all kinds.

Fountain Pens a Specialty.

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**M. M. TUTTLE & CO.,**

HAS A COMPLETE LINE OF

**FINE MILLINERY!**

NO. 60 SOUTH MAIN STREET,

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN.

**HANGSTERFER,**

**CATERER**

FOR PARTIES, BANQUETS, WEDDINGS, ETC.

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**"Hausfreund?"**

It is the best German Weekly in Southern Michigan. It is an independent paper, but never shrinks from

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It is Conducted on Sound Principles.

As a medium of advertising the "HAUSFREUND" cannot be surpassed, if you desire to announce to your German friends, what you have to sell or desire to buy. It is read by almost every German family in the city and county, no one being so poor to subscribe for a good weekly, costing but \$1.50 a year.

P. G. SUEKEY,

Proprietor and Editor.

OFFICE—South Main St., Near Liberty St. Above Krause's Shoe Store.

THE AGRICULTURAL WORKS ONE OF THE LARGEST IN THE COUNTRY.

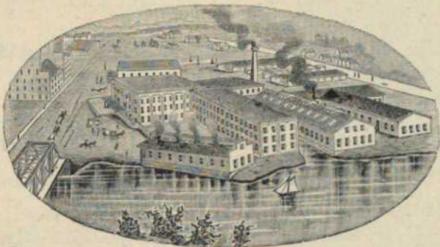
Something About Its History, Organization, Present Magnitude, Trade, etc.—A Trip Through the Large Factory.

As the visitor at Ann Arbor alights at the Michigan Central depot, and saunters up the State-st grade or glides up Detroit-st on the swift-moving electric cars, little does he realize that he is turning his back upon one of the most famous manufacturing institutions of this city; that just across the river, along the northern banks of the Huron, is situated one of the oldest established industries of the city, whose products carry the name of Ann Arbor throughout the length and breadth of the United States, and penetrate many foreign lands.

This industry was established in 1866, by Lewis Moore & Son. They originally operated at Lancaster, Pa., and were at Ipsilanti twelve years before locating in Ann Arbor. The business and plant now occupied was then established, but have been enlarged from time to time as the increase of business demanded.

This company operated very successfully for ten years, when, owing to the increase in the business, the organization of

A STOCK COMPANY was deemed advisable. A company was therefore organized. Officers are elected annually; those holding office at the present time are: Evert H. Scott, president; Frederick Schmid, vice-president,



The Ann Arbor Agricultural Company's Works.

and John Finnegan, secretary and treasurer. The present board of directors are: Frederick Schmid, Moses Seabolt, Evert H. Scott, John Finnegan, Prof. Dennis, Eli W. Moore, and J. M. Wheeler. The stockholders represent some of Ann Arbor's most substantial business men. Eli W. Moore is general manager of the business, and has had the general management of the affairs of the concern ever since it was established.

The business of the company is the manufacture of all kinds of

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, such as plows, mowers, hay-tedders, feed-cutters, hay presses, etc. Among the more celebrated and best selling implements of their manufacture are: the "Advance Chilled Plow," the "Advance Iron Mower," the "Ideal Sulky Rake," the "Advance Hay Tedder," the "Cummings and Clipper Feed Cutters," and the "New Advance Hay Press."

The "Advance Hay Tedder" is one of their best selling implements, and is a model of simplicity and durability. It can be easily operated by a boy, who can do the work of ten men in a day. Many new improvements have been made which makes it the most complete implement of the kind on the market.

The establishment has a capacity of between 150 and 200 barrels of flour a day. Twenty men are employed on an average. The system of manufacture used is peculiar to the firm. It far surpasses in efficiency the ordinary system. As a result, the Central Mills grind some of the best flour made in the state of Michigan.

Said Mr. Allmendinger, in conversation with a reporter: "In England the best selling flour is the Hungarian. This is due to the fact that Hungarian millers make eight or ten grades out of the same wheat. The first grade is the best in the market, without doubt. Next to this comes, by general consent, the Michigan flour." We may conclude from this that the product of the Central Mills is excelled only by that of Hungarian mills.

In connection with the establishment is an elevator, in which the coarser grains, such as oats, corn, barley and rye, are stored. The cleaning machinery in use here cannot be surpassed. It will thoroughly sift any mess of grain, no matter how badly it may be mixed with cobbles and bits of straw.

The mills have the very best shipping facilities obtainable. The tracks of the Toledo, Ann Arbor & North Michigan railroad run quite close to the building. The firm have railroad scales of their own, and hence do their own weighing. The product of the mill is sold in the eastern, middle and southern states, especially in New England. The demand is quite constant, and as a consequence, the establishment is seldom shut down.

occupied by the company are brick and frame structures, upon which improve-

ments have been made from time to time, making them perfectly adapted for the business. The plant is now worth about \$75,000, and large expenditures are made yearly in enlarging and adding new machinery for the purpose of affording facilities for the increasing business.

Mr. Moore, who has general control of the business, is a practical machinist who has made the business a life study. The business of the company is all conducted through the office, no travelling salesmen being employed. They advertise considerably in certain classes of journals, and thereby secure their

FOREIGN TRADE.

But the principal part of their trade in this country is secured by personal solicitation. Mr. Moore makes two trips annually—one through the east and one through the west—for the purpose of securing customers. He has just returned from his eastern trip, during which Pittsburg, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston and other large cities were visited. The western trip, which will be taken last this year, contrary to his usual custom, will be made during October. Some of the more distant cities visited will be St. Paul, Minneapolis, Kansas City and Omaha, which is as far west as the trip extends. The extreme west and south are not canvassed, but sales are made by advertising. Shipments are made to every state in the Union, the trade being almost exclusively with jobbers and wholesalers. Large shipments are also made annually direct to England, Germany, Russia and Finland, and from thence their products are sold into other parts of the continent. The entire shipments aggregate from \$100,000 to \$150,000 annually.

By the courtesy of Mr. Moore, a representative of THE REGISTER was shown about the factory. The observing visitor will notice at once the convenience in the arrangement of the buildings. Every room is large and commodious, and well adapted to the use to which it is put. Both water and steam power are used to run the machinery. The first point visited was the foundry, where the pig-iron, purchased from Cleveland and Pittsburg, is made into red hot metal and moulded into shapes to suit the will of the grimy workmen. Here twenty-two men are employed in making the company's castings, when running with full force.

The noisy machine shop was next visited. Here was a scene of bustle and

activity. Twenty-five skilled workmen here have charge of various ponderous and odd-looking machines, each having its own peculiar function, with which the castings are ground and smoothed, bolted and fastened, riveted and fitted, and made ready for the various uses to which they are to be put. A scene of no less activity, although not quite so noisy, is the carpenter shop, where about the same number of men are employed in preparing the wooden parts of the different implements. Here the busy lathes and wood-working machinery of all kinds transform the lumber, brought from the forests of Northern Michigan, into timbers, sticks, blocks, moldings, etc., of many shapes and sizes, to suit the various purposes for which they are intended.

In a large store-room on the second floor of one of the buildings, a great number of implements of all kinds were seen ready to be painted, packed and shipped as the orders come in. From twelve to sixteen men are given employment in the paint shop, and several more are kept busy in the workshop, putting implements together, packing and shipping. The facilities for shipping have been greatly increased by a side-track, which has been run along the side of the store-room, making the loading of cars far more convenient by dispensing with extra handling of the goods.

The Central Mills.

This industry was established by R. K. Ailes and G. F. Allmendinger in 1882. A few years later Mr. Ailes retired and Gottlieb Schneider, formerly a miller at Delhi, became a partner. The old building, of which the firm took possession, was thoroughly overhauled and considerably enlarged. It is doubtful if there is now a better-equipped mill in the state.

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THE FISHERMAN OF NAPLES

(Continued from page 24.)

"Ah! I understand, to far colatione," replied the Spaniard, laughingly. "That proves that you have a good appetite, father, and by our Lady of Atocha! I wish you an excellent one. You shall have some breakfast brought you from my lord's own kitchen."

Dom Francesco awaited the kitchen's return. A few minutes afterward the worthy Benedictine re-entered Massaniello's room with a large slice of roast beef, a game paste, and a bottle of wine.

"Eat, my son," he said to him, "and refresh your shattered strength. You have just escaped death. Tell me, with your hand upon your heart, whether you were prepared to appear before the never erring Judge who rewards or punishes us!"

"I have been fearfully guilty, I know," replied the fisherman. "As late as yesterday—horrible thought—I condemned to execution. But I was mad, Dom Francesco, my reason had deserted me. Father, what is this horrible complaint, these changes from furious passion to the most dreadful state of prostration, from which you have cured me?"

"You shall know. We have no time to lose, unfortunate man. Take a little of this food; this, at least, contains no poison," he added, in a low voice to himself.

The fisherman obeyed Dom Francesco's directions. As he devoured the slice of beef and imbibed the generous liquor, which had been given as an alms to the Benedictine, Massaniello felt his strength return.

Then rising and running to a Venetian mirror, he exclaimed: "I am once more strong, full of health, vigor and courage! Come to me, honor, glory—and you, oh, future, with your delicious promises! Come to me, my beloved! I shall soon lead you to the altar!"

Dom Francesco looked on the fisherman with a smile of pity.

"And your brothers of Naples? Have you forgotten them, Massaniello?" said he to him.

"What have they to ask from me?" inquired the young man. "Have my edicts been violated?"

"Oh, no—not yet," replied the monk in a sad voice.

"I would sacrifice my life in their defense!" "Ay—if between this and to-morrow you do not find a victim to some ambuscade—if you are not strangled like a slave, or poisoned in some silent chamber of this palace!"

"Who would dare to do this?" "Who would dare! Is it possible that you believe in the sincerity of the homage paid you by these great nobles, who take off their plumed hats to greet you?"

"If they hate me they fear me still more. They know that I have the whole population at my back."

"Alas! I pity you, poor Massaniello, if for your defense you reckon on the people's rising at present."

"What! would they not do so even if I invoked their aid?"

"No, not even if you invoked their aid! How can you suppose that they will recognize their fisherman in that Massaniello who has become the husband of Isabella—in that Massaniello who has been ennobled by the viceroys—in that Massaniello who parades our public streets in a court dress, and who hangs his brethren for a seditious cry? You were once everything in the eyes of the people—now you are nothing!"

"But, father, I cannot live at the court of the Duke of Arcos in the costume of a fisherman."

"And why not? Do you think that the heart beats less nobly beneath your common fisherman's clothes than it does under the splendid dress of a noble? I understand, Massaniello, you love Isabella, and this young girl must have a husband covered with lace and ribbon. Yet it was a man of the people, a poor monk, who, when you were abandoned by all, came to your dying bed to save you."

"I know it, father; and my gratitude will be eternal. Yes, your love for me is sincere."

"Then fly from this cursed abode, where you can meet with nothing but death and perdition!"

"Dom Francesco, what you require of me is impossible. I love Isabella, and cannot bear the thought of being separated from her."

"Well, then, shall I tell you," added Dom Francesco, approaching the fisherman, "what was the cause of that horrible act of madness which urged you to immolate your brothers yesterday? Shall I tell you what caused the dreadful suffering to which you nearly succumbed?"

Massaniello experienced a presentiment of some fatal revelation. He was motionless.

"Who gave you those flowers?" asked the Benedictine.

"Isabella."

"Then learn that they were poisoned!" The young man staggered to the wall, and remained for an instant resting motionless against it; his eye was haggard, and his hands were tightly clinched together.

"Isabella's flowers poisoned!" murmured he at last, stopping at each syllable. "Dom Francesco, is it possible?"

"Was it I who saved you?" "Oh! yes—you must be right—he who can find the remedy must know the cause of the disease. Oh, Heaven! it is possible for the damned to suffer more than I have suffered for the last few days!"

"Come, my son, let us away!" The fisherman hesitated. He passed his hand across his forehead, and seemed to be collecting his thoughts.

"It was Don Juan Fernandez who gave Isabella this bouquet to offer me," said he. "No! I will not go," added he. "Oh! Fernandez, you have saved me yet seized your prey; Massaniello lives! Massaniello has a sword which he knows how to use! To obtain Isabella you must first pass over my body. Adieu! father, adieu!"

And the young man ran to the door. At the same instant some one knocked. Everything had been prepared, so that the terrible drama which was that night played at the Vicaria might end in a proper manner.

Though informed of Massaniello's hopeless state, and even certain of being able to get rid of him without the intervention of Corcelli, Fernandez and the Duke of Arcos had none the less continued the preparations for the nuptial fête. All the court were about to assemble in the state chamber of the palace, and the viceroys sent his chamberlain to fetch Massaniello and to conduct him into the council chamber, where the marriage contract had been drawn up.

throned somewhat less elevated than that of the viceroys. The marble flooring of the sanctuary was hidden beneath a beautiful Spanish carpet. A crowd of generals, of commanders, of captains, all in their uniform, and of women covered with diamonds, plumes and flowers, filled the nave and the galleries, while waiting for the commencement of the ceremony, were commenting on the strangeness of the union which was about to take place.

At last the first peals of the organ broke upon the ear. The chanters commenced the grave melodies of the Roman liturgy, the doors of the sanctuary were thrown wide open, and the grand master of the ceremonies of the kingdom of Naples announced:

"His highness, the viceroys."

Every one rose, in accordance with the rules of etiquette, which now agreed pretty well with the impatient curiosity of all present.

The Duke of Arcos had his daughter on his arm. Isabella seemed agitated; but her face was radiant. A smile of happiness and pride played on her lips. She appeared pleased at having raised up to her the courageous fisherman who had restored Naples her lost rights. Her white dress showed off her slim and elegant form to great advantage; her head, encircled with the coronet of a duchess, moved with much grace and majesty in the midst of the lace ruff she wore round her slender neck. A white veil, attached to a cluster of her black hair, fell over a mantle of white satin, bordered with swan's down.

Her arms were bare, and the black enamel of her bracelets formed a strong contrast with their whiteness.

Behind her walked Massaniello. Jeanne was leaning on his arm. She still wore the picturesque dress of the peasant; but her brother was attired in a splendid costume; he wore a black cap with a heron's feather in it, a mantle of violet colored velvet, and a vest of white satin, under which, as it was left open in front, was seen a frill of Mechlin lace. Above his bucket boots, silk stockings clothed the symmetry of his legs. Jeanne was on his right arm, while his left hand gracefully rested on the handle of his sword.

Thus attired, Massaniello, with his athletic form, his noble face and martial bearing, was, without exception, the finest man of the viceroys' court.

Massaniello and Isabella knelt down, and the cardinal immediately appeared, followed by a crowd of deacons, subdeacons, thuriferaries and acolytes, who undulated round the altar like a stream of gold.

Mass was said with all the pomp of the Roman Catholic ritual. The church was full of harmony and perfumes, and the archbishop was about to give Massaniello and his bride the nuptial blessing, when cries of: "Long live the head of the people! Long live Massaniello!" were suddenly heard at the doors.

Don Juan Fernandez, who had maintained throughout the ceremony a most becoming attitude, gave orders to have the people admitted, so that they might witness the triumph of their beloved tribune.

The doors were, therefore, thrown open, and 200 reckless looking individuals, with hoarse voices and menacing gestures, invaded the nave of the chapel, rushed among the spectators, overturned the chairs and threw confusion everywhere.

These were, in effect, the assassins employed by the intriguing Don Juan Fernandez. They had come, under cover of the name of "the people," to destroy the fisherman.

Dom Francesco's shrewd eye perceived the whole of the infamous design in an instant. In another moment he approached one of the windows, and raising the sash he made a sign—the sign of danger—to a tall figure which he described in the crowd.

A few moments later there was a rush around the door of the church; and this was immediately succeeded by the appearance of a large body of fishermen, variously armed with knives, muskets, pistols, pikes and clubs, who rushed into the building, exclaiming:

"Death to the enemies of the head of the people! Woo be to him who lays a hand upon our Massaniello!"

The band of assassins glanced at one another uneasily. They saw, intuitively, that their game was up.

Don Juan Fernandez glanced toward the viceroys—their eyes met, and both turned pale.

At this moment the former felt a hand upon his arm; turning, he beheld the eyes of Dom Francesco fixed sternly upon him, while a sarcastic smile played upon his lip.

"What want you with me, monk?" demanded the young noble.

"To tell you that the poisoned bouquet has failed in its effect—to tell you that the assassin horde whom you have introduced here to slay the Head of the People will fall in their design—and to tell you, miserable wretch, that not Massaniello's, but your own hour has come!"

"Insolent priest—this to me! Beware!"—Dom Francesco made a sign to a knot of fishermen, who had been gradually drawing themselves into a circle, of which Don Juan Fernandez was the center.

The young man saw in an instant that he was surrounded and a prisoner.

"Away with him!" said Dom Francesco, sternly.

In another minute Don Juan Fernandez was hurried out of the church. Ten minutes later and his body hung, dangling by the neck, from the portals of the palace of the viceroys.

"So perish!" cried a voice which everybody recognized, "the enemies of Massaniello, the Head of the People!"

It was Pietro who spoke. The populace joined in the cry, which was borne on the breeze to the cathedral.

The Duke of Arcos turned pale as he heard it.

"What is to be done?" he murmured. "Our plot is discovered! Oh, who will counsel me?"

"That will I," answered a low but firm voice at his elbow.

The viceroys turned and beheld Dom Francesco.

"You!" he exclaimed. "You counsel the viceroys of Naples?"

"Even I, my lord!" replied the monk firmly. "I will give you the same counsel that I would give to brother wretches in your position!"

"What would you advise your brother?" demanded the Spaniard proudly.

"To give his daughter to the head of the people, if he had, like you, so promised, and then to resign his office into the hands of his new made son-in-law."

"And then?" "And then, my lord, I would counsel him to take the earliest opportunity to fly from Naples, every one of whose people consider it a duty to shed his blood!"

The viceroys made no reply. He bowed down his head for a few moments in thought.

Meanwhile the throng inside the temple began to murmur.

"Why do you not proceed with the ceremony?" shouted a voice in the crowd. "Must the people await forever the convenience of a tyrant?"

"Do you hear, my lord?" said Dom Francesco significantly. "The people grow clamorous; and you are already aware of the power of the people!"

The viceroys raised his eyes and fixed them upon the monk as if he wished to look him down. But the latter met his glance with an eye as imperious and firmer than his own.

Arcos quailed and bit his lip. Pride and passion counseled him to smite the monk to the earth, but prudence advised him to an opposite course.

"You are right, priest," he said in an undertone. "Your advice, though not friendly, is based on wisdom, and I will follow it. On with the bride!"

We have little more to tell, and that little can be summed up in a few words.

After the marriage of his daughter Don Arcos relinquished the government into the hands of his son-in-law, Massaniello, whose mild, firm and generous rule won for him the enduring love and loyalty of Naples, and evidenced the genuineness of his patriotism as head of the people.

Pietro and Jeanne were united a few weeks after the marriage of Massaniello. Their fortunes were cared for by their brave and noble brother, and right worthily did he watch over their interests, without, however, sacrificing a single ducat of the public money.

Dom Francesco remained the friend and became the principal counselor of his foster son, Massaniello, between whom and himself existed a firm and fervent friendship, which remained unbroken while they both lived.

Corcelli, alone, did not profit by the new order of things. Not having thought fit, under the new viceroys, to put a stop to his hazardous expeditions, he was caught in the very act of plundering, and was soon swinging high up in the air, to the great satisfaction of all the country.

Identity Disclosed. De Poker—"That stranger is an English lord in disguise." De Club—"How do you know?" De Poker—"I caught him cheating at cards."

MARBLE WORKS.

J. Baumgardner,

SUCCESSOR TO ANTON EISELE.

This is one of Ann Arbor's well-known and long established industries. It was founded by Anton Eisele in 1868, who continued in it until his death, in 1887, when it was purchased by J. Baumgardner, who has continued it at the same stand and made such improvements and additions to the stock as the increase in business demanded. He has six men in his employ a greater portion of the time and is prepared to do all kinds of cemetery work, building work, stone work, etc.

His special line is the cemetery work, and he carries a complete line of all kinds of marble and granite stones and monuments, as well as iron and terra cotta vases for lawn and cemetery purposes.

Mr. Baumgardner uses great care in his choice of stock for his work and uses only the best material. The marble used is brought in the rough from Georgia, New York and Vermont. The fine red granite goods are imported from Sweden and Scotland; light from the grades of granite being brought from American quarries in western Rhode Island, Barre, Vt., Quincy, Mass., Concord, N. H., and Maine. All carving cutting, etc., is done in the works by Mr. Baumgardner's skilled workmen, with the exception of the granite work, and on that the lettering and tracing are done mostly here.

Many fine stones from these marble works adorn the cemeteries of Ann Arbor and those of neighboring places. Shipments have frequently been made to points as far away as Iowa, Indiana and New York.

All classes of work in the building line also come from these works, such as sills, caps, copings, window tops, etc.

The building of stone walks is one of the main branches of the business. The work in this line can recommend itself, as many "samples" of it can be seen in Ann Arbor. The fine walks in front of the stores of Bach & Abel, Mills & Co., Wm. Allaby, the Maynard Block, etc., and the 1,330 feet of new walk recently put in east of the High School building all speak for themselves.

A TRIAL OF OUR WORK WILL CONVINCEN YOU.

WHENEVER IN NEED OF ANYTHING IN THESE LINES CALL AT

BAUMGARDNER'S MARBLE WORKS

Cor. Catherine and Detroit-sts., ANN ARBOR, MICH.

IF YOU WANT TO

BUY,

RENT,

OR

SELL

a

FARM

OR

OTHER PROPERTY,

ADVERTISE IN THE

WASHTENAW POST

THE GERMEN PAPER AT ANN ARBOR.

LOUIS LISEMER, PROPRIETOR.

OVERBECK & STAEBLER.

GROCERIES!

41 S. MAIN ST.

Leave your order for all kinds of Groceries. RED CROWN Gasoline kept on hand.

AN ENTERPRISING FIRM!

Who carries a full Stock of all General Hardware, Stoves and Furnaces, Guns and Ammunition, Mixed Paints, Colors and Oil.

Grossman & Schlenker

FOR THE PUBLIC WEAL.

HISTORY OF THE BUSINESS MEN'S ASSOCIATION.

What It Has Done to Promote Ann Arbor's Welfare.—What It Proposes to Do in the Future.

The Business Men's Association of Ann Arbor was organized in the spring of 1886, its first officers being the following: President, Henry S. Dean; vice president, Thomas J. Keech; recording secretary, Charles E. Hiscok; treasurer, Christian Mack; directors—Dr. W. F. Breakey, Nelson J. Kyer, Junius E. Beal and Kendall Kittredge.

These men, with many others, who were united in the association with them, resolved to do what could be done to change the stagnant condition in which the city rested, apparently content, and to make an effort to overtake some of her sister cities, which, while less favored, had passed her in growth and in availing themselves of natural advantages. They resolved to do this work as an association, as members of other organizations and as individuals. It had become habitual in certain quarters to speak of the city in a derogatory manner. This practice was frowned upon and many articles from the pens of its members were published to set in their true light the many advantages of which the city was possessed. In the same line of work came a publication of an edition of 10,000 copies of a pamphlet entitled "Ann Arbor Illustrated," at the hands of a committee of the association, of which A. W. Hamilton was chairman,



G. F. ALLMENDINGER, Sec'y Business Men's Association.

its other members being Edward Duffy, John J. Robison and several of the others mentioned above. These were widely circulated, and there is abundant evidence that good has resulted to the city from the publication.

A direct result of the work of the association was the establishment of the Ann Arbor Building Works, which make a specialty of engine work, of the finest types of Corliss engines. The association also built a building costing several thousand dollars for a capsule factory, and organized later the Advance Refrigerator Co., with a capital subscribed of \$50,000. These last two ventures have not borne the best of fruit and have prejudiced the association against imported concerns, which came solely for a bonus. The policy has been adopted, rather, of fostering and strengthening enterprises already existing and of starting others under the management of our own citizens. In this way members have, since the organization of the association, assisted in incorporating the Ann Arbor Fruit and Vinegar Co., The Allmendinger Piano and Organ Co., The Crescent Clasp Co., The Thompson-Heuston Electric Light Co., The Ann Arbor Street Railway Co. and Ann Arbor & Ypsilanti Motor Railway Co.

While assisting the manufacturing interests of the city, the association has been mindful of the fact that Ann Arbor is peculiarly a residence city, and that everything done to add to its attractiveness would increase its desirability for residence purposes. The old city charter had been outgrown. A committee of the association assisted in the preparation of a new one and in securing its passage at Lansing by the state legislature. One of the creations of the new charter was a board of public works. The first board selected was comprised of Thomas J. Keech, Herman Hutzel and J. F. Schuh, all members of the association, the first named having been for two years its president. These men have done an immense amount of work in opening streets, straightening streets, building sidewalks and making various other improvements, which have transformed the city into a park. In the way of sidewalks, about thirty miles have been built in the past three years. What other city of 10,000 people, without a "boom" and simply pursuing the even tenor of its way, can show such a record?

The city was disfigured by a number of old and dilapidated buildings. Under powers possessed by the council, these were ordered torn down, and their "rooms" has indeed proven preferable to their "company." As members of the school board and as trustees of the churches, members of the association have taken a prominent part in the ornamentation of public grounds and particularly in securing for these grounds the "lawn extensions" which are so marked a feature of Ann Arbor's streets. The citizens as a whole have been quick to follow the example set, and today Ann Arbor challenges the world to show a city of its size having the mileage that it has of neatly kept streets and the extent of ornamented grounds.

The present board of officers comprise the following: A. L. Noble, president; J. F. Schuh, vice president; G. F. Allmendinger, recording secretary; S. A. Moran, corresponding secretary, and Frederick Schmidt, treasurer.

The association is striving to create sentiment favorable to the construction of sewers according to the plans of Prof. C. E. Greene, a vote on this question being unanimously adopted in favor of the plans at the annual meeting of the association held in July. To those members of the city council, who are members of the construction of this needed improvement, it may be said that their attitude gives the friends of sewerage no concern. The Business Men's Association has never yet advocated any measure which it has not ultimately carried to a successful termination.

Still another project, which is now in the hands of a competent committee of the association, is the organization of a "School of Music," for which Ann Arbor has an unsurpassed location. The prediction is here recorded that in the near future Ann Arbor will have a school of music, destined to increase in attendance at the same astonishing rate of growth which has made the State University the wonder, even to its friends.

From the above it will be seen that the Business Men's Association of Ann Arbor is not an adjunct of any booming movement. It concerns itself only with solid and substantial growth. It has materially aided in establishing a healthful feeling as to the city's possibilities and today no one speaks of Ann Arbor with the sneering accents so often heard in the older time. On the contrary, the belief of its citizens is voiced by one of its clerical members, who has remarked, "It is a natural feeling which induces men to think the town they live in to be the best in the world. We in Ann Arbor, however, know it to be true regarding our city."

A Busy Factory.

One of the busiest institutions in Ann Arbor is the planing mill, and sash, door and blind factory of Luick Bros., located at the corner of North and Fifth-sts. The never-ceasing hum of its wheels and machinery, as they sing the song of thrift and prosperity, can every day be heard. The proprietors of this thriving business, Emanuel and Gottlieb Luick, are both natives of Washtenaw County. They learned the carpenter and joiner's trade in their boyhood, and did a general contractor's business for some time. In 1869-70, Gottlieb Luick, the younger brother, was a member of the firm of Luick & Miller, but this partnership was dissolved in 1871, and in 1873, the Luick Bros. purchased the business of Wines & Douglas, who occupied a frame building on the site where the present business is now located. In the spring of 1874, a two-story brick building was erected, the main building 64 x 44 feet, with an engine room and dry-kiln 62 x 16 feet. A few years later an addition was built to the main building, making the present structure 64 x 62 feet.

They began work on a small scale, but increased their facilities as the amount of work increased. Many improvements have been made, and new machinery added, until now they have their establishment fully equipped with all the modern machinery and appliances used in the different branches of their business. One of the latest acquisitions to their factory is a new \$1,000 sand-papery machine, the largest in the city, put in about two weeks ago, which will do the work of several men, and with which a beautiful glass finish can be put upon the hardest wood.

Their business is principally the manufacture of doors, blinds and sashes, but a large amount of planing and custom work is done annually. They give employment to eight men continually, and have nine in their employ the greater portion of the year.

They use annually upwards of 400,000 feet of pine and hardwood lumber; the pine timber used comes from Northern Michigan, with the exception of the yellow pine, which is shipped from Arkansas. The poplar timber used is brought from Kentucky, and the hardwood from local forests. They have two fine dry-kilns with a capacity of 20,000 feet. The machinery is run by steam, a fine 60-horse-power engine being used for the purpose.

Some idea of the amount of business done at their establishment can be gleaned from a glance at the business record of last year. During the year ending January 1, 1891, they manufactured 1,770 pine doors, 350 oak doors, 2,771 windows, 1,082 sashes, 1,311 window and door frames, and 278 screens. Besides this, several inside blinds, as well as a great variety of other custom work, were also turned out. A phenomenal increase in their business has been experienced this year. A third more business will be done in all branches, and in some instances it will exceed a half more than last year; already more window frames have been made than were made during the whole of last year.

The plant and stock now on hand is valued at about \$30,000, the plant alone being worth \$20,000. To this an addition will probably soon be made, as the rapidly increasing business, and the exceedingly roomy space, makes the need of more room very apparent, indeed.

The business is managed entirely by the Luick brothers, who are both experts in their line of business, straightforward and upright in all their dealings, and have the universal respect of their fellow-townsmen.

What He Wanted.

A rusty appearing fellow drifted into a broker's office not long since, and approaching the manager said that he wished to make an investment, and that he wanted to buy something good.

"How does silver strike you?" queried the broker.

"Too good darn high," said the farmer.

"Well," said the broker, "if you want something cheap buy lead."

"I don't think lead's any good," replied the farmer. "Have ye some good tin?" he continued.

"No, tin was busted some months ago. Why don't you try Consolidated gas?" continued the broker.

"Consolidated gas!" exclaimed the stranger. "I've hern tell on pails made of papers (I spoze they use old ones they kin buy cheap), but I'll be dinged if they air now makin on 'em of gas."

"What do you want in here, anyhow?" roared the broker.

"I came in to buy some milk pails," replied the stranger; "a feller down here says as how this was a bucket shop."—Buffalo Enquirer.

A Hero of the War.

He fought and put the rebels to rout, He said in many a fight, But when he had a tooth pulled out, He howled with all his might.

Just Dropped In.

Citizen (waked up at midnight) — "Who's there?"

"Only me. I just dropped in. I'm a burglar."

Citizen—"Just dropped in, eh?"

Voice—"Yes, just dropped in through the skylight."

WHAT ANN ARBOR WANTS.

LIKE OLIVER TWIST SHE CRIES FOR MORE.

Many Paying Industries Might be Established Here.—The School of Music Project.—More Furniture Factories.

We have already shown that Ann Arbor boasts of a number of flourishing industries and that it is, therefore notwithstanding, a manufacturing center of respectable proportions. Water is abundant, taxes are low, railroad facilities are good and the surrounding country is rich. Good power, for small manufacturing, is furnished by the Ann Arbor water works. These facts, together with the fact equally important but often overlooked, that the name "Ann Arbor," known as it is throughout the world, is invaluable as a means of advertising, have already brought many factories here. There can be no doubt but that more

FURNITURE FACTORIES

might be established here to good advantage. As everyone knows, there are many grades of furniture. There should be different factories to correspond. Those which have already been established here have paid so well that it has been necessary continually to enlarge their facilities. Hard wood forests are not far distant, fuel is cheap and the markets are easily accessible. Good buildings could be rented, or good sites could be purchased at a comparatively small expense.

WOOLEN MILLS

Would undoubtedly pay at Ann Arbor. During the past few years the wool, growing industry in Washtenaw county has been largely developed and found to be highly profitable. The farmers within a radius of twenty-five miles raise enough wool to supply a large mill.

PAPER MILLS.

Several factories of this kind already exist near Ann Arbor. All of these employ a large number of men and are highly prosperous. The proximity of forests which supply good pulp for manufacturing certain kinds of paper is a very important advantage. The industry is by no means as fully developed in this vicinity as it might be.

FRUIT AND VEGETABLE WORKS.

Ann Arbor already has a large dried fruit and vinegar factory. There is room for other works of the same kind which might, to good advantage, be devoted particularly to canning and preserving fruit and vegetables. We have before demonstrated the great

surrounded, as a sun by its planets, with many private schools of various kinds. Theological seminaries and ladies' boarding schools could undoubtedly be located at no better place, and maintained no more cheaply, than at Ann Arbor. The ordinary branches could be studied to good advantage in the University, while the study of religious subjects and fine arts might be pursued in the outlying schools. It is hoped, and, indeed expected, that Dr. Tappan's dream will be realized.

EX-GOVERNOR BULLOCK.

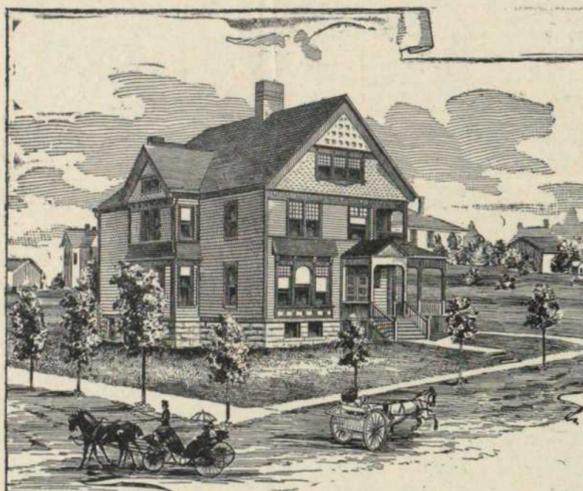
A Georgian Who Has Not Often Been Spoken of Lately. (Special Correspondence.)

ATLANTA, Sept. 17.—Georgia has, since the days of the war, elected three men at different times as governor whose reputations have extended far beyond the borders of the state. Governor Brown, who afterward served in the senate, was perhaps the most powerful, and in some respects the shrewdest politically of any of them, as he was certainly the richest, and probably the richest man in the south. Governor John B. Gordon was the most showy and magnetic, if not the most popular, of these governors, and he has just been elected to the senate from which he resigned a dozen years or more ago that he might go into private life and make a fortune. The third of Georgia's governors who won a repute outside of his state in recent years was Governor Bullock.

In some respects Bullock is a more typical Georgian than either of his distinguished associates in the gubernatorial chair. His influence with the farmers of Georgia has been very great, and it has been due to the fact that he personally knew what their embarrassments, trials and opportunities are. As a young man he distinguished himself not so much by political activity as by revealing a sincere desire to show the farmers of Georgia what their magnificent opportunities were and how best to realize on them. Thus he was called from one end of the state to the other; he knew it perhaps more intimately than any man in public life in that state; his face was familiar in the mountains of northwestern Georgia and in the lowlands of the coast. He had a vast fund of information, and was always ready to



EX-GOV. BULLOCK.



Residence of J. T. Jacobs.

richness of their land producing crops which were nearest to their hearts, telling them things which it was an advantage for them to know, and thus he won their highest regard. Not by the ordinary channels of political advancement was Governor Bullock promoted, but because he had become so thoroughly identified with the revival of prosperity in the empire state of the south.

Bullock, perhaps more than any other man in that section, taught the Georgians what a magnificent realm they had; showed them the wealth beneath their mountains and how to get at it; taught them how to realize on their splendid timber wealth, and in the farming communities preached their agriculture which was not shiftless and haphazard, but scientific and accurate. It was very natural, therefore, for the people of his state, and with one accord, to desire his election as governor, and his popularity was maintained while he held that office.

Governor Bullock has been somewhat conspicuous of late in connection with Alliance affairs in Georgia, although he is not actively identified with that movement. He is still a young and most vigorous man, and whether his political career be over or not, it is certain that he has a most active business career ahead of him. S. G. SELWYN.

THE EDUCATIONAL ADVANTAGES offered by Ann Arbor ought to be supplemented by a good conservatory of music. That a good school of this sort, with proper financial management, would pay, there can be no doubt. Already Ann Arbor accommodates 3,000 students during the college year. Many of these would take special courses in a conservatory of music were the opportunity afforded. It is not extravagant to say that at least 500 persons would patronize the school in this way, while at least many more would be induced to come to Ann Arbor for the sake of musical instruction. We might add that Ann Arbor already has the proper man to conduct such an institution. As professor of music in the University, A. A. Stanley, without a question, has made the musical courses far more efficient than they ever were before. He is besides a man of great executive ability and push. Already steps have been taken looking to the consummation of this project. Several citizens have already offered to take stock provided \$50,000 could be raised. This amount would suffice for the erection of a good building and the payment of teachers' salaries for one year. One real estate firm offers to donate a site and to take a certain amount of stock besides, provided a school be organized. THEOLOGICAL SEMINARIES.

Dr. Tappan, late president of the University, used to dream of a time when the University of Michigan should be

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

# Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

No Money Required of Responsible Parties to Commence Treatment.

## DR. FRUTH,

Formerly of New York, now the celebrated Examining Physician of the FRUTH MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE, Chicago, Ill., by request of many Friends and Patients, has decided to visit

**ANN ARBOR Thursday, October 1st, 1891.**

Consultation and Examination Free and Strictly Confidential, in the Private Parlor of the COOK HOUSE—one day only.



—DR. A. C. FRUTH,—  
Examining Physician of the  
**Fruth Medical and Surgical Institute.**

Permanently Established and Incorporated under the laws of the State of Illinois with a capital stock of \$100,000, for the scientific and successful treatment of all forms of

Chronic and Sexual Diseases, Catarrh, Asthma, Stomach, Kidney, Bladder, Nervous and Special Diseases of Men and Women!

Able assisted by a full staff of eminent physicians and surgeons for every department of medicine and surgery.

Female Diseases positively cured by a never failing method. A home treatment entirely harmless and easily applied. Consultation free and strictly confidential.

Dr. Fruth, after years of experience, has perfected the most infallible method of curing Vitæ drain in Urine. Nocturnal losses, Impaired Memory, Weak Back, Melancholy, Want of Energy, Premature decline of the Manly Powers—those terrible disorders arising from ruinous practices of youth, blighting the most radiant hopes, rendering marriage unhappy.

You may be in the first stage, remember you are approaching the last. If you are bordering upon the last and are suffering all its effects, remember that if you obstinately persist in procrastination, the time must come when physicians can render you no assistance, when the door of hope will be closed against you.

Young men who, through ignorance or the careless exuberance of youthful spirits, have been unfortunate and find themselves in danger of losing their health and embittering their after lives may, before it is too late, falling into or total impotency results, call with full confidence.

Piles Cured without pain, knife or cautery. No detention from business.

Free Examination of the Urine.—Each person applying for medical treatment should send or bring an ounce of their urine, which will receive a careful chemical and microscopical examination.

**WONDERFUL CURES** Possible in old cases which have been neglected or unskillfully treated. Parties treated by mail and express, but where feasible, personal consultation is preferred. Curable cases guaranteed.

50 Cases and correspondence confidential. Treatment sent C. O. D., to any part of U. S. List of 150 cases free.

State address, for convenience of his Michigan patients, is LANSING, MICH.

**JOHN PFISTERER,** DEALER IN  
**READY-MADE CLOTHING**  
AND **GENTS' FURNISHINGS**  
HAS MOVED INTO HIS NEW STORE AT  
**14 WEST LIBERTY ST.**

He can afford to sell goods cheap, as he has no high Rents nor Salaries to pay.

**Spring Height Nursery and Fruit Farm**

Over thirty years experience. I grow a full line of Nursery stock. Peach, Pear, Apple, Plum, Cherry and Quince Trees in large supply.

**HAVE** extensive Vineyards and small Fruit Plantations, from which I propagate Grape Vines and small Fruit Plants in large quantities and true to name. Can supply Peaches, Pears, Berries and Grapes for canning in their season from my grounds, and of the best quality and perfectly ripened. Patronize home industry. By so doing, you serve your own interest. Head of Spring street.

**JACOB GANZHOHN, Ann Arbor, Mich.**

**ANTON TEUFEL,**  
MANUFACTURER OF  
**Harness \* and \* Saddlery!**

DEALER IN  
**TRUNKS, VALISES, WHIPS, ROBES, BLANKETS, ETC.**

A Complete Line of Fur OVERCOATS just Received.

**45 SOUTH MAIN ST., ANN ARBOR, MICH.**

NOT VERY EXCITING.

NO SUGGESTION OF SEWERAGE AT THE COUNCIL MEETING.

The Financial Estimates—Building a Culvert—A Number of Petitions—An Important Resolution.

The proceedings of the common council last Monday evening were without exciting features, though not entirely devoid of interest or entertainment.

President Cooley called the meeting to order at 8:15. After roll-call, City Clerk Miller presented the estimates of the board of public works, the fire commissioners and the committee on lighting, which are as follows:

BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS
General street work \$5,000.00
Cross-walks 2,000.00
Grading on Hill-st. Main to Washenaw 500.00
Grading on Fourteenth st. 350.00
Culvert on Hill-st. 350.00
Culvert on First-st. 400.00
Madison-st, grading between Seventh and Ninth-sts. 350.00
Culvert on Hill-st. 100.00
Culvert on Summit-st. and grading 550.00
Grading and purchasing point on Detroit and Beaker-sts. 500.00
Grading and graveling Washington-st. 150.00
Grading and graveling on Wilmot-st. 150.00
Grading and graveling on Fuller-st from M. C. depot to bridge No. 3 200.00
Grading Broadway hill. 500.00
Total 12,100.00

FIRE COMMISSIONERS.
Salaries of firemen 4,775.00
Oil 750.00
Horse feed 350.00
Horse shoeing 40.00
Washing and bedding 100.00
Store and repairs 45.00
Fuel 90.00
Oil 25.00
Floor in apparatus and sleeping room 17.50
Hose tower 200.00
General repairs 225.00
Overdraft Feb. 1 1,800.00
Total 8,747.56

The lighting committee submitted an estimate of \$8,000 for the coming year, as against \$7,408.19 last year.

These communications were all referred to their proper committees.

The clerk then read a petition signed by Messrs. Howlett, Collins, Lukins, Buits, S. E. Smith and others, praying that Clark-st be continued through from Ann to Catherine. It was referred to the committee on streets.

Alderman Herz offered a resolution that the Thomson-Houston electric light company be notified that their contract with the city would expire January 1, next. Carried. Alderman Fillmore now opened the ball with a resolution ordering the construction of a stone culvert over the mill race, on Felch-st, according to plans submitted by the board of public works.

This was amended by Alderman Mann so as to read "wood culvert" instead of "stone."

Alderman Wines—"The third ward must be treated fairly, it should have a chance to improve. We must get however, not what seems best to us, but what will meet the approval of the mayor. Now, the mayor is certain to veto a bill for a stone culvert on Felch-st. He must do it to be consistent. Let us, then, recommend the building of a culvert that will entail less expense than the one provided for in the resolution. I think a culvert of some kind should be built, in spite of the fact that there is a deficit. The deficit can't be worked off in one year."

He then offered an amendment to the amendment, that the board be instructed to build a culvert four rods long, with side walls of stone and roadway of timber and heavy planks. Alderman Mann withdrew his amendment, and a long discussion followed, on the relative merits of stone and wood culverts. Finally, Alderman Mann moved that the amended resolution be laid over until the next meeting. This was carried by a vote, as follows:

Yeas—Alderman Mann, Wines, Martin, Taylor, Kitson, President Cooley. Nays—Alderman Herz, Allmendinger, Fillmore, O'Hearn, Ferguson, Rehberg. The amendment was then put and lost, Alderman Mann, Wines, Taylor, Kitson and Cooley voting in the affirmative, and Alderman Herz, Martin, Allmendinger, Fillmore, O'Hearn, Ferguson and Rehberg in the negative.

The original resolution then came up. Alderman Taylor—"We have already sustained the mayor's veto of a bill which embodied practically the same feature as this. It looks to me like an inconsistency to pass this now."

Alderman Mann—"It should have a two-thirds vote."

He then entered an objection to the resolution. A vote was taken, which proved a tie, and the objection was sustained.

Alderman Mann offered a resolution that when the council adjourned it should adjourn until September 28, at 8:00 p. m. City Attorney Norris having spoken in favor of the resolution, Alderman Herz raised a laugh, exclaiming, "Of course, Mr. Norris, he gets pay for his time. We don't." The motion was lost.

Alderman Wines moved a resolution that the council deem advisable the laying-out of a street on the lines of Fourth-ave, projected southerly to Hill-st, and that the council meet on Oct. 5, to consider the same. Carried.

Another motion to adjourn having been put and lost, Alderman Mann offered the following:

Whereas, there is already an overdraft of the city funds and but seven months of the present fiscal year have expired, and
Whereas, judging from the expenditures after September 1, of last year, we shall have overdrawn our city funds to the extent of over \$21,000, unless strict economy is practiced, therefore
Resolved, that the board of public works and the street commissioners be and are hereby requested to defer such improvements and street work which, from their nature, are not absolutely necessary.

President Rogers at Evanston.

The work of President Henry Wade Rogers at Northwestern University is attracting much comment. As might have been expected from his connection with the law department of the University of Michigan, the Northwestern University law school (Union College of Law) was the first department to receive his attention.

The first step was to secure the services of Henry M. Blodgett, judge of the United States district court for the northern district of Illinois, as dean and lecturer on the law of admiralty. The work of the school, which was formerly carried on almost exclusively by recitation, will now include lectures, text-books and the study of cases—in other words, those methods which followed which have given to the law department of the University of Michigan its present high standing.

Practice courts have been organized, and students are required to do regular work in the library. A graduate course has been established, which will include lectures on comparative constitutional law, the law of admiralty, public and private international law, the English law, medical jurisprudence, railway law, proceedings in rem, insurance, Roman law, patent law, the law of waters, trade marks and copyrights, and interstate commerce.

Work is also done by graduate students in Austin's Jurisprudence, High's Extraordinary Legal Remedies and Cooley's Constitutional Limitations. The lectures on comparative constitutional law are delivered by President Rogers, and those on proceedings in rem, by Hon. Rufus Waples, of Ann Arbor.

The lecturers include many of the distinguished men of the American bar. Among them may be found Walter Q. Gresham, judge of the United States circuit court for the seventh circuit; John M. Harlan, justice of the supreme court of the United States; Romano Bunn, judge of the United States district court at Madison, Wis.; Simeon P. Shape, one of the judges of the supreme court of Illinois; Samuel Maxwell, a judge of the supreme court of Nebraska; Seymour D. Thompson, of the court of appeals at St. Louis, Mo.; Byron K. Elliott, chief justice of the supreme court of Indiana; and Melville M. Bigelow, of the Boston law school, who has delivered several courses of lectures in this city.

The faculty of the school is composed of Dean Henry M. Blodgett, Henry Booth, Harvey B. Hurd, Marshal D. Ewell, William W. Farwell and Nathan S. Davis.

When President Rogers went to Evanston, the professional departments were loosely connected with the University proper. They were located in Chicago, and did not even bear the name of Northwestern University. One of Dr. Rogers' first acts as executive was to bring the departments nearer together and have them bear a common name. Thus, the Union College of Law is now called the Law Department of Northwestern University.

The attendance of the law department last year was 154, which, while small as compared with that of the U. of M., is still a good showing and speaks well for Dr. Rogers' work in his new field. With the increased facilities for instruction, a much larger number is expected this year.

A Day Off. The following paper, signed by many business firms in Ann Arbor, shows plainly how the people of the city feel respecting our county fair, and sufficiently explains itself without any extra words:

We, the undersigned business men of the city of Ann Arbor, hereby agree to close our respective places of business on Friday, the second day of October next, at 12 o'clock noon, and keep them closed until four o'clock, p. m. of that day, for the purpose of giving ourselves and employes an opportunity to attend the Washtenaw Agricultural Society's Annual Fair.

Dean & Co. John Goetz, Jr.
Edward Duffy Anton Tenfel
Mack & Schmid Huizel & Co.
Goodyear & St. James W. F. Stimson
Schaefer & Co. C. A. Maynard
E. F. Mills & Co. Henry Murphy
Bach, Abel & Co. D. R. Barney
J. T. Jacobs & Co. Warner & Son
A. L. Noble J. W. Maynard
Wadhams, Kennedy & Wm. H. McIntyre
Renie S. E. J. Baumgartner
Wagner & Co. J. D. Stimson & Sons
J. M. Stafford Fred C. Stimson
The Two Sams, L. Blitt Brown & Cady
W. G. Burchard, at 12 o'clock noon, and keep them closed until four o'clock, p. m. of that day, for the purpose of giving ourselves and employes an opportunity to attend the Washtenaw Agricultural Society's Annual Fair.

THE GYMNASIUM.

ACCORDING TO MR. ARNOLD'S PLANS, LARGEST IN THE COUNTRY.

It Calls For \$60,000, and More Money Must Be Raised or the Plans Must Be Curtailed.—An Extended Interview with Mr. Arnold.

Secretary Wade was sitting in his office at the University, Monday morning, discussing the sketched plans of the new gymnasium, which had recently been submitted, when who should walk in but E. W. Arnold, of Detroit, the architect who had drafted the plans? He was accompanied by the chairman of the building committee, Regent Charles R. Whitman.

"Is Dr. Angell in his office?" asked Mr. Whitman.
"No, Dr. Angell is in Detroit."
"Tha's unfortunate. Mr. Arnold has come out to see him."
"and Dr. Angell has gone to Detroit to see Mr. Arnold," replied Secretary Wade.

The situation was somewhat ludicrous, and all joined in the laugh that followed. Through a misunderstanding as to the place of meeting, Mr. Arnold had come to Ann Arbor to confer with President Angell respecting the gymnasium, at the same time that President Angell had gone to Detroit to see him. Dr. Angell was telephoned to at once, and a meeting appointed for that evening in Detroit.

"Yes," said Mr. Arnold, "when all the arrangements had been made, I've been waiting for President Angell to return from Europe in order to arrive at a better understanding with him and the building committee, and to see if they can devise means for carrying out what they want. The fact of the matter is, \$40,000 will not build such a gymnasium as you need here. The regents must obtain more money, or else reduce requirements, which they ought not to do."

"How do the dimensions of the proposed gymnasium compare with those of others, Mr. Arnold?"
"Why, if these plans are accepted you will have the largest gymnasium in the country. After obtaining the dimensions desired by the University authorities, I took a trip through the East in order to visit all the large gymnasiums, secure some of their advantages, and avoid their errors. I found that no other gymnasium in the United States has the floor space that these plans show. The floor of Yale's new gymnasium, not quite completed yet, is 78 by 136 feet; that of Harvard's is 80 by 113; and that of the Manhattan Athletic Club, of New York, is 91 by 110. The gymnasium floor of the Southern Athletic Club, of New Orleans, which I did not visit, is 80 by 121. Our plan calls for a main gymnasium room, 90 by 150 feet, with another back of it, 58 by 80 feet, for the ladies."

"Do the other gymnasiums you have seen have separate rooms for the ladies?"
"No, they don't. At Harvard, for example, I saw the ladies of the Annex using the room at the same time with the gentlemen, all in their abbreviated costumes. They were supposed to have different hours, but they came just when it was convenient."

"Now, the question is just here: Will the regents raise the other \$20,000 which will be required to build a gymnasium of these dimensions, or will they prefer to have the plans so altered that the building can be erected for the \$40,000 already obtained?"

"There isn't much doubt in my mind," said Regent Whitman, at this point, "that the board will raise the other \$20,000. The plans are economical. Harvard's gymnasium, I understand, cost \$100,000, and Yale's will cost somewhat over that. Harvard's is now cramped. If we do not make extra efforts to get what is necessary, not only for our future wants, but for our present needs, I think a time will come when we will regret it. If the ladies of the U. of M. were obliged to use the same room with the gentlemen, not one-fourth of them would take advantage of the opportunity."

The side elevation in the drawing, shows a handsome brick structure, two stories in height. In all probability, it will ornament the northeast corner of the campus, for the southwest corner is needed for the Art Building and the southeast corner may be required for additions to the Mechanical Laboratory.

President Angell expressed himself as much pleased with the neatness and economy of the designs submitted by Mr. Arnold, but did not care to offer an opinion as to what action the Board of Regents would take.

Leo Kopf is Better. Leo Kopf, the lad who was hurt last Sunday in a scrimmage with Jack Butler, was much better yesterday morning.

All that Leo's friends know about the affair is that he went over to Hangsterfer's Sunday noon to order some ice cream for the store on Huron-st. Here he got into some difficulty with Butler, during which the latter hit him in the face. Leo is but 20 years old, and very light.

He is what physicians call a "face bleeder," and the blow immediately caused a violent flow of blood from the nose. He came home in this condition. Medical attendance was summoned, and his nostrils wadded with cotton drawn into his throat. He continued to bleed freely until Tuesday night, when a change for the better took place.

During this time he has not been able to give any account of the fracas, for any movement of the jaws would cause a renewal of the discharge. There is no evidence from the appearance of the face that young Kopf was struck by anything but Butler's fist. To any one else, perhaps, the blow would not have been serious; to young Kopf, it proved almost fatal. Butler is in jail.

Dr. Morton is attending Kopf. The Wall-st bridge across the river has been completely repaired by the street commissioner. New beams have been set and new flooring has been laid. It was found that the bridge was in very dangerous condition.

Home Testimony for Dwight.

A witness to the efficacy of bi-chloride of gold as a cure for inebriety has appeared in Ann Arbor. Mr. Grant E. Bliss, of 42 Washenaw-ave, returned last week from the Keeley Institute, at Dwight, Ill., and believes that he is forever liberated from the bonds of the alcoholic habit.

"I went to Dwight thoroughly skeptical," said Mr. Bliss, Tuesday evening. "I told the physicians that I didn't believe they could do anything for me; but they might try, and if they did accomplish a cure, it would be the greatest blessing that could be vouchsafed to me. I began treatment at Dwight on Monday, Aug. 17, and kept it up for four weeks. I am now 'graduated,' as they say out there, and if I ever take another drop of whiskey it will be from pure cussedness."

"I have a bottle with me now," Mr. Bliss went on, "the same one that was given me in Dwight, and I have no taste for it whatever. Of course, I could go to work and acquire the taste all over again; but, as I said before, if I do it will be from pure cussedness—nothing else."

"I tell you, it is pitiful to see the crowds of victims of alcohol who come there in the last stages of inebriety. Understand, most of the patients there are serious, high-minded men, for if a man doesn't wish to be cured there is no use of him taking treatment. Four times a day a crowd of silent men form in line at the office, and, with bared arm, await their turn for the hypodermic injection. Each patient, moreover, has his bottle of bi-chloride of gold, which he takes every two hours. Dr. Kelley gives every man all the liquor that is necessary until he drops it of his own free will. It is no asylum. Patients go to hotels and boarding houses, reporting to the office as they would to any other regular physician."

"One thing, which is somewhat amusing, is that patients almost universally come in drunk. If it proves a cure, they think they will have a good drunk first, anyway. By the latter part of the first week they are usually very sick. That is the turning point. A thing that always seemed to me inconsistent is that saloon keepers will come there and receive a cure, and then go back and sell the stuff to others."

"Kelley, you know, is a regular physician, an old army surgeon. He has been studying on this thing ever since the war, for it was his experience with the soldiers that led him to believe that inebriety was a disease. Any man who has felt the unquenchable, gnawing thirst of the confirmed inebriate knows that Dr. Kelley is right."

Mr. Bliss is so confident of the nature of the double chloride of gold remedy, and so thankful for its results with himself, that he wishes to help any other unfortunate to the same boon. He wishes it stated that he will be glad to furnish any information that may be desired.

It Promises Well.

The forty-third annual fair of the Washtenaw county agricultural and horticultural society gives promise of being the best ever held here. The live stock entries, which closed Tuesday, are larger than they have been in the history of the society, so that this year there will be double the number of stalls that there were last. The entries for the races closed Monday evening. Among them may be found such well-known names as Little Joker, Garfield, Nellie I, Albert Wilkes, Silver Star, Dick H, Texas Jim, Fred W, Gee Whiz, and many others. The races are as follows:

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30. PURSE.
Pony Race \$ 25 00
Foals, 1800 25 00
3-minute class, trotting 25 00
2:30 class, trotting 200 00
THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1. PURSE.
Saddle horses \$ 7 00
Family horses 7 50
Foals, 1888 25 00
Foals, 1887 25 00
2:30 class, pacing 200 00
FRIDAY, OCTOBER 2. PURSE.
Foals of 1889 \$ 25 00
2:30 trotting and pacing 200 00
Free-for-all trotting and pacing 200 00

President Palmer, of the World's Fair Commission, and Gov. Winans will both speak Thursday afternoon. The balloon ascension and parachute drop will take place every afternoon except the first.

How Reciprocity Works.

"Those half-barbarous South American republics," as our democratic friends sneeringly call them, when endeavoring to belittle Blaine's reciprocity treaties, are turning out not so bad for "heathen." Since the confirmation of the Brazilian treaty the exports of domestic products and manufactures from the United States to that country have increased more than ninety-eight per cent. If the present rate of increase continues through the year, the total increase will be \$5,831,520, or nearly half as much as the total value—\$11,902,466—of all the exports from the United States to Brazil in the year ending June 30, 1890. It will not be surprising if the exports from this country to Brazil shall exceed \$2,500,000 in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1892. The value of exported breadstuffs, wheat and flour has risen from \$300,000 in June, 1890, to \$419,000 in June 1891, despite the fact that the European crop famine gave little incentive to seek South American markets this season.—Lansing Republican.

Important changes are being made in the new homeopathic hospital. The amphitheatre will be confined to the second story, thus adding considerable space to the first floor. A large room will be fitted up for a children's ward. The number of patients for whom the hospital will afford accommodations is sixty. The building will be completed by November 1.

Twenty-five members of the Light Infantry spent Sunday at Zukey Lake. They were placed under camp discipline during the stay, and were divided up into little squads for drill. Capt. Hiscock becoming colonel and every sergeant a captain. During the afternoon they enjoyed a sail in the yacht of W. E. Walker. One of the visitors at the lake was Adjutant Baxter, of the Fourth regiment. A band of four pieces was improvised, which furnished good music.

COPYING ON THE TYPEWRITER AND SHORTHAND AMANUENSIS WORK PROMPTLY AND ACCURATELY DONE. TYPEWRITER SUPPLIS, Ribbons, Paper, Carbon, All kinds of Writing Machines bought and sold. Mimeograph and Cyclostyle Supplies. PAPER, STENCILS, INKS, Duplicating on the Mimeograph at Low Rates. Mimeographs and Cyclostyles Bought and Sold. CALL FOR RATES AT THE SCHOOL OF SHORTHAND, 20 S. STATE ST., New Brick Bldg., Third Floor. Open Every Day from 9 a. m. to 8 p. m.

J. D. STIMSON & SONS, 24 SOUTH STATE STREET.

Strict attention to business is what counts. It enables one to keep the latest and best of everything in stock, and sell at the lowest prices. It is our aim to do this. We can supply you with everything you could obtain at a First-Class City Grocery. Give us a trial. We know that we can please you.

REMEMBER THE PLACE, 24 South State St., Ann Arbor.

WM. BIGGS, Contractor and Builder, And all kinds of work in connection with the above promptly executed. Shop Cor. of Church-st and S. University ave. Telephone 9; P. O. Box 1243.

MILLINERY OPENING AT RANDALLS' 30 EAST HURON ST., ANN ARBOR, MICH., SEPTEMBER 28, 29, 30. All the latest and correct importations. Satisfactory work and prices guaranteed. Call early and secure fine selections.

GEORGE MILLER, W. J. MILLER, Ann Arbor Pump Works. GEO. MILLER & SON, MANUFACTURERS OF ALL KINDS OF Wood Pumps with Iron, Brass and Porcelain-lined Cylinders. The Best Pump for all purposes in the Market; for hand and windmill use; for the house, barn, and yard, or any place where pumps are needed. We have manufactured and sold many thousands of these Pumps, and they are giving universal satisfaction. We also manufacture the Miller Force and Chain Pumps. All kinds of Pump Repairing Promptly Done. Factory, No. 31 North Fifth Avenue, Office, No. 16 East Huron St., over Casper Rinsey's Grocery Store. ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN.

RATHFON & DAMON. Having purchased the business of JOHN ROSS, We shall be pleased to meet all the old customers. NEW CASH FLOUR AND FEED STORE, FOURTH AVENUE, Opposite Court House. ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN.

LATEST COUNTY NEWS.

Red currants were gathered in Saline last week. The depot grounds at Chelsea are being sodd.

Milan. A. Ball is seriously ill with typhoid fever. The ladies of the Baptist church will hold their annual fair the latter part of next week.

Stony Creek. Geo. Broot, of Detroit, visited in this place lately. A. R. Hopson entertained a sister from Detroit last Sunday.

MICHIGAN STATE NEWS. WEALTH OF THE STATE. The Assessed Value of Property is More Than a Billion.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS. The real estate transfers for the week ending September 15, were as follows:

CITY NOTICES. Vanilla, chocolate, coffee, pistachio, strawberry, macaroon, tuffruitti, bisque, nonquat. All Sunday orders should be given the day previous.

ANN ARBOR MARKET REPORT. Prices Paid by our Merchants. ANN ARBOR Sept. 24, 1891.

Playing cards. You can obtain a pack of best quality playing cards by sending fifteen cents in postage to P. S. Eustis, Gen'l Pass. Agt., C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

CONDEMNED.

Ammonia Baking Powder Must Go. Bills have been introduced in the New York, Illinois and Minnesota Legislatures compelling the manufacturer of such baking powders to brand on the label in bold type, this powder "Contains ammonia."

Square Pianos ARE GOING Out of Style. fast. We shall probably never be able to allow as much for your old square piano as we can now.

Ivers & Pond Piano Co., 183 Tremont St. Boston. THE CHANGE OF A LIFE-TIME. A COLLEGE EDUCATION FREE. My young friend, do you want an education?

OUR YPSILANTI RAMBLER.

Tells What He Has Seen and Heard in that Burg During the Past Seven Days and Nights. Our folks are getting dreadfully worked up over the wholesale slaughter of song-birds.

Dr. Fruth's Successful Treatment of Chronic Diseases.

Our many readers who have been benefited by the remarkable skill of Dr. Fruth will be pleased to know that he has decided to make a return visit Thursday, October 1, at the Cook Hotel.

Map of the United States.

A large, handsome Map of the United States, mounted and suitable for office or home use, is issued by the Burlington route. Copies will be mailed to any address on receipt of 12 cents in postage by P. S. Eustis, Gen'l Pass. Agt., C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

He Said It for Her.

"What are you doing out there, Jennie?" shouted her father. "I'm just saying good night to George."

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea.

TOOK HIS OWN LIFE.

Balmaceda, Chili's Ex-President, Commits Suicide.

Losing All Hope of Escape from His Enemies He Sends a Bullet Through His Brain - Rejoicing in Chili at His Death.

BALMACEA A SUICIDE.

VALPARAISO, Sept. 21.—Ex-President Balmaceda, of Chili, shot himself through the temple in his room at the Argentine legation in Santiago at 8:30 o'clock Saturday morning. The story became known here in the afternoon and created the greatest excitement. Every part of the city Saturday evening was brilliantly illuminated and on every hand were heard sounds of rejoicing. It now seems that Balmaceda left Santiago on August 29 last in hope of making his escape from Chili, but seeing that every avenue of retreat was cut off he returned there on September 2 and went direct to the Argentine legation. His intention had been to go on board the vessel Condell, which he expected to find lying in Santiago bay. Upon arriving there, however, he discovered to his chagrin that the vessel had sailed.

Balmaceda left a letter to his mother; also a statement to the press of the United States. As almost the last declarations of a dying man they are of especial importance. He says:

"I acted during all the past eight months with the firm conviction that I was right. I had no one in the army on whom I could place my trust. My generals were false to me. They lied all through the war. Had my orders been obeyed I believe that the battle of Concepcion would have resulted in a decisive victory against the enemy. My heart all through the trouble has been with Chili. I sought to rescue my country from foreign domination. I strove to make her the first republic in America. My enemies say that I was cruel. Circumstances compelled me to sanction certain acts, but many bad deeds that have been attributed to my orders were never known by me until they had been committed.

"Until the final battle of Placilla I had strong hopes of triumphing over my foes. Victory was assured by my generals, Alcecega, Barbosa and Viel. They all lied. I now know those who pretended friendship for me only because of the money that was to be gotten out of me. All the money that I have in my possession is \$2,500. My wife gave it to me on the night of August 23.

"Your minister, Patrick Egan, many times offered me good advice. He urged me to make peace with those opposed to me and to retire from Chili. I did not heed his wise advice, for I thought he was under the influence of the junta's orders, who were then refugees in the Argentine legation. All through the trouble my closest advisers were always opposed to any overtures for peace.

Another letter was found addressed to Senator Urriburu. In it Balmaceda says: "When I saw the persecution directed against me by persons who had supported my administration I came to the conclusion that the only way to put an end to this persecution was to take my life, as I was the responsible one. Adios, my good friend. Give my farewell to my wife and children."

Since the fall of Valparaiso and the surrender of Santiago there has been many rumors about the movements of Balmaceda. It was first believed he had escaped from the capital and had made his way to the mountains. Most people thought he had gone through one of the mountain passes and that he would be next heard from in the Argentine Republic. Just before the San Francisco sailed last Monday it became known that Balmaceda had been smuggled on board the warship and would be safely at sea. It was too late to go on board the San Francisco and make personal inquiries. That vessel was just getting ready to weigh anchor. But the story of Balmaceda's alleged disguise as a drunken sailor in a uniform said to have been furnished by Admiral Brown was so circumstantial and seemed so plausible that it could hardly be doubted. Unfortunately for the now dead ex-president he did not escape on board the San Francisco, but despairing of his ability to get away, and fearing the vengeance of his enemies, took his own life.

Ex-Senator Whitthorne Dead.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Sept. 22.—Ex-Senator W. C. Whitthorne, of the Seventh Tennessee district, died at his home in Columbus Monday, aged 66. He served six terms as congressman and was appointed to the United States senate as a democrat, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of H. E. Jackson. He took his seat April 20, 1885, and was elected when the legislature met to fill out the unexpired term, receiving the unanimous nomination of his party. His term as senator expired March 3, 1887. He had been previously elected to the house of representatives in the Fiftieth congress and was reelected to the Fifty-first congress.

Damage by High Tides.

HALIFAX, N. S., Sept. 22.—The very high tide of Friday, Saturday and Sunday have done great damage to the marshes of Westmoreland county, N. E. Thousands of acres are covered to a depth of 5 feet. The country around Moncton, the headquarters of the Imperial railroad, looks like a vast sea.

Killed by a Boiler Explosion.

CHARDON, O., Sept. 19.—Word has been received here of a terrible explosion in Van Sandt's jelly factory at Monteville, 10 miles from here, by which three men were instantly killed, and it is thought two little girls, who were playing in a buggy in front of the place, were also fatally injured.

Lost His Life at a Fire.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 22.—Fire destroyed Hinde & Whipple's livery stable, 3146 Easton avenue, which contained 150 horses and 75 rigs. Five horses and all the rigs were burned. Total loss, \$39,000. Frank Beene, a carriage driver, who was sleeping over the office, was suffocated by smoke.

Two Children Burned to Death.

BOSTON, Sept. 21.—Sadie and Mary Callen, aged 7 and 5 years, were burned to death at their home this morning. The children had been locked in their bedroom by their parents when they went to church.

Mr. Fassett's Successor.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 18.—The president has appointed Francis Hendricks to be collector of customs at New York.

DEATH OF W. L. SCOTT.

The Ex-Congressman Passes Away at Newport, R. I.

NEWPORT, R. I., Sept. 21.—Ex-Congressman William L. Scott, of Erie, Pa., died in this city at midnight Saturday. His remains have been forwarded to Erie for interment. Mr. Scott's trouble was hereditary, as his father died of consumption of the bowels. The illness which terminated in his death became manifest about twenty years ago, and its stubborn nature was greatly aggravated by Mr. Scott's great mental activity and his abnormal appetite at times.

Mr. Scott was born in Washington July 2, 1828. At the age of 19 he was made a page in the house of representatives and held this position from 1840 to 1846. In 1848 he settled in Erie, Pa., where he was successful in business and rapidly acquired a fortune which is estimated to be \$20,000,000. He was a member of the Forty-ninth and Fiftieth congresses.

THE THREE LINKS.

Thousands of Odd Fellows in Biennial Session at St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 22.—The first day of the twenty-second convocation of the Sovereign Grand Lodge Independent Order of Odd Fellows opened yesterday. The report of Grand Sire Campbell shows the number of odd fellows initiated last year was 68,000. The net increase in the United States and Canada during the last twelve months is 37,000. Total membership, 673,359. Revenue for 1890-91 is \$7,244,227. The pecuniary benevolence distributed was \$4,000,000. New grand lodges have been formed in Indian territory, Cuba and Japan. Mr. Underwood referred to the growing popularity of the degree of Rebekah, which now numbers 132,000 ladies.

BOLD BANK ROBBERY.

A Large Sum of Money Stolen from a London House.

LONDON, Sept. 22.—The banking world of this city has just been startled by the announcement that a bank robbery has taken place in the city. The institution that has suffered is the London and Westminster bank, an important establishment having over fifteen branch houses in this city. The money stolen, it would appear, consisted of a large parcel of bills remitted from the country banks to the London and Westminster bank. The amount taken is not less than \$750,000, and it may amount to as much as \$1,250,000.

A MOTHER'S AWFUL DEED.

A Sioux Falls (S. D.) Woman Drowns Her Two Children and Herself.

SIOUX FALLS, S. D., Sept. 21.—Saturday afternoon workmen on the railroad saw a woman walk to the Great Northern bridge, throw a boy 8 years old into the river, hurl an 18-months-old baby after him and plunge into the water herself. Boats reached the scene and dragged the mother ashore, but too late to save the mother and babe. The woman is the wife of a contractor named Neproschik, and had become crazed on account of her husband's business reverses.

Valuable Horses Burned.

DALLAS, Tex., Sept. 22.—The fair ground stables, containing 330 stalls and occupied by 200 horses, burned Monday afternoon. The drivers and stable boys and owners lost no time in getting out the stock. The fire communicated to the two large barns of H. B. Sanborn, which, together with twelve fine horses that were in the stables, were burned. Sanborn's loss is estimated at \$30,000. There were seven horses besides those of Mr. Sanborn's lost in the flames, including the celebrated trotting horse Welks.

The Tennessee Legislature Adjourns.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Sept. 22.—The extra session of the Tennessee general assembly adjourned Monday after a twenty days' sitting. Outside of the passage of the apportionment bill, by which the democrats gained several additional seats in both houses, and the adoption of some local laws the session has not been fruitful of important results. The convict lease system and the question of arranging for the building of a new penitentiary were left in statu quo owing to the stubbornness of both houses.

Three Miners Killed.

MARQUETTE, Mich., Sept. 22.—Peter Follste, John Gilbert and Eric Jarvoja were taking down two pillars of ore directly over the mouth of No. 6 shaft at the Republic mine Monday morning when the ground gave way beneath them and they went headlong down the shaft. Another fall of ground from the foot wall covered the shaft again. It will be weeks before the bodies can be recovered as this shaft was a wreck from the recent fire.

Turkey's Flag Is First.

CHICAGO, Sept. 21.—The first flag of a foreign nation thus far raised on the world's fair grounds was floated to the breeze Sunday with interesting ceremonies. It was the flag of Turkey, the oldest government of Europe, and was raised on the site on the Midway place, which has been given to the "Street in Constantinople" exhibit.

Five Men Killed in a Collision.

BOISE CITY, Idaho, Sept. 21.—A Statesman special from Pocatello, Idaho, says: A disastrous wreck occurred Friday morning on the Union Pacific, at Port Neuf, a station 6 miles from Pocatello. Two passenger trains collided, killing five men and seriously injuring several others.

The Failure Record.

NEW YORK, Sept. 19.—The business failures occurring throughout the country during the last seven days number 239, as compared with a total of 214 last week. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 190.

Five Lives Lost.

NEWBURG, N. Y., Sept. 22.—Andrew Potosnok, wife and babe, Slavs, and two Polish friends, brickyard employes, were drowned in the river near this city by the capsizing of a boat.

SUMMER HEAT.

The Sun Shines with Blistering Fury in the Northwest.

The Thermometer Reaches 100 to 108 Degrees—Forest and Prairie Fires Sweep Over Hundreds of Acres.

THE SUN'S RAYS.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 19.—The weather bureau says reports from Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, northern Illinois and northwestern Iowa show the occurrence in those states during the last two days of the highest temperature for the season of which the weather bureau has record.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Sept. 19.—The intense heat continues, thermometers on Friday registering from 100 to 106 at several Minnesota points. The heat is accompanied by a wind which in places amounts to a gale and prairie fires are reported from a dozen localities.

CHICAGO, Sept. 19.—The highest point reached by the thermometer on Friday was 88 degrees about the middle of the afternoon.

HURON, S. D., Sept. 19.—Intense heat has been experienced here the last five days, being 92 degrees to 95 degrees in the shade. Several cases of prostration are reported from the country. It is almost impossible to keep thrashing gangs in the field, as men are unable to remain in the sun. Many farmers are running two sets of hands working in reliefs of three hours each day and night, the moon furnishing sufficient light to continue the work through the night. Two cases of prostration are likely to prove fatal.

SIOUX FALLS, S. D., Sept. 19.—At 2:30 Friday afternoon the thermometer registered 98 in the shade. O. Karleton was killed by a sunstroke.

DAVENPORT, Ia., Sept. 19.—Eldridge G. Allen, a well-known citizen, committed suicide by hanging Friday evening. During the afternoon for an hour in the excessive heat he worked on the roof of his house, and it is thought he was overcome by the effects of the sun.

EAU CLAIRE, Wis., Sept. 19.—The warm weather continues unabated. For several days past the thermometer has reached over 95, and Friday it registered 100 in the shade.

SWEEP BY PRAIRIE FIRES.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Sept. 19.—Prairie fires are reported from many points in the northwest. Hundreds of acres of Minnesota land in the neighborhood of Willmar and Beardsley were burned over Thursday and Friday. The wind has been so strong as to make it impossible to stay the flames. A great deal of hay in stacks has been destroyed and 3 or 4 miles of the Great Northern railroad track have been burnt and made impassable.

In North Dakota the greatest damage has been done around Lisbon. At least 50,000 bushels of wheat have been destroyed there. The town of Butzville, depot and elevators were saved after a hard fight. At last reports the fire was still spreading north and east. For miles north of Medina, Stutsman county, the prairies are all on fire and the smoke is so dense that fighters of the flames cannot get near. In Eddy county the fire burned to death four horses hitched to a plow in a field before the animals could be saved; also 150 acres of wheat for the same farmer. Other small losses are reported there.

George W. Johnson and his son, living 60 miles south in Emmons county, were burned to death Thursday while fighting one of the worst prairie fires ever witnessed in this country. The fire swept over the country from Winchester to the Missouri river for 50 miles southeast, destroying a large amount of grain, hay, buildings, etc. An estimate of the damage cannot yet be made.

CUMBERLAND, Wis., Sept. 19.—Forest fires are raging in the country immediately south and in plain sight of the city, and a strong south wind prevails. Several farmhouses and barns, two woodyards near the Omaha track and a large amount of other property have been burned. Men are now fighting the flames, and there is much apprehension in this city. The village of Perley was almost wiped out of existence by the fire Thursday.

TOMAH, Wis., Sept. 19.—A most disastrous fire is raging in the cranberry marshes between Valley Junction and Norway Ridge. The fire originated on the Mills marsh from an old forest fire that had been smoldering the last three weeks. Fanned by a brisk gale from the south it spread and was soon beyond control. All the buildings on Taylor's marsh, including warehouses filled with harvested berries, were quickly reduced, the flames continuing in a southeasterly direction, sweeping everything in their path. Berry pickers ran, leaving their tents and accoutrements to the pursuing flames. The railroad track was soon crossed, and still onward swept the fire at a fearful rate. Between twenty-five and thirty square miles of marsh have been consumed, and the fire shows no signs of abatement.

Broke a Bicycle Record.

PEORIA, Ill., Sept. 19.—W. F. Murphy, of the New York Athletic club, broke a world's record at the tournament here Friday, by making 2 miles on a safety in 4:59 3-5, the former record being 5:11 1-5.

Assisted His Wife to Commit Suicide.

SCRANTON, Pa., Sept. 22.—A suicide's accomplice is a rare criminal. A coroner's jury has found that John Dawkins abetted his wife in the taking of her life with Paris green and he has been arrested.

England's New Postmaster General.

LONDON, Sept. 22.—Sir James Ferguson, Bart., political secretary of the foreign office, has been appointed to the office of postmaster general, vacant through the death of Henry Cecil Raikes.

President Bogran Not Assassinated.

SAN SALVADOR, Sept. 22.—The reports about the assassination of Gen. Luis Bogran, president of Honduras, are utterly false.

LINKED TO CANADA.

Formal Opening of the Tunnel Under the St. Clair River Connecting Port Huron, Mich., with Sarnia, Ont.

PORT HURON, Mich., Sept. 21.—The international tunnel under the St. Clair river connecting the United States and Canada was opened Saturday. Heretofore it has taken over one hour to transport a train by boat. At 1 o'clock Saturday seven carloads of visitors entered the Canadian end of the tunnel and in just three and one-half minutes the train reached the American end. The train was drawn by a monster locomotive built expressly for the occasion, weighing 200,000 pounds. At the depot the guests disembarked, when Mayor McIlwain made a brief welcoming address, to which Sir Henry Tyler responded. The excursion train then returned to Sarnia, where 350 people sat down to a banquet given in honor of Sir Henry Tyler. Everything was gotten up in the most elaborate manner. Toasts were responded to by Sir Henry Tyler, Sir John Ross, Gov. Winans, of Michigan, Senator Palmer, of Illinois, Erastus Wiman and others. The tunnel will not be used for general traffic until October 1.

The tunnel is the longest river tunnel in the world. It is 6,000 feet long. From the American cutting to the river edge is 1,800 feet, and from the Canadian cutting to the river edge is 1,950 feet, and the distance across the river is 3,300 feet. The tunnel walls are of cast-iron segments, thirteen of which and a key form a circle. The segment dimensions are: Length, 4 feet 10 inches; width, 18 inches; thickness, 3 inches, with flanges inside 6 inches deep and 1 1/2 inches in thickness. Their total weight is 28,000 tons. The segments are bored and secured in place with bolts seven-eighths of an inch in diameter and weighing all 2,000,000 pounds. The outside diameter of the tunnel is 31 feet and 91 feet inside. The soil excavated amounts to 2,100,000 cubic feet. Employment has been steadily furnished to 700 men since first the work of construction began and costs complete about \$3,000,000. It is a year ago since the engineers, who had been working toward each other from opposite sides of the river, fitted their hydraulic shields together and shook hands fathoms below the surface. The approaches and railway tracks have been completed since that day. The grand trunk people believe that the tunnel is in actual use it will offer facilities for through communication between Chicago and all points east which will be greatly appreciated by passengers and by freight shippers. It shortens the distance to the seaboard about 63 miles and saves two hours in time.

BASEBALL.

Tables Showing the Standing of Clubs for the Week Ended Sept. 19.

The following tables show the number of games lost and won by the clubs in the most prominent baseball organizations.

Table with columns for National League and American League, listing teams like Chicago, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Brooklyn, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and their wins/losses.

Suicide of a Murderer.

CLEVELAND, O., Sept. 22.—Fred Kammerer, a wife murderer, overcome with remorse and goaded on by the certainty that he would be hung, took his own life in the county jail. No warning had been given the sheriff or any of his deputies that the prisoner contemplated such a deed, and they were struck dumb with amazement when he was found hanging by the neck from a water pipe in his cell.

In Jail for Murder Never Committed.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 21.—A Celina (O.) special says that Albert Vanriper, a boy who was supposed to have been murdered two years ago by John Tongass, a tramp, has returned uninjured to his home. Tongass was convicted of the murder and is now serving a life sentence in the Ohio penitentiary. The boy says he never heard of Tongass' trial and conviction.

Killed by the Cars.

CHICAGO, Sept. 22.—Robert Vinton Kennedy, once a member of the Illinois state senate, was killed on the Illinois Central tracks Sunday night. Mr. Kennedy, when the Interstate Industrial exposition opened, nearly thirty years ago, began and has kept up ever since the publication of the Daily Exposition Industrial Press. He was an intimate friend of Abraham Lincoln.

THE MARKETS.

Market price table for various commodities including Live Stock (Cattle, Sheep, Hogs), Flour, Wheat, Butter, Corn, and other goods.

BURNED TO DEATH.

Five Members of a Chicago Family Perish in Flames.

A Four-Story Tenement Burned—John Schalk, His Wife and Three Children Are Smothered—Narrow Escape of Other Occupants.

A FAMILY'S FATE.

CHICAGO, Sept. 19. A fire at Nos. 549 and 551 Sedgwick street at 1 o'clock a. m. caused the death of six persons, all of whom were smothered in their beds by the dense smoke that filled the burning structure. The fire ran its course in less than an hour, but the fatalities resulting exceed by far the list of victims by any fire in Chicago this year. Those who lost their lives were: John Schalk, aged 45; Mrs. Schalk, aged 42; four Schalk children, two boys and two girls, aged 8, 12, 15 and 17 years respectively. The fire originated in the rear of the first floor, which was occupied by William Keafitz as a bakery. It is thought to have caught from one of the bake ovens. It spread to a shed in the rear in which was a quantity of hay and straw. From this it ran up the rear stairway and into the sleeping rooms of the people on the second and third floors. The front rooms on the second floor were occupied by John Rondo, his wife and two children, all of whom escaped without injury. The rear was occupied by Mr. Keafitz, the owner of the bakery, and two bakers, Rugenstein and Rosefeld. The Schalk and Burns families occupied the rear of the third floor.

The other inmates of the building barely escaped with their lives. None of them had time to look after their money and jewelry and were able only to seize a few articles of clothing. One of Mr. Burns' roomers got his clothing, but lost all of it except a pair of shoes before he reached the street. The homeless people found shelter in the homes of neighbors.

The loss on the building is not over \$2,000 and on stock and furniture not over \$1,000; fully covered by insurance as to building and stock, but a total loss on furniture.

CHICAGO, Sept. 21.—In the death of 18-year-old Cynthia Schalk at the German hospital early Saturday morning another victim was added to the Sedgwick street fire, making the entire extinction of the Schalk family of six members.

ALL WERE DROWNED.

Definite News Concerning the Loss of the Schooner Pannonia, with Many Lives.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 18.—The mystery surrounding the schooner Pannonia, so long overdue at this port from the Marshall islands, is at last cleared up. The vessel sailed for San Francisco on May 1, laden with a general cargo, and in addition to a crew of seven had on board Capt. Lovedale's wife and three children. It is also stated that several missionaries had taken passage on the Pannonia to come to this city. The schooner was wrecked on a reef to the northwest of the Hawaiian islands and every soul on board was drowned.

ALLERTON DOES IT AGAIN.

He Goes Another Mile in 2:09 1-4—Trying to Arrange a Big Match.

INDEPENDENCE, Ia., Sept. 22.—Allerton went another mile in 2:09 1/4 Monday. The quarters were rated at 32 1/2, 1:04 1/2, 1:37 1/2 and 2:09 1/4. The Independence Driving Park association has made a proposition to match Nancy Hanks, Nelson and Allerton for a purse of \$10,000, no entrance fee, the money to be divided as Doble and Nelson may agree; the race to take place over this track between October 19 and November 14. Word has been received that Doble accepts.

Celebrated His 105th Year.

NORWALK, O., Sept. 22.—Martin Kellogg, probably the oldest man in Ohio, celebrated his 105th birthday Monday at his home on his farm in Bronson township, this county, 10 miles southeast of this city. Mr. Kellogg was born in Bethel, Windsor county, Vt., in 1786, came to Ohio in 1815, and settled on the farm where he now lives in that year. His general health, hearing and eyesight are good.

Fired by an incendiary.

JOLIET, Ill., Sept. 19.—A barn containing eight horses, 300 bushels of oats, 200 bushels of corn and a large amount of hay, feed and farming implements was totally destroyed by fire Friday morning at 1 o'clock. The property belonged to James Kear, a wealthy farmer living 4 1/2 miles southeast of this city. The property was partially insured; loss, \$12,000.

Hung by Angry Men.

DARLINGTON, Wis., Sept. 22.—Anton Sieboldt, who Wednesday of last week murdered James Meehan near this city, was taken from the jail yesterday by a mob and lynched. Public sentiment is all with the lynchers. Sieboldt was a desperate character, who is credited with having contributed to the death of one brother and made a desperate assault upon another brother.

Horror in a Mine.

BRUSSELS, Sept. 21.—An explosion took place at the Farchies-la-Manche colliery near Charleroi, province of Hainaut. Eighteen bodies have already been recovered from the pit, and many workmen are missing. The latest reports from the scene of the explosion place the number of dead at twenty-nine. There are also eleven workmen severely injured.

Seventeen Horses Suffocated.

CHICAGO, Sept. 22.—A two story frame building at 303 West Lake street burned Monday night. It was occupied by a coal and wood dealer. The basement was used as a stable and in it were twenty-two horses. Five were saved, the other seventeen being suffocated. The loss on building and horse is \$25,000; fully insured.

He Has Resigned.

NEW YORK, Sept. 21.—A dispatch from Washington says that Charles L. man, of the civil service commission, has resigned on account of ill health.

AT THE STORE.

The most complete line of Dress Goods in the State outside of Detroit. Do not fail to examine our stock, even though you do not intend to purchase—you will be delighted; everything new and fresh, and bought for SPOT CASH.

OUR BLACK DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT.

This department occupies an entire section of our large store, and includes Lupins and Priestley's Henriettas, Imported Cheviots, Sebastapoul's Batistes, Serges, Broad-cloth, Mohair figures, Dotted and Striped Novelties.

In all the new shades in BEDFORD'S CORDS, our price on them is only 75c, they are worth 85c to \$1.00 everywhere.

In ladies' Dress Goods we have as a special line, Frederick Arnold's 14 Twill Henriettas for 50c.; these goods have never been offered before for less than 65 to 85c. The 18 Twill \$1.00 goods we have placed on our counters at the very low price of 75c. Remember we have them in every color and shade.

Flannel Dress Goods in endless variety. One hundred pieces good all wool flannel for 75c. Splendid values in the new plaids and plain goods for 50c, 75c and \$1.00.

Fancy Robes of French and German Manufacture, Oriental styles, Angoras, Camel's hair, Homespun and all the soft effects of the very latest importation now on exhibition.

SILK DEPARTMENT.

Especially care has been taken in selecting goods for this department. We are now showing a full line of John G. Cutter's Willimantic and Natchaug's Black Silk; every piece of which is warranted to give satisfaction in wear or money refunded. In Indias, Surahs, Persian and China Silk, we have over 1,000 styles in every variety of shade and quality, and at prices positively lower than you will find them in the State.

Cloakings in Scotch Cheviots, Astrakan, Broadcloth, in every style found in the market. Never before has our stock been so complete, and with prices lower than can be obtained anywhere in the State. We are determined to have your trade at "The Store."

Mack & Schmidt

THE REGISTER.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY SELBY A. MORAN, ANN ARBOR, MICH.

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1891.

THE REGISTER requests all of its friends, who have business at the Probate Court, to send their printing to this office. Reasonable rates only are charged.

ANN ARBOR.

In histories and sketches, college towns appear only in their romantic aspect. We are led to think of them as sort of Sleepy Hollows, where frolicsome students, stern professors and rather common-place shopkeepers constitute the bulk of the population.

While such a description might well apply to most of the old-world seats of learning, it is entirely mal apropos, so far as the new world is concerned. Americans are more practical, and imbued with less of the mere scholastic spirit, than are their European cousins.

Ann Arbor is a type of the American college town. In the great northwest and middle states, it has the pre-eminence that is enjoyed by Oxford in England. It is often fitly called the "Athens of the West."

Surrounded by the best farming country in the world, Ann Arbor is bound always to thrive as a business town; 1,000 well to do persons are much preferable as customers to 2,000 paupers.

For a romantic college town, the manufacturing interests of Ann Arbor are unduly prominent. There are some persons born in this city who do know that over \$500,000 is invested in the various plants, and 600 men are employed.

In years past, Ann Arbor itself was backward. Many of its residents labored under the delusion, to which we have before referred, that nothing could be expected in a college town.

The work naturally falling to this association is not, by any means, finished. Much has been done in the past, but still more remains to be done, if Ann Arbor's future is to be what its advantages ought to make it.

Notes and Addenda.

Owing to a fire in the building occupied by Blomgren Bros. & Company, in Chicago, we are unable to print two cuts which we had ordered.

Since the article on St. Andrew's church was printed, Rev. Robert A. Holland, of St. Louis, has been appointed assistant.

Thanks are due Professor W. S. Perry, the several pastors, and others, for assistance in writing up the schools and churches.

She Thought It Strange.

Clarissa—And young Freshleigh has prospected to you? Ethel—He has Clarissa—Well, it is very strange. Et hel—Why is it strange? Clarissa—Well you see, they have always said that he would be hard to suit.

DON'T FORGET

That in Ann Arbor is located the largest and greatest University on the western continent.

That Ann Arbor has one of the largest, and undoubtedly the best, high school in the United States.

That Ann Arbor has larger churches, and more distinguished pastors, than any other city in the state, save Detroit, and that the value of church property exceeds \$400,000.

That Ann Arbor has more wealth per capita than any other city in the state, except Detroit and Coldwater.

That Ann Arbor has the prettiest streets, and the most home-like residences, of any city in the northwest.

That Ann Arbor has the most picturesque surroundings of which any college town can boast.

That Ann Arbor has the finest court house in Michigan, outside of Detroit and Grand Rapids.

That Ann Arbor has the most efficient paid fire department to be found in Michigan.

That Ann Arbor has the lowest tax rate of any city in the northwest, with very few exceptions.

That Ann Arbor has the prettiest depot building in the country.

That Ann Arbor has the most modern electric street railway in the United States.

That Ann Arbor has more learned doctors and lawyers than any other city in the northwest, save Chicago.

That Ann Arbor has the finest piano and organ factory in Michigan.

That Ann Arbor manufactures the best flour placed upon the market.

That Ann Arbor manufactures the best furniture sold, giving employment, in several factories, to 125 men.

That Ann Arbor manufactures the best agricultural implements, and sends them over the entire world.

That Ann Arbor manufactures the best wagons, carriages and road carts which are placed on the market.

That Ann Arbor has the most prosperous business men, failures being almost unknown.

That Ann Arbor has the soundest banks of any city in the state.

That Ann Arbor has the best retail stores to be found in Michigan, outside of Detroit and Grand Rapids.

That Ann Arbor is in the center of the finest fruit belt in the United States.

That Ann Arbor is surrounded by some of the best farming country in the world.

That Ann Arbor has, among its citizens, more noted men than even Detroit and other large cities.

That Ann Arbor has the best water-works system, and the best lighted streets and buildings in Michigan.

That Ann Arbor has the most complete Chinese exhibit to be found in the country.

That Ann Arbor has the best art gallery in Michigan.

That Ann Arbor has the pleasure of listening to the finest entertainments the American stage affords.

That Ann Arbor has the largest hall in Michigan, affording good accommodation for over 3,000 persons.

That Ann Arbor has the largest and best hospitals in Michigan.

That, in the "Boulevard," Ann Arbor has one of the most picturesque drives in the country.

That Ann Arbor is the most peaceful city in Michigan, only three policemen being required to maintain order.

That, finally, Ann Arbor has, in THE REGISTER, the best dollar weekly published in Michigan.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

- Wm. E. Moon, Ypsilanti.....28
Sadie Elmer, Ypsilanti.....23
John Young, Ann Arbor.....25
Emma Hewitt, Ann Arbor.....20
Charles E. Forsyth, Ypsilanti.....22
Emma Cook, Ypsilanti.....18
Henry R. Pierce, Ypsilanti.....22
Fannie G. Butler, Ypsilanti.....21
John Shavers, Colchester, Canada.....44
Caroline M. Harris, Colchester, Canada.....28

WHISPERS ABOUT WOMEN.

Chillicothe, O., has a young lady notary public, and her name is Dainty E. Mires. The wife of Consul General New, whose son Harry married Miss McLean, the actress, recently, traces her lineage back to Pocahontas.

Dr. Alice Bennett, the resident physician in the woman's department of the Pennsylvania State Insane hospital, knows by heart the name and ailment of every one of the 900 patients under her care.

General Butler's wife was a finished elocutionist, and could read in a manner charming enough to have won a fortune on the stage, had her lot fallen upon her to sacrifice home comforts for public life.

Miss Charlotte Nichols, of Empire City, Ore., is a splendid rifle shot and can knock over deer, wolves, jack rabbits and bears without spoiling their skins or wasting too much lead upon them.

Mrs. Jennie C. Nixon, of Tennessee, is professor of rhetoric and belles lettres in Newcombe college, New Orleans. She is a clever newspaper woman and has done much editorial work for the southern papers.

A Curious Combination.

"Young Pusher, the book agent, has married the loveliest and sweetest girl in town." "Well, why not?" "Oh, it's all right, but they'll form a curious combination." "How?" "Why, she's all honey and he's all gall."

Painting in oil was invented at Bruges by John Van Eyck in 1510

SOCIAL DOINGS.

RECORD OF A WEEK'S PARTIES, ENTERTAINMENTS AND VISITS.

Our Gossip-Monger Gets the Names of All Who Have Left and Come Into Town During the Past We k.

A. D. Seyler was in Detroit Tuesday. J. R. Breaker spent Sunday in Marshall.

The Misses Wilsey spent Sunday in Milan. Theodore Reyer spent Sunday in Detroit.

E. E. Barney returned from Vermont Sunday. A. L. Noble returned on Friday from the east.

Dr. J. C. Wood has been in Saginaw this week. John Moore returned Monday from Port Huron.

Miss Maggie Harkins is visiting at Port Huron. Ralph Pinckney is visiting his parents in Hamburg.

Will S. Cheever returns tomorrow from Chicago. Mrs. J. C. Knowlton has returned from the east.

Miss Augusta James left Monday for Indianapolis. A. W. Gasser returned Monday from Spalding, Ohio.

Professor M. L. D'Ooge was in Jackson over Sunday. Ross Whitman has been visiting friends in Allegan.

Mrs. L. H. Clement has been visiting friends in Detroit. Mr. and Mrs. J. Rice Miner returned to Chicago Monday.

Mrs. G. W. Hill, of Detroit, is visiting Mrs. N. W. Cheever. Mrs. George Ottley is visiting her parents in Bay City.

Rev. R. H. Rust and family left yesterday for Cincinnati. The Good Templars give a concert next Monday evening.

Dr. C. Howell, of Alpena, spent Sunday with his family in this city. Mrs. W. W. Saunders has been visiting her son in Grand Rapids.

Prof. I. N. Demmon and family have returned from Charlevoix. Mrs. B. F. Brisco, of Detroit, has been visiting Mrs. C. A. Muma.



The Home of the Register Publishing Company.

Miss Katie Stolz, of Saginaw, has been visiting Miss Christine Krause. Miss Blanche Sprague, of Chicago, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. F. Stoffel.

Miss Eva Foster, of 49 East Liberty-st, is in New York City this week. E. W. MacPherran, now practicing law in Marquette, was in the city Monday.

Mrs. Daniel Hiscock left for Chicago, yesterday, to visit her daughter, Mrs. J. J. Reed. Rev. W. P. Wastell and wife were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Polhemus last week.

Arthur Mummery left Tuesday for Detroit, where he will take charge of a drug store. Mr. and Mrs. George Hughes, of South Lyon, have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Warner.

Mac Le Beau, state agent of the National Life Insurance Company, was in town Tuesday. Mrs. C. D. Bates and Mrs. E. Doty, of Chicago, have been visiting their sister, Mrs. H. P. Findley.

A reception will be tendered Rev. J. M. Gelston at the Presbyterian church parlors this evening. Mrs. G. W. Miley leaves this week for a month's visit with her sister, Mrs. Hagadorn, in Muncie, Ind.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Cutting, who have been visiting their son, J. H. Cutting, returned to New Hampshire, Tuesday. Mrs. A. M. Fall, who has been visiting her sons, D. C. and C. S. Fall, returned to Albion the latter part of last week.

Mrs. Stiling and daughter, Miss Georgia, of Detroit, who spent several days with Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Nickels, have returned. Mrs. Mary Davison, of Elizabeth-st, celebrated her eighty-fourth birthday last week, Wednesday. A number of her friends were present.

Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Gaige, who have been spending the summer at Concord, have returned to the city, and are visiting Mrs. Anna Hamilton. Miss Carrie Norton, during the past year a teacher in Traverse City, will enter college this fall, and make her home with Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Barney.

Postmaster G. R. Kent, of Scipioville, Cayuga county, N. Y., was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. Treadwell over Sunday. Mr. Kent says that he never saw a town that has changed so much as Ann Arbor has during the past six years.

A. H. McKee, of Washington, a graduate of the literary and law departments, has been in the city for a few days. He is one of the editors of the Washington Sentinel.

Mrs. J. Edwards, who spent several days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Volz, has returned to her home in Baltimore. This is her first visit in Ann Arbor for seven years.

L. P. Hall, E. B. Hall, S. W. Clarkson and W. H. Campbell went fishing Monday and Tuesday on the Half Moon lake, near Unadilla. The fish they caught, and the stories they tell, are both big.

Charles E. Jewell, superintendent of the wood-working department of the A. W. Stevens & Son threshing machine factory, at Auburn, N. Y., and one of the aldermen of that city, visited his father, Mr. O. P. Jewell, this week.

On Thursday afternoon Miss Libbie Wahr, daughter of Mrs. A. M. Wahr, and William A. Gwinner, were united in marriage by Rev. John Neumann, at the residence of the bride's mother. In the evening, after listening to a fine serenade by the Gesang Verein Lyra, Ann Arbor Guitar and Banjo club, and Otto's band, the newly married couple took the evening train for the east.

CHATS ABOUT MEN.

Ward McAllister is an amateur farmer. Senator Sherman has been nearly thirty-eight years in office without interruption. Walter Besant is said to suggest James Russell Lowell, not only in his personal appearance, but also in his manners.

President Harrison is said to be a diligent reader of the political speeches made throughout the country by Republican orators. One of the most practically benevolent men in this country is Frederick K. Kindge, of Cambridge, Mass., who has enriched charitable, religious and municipal efforts by \$3,000,000 in donations.

The most extensive camphor raiser in Formosa, the beautiful island where that precious gum is grown in large quantities, is named Butler and is generally called in the east the "camphor count."

C. K. Halliday, of Topeka, Kan., the founder of the great Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad, is a tall, well formed and well preserved old gentleman, with silvery hair, side whiskers and mustache.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

Agnes Booth has a magnificent summer home at Manchester-by-the-Sea in Massachusetts. Annie Lewis, the actress, recently found a bag of diamonds on a Chicago street and had some difficulty in locating their owner.

Sadie Trepagen, a young woman who figured rather prominently as a witness in a New York murder trial some time ago, has decided to go on the stage. Chicago is to have a new theater, with an auditorium seating 1,300, and arranged after the English fashion. It will be capped by a roof garden inclosed with glass.

Clara Morris says that imagination, observation and a keen judgment in adapting one's knowledge to the requirements of the stage are the qualities most necessary to an actor or actress. The custom of closing theatrical performances with the national anthem is becoming general. It was done in seventy-four towns out of ninety-nine that one company visited last season.

George Fawcett, the strong young actor of character parts, was recently married to the daughter of Major Crossman. Henrietta Crossman, the well known actress, is a sister of the bride. Winnie and Angela McCaull, the two talented daughters of Colonel John A. McCaull, whose name has been identified with comic opera in the United States for years, are soon to go on the stage.

The attempt of Eva Mann to make the notoriety she gained through her unenviable connection with the Robert Ray Hamilton tragedy a stepping stone to success on the stage has been a complete failure. Mme. Patti was born in Fuencarral street, Madrid, Feb. 19, 1843, at 4 o'clock p. m., but she passed her youth in New York city. Contrary to many interviewers, she speaks English without an accent, and has since she was a little girl.

TURF TOPICS.

Goldsmith Maid, 2:14, won 832 heats in 2:30 or better. King Humbert has a "string" of 2,000 blooded horses in his three stables near Pisa.

Sanol, 2:10 1/2, has met with only one defeat, the race being won by Lillian Wilkes, best time, 2:17 1/2. Nelson, 2:10 1/2, won all of his races but two, one of which was taken by Alcryon, 2:15 1/2, and the other by Jack, 2:12 1/2.

Alabaster, 2:15, was defeated only twice after his 8-year-old form—once by Nancy Hanks and the other time by Simmooloon. Maud S, 2:08 1/2, won every race in which she started and lost only one heat, which was won by Charlie Ford, and that was caused by her making a tangled break.

The London correspondent of Turf, Field and Farm thinks that the pneumatic tire, adopted by the bicyclists, might with advantage be used on the trotting sulky. Captain Bellairs, superintendent of the St. Louis Jockey club track, is credited with the statement that there will be sixty days' racing at that track next season. There will be a spring and fall meeting of thirty days each.

The London Sportsman learns that A. M. Singer has purchased the only Ormonde yearling in existence. The sum paid is said to be \$25,000, which is the largest known price ever given by private contract for a yearling. The youngster's name is Glenwood.

AROUND THE THRONES.

Queen Victoria has a watch a century old. The czar owns the biggest Danish hound. Kaiser William has sent to Queen Victoria a fine picture of his yacht, the Hohenzollern, representing himself standing on the bridge arrayed in full naval uniform.

The emperor of Japan has decreed that every man who provokes a duel or accepts a challenge shall pay a heavy fine and serve from six months to two years in the galleys. Dr. Theodor, the queen of Roumania's private physician, says that the queen is suffering from spinal congestion and not from creeping paralysis. She also suffers from cardiac atony. There are no signs of fever or of organic disease of the spinal cord.

The Prince of Wales speaks English with a decidedly German accent, and his eldest son has inherited this peculiarity. There are also traces of Teutonic idiom in the speech of the Duke of Edinburgh. The best English in the royal household is spoken by the queen and her daughters.

RAILROAD JOTTINGS.

The Pennsylvania company has placed in regular service between Louisville and Indianapolis parlor cars on two trains. The Erie, in connection with the Cleveland and Canton road, has established a new route between Cleveland and Chicago, the two roads connecting at Kent, O.

The Eastern Railway company, of France, it is estimated, will have to pay damages to the extent of over \$600,000 to surviving relatives and sufferers of the St. Mandé disaster. The Craig Valley and the Warm Springs branches of the Chesapeake and Ohio are about completed. One is twenty-six miles long, the other twenty-eight miles, and each passes through some of the finest scenery in the country.

The Central Railroad of New Jersey has commenced driving piles for soundings preparatory to building a new dock at Atlantic Highlands for the terminus of the boats of the Sandy Hook route that now run to Sandy Hook in connection with the New Jersey Southern railroad.

He Was Puzzled.

There are so many religious sects nowadays that it is difficult for one to remember the names of all of them. The confusion which overtook the mind of Farmer Giddings on this point one summer is not surprising. He had lived in one small village all his life. He had known some people who were "Congregationalists" and some who were Baptists, but farther than that his knowledge of denominational differences did not extend; for there were no churches of any other religious bodies within fifteen miles of his home.

One summer a traveler through the mountains "discovered" the little village of Crowsbury, and the next summer the old inn was well filled with "city folks" during July and August. Farmer Giddings, who had a fine "hay rigging," often took parties off on excursions to some picnicking spot, where he would deposit them in the morning and go for them again in the late afternoon. On these occasions he kept his ears open, and listened to the discussions and arguments going on behind him, although the most of what he heard was quite beyond his comprehension. He used to talk things over with his wife at supper time, and they hazarded conjectures as to what certain words and terms might mean.

"Wa-al, Sary," said the farmer, at the end of one hot August day, "I declare I never heard the beat of 'em, the way they've gone on this afternoon; argyfin an explainin the hull lot of 'em, 'bout their b'liefs!"

"I'd give a good deal of I c'd rec'lect half they said ter tell ye; but I gethered that most on 'em hed got past believin anythin, though they all hed different reasons fer it an different names they called 'emselves by."

"There was one feller said he was a daownright angustick, an another thet 'laowed he was a bessymixed, an there was a sight of other names beside."

"But I kin tell ye, Sary, that pooty little Mis' Nntin she spoke up an giv' 'em some real gospel. She b'lieves 'baout es we do, an 'twas pleasant ter hear her, but she said, when they questioned her sharp, thet she was a member of a Norwayborgin church, an I sh'd admire ter know how she ever come ter travel so fur from home!"—Youth's Companion.

Mrs. Spooner, the wife of the retiring Wisconsin senator, will be missed by Washington society. Her home has been noted for its hospitality, and, though not a beautiful woman, her attractive manner has made her a charming hostess.

Of Miss Bessie Armstead, of Brooklyn, an enthusiastic writer says: "She is a lovely girl, with a pretty, willowy figure, a face like a flower, charming in repose, and simply captivating when she smiles. Then her beautiful eyes and mouth gain even more beauty."

These ladies have been at : : : No. 10 E. WASHINGTON ST., and bought their : : : FALL AND WINTER HATS from the Large and Complete Stock of Stylish Millinery. Pattern hats now being shown at the first opening, : : : Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

Shadford & Corson. (SUCCESSORS TO MRS. E. ROEHL.) O'HARA, BOYLE & CO. DEALERS IN Groceries, Crockery and Glassware

OFFER THE FOLLOWING BARGAINS: 7 lbs. Rolled Oats.....25c 3 1/2 lbs. Sears' Best Crackers.....25c 2 Cans of Salmon.....25c 3 Cans of Corn.....25c 3 doz. Pickles.....25c 6 Bars Kirk's Soap.....25c 1 lb. Good Japan Tea.....55c 1 lb. Crushed Java Coffee.....25c 2 Cans Fine Table Peaches.....22c

Warranted to give Satisfaction. Pillsbury Flour, White Loaf Flour, Roller King Flour, and A. A. Milling Co.'s Flour always on hand.

Goods delivered to any part of the city free. O'HARA, BOYLE & CO. NO. 1 BROADWAY, ANN ARBOR.

THE CITY.

This issue of THE REGISTER, although it is five times its usual size, is issued very nearly on time, the small delay being wholly due to an accident at the water works yesterday afternoon, which incapacitated our motor for about five hours, consequently stopping our presses.

William Canna, Monday, drunk, fined.

James S. Brokaw has an original pension.

A. A. Terry will remove to Detroit soon.

C. H. Easton has gone into the store of Bach & Abel.

E. A. Kent will build a new house at the end of Wall-st.

Ground was broken yesterday for the new St. Thomas' hall.

Robert Winslow has commenced a new residence on Wall-st.

E. A. Shaw has broken ground for a \$4,500 house on Olivia-ave.

The Sigma Phi fraternity house is being re-carpeted and re-furnished.

Earl Ware has sold his new cottage on Broadway to N. S. Garlinghouse.

Ed. Guinan has accepted a position with J. W. Goddard & Co., New York.

Prof. and Mrs. E. A. Lyman have moved into the house at 9 Lawrence-st.

Ex-Alderman Frank Ortman, of the Fifth ward, has been quite seriously ill.

H. W. Adams, brother of W. D. Adams, has rented No. 11 South Fifth-ave.

John Harrow, of Pittsfield, lost a large amount of straw by fire last Thursday.

Miss Emma Stanger leaves next week to take charge of a school in South Bend.

Up to Monday morning Treasurer Gruner had received \$1,176.50 in tuition money.

A two-story frame addition to the old Catholic school building is being erected.

Philip Blum brought suit Tuesday against John Smith for trespass. Chickens.

In one of the grocery stores is displayed a jar of pears which were picked 16 years ago.

Rev. J. M. Lynn, of Genesee, Ill., will take charge of Sackett Hall during the ensuing year.

James Hitchcock and family, of Harrisville, N. Y., have rented a house and moved to Ann Arbor.

Daniel Moore died on Thursday last at his home on Ingalls-st. His remains were taken to Saginaw.

Rev. Camden M. Coburn, the new Methodist pastor, preaches next Sunday, morning and evening.

Several members of the Ann Arbor lodge of Good Templars visited the Chelsea lodge Tuesday night.

Dr. O. L. Sutherland, of Three Oaks, has been appointed house surgeon for the new homeopathic hospital.

Mrs. N. P. Harris, of Ohio, has rented the house of Mrs. A. L. Behr on the corner of Fourth-ave and William-st.

Right Eminent Grand Commander E. C. Smith, of Pontiac, will visit the Ann Arbor Knights Templar, October 19.

Another colored young man, by the name of Isador Blair, has entered the law department. He is from Baltimore.

George Vanderwalker has purchased a lot in the Hall addition which he proposes soon to erect an \$1,800 residence.

Charles Fox was arrested Tuesday on complaint of Hattie Forbes, charged with breaking a flower pot in the Washenaw house.

Frank A. Latson, the American Express messenger, has gone to Jackson, where he has a position as fireman on the Michigan Central.

Christian Mack, Philip Bach, Eli Moore and John Swift went to Detroit yesterday to serve as jurors in the famous Henning case.

The Crescent Clasp and Corset Company has filed articles of association. The capital stock is \$10,000, the shares being fixed at \$10 each.

Mrs. Clara Toms, one of the most famous pianists living, will probably give a concert in this city some time during the month of October.

F. H. McCormick has been appointed operator at the branch office of the Postal Union Telegraph-Cable Company, vice George S. Sweet resigned.

Paul G. Suekey sent a number of his Ann Arbor friends a "Criss aus Heidelberg" the other day. Mr. Suekey is a graduate of that famous institution.

Samuel Dett, of Volland-st, is charged with casting aspersions upon Augustus Fellows. The matter will be investigated, today, in Justice Pond's court.

C. H. Millen and G. H. Pond have been appointed delegates to the national convention of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, which meets in St. Louis the latter part of October.

Louis Rohde, whose horse, it will be remembered, was struck by a live wire a few days ago, has brought suit against the Postal Union Telegraph and Cable Company for \$50 damages.

The executive committee of the Woman's League requests that those having rooms to rent send a description of them, with price, to Miss May Muma, E. Huron-st, opposite Thirteenth, Ann Arbor.

The electric street railway will soon issue transfer tickets from one line to the other, free of charge.

Miss Jennie M. Shadford and Miss Mollie E. Corson have purchased the millinery stock of Mrs. E. Roehm.

E. A. Moseley, of Washington, secretary of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, called upon Judge T. M. Cooley, Saturday.

Steven Jacobs, who resides near Hill-st, lost a letter, Friday, containing a pension certificate and a government draft for \$72. The finder will confer a great favor upon a deserving man by returning the letter.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hample and Mrs. Mary Archer, had a quarrel, the outgrowth of which was an assault and battery case, in which Mrs. Hample figured as complaining witness. The trial of the case was postponed till today.

Capt. Manly was visited, Thursday evening, by Manager Graves, of the Soldier's Home, who made a formal demand for \$300.50, state property, said to be in Mr. Manly's hands. The latter denied that he had this money and Mr. Graves returned to Grand Rapids.

Messrs. W. D. Harriman and E. M. Thompson were in Lansing Tuesday to confer with the governor relative to the requisition from California for Wm. M. Beggs. Governor Winans has declined to grant it, for the reason that he deems the grounds insufficient. Mr. Beggs, it will be remembered, was arrested two weeks ago, on a charge of obtaining money on false pretenses and was released through a habeas corpus.

The suit of David Henning vs. the Michigan Central Railway Company has been occupying the attention of the United States Court at Detroit this week. The jury on Saturday visited the ground in question—the triangular piece between the depot, river and Detroit-st road. Many witnesses from Ann Arbor have been examined, most of whom have testified that the land has been considerably damaged on account of the building of the bridge and embankment. The case is likely to drag along for some time.

A correspondent asks: "Is it not a fact that, according to the charter, the street railway was to extend its line south on State-st to Monroe, east on Monroe to Twelfth, thence to Hill and east to intersect with present line on Washenaw avenue; also, north on State-st to Huron and west on Huron to meet the line on Main-st; also north on Detroit-st across the river to Cedar Bend avenue? If these lines are not built at once, would it not be wise for the council to give another company a chance? Have we not waited about long enough for these needed and promised extensions?"

Messrs. Chas. L. Webster & Co., have position for two first-class agents for Steadman's "Library of American Literature." One agent cleared \$85.30 in three hours' work. Give references, residence, and present employment.

T. M. WILLIAMS, 67 Fifth-ave., New York.

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.

WANTED—Girl to do general housework, No. 27 Packard-st.

WANTED—A girl to do housework in a family of two either the whole or part of each day. Inquire at 24 Maynard St, between the hour of 9 and 6 p. m.

WANTED—Three or four lady or gentlemen canvassers, to sell Domestic, White and Davis Sewing Machine. No previous experience required. Will pay salary or commission. Apply at once. J. F. Schuch, 674

WANTED—Plain sewing of all kinds; also comforters, bedding, etc. Mrs. Fingert, over Sheehan's Book Store, State-st.

WANTED—Young man who wishes to take a complete course in Shorthand and Typewriting and pay his tuition by doing janitor work. Apply at once to the School of Shorthand, 20 South State-st, third floor.

WANTED—A competent lady who wishes to take care of her house for the use of a few rooms for herself and son. Enquire at No. 19 Belser-st.

FOR SALE—A grand good new milch cow sold for no fault, a regular breeder. Also a one year old gelding sired by Sanford's horse, Dam by Old Raven, Grand Dam Inbred Washenaw Chief. J. P. Avery, 74

FOR SALE—Four foot wood and stove blocks on Church, Salem.

FOR SALE—One Ladies' Warwick Perfection Bicycle. Good as new. Cost \$135. \$85 will buy it. Call at Wiley's Music Store front. Five

FOR SALE CHEAP—Steinway, Bradbury, and other second-hand pianos. Clough & Warren, Story & Clark, and other second-hand organs. All in good order, some good as new. Alvin Wiley, 25 S. 4th-ave.

FOR SALE—Signs "Rooms," "Rooms and Board," "Boarding," "For Sale," "For Rent," "Dressmaking," etc., etc., at the REGISTER OFFICE.

FOR SALE—Six room house No. 63 Miller-ave. This property offered cheap to close an estate. Apply to Moore & Taber.

FOR SALE—Farm of forty acres at Whitmore Lake, soil, a level, sandy loam. Good house, barn and outhouse. Inquire at front. Five minutes walk from hotels, post office and express office. Two railroads. Call on or address Walter L. Taylor, 90 Broadway, Ann Arbor, Mich. 674

FOR SALE—A quantity of machine oil, shipped up by mistake by a wholesale dealer. This will be sold at a bargain in order to avoid the necessity of returning it. Inquire at the Register Office.

FOR SALE—A large quantity of heavy wrapping paper, suitable for putting under carpets, also old newspapers for sale cheap at The Register Office.

FOR SALE—Sixty nice half-blood Shropshire Lambs. Also would like about eight horses to winter. L. S. Savery, Salem, Mich. 74

FARM FOR SALE—The Bullock or Everett farm, 3 miles west of Salem Station and 11 miles from Ann Arbor, containing 109 acres; house and barn, stock and well water, timber, school and church within a mile; land naturally the best and in good condition. Also 40-acre farm for sale. The 1/2 of the east 1/2 of the s. e. q. r. of sec. 34 of Ann Arbor town, being part of the Howe-North place north of the county farm 3 miles from Mack & Schmidt's, one and a half miles from city limits. First class land for peaches. Prices and terms reasonable. Call on or address Andrew E. Gibson, 9 S. Ingalls-st., Ann Arbor, Mich. 607

FOR RENT—Rooms in the Hamilton Block suitable for light house keeping. Steam heating and water. Apply to A. W. Hamilton. 75

FOR RENT—A suite of rooms in Unity Block inquire of B. Brown, No. 19 S. State-st. 737

WILL THE WOMAN that was seen to take those white lilies from J. L. Babcock's grounds please return the roots and save trouble. For she is known. J. L. Babcock. At home. 12 North Division Street. 76

LOST.

LOST—Saturday Sept. 19, between Cornwell's Lulp mill and 54 a Division-st, a lady's black jacket. Finder will please return to 54 south Division-st, and receive reward.

LOST—A five dollar bill either in or between Rinsey & Seabolt and Bach Abel & Co. store. Will finder please leave at Rinsey & Seabolt's and receive reward?

LOST—At the union service at the Baptist church on Sunday eve, Sept. 6th, an Oxford Bible without signature, was taken by mistake, from a seat in the gallery. Leave at the University Library and grandly oblige.

LOST—A gold pin set in pearls and ruby. A monogram of Phi Chi—looks like L. O. X. Name on back, W. L. Dunn. Return to 35 South State-st and receive reward.

LOST—A Silver Watch with chain made of Silver coins and a Silver Cross. Finder apply at 4 N. State-st, Rev. J. T. Sunderland, Reward offered.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FOUND—\$5.00. The loser can have same by calling at THE REGISTER office, proving property, and paying for this advertisement.

If you wish to advertise anything anywhere at any time write to GEO. F. ROWELL & CO., No. 10 Spruce St., New York. 870-921

EVERY one in need of information on the subject of advertising will do well to obtain a copy of "Book for Advertisers," 368 pages, price one dollar. Mailed postage paid on receipt of price. Contains a careful compilation from the American Newspaper Directory of all the best papers and class journals; gives the circulation rating of every one, and a good deal of information about rates and other matters pertaining to the business of advertising. Address ROWELL'S ADVERTISING BUREAU, 10 Spruce St., N. Y. 870-921

CITY NOTICES.

Reduced Rates Via Wabash.

Every Monday and Thursday, September 14 to October 15, the Wabash R. R. will sell tickets from Chicago to St. Louis and return at \$8, account St. Louis Exposition.

Farmers

Before selling your rye and barley, get our prices. We want 10,000 bushels of each at the Ann Arbor Central Mills. ALLEMDINGER & SCHNEIDER.

Wanted.

Apples for Cider and Evaporating purposes by the Ann Arbor Fruit and Vinegar Company. 7117

Three Harvest Excursions.

The Burlington Route, C. E. & Q. R. R. will run Harvest Excursions, Tuesdays, Aug. 25th and Sept. 15th and 29th, from Chicago, Peoria, Quincy and St. Louis to St. Paul, Omaha, St. Joseph, Kansas City, Denver, Helena, Salt Lake and all other points in the North West, West and South West. Rates very low; tickets for sale at all company's ticket offices at points on and east of Mississippi River. Many connecting lines will sell through tickets for these excursions. Inquire of local agents for full information, or address F. S. Enstis, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agt., Chicago.

Two Views of It.

"Tommy," said his mother reprovingly, "I should think you'd be ashamed to be in the same class with boys who are all so much smaller than yourself."

"Well, mother," replied the imperturbable Tom, "I look upon the matter in a different light altogether. It really flatters my vanity to see how proud the small boys are to be in the same class with a big boy like me."

BUSINESS CARDS.

A. C. NICHOLS, DENTIST.

15 South Main St., Ann Arbor.

B. M. Thompson: W. D. Harriman: G. B. Thompson

THOMPSON, HARRIMAN & THOMPSON

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

COR. OF MAIN AND HURON STS.

Patronize the

OPERA HOUSE BARBER SHOP

—AND—

BATH HOUSE.

Strictly First-class.

C. J. SHETTERLY PROP.

MISS GRACE HENDRICKSON,

Pupil of Profs. LUDERER and YUNCK, Detroit, will give instructions on the VIOLIN.

Particulars at residence, 72 S. State St.

WM. W. NICHOLS,

DENTAL PARLORS

over Savings Bank opposite Court House Square.

E. F. JOHNSON,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR.

Practice in both State and Federal Courts.

OFFICE IN POST OFFICE BL'K.

G. R. WILLIAMS,

Attorney at Law, Milan, Mich.

Money loaned for outside parties. All legal business given prompt attention.

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.

ARTHUR J. KITSON,

Contractor & Builder.

Estimates furnished on all kinds of Architecture. RESIDENCE AND SHOP, 23 Geddes-ave.

Easy Trading Largest Assortment Prices the Lowest \* THE TWO SAMs \* Quality the Best Finest Accommodations Always Reliable

BONAFIDE SALE OF GOOD CLEAN, RELIABLE AND TRUSTWORTHY Clothing, Furnishing Goods and Hats

At Prices Less than Ever Before Offered.

Table with 8 columns: WORKINGMENS' SUITS, RUBBER COATS, \$10.00, DON'T FORGET. BRING THIS PAGE WITH YOU., CHILDREN'S VESTEE SUITS, All the novelties in Caps., DO YOU NEED UNDERWNAW?, NOVELTIES IN SUITINGS, SPLENDID VALUE, BOX COATS, Our line of Fall Overcoats is Immense at prices ranging from \$6.00 to \$20.00, BOY'S SUITS, Single and Double Breasted, New and Stylish Goods. Cheap., We handle all the well-known makes of Gloves. Have them from a Working Glove to Dress Gloves., JEWELRY. We have not forgotten. While a small item in itself we devote our efforts to bring out the novelties., A STUNNER. Let our competitors match it if they can. Clay Worsted Prince Albert Coat and Vest at only \$15.00, Good wearing and well appearing MEN'S SUITS at \$6.00 \$6.00, Nobby styles, new patterns, nicely cut, at \$3.00, The Best Line of WORKINGMENS' PANTS, in the city for \$1.00, Boy's Suits, odds and ends, sold at \$5.00 and \$6.00 now only \$3.00, BOY'S OVERCOATS, Children's Overcoats, Children's Pea Jackets, All Styles, All Prices., STILL ANOTHER DRIVE Regular 40c Black Hose Hermsdorf Dye at 25c per pair., UMBRELLAS. Something everyone needs. We knew it and have selected them carefully to please you., OVERCOATS. Heavy Ulsters for Laboring Men at \$4.00, Splendid values in Men's Suits, for which others ask \$3.00 to \$5.00 more, at \$15.00, Nobby Styles, New Shades and Designs in Mens' Suits, at \$10.00, Children's Jersey Suits—15 Styles—all Wool prices from \$3.25 to \$7.50, See our extra good values at \$10.00 They are Cheap., We are selling the best Hermsdorf Dye-Black Hose sold by competitors at 25c, for 15c a pair., Need we talk of Neck-wear? Our line Speaks for Itself., See our line of OVERCOATS at \$8.00, OUR PRIDE. The Men's Suits we are showing at \$18.00, \$20.00 and \$25.00 Better than ordinary custom work., Double Breasted Sack Suits, Single Breasted Sack Suits, Cutaways, Straight Cut Sacks, all styles., We have the best values in Children's Clothes ever offered., Prince Albert Coats and Vests for boys for dress wear are always appropriate., Agents for YOUNG'S HATS, KNOX HATS., Agents for H. M. Silverman's well-known \$4.00 Hat., Best Values in White Shirts "Silver" unlaundried 75c "Silver" laundried \$1.00 "Gold" unlaundried \$1.00 "Gold" laundried \$1.25., HANDKERCHIEFS. In all their numerous fancy borders, Also plain white., We are showing the best made 50c. Workingman's Shirt, made with yoke and coat-shaped sleeve., Our leader in SUSPENDERS. 25c. and 35c. See them., We sell the best OVERALLS & JACKETS made for 75c. Others will ask you 90c. Why pay?

THE FUTURE IS BRIGHT.

WALTER WELLMAN WRITES FROM NEBRASKA.

He Says the Outlook Is Very Hopeful. How "The Great American Desert" Has Been Made to Blossom as the Rose. Can Farmers Make Money?

[Special Correspondence.] YORK, Neb., Sept. 17.—Just twenty years ago I came into this part of the state of Nebraska in a covered wagon. A few days ago I came again, on a free pass, and I find the country so interesting that I think I'll tell you something about it. Twenty years ago the prairie here had a house about every five miles. It was as bleak and bare a prairie as you could picture in your mind's eye. Not a tree, nor even a shrub, was in sight as far as the vision could reach—nothing but a stretch of level country, on the surface of which a thick crop of grass grew.

They were a pretty poor lot of people who came here then and later to make homes for themselves. If they had been well to do they would not have left the east to come out to the "Great Ameri-



UNCLE JERRY'S NEBRASKA CORN.

can Desert" to coax a livelihood out of the virgin soil. They were the people who had not been able to get a good foothold in the east. Many of them were soldiers in the Federal army, who had been drenched in the race for wealth while at the front fighting the battles of their country. Here they found a rich soil, a healthy climate and nothing else. At first they lived in sod houses, with roofs of branches and firm turf and floors of clay, or in "dugouts," burrowed out of the sides of little canyons.

The soil, you see, was everything. Not only was it the only source of revenue, present or prospective, but it grew their building material in the shape of a closely knit turf, and the hard clay subsoil served as a floor for their dwellings. With lumber at sixty dollars a thousand and brick and stone and other materials at higher prices, he was a comparatively rich man who could build even the smallest and most modest of frame houses. Coal was twenty dollars a ton, clothing and all the necessities of life as dear as high freights and mercantile greed could make them, and the markets far, far away.

In telling you that these men have won their fight here I am telling you nothing that you do not already know; but you may be interested in the details of this modern conquest, in which the desert has literally been made to blossom as the rose. First, the prairie was turned over by the plow. This was a simple though laborious operation. Three horses and a heavy plow, with a knife to cut the thick turf, could "break" two acres a day. The first year a scant crop of sod corn was raised, good only for feed. But the second year a full crop grew.

Not much care is taken in returning to the soil that which it gives, nor in conserving the fertility of the land by change of crops or conversion of tilled fields into pastures. Year after year the same thing is done. In this section, in twenty years there have been four short crops, due once to grasshoppers, and on other occasions to droughts and early frosts.

Notwithstanding their distance from market, these people have prospered. I suppose they grow as much about hard times as any other farmers, and with about as much cause. Not many of them are rich, and some are still in debt, hard pushed, discontented. Debt is the curse of this as it is of any other country. "What is the matter with so many of your farmers here?" I asked a successful business man, who had himself made money at farming. "Why are they still poor and pushed?"

"It is easy enough to explain," he replied. "They came out here from the older and richer farming country of the east. Here they became, many of them, for the first time in their lives, farmers on their own account. Human nature is pretty much the same the world over, and as soon as proprietors they wanted buggies to drive to town in, riding plows and riding cultivators, good horses and cows and all sorts of modern but expensive farming machinery. To get all these things they were compelled to run in debt, to discount the future. They were not ready to deny themselves at first, and having once entered upon a policy of this kind they find it impossible to stop. They are always pressed for money, and the result is that just as soon as they harvest a crop they must rush it off to market to keep the sheriff from the door. Were they able to hold their product a few months they could get much better prices for it than the farmer who remains poor in this country

is the farmer who goes to the grindstone. Everything he buys he must buy at the highest prices, because he buys on time, and pays interest besides; everything he sells he must sell at the lowest prices, because he then you think money can be made at farming in this country?"

"I know it can. I have made it myself. Ten or twelve years ago I had a farm of 160 acres. I tilled it myself—I and my wife and I. Our first year we lived in a sodhouse, and our living expenses were fifty-three dollars. My nearest neighbor had just as good a farm as mine, but he went in debt for a frame house. He rode to church and town in a top buggy bought on time. He plowed and cultivated on riding plows. That man looked down on me because I plodded along in the old way with the old fashioned machinery and implements. When he and his wife drove to church in their nice buggy, passing my wife and me in our old wagon, he scarcely deigned to speak to us. When the crops were harvested he had to rush his off to market to meet his notes and his interest. I held mine till winter and got 40 per cent more, and he did not. Next year it was the same, and when his buggy and his riding plows and things were about worn out, though not paid for, I bought new ones for one-third less than he had paid for his, because I bought for cash. To make a long story short, he is still struggling under a load of debt, with mortgages hanging over him. The mortgage on his farm I own, and he pays me 10 per cent a year interest on it.

"Are interest rates high out here?" "Yes, but the fault is the borrower's and not the lender's. Men of doubtful solvency—men who have always been discounting the future, and who had but a narrow margin between payment and bankruptcy—have had to pay as high as 2 per cent a month for money. There is no business in the world that can stand such a rate of interest. Certainly farming can't stand it. Hundreds and thousands of men in this country have for years been paying that rate on chattel mortgages and from 12 to 15 per cent a year on real estate security. These are the men who grow, who say the farmer is oppressed; that farming can't be made to pay."

"Is the future brighter?" "For the farming community as a whole it certainly is. The agricultural interests of the west are just emerging from the period of debt. Farmers who plunged into debt ten or twelve years ago, expecting to work out in two or three years, are now recovering, but better late than never. Interest rates are coming down, and it is no longer possible to get the ruinous rates of 2 per cent and 1 1/2 per cent a month paid a few years ago. Many farmers are now able to hold all or a part of their crops for better prices. We are now selling corn at forty cents which we sell in 1889 and cribbed rather than sell then at fifteen or sixteen cents. This year the west has magnificent crops and a prospect of good prices. If corn matures as it promises, we shall have the greatest yield of the last twenty years, and the short crops abroad ought to give us such an era of prosperity as we never had before. This red letter year of 1891 should lift thousands upon thousands of western farmers out of the clutches of the usurers and into that state of independence in which they can hereafter buy the cheapest for cash and sell the highest, because they can sell when they want to, not when they must."

Certainly this fertile section of the "Great American Desert" has been made to blossom as the rose. Where twenty years ago was a bare, bleak prairie, with here and there a sodhouse or a "dugout," now are pretty farmsteads by the thousand. The houses are of frame, painted, surrounded by lawns, flowers and fruits. Every farm has an acre or more of timber, cottonwoods and elms, planted by the settlers yesterday or twenty years ago. I stood yesterday under the shade of a magnificent elm, its trunk a foot thick, which I planted in the year 1872. Nearly all of this country is under cultivation. In a farm of 160 acres 140 in the average will be under plow. One man, with a helper and two teams, will cultivate these 140 acres, raising in a year like this three or four thousand dollars worth of wheat, corn, oats and barley.

At the state fair in Lincoln, the capital of the state, a few days ago, I saw something which I must tell Jerry Rusk about when I return to Washington.



SPECIMEN GROWTH IRRIGATED CORN.

While on his western trip with President Harrison the secretary of agriculture told a Nebraska audience that in California he had seen cornstalks thirty feet high, with a bushel of ears on each stalk. "But here in Nebraska," said the jovial secretary, giving his imagination full play in a desire to please his hearers, "I expect to hear of your raising corn as big as trees, every stalk filled with shelled corn."

The farmers of Nebraska have taken Mr. Rusk at his word and at the state fair have fulfilled his prophecy by erecting a little grove of artificial cornstalks, from the hollow of which they draw shelled corn through spouts. In addition to this they have a derrick lifting a brood-nag ear of corn from the top of a sixteen story stalk, and several other pretty conceits which I am sure Uncle Jerry will be glad to hear about.

A FIGHT FOR LIFE.

Shall We Drive Slow Poison From our Breakfast Table?

ALUM AND AMMONIA IN OUR BREAD. A nuisance that troubled England fifty years ago is now rapidly spreading in this country, that is putting Alum in the bread we eat. This question is causing a great deal of discussion at the present moment, as it is revealed that alum is being used as a substitute for cream of tartar in baking powders. A story is told that a very large percentage of the baking powders sold on the market contain either alum or ammonia, and many of them contain both these pernicious drugs. Much timely alarm is felt at the wholesale use of alum in bread, biscuits and pastry. To young children, growing girls, persons of weakly frame alum bread eaten morning, noon and evening is the most harmful. It is the small quantities taken at every meal that do the mischief. Alum is cheap, costing but two or three cents a pound while cream of tartar costs 30c, and the high price of cream of tartar has led cheap baking powder to be made of alum. If the reader wants to know something of the corrosive qualities of alum let him touch a piece on his tongue then reflect how it acts on the tender delicate coats of the stomach.

- Following is a list compiled by the Scientific American, of the alum and ammonia baking powders that have already been tested. \*ATLANTIC & PACIFIC. COOK'S FAVORITE. CROWN. CRYSTAL. DAISY. \*DAVIS' O. K. DEY YEAST. GEM. G'ORE. \*KENTON. PEARSON'S. PERFECTION. PEERLESS. PURITY. \*ROYAL. SCHOTO. SILVER SPOON. SILVER STAR. \*SNOWDRIFT. SOVEREIGN. STAR. STATE. STANDARD. SUNFLO. WASHINGTON. WINDSOR. ZIPP'S GRAPE. CRYSTAL.

There are, in addition to the foregoing list from the Scientific American a number of such powders sold in the western that were not found in the eastern stores.

- Following is the list to date: CALUMET. Contains Alum. (Columbian Baking Powder Co., Chicago.) FOREST. Contains Alum. (Youwie Bros., Cleveland.) CHICAGO YEAST. Contains Ammonia Alum. (Chapman & Smith Co., Chicago.) BOSTON. Contains Alum. (J. C. Grant Baking Powder Co., Chicago.) UNRIVALED. Contains Alum. (Sprague, Warner & Griswold, Chicago.) ONE SPAN. Contains Alum. (Taylor Mfg. Co., St. Louis.) YARNALL'S. Contains Alum. (Carnal Mfg. Co., St. Louis.) SHAW'S PUFF. Contains Alum. (Merchants' Mfg. Association, St. Louis.) DODSON & HILLS. Contains Alum. (Dodson & Hills, St. Louis.) SHEPARD'S. Contains Ammonia Alum. (Wm. H. Shepard, St. Louis.) BAINS. Contains Alum. (Meyer-Bain Mfg. Co., St. Louis.) MONARCH. Contains Ammonia Alum. (Reid, Murdoch & Co., Chicago.) SNOW HILL. Contains Alum. (Bengal Coffee & Spice Mills, Chicago.) GIANT. Contains Alum. (W. F. McLaughlin & Co., Chicago.) ECHO. Contains Alum. (Spencer Bluing Paddle Co., Chicago.) KALIFEL'S PURITY. Contains Alum. (Kaufmann Mfg. Co., Chicago.) RISING SUN. Contains Ammonia. (Phoenix Chemical Works, Chicago.) WHITE ROSE. Contains Ammonia Alum. (Globe Coffee & Spice Mills, Minneapolis.) WOODS' COFFEE. Contains Ammonia. (Thos. Wood & Co., Philadelphia.) ANDREW'S EARL. Contains Ammonia. (C. E. Andrews & Co., Milwaukee.) FIDELITY. Contains Alum. (H. H. Harris, Minneapolis.) HIRSH'S. Contains Alum. (Sherman Bros., Chicago.) PUTNAM'S. Contains Alum. (Wells Putnam & Co., Chicago.) CHINA HOUSE. Contains Alum. (Noah McDowell, St. Paul, Minn.) TWIN CITY. Contains Alum. (J. K. Ferguson, Minneapolis.) HERCULES. Contains Ammonia. (Hercules Baking Powder Co., St. Louis.) CLIMAX. Contains Ammonia. (Climax Baking Powder Co., Indianapolis.)

The Great American Corn Crib. Only three countries in all Europe have grown enough wheat and rye this year to feed their own people. The shortage in the world's supply is estimated at 610,000,000 bushels. The greater part of Europe will therefore feed at our corn crib this winter. The American harvest is not only unprecedentedly large, but it is not beyond danger from frost.—New York Press.

A Christian's Epitaph. He had for woe a kindly word. His heart was open and his purse. And when he passed he said, "Oh, Lord, I'm not like other men—I'm worse."

\$100 Reward. The above reward is offered for any case of Kidney, Bladder or Liver Trouble that Guarantee Kidney Care falls to cure. Sold by all Druggists. GUARANTEE DRUG CO., 925 Toledo, Ohio.

A Cold World. Mr. Meke after a kiss went to his wife for sympathy. "The young men know more than the old ones now a days," said he. "I'd pity them if they didn't," she replied.

To Colorado via Burlington Route—Only One Night on the Road. Leave Chicago at 1 P. M., or St. Louis at 8:25 A. M., and arrive Denver 6:15 P. M. the next day. Arrive Denver 6:15 P. M. the next day. Arrive Denver 6:15 P. M. the next day. Arrive Denver 6:15 P. M. the next day.

A Boston Church. Dr. Lorimer, of Boston, tells a reporter of this utterance by Spurgeon: "I do not like a small church," he said. "It is like being in a rowboat. If you go to move about you are likely to upset and swamp the whole machine. A big church, on the other hand, was like an ocean steamer, on which one could walk about without fear of overturning any or one else."

LITERARY NOTES.

The September issue of the Eclectic Magazine opens with a very appreciative article of the late Canadian, Mrs. Lynn Lincoln's attack on women extremists entitled "The Wild Women Politicians," should also attract attention.—E. R. Pelton, Publisher, 144 Eighth Street, New York.

The most timely and interesting feature of the September number of the New England Magazine is a finely illustrated article on the late Edward Burgess and his boat. The writer is A. G. McVey, the yachting editor of the Boston Herald, who was for some years an intimate friend of the famous yacht designer and builder.—The New England Pub. Co., Boston, Mass.

The Rights of Women, by Karl Heinzen, translation by Karl Schemann, Benjamin R. Tucker, Carl Schostom, Mass. This little book is an earnest plea for liberty in all things and especially in the case of woman. The spirit one can most heartily admire the while of the book, one must yet dissent from many of the author's plans for remedying the evils he so plainly sets forth.

The leading articles in the Overland Monthly for October is by Millicent Washburn Shinn, on the new Island Stanford Jr. University. It is copiously illustrated from fine photos, and drawings by Peixoto, and goes far towards answering the questions that are everywhere asked about the grade, aims and scope, of the work of the new institution at its start.—Overland Publishing Co., San Francisco, Cal.

In the handsome September Magazine of American History the feature of foremost interest is General Meredith Read's concluding chapter on "The Spartans of Paris," which is even more readable than the part issued last month. The personal sketches of well-known men of letters are invested with life and color, a brilliant group indeed, and among the welcome portraits given are those of Owen Meredith, author of Lucille, and M. Jules Simon, whose Nouveaux Memoires just now attracts an admiring public.—Published at 743 Broadway, New York.

The Ladies' Home Journal is the best authority on everything pertaining to women today, and its September number gives evidence that it is getting stronger with each issue. Its regular salaried editors now number sixteen, and include Reg. T. DeWitt Talmage, Maria Parloa, Margaret Bottom, president of the "King's Daughters;" Mrs. Isabel A. Mallon, undoubtedly the best fashion writer in America; Eben E. Rexford, Maude Haywood, Kate Tannatt Woods, Kate Upson Clarke, with Edward W. Bok as editor-in-chief.—Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

NOTES AND COMMENTS. The manufacture of false teeth for Paris is a new industry just opened in horses with a capital of 2,000,000 francs. I have been a great sufferer from dry catarrh for many years, and I tried many remedies, but none did me so much benefit as Ely's Cream Balm. It completely cured me.—M. J. Lally, 39 Woodward-ave, Boston, Highlands, Mass. The product of gold in the United States the last six years has aggregated the enormous sum of \$572,900,000.

I think Ely's Cream Balm is the best remedy for Catarrh I ever saw. I never took anything that relieved me so quickly, and I have not felt so well for a long time. I had to be troubled with severe headaches two or three times a week.—J. A. Alcorn, Ag't U. P. R. Co., Eaton, Colo.

The Pacific Ocean was discovered by Vasco Nunez de Balboa on September 29, 1513.

You cannot help believing in the virtue of Hibbard's Herb Extract, the great blood-purifier, if you will read the advertisement showing how this remedy cured Mrs. J. Hibbard. See her picture and remember she gives advice free to all who write her. It is sold by all druggists. \$1.00

The Vatican contains 208 staircases and 1,000 different rooms.

"Just as Good." Say some dealers who try to sell a substitute for Hood's Sarsaparilla. Do not let any such false statements as this induce you to buy what you do not want. Remember that the only reason for profiting is that a few cents more profit will be made on the substitute. Insist upon having the best medicine—Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is Peculiar to Itself.

Must Come to It. Customer (with little boy)—"Have your good thick sole leather that a boy can't wear through in a week?" Cobbler—"The very best. Do you want me to make a pair of shoes for your boy?" Customer—"No; I want you to make him a pair of pants."

What Was It, John. That made your face so free and clear from pimples, said his sweetheart. Why, don't you know, Eva? For over a year I took everything I could think of without helping me, then I bought two bottles of Sulphur Bitters, and now I haven't one pimple on my face. It is the best blood-cleanser I ever saw. 2

A Use for Greenies. First Reporter—How did the Daily Gether obtain a report of the High-pitched wedding? No reporters were admitted. Second Reporter—They sent a new man there, and he looked so scared that all the attendants mistook him for the groom.

To The Pacific Coast. Go to California via the through lines of the Burlington Route, from Chicago or St. Louis to Denver, and thence over the new broad gauge, through car lines of the Denver and Rio Grande or Colorado Midland Railways, via Leadville, Glenwood Springs and Salt Lake, through interesting cities and unsurpassed scenery. Dining cars—50c.

A Mystery.

How the human system ever recovers from the bad effects of the nauseous medicines often literally poured into it for the suppositive relief of dyspepsia, liver complaint, constipation, rheumatism and other ailments, is a mystery. The mischief done by bad medicines is scarcely less than that caused by disease. If they who are weak, bilious, dyspeptic, constipated or rheumatic, would often be guided by the experience of invalids who have thoroughly tested Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, they would in every instance obtain the speediest aid derivable from rational medication. This medicine is searching and at the same time a thoroughly safe remedy, derived from vegetable sources, and possessing, in consequence of its basis of purest spirits, properties as a medicinal stimulant not to be found in the fiery local bitters and stimulants often resorted to by the debilitated, dyspeptic and languid. 4w

Of Great Importance. In a New York newspaper office. A seely-looking man enters, and thus addresses the managing editor: "I have something here that I think will please your readers. "Don't want it; full now." "But it is very important." "It is not a murder or anything of that sort—it is more important than a fire." "Will you get out?" "It is a slam at Chicago." Morning editor seizes the article, rushes to a tube, and shouts: "Leave out news from Washington. Chicago matter of great importance."

A Great Explosion. In these days of gunpowder, dynamite, gas, and the like, tremendous explosions are no rarity, but the greatest explosion of modern times is, without doubt, that of the "old-school" idea that consumption is a disease of the lungs, and that there is one remedy which will eradicate it from the system—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Of course, there were in the olden times many who would have pronounced modern explosives instruments of witchcraft; but there are, fortunately, few today who do not acknowledge that the "Golden Medical Discovery" is the one sovereign remedy for all scrofulous diseases, and Consumption is one of them.

Fiat Experimentum. Anxious mother—I wish, Susan, when you give baby a bath you would use a thermometer so as to ascertain whether the water is at the proper temperature. Susan—Oh, don't you worry about that, mum; I nade no 'mometers. If the little wan turns rid, the water's too hot; if it turns blue, its too cold; that's all there is about it.

Ladies Try. Great French Remedy. Dr. Le Duc's Periodical Pills from Paris, France, act only upon the generative organs in females, and positively cure suppression of the menses (from whatever cause) and all periodical troubles peculiar to women. Established in Europe, 1839; England, 1850. Canada, 1878; United States, 1887. A safe, reliable remedy, warranted to excite menstruation, or money refunded. The larger portion of the pills to which ladies are subject is the direct result of a disordered and irregular menstruation. The American Pill Co., proprietors. Price, \$2. Sold by Eberbach & Son, druggists, Ann Arbor, Mich.

That's the Difference. Cabbage—What's the difference between a dilatory man and the president of a female college? Cabbage—I'll give it up. Cabbage—One misses the trains and the other trains the misses.

How Often. We see some young man who has squandered his money and ruined his health by excesses, and before 30 years of age is an all broken down and played out man! In all such cases I prescribe Nature's tonic and nerve, Sulphur Bitters. They supply food for the brain, strengthen the nerves, and are successful in nine cases out of ten.—Old Physician. 2

A Size Too Large. Employment agent—Those are fine recommendations that girl, has, mum. Shall I send for her to come and talk with you? Mrs. Bronston—Is she tall or short? "Rather tall, mum, but—" "Is she fat or thin?" "Rather stout, mum; a good, strong—" "Is she stouter than I am?" "Oh, yes, mum, a good deal." "Well, don't do. She'd split the seam of every dress I have."

Bradfield's Female Regulator. has won, on merit alone, a widespread and enduring reputation. It is a combination of vegetable agents, the result of the experience of one who made the diseases of women a life-long study. Taken according to directions the organs awake to new life and energy, leaving the woman free from pain at these periods. Sold by all druggists. 77

Wise Words. "I think I'll ask the boss to get this afternoon off," said the youthful clerk. "Don't," said the old cashier. "Why not?" "You came into this establishment to try and get on, didn't you?" "Yes." "Well, don't be so often trying to get off, or you'll never get on."

Surprise to All. After using "Mother's Friend," two months I was so surprised and easily relieved that it was a surprise to those attending me. "Mother's Friend" undoubtedly lessens the pains, shortens the time and restores the mother speedily to health. Will recommend it to all expectant mothers, and advise them to use it. Mrs. J. A. R., Muncie, Indiana. Sold by all Druggists. 74

Another Variation of an Old Joke. "I own a thousand acres of land," said the heir. "How delightful!" "And there are twenty young men after me." "For the land's sake!" "Yes."

Half Rate for Home Visitors via B. & O. R.

Those desiring to visit their homes or friends in Indiana, Michigan and Ohio will have an opportunity to do so, at an extremely low rate on Tuesday, Sept. 22nd, when excursion tickets will be sold in above named States will be sold via Baltimore and Ohio Railroad at half rate. Tickets will be valid for thirty days for return passage. Be sure to ask for tickets via the B. & O. Two express trains daily from Chicago and St. Louis.

In Prose. A facetious man—Where are you going, my pretty maid? Miss Lily White (of the Back Bay)—I don't remember to have met you before, and in such a case I do not feel at liberty to nominate my destination.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

CANGER. Free Hand from Photograph, or any Permanent Enlargement, place your order at Cole's Studio, samples of whose work are to be found in the homes of Mrs. Danster, Mrs. G. S. Morris, Prof. A. Winchell, Mr. O. M. Martini, and many others. Address: COLE'S STUDIO, 331 Woodward-ave, Detroit.

COLBY'S CATARRH CURE. When taken as directed, is absolutely certain to effect a cure in any case not already hopeless. It is a combined local and constitutional treatment, and is sent in any part of the country, prepaid. Price \$1.00 per package. Address: VOLVERINE CHEMICAL CO., Box 147, Detroit, Mich.

PILES. "ANAKIS" gives instant relief, and is an infallible cure for Piles. Price \$1. By Druggists or mail. Samples free. Address: "ANAKIS," Box 2448, New York City.

PORTRAITS! IF YOU WANT A PORTRAIT FROM LIFE Free Hand from Photograph, or any Permanent Enlargement, place your order at Cole's Studio, samples of whose work are to be found in the homes of Mrs. Danster, Mrs. G. S. Morris, Prof. A. Winchell, Mr. O. M. Martini, and many others. Address: COLE'S STUDIO, 331 Woodward-ave, Detroit.

Probate Order. At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, held at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, on the Tuesday, the 22nd day of August in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety one. Present, J. Willard Babbitt, Judge of Probate. In the Matter of the Estate of Thomas S. Sanford, deceased. Benjamin Brown, executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, comes into court and represents that he is now prepared to render his annual account as such executor. Thereupon it is ordered, that Tuesday, the 22nd day of September next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for examining and allowing such 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. WM. G. DOTY, Probate Register. 73

"Is't this pie delicious? Mamma made it in 20 Minutes!"



NEW ENGLAND MEAT. THE DOUGHERTY CHICAGO & PORTLAND.

REWARD OF \$500. Rowe's French Female Pills are safe and reliable; contains Tansey, Pennyroyal and Cotton Root. Never fail. At drug stores, or by mail, securely sealed, in plain wrapper, for \$1.00. I. N. BERRY, Agent, Toledo, O. Wholesale by WILLIAMS, BEEBE & BROOKS, Detroit, Mich.

MEN. We send the marvelous French Remedy CALTHOS FREE, and a full guarantee that CALTHOS will stop Discharges & Emissions, CURE Spermatorrhoea, Varicocele and RESTORE Lost Vigor. Use it and pay if satisfied. Address: VON MOHL CO., Sole American Agents, Cincinnati, Ohio.

A Salesman Wanted. To sell Fruit and Ornamental Nursery Stock. Must be active and intelligent. Position permanent. Previous experience not necessary. Fact and industry alone required. E. B. RICHARDSON & CO., Kanadesaga Nurseries, GENEVA, N. Y. 74

Mitchell's Kidney Cures. Mitcheil's disease in the Kidneys and restores them to a healthy condition. Old chronic kidney sufferers say they got no relief until they tried MITCHELL'S KIDNEY CURE. Sold by Druggists everywhere, or sent by mail for 50c. Novelty Plaster Works, Lowell, Mass.

Prof. I. HUBERT'S MALVINA CREAM. For Beautifying the Complexion. Removes all Freckles, Tan, Sunburn, Pimples, etc. It is a combined local and constitutional treatment, and is sent in any part of the country, prepaid. Price \$1.00 per package. Address: Prof. I. HUBERT, TOLEDO, OHIO.

GETTING LONDON NEWS.

WISCONSIN CORRESPONDENTS AT THE WORLD'S CAPITAL.

They Enjoy Life, Live on the Fat of the Land and Are Made Welcome by Personalities of Consequence, but They Work Hard.

[Special Correspondence.]

LONDON, Sept. 7.—There is probably no post in journalism which American newspaper men desire so much as that of London correspondent. The situation is not only highly paid but it involves no small degree of dignity and importance. To be 3,000 miles from the grasp of your city editor is a relief to even the most conscientious, hard working writers. The London correspondent is as nearly his own master as any man can be who is attached to a daily newspaper. It is understood that at so great a distance from the home office his judgment must be relied upon, and no wise concern thinks of assigning a man to London without expecting to rely upon the correspondent's discretion and faithfulness. It ought to follow, then, that the handful of American reporters in this city should be the cream of the profession. Whether that is so in every instance the writer cannot say, but he has found them an interesting lot of fellows, faithful and industrious.

"Industrious" might seem to be a misnomer to some of the rank and file in America, if they should take a casual glance at the men as they appear in the corridors and smoking rooms of the great hotels. For just an instant the American reporter might think that these boys were having a good time and devoting themselves assiduously to good dress, luxurious apartments and dignified ease generally. The judgment would be a mistaken one. That they have a good time is pretty certain, for they enjoy their work, and for the most of them the work takes them necessarily to places where men of wealth and position congregate. While the correspondent is chatting with a group of men he is on the qui vive for an item of news, or a story for his Sunday letter. There is a plate for him at important banquets, he is welcomed at many social functions, and in other respects which reporters know all about he is an established figure in English life.

Not more than three or four of the correspondents are concerned in furnishing "routine" news; that is, stock quotations, market reports, parliamentary proceedings, ordinary calamities and the like. All this is relegated to the great news associations that have their offices here and their staffs of local reporters. In three instances Americans are at the head of the London offices of news associations, but their employees are, I think without exception, Englishmen. To them the London newspapers are an invaluable aid, and much of their news is sent directly from the printed columns after they have appeared on the street. The six hours' difference in time between London and New York makes this a perfectly legitimate and feasible form of news gathering.

For instance, some of the important evening papers appear at 1 o'clock; it is then but a few minutes after 7 in New York, an hour when the evening newspaper offices are deserted, unless some energetic office boy has come down unusually early to clean up. By wiring the important news of the day at any time before 2 p. m. the American papers are supplied hours before they would think of issuing an edition. The same thing follows with the morning papers, although the results are not quite so satisfactory. It is quite possible, however, to send everything of importance in the London morning papers so as to reach New York by midnight, and every association takes a hand in this kind of operation.

The correspondents of these individual papers do not concern themselves with this manner of hustling. They devote their efforts, as I have indicated, to getting inside information, working up special topics, that by the very reason of their American flavor would not naturally be covered by the London press. The dean of the correspondents here is, of course, Mr. G. W. Smalley, of the New York Tribune. His appointment dates from the early seventies. He lives in a fashionable neighborhood and does not mingle much with his rivals, who are nearly all much younger than himself and naturally not the most congenial associates. Mr. Smalley is decidedly a fixture in British society, and it is there he is best known.

Next to him in seniority of appointment is Mr. Harold Frederic, the correspondent for the New York Times. His career has been a brilliant one on this side, where he has been stationed for about eight years. He, too, appears to be a fixture in London, but he frequently makes long trips to the Continent in the pursuit of special topics. The result of one of these trips was a series of articles in The Times about the young German emperor. It was these articles, published in book form a few weeks ago, that made the greatest literary sensation of the year. It is not necessary to speak of Mr. Frederic's novels, for everybody knows about them. It might also go without saying that he is preparing another. He is never idle, and even a newspaper man may wonder how he finds time to do all his work.

Mr. Arthur Warren represents the Boston Herald. He is about thirty-one years old, and a man whose enthusiasm for his profession I have seldom seen equaled. He lives in a beautiful apartment house in the district known as Chelsea, and from his windows he commands a fine view of the Thames, Battersea park and a great stretch of the interminable city.

By common consent the hardest working American newspaper man in London is Mr. E. Tracy Greaves, correspondent for the New York World. He has offices in Trafalgar square, where you may have a reasonable chance of finding him at any hour of the day or night. Not content with pursuing the game of news

hunting indefatigably, he has recently secured an American assistant in the person of Mr. John J. A. Becket, the author of many charming short stories in the American magazines. Mr. A. Becket was attached to The Evening World before his recent transfer to this city.

The New York Sun's "bright young man" is Mr. Frank Marshall White, at one time the literary editor of Life. Mr. White has an office on the Strand, and he, like the others, is frequently on the Continent on special missions. Every newspaper man, at least, knows his Sunday letter, which in many respects is the brightest of all the correspondence sent from this side. He has no regular assistant, for the work demanded by The Sun is not of a character to require it; but on Saturdays, when his letter is in preparation, he often has a half dozen men scouring the town under his direction in search of facts.

The New York Herald, long famous for its foreign news, is represented here just now by two men, Messrs. James Creelman and T. B. Fielders. Mr. Fielders came here from the New York Times a little more than two years ago. Shortly afterward Mr. Creelman came over to take charge of the Herald's London edition. Since then, however, he has been flying about all over Europe and writing all manner of articles that have had great sensational interest by reason of the topics treated. It is worth recalling that it was he who secured the famous interview with the pope, and more recently he has published a set controversy between himself and Count Tolstoi about the "The Kreutzer Sonata."

A short time ago Mr. Creelman was detailed to London, and he and Fielders are co-operating in the work of sending news to America. There is another American newspaper man here connected with The Herald in the capacity of editor of the Sunday paper. This is Mr. Ralph B. Blumenfeld. He had been for a long time the city editor of The Telegram, The Herald's evening edition in New York. Under his management the London paper has become very prosperous, and appears to be still moving on to that respectful recognition which English people are so slow to grant to American enterprises.

Among other young American newspaper men now stationed here are Mr. H. J. W. Dam, correspondent for the New York Recorder; Mr. Louis Moore, representative of the United Press; Mr. Walter Knieff, chief of the Associated Press office, and Mr. Horace Townsend, formerly a New York Tribune reporter. Both Messrs. Dam and Townsend are writing rather more for the English press than for the American, and Dam has brought himself somewhat to the front by a play—"Diamond Deane"—which was produced at the Vaudeville last March.

Nearly all these men appear to regard London as a permanent residence, for the bachelors among them have fitted up comfortable chambers (English for apartments) and the married men have taken long leases of houses or flats. Some of the bachelors, like Creelman, are babbling of marriage when the leaves have fallen. Nearly all are club men, the famous Savage claiming their first allegiance, of course, and the National Liberal coming perhaps second.

FREDERICK R. BURTON.

ANNA DICKINSON.

Her Present Home is at Dr. Seward's Interpines, Goshen, N. Y.

[Special Correspondence.]

GOSHEN, N. Y., Sept. 17.—Miss Dickinson is now living here, eighteen miles from Newburg, in the family of Dr. Frederick W. Seward, whose home, Interpines, is an elegant and picturesque residence, in the midst of an extensive and romantic park, the grounds adorned with a grove of tall, stately pines, maples and chestnuts. The room she occupies is a large and handsome one, charmingly furnished in antique oak, with an atmosphere of quiet and luxury. A favored guest with people who love her, she may be found daily, comfortably seated at ease in the favorite old green leather covered study chair that once belonged to Charles Sumner, the picture of health and happiness and surrounded by her favorite books as she busily writes. The claim of her legions of friends that she is still the most gifted female orator of the day is universally conceded.

She has not been to her home (Pittston, Pa.) since her five weeks' incarceration in the asylum at Danville, that state, but lectures—the last time at Goshen, on Aug. 13—and has been actively engaged in magazine, syndicate and newspaper work. Her wonderful knowledge of the prominent men and women of this country, in the past quarter century and more, even to the smallest personal details, including hundreds of the residents in and about New York city, will all be utilized and depicted in her contemplated large volume that will consist of Reminiscences and Recollections (and may be called by that title at present), since, at the age of sixteen, she was called to present an embodiment of her views on the slavery question before the Thirty-eighth congress. It will most assuredly be an interesting and instructive work.

There is also some slight contemplation of another attempt to achieve historic honors and, more probably, a renewal of her dramatic work following "The American Girl" and "Aureliana," the latter tragedy hardly regarded as a stage success, but of which a famous critic wrote that "there seems to be nothing that in any degree will approach the literary excellence of this beautiful dramatic creation, which will unquestionably live as a classic of the stage."

She has finally regained her full strength, her physical system has recovered from the agonizing strain placed upon her and her mental faculties are brilliant and unimpaired.

ALBERT P. SOUTHWICK.

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

SUMMER GIRLS IN TOWN.

THEY ARE BUSY TRYING ON THEIR NEW FALL GOWNS.

Olive Harper Thinks There Never Was a Finer Variety of Goods to Choose From—Read Her Letter and You Will Agree with Her.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Sept. 17.—Last week the last of the summer girls returned to New York. This week they are buying fall gowns.

I know what pretty gowns there are to choose from. One is of drab cheviot in shepherd check, the check being moss green. The skirt is walking length (which means that it just clears the ground), and has a simple hem, and a few upturned plaits at the waist and fan plaits at the back. There is a very handsome jacket basque of moss green faille, with bronze buttons. The vest



NEW FALL GOWNS.

opens over a white pique shirt front, with standing collar and white satin tie. The revers to the jacket are of drab faille the exact shade of the ground of the dress. The hat is of very fine drab felt, with a narrow bias border of the same material as the dress. The ribbons are bronze green and the feathers drab, shading to brown. The back of the basque is plain coat.

Another elegant fall walking costume is of striped camel's hair in palest biscuit color, the stripes being only due to shading produced by the weave. The skirt apparently opens in front over brown faille, and the side draperies (as well as the bottom, and, indeed, every edge) are bordered with a narrow, brown silk gimp. The basque is slashed and bordered like the skirt.

The front has a simulated girde of brown faille, studded with large nail heads. Above this is a full vest of biscuit colored faille (everything is faille now), and the revers are the same, studded with more nail heads. The bonnet to match this costume is of biscuit colored noll, trimmed with brown velvet ribbons and velvet pansies with a little russet grass. The back of the basque is cut quite plain, with the seams left open for the slashes.

In being thus careful to give all the details, I hope that those who see the pictures will have no difficulty in making a garment like either of these if they please. Any seasonable goods is adapted to these styles, and it requires about five yards of material forty-four inches wide, aside from the trimming for each.

Bicycling is now apparently a fixed fact for girls, and during the bracing autumn months there will be much opportunity, and so here is a new and modest bicycling costume, which is put forward by our best houses. The tight basque and ordinary skirts have not fulfilled all the requirements. This costume has a blouse that is partly basque, yet allows the freest movement.

The skirt is a plain one, like any, but at the bottom there is a drawing string on each side for about twenty-four inches, or more if desired, and when about to mount the strings are pulled in and tied around the ankle, just above the boot top. This gives it the appearance of Turkish trousers without the uncomplimentary ugliness of the divided skirt. Enough of the skirt should be left between the two gathered places to allow free movement. It does not take a min-



BICYCLING COSTUME.

ute to untie the tapes and make the skirt into a neat walking dress again. This can be made of serge, cheviot cloth or flannel, and a vest of quilted silk or chambray can be worn under the blouse for extra cool days.

It does not matter greatly what style of hat is worn, but the bicycle makes the lady rider appear rather conspicuous, anyhow; so the quieter and more modest and unobtrusive her costume the better it is. Perhaps one of the soft woolen caps now worn so much would be the most suitable, but it should match the costume, and all should be of dark color. Gray is really the best color for bicycling, as the mud spots which are bound to get on show less than on dark blue or black.

OLIVE HARPER.

AMONG THE CHURCHES.

Baptist Church.

REV. A. S. CARMAN, PASTOR. SUNDAY—Preaching service in the morning. Sunday school, 12 M. Young people's meeting, 6:30 P.M. Evening service at 7:30 P.M. WEDNESDAY—General prayer meeting.

Congregational Church.

REV. J. W. BRADSHAW, PASTOR. SUNDAY—Preaching at 10:30 A.M. Sunday school, 12:00 M. Evening service at 7:30 P.M. WEDNESDAY—Prayer meeting.

Disciples' Church.

SUNDAY—Service and communion at 10:30 A.M. GERMAN EVANGELICAL BETHLEHEM CHURCH.

REV. JOHN NEUMANN, PASTOR.

SUNDAY, 10:30 A.M.—Regular services, Evening services, 7:30 P.M. GERMAN LUTHERAN ZION'S CHURCH.

REV. MAX HEIN, PASTOR.

SUNDAY—Morning service at 10:30 A.M. Sunday school at 12 M. Evening service at 7:30 P.M. GERMAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

REV. ANDREW KRUMHOLTZ, PASTOR.

SUNDAY—Sunday school, 9:30 A.M. Preaching at 10:30 A.M. and 7:30 P.M. WEDNESDAY, 7:30 P.M.—Prayer meeting.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

REV. CAMDEN M. COBURN, D.D., PASTOR.

SUNDAY—Preaching services at 10:30 A.M. and 7:30 P.M., by the new pastor. Young people's meeting, 6:30 P.M. A cordial welcome to all.

Presbyterian Church.

REV. J. M. GELSTON, PASTOR.

SUNDAY—Morning service, 10:30 A.M. Sunday school at 12 M. Evening service, 7:30 P.M. Subject, Friendship. WEDNESDAY, 7:30 P.M.—Prayer meeting.

Ladies' F.M. Society every second Friday of each month. Ladies' H.M. Society every fourth Friday in each month.

St. Andrew's Church.

REV. HENRY TAYLOR, Rector.

SUNDAY—8:00 A.M. Holy communion, 10:30 A.M. Morning prayer and sermon. 12 M. Sunday school. 3 P.M., Evening service at Geddes; Sunday school at Fosters. Evening service at 4:30 P.M.

Tuesday, Festival of St. Michael and All Angels. Holy communion 9 A.M. WEDNESDAY, 7:30 P.M.—Evening prayer.

St. Thomas' Church.

REV. FR. KELLY, PASTOR.

SUNDAY—Low mass at 7:00 and 9:00 A.M. High mass at 10:30 A.M. Vespers, 7:30 P.M. Second Baptist Church.

REV. ENOS L. SCRIBBS, PASTOR.

SUNDAY—Preaching at 11:00 A.M. and 7:45 P.M. Sunday school, 12:00 M. THURSDAY, 8:00 P.M.—Regular prayer meeting.

African M. E. Church.

REV. A. COTTMAN, PASTOR.

SUNDAY—Preaching at 10:30 A.M. and 7:30 P.M. Sunday school, 2:00 P.M. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

Growing Old Gracefully.

"What a lovely old lady," I heard a man remark at the opera, lately. "She's quite as beautiful as any girl in the house. Such color and complexion is rarely seen in a woman past forty." Indeed, the woman of whom he spoke was lovely. Her face was clear and smooth, her cheeks, fresh and rosy, her eyes bright with perfect health and the enjoyment of life. She had passed that critical "change of life" without falling into "the sere and yellow leaf," as most American women do. How had she succeeded in doing this? Simply by using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription at a time when nature stood in need of some assistance. She had taken it at the right time. In doing this she was wise. Wisest among most women who "trust to luck" in getting through the critical and trying period safely. This standard remedy is just what is needed at such a time. It is, from girlhood to old age, woman's best friend. In all diseases peculiar to the sex, it accomplishes what no other remedy does—a cure. Take it, woman, when life's autumn begins, and "grow old gracefully." Your money back if it doesn't help you.

Indisputable Evidence.

De Lela—Where do you intend to spend your vacation? De Pole—I am going to our milkman's dairy farm. That is the finest kind of fishing in that neighborhood. "Huh! You don't take his word for it, do you?" "No, indeed, We've found young trout in his milk."

"I don't like the breath of that stove!" exclaimed little Ethel one day when the gas was escaping from the sitting-room stove. Coal-gas is like the perfumes of India," compared with the breath of a person afflicted with catarrh, but among many other symptoms the sense of smell is often deadened, so the sufferer is unconscious of the offensiveness of his presence. Why any one will endure such a painful, dangerous and offensive disease, when Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy—costing only 50 cents—will cure the most stubborn case, is one of the many mysteries. The proprietors are so confident of the success of this Catarrh Remedy, that they offer to forfeit \$500 for any case of catarrh they cannot cure. It would be suicide for their remedy, for them to make this offer, unless they understood its exact powers.

An Angel Only in Disguise.

It is said that profanity among women is on the increase. It is a case of cause and effect. The ladies have taken to wearing collar buttons.

Michigan Mining School.

A State School of Mining Engineering giving practical instruction in Drawing, Physics, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering, Shop-practice, Chemistry, Assaying, Ore Dressing, Metallurgy, Surveying, Mining, Mineralogy, Petrography, Geology, etc. Has summer schools in Surveying, Shop-practice and Field Geology, Laboratories, Shops and Stamp Mill well equipped. Tuition free. For catalogue apply to the Director, Houghton, Michigan.

Will She Remove the Carpet Tacks?

A member of Sorosis, New York's famous women's society, has come out against high tariff, and favors the single tax. This is more practical than chasing the usual feminine fad.

THE Register Publishing Co.

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## The Ann Arbor Organ Co.

FORMERLY  
The Allmendinger Piano and Organ Co.,  
ANN ARBOR, MICH., U. S. A.

GENERAL AGENTS FOR  
The Mehlin Piano.MANUFACTURERS OF  
The Ann Arbor Organ.

## The Mehlin Catechism.

Who makes the MEHLIN Piano?

The Century Piano Co., with Mr. Paul G. Mehlin  
as General Superintendent.

Who is PAUL G. MEHLIN?

One of the most famous, experienced and best  
educated piano makers in the world.

Where did he receive his knowledge and experience?

In the very best factories, by prolonged study,  
actual practice and continued experiments.

With what factories has he been connected?

As apprentice to Fred'k Doerner of Stuttgart Ger.  
Mr. Mehlin went through a regular course in ex-  
pert piano construction. In 1854 he engaged with  
Raven & Bacon a prominent N. Y. concern, being  
under that eminent piano maker John Jacob Decker.  
Later with Light, Newton & Bradbury another  
famous concern. Then for some years with J. & C.  
Fischer, later with E. Gabler & Bro. for SIXTEEN  
YEARS whom he left to become full partner with  
Behr Bros. & Co., where he was general superin-  
tendent for nine years.

Who compose the present Century Piano Co?

Gov. Pillsbury, Messrs. Paulson, Shuey, Mr. Paul  
G. Mehlin, Sr., and Paul Mehlin Jr., with other  
stockholders.

What is the capital of the company?

Five hundred thousand dollars.

Where are the factories?

There are two. Both especially erected and equip-  
ped with the most modern and improved machinery,  
The one in N. Y. being managed by Paul Mehlin,  
Jr., and the one at Minneapolis by Mr. Paul G.  
Mehlin, Sr.

Why do they have two factories?

To enable them to supply the demand for these  
pianos, that they may save freight rates to the buy-  
ers in different sections, to enable them to buy  
in large quantities at a lower price and to avoid  
expensive local labor difficulties and strikes.

## The Mehlin Catechism.

What special features are contained in these pianos not in others?  
Several, the inventions of Paul G. Mehlin. One  
the patent soft-stop (not a soft pedal) reduces the  
tone to a beautiful pianissimo, prevents fully nine-  
tenths of the wear of the hammers, changes in no  
way the touch or action and makes practice a pleas-  
ure. The patent touch regulator enables any one  
to change the depth of touch in a moment to suit  
any player. The patent grand fall-board, patent fin-  
ger guard and patent cylinder top all add to the con-  
venience and beauty of the case while the Besimer  
steel action frame, end wood string bridge, and a  
perfect grand plate and scale, assure an even and  
non-varying action, a clear and liquid treble, an  
even scale throughout with extraordinary staying-  
ing-in-tune qualities.

Are the Mehlin pianos warranted?  
The are, for six years from date of manufacture  
and the warrantee means just what it says.

Are the cases of plain or fancy woods?  
Both, the company using some of the very choicest  
veneers, both native and foreign.

Is the price within the reach of those of moderate means?  
The prices are particularly low considering the  
high grade of workmanship and material and are  
lower than is often paid for instruments of inferior  
quality.

Are they sold on easy terms?  
They are, being delivered on receipt of a small  
payment down and the balance to be paid in  
monthly or quarterly payments.

Where are they sold in Ann Arbor?  
By the Ann Arbor Organ Co. at their salesrooms,  
51 South Main Street, corner Liberty.

Do they sell other pianos?  
Yes, several different makes: The Chickering,  
Wegman, Colby, Schaeffer and others at low prices.

Ann Arbor Organ Co.

## WE INVITE

Your attention to the ANN ARBOR ORGANS, the product of a home  
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materials. They are throughout the result of earnest endeavor.

Our list of agents increases daily and satisfied customers from all sides  
express their delight with the Ann Arbor Organ.

The fact that we will make about four times as many this year as were  
made two years ago shows the appreciation with which buyers receive them.

We desire your patronage and appreciation of our efforts, promising in  
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Factory:

Cor. First and Wash. Sts.

The Ann Arbor Organ Co.

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