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Holland City News

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HOLLAND CITY NEWS.

VOL. XVII.

HOLLAND, MICH., SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1889.

NO. 52

The Holland City News,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT
HOLLAND, - MICH.

L. MULDER, Publisher.

Terms of Subscription:
\$1.50 per year if paid in advance; \$2.00
if paid at six months.

Rates of advertising made known
on application.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Attorneys and Justices.

DIKKEMA G. J., Attorney at Law. Collections
promptly attended to. Office, Van der
Veen's block, Eighth street.

FAIRBANKS, L., Justice of the Peace, Notary
Public, and Pension Claim Agent, River St.,
near Tenth.

POST, J. C., Attorney and Counsellor at Law.
Office: Post's block, corner Eighth and
River streets.

Bakeries.

BLOM, C. J., dealer in Bakers' Goods, Con-
fectionery, Foreign Fruits, Tobacco and
Cigars. Blom's new block, Eighth street.

CITY BAKERY, J. Pessink & Bro., Proprietors.
Fresh Bread and Bakers' Goods, Confection-
ery, etc., Eighth street.

Bar.

HOLLAND CITY, K. foreign and domestic
exchange, and gold. Collections
promptly attended to. Eighth street.

Barbers.

BAUMGARTEL, W., Tonsorial Parlor, Eighth
and Cedar streets. Hair dressing promptly
attended to.

Boots and Shoes.

HELDER, J. D., the cheapest place in the city
to buy shoes and socks, River street.

VAN DUREN & VAN DER VEER, First
Ward Meat Market. Choice meats always
on hand. Eighth street, near Fish.

Clothing.

BOSMAN, J. W., Merchant Tailor, keeps the
largest stock of Cloths and Ready-made
Clothing in city. Eighth street.

VORST, W., Tailor. Renovating and repairing
clothing a specialty cheap and good. River
street.

Commission Merchant.

BEACH, W. H., Commission Merchant, and
Dealer in Grain, Flour and Produce. Highest
market prices paid for wheat. Office in Brick
store, corner Eighth and Fish streets.

Drugs and Medicines.

CENTRAL DRUG STORE, H. Kremers, M. D.,
Proprietor.

DOESMULDER, J. O., Dealer in Drugs and Medi-
cines, Paints and Oils, Brushes, Toilet Arti-
cles and Perfumes, Imported Havana, Key West,
and Domestic Cigars.

SCHOUTEN, F. J., M. D., proprietor of First
Ward Drug Store. Prescriptions carefully
compounded day or night. Eighth street.

WALSH, HEBER, Druggist and Pharmacist: a
full stock of goods appertaining to the busi-
ness.

YATES & KANE, druggists and bookellers.
Stock always fresh and complete, cor. Eighth
and River streets.

Dry Goods and Groceries.

BERTSCH, D., dealer in Dry Goods, Fancy
Goods, and Furnishing Goods, Eighth street.

BOOT & KRAMER, dealer in Dry Goods, No-
tions, Groceries, Flour, Feed, etc., Eighth
street next to Bank.

CRANDELL, S. R., dealer in Department Goods,

and proprietor of Holland City Bazaar,
Eighth Street.

DE JONGH, C., dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries,
Hats, and Caps, Boots and Shoes, etc., Tenth
street opp. Union School building.

DE VRIES, D., dealer in General Merchandise,
and Produce. Fresh Eggs and Dairy But-
ter always on hand. River street, cor. Ninth.

STETTERE BASTIAN, general dealer in
Dry Goods and Groceries, Flour and Feed.
The finest stock of Crochery in city, cor. Eighth
and River streets.

VAN DER HAAR, H., general dealer in fine
Groceries, etc. Oysters in season. Eighth
street.

VAN PUTTEN, G. & SONS, General Dealers in
Dry Goods, Groceries, Crochery, Hats and
Caps, Flour, Provisions, etc. River street.

WISE J., dealer in Notions and Fancy Goods,
Also Hair Work. Eighth street opposite
City Hall.

Furniture.

MEYER, BROUWER & CO., Dealers in all
kinds of Furniture, Carpets, Wall Paper,
Carpets, Picture Frames, etc.; River St.

VERBEEK, W., dealer in Furniture, Wall Paper,
Picture Frames, Household Decorations and
Novelties. Eighth Street.

Flour Mills.

WALSH, DE ROO & CO., Manufacturers of
Holler Flour, proprietors of Standard Roller
Mills. Daily capacity, 300 barrels.

Hardware.

KANTERS BROS., dealers in general hard-
ware, steam and gas fittings a specialty.
No. 52 Eighth street.

VAN DER VEEN, E., dealer in stoves, hard-
ware, cutlery, etc. Tin and sheet iron ware.
Corner River and Eighth street.

Hotels.

CITY HOTEL, Geo. N. Williams, Proprietor.
The only first-class hotel in the city. Is lo-
cated in the business center of the town and has
one of the largest and best sample rooms in the
state. Free bus in connection with the hotel.

PARK HOUSE, David L. Boyd, proprietor. Has
been thoroughly renovated and newly fur-
nished. Terms moderate. Cor. Fish and Ninth
streets.

Livery and Sale Stables.

HARRINGTON, E. J., Jr., proprietor of Hol-
land City Sale and Exchange Stable. Gen-
eral teaming done, cor. Market and Seventh st.

Manufactories, Mills, Shops, Etc.

LIEMAN, J., Wagon and Carriage Manufac-
tury and blacksmith shop. Also manu-
facturer of Ox Yokes, River street.

HOLLAND CITY BREWERY, A. Seif, Pro-
prietor, capacity of Brewery 4,000 barrels.
Cor. Maple and Tenth streets.

HOLLAND CITY STAVE FACTORY, Joseph
Fixter, proprietor, manufacturer of Staves
and Headings. White and Black Ash Bolts bought,
River street.

HUNTLEY A., Practical Machinist, Mill and
Engine Repairs a specialty. Shop on
Seventh street, near River.

HUNTLEY, JAS., Architect, Builder, and Con-
tractor. Office in New Mill and Factory on
River street.

KEYSTONE PLANING MILL, J. R. Kieyn
Proprietor, Architect and Builder, dealer in
Lumber, Lath, Shingles, and Brick, Sixth street.

PHOENIX PLANING MILL, B. L. Scott,
proprietor, dealer in lumber, lath, shingles,
and brick. River street.

THE CAPPOU & BERTSCH LEATHER CO.,
tanners of Hemlock Slaughter Sols, Harness,
Grain, Calf and Kip. Office, Grand Rapids.

TAKKEN & DE SPEDDER, Manufacturers of
Carriages, Wagons, Cutters, Sleighs. Sole
owners of 121 Patent Wagon. Special attention
to Horseboling and Repairing. River street.

VAN RAALTE, B., dealer in Farm Imple-
ments and machinery. Cor. River and
Ninth Streets.

WILMS P., Pump manufacturer, and dealer in
Agricultural Implements of all kinds. South
River street.

Merchant Tailors.

BUSSE BROS., Merchant Tailors.

Meat Markets.

DE KRAKER & DE KOSTER, Dealers in all
kinds of Fresh and Salt Meats, River St.

VAN DUREN & VAN DER VEER, First
Ward Meat Market. Choice meats always
on hand. Eighth street, near Fish.

Photographer.

L. A. FAYETTE, J., Photographer. The best
work and the lowest prices. Gallery, 2nd
door east of the City Hotel.

Physicians.

KREMERS, D., Physician and Surgeon. Res-
idence on Twelfth street, cor. of Market St.
Office at 133 drug store of Kremers & Bangs. Of-
fice hours from 11 a. m. to 12 m., and from 5 to 6 p. m.

MABBS, J. A., Physician and Surgeon. Office
at Wal's Drug Store. Residence, Corner
of Eighth and Fish streets, in house formerly oc-
cupied by L. Sprietema. Office hours: 9 to 10 a.
m., and 3 to 5 p. m.

Real Estate Agency.

VAN WEIT, T. H., proprietor Holland Real
Estate Agency. Property of all kinds,
bought, sold or exchanged.

Saloons.

BROWN, P., dealer in liquors and cigars of all
kinds. Eighth street near River.

SEERY, MICHAEL, Dealer in Wines, Liquors,
and Cigars. Saloon in First Ward, three
doors east of City Hall.

Second Hand Store.

BOSMAN, A. B., proprietor of Second Hand
Store, and dealer in Stoves, Tinware, etc.
Eighth street.

Watches and Jewelry.

DE KEYSER, OTTO, Watchmaker, Jeweler, and
dealer in fancy goods. Corner of Market
and Eighth streets.

STEVENSON, C. A., successors to H. Wyk-
huysen, Jeweler and Optician, next door to
J. Pessink & Bro's, Bakery, Eighth Street.

Miscellaneous.

BEST, MRS. R. B., has a very fine line of
Fancy goods and materials for fancy work.
Ladies call. Ninth street, between Market and
Cedar streets.

DE KEYSER, C., Newspaper and Periodical
Subscription Agency. Leave order for any
publication in U. S. or Canada with him at P. O.

KEPPEL, T., dealer in lumber, lath, shingles,
salt, sand and calcined plaster. Corner
Eighth and Cedar streets.

MULDER J. B., Subscription Agent for all
American and Foreign Newspapers and
Magazines. Office, De Grootweg building.

SOCIETIES.

I. O. of O. F.

Holland City Lodge, No. 192, Independent Order
of Odd Fellows, holds its regular meetings at Odd
Cheapest Hall, Holland, Mich., on Tuesday evening
of each week.

Visiting brothers are cordially invited.
L. D. BALDUS, N. G.

D. CHONIN, Sec'y.

F. & A. M.

A Regular Communication of UNITY LODGE,
No. 191, F. & A. M., will be held at Masonic Hall
Holland, Mich., at 7 o'clock, on Wednesday
evening, Jan. 16, 18, March 15, April 19,
May 15, June 12, July 10, August 7, Sept. 4,
Oct. 2, Nov. 6, Dec. 4. St. John's days June
24 and December 27th.

G. LAEPFLE, W. M.

O. BREYMAN, Sec'y.

E. O. T. M.

Creuscent Tent, No. 63, meets in Odd Fellows
Hall at 7:30 p. m., on Monday night next.
All Sir Knights are cordially invited to attend.
Cheapest Life Insurance Order known. All
particulars given on application.

W. A. HOLLEY, Commander.

W. D. STEARNS, R. E.

CITY MARKETS.

Produce, Etc.

(Corrected every Friday by E. J. Harrington.)
Beans \$1 to \$1.50; Butter, 18 cts. Kgs. 14c;
Honey, 10c; Onions, 35c; Potatoes 25c; Apples,
25 to 40c.

Apples 30 to 50c; Beans \$1.25 to \$1.50; Butter,
20; Eggs, 16c; Honey, 10c; Onions, 35; Po-
tatoes, 20.

Grain, Feed, Etc.

(Corrected every Friday by W. H. Beach.)
Buckwheat, 55c; Bran, 100 lbs. 85c; Barley
100 lbs. 1.10; Clover seed, 80c; Corn Meal,
50c; Corn, 50c; Corn, shelled, 50c; Flour,
50c; Fine Corn Meal, 100 lbs. 1.40; Feed, 100
lbs. 18.00; Hay, 50c; Middlings, 100 lbs. 80c;
Oats, 30c; Pearl Barley, 100 lbs. 90c; Wheat,
100 lbs. 45c; Timothy Seed, 22.00; Wheat,
100 lbs. 45c; Red Potatoes, 30c; Lancaster Red, 35c.

Backwheat, 55c; Bran, 100 lbs. 85c; Barley,
100 lbs. 1.15; Clover seed, 80c; Corn Meal,
50c; Corn, 50c; Corn, shelled, 50c; Flour,
50c; Fine Corn Meal, 100 lbs. 1.40; Feed, 100
lbs. 18.00; Hay, 50c; Middlings, 100 lbs. 80c;
Oats, 30c; Pearl Barley, 100 lbs. 90c; Wheat,
100 lbs. 45c; Timothy Seed, 22.00; Wheat,
100 lbs. 45c; Red Potatoes, 30c; Lancaster Red, 35c.

Oysters, bulk or can.

Cloaks

at and below cost.

VAN DEN BERGE & BERTSCH.

Call on C. Blom, Jr., when you want
oysters. Fresh stock daily.

All kinds of nuts at John Pessink &
Bro's.

LOCAL ITEMS.

QUESTIONS of "privileges"—Hired
girls.

READ the ad. of S. Reidsema, on fifth
page.

MUST have its flat iron.—The loco-
motive.

SCARLET fever in this city is a thing
of the past.

READ D. J. Snyter's Business Local
in this issue.

MR. C. A. STEVENSON, the jeweler,
has a brand new sign.

MRS. DOK has again leased her meat
market to Mr. J. Meeuwse.

THE Cheap Store, River street, has
several business locals in this issue.

LADIES read Van den Berge &
Bertsch's Business Local in this issue.

A CALL has been extended to Rev.
C. C. A. Z. John, of Graafschap, from
Pella, Iowa.

REV. J. TALMADGE BERGEN, of
Shokan, N. Y., will accept the call ten-
dered him by Hope Church.

CAPT. B. VAN RY, who is at Aurora,
Ill., is improving in health under med-
ical treatment at that place.

REV. J. W. BEARDSLEE, D. D., will
preach in Hope Church to-morrow,
Sunday, morning and evening.

THE ladies of the Star of Bethlehem,
No. 40, will give a grand ball and sup-
per on Tuesday evening, Feb. 15.

JOHN PESSINK & BRO. have the finest
line of cream candies that we have
tasted many a day. Go and buy some.

MRS. EILANDER, an aged lady, who
lived three miles north of Holland, died
last Monday. She was buried Wednes-
day.

MR. JACOB BAAK, of Grand Haven,
has an advertisement in this issue to
which we call the attention of the
reader.

REV. JOHN VAN DER MEULEN, of
Ebenzer, will conduct the union ser-
vices in the First Reformed Church, to-
morrow, Sunday, evening.

WE want a live correspondent in
every hamlet in Ottawa county, and
also in every place in the northern
townships of Allegan county.

FOUR employees at the factory of the
Weekman Manufacturing Co., met with
accidents last week while at their work.
None of the wounds were serious.

NEXT Friday, Feb. 1st, Mr. C. A.
Stevenson, the jeweler, will move his
stock to the Metz building, next door
to A. Steketee's store, Eighth street.

WE publish this week on the fourth
page a few articles which we feel
assured every old veteran who is a
reader of the NEWS, will read with
interest.

MR. J. LA FAYETTE says that snow
light is the best light in the world to
print pictures by, and in consequence
he is in the height of his glory this
week, and up to his neck in work.

Do not forget to attend the meeting
of the Ottawa County Building and
Loan Association to be held in their
office, Kanters Block, this evening,
Saturday. Read notice elsewhere.

WE have just received a fine line of
wedding bristol cardboard, which is
suitable for printing a tasty business
card, or an elegant invitation. Call
and see this stock, and leave your orders
with us.

A NUMBER of our Nimrods are on
the warpath this week. A few suc-
ceeded in bringing home several tro-
phies of war in the shape of rabbits,
squirrels, etc.,—and big stories of what
they saw.

A DONATION was given last Wednes-
day at the Methodist Church for the
benefit of the pastor, Rev. Crawford.
A large number of persons were pre-
sent. The proceeds amount to over
twenty five dollars.

MR. JOHN MOES, conductor on Chi-
cago and West Mich. R'y, was married
at Allegan last week Thursday to Miss
Ora Welever, of Grand Rapids. His
many friends in Holland are glad to
hear of his happiness.

A PARTY of friends met in the parlor
of Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Nye last Tuesday
evening, and tried conclusions at "crazy
pedro," a new game, which is becoming
all the rage. A very pleasant time was
enjoyed by all present.

MR. G. W. ROGERS, who lived on the
Lake Shore, about five miles north-west
of the city, died last Monday. The de-
ceased had been sick for a long time.
His remains were interred Wednesday,
Rev. Crawford officiating.

The Public Schools of the City of
Holland, after being closed two weeks
on account of scarlet fever, opened last
Monday. The attendance is about the
same as that of last term, over seven
hundred scholars being enrolled.

ABOUT forty couples took part in the
masquerade ball given by the Ottawa
Pleasure Club, at the Opera House, last
week Friday evening. Miss Hannah
Van der Kolk captured the lady's prize
and Mr. H. L. Rosin, the gentleman's.

LIST of letters remaining in the Post
Office at Holland, Mich., Jan. 24th,
1889: Mr. Peter Books, Dr. Sylvester
S. Harris, Mrs. W. B. Jackson, Mrs. G.
Prins, Mrs. Mary Smith.

J. G. VAN PUTTEN, P. M.

MR. C. C. MULDER, about thirty
years of age, died of consumption at
his residence, two miles south-east of
the city last Thursday morning. He
was a son-in-law of Mr. Teunis Ven-
huizen. He will be buried to-day, Sat-
urday.

GEO. H. SOUTER, highway commis-
sioner of Holland Township, presented
a report to the township board this
week, in favor of building a new bridge.

"George" reads the NEWS and he does
not permit the flies to stay very long
on him.

THE Chicago & West Mich. R'y Co.
will issue a new time card to-morrow,
Sunday, Jan. 27th. We understand
there will not be any important changes
made from the old one. The train that
leaves for Grand Rapids at 5:20 will
depart at 5:10.

THE Stars and Stripes were flying at
half-mast on a number of public build-
ings of the city Tuesday, in respect to
the memory of Lieut. Governor Jas. H.
MacDonald, whose funeral occurred on
that day. For an account of his death
see the inside pages.

A SOCIAL will be held under the aus-
pices of the Ladies' Aid Society of
Hope Church, at the residence of Mrs.
H. D. Post, on next Friday, Feb. 1st, at
7:30 p. m. A fine programme of exer-
cises will be given. A general invita-
tion is extended to all.

THE social of Grace Episcopal Church
will be held at the residence of Otto
Breyman on Tuesday evening Jan.
29th. The proceeds will be devoted to
furnishing the new church. The public
are cordially invited to attend. It is
hoped there will be a large attendance.

MR. JOHN WITTEVEEN is circulating
a subscription list to obtain money to
improve the Lake Shore road. He is
meeting with good success. This im-
provement will be of great benefit to
our city and also to all persons residing
along the road, and we are glad to see
the good work go on.

THE Detroit News this week contained
a portrait of Mrs. Diekema, and also
this complimentary notice of the lady:
"As I walked to the Governor's
house, accompanied by Secretary Camp-
bell, we passed Mrs. Diekema, wife of
the Speaker of the House of Repre-
sentatives. Her cheeks were ruddy.
She is regarded as the most popular
legislative lady at the capital, and cer-
tainly her interesting face indicated
that the popularity was well placed."

REV. A. PAIGE PREEKE, of Centre-
ville, Mich., lectured at the First Re-
formed Church last Tuesday evening.
The auditorium of the church was well
filled. His subject was: "The Pastor
and his Sunday School," which he
handled in a masterly manner, and
every one present went home greatly
benefitted by the lecture. We hope
that the reverend gentleman will favor
the people of Holland with another
lecture.

MR. H. H. KOK, who has lived in
this city for the past twelve years, died
at his residence in the First Ward yes-
terday morning, Friday. He has been
afflicted for a number of years with rheu-
matism, and this, changing into dropsy
a few months ago, was the cause of his
death. He was sixty-five years of age,
and leaves behind him a wife, eight
sons and one daughter to mourn his
death. The funeral will occur next
Monday, at 2 p. m., from the Ninth
Street Christian Reformed Church.

A SAD event has brought universal
gloom over Brooklyn, Michigan. The
Rev. A. B. Flower, rector of All Saints'
Episcopal church, at that village, was
stricken with paralysis this afternoon
and his life departed without a warning
or a groan. He was in attendance at
the house of Samuel Demyer with his
heavenly mission of condolence to that
bereaved family. As he was leaving,
his last kindly official act on earth done,
he seized the hind wheel of his carriage
and sank down and immediately ex-
pired.—Jackson Patriot.

Rev. Mr. Flower was rector of Grace
Church in this city for two years, and
he has many friends here who will be
pained at reading of his death.

THE storm this week seemed a cool
one, after the pleasant weather, but the
thermometer only went down to ten de-
grees above zero. At the same time
the people in Dakota and Minnesota
were trying to keep warm in their fur
coats, with the mercury as follows:

"MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Jan. 18.—The
coldest wave of the season is passing
over the northwest to-day. Neche, D.
T., reports 42 degrees below zero this
morning; at Morris, Minn., it was 30
below; Grand Forks, D. T., 25 below."

—Press Dispatch.

At the last meeting of A. C. Van
Raalte Post, No. 262, G. A. R., held
Wednesday evening, the following
officers for the ensuing year were in-
stalled: Post commander, B. Van
Raalte; S. V. commander, Dirk Miede-
ma; J. V. commander, Louis De Kraker;
Adjutant, John Grootenhuis;
Quartermaster, Wm. H. Finch; Surgeon,
Dr. Wm. F. Reus; Chaplain, D. B. K.
Van Raalte; Officer of the Day, John
Kramer; Officer of the Guard, Wm.
Blom; Sergeant Major, Peter De Fey-
ter; Quartermaster Sergeant, Francis
Harvey.

ABOUT two inches of snow fell last
Sunday. A few people with cutters
were seen out Monday to enjoy the
sleighting, if sleighing it could be called.
It has nearly disappeared again under
the bright glare of old Sol's rays. This
winter can now be safely called an open
one, and all the weather prophets, who
predicted it, have hit the nail square on
the head for once in their lives. Mr.
Told-you-so is feeling highly elated in
consequence, but the farmers and the
business men are deploring the sad
state of affairs and are wishing and
praying for snow, as much as they did
for rain a year ago last summer.

REV. CHARLES SCOTT, D. D. presi-
dent of Hope College, preached for the
Reformed church of Constantine, Jan.
6, and installed the Elders and Deacons
in their respective offices. The service
was held in the Methodist church, as
the Congregational organization is oc-
cupying the Reformed church property.
Dr. Scott, Rev. Moerdyke, and Prof.
Kollen, a committee of the Classis of
Michigan, had previously visited Con-
stantine to learn the condition of the
church and to gather the scattered
members and establish the Reformed
worship. The church is now fully or-
ganized and proceedings will soon be
instituted to obtain possession of their
property.—Ex.

MARRIED:—On Monday, Jan. 22nd,
by the Rev. N. M. Steffens at the resi-
dence of the bride's mother, Miss Kate
Vaupell of this city to Mr.

Holland City News.

HOLLAND CITY, MICHIGAN.

THE NEWS RECORD.

A SUMMARY OF THE EVENTFUL HAPPENINGS OF A WEEK.

The Latest News as Flashing Over the Wires from All Parts of the World—Regarding Politics, Religion, Casualties, Commerce, and Industry.

FORTY-FOUR FORGERIES.

Capture at Philadelphia of an Englishman on a Long Record of Crime.
DETROIT, Jan. 15.—A detective inspector of Scotland Yard, London, England, arrested in Philadelphia, Pa., Thomas Barton of Macleod, England, who is wanted in Great Britain for a series of forgeries. He is accused of forging his stepmother's name to stock certificates of the London and Northwestern Railway Company amounting to \$125,000. Barton confessed the entire matter, and stated that after leaving Canada he passed into Dakota, thence to Chicago, thence to New York, and finally to Philadelphia, where he was left without a penny in his pocket. He left his home in Macleod, England, in July, 1886. Scotland Yard detective inspector stated that he had forty-four warrants in his possession against the accused, covering a great series of forgeries.

ATTEMPT TO KILL A WOMAN.

Gilbert Hazeltine, a Pardonable Murderer, Tries to Repeat His Crime.

GILBERT W. HAZELTINE, Jr., of Jamestown, N. Y., has been arrested for attempting to shoot a woman. The bullet passed close to the woman's head and into the door behind her. Several years ago he killed a woman in Baltimore, and was sentenced to eight years in State's Prison. He was released after serving three years on a pardon granted by the Governor of Maryland on the promise that he should be confined in an asylum in New York State. He has been living at his home and drinking heavily since his release about four months ago.

Senators Elected.

SHERLEY M. CULLOM has been re-elected United States Senator from Illinois, receiving 35 votes in the Senate and 80 in the House, to 13 and 68, respectively, for General Palmer. In the Senate Mr. Burke (Union Labor) cast his vote for Sidney A. Kent.

THE Hon. Richard Coke has been re-elected United States Senator by the Legislature of Texas.

THE Hon. Matt W. Ransom has been elected United States Senator by the Legislature of North Carolina.

THE Hon. J. N. Dolph has been re-elected by the Oregon Legislature for United States Senator.

THE Hon. Preston B. Plumb has been unanimously re-elected by both branches of the Kansas Legislature for United States Senator. The Democrats refrained from voting.

Political Points.

THE Arkansas Senate has passed the House resolution instructing Senators and requesting Representatives from Arkansas in Congress to use their utmost efforts to defeat the Blair educational bill.

THE Hudson bill creating a labor bureau has been recommended for passage in the Indiana Senate.

A JOINT resolution proposing an amendment to the Pennsylvania Constitution prohibiting the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquors has been passed by the Legislature by a vote of 132 to 55.

Self-Destruction.

F. W. BIDWELL, Treasurer and Western agent of the Manufacturers' Paper Company, of New York, cut his throat the other night at the Grace Hotel in Chicago, and his suicide was discovered next morning, when the door of his room was forced. No reason is assigned for his rash act.

A One Per Cent. Dividend.

At the meeting in Baltimore of the West Virginia Central and Pittsburgh Railroad, the Hon. James G. Blaine presided, and voted the proxies of W. H. Barnum and Secretary Bayard. A dividend of 1 per cent. was declared.

A Valuable Yacht.

It is reported in New York that the famous yacht Volunteer has been sold to the Seawanhaka Yacht Club for \$25,000.

VOTED ON THE TARIFF.

The Senate Passes the Substitute for the Mills Bill by a Strict Party Vote.

THE Senate passed the substitute for the Mills tariff bill by a strict party vote, on the 22d inst. The day's proceedings were largely devoted to disposing of various amendments, and then on the passing of the bill. Both votes were identical—yeas, 32; nays, 30—as follows: Yeas—Aldrich, Blair, Bowen, Cameron, Clance, Chandler, Cullom, Davis, Dawes, Dolph, Edmunds, Evans, Farwell, Frye, Hawley, Hiseock, Hoar, Ingalls, Jones (Nev.), Mendenhall, Mitchell, Morrill, Paddock, Palmer, Platt, Plumb, Quay, Sherman, Spooner, Stockbridge, Teller, Wilson (la.), 32. Nays—Bate, Eustis, Payne, Berry, Blackburn, Brown, Butler, Clark, Cockrell, Coke, Colquhoun, Daniel, Fairbank, George, Gibson, Gorman, Gray, Harris, Jones (Ark.), Morgan, Pasco, Pugh, Ransom, Redgan, Turpie, Vance, Vest, Voorhees, Wattman, Wilson (Ind.), 30. Mr. Aldrich said that he had voted right along with the Republican party and with the Finance Committee of the bill. But there was nothing in the bill which would have justified him in voting for it after the adoption of the amendments of the Senate from Kansas (Mr. Plumb); presumably the Finance Committee provision. Therefore, if he had not been present and had not felt under an obligation to preserve that pair, he should not have voted for the bill. The House refused to consider the Small-Elliott election contest, and took up the river and harbor bill. On Mr. Catech's motion, a appropriation for continuing the improvements at Fort Lape, Michigan, was increased from \$100,000 to \$200,000.

EASTERN OCCURRENCES.

HARRIET F. COFFIN, the crazy Cincinnati heiress, made another attempt to get at Kyrie Bellow in New York, and was arrested with difficulty, the police being compelled to drag her to the station. In her pocket was found a 32-caliber revolver, a large sum of money, and checks representing \$1,700. She also carried a box of arsenic wafers, two handkerchiefs, and a bottle of cough mixture.

In the Roman Catholic Cathedral at Philadelphia, Miss Louisa Bouvier, daughter of the late Francis A.

Drexel, was married to Edward De Vaux Morrell, Archbishop Ryan officiating. The gifts to the bride are valued at \$250,000.

MRS. JAY GOULD'S will has been filed. By it she bequeaths all her jewelry, wearing apparel, and silverware, and \$30,000 each to her two daughters, Helen M. and Anna Gould.

WESTERN HAPPENINGS.

ANARCHY in Indianapolis, Ind., received a stunning blow in the conviction of George Hacker, the anarchist, who so brutally assaulted his employer, James Bruce. Hacker was defended by the anarchists of that city, who raised money and lent all their influence to the defense. It was shown that the defendant had frequently threatened the life of Bruce for no other reason than that the latter did not agree with him in his peculiar notions about government, and advised him if he did not like the principles of the American Constitution to leave the country. Bruce's wounds have not yet healed, and the jury, after a short absence, returned a verdict of guilty. They fixed the punishment at fourteen years' confinement in the penitentiary and assessed a fine of \$1,000.

WILLIAM KEANE, a deformed newsboy, died suddenly in a room in North St. Louis, Mo. He was 36 years of age, and had sold papers continually for twenty-five years in front of the Southern Hotel, but for the last ten years he had disposed of his wares in front of the Lindell. When he died his room was searched, and the searchers were surprised to find \$2,050 and a certificate on the Safety Deposit Company. The box in the safety vaults was opened and street railway and railroad bonds valued at \$21,000 were found. His relatives lived in abject misery and never knew he had the wealth. Keane never told anybody about his money.

THE building at St. Paul occupied as general offices of the Omaha Railway has been destroyed by fire. Many persons had narrow escapes. Five persons, who jumped to escape the flames, were badly injured.

A RESOLUTION has been presented in the Minnesota Senate for the appointment of a committee to investigate the charges of bribery in connection with the Senatorial contest.

LIEUT. GOV. McDONALD of Michigan was killed in a railroad accident twelve miles from Iron River, Mich. The east-bound train, consisting of engine, baggage and express car, smoking car, and coach, was derailed sixteen miles from Watameet. The rear coach was thrown from the track by the breaking of a journal, and after running on the ties for several hundred feet, turned on its side, striking a stump which stood close to the track, and which ripped the whole side of the car out. When the train stopped, a shocking sight greeted the beholders. Three persons were killed and four severely wounded. Lieut. Gov. James Hugh McDonald, Charles Davidson of Commonwealth, William Corcoran of Eschschbach, and H. A. Tuttle of Cleveland were among the double-seats. They were on a mine-inspecting trip, and were whiling the time away playing peder. The stump first penetrated the side of the car at their seats. Tuttle was struck in the neck and was instantly killed. Mr. McDonald's arm was torn out of its socket and was subsequently found fifty feet from his body. He lived an hour, but was unconscious all but five minutes of that time. Corcoran was badly bruised and his head was partly crushed in. He never knew what hurt him. Gov. Lucie issued a proclamation, setting forth the virtues of the deceased and directing that public business should be suspended during the funeral services.

AT Poteau, I. T., two men named Webb and Harris shot each other to death, and a bystander who witnessed the fight was fatally wounded.

HENRY THOMAS, an old farmer of Bolar, Mercer County, Mo., had four grown daughters named Hattie, Margaret, Nancy, and Jane, aged from 16 to 22 years. The other night Samuel and Charles Hasburn, two brothers, procured a ladder and helped Margaret and Jane out of a second-story window of their father's house. As they were about to clasp with the girls the old man appeared on the scene, but he was too late to prevent their escape. He at once procured his best horse and a shotgun, and started in hot pursuit. When about twelve miles from home he overtook the fleeing party. He immediately opened fire on them, killing both the boys and fatally wounding his daughter Margaret. After getting nearly home with the girls he was told that the other two, Hattie and Nancy, had also eloped with Ned Greason and Thomas Allison. He at once left the girls he had with him in charge of some neighbors and started after the others. After capturing them without any serious trouble he started back. When about two miles from home a mob took possession of him and strung him up to a tree. The old man was terribly strict with the girls, hence the elopement. He always bragged that he would not be bothered with lazy sons-in-law.

SHERIFF DE FRATE, of Alexandria, Minnesota, has given notice to the prisoners, Martin Moe and John Lee, convicted of the murder of Chas. Chelin last summer, that he had received a warrant from the Governor setting the date of their execution for Friday, Feb. 15. Both men were visibly affected. Moe was bemoaned with a hope that his sentence might be commuted to imprisonment for life.

A GHOST story of grisly proportions is radiating from the Southern Hotel at St. Louis, Mo. In Room 144, in April, 1885, Maxwell chloroformed C. A. Preller to death. Then, after robbing the body, he packed it in a trunk, where it lay for two weeks. Since then the guests who have occupied the room have had strange experiences. The hotel people at first laughed at their fears, but the laugh soon turned to a sickly smile when some of the hotel employees tried to sleep all night in the apartment. Groans and frightful noises, alternating with the opening and shutting of wardrobe doors, created a panic among the employees and guests. Finally the horror of room 144 spread to such an extent among the traveling public that the room could not be assigned. Then the hotel people changed the number and called it No. 133. This had no effect on the circus. One of the best known men in St. Louis occupied the room for three nights recently and was then forced out by the strange noises, and opening of bureau drawers, and falling brick in the fireplace.

M. HORWICH, K. Horwich, and four other Russian Jews were arrested at Omaha, Neb., for an assault on A. Goldstein in their synagogue in that city. The rabbi, Alexander Goldstein, recently advanced the theory at a meeting of his people that it was Simon Peter, and not Jesus, that was crucified on Calvary. A number of the congregation rushed toward the pulpit, and he was obliged to run through the back door to save himself. Goldstein broached the theory again at a regular meeting in the synagogue, when he was overwhelmed with such a volley of imprecations and church furniture as convinced him he was still in the minority. He escaped from his assailants, however, and now six of the leaders are behind the bars.

THE Grand Opera House at St. Paul, Minn., has been entirely destroyed by fire. The mercury registered fourteen degrees below zero, which made it exceedingly hard on the firemen. The loss is about \$200,000.

THE sentence of Mrs. Garrett, the condemned Ohio murderess, has been commuted by Gov. Foraker to imprisonment for life.

SOUTHERN INCIDENTS.

A WILD man has been captured in the forests of Russell County, Ky. The capture was effected after a long chase, as the man fled like a deer when approached, and had to be run down by a party of men on horseback. He could utter some words, but refused to speak after a few moments, only saying that his name was Jim. He is very tall, about fifty or sixty years old and with very gray hair and beard. His clothing consisted of a few rags, his feet were bare and his body greatly emaciated and covered with sores. He had been living in a rude bark hut, and had an ax, but no fire. He subsisted, it is presumed, on corn, a few ears of which were found in his hut. He has been seen by hunters for the past three months, but no one was able to get near him before. Nobody knows him, but it is supposed he is a lunatic from some remote point in Kentucky or other States. He has been placed in the Russell County Jail.

FRANK DICKSON, a former resident of Wayne County, West Virginia, has been arrested at Roanoke, Va., charged with wrecking a passenger train near Charleston, W. Va., some months ago, in which wreck the conductor and fireman and the train were burned up.

WHILE a Deputy United States Marshal, with a posse of citizens of Young County, Texas, was escorting the four Marlow Brothers, Buck Hart, and another man named Pierce to the Purker County Jail at Weatherford, the prisoners being indicted for four murders and eight cases of horse-stealing, a mob of citizens attempted to lynch them. The Marshal and posse defended the prisoners, when a terrible fight took place. Two of the Marlow boys and four of the posse were killed at the first fire. The fight continued, and another one of the Marlows and Pierce were wounded, and another one of the citizens mortally hurt. The prisoners, Pierce, Marlow, and Buck Hart escaped, but all are said to be wounded. The fight took place two and a half miles from Graham, Texas.

POLITICAL PORRIDGE.

At a Republican caucus held in Portland, J. N. Dolph was unanimously renominated for United States Senator from Oregon.

GOV. D. G. FOWLE has been inaugurated at Raleigh, N. C.

THE Arkansas Legislature has canvassed the vote cast at the State election in September and installed Gov. James P. Eagle and the other State officers.

THE Republican legislative caucus at St. Paul, Minn., nominated Gen. W. D. Washburn to succeed D. M. Sabin as United States Senator. Three ballots were taken, the last one resulting: Washburn, 62; Sabin, 54; Donnelly, 4; Start, 2.

THE Senate deadlock has been broken at Charleston, W. Va., by the election of R. S. Carr, Union Labor Senator from Charleston, as President of the Senate, on the 12th ballot. He received sixteen votes, nine of them being cast by the Democrats, who claim that it was their victory.

THE New Jersey Democratic Legislative caucus renominated Senator McPherson for United States Senator. The Republican caucus nominated Hon. William J. Sewell, of Camden.

ACROSS THE OCEAN.

THE following letter has been received at Brussels.

BONA OF BONALTA, MURETTA, AUG. 17, To Sheikh Hamed Ben-Mahomed, from his good friend Henry M. Stanley.

Many thanks to you, I hope that you are in as good health as I am, and that you have remained in good health since I left the Congo. I have much to say to you, but hope I shall see you face to face before many days. I reached here this morning with 110 Basutos, three soldiers, and sixty-six natives belonging to Emin Pasha. It is now eighty-two days since I left Emin Pasha on the Nyanza. I only lost three men on the way. Two were drowned and the other decamped. I found the white men who were looking for Emin Pasha quite well. The other white man, Cassat, is also well. Emin Pasha has ivory in abundance, thousands of cattle and sheep, and goats and fowls, and food of all kind. I found him a very good and kind man. He gave all our white men and black men numbers of things. His liberality could not be exceeded. He said he would give me the cattle and sheep and goats and fowls, and food of all kind, if I would follow me out of the country, but I asked them to stay quiet a few months that I might return and tell the cattle men and Basutos of their good luck. They prayed to God that He would give me strength to finish my work. May their prayers be heard. And now, my friend, what are you going to do? We have one more time over, we know where it is and where it is good, where there is plenty of food and where there is none, where all the camps are and where we shall sleep rest. I will go with me it is well. I will leave it to you. I will stay here ten days and then proceed slowly. I will move hence to Big Island, two days' march from here above this place. There are plenty of houses and plenty of food for the men. Whatever you have to say to me, my ears will be open, with a good heart, as it has always been toward you. Therefore, if you come, come quickly, for on the eleventh morning from this I shall move on. All my white men are well, but I left them all behind except my servant William, who is with me.

HENRY M. STANLEY.

Sir Francis de Winton says Stanley's letter merely confirms the explorer's previous dispatches and furnishes little additional information. He expects that further reports from Stanley will shortly be forthcoming. A great deal of speculation is rife as to why the letter to Tippoo Tib was forwarded to Brussels and the other dispatches from Stanley withheld, but as yet no theory has been arrived at that will serve to explain the circumstance.

A MUNICH special says: Mme. Di Murska, the singer, died here in extreme poverty. Her daughter, who was heart-broken at the loss of her mother, committed suicide by taking poison. Irma Di Murska was born in Croatia in 1843. She studied music at Vienna and Paris under the best teachers, and made her debut at the Penzola, Florence, in 1862. She sang at Pesth, Berlin, and Vienna, and obtained an engagement in London at Her

Majesty's Theater, appearing there as Lucia in May, 1863. She visited America in 1873, and returned in 1879. Her voice was soprano and was exceedingly sweet, and her acting was brilliant and original.

THE Paris Temps says that a London firm has offered the General of the Carthusian Monks of La Grande Chartreuse the sum of £3,000,000 for the manufacture and sale of the famous Chartreuse liquor. A papal legate who arrived at the monastery recently has enjoined the monks not to accept the offer, reminding them that the Carthusian statutes forbid trading. The General of the order is disposed to reject the proposal.

A LONDON telegram says that it is British on trustworthy authority that the British Government has decided to uphold the treaty by the terms of which European Powers are precluded from obtaining or attempting to obtain dominion in Samoa. The Government has been fully informed of and shares in the United States Government's views on the subject. It is agreed that the action of the German agents in Samoa is opposed to the letter and spirit of the treaty; that it violates diplomatic etiquette, and endangers the good relations so necessary for Europeans to preserve when dealing with semi-barbarous nations. Dispatches to this effect have been sent to Berlin.

FRESH AND NEWSY.

THE National Millers' Association has issued a private circular for distribution among its members which gives the following interesting and important information regarding the amount of wheat and flour on hand in six States—Missouri, Kansas, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and Michigan—and also the condition and acreage of the growing wheat crop of those States. The reports come from 154 winter-wheat mills. The amount of wheat held by these mills is placed at 1,900,000 bushels more than one year ago and of flour 200,000 barrels, or 60,000 barrels more. Average acreage of wheat planted in Missouri is 100 and its condition 100. Illinois is 98 acreage and 101 condition. Kansas is 144 acreage and 100 condition. The other States average 98 in acreage and condition. Of the amount of wheat in farmers' hands Missouri reports it larger, three States say about the same, and others say smaller.

GEORGE WILLIAM KIRBY, a young man who has recently become a resident of Bridgeton, N. J., and who claims to have been an actor, has received letters informing him that he has fallen heir to a small fortune by the death in Chicago of an aged citizen who was formerly a resident of Woodbury, N. J. Six years ago, the story goes, this gentleman was attacked by two tramps on the high road between Woodbury and Westville, and was crying murder while they were attempting to rob him and using him roughly, when Mr. Kirby appeared and drove the assailants off. Out of gratitude for his rescue the old gentleman has left Mr. Kirby a very snug sum of money.

IN their review of trade for last week, R. G. Dun & Co. said:

The practical effects of the agreement of better understanding between the United States and the Kingdom of Hawaii, which has already been checked for the time distribution of products. The immediate effect in the iron market is a weakening of prices, and Southern iron is still offered at 50 cents less than about 25 cents. The wheat speculation has been about 50 cents lower than a week ago for foundry grades. Steel rails can be had at prices equal to \$7 at mill. The coal market is quiet. Low prices for iron and steel shoes are explained by the announcement that existing shoes could supply 100,000,000 people, having to reduce the output to the wants of 65,000,000. The movement of dry goods is generally quiet. The wheat speculation has been about 50 cents lower than a week ago for foundry grades. Steel rails can be had at prices equal to \$7 at mill. The coal market is quiet. 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AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.

INSTRUCTIVE SUGGESTIONS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

Some Information of Value to the Farmer, Stock-Breeder, Bee-Keeper, Housewife, and Kitchen-Maid.

THE FARM.

Cabbages as a Farm Crop.

Market gardening is necessarily mainly done near large cities, or villages where land is high. It is only under such conditions that necessary labor and fertilizers can be procured. The market gardener cannot make more than a small proportion of the fertilizers he is obliged to use. He generally keeps only horses enough to do his team work, and from these he can get scarcely enough manure for a single acre of land. As a rule, the market gardener favors the crop that requires the greatest amount of labor. The late cabbage crop does not come in this category. It is cheaply and easily grown, and there is every year more disposition on the part of the market gardener to leave late cabbages to farmers. Early cabbages require to be started in hothouses, and as it is a forced crop it needs heavier manuring than most farmers will think of giving. But the farmer can grow late cabbages altogether in the open ground, planting the seed in beds in April and May and transplanting in June or July. The crop will grow on any soil rich enough for corn, and generally pays better than most farm crops. If cabbages are cheap they are worth the cost of growing as winter feed for cattle.

Sulphur as an Insecticide and Fungicide.

The Hatch Experiment Station at Amherst has been making some experiments with sulphur, in order to demonstrate its value in preventing fungous growths which cause rust, blights, and mildew, etc. A lot of rose bushes of large size were badly mildewed, and several solutions were applied by boring a hole with a small gimlet, and forcing the liquid into the opening with a medicine-dropping tube. The solutions were three different kinds, namely: potassium sulphide, hydrogen sulphide, ammonium sulphide, all of these being saturated solutions.

After forcing in all the liquid the plant would take (about a tumbler), the holes were plugged with hard grafting wax. At first a slight improvement was noticed in the amount of mildew on the foliage, but as the season advanced, the effect of the holes made in the trunk became more apparent, so that by Sept. 22 all the bushes were dead, except one of those treated with ammonium sulphide. This experiment was made in part to demonstrate the great injury that must result in making large incisions in the trunks of trees and shrubs, and that while there is some promise that the introduction of antiseptics into the circulation of the sap may prevent the growth of injurious fungi, like the blights, mildews, etc., other means must be found of introducing the solutions. The reports say it seems hardly possible to introduce any substance into the circulation of a plant in sufficient quantities to affect insect life.

In connection with the matter of treating plants or trees with chemical injections, for the purpose of destroying insects which prey upon them, the report refers to recent experiments upon trees in the city of Boston, by introducing sulphur to destroy beetles and worms, and says that from the very nature of things it is absurd to suppose that any good result can come from this practice. Trees plugged with sulphur have been cut down after a period of twenty-five years, and the mass of sulphur found wholly unchanged. The report expresses a hope that some of these Boston trees may be cut down in time and examined, and the result made public, for while we spend so much time in trying to prevent injuries to our trees from borers, we certainly ought not to make holes in them many times larger than those of any known species of insect borers.—*American Cultivator.*

THE GARDEN.

Good Varieties of Grapes.

The Jesson grape is a variety as yet but little known. We have no hesitation to advise it as one of the most desirable kinds for the private gardener. Its quality is high, and it is one of the first to ripen, coming into use a week or more before the Delaware. It is a good grower with good foliage, and can be depended upon to stand the sun. Size of cluster and berries about the same as Delaware; color, red.

The Diamond grape, of which a most favorable opinion has heretofore been expressed in these pages, has as yet shown no fault or flaw in any respect in any essential quality of vine or fruit, and it undoubtedly now stands in advance, all things considered, of all the varieties of white native grapes in cultivation. Its season is but little, if any, later than that of the Delaware. It must become very popular when well known. The Vergennes and the Worden have now been so long before the public it may be thought needless to mention them, but to some it may prove a "word fitly spoken" to say that these varieties are thoroughly reliable both for the private garden and the vineyard.—*Vick's Magazine.*

A Good Early Tomato.

The Dwarf Champion tomato has proved to be a very superior variety. The plant differs from other kinds by its stocky, bushy habit, allowing it to be planted closer than others. It is very productive, and it is estimated to produce a larger amount of fruit than any other kind in cultivation. The fruit is of medium size, purplish red color, solid and quite heavy, quality good, among the earliest to ripen, and when ripe the fruit is well colored all over and quite up to the stem—no green part about the stem, as in many kinds. One peculiarity is that the fruit grows larger in size the later part of the season. This variety was raised by Mr. F. E. Black, of Marion, Ohio, from seed saved in 1884, from selected plants of the Acme.—*Vick's Magazine.*

THE DAIRY.

The Average Jersey.

Hunter Nicholson, in the *Daily World*, says the Jersey leads the whole cattle kind wherever butter is made. We do not mean the phenomenal Princesses, Oxford Kates, or Mary Annes, but the plain, every-day, average Jersey cows. Such cows, if properly fed, will yield an average of one pound of butter a day for every day in the year, or 365 pounds. Jersey cows that does not yield at this rate when properly fed and the milk rightly handled ought not to be kept. They ought to give place to cows that will do it. Even at 25 cents a pound this makes \$91.25. Allowing \$45 for feed we have \$46 clear profit. This allows the manure to pay for labor in attendance. This is by no means an exaggerated statement. There are thousands of Jersey cows in the United

States to-day doing this, and even more, for 25 cents a pound is the minimum price of Jersey butter. It rules more nearly 30 cents the year round—this would make the sum \$109.50. The feed remaining the same leaves a profit of \$64.50.

Dairy Notes.

NO SUGAR is put in first-class butter in these days. The effort is to get everything out, but an allowable amount of pure brine, saline enough to suit the palate of the buyer.

A CLEANLY kept cow will yield sweet milk with an agreeable, sweet odor, and quite free from any taint or injurious quality whatever. True such milk is very rare, and this is the reason why the very best pure flavored butters are rare too.

THE main object of the butter-maker should be to sell a product of butter that should be made of butter fats, 10 to 12 per cent. of water, and about six-tenths of an ounce of salt to the pound. This butter! Twenty per cent. water and 3 per cent. cheese is an adulteration.—*Farmers' Club Journal.*

I MUST most emphatically side with John Gould and recommend stirring the cream. The best makers in England, Germany, Holland, and Denmark, all lay stress on it, and until every dairy, until every creamery is enabled to conform with that ideal condition, I say, "stir your cream" but never mind the seration.—*J. H. Monrad.*

THE STOCK RANCH.

Good Horses—Good Prices.

There has been some complaint for a few weeks past that the horse market was dull, yet there has been a steady demand for good horses. One of the largest horse dealers in New York City says:

"It may be said that carriage horses of first-class quality are scarce. Money doesn't seem to bring them into the market as fast as they can be replaced. When pairs of high quality, fine action, and ability to do what is required of them without exhaustion are on hand they can be sold at once, and at paying figures. There is no grumbling about a fair price for such animals, but the cheaper carriage horses are more readily found, and of course sell for moderate amounts. We cannot have too many of the high quality."

"Prices of pairs? They will run from \$800 to \$2,000, according to merit. "Trotters are also asked for, but the demand is not large. They may be obtained all the way from \$300 to \$1,000, but the requirements are gentleness, steadiness, and speed. A gentleman going on the road for pleasure don't want to be bothered and worried, fearful, perhaps, that his new purchase will show that he is not all right, but has tricks which are dangerous. And the same may be said of all horses. Keep faith with your customers. Never deceive them about an animal. Let them know all that you know about them and then there will be plain sailing."

There is also a demand for heavy draft horses, but there is room for big improvement in this particular. These horses vary from \$300 to \$450 each. "Animals for the express business are also called for, and the better grade may be purchased for \$250 to \$325. In this class there should also be a more marked demand in the near future."

"So let us sum up the whole matter in a nutshell. This is one of the seasons of the year when a falling off in trade is expected. There are a large number of first-class and healthy horses on hand, and a moderate business is being done."

THE POULTEER.

Chickens vs. Eggs.

The question often arises, which pays the best to raise, chickens or eggs for the general market? This cannot be answered satisfactorily unless an account is kept and a comparison made for a series of years. Our own experience (we are within twenty-five miles of Chicago), is that it pays better to raise eggs than to raise chickens, as we have no incubator. At a farmers' meeting held in Boston some weeks ago, Mr. W. H. Rudd, who lives near that city, said that it paid him better to raise chickens for market than it did to raise eggs, and gave the figures to prove it. He employs nothing but artificial means for hatching. In mid-winter his success has been to "hatch" half of the eggs and to raise 80 per cent. of the chicks. In other words: when the eggs were worth 40 cents a dozen by the case it costs 34 cents to hatch each chicken which arrived at marketable age, but it reached one and one half pounds April 1st, when it readily brought 40 cents per pound, neither drawn nor headed. As the entire cost of hatching and feeding did not exceed 25 cents, the profit on each chicken (saying nothing about cost of incubators and brooders) was 35 cents.

To recapitulate: Our 100 eggs were worth \$8.33; we hatched fifty chickens and raised forty of them at a cost of \$6.67, making a total cost of \$10. The total receipts from forty chicks at 60 cents each, \$24. Difference between selling the chicks and the eggs, \$14; or if we have sufficient room and think it desirable, the chicks can be held until the last week in June, when they should dress three and one-half pounds each, and bring, with a few cents per pound, as much for roasters as they would have done April 1st for broilers, because what few early chicks were raised have already been disposed of for broilers, and the market for large roasters is consequently short. They can be carried to this age at an additional cost of 25 cents or less, making their total cost 50 cents each, and as they will bring on an average \$1.25 each, the profit on them is \$30. In this case the advantage of setting our eggs instead of selling them is \$25.67, and as neither \$14 nor \$26 grow on every bush, we put it in our pocket at every opportunity. The moral is, keep an account and see which, eggs or chicks, pays you the best.—*Farm, Field and Stockman.*

THE APIARY.

When to Buy Bees.

To one who is thinking of purchasing their first hive of bees, the question often arises, "shall I buy in the fall or in the spring?"

Mrs. L. Harrison, who has had much experience in the apiary, writing to an exchange, says that if bees are purchased in the fall, there cannot possibly be any profit in the investment, except they can be sold at an advance, until the following summer, and the risks are large. Veterans, who have grown old in the service, often lose many colonies during the winter. The seasons are so variable, and we have not the gift of knowing whether the coming winter will be very cold, moderate, or mild; if we had, we could advise more wisely.

I have seen bees die during the winter when the conditions were favorable for their living. When I took out the combs and examined everything connected with the hive carefully, I could not see any cause for their death. I simply knew that the bees were dead. Perhaps if

there had been a coroner's jury, the verdict would have been "heart disease."

When a colony of bees that belongs to a person who owns many colonies, dies, the loss is trifling for he can, another season, use the live and comb. But when a person purchases colonies in the fall, and they perish during the winter, he may lose his combs by the moths before he can procure swarms to put into the hives. Occasionally, colonies are sold at sales or not more than the honey and hives are worth; then it would be safe enough to invest.

In the spring a good, strong colony of bees promises to be a good investment. I have never seen a season but that, during some period of it, bees laid up stores for winter. It is true that a crop of honey cannot be depended on every season, in most localities. Last year and this, were partial failures, owing to the severe drouth. Agriculturists and horticulturists have losses and failures in crops; pigs and chickens die of cholera; apples fail; while corn, wheat, oats, and potatoes are not always sure. On the average, taking one year with another, three crops of honey out of five can be depended on.

Apiary Notes.

THERE are in North America about 200,000 persons keeping bees. The amount of the honey product is about 100,000,000 pounds, and its value nearly \$15,000,000. The annual wax product is about 500,000 pounds and its value \$100,000.

Mrs. S. E. SHERMAN, of Salado, Tex., says that last spring her apiary consisted of forty good colonies of Italian and hybrid bees. She increased them to sixty colonies, and obtained from them 6,000 pounds of honey, mostly extracted. How is that for a woman?

The editor of the *British Bee Journal* says that cold wintering is not much practiced in England; the reasons for which, is that the hives are of so many different patterns, and "too large and awkward to admit of ready handling." The climate on the isle is much more mild than in this country; but inasmuch as it is variable, cellaring might be followed to advantage.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Family Mending.

Repairing and mending over cover a wide field in woman's work. Some general directions can be given for it, but each woman must study well the best way to prolong the usefulness and appearance of the article she desires to renew, before taking it in hand. When sheets show age by splitting they will last longer if torn down the middle, the selvage sides over-seamed together, and the raw edges hemmed. This puts a seam up the center, a matter of small inconvenience. To over-seam, hold the two edges even over the forefinger, and whip together.

When blankets grow thin, and begin to give way, it is scarcely worth while to mend them. Several such tacked together, and quilted into a cotton or woollen case, make an excellent coverlet. To quilt, divide into diamonds by drawing diagonal lines crossing each other, and stitch on the machine, or run by hand, taking care the stitches go through and through.

Marseilles quilts must be patched by darning the patch with untanned edges. Towels are often patched with scraps of old ones.

Tablecloths break first in the middle where the two folds cross. It is sometimes expedient to transfer to such a place a center cut from an old napkin, and darn the edges without turning. Such a patch makes an excellent appearance, and is worth the trouble in a handsome cloth.

To make over carpets, spread them upon the floor they are intended to cover, and see where worn places can be best hidden. The widths next the walls are usually least worn, and can be substituted for the middle. Parts of widths can be cut out and patches put in, but straight edges only can be used, cutting with the lines of the warp. Take good seams on the wrong side, sewing together with coarse linen thread, waxed. Of course in sewing the widths together the edges are whipped. Worn carpets can also be turned into rugs by sewing together the best widths. These are much beautified by adding a border mitered at the corners. To miter, cut where the fold comes in turning the corner, and sew together the bias edges. Much trouble is saved in mending children's clothes if the knees and seats of boys' trousers, and the elbows of jackets and girls' waists, are made double. It is also economical in the end to buy material sufficient for two pairs of sleeves for every-day clothes.

When waistbands are burst and buttonholes torn out, put on new bands of twilled cotton, and work the buttonholes with coarse thread, making the ends especially strong.

Men's clothing can be cut down advantageously for boys. First rip up and clean. There are many preparations put up by druggists that are much more effective in taking out grease than home recipes. After pressing lay the patterns out thoughtfully, and cut with as little waste as possible. Large pieces left can be joined together to line the waists of wrappings for smaller children. Such alterations are only repaid when clothing is not very badly worn.

The wear of men's shirts can be lengthened by new wrist and collar bands, mending the buttonholes, and darning where the bosom breaks from the shirt. Such darning is hidden by the vest. All starch must be washed out first.

Dresses can be renovated by trimming with new contrast goods, a plain with a mixed or plaid, or solid colors that combine well. A child's dress remade in the present style could have a yoke of contrasting color upon the waist, which would hide a soiled front; a straight band let in the skirt to lengthen; a belt to lengthen waist, and a puff at the top, or cuff at the bottom to lengthen sleeve. Let out the seam under the arm to increase the breadth. After letting out seams dampen and press.

Prepared dyes are used at home with complete success, and a wonderful amount of doing over they make possible. Everything will dye black that will dye at all, and a black dress is always useful, genteel and unobtrusive.—*Good Housekeeping.*

Housekeepers' Helps.

TO FUMIGATE a house, burn in sulphur or tar; then whitewash and paint.

It is said that snuffing powdered borax up the nostrils will cure a catarrhal cold.

BOOKS and pictures, in intelligent families, now rank next to bread and butter.

A DRY cellar is a downright luxury—especially if it is filled with the winter's coal.

A GOOD way to take cod liver oil, to make it palatable, is by putting it into tomato catsup.

By using soda water as a wash you can clean ceilings that have been smoked by a kerosene lamp.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

DAKOTA'S FIGHT FOR ADMISSION.—MR. SPRINGER'S BILL.

Cowley's Internal Revenue Maneuver—Gay Doings—New Dresses—Society Debutantes—The Last Diplomatic Reception—Ben Butler's New Spoon.

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 21.

Mr. Springer's "substitute" omnibus bill, providing for the admission of North and South Dakota, New Mexico, Washington, and Montana Territories, has passed the House; and, with the flattering prospect of adding five new sisters to the family of Uncle Sam, the Democrats are nearly as happy as though they had elected a President. It is the first time in the history of the country when one bill preparing for the admission of more than two Territories has passed either branch of Congress. The objections naturally arising from such wholesale lumping of interests were greatly augmented by a proviso in the measure as first presented, in place of the Senate South Dakota bill, stipulating that the Territory should be admitted as a single State. The Illinois Congressman had great trouble in correcting this evident mistake, and he waded through sloughs of maneuvering, fear, and despondency, finally driving a deker with the Chair, which gave McDonald of Minnesota the privilege of laying before the House a similar bill prior to a vote, before he was permitted to present Mr. Springer's "substitute" bill. When the victory was finally declared his, by a vote of 144 to 98, the faded red rose in his buttonhole, which drooped from fatigue, was in striking contrast with its elated master, who rushed enthusiastically to his committee-rooms as soon as possible, flushed with victory and confident his bill would also pass the Senate.

Utah still knocks at the door, but no one says, "Come in." On the contrary, the people of Idaho have, very unobsequiously, sent a memorial to Congress setting forth that the Territory in question would make an unruly member of the Union, and protesting against its promotion.

Senators Allison and Aldrich, the great workers on the Senate tariff bill, are almost as disgusted at the opposition cropping out on every side, as were the Democrats in the House the other day, when Mr. Cowley, of North Carolina, one of their own party, introduced his bill relating to internal revenue, and moved to refer it to the Committee on Appropriations, of which Mr. Handley is Chairman. It is a body to which the matter is wholly irrelevant, the subject being one that, according to all precedents, should have been submitted to the Ways and Means Committee. The Southern representatives claim to have been forced to this action from anxiety in regard to the tobacco tax, for which they desire consideration, unhampered by tariff legislation, and they have given up hope of securing such a report from Mr. Springer.

Senator Farwell no doubt expected to discover anarchy under a red cloth that adorned his table the other morning. Although a casual glance assured him he was not the only member thus honored, he lifted the cloth gingerly with vague remembrance of dynamite bombs and the Haymarket riot flitting through his brain. But his alarm was needless. The red cloth covered a poor, harmless memorial from the ladies in favor of legislation for Sabbath observance, against running interstate Sunday trains, and against military drills on Sunday.

By the way, the old-time visitors to Washington would miss the female lobbyist. She is no more. True, Congress is not without its lady visitors interested in legislation. Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, for instance, made the argument before the Senate Committee on the District of Columbia in favor of prohibition in the District this week, but the only two women who are recognized as interested in Congressional affairs are Mrs. Gun, Ward Burnett, who is after an increase of pension, and Mrs. Charlotte Smith. The latter is a character. She puts on conspicuous absences to shame by her attendance on the sessions. Rain or shine, Mrs. Smith appears with her hobby, which is the securing of legislation for the working women. Representative W. L. Scott will long remember Mrs. Charlotte, for when he cut a road against her pet scheme she kindly placed a choice bouquet of onions, celery tops, cabbage leaves, and cranberry sauce on the desk of the member from Erie as a mark of the esteem in which she held him. For this act commend was given to the doorkeepers not to admit Mrs. Smith to the House and of the Capitol. The order was never enforced, and the festive Charlotte still butchles members who are too courteous to rebuff her.

In the grave and ponderous debate of the Senate, the exciting scenes of the House and the growing gaiety of society, there is no sign that time presses on to the end of an administration. President Cleveland was never more courteously dignified, nor his wife more charmingly lovely than at the last of their receptions to the diplomatic corps, and on no recent occasion have so many new and handsome gowns seen gaslight for the first time. Mrs. Cleveland's gown was of turquoise blue crepe with a court train brocaded in silver marguerites. A cluster of diamonds in the corsage and her solitary necklace were the only ornaments worn. Fastened through a button-hole on the front of the corsage was a single white rose with a spray of similar flowers. Cleveland wore her hair in a simple Psyche knot without flowers or ornaments of any kind, and carried in her left hand a large open fan of white feathers. A notable feature was the presence of several Indian chiefs, who, in costumes semi-Indian and semi-civilized, made striking and picturesque figures in the crowd of European-dressed women and gayly uniformed soldiers.

Two notable debutantes have formally been welcomed into Washington society. One is Miss Quay, the accomplished daughter of the junior Senator from Pennsylvania, and the other a daughter of Minister Carter, of the Sandwich Islands.

It is not generally known that Baron Von Seidlitz is about to marry Miss Crosby, of New York, and is allied to the member of the Seidlitz family who introduced that refreshing aperient, the Seidlitz powder, is the heir apparent to one of the noblest fortunes of Germany.

Benjamin Franklin's monument was unveiled to view last week on the 183d anniversary of that not so commoner's birth. The ceremonies were impressive and noteworthy. The cord which confined the two American flags with which the figure was draped was pulled by Mrs. M. W. Emory, widow of the late General William H. Emory, and the great-granddaughter of Franklin, her maiden name being Baché.

A movement to erect a monument to Gen. Sheridan is meeting with favorable consideration, and the effort being made to raise a fund of \$100,000 for Mrs. Sheridan seems likely to be successful. Senator Stanford offers to subscribe \$5,000.

Ben Butler has been heard from again. This time he claims \$46,000 attorney's fee from Samuel Strong, who has been awarded numerous judgments ranging from \$10,000 to \$250,000 against the District of Columbia for public service. Ben has restrained their payment, and other lawyers who are claiming fees for service expect his "spoon" will take it all.

Since Mr. Harrison has been formally declared President-elect the cranks have begun to congregate at Washington. Valentin Wagon, from California, is the first to arrive. He is an unprepossessing, shabby man of about sixty, who imagines that he has been elected chief executive of the United States. He has journeyed on foot from San Francisco, where he claims he recently resigned a position as Collector of Customs to come here and take the oath of office.

Wharton Barker of Philadelphia is far more pretensions appearing, and has taken rooms at the Normandy. He is making an active campaign for Secretary of the Treasury. His friends claim that he secured the nomination of both Garfield and Harrison. Still the country is in ignorance as to Harrison's selection for Cabinet honors and his intemperance in regard to dancing and the like. It is of record that George Washington dined in a cotillion with Mrs. Peter Van Brugh Livingston at his first inauguration, which is an honorable precedent if Mr.

Harrison has any desire to follow it. Washington was a church member, too.

Mr. and Mrs. Levi P. Morton are at the Normandy, where Blaine makes his home; and this would be considered exceedingly significant were it not reported from seemingly good authority that Mrs. Blaine once snubbed Mrs. Harrison. If this latter rumor is true what wonder the President-elect is nonplused and out of humor with reporters! Meantime Blaine is here awaiting the next administration. MORSE.

GREAT LOSS OF LIFE.

TWENTY MEN DROWNED BY THE BREAKING OF A BRIDGE.

In Endeavoring to Hinder a Railroad Company, Many Kentucky Workmen Perish—Death of Isaac Bell, Jr., Ex-Minister to the Netherlands—Minor News.

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.)

A dreadful accident, which resulted in the death of a number of men, occurred here. For some time there has been a conflict between the officers of the Louisville, St. Louis and Texas Road and the contractors who erected the company's new bridge over Green River. The contractors refused to deliver the bridge over to the company or to allow any trains to pass over it. The railroad authorities at once appealed to the courts at Henderson, and an injunction was granted against further interference with the traffic of the road until the case had been decided. This decision, granting the temporary injunction, caused the road to announce when its first train would cross the bridge. Forty men, acting under instructions from the contractors, gathered upon the draw and placed on each end of it a number of heavy rails, intending to obstruct the train in this way and not violate the court's injunctions by opening the draw.

The Bowling Green packet, General Dawes, bound for Evansville, Ind., which for the draw to be opened that it might pass through. There was a prompt response, and while all of the contractors' men were still standing upon it the ponderous draw swung open and the steamer passed into the opening, but as she got through the draw broke in two immediately over the center of the pier upon which it rested, and both wings, with their weight of iron and human beings, fell forty feet, and in an instant sank beneath the surface, amid wild shrieks from the doomed workmen. Many of the unfortunate had their limbs and necks broken before the draw reached the water, and all were thrown downward upon the iron track and beams, or entangled in the debris, were borne beneath the water.

The passengers of the steamer saw three men crushed by an immense beam as it broke, one being transfixed upon an iron spur. In falling the draw only missed the steamer a few feet, and came near capsizing it in the water. Where the structure sank the water is thirty feet deep. Boats were at once lowered, and a little steamer, the Corinne, put out from the shore to rescue the drowning men. Many came to the surface at once, some swimming and others apparently lifeless, who sank again. About eighteen were taken out, who were all that could be found. It is thought that twenty persons were drowned.

EX-MINISTER BELL DEAD.

The Sufferer Passes Away at His Home in New York.

Isaac Bell, Jr., ex-United States Minister to the Netherlands, died at St. Luke's Hospital, in New York City, from the illness with which he had suffered for several months. Mr. Bell was born in that city in November, 1846. His father, Isaac Bell, Sr., now lives in New York. Young Bell was educated at Harvard, and entered the banking house of Brown, Brothers & Co. In 1870 he organized the firm of Isaac Bell, Jr., & Co., coin-



ISAAC BELL, JR.

ton dealers, with houses at Charleston, Savannah and New York. This business flourished until 1877, when Mr. Bell retired. The next year he married Miss Jeannette Bennett, a sister of the proprietor of the New York Herald. For two years Mr. and Mrs. Bell traveled in Europe and returned to live in Newport, and while there he became active in Rhode Island politics. During the campaign of 1884 he worked industriously for Cleveland's election. When Mr. Cleveland became President one of his first official acts was to appoint Mr. Bell Minister Resident to the Netherlands. This post he held until May of last year, when he resigned on account of ill-health. He had been troubled for several years with chronic Bright's disease.

NOT WANTED IN CANADA.

The Catholic Order of Foresters Denounces a Montreal Priest.

Quite a sensation was caused in St. Patrick's Catholic Church, at Montreal, Quebec, when the venerable Father Dowd said that acting under instructions from Vice General Maréchal he had an important matter to bring before his congregation. Some time ago an officer of the Catholic Order of Foresters of Illinois, whose headquarters are in Chicago, arrived there and established a court, but it now became his duty to condemn this society for three reasons: It was a foreign institution, it did not allow any interference on the part of the clergy, but only allowed a clerical chaplain to offer prayer at the opening and close of its meetings, and not to take part in its proceedings, and perhaps the strongest reason of all was that it was not wanted, as he had already enough benefit societies. He therefore warned them against joining this dangerous society and asked those who had already joined to sever their connection with it.

Decorated by the Emperor.

At the festival of the Order of the Red Eagle at Berlin, the Emperor conferred a second-class decoration, with oak foliage, upon Count Arcovalley, the German Minister at Washington, a similar decoration, with ribbons, upon Mr. Feigel, the German Consul General at New York, and Herr Kraetke, the Administrator of New Guinea, and fourth-class decorations upon Herren Goering, Pellgram, and Krull, German Consuls in Southwest Africa and at Sydney and Wellington respectively.

MICHIGAN LEGISLATURE.

At the evening session of the Senate, on the 14th inst., bills were introduced for the Executive mansion and for the punishment of those setting fire to mines and mining property. Senator Giddings introduced a joint resolution amending the law relating to the constitution, fixing the salary of Governor at \$5,000; Attorney General, \$3,000; Superintendent of Public Instruction, \$2,000; and of all the other State officers, \$1,500, including Lieutenant Governor. Bills were introduced to amend the law relating to the organization of railroad corporations.

Bills were introduced in the House, on the 15th, for giving authority to administrators and executors of other States to prosecute suits in this; a joint resolution appropriating \$100,000 for a statue of General Cass to be placed in the old Representative Hall at Washington; bill to amend the law relative to maintaining wharves and highways in dams across Michigan streams; bill to fix the legal rate of interest at 6 per cent. and preventing usurious contracts. Bills were introduced to provide for the incorporation of the Benevolent Order of Elks; to require the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad to construct and operate its line from Palmyra to Corbet's Station, Lenawee County; also amend the city charters of Jackson and Battle Creek.

At a joint convention of the Legislature, on the 16th, James McMillan was formally chosen United States Senator. He received 99 votes and Mahlon H. Poole 1. The following bills were introduced in the Senate: For the appointment of an assistant prosecuting attorney for Allegan County; also amending Sec. 1, act 17 of 1887, relative to the appointment of notaries; revising act by the Senate, the laws relating to the State Prison, the State House of Correction and branch of the State Prison in the Upper Peninsula, and the State House of Correction at Ionia; requiring railroad companies to give notice of stations on bonds for passenger trains on schedule time or not; making an appropriation for the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society; defining and punishing the offense of espionage; giving authority to administrators providing for the parole and conditional release of criminals under sentence at the State prison and at the Ionia House of Correction; also to provide for indeterminate sentences; prohibiting township or county officers from holding any other township or county office; also regulating the descent of real property of married women dying intestate; also to provide for the fees of officers making returns of the service of process in civil cases; revising act by the United States all the right, title, and interest of the State of Michigan to certain lands granted to the State by act of Congress, approved June 3, 1836, and current resolution, adopted by the Senate and House of Representatives, on the 15th of the recess from January 31 to February 13, Jas. E. White, of Kalamazoo, was elected clerk of the liquor traffic; Henry Truax, of Saginaw, clerk of the Senate; introduced in the House: Requiring railways to hold judicial proceedings to justify in writing on oath; creating a commission on toll roads and toll bridges; amending section 388, How., relative to the appointment of a receiver of the State of Michigan; also to amend the laws relating to the printing of the Governor's message in different languages, as follows: adopted, viz.: English, 4,500; German, 1,500; Polish, 1,000; French, 500; Norwegian, 500; Italian, 500; Bohemian, 500; says: says: Bills passed: To punish burning or setting fire to mines or mine buildings; to punish willful and malicious injuries to mines and property used in mining.

Mr. Horanek introduced his stringent anti-trust bill in the Senate on the 17th inst. Governor a bill to protect the lives of railway passengers, allowing the use of car-stoves under certain conditions. The House, by an almost unanimous vote, passed a resolution calling for an election on April 1 to vote upon a constitutional amendment increasing the Governor's salary from \$1,000 to \$4,000 per annum. Mr. Watts introduced a bill to protect shade trees along highways. Mr. Gorman introduced a bill to prohibit the sale or giving away of liquor within five miles of the State University at Ann Arbor. Mr. Murtagh gave notice of a bill for the creation of a State Board of Arbitration and Mediation in labor troubles.

In the Senate the President pro tem. announced the following changes in committees on the 16th inst.: Senator Giddings, Chairman of the Committee on State Public Schools; Mines, Chairman of the Committee on Schools for the Blind; Babcock, Chairman of the Committee on Reform Schools. Several petitions were presented from G. A. R. posts favoring the Custer monument bill. The House joint resolution on the Governor's salary was referred to the Finance and Commerce Committee. A bill to amend the law relating to the sale of liquor within five miles of the State University at Ann Arbor. Mr. Murtagh gave notice of a bill for the creation of a State Board of Arbitration and Mediation in labor troubles.

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The Holland City News.

JOHN C. POST, Editor.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1889.

What Andres Wants.

Wm. L. R. A. Andres, who was the Democratic candidate for sheriff in this county last fall against Edward Vaupell, and who was declared defeated on the face of the returns by a plurality of 42, has begun proceedings, through his attorneys, Godwin, Adsit & Dunham, of Grand Rapids, to have the decision of the canvassers reversed. He alleges that 30 votes in Coopersville, 200 in Zeeland and a large number in Holland City—in all upwards of 500 votes—were cast by persons not legally qualified to exercise the right of franchise. The deputy county clerk of the county went to the various points named, with blanks and issued "first papers" to would-be voters and then copied them upon the official records here. It is claimed this proceeding was illegal and void and that the vote cast by such persons should be thrown out. If this is done Andres will be elected. The case will be taken to the supreme court immediately for a decision.—*Evening Tribune.*

Mr. Andres was in Holland a few days ago, and, while here, called on some of our leading Democrats in regard to the matter. We are informed that he met with no encouragement. There is about as much danger of Sheriff Vaupell being turned out of the office, by the above scheme, as there is of his being struck by lightning. At the same time it shows the people of Ottawa county to what lengths this man Andres would go to obtain an office, after he has been fairly beaten at the polls. We can promise Mr. Andres, and the Democrats who may be foolish enough to encourage his action, that if he contests the election for the reason that some of his countrymen failed to travel to Grand Haven to its court house, but made their applications before the clerk at other places in the county, the Hollanders of Ottawa county will not only sit down heavily on him hereafter, but include every man who takes part in this cowardly affair.

The Michigan Mortgage Law.

There seems to be a general desire to have this law modified or repealed. It evidently does not hit the man it was intended to reach, the owners of land mortgages, but hurts the men who owe them. Instead of relieving the burden of the mortgage debtor, it adds double taxation to it.

When the law came in force, it found very many past due mortgages, some, which were originally given to bear eight and ten per cent interest, and were allowed to continue unpaid on payment of seven per cent interest. To this class of mortgage debtors, the choice was given by their creditors, either to pay up in full, or agree to pay the taxes on the mortgages, or have them foreclosed.

To those who wished to borrow, the reply was, you can have the money on mortgage security, by agreeing to pay the taxes in addition to the interest, so the mortgage debtor has to pay the tax on his farm on village lot, and also the tax on the unpaid mortgage he owes on the same property.

This double action tax law has unquestionably added more than one per cent to the average rate of interest on mortgage loans in this State, thus adding to the burdens of the interest payers on this class of debts, fifteen per cent per year!

And it is also causing the withdrawal of a large amount of home capital from the State for investment outside, which is needed at home for the improvement and development of Michigan industries.

Double taxation is wicked and unjust, and we think that so long as interest is higher in the newer States west of us than here, a law which tends to drive the capital we need to develop our own resources out of the State, ought to be promptly repealed.

The Immigration Question.

The committee appointed by congress, several months ago, on contract labor and immigration, made its report this week. Hon. M. H. Ford was chairman of the committee. The report gives a detailed account of their investigations in different parts of the country, and presents a bill to regulate the matter. The provisions of this would be of great importance if the bill became a law. They are as follows:

"The first section prohibits the admission into the United States of any person who is an idiot, insane, a pauper, or liable to become a public charge, or who has been legally convicted of a felony, other infamous crime or misdemeanor involving moral turpitude, or who is a polygamist, anarchist or socialist, or who is indicted with any loathsome disease, or who has entered into contract, express or implied, to perform labor or service for any person, firm, company or corporation in the United States, or doing business therein or whose passage is paid on a promise of labor.

It also provides that alien laborers, other than those excepted by the contract labor law, shall not be permitted to labor for a limited time with the intention of returning. The section ex-

cepts professors in universities and ministers from its prohibition.

Section 2 declares it to be a misdemeanor for such objectionable persons to come into the United States, or for any person to assist them so to do, and a penalty not exceeding \$1,000 and imprisonment for three years is provided in such cases.

Section 3 limits the carriage of incoming foreign passengers to one passenger for every five tons burden of the ship, excepting children under 1 year in age and counting those between 1 and 8 years of age as one passenger.

The fourth section proposes to levy a tax of \$5 on every alien coming into the United States, which is to be paid to the collector at the nearest port by the transportation agent or master of the vessel.

Section 5 requires an intending emigrant to the United States to possess a certificate from a United States diplomatic representative or consul near his residence, issued after examination into his character, without fee.

The sixth section requires the masters of vessels and officers of railroad trains coming into the United States to report to the collector of the port or his agent the number, nationality and condition of foreign passengers.

While there is no present probability that the bill will become a law, its consideration is creating a sensation, both in America and Europe.

The bill provides that it should take effect on July 1, 1889. The foreign papers, with but few exceptions, condemn it. The sentiment in this country is divided. The general opinion seems to be that something must be done to prevent the flood of criminals, insane and idiotic paupers from being sent to this country by foreign governments. At the same time all immigrants who desire to make their homes in the United States, should be welcomed to our shores, whether they have one dollar or one hundred thousand when they reach here.

Mr. Ford's bill is too sweeping a measure to be passed by congress. The tax of five dollars on each immigrant and the limit of the number to be carried by the steamships, would make the expense of coming to America at least double the present rate. This would exclude many persons whose only misfortune is their poverty, but who would make good citizens of the republic.

The agitation of the matter will increase the immigration this spring, very largely, as many will believe that the gates will soon close against them.

In Canada the subject is also being considered. That government has withdrawn the fund it has been using each year in advertising, to encourage immigration. It is probable that some limit will be made to the great stream of foreigners annually coming to the United States. The number now reaches nearly half a million each year.

The exclusion of the Chinese was at first considered a harsh measure, contrary to the principles of our government, but it was defended on the ground that they were a race so essentially different from our own, that they could scarcely be classed as a civilized people. But to discourage the coming of friends and relatives of the adopted citizens of the country, is another thing. The thousands of unemployed laborers and the overproduction of farm and manufactured products, is supposed to be the argument which will justify the protection of our own laborers from those of foreign lands, even although they are their own brothers. Of course, even this bill does not prevent immigrants from coming to the United States, as is done in regard to the Chinese. It would undoubtedly be of great advantage to the country to exclude criminals and other undesirable classes, but the United States has not yet become so crowded as to need to shut out immigrants who come here to better their condition by honest work.

Bringing up the Guns.

BY M. QUAD.

Did you ever see a battery take position?

It hasn't the thrill of a cavalry charge, nor the grimness of a line of bayonets moving slowly and determinedly on, but there is a peculiar excitement about it that makes old veterans rise in their saddles and cheer.

We have been fighting at the edge of the woods. Every cartridge-box has been emptied once or more, and one-fourth of the brigade has melted away in dead and wounded and missing. Not a cheer is heard in the whole brigade. We know that we are being driven foot by foot, and that when we break once more the line will go to pieces and the enemy will pour through the gap.

Here comes help!

Down the crowded highway gallops a battery withdrawn from some other position to save ours. The field fence is scattered while you could count thirty, and the guns rush for the hills beyond us. Over dry ditches where a farmer would not drive a wagon, through clumps of bushes, over logs a foot thick, every horse on the gallop, every rider lashing his team and yelling, the sight behind us making us forget the foe in front. The guns jump two feet high as the heavy wheels strike a rock or log, but not a horse slackens his pace, not a cannoner loses his seat. Six guns, six caissons, sixty horses, eighty men, race for the brow of the hill as if he who should reach it first would be knighted.

A moment ago the battery was a confused mob. We looked again and the six guns are in position, the detached horses hurrying away, the ammunition chests open, and along our line runs the command:

"Give them one more volley and fall back to support the guns." We have scarcely obeyed when boom! boom! opens the battery, and jets of fire jump down and scorch the green trees under which we fought and despaired.

The shattered old brigade has a chance to breathe for the first time in three hours, as we form a line and lie down. What grim, cool fellows those cannoners are. Every man is a perfect machine. Bullets splash dust in their faces, but they do not wince. Bullets sing over and around; they do not dodge. There goes one to earth, shot through the head as he sponged his gun. That machinery loses just one belt, misses just one cog in the wheels, and then works away again as before.

Every gun is using short-fuse shell. The ground shakes and trembles, the roar shuts out all sound from a line three miles long, and the shells go shrieking into the swamp to cut trees short off, to mow great gaps in the bushes, hunt out and shatter and mangle men until their corpses cannot be recognized as human. You would think a tornado was howling through the forest followed by billows of fire, and yet men live through it, aye, press forward to capture the battery. We can hear their shouts as they form the rush.

Now the shells are changed for grape and canister, and guns are fired so fast all reports blend into one mighty roar. The shriek of a shell is the wickedest sound in war, but nothing makes the flesh crawl like the demoniacal singing, purring, whistling grape shot and the serpent-like hiss of canister.

Men's legs and heads are torn from bodies and bodies cut in two. A round shot or shell takes two men out of the rank as it crashes through. Grape and canister mow a swath and pile the dead on top of each other.

Through the smoke we see a swarm of men. It is not a battle line, but a mob of men desperate enough to bathe their bayonets in the flame of the guns. The guns leap from the ground almost as they are depressed on the foe, and shrieks and screams and shouts blend into one awful and steady cry. Twenty men out of the battery are down, and the firing is interrupted. The foe accept it as a sign of wavering and come rushing on. They are not ten feet away when the guns give them the last shot. The discharge picks living men off their feet and throws them into the swamp, a blackened, bloody mass.

Up, now, as the enemy are among the guns. There is a silence of ten seconds, and then the flash and the roar of more than 3,000 muskets and a rush forward with bayonets. For what? Neither on the right nor left nor in front of us is a living foe! There are corpses around us which have been struck by three, four and even six bullets, and nowhere on this acre of ground is a wounded man. The wheels of the guns cannot move until the blockade of dead is removed. Men cannot pass from caisson to gun without climbing over windrows of dead. Every gun and wheel is smeared with blood; every foot of grass has its horrible stain.

Historians write of the glory of war. Burial parties saw murder where historians saw glory.—*Free Press.*

A Disgusted Pensioner.

The following is a copy of a letter sent by a pensioner to the Commissioner of Pensions:

MR. BLACK: Commissioner—Dear Sir: I've just got another one of your postal cards telling me to go before the doctors and be examined. I've been gittin these postal cards about every new moon since I 'plied for an increase of my pension two years ago. I've been examined and punched in the ribs, and sounded in the lungs, and made to bend over the back of a chair, an' lay bare-backed on a table, an' perform all sorts of monkey stunts in my shirt, till I feel as if I ought to have a salary an' an agent to go ahead an' stick up bills.

To begin with, you sent me to a couple of doctors of to Skin Creek, an' it took them half an hour to find out that the reason why they couldn't find any circulation in my left leg was because it was made of wood. The next time you sent me to a little cuss with glasses down to Swampville, and after fustling me over long enough he put the truss on him side afore an' said the pad was intended to brace up my spinal kolum. Three or four times after that you sent me before odds and ends of doctors who couldn't tell the difference between an epileptic symptom and a bilid clam, and the last time you sent me before a full board of surgeons down to the county seat and everything they did was to examine me for varicocele, and they come to the conclusion as nigh as I could ketch on that there was something the matter with my bladder. Now I have my own opinion of a doctor who don't know the difference between a man's bladder an' varicocele. Perhaps this was all right; it may be fun for the doctors; it was for me for a while; but now that you order me back again to fust two doctors to Skin Creek an' probably expect me to start the same old circus over again, I kick like a brindle steer.

Last summer, on account of the friskiness of a couple of colts, my wooden leg got tangled up and chawed to flinders on a mowing machine, an' I 'plied to the surgeon general for a new leg, but he said I'd only had the old one three years an' would have to wait two years more before the government could afford to make a hole in the surplus by gettin' me a new one. So I am waitin' and hobbilin' around on one leg and tryin' my best to prove that one of Uncle Sam's veterans, with one leg in the grave and the other pretty near it, is better than a corpse by several per cent. But hobbilin' around this way ain't fust class fun for a regular job. I've stood it for a good while without grumblin' and I supposed furnished lots of amusement for the doctors, and meanwhile my natural leg, the one I brought away from the Wilderness, has took to the rheumatiz, till I'm sorry I didn't drop it where I did the other one. About the only help my wail leg can give me now is to serve as a sort of a rudder when I'm stidin' down stairs on my back.

Nor, Mr. Commissioner, about increasin' my pension you may do just as you please. If you think that losin' a leg in 1864, blotted out the record of a bullet through my body at Antietam in 1862, and if you think the pension I've been gettin' is full-pay for a set of busted insides that haint been in runnin' order for more'n twenty years, and never will this side of the New Jerusalem all right! If the government says so, I'm a silent pardner; but I'm goin' to tell you just between us, that when that minie ball went through me at Antietam, it played the mischief with some important part of my innards, and played it for keeps—it cut something all to thunder, I don't know whether it was my liver, my lungs,

or my gizzard, and your pet doctors don't seem to know as much about it as I do. The plain fact is, an' that's what I'm drivin' at, I'm physically broke up and busted, from my single heel to my chin whiskers, and I got busted at Antietam before my leg was lost, and the records say so. They wanted to discharge me for that first bullet hole into my body, and I wouldn't let them, I was bound to stick till we busted the rebellion or the rebels busted me with more than one bullet hole through my carcass, and I did. And now you've made me do as much marchin' from pillar to post, in this hide and seek game with the doctors as would have took me from the Wilderness to the close of the war. If I wasn't able to march then, I am blessed if I'll do any more of it now so you needn't pay any more doctor's charges for me. You've actually been payin' the doctors on an average \$96 a year, for stavin' off my claim and that's more'n you'd had to pay me if you had granted my increase at fust sight. You euchered me on gettin' a cent of that \$96, and how I'm goin' to eucher the doctors of gettin' any more of it. If I go before any more doctors for an examination you've got to do something more than send me a postal card. You'll have to haul me before them with a derick.

Now, I don't want to be sassy—I ain't built that way; but Mister Black; if you expect to make anything by buckin' against the honest claim of an old veteran, with one foot actually in the grave, and the other near it, you're gettin' more hay than you'll have time to cock up. You'll make about as much out of that game as the surgeon general will by vetoin' wooden legs.

The Brandon Family.

Seventeen Sons in the Late War.

Editor National Tribune.—In renewing my subscription for the dearest newspaper on earth, I thank you for leading us on to victory in the late engagement with Cleveland, John Bull, the rebels of the South, and the devil. Like our glorious leader at Opequan, Sept. 19, 1864, Phil Sheridan, we sent them whirlin' and you are complimented as the Commander-in-Chief. John Brown is lifting the curtains of heaven, and smiling down and saying the Scripture is fulfilled.

I want to write you about the largest family in the Union army, the Indian fighter on the frontier. His posterity engaged in the war with Mexico, and contributed 17 sons to the Union army in the late war. Why I am interested in this sketch is because he was a great-uncle of mine, and I feel like making the family noted for their service in the noble cause. The subject of my sketch is Charles Brandon, the well-known Indian fighter on the Ohio River when that was the debating ground of the redman. He was a wonderful man, a giant in stature and strength; a man who did much for the settlement of the whites on the banks of the Ohio; a man who furnished more sons for his country's protection than any man who ever lived; who was the father of 35 children, and lived to the age of 99 years. I am pleased to call him my great-uncle. He married my great-aunt, Fannie Slusher, upon the farm where I now reside. The following are a few incidents of his life:

In 1764 his father was killed by the Indians on the Ohio River, and he was taken prisoner, a child, at the age of 3 years, and lived with the Indians for 12 years. He made his escape to the white settlement and learned to talk his native language, and from that time on he was engaged in killing Indians. He weighed 240 pounds, and could handle any two common men, and often took it fist-and-skull with the redman. He helped to build the old Indian fort on the Buckingham farm in Anwell Township, Washington County, Pa. In 1790 he married Mary Myers. She bore him two children and died. He married Annie Slusher, and she bore him 18 children. When 75 years of age he married Sarah Baker, whose age was sweet 16, she being the youngest of 16 children. She bore him 15 children, and now lives at Mountsville, Va., and is 70 years of age. Among the children were two Charleses and two Johns; one each of the above named were of his third wife. James, the eldest, was wounded in the Mexican war, and when the rebellion broke out 17 of his family went into the Union army; (what's the matter with the Brandon family?) in Ohio and West Virginia regiments as follows: Two Charleses, two Johns, Reese, Andrew, David, Alexander, Abraham, Jacob, Van Buren, James, Hiram, Josephus, Peter, Evans, and Simon. Peter was killed at Shiloh while his regiment (the 72d Ohio) was making a charge. John, of the third wife, died in Andersonville. Charles, his full brother, was confined 21 months, and escaped to God's country. This takes the cake for a patriotic family. I hope none of them got away before they were counted. A pretty good day for Brandons, after all.—H. C. Slusher, Co. E. Ringgold Battery, Pa. Cav., Lone Pine, Pa.

Remember that D. J. Shuyter is agent for the Grand Rapids steam dye works, and also for Baxter's steam laundry.

Did you ever hear of Silk Plushes in all colors at 69c. The Cheap Store has them.

Don't Experiment.

You cannot afford to waste time in experimenting when your lungs are in danger. Consumption always seems, at first only a cold. Do not permit any dealer to impose upon you with some cheap imitation of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, but be sure you get the genuine. Because he can make more profit he may tell you he has something just as good, or just the same. Don't be deceived, but insist upon getting Dr. King's New Discovery, which is guaranteed to give relief in all Throat, Lung and Chest affections. Trial bottles free at Yates & Kane, Holland, A. De Kruij, Zeeland.

Sash Ribbons, all silk at 17c a yard, worth 60c at the Cheap Store.

Steam Wood Wanted.

By the Board of Water Commissioners of the City of Holland, 300 cords of sound green Hemlock or Hardwood four foot steam wood. For further information apply to Commissioner Kramer at the Store of Boot & Kramer.

By order of the Board of Water Commissioners, GEO. H. SIPP, Clerk.

J. W. BOSMAN

is knocking the stuffing right out of prices on

OVERCOATS

—AND—

UNDERWEAR

He will sell these goods at cost for a short time only.

Call and see his stock of Fur Caps, Underwear, Ready-Made Clothing, Neckties, Collars and Cuffs, and everything else in the Gents' Furnishing Goods line, which we keep in stock.

Now is the Time to Secure Bargains.

I have on hand a variety of twenty different kinds

Oliver Chilled Plows

and have sold these goods for sixteen years. My claims are that they will excel anything on the American market. I would like the trade of all our farmers on these goods and give them trial terms.

Also have on hand a fine line of

Open and Top Buggies,

JACKSON LUMBER WAGONS,

The Late Improved Reed Spring Tooth Harrow.

Farmer's Favorite and Buckeye Grain Drills.

Give me a call if in need of any of these goods, and you will be treated with courtesy.

All good warranted.

B. VAN RAALTE.

Chicago Clothing Store,

L. HENDERSON, Proprietor,

RIVER STREET, - - HOLLAND, MICH.

Offers extra inducements for the

First Sixty Days of 1889.

The first year's business has been very good, and we will give our old and new customers a chance to make good bargains in clothing during January and February. Prices reduced on all goods. We would be pleased to have our old friends give us their custom during 1889, and they can depend on honest and upright dealing at our hands. L. HENDERSON, Proprietor.

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ADDITIONAL LOCAL.

A REPUBLICAN County Convention will be held in Grand Haven, on Thursday, Feb. 14th, for the purpose of nominating delegates to the State Convention, when candidates for Judge of Supreme Court and Regents of the University will be nominated. See call next week.

Circuit Court.

The circuit court is still in session. The proceedings this week included the trial of Chas. N. Elliott, charged with incest. He was found guilty by the jury. An effort will be made to secure a new trial for him.

Michael Millman, of West Olive, was tried upon the charge of an assault with the intent to do great bodily harm to George Gokey, a merchant at West Olive. The jury failed to find anything in the case and acquitted Mr. Millman.

This concluded the criminal trials. Only two other cases are on the calendar to be tried by jury.

A Fine Store.

We called at Mr. S. Reidsema's new store this week, and were surprised, and pleased, at the changes he has made in the building. Mr. Reidsema has been in the furniture business here since 1860, and has always enjoyed a good trade, as the result of fair dealing and reasonable prices. He recently concluded, however, that the day of old wooden stores in Holland had passed away and that if he desired to hold the business of the city and country around Holland, in competition with Grand Rapids, he must have a new store. The fact is that a great deal of furniture and other goods are bought at Grand Rapids, simply for the reason that persons going there enter fine, large stores and see goods displayed in good style. While merchants here often have the same goods and sell at much lower prices, they buy at the city stores because the goods show to better advantage.

Mr. Reidsema's new store is of brick, twenty by eighty feet in size, and he has got its three floors filled with a fine stock of furniture, carpets, wall paper and curtains. He has an elevator which connects the different floors. The building has been repaired throughout and handsomely painted and papered. It is a pleasure to enter such a fine place of business, and see how much better his stock looks than it did crowded into the old wooden store.

Mr. Reidsema now has the best furniture store in the city, and our readers will do well to call and examine his fine stock of goods before purchasing elsewhere.

SECRETARY'S DEPT.

Devoted to the interests of Teachers and Schools of Ottawa county.

A. W. TAYLOR, Secretary.

The January meeting of the N. O. T. A. was held at Coopersville on Saturday last. Eighty persons present, as estimated. Distinguished visitors: Secretary Lewis of Muskegon county board of examiners, Prof. McLean of Whitehall schools, associate member, Prof. Bobier of Ravenna schools, and Prof. E. D. McClure, representing Harper Brothers, all of whom took part in the exercises, and the suggestions presented drawn from rich experiences, added greatly to the interest and profit of the meeting.

Topics discussed: "Training Attention," presented in a finely prepared paper by Prof. E. L. Briggs, Grand Haven city schools.

In the absence of Misses Minnie Golden and May Taylor, to whom the presentation of "Methods in Language" was assigned, the subject was introduced by Prof. McLean and Briggs and discussed at length by others.

Miss Cora Goodenow introduced "Methods in Spelling," giving a graphic outline of her own efforts to become skilled in the art, partial failures, etc., with methods proving valuable in her experience as teacher.

In addition to teachers above named Miss Flora Brown, Messrs. C. C. Stiles, C. Averhill, and Prof. Ernst took active part in the discussions.

The choir of high school girls contributed greatly to the interest of the Association by well selected songs, that of "Kind Words" being among the finest.

Miss Bache gave a fine instrumental rendering. Several pieces were played by the brass band of fourteen members, composed largely of school girls with Prof. Laubach as leader.

The recitation, "The Dying Soldier," by Miss Kate Slater, was also an attractive feature.

On adjournment, all visitors included, seemed to regard the meeting as one of special interest and profit. May future ones prove equally so.

Next meeting of the Association at Grand Haven, third Saturday in February. Program of exercises agreed upon by executive committee, promises a rich professional repast. We wish, at least, one hundred teachers to be partakers. Hope to meet a goodly number of South Ottawa Association on that occasion.

The South Ottawa Association holds its next meeting at Hudsonville, February 9th. On the program is noticed

a reading by Miss Reka TeRoller, recitation by Miss Mary Broek, a presentation of a paper on "School Examinations" by Prof. M. J. Coburn, one on "Object of Recitation," by Mr. W. J. Heasley, "Algebra through Factoring," by Prof. Borst, followed by discussions. This association is composed of enthusiastic teachers of rapid growth, learning to do good by doing.

A prospectus of the organization of a special review class for teachers, and summer normal school, to be held at Holland is out, the former to commence February 15th and the latter July 9th, next, each to continue six weeks. Tuition at the former three dollars, at the latter five dollars. Board with room at about \$2.50 per week. Further mention next week, when the Secretary expects to resume hints to school management and mention of schools visited.

OUR NEIGHBORS.

West Olive.

Jan. 24. Mrs. Jennie Reynolds, of Sullivan, is visiting friends here.

Geo. Gokey has a fine new swell box cutter, but there is not much use for it this winter.

Geo. Spade and Chas. Newman visited Grand Haven Tuesday.

Dr. G. B. Reynolds intends to start for Kentucky in a short time, as this northern climate does not agree with him.

Mr. Thos. Newman returned to his home at Williamston last week. His son, L. Newman, accompanied him as far as Grand Rapids.

Miss May Barnes returned to her home at Big Rapids last Saturday after spending several weeks here with Mrs. Jacques.

A load of our young people attended the meeting at Ottawa Station last night. They say it was very good.

Supervisor Norrington, who has been to Lansing a number of days returned Wednesday. "L. O. U."

Zeeland.

Jan. 24. Last Tuesday Mrs. J. Zoutendam of this village quietly passed away after lingering with that dreaded disease consumption for several years. The funeral took place Thursday from her late residence. The deceased leaves a husband and several small children to mourn her loss.

Mr. and Mrs. R. N. De Merell, of Holland, spent a very pleasant evening with friends here Wednesday.

Mrs. T. M. Clark, Mrs. J. H. Purdy, Mr. J. B. Mulder and lady, and Mr. and Miss McCance, of Wauseon, Ohio, visited Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Benjamin this week.

Mr. B. J. De Vries, of Holland, and Mr. J. Vos, of Grand Rapids, called on friends here Tuesday.

Mr. L. Verlee is making room for some "Giblets" in his book emporium, and otherwise improving his place. "TIM."

Olive Centre.

Jan. 24. The mercury ran down the lowest it has been last Saturday evening. The cold snap was followed Sunday by the heaviest fall of snow of the season at this point. In comparing the weather of this week and the corresponding week of last year we discover that the 21st of Jan. '88 was the most remarkable day last winter, as the wind in the northwest was said to have reached the velocity of 95 miles per hour. And the mercury ran down to 65 degrees below zero. We also had the lowest temperature during the winter on that evening, being 12 degrees below zero.

We have had a sample of the effect that a good sleighing would have on business, just from the little we had; as the farmers have taken advantage of the circumstances and rushed in logs to the mill from every direction.

The grist mill will only run on Saturday of each week hereafter.

It seems that some of our local hunters can not refrain from shooting birds although they know the law and claim to exemplify it.

A new enterprise has started up here. It is a general manufacturing establishment and is situated in a building not far from Fordyce Lyon's house. Mr. Lyon is proprietor and general manager and will make you anything from a saw mill to a jackknife, if you will call on him. He got up a cutting box last week that we can affirm works like a charm.

Eugene Lyon, telegrapher at West Troy, Newaygo county, spent Sunday here with his parents and friends.

Some of our people attended the meetings at Ottawa Station nearly every night. Prof. Marshal is being assisted this week by Rev. W. W. Rork of Agnew.

The News is to be congratulated upon the growth of "Our Neighbors" department lately. Which will be the next hamlet to be added.

Joseph Holmes and wife of Laketown are renewing old acquaintances here this week.

An old man wearing a buffalo robe overcoat and a patch over his right eye made a few calls through here Sunday morning. He claimed to be dealing in and sharpening razors, and was reminded what day of the week it was and he walked away. He was probably from Dakota and trying to sell farms there.

"CRANK."

It is not friendship that draws the crowd at the cheap store but Dry Goods at half price.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetters, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale in this city by Yates & Kane, and by A. De Kruij, Zeeland, Mich.

Turkey red and linen napkins at 19c a dozen a dozen at the Cheap Store.

A REPTILE NECKLACE.

The Strange Friend ship Existing Between a White Kitten and a Black Snake.

Mrs. Fenton of North Bergen, N. J., is alleged to be the possessor of a white cat with a living necklace. The necklace is a slender black snake, about two feet long, its dark color showing in marked contrast to the cat's white coat. About a month ago the cat went bounding into the breakfast room, hissing and spitting in a paroxysm of terror. Her alarm was quickly shared by the Fenton family, who were at the table, when they ascertained that she was half strangled by a snake that had coiled itself around her neck. She seemed unable to help herself either with teeth or claws, and her friends undertook to assist her with sticks and umbrellas. They could not get her around the room, whacking away vigorously at her, missing the snake, but hitting the cat every time; and it was, in a paroxysm of this mode of vivisection, springing wildly out of the open window and ran away.

For three days Mrs. Fenton mourned for her cat as if she were dead. Then her pet returned, still wearing the reptile necklace. She was then, all in a w, however, and seemed to like the situation, resisting every effort to remove the serpent. A saucer of milk was placed before her, and as she lapped it up the snake uncoiled part of its body, lowered its head into the saucer and the two drank amicably together. This singular friendship has continued. The creatures are almost inseparable. When the snake occasionally uncoils to stretch itself the cat grows very uneasy. They feed together, and when the snake eats too fast the cat pushes its head to one side. The snake signifies its disapproval of unseemly voracity on the part of the cat in the same manner.

ELECTRIC PLEASURE BOATS.

They Will Soon Take the Place of Steam and Sailing Craft.

"Electricity as a power to drive small boats? Why, of course, we will soon have it, and it will be a great deal more convenient and pleasant than those hot steam launch and nasty little petroleum boats."

The speaker was a prominent New York electrician, and he talked of the advantages of electricity over steam and was very sure that soon yachtsmen who could not afford to steam yachts would find electricity much the better power to use to propel their boats. He said:

"The machinery takes up less room, and then the heat of the furnace is not felt because there is no furnace, and the smoke and grease are all done away with. They are building them in England. I have received particulars of one that has just been launched. It is 65 feet in length, 10 feet beam, and is designed to carry eight passengers at six miles an hour. The electric machinery and storage cells are placed below the deck, fore and aft, leaving a clear run the whole length of the boat for passengers. In the middle a handily fitted cabin, with lavatories, dining-room, etc. The electrical energy is converted into motive power by two motors of seven and one-half horse power each, driving in turn three-bladed propellers. The boat will soon be made to store electricity and run just as the street cars now run."

Disappointed Mythology. "My dear, I have been reading up within the past week, and I think I have a name for our baby," said Mrs. Greening, as her niece emerged from his bath the other morning. "You have, eh? What is it?" "I read that Phobos, the god of day, came up bright and beautiful in the morning that he begins the world that without him —" "Now, look here, madam, let's have no fondness here. You can't call that old by any such name! Did Phobos of old time yield from 11 p. m. to 3 a. m., and interdicted by god: 3 to 7? I myself, in doing the god-of-day business in the matter of getting up, and I'm not dividing a noon. If you want a mythological name for that destroyer of rest, I'll tell you what is it? asked Mrs. Greening, with considerable asperity. "Phobos," replied Elsie. Then he let her hear.

We don't want the earth neither do we want \$2.00 for one dollar in merchandise, but we do want your hard earned dollar for two dollars worth of goods. Call and leave it at the Cheap Store.

Consumption Surely Cured.

TO THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of lives less cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. Respectfully,

T. A. SLOCUM, M. D., 181 Pearl St., New York.

Carpet Sweepers, 69c. Wool blankets 79c a pair, Corsets, 39c, worth \$1.00, Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, 3 for 10c, and a hundred of other bargains at Cheap Store, River street.

House and Lot for Sale.

I offer to sell my house and lot on the corner of Ninth and Cedar Streets, at a reasonable price. This is a fine property, in first-class repair and very desirable. H. WYKUCYSEN.

Hall's Vegetable Sillian Hair Renewer is becoming a universal favorite for restoring gray hair to its original color, and making hair grow thick and strong.

Chase's Barley Malt Whiskey is free from all trace of Verdicts or other impurity. Being rich and nutritious it builds up the feeble and the consumptive. Sold by HEBER WALSH, Holland.

Cream Candies at John Pessink & Bro's.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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.

The great popularity of Ayer's Pills as a cathartic is due no less to their promptness and efficacy than to their coating of sugar and freedom from any injurious effects. Children take them readily. See Ayer's Almanac for this year, just out.

That beautiful glossy sheen, so much admired in hair, can be secured by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. There is nothing better than this preparation for strengthening the scalp and keeping it free from dandruff and itching eruptions.

Call on us when looking for fine cream candies. We have on hand the finest display of candy ever seen in Holland. JOHN PESSINK & BRO.

A Sound Legal Opinion.

E. Bainbridge Munday Esq., County Atty. Clay Co., Tex. says: "Have used Electric Bitters with most happy results. My brother also was very low with Malarial Fever and Jaundice, but was cured by timely use of this medicine. Am satisfied Electric Bitters saved his life."

Mr. D. I. Wilcoxson, of Horse Cave, Ky., adds a like testimony, saying: He positively believes he would have died, had it not been for Electric Bitters. This great remedy will ward off, as well as cure all Malaria Diseases, and for all Kidney, Liver and Stomach Disorders stands unequalled! Price 50c. and \$1. at Yates & Kane, Holland; H. De Kruij, Zeeland.

Fresh oysters at C. Blom's, Jr. Don't forget that C. Blom, Jr., has the finest oysters in the city. Try them.

NEW ADS.

GO AND SEE

S. REIDSEMA

In his new

Furniture Store.

A complete stock of

Furniture, Carpets,

Oil Cloth, Window Shades, Etc., Etc.

Finest line of Chamber and Parlor Suites in the city.

Wall Paper a Specialty.

Your Land Title.

I have the only set of Abstract books in Ottawa county and am prepared to furnish abstracts of all land titles in the county, promptly and at reasonable prices. I also buy and sell real estate, and draw up deeds and mortgages for parties at my office. Call on, or address,

JACOB BAAR, Grand Haven, Mich.

For Sale!

A farm of 140 acres, two miles east of Fremont, Newaygo Co. Fifty acres cleared, balance hard timber. House, large barn and orchard. For sale on very easy terms to good purchaser. Farms for sale and to exchange. Money loaned on farm property. Address Wm. H. Gilbert, 109 Ottawa St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

1889.

We disposed of a large number of houses and lots in the city, and farms in the surrounding country, during the past year. But we have not finished the good work and still have a stock of

HOMES

for all. We can sell you a house and lot in the City of Holland, at very low prices, and on easy terms. We have houses for sale ranging in price from \$500 to \$3,000. City lots, upon which you can build your own home

FOR

from \$150 to \$500. If you prefer to rent, we have charge of a number of convenient houses which can be rented. If you wish to sell, instead of buy, we can dispose of your property for you at reasonable terms.

If you wish to buy a farm we can suit you with

ALL

kinds of lands in the vicinity of Holland. Remember that Holland and the country surrounding it is growing rapidly, and that all kinds of real estate is sure to advance in prices here. Call on, or address the

Holland Real Estate Exchange.

J. C. POST, Manager. Holland City, Michigan.

ICURE FITS!

When I say CURE I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of

FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS,

A life-long study. I WARRANT my remedy to CURE the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a FREE BOTTLE of my INVALUABLE REMEDY. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address H. C. ROOT, M. C., 183 PEARL ST., NEW YORK

PROTECTION!

When in need of

BOOTS and SHOES

to protect the feet remember that

E. HEROLD

Carries a fine assortment of goods in the above line.

We have just received a brand new stock, and it will be money in your pocket to call on us and inspect these goods. We guarantee satisfaction.

Gray Bros. Shoes

A Specialty.

Boston Rubber Goods,

The best make of Rubbers in the Market. E. HEROLD.

GO TO

B. P. HIGGINS

FOR

First-class Photographs

Cabinets, \$1 a Dozen.

Tintypes, 4 for 25c.

Gallery on River Street, near the corner of Eighth Street.

C. Steketee & Bos,

GENERAL

MERCHANTS,

Always have on hand a complete stock of goods consisting of

Dry Goods,

GROCERIES, Crockery, and Glassware.

FLOWER POTS,

From the smallest to the largest size; also large Urns for Lawns and Gardens.

A complete line of

5c., 10c., and 25c.

Counter Goods.

Bargains in Lace Caps and Wheel Lace.

Cheap Cassimeres for Boys' and Men's Suits.

Please call and examine our Goods before buying elsewhere.

C. STEKETEE & BOS, Holland, Mich., July 5, 1889. 24-47.



Jack Frost

IS COMING!

Don't let him catch you with poorly clad feet.

Van Duren Bros.' Cabinet

Stock of

Boots, Shoes,

Rubbers, Etc.,

Is complete and our prices on same make our competitors shudder.

GIVE US A CALL.

BOOT AND SHOE REPAIRING

A specialty.

Fall and Winter GOODS!

JONKMAN & DYKEMA

Have the best and largest stock of

READY-MADE CLOTHING,

for Men, Boys and Children.

Also

HATS and CAPS,

Gents Furnishing Goods, Etc., Etc.

From this date we shall give a deduction of 25 per cent or one quarter of the price on all

Overcoats

—AND—

Woolen Underwear

For cash.

Third door east of Post Office.

JONKMAN & DYKEMA.

Dec. 29th, 1888.

GENERAL STEAMSHIP AGENCY

—OF—

Mulder & Verwey

—IN THE—

Grandwet Building, HOLLAND, - MICH.,

AGENTS FOR THE

Netherlands - American,

INMAN, Noddeutoische Lloyd,

And Other Steamship Lines.

Direct connection between the principal cities in the Netherlands, England, Germany, and Scandinavia.

The Best, Quickest, and Safest Steamers on the Ocean.

Or account of the railroad war in the West, we are prepared to sell tickets from Europe to Chicago at reduced rates for the next two weeks.

Write or apply to MULDER & VERWEY, De Grandwet Building, Holland, Mich.

LOOK!

Count Them!

13

ELEGANT

Cabinet

Photos

—FOR—

99c.

—AT—

J. La Fayette's Gallery,

Two doors east of City Hotel.

THE SCHOOLMASTER

BY H. C. DODGE.

The teacher has no E Z time
To teach the A, B, C's;
It per C V rance takes, sublime,
And all his N E G's.

In K O do not use the birch
And kindness doth B A,
The scholars who X L at church
In school will N & play.

They can't C Y he makes them learn
L S N are his rules
They O K chance to overturn,
Preferring B Overts.

We P T him because his nerves
From teaching must D K
We think he should, as C D serves,
Receive X S of pay.

G B graph F, S from M E,
Greek, L O G O tion prose,
A T O G, G O I O G,
And D G B r a he knows.

In L D must be very wise
Or L O never could
Teach N E little boy to prize
An ed U K tion good.

If in the N D finds he's made
I boy a President
C his labors so repaid
In P O dies content.

In my young A G gave me spans,
To make me Y Z said,
For which he has my R T thanks—
It filled my M T head.

DOWN IN A COAL MINE.

BY JOHN IRWIN CLARK.

Every morning when the miners employed in the mines at Berard assembled around the shaft to answer the roll-call, there could be seen arriving last of all a tall, sturdy-looking fellow, who led by the hand a little girl seven or eight years old. They were Michel Pierron and his daughter.

Before setting foot upon the platform of the car to descend the mine took the child in his arms and kissed her, and then replaced her on the ground. The little one cried, "Good-by, papa."

When the signal for the descent was given she clasped her hands and kept repeating the single word "papa" until she was sure that papa could no longer hear her. Then she went on to the school-house close by where she spent the day.

When the evening came she was always the first at the opening of the shaft, and Michel Pierron was always the first who came up. As at his departure, he lifted the child in his arms, and she threw her arms around his neck, crying, "papa."

The miners had heard her repeat these two syllables so often, and had been so struck by the strange passion which she put into them, that they gave her the name of Miss Papa.

And certainly no name was more applicable. Her father was everything to her. Her mother had been dead a long time; he had scarcely known her; she had only him. All her memories of childhood were filled with him. To her his great rough hands had been as gentle as a woman's. For her, his hard, grimy face had always worn a tender smile. For her, this man had become a woman and a child at the same time.

Ah! how she loved her father, and how terrified she was every morning when she saw him descend into that great black hole to which no one could see the bottom.

One day a miner held her over the mouth of the shaft, and she had gazed down into the dark depths. Uttering a cry of terror she drew back.

"Papa goes down there," she thought. "Oh, if he should never come up."

And that day, when Michel took her in his arms as usual and kissed her, she clung more, tightly than ever to his neck, and said to him:

"You will come up, won't you?"
"Of course, my little one."
"Is there any danger, tell me, papa?"
"Why, no, little coward."
"Does any one—can any one—die down there?"

"Have no fear," replied Michel, laughing; "I will not die without letting you know."

"Ah! Good-by, papa."

All that her father said was gospel truth to her, and she went to school completely reassured.

But the memory of that black gulf into which her eyes had plunged could not be effaced, and from that time she was afraid every morning and trembled every evening; she feared her father would never return from those mysterious depths into which she had seen him descend.

Was it prementious? Who knows? One day the report suddenly spread that an explosion had occurred in the mine. In a moment's time a crowd had gathered at the shaft. From all directions, people wild with terror, came flocking to the spot. Of all those buried far below there how many would ever see the light again?

Michel's daughter was at school. She knew nothing of it, and besides if any one had spoken of it before her would she have comprehended?

Could she know, poor little one, what an explosion was? No. But at her age one knows already what death is; one understands at her age when one sees inanimate, mutilated bodies extended upon the ground, and the approaches to the shaft were strewn with them when she arrived that evening to meet her father.

She was stupefied for a moment, and then the truth suddenly flashed upon her; she had seen those men go down living, those men whom she knew so well, who had kissed her many a time; and now they were brought up dead. Would they bring up her father like them?

This thought distracted her. She began to run wildly among the debris, which they had brought up from the mine, crying, "Papa! Papa! Papa!"

There were, it is true, many others who cried and called "Papa!" but not one in such despairing accents. The others they drove back, but no one could be found to push her away. They let her run, poor child, from one body to another, sometimes stopping before a disfigured face, hesitating for a moment as if she feared she might recognize her father.

No, he was not among the dead. She grew calmer and sought among the living. He was not there. She questioned every one, but no one had seen him.

Of the sixty miners who went down in the morning forty-five had come up

alive; fourteen were dead. There remained but one to be accounted for; that one was Michel.

She had made them explain all that to her, and she understood. She clapped her hands joyously, as if they had said to her: "He is all right. You will see him again." Ah! how she hoped to see him. Then she suddenly recollected the morning on which her father had said to her:

"I will not die without letting you know."

It needed only that to give her the certainty that he was living.

A child's faith is strong. It is not easy to drive out an idea which has once taken root in its mind. So, when the next morning—she had remained there all night—they tried to make her understand that there was no hope, that she would never again see her father, that they had explored all the galleries, searching every corner and had not found him, she shook her head and began to weep, saying: "Seek for papa!"

They paid little attention to her. For forty hours had they not exhausted every means? There was, doubtless, something strange in this disappearance. Living or dead Michel ought to have been found, and they had not found him.

The chief engineer had himself directed the search, but all in vain. In the opinion of all nothing more could be done, and it was possible that, by the force of the explosion, the unfortunate man had been buried by the falling debris, and it was impossible to tell her where or how.

For forty-eight hours little Miss Papa waited anxiously, but without manifesting the slightest uneasiness. At every human form which appeared at the opening she started forward, and, not recognizing him for whom she waited, she sank back upon the ground with a deep sigh. They tried to take her away, and she uttered such piercing cries that they considered it best to leave her there. They thought that she must soon yield to fatigue.

Whence comes to the weak and feeble such strength in the great crises in life? Ask God; it is his secret.

The third day the child was still at the shaft.

"I must put an end to this," said the engineer, approaching her. "Come, my little one, be reasonable!"

"Papa! seek for papa!"
"Alas! he is dead."
"No."

She uttered this "no" with such energy that the engineer was struck by it.

"Why do you say so?" he asked.
"He would have told me."
"Poor little one," murmured the engineer.

And he made a sign to the men to take her away. But she clung desperately to him, crying:

"Papa is not dead. I want to go down. I will find him."

They bore her away and left her with the school-teacher. An hour later she was back at the shaft, and, clinging to the engineer's knees, she kept repeating:

"I want to go down! I will find him!"

He was a tender-hearted man, that engineer, and he took pity on her.

"After all," he said to himself, "that will, perhaps, be the best thing. When she has seen with her own eyes, she will believe. This excitement, if it lasts much longer, will kill her."

And, taking her in his arms, he bore her to the car and gave the signal to descend.

She shuddered when she felt beneath her that yawning pit, from which arose a foul air which almost suffocated her. The engineer felt her little arms inclose his neck, and her curly head was pressed against his own.

When they reached the bottom she disengaged herself, sprang to the ground, and rushed straight forward, calling:

"Papa! papa!"

The engineer, who could hardly keep up with her, was tired of explaining to her twenty times what he had already explained—how the explosion had taken place, where it had occurred and what they had done to find the victims, and the child kept questioning him, and repeated:

"He is living! Seek for him!"

She would have remained down there in the mine three days, as she had already done at the surface, if they had not taken her by force and carried her up.

The engineer gave orders that she should be taken back to the school teacher, and also orders that if she reappeared at the shaft she should be prevented from going into the mine.

All his measures had been carefully taken, and the next day, no longer thinking of her, he was inspecting one of the galleries when he felt himself seized by the arm of his coat. It was Miss Papa.

She had escaped from the school a second time. Repulsed at the shaft, she had slipped into an empty coal car and had descended into the mine.

She told all this to the engineer, and obtained his pardon. Five minutes later she again began her search, still full of undiminished faith. The miners followed her with pitying eyes, shrugging their shoulders, saying,

"Poor little Papa!"

Little Papa kept on seeking with unabated courage. Suddenly they saw her running toward them, pale and excited.

"Down there!" she gasped. "Down there! Papa!"

"What? Down there?" said the miner.

"His blouse!"
"Bah! Where?"
"Down there!"

In a moment every one had heard the news, and the mine was in a tumult. The child declared that she had seen a piece of blue cloth in a hole, which she could not raise because it was held down by an enormous block of coal.

"Where?" they asked her again.

She turned, followed by the crowd of miners. Then she stopped and hesitated.

She could not find the spot. All the blocks of coal resembled each other; all the cavities were alike, all the galleries were the same. And yet she was sure she had seen that piece of blue cloth. Where the blouse was the man must be, living, no doubt, and that man was her father, and she could not find him!

One by one, tired of the useless

search, persuaded that the poor girl was crazed with grief, the men withdrew and returned to their work. But they had hardly taken up their pickaxes when a loud cry recalled them to the child.

"I have found it! I have found it!" They pushed her aside and looked. Yes, it was a piece of blue flannel! It was the blouse! There was a man there!

They set to work with a will and in the twinkling of an eye the wall was beaten down and in a deep excavation they saw a man extended; it was Michel Pierron. He had been there three days and four nights.

Loud cries arose on all sides, and, ringing loud above the others, a cry escaped from the lips of a child. She threw herself upon the body and clasped it in her arms, half mad, weeping and crying:

"Papa! papa!"

He was nearly dead, poor Michel! Exhausted by lack of air and nourishment he recovered consciousness only to sink back fainting; but he was alive.

Miss Papa had told the truth. The man would not die without telling his child, and the thought of her had sustained him and given him the strength to conquer death.

A week later he was out and ready to re-commence his work.

On the evening of the day before that on which he was to return to the mine a grand banquet was given by all the miners to Miss Papa. The place of honor was reserved for her. A loud hurrah and wild applause greeted her when she entered, holding on to Michel's hand. There were kisses given, shouts of "Bravo!" and wild huzzas in honor of the little queen.

And do you know what she replied to all this, smiling and clapping her little hands?

She replied: "Papa."

It would be hard to describe how and in what tone she uttered that one word. But all the brave fellows, whose eyes had hardly ever known a tear, will tell you that they wept that night.

Music.

Music with her soft persuasive voice; music that hath charms to soothe the savage breast and wield a power over the passion of the soul of man, is but a pageant of sweet sounds, an empty echo dwelling in the ear, when compared, during this cold December weather, with an invitation to take a hot toddy.

Harmonious sounds are delightful to the ear. They have been called "the medicine of the breaking heart." The wanderer far from home lives again in the home of his childhood, when he passes some lonely cottage in a foreign land and listens to the music of an infant's voice. To the amateur warrior, who marches with unflinching step, on the Fourth of July, to the hall where a banquet of bottled beer and canvas-backed ham sandwiches are spread, the martial strains of a snare-drum rolling in grand reverberations through space, in majestic, *allegretto* modulations, steal upon his ear like a stream of rich distilled perfumes, or the music of a gong at a railroad eating-house.

The red-shirted fireman could not enjoy the anniversary picnic without music. He could not anniversary without a cent unless he had a band of brazen instruments to walk down the dusty street in front of him. The public-spirited boom of the cannon, the tin-tin-tin-tin popping of ginger beer bottles, all this, to the heroic fireman, is music like the wild warblings of nature, above the reach of art.

The love-sick swain beneath his lady's window awakens tender feelings in his dulcinea's breast (he also awakens the old man), and causes the house dog to howl in harmonious unison with one of Beethoven's immortal sonatas that he drags by the tail though the lungs of a wheezing accordion. Music elevates and ennobles the soul, it holds in mighty chains the hearts of all, and it opens the cells where memory sleeps. How often does the simple melody of a hand organ cause an exasperated tax-payer to elevate his soul and raise the itinerant troubadour off his feet!

Without music this world would be a soulless sounding board. There would be no church choirs, Ruddygore troupes, or amateur concerts; and political rallies, military parades, and \$45 parlor organs would be relegated to the dead past.

We could say more—much more—on this interesting subject, but we think we have sufficiently demonstrated that we know something about music.—*Texas Siftings.*

One of Woman's Ways.

Three women tripped more or less lightly into a Tenth street car going up-town.

As they sank into their seats two of the women struggled desperately to open their pocket-books, and when neither succeeded in getting her purse open each grasped the other's arm and exclaimed:

"Don't dear. I'll pay."

The small woman between them says nothing, and the cross-eyed conductor awaits further developments before going to collect fares. The comedy goes on.

THE HOMEWARD MARCH.

SERMON PREACHED BY REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, JAN. 20.

The Servants of the Lord Should Rouse Themselves, as Did David and His Men, and Recover Their Loved Ones from the Power of the Evil One.

Subject.—The Homeward March. Text:—"Pursue: for thou shalt surely overtake them, and without fail recover all." 1 Samuel, xxi, 8.

There is intense excitement in the village of Ziklag. David and his men are bidding good-by to their families, and are off for the wars. In that little village of Ziklag the defenseless ones will be safe until the warriors, flushed with victory, come home. But will the defenseless ones be safe? The soft arms of children are around the necks of the bronzed warriors until they shake themselves free and start, and handkerchiefs and flags are waved and kisses thrown until the armed men vanish beyond the hills. David and his men soon get through with their campaign and start homeward. Every night on their way home, no sooner does the soldier put his head on the knapsack than in his dream he hears the welcome of the wife and the shout of the child. Oh, what long stories they will have to tell their families, of how they dodged the battle ax! and then will roll up their sleeve and show the half healed wound. With glad, quick step, they march on, David and his men, for they are marching home. Now they come up to the last hill which overlooks Ziklag, and they expect in a moment to see the dwelling places of their loved ones. They look, and as they look their cheeks turn pale, and the lip quivers, and their hand involuntarily comes down on the hilt of the sword. "Where is Ziklag? Where are our homes?" they cry. Alas! the curling smoke above the ruin tells the tragedy. The Amalekites have come down and consumed the village, and carried the mothers and the wives and the children of David and his men into captivity. The swart warriors stand for a few moments transfixed with horror. Then their eyes glance to each other, and they burst into uncontrollable weeping, for when a strong warrior weeps the grief is appalling. It seems as if the emotion might tear him to pieces. They wait until they had no more power to weep. But soon their sorrow turns into rage, and David, swinging his sword high in air, cries: "Pursue: for thou shalt overtake them, and without fail recover all." Now the march becomes a "double quick." Two hundred of David's men stop by the brook Besor, faint with fatigue and grief. They cannot go a step farther. They are left there. But the other 400 men under David, with a sort of panther step, march on in sorrow and in rage. They find by the side of the road a half dead Egyptian, and they resuscitate him, and compel him to tell the whole story. He says: "Yonder they went, the captors and the captives," pointing in the direction. Forward, ye 400 brave men of Israel! Very soon David and his enraged company come upon the Amalekitish host. Yonder they see their own wives and children and mothers, and under Amalekitish guard. Here are the officers of the Amalekitish army holding a banquet. The cups are full, the music is roused, the dance begins. The Amalekitish host cheer and cheer over their victory. But, without note of bug or warning of trumpet, David and his 400 men burst upon the scene suddenly, as Robert Bruce hurled his Scotchmen upon the revelers at Bannockburn. David and his men look up, and one glance at their loved ones in captivity, and under Amalekitish guard throws them into a very fury of determination; for you know how men will fight when they fight for their wives and children. Ah, there are lightnings in their eyes, and every finger is a spear, and their voice is like the shout of the whirlwind. Amidst the upset tankards and the costly vials crushed under foot, the wounded Amalekites lie (their blood mingling with their wine) shrieking for mercy. No sooner do David and his men win the victory than they throw their swords down into the dust—what do they want with swords now?—and the broken families come together amidst a great shout of joy that makes the parting scene in Ziklag seem very insipid in the comparison. The rough old warrior has to use some persuasion before he can get his child to come to him now after so long an absence; but soon the little finger traces the familiar wrinkle across the scarred face. And then the empty tankards are set up, and they are filled with the best wine from the hills, and David and his men, the husbands, the wives, the brothers, the sisters, drink to the overthrow of the Amalekites and to the rebuilding of Ziklag. So, O Lord, let Thine enemies perish!

Now they are coming home, David and his men and their families—a long procession. Men, women, and children, loaded with jewels and robes and with all kinds of trophies that the Amalekites had gathered up in years of conquest—everything now in the hands of David and his men. When they come by the brook Besor, the place where staid the men sick and incompetent to travel, the jewels and the robes and all treasures are divided among the sick as well as among the well. Surely the lame and exhausted ought to have some of the treasures. Here is a robe for this pale-faced warrior. Here is a pillow for this dying man. Here is a handful of gold for the wasted trumpeter. I really think that these men who have endured as much as those men who went into battle. Some mean fellows objected to the sick ones having any of the spoils. The objectors said: "These men did not fight." David, with a magnanimous heart, replies: "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

This subject is practically suggestive to me. Thank God, in these times a man can go off on a journey, and be gone weeks and months, and come back and see his house untouched by incendiary, and have his family on the step to greet him, if by telegram he has foretold the moment of his coming. But there are Amalekitish diseases, and there are Amalekitish diseases, that sometimes come down upon one's home, making as devastating work as the day when Ziklag took fire. There are families in my congregation, whose homes have been broken up. No bettering rain smote in the door, no iconoclast crumbled the statues, no flame leaped amidst the curtains; but, so far as all the joy and merriment that once belonged to that house are concerned, the home has departed. Armed diseases came down upon the quietness of the scene—scarlet fevers, or pleurisy, or consumptions, or undetected disorders came and seized upon some members of that family and carried them away. Ziklag in ashes! And you go about, sometimes weeping and some-

times enraged, wanting to get back your loved ones as much as David and his men wanted to reconstruct their despoiled households. Ziklag in ashes! Some of you went off from home. You counted the days of your absence. Every day seemed as long as a week. Oh, how glad you were when the time came for you to go aboard the steamboat or rail-car and start for home! You arrived. You went up the street where your dwelling was, and in the night you put your hand on the door-bell, and, behold! it was wrapped with the signal of bereavement, and you found that Amalekitish Death, which has devastated a thousand other households, had blasted yours. You go about weeping amidst the desolation of your once happy home, thinking of the bright eyes closed, and the noble hearts stopped, and the gentle hands folded, and you weep until you have no more power to weep. Ziklag in ashes!

A gentleman went to a friend of mine in the city of Washington, and asked that through him he might get a consularship to some foreign port. My friend said to him: "What do you want to go away from your beautiful home for into a foreign port?" "Oh," he replied, "my home is gone! My six children are dead! I must get away, sir. I can't stand it in this country any longer." Ziklag in ashes!

Why these long shadows of bereavement across this audience? Why is it that in almost every assemblage black is the predominant color of the apparel? Is it because you do not like saffron or brown or violet? Oh, no! You say: "The world is not so bright to us as it once was; and there is a story of silent voices, and of still feet, and of loved ones gone, and when you look over the hills, expecting only beauty and loneliness, you find only devastation and woe! Ziklag in ashes!"

In Ulster County, New York, the village church was decorated until the fragrance of the flowers was almost bewildering. The maidens of the village had emptied the place of flowers upon one marriage altar. One of their own number was affianced to a minister of Christ; who had come to take her to his home. With hands joined, amidst a congratulatory audience, the vows were taken. In three days from that time one of those who stood at the altar exchanged earth for Heaven. The wedding march broke down into the funeral dirge. There were not enough flowers now for the coffin lid, because they had all been taken for the bridal hour. The dead minister of Christ is brought to another village. He had gone out from there less than a week before in his strength; now he comes home lifeless. The whole church bewailed him. The solemn procession moved around to look upon the still face that once had beamed with messages of salvation. Little children were lifted up to look at him. And some of those whom he had comforted in days of sorrow, when they passed that silent form, made the place dreadful with their weeping. Another village emptied of its flowers—some of them put in the shape of a cross to symbolize his hope, others put in the shape of a crown to symbolize his triumph. A hundred lights blown out in one strong gust from the open door of a sepulcher. Ziklag in ashes!

I preach this sermon to-day because I want to rally you, as David rallied his men, for the recovery of the loved and the lost. I want not only to win Heaven, but I want all this congregation to go along with me. I feel that somehow I have a responsibility in your arriving at that great city. I have on other Sabbaths used other inducements. I mean to-day, for the sake of variety, hoping to reach your heart, to try another kind of inducement. Do you really want to join the companionship of your loved ones who have gone? Are you as anxious to join them as David and his men were to join their families? Then I am here, in the name of God, to say that you may, and to tell you how.

I remark, in the first place, if you want to join your loved ones in glory you must travel the same way they went. No sooner had the half dead Egyptian been resuscitated than he pointed the way to the captors and the captives had gone, and David and his men followed after. So our Christian friends have gone into another country, and if we want to reach their companionship we must take the same road. They repented; we must repent. They prayed; we must pray. They trusted in Christ; we must trust in Christ. They lived a religious life; we must live a religious life. They were in some things like ourselves. I know, now that they are gone, there is a halo around their names; but they had their faults. They said and did things they ought never to have said or done. They were sometimes rebellious, sometimes cast down. They were far from being perfect. So I suppose that when we have gone, some things in us that are now only tolerable may be almost repulsive. But as they were like us in deficiencies, we ought to be like them in taking a supernatural Christ to make up for the deficits. Had it not been for Jesus they would have all perished; but Christ confronted them, and said: "I am the way," and they took it.

I have also to say to you that the path that these captives trod was a troubled path, and that David and his men had to go over the same difficult way. While these captives were being taken off they said: "Oh, we are so tired; we are so sick; we are so hungry!" But the men who had charge of them said: "Stop this crying! Go on!" David and his men also found it a hard way. They had to travel it. Our friends have gone into glory, and it is through much tribulation that we are to enter into the kingdom. How our loved ones used to have to struggle! How their old hearts ached! How sometimes they have a tussle for bread! In our childhood we wondered why there were so many wrinkles on their faces. We did not know that what were called "crow's feet" on their faces were the marks of the black raven of trouble. Did you never hear the old people, seated by the evening stand, talk over their early trials, their hardships, the accidents, the burials, the disappointments, the empty flour barrel when there were so many hungry ones to feed, the sicknesses almost unto death, where the next dose of morphine decided between ghastly bereavement and an unbroken home-circle? Oh, yes! it was trouble that shook the cup in their hands. It was trouble that washed the luster from their eyes with the rain of tears until they needed spectacles. It was trouble that made the cane a necessity for their journey. Do you never remember seeing your old mother sitting, on some rainy day, looking out of the window, her elbow on the window sill, her hand to her brow—looking out, not seeing the falling shower at all (you well knew she was looking into the distant past), until the apron came up to her eyes, because the memory was too much for her?

Oh, the big, unbidden tear, Stealing down the furrowed cheek, Tales of woe they could not speak. But this some of weeping o'er,

Fast this some of toll and pain, They shall feel distress no more, Never, never weep again.

"Who are these under the altar?" the question was asked; and the response came: "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Our friends went by a path of tears into glory. Be not surprised if we have to travel the same pathway.

I remark, again, if we want to win the society of our friends in Heaven, we will not only have to travel a path of faith and a path of tribulation, but we will also have to positively battle for their companionship. David and his men never wanted sharp swords and invulnerable shields and thick breastplates so much as they wanted them on the day when they came down upon the Amalekites. If they had lost that battle, they never would have got their families back. I suppose that one glance at their loved ones in captivity hurried them into the battle with ten fold courage and energy. They said: "We must win it. Everything depends upon it. Let each one take a man on point of spear or sword. We must win it." And I have to tell you that between us and coming into the companionship of our loved ones who are departed there is an Ansterlitz, there is a Gettysburg, there is a Waterloo. War with the world, war with the flesh, war with the devil. We have either to conquer our troubles, or our troubles will conquer us. David will either slay the Amalekites, or the Amalekites will slay David. And yet is not the fort to be taken worth all the pain, all the peril, all the besiegement? Look! who are they on the bright hills of Heaven yonder? There they are, those who sat at your own table, the chair now vacant. There they are, those whom you rocked in infancy in the cradle, or hushed to sleep in your arms. There they are, those in whose life your life was bound up. There they are, their brow more radiant than ever before you saw it, their lips waiting for the kiss of Heavenly greeting, their cheek roseate with the health of eternal summer, their hands beckoning you up the steep, their feet bounding with the mirth of Heaven. The pallor of their last sickness gone out of their face, never more to be sick, never more to cough, never more to limp, never more to be old, never more to weep. They are watching from those heights to see if through Christ you can take that fort, and whether you will rush in upon them—victors. They know that upon this battlefield depends whether you will ever join their society. Up! strike harder! Charge more bravely! Remember that every inch you gain puts you so much farther on toward that Heavenly reunion.

If this morning while I speak you could hear the cannonade of a foreign navy, coming through the "Narrows," which was to despoil our city; and if they really should succeed in carrying our families away from us, how long would we take before we resolved to go after them? Every weapon, whether fresh from Springfield or old and rusty in the garret, would be brought out; and we would urge on, and coming in front of the foe, we would look at them and then look at our families, and the cry would be: "Victory or death!" and when the ammunition was gone we would take the captors on the point of the bayonet or under the breech of the gun. If you would make such a struggle for the getting back of your earthly friends, will you not make as much struggle for the gaining of the eternal companionship of your heavenly friends? Oh, yes! we must join them. We must sit in their holy society. We must sing with them the song. We must celebrate with them the triumph. Let it never be told on earth or in Heaven that David and his men pushed out with braver hearts for the getting back of their earthly friends for a few years on earth than we do to get our departed!

You say that all this implies that our departed Christian friends are alive. Why, had you any idea they were dead? They have only moved. If you should go on the 2d of May to a house where one of your friends lived, and found him gone, you would not think that he was dead. You would inquire next door where he had moved to. Our departed Christian friends have only taken another house. The secret is that they are richer now than they once were, and can afford a better residence. They once drank out of earthenware; they now drink from the King's chalice. "Joseph is yet alive," and Jacob will go up and see him. Living are they? Why, if a man can live in this damp, dark dungeon of earthly captivity, can he not live where he breathes the braising atmosphere of the mountains of Heaven? Oh, yes, they are living!

Do you think that Paul is so near dead now as he was when he was living in the Roman dungeon? Do you think that Frederick Robertson, of Brighton, is as near dead now as he was when, year after year, he slept seated on the floor, his head on the bottom of a chair, because he could find ease in no other position? Do you think that Robert Hall is as near dead now as when on his couch, he tossed in physical tortures? No. Death gave them the few black drops that cured them. That is all death does to a Christian—cures him. I know that what I have said implies that they are living. There is no question about that. The only question this morning is whether you will join them.

A shepherd finds that his musical pipe is bruised. He says: "I can't get any more music out of this instrument, so I will just break it, and I will throw this reed away. Then I will get another reed and I will play music on that." But God says he will not cast you off because all the music has gone out of your soul. "The bruised reed he will not break."

