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### Holland City News, Volume 18, Number 20: June 15, 1889

Holland City News

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# HOLLAND CITY NEWS.

VOL. XVIII.

HOLLAND, MICH., SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1889.

NO. 20

## 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.

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

FAIRBANKS, I., 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.

BLUM, 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.

### Ban.

HOLLAND CITY, BAN & S., foreign and domestic  
exchange bought and sold. 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 BROS., dealers in Boots and  
shoes. A large assortment always on hand.  
Eighth street.

### 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.

DOESBURG, J. O., Dealer in Drugs and Medi-  
cines, Patents and Oils, Brushes, Toilet Arti-  
cles and Perfumery, 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 booksellers.  
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 Fresh Eggs and Dairy But-  
ter always on hand. River street, cor. Ninth.

STEKETRE 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  
Roller Flour, proprietors of Standard Roller  
Mills. Daily capacity, 300 barrels.

### Hardware.

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

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

### Hotels.

CITY HOTEL, Geo. N. Williams, Proprietor.  
The only first-class hotel in the city. It 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. General  
teaming done, cor. Market and Seventh st.

### Manufactories, Mills, Shops, Etc.

ELIEMAN, J., Wagon and Carriage Manu-  
facturer of Oak Yokes. River street.

HOLLAND CITY BREWERY, A. Self, Propri-  
etor, capacity of Brewery 4,000 barrels.  
Cor. Maple and Tenth streets.

## LOCAL ITEMS.

Hot! But the strawberry short cake  
is ripening fast and everybody is happy.

TWELVE new subscribers have been  
added to the telephone exchange this  
week.

QUERY:—What's the matter with  
Cleveland? Baseball enthusiast—She's  
all right!

"A HUGE JOKE," will be enacted at  
the Opera House Monday and Tuesday  
evenings, June 24 and 25.

AFTER the heavy rains which we  
have experienced lately, the sunshine  
is making everything grow rapidly.

On the fourth page of this issue will  
be found another interesting letter from  
Mrs. A. E. S. Bangs, of Berkeley, Cal.

"SINGLE TAX" has received a set  
back in Holland, by the discharge of  
two of its prominent leaders from the  
tannery.

REV. WM. MOERDYK, of Pella, Ia.,  
will preach in the Third Reformed  
Church to-morrow, Sunday, morning  
and afternoon.

The Building and Loan Association  
will loan \$1,000 to the highest bidder  
this evening, Saturday, at the office of  
the association, Kanter's block.

MR. W. VAARWERK, of Roseland,  
Ill., of this city, was married to Miss  
Mary Kuiper, of the same place this  
week. We extend congratulations.

We acknowledge the receipt of an  
invitation to attend the exercises of  
commencement week of the State Nor-  
mal School at Ypsilanti, June 23 to 26.

LIST of letters remaining in the post  
office at Holland, Mich., June 13, 1889:  
Mr. C. H. Elles, Hern Ferd Henry Wolf;  
J. G. VAN PUTTEN, P. M.

THE depots at LaPorte, Ind., Tru-  
fants and Gowan on the Chicago and  
West Mich. R'y were entered by thieves  
Tuesday night, but nothing valuable  
was missed.

THE Chicago and West Mich R'y will  
sell tickets June 26th to all those who  
desire to attend Forepaugh's circus at  
\$1.50 for the round trip, which also in-  
cludes a ticket to the show.

HOLLAND's dry goods merchant, Mr.  
D. Bertsch, is receiving new goods every  
day. He carries a large stock, which  
he sells at prices lower than he has ever  
sold the same articles for in this city.  
Read business locals elsewhere.

THE Cooper'sville Agricultural Asso-  
ciation announce a trotting meeting at  
the fair grounds, at Cooper'sville, on  
July 3rd and 4th. Six hundred dollars  
in premiums are offered. Those among  
our readers who can attend this meet-  
ing can be assured that they will find  
the people of Cooper'sville ready to wel-  
come them to their pleasant village,  
and treat them well while there. Horse-  
men who desire further information in  
regard to the matter should write to  
Dr. J. O. Bates, Spring Lake.

THE New Groningen and District No.  
1, Holland Township, schools will hold  
their closing exercises at the Kanter's  
Park, one mile east of Holland on Sat-  
urday, June 22. The exercises will be-  
gin at 10 a. m. and continue until 11:30,  
when refreshments will be served.  
After dinner the remainder of the pro-  
gramme will be carried out. Many  
prominent educators will be present.  
A profitable and entertaining time is  
anticipated. A cordial invitation is  
extended to all.

W. W. HEASLEY & A. P. SRIVER,  
Teachers.

Building Notes.

The foundation of E. J. Harrington's  
new residence on Market street is com-  
pleted, and the carpenter work will  
begin at once.

J. Pauels' home on Ninth street will  
soon be ready for occupancy.

The frame is up of J. B. Van Oort's  
residence on Market street, and will  
soon be enclosed.

The work of building Mayor Kremers'  
new residence is being pushed rapidly  
by the contractors.

J. Kok's house on Fish street is  
almost completed.

Aurora Club Orchestra.

A grand musical treat can be expect-  
ed by the citizens of Holland and friends  
of Hope College on Wednesday evening,  
June 23, at the college chapel. This  
club is in better condition than on their  
last appearance here, having added two  
more pieces, thus making it a full  
orchestra. The music these young amate-  
urs discourse is of a high order, and  
their execution is fine, gaining the popu-  
lar favor, wherever they go. Since they  
so kindly offer to come for expenses  
only, their kindness should meet with  
hearty response on the part of the  
friends of the college. The price of  
admission has been placed at 35 cents;  
children under 15 years, 25 cents.

For the interest of the student reader  
we copy the following from the Chicago  
Tribune, June 13: "It was made public  
at New Brunswick, N. J., Wednesday  
that four students at the Dutch Re-  
formed Theological Seminary had re-  
nounced that creed and had determined  
to enter the Episcopal church."

ONE of Hamlin's Wizard Oil com-  
panies arrived in Holland Monday and  
have been entertaining our people with  
concerts every evening since, at the  
Opera House. The concerts were free  
each night, except Wednesday, and it  
is almost unnecessary to state that they  
had a crowded house every night,  
except Wednesday.

On the last page we give extracts  
from an article on the "Flowers of  
Dakota," written by Rev. S. J. Har-  
meling, a former resident of Holland and  
a graduate of Hope College. It shows  
that the prairie state, notwithstanding  
its cold winters, has a wealth of beau-  
tiful flowers, for the summer. The  
tribute to President Scott, of the col-  
lege, is well deserved.

MR. THEODORE BOSMAN and Miss  
Minnie Bosman, his cousin, both of  
this city, were married in Grand Rapids  
last Wednesday evening. Rev. G. Vos,  
pastor of the Spring Street Christian  
Reformed Church, performed the cere-  
mony. We congratulate the newly  
wedded couple, and hope their journey  
of life together will be through a path  
of sunshine and flowers.

A HORRIBLE accident occurred Tues-  
day at John H. Eppink's mill at Lucas,  
a town six miles south of Cadillac, on  
the T. & A. railroad. L. C. Munroe,  
while at work, near the edging machine,  
had his arm caught between the cog  
wheels, and though two men tried with  
all their might to reach him, he was  
drawn in and literally ground to pieces.  
He was a widower of about 40 years  
old, leaving four young children. His  
remains were taken to Coral, Mich.,  
his former home.

CAPT. PETER DE FEYTER visited  
Saugatuck this week, and while there,  
witnessed the launch of the new barge  
Peters at Brittain's yard. There were  
a large number of visitors present from  
South Haven and St. Joseph, and the  
launch was a complete success. The  
barge was taken to Grand Haven on  
Thursday, where the boiler and engine  
will be placed in position. It is in-  
tended for the iron ore trade, and is the  
largest steamboat ever built at Sauga-  
tuck.

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ciation announce a trotting meeting at  
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only, their kindness should meet with  
hearty response on the part of the  
friends of the college. The price of  
admission has been placed at 35 cents;  
children under 15 years, 25 cents.

How about the Fourth of July? The  
towns all around us are making prepa-  
rations to celebrate, and we cannot  
hear a peep from the Holland people  
on the subject. We understand there  
was a "nest egg" left of the decoration  
day fund. Use this to start the ball  
rolling. Merchants in our city will find  
every dollar invested in a good celebra-  
tion will bring back ten dollars in busi-  
ness here.

## The Schools.

At the special meeting of the Board  
of Education held last Tuesday even-  
ing, the teachers, except superintend-  
ent, of the schools of this city, were en-  
gaged for the ensuing school year.  
There are two changes, Miss G. Higgins  
taking the place of Miss Anna Osborn  
in room No. 5, primary, and Miss Rika  
Te Roller, ward school, in place of Miss  
Addie Clark. The board has not yet  
positively secured a superintendent.  
The position has been offered to Prof.  
J. W. Humphrey, of Hope College, but  
whether he will accept or not, we are  
unable to state. A large number of  
applications have been received by the  
board for the position.

Prof. Geo. P. Hummer, the retiring  
superintendent, has conducted our  
schools in a manner which is acknowl-  
edged by all to have been better than  
the work of any previous principal. The  
majority of the board, however, desire  
a change.

We hope that the new superintendent,  
whoever he may be, will fill the position  
in as able a manner as his predecessor.

## Miss Lizzie Phelps.

The terrible calamity in Pennsylvania  
is still the principal topic of interest in  
the daily press. The disaster was so  
great and the number of lives lost, so  
large, that nearly every community  
mourned the death of some of its citi-  
zens. Here in Holland it was supposed  
at first that we had no individual deaths  
to sorrow for. But soon came the sad  
intelligence that Miss Lizzie Phelps  
was among the dead. She was the  
daughter of Dr. Philip Phelps, who  
passed the best years of his life in  
earnest work in this city for the college  
and community. Miss Lizzie Phelps  
graduated at Hope College, and she had  
many warm friends here, who were  
deeply grieved at the news of her death.

She was at Williamsport, Pennsylv-  
ania, acting as governess, in a family  
named Youngman. The flood there  
was caused by a sudden rise of the Sus-  
quehanna river, owing to the heavy  
rains. Mrs. Youngman, her four chil-  
dren, Miss Lizzie Phelps, and another  
young lady visitor, were all lost from  
that one household.

Dr. and Mrs. Phelps have the sym-  
pathy of this entire community in their  
great sorrow.

## Commencement Week.

The exercises connected with the  
twenty-fourth commencement of Hope  
College will be as follows:

Wednesday, June 19.—Examinations  
of the Undergraduate classes, com-  
mencing at 9 a. m., and continuing until  
including Friday, June 21st.

Friday, June 21.—Anniversary of the  
Melophone Society, in the chapel, at  
7:30 p. m.

Sunday, June 23.—Baccalaureate ser-  
mon, by the President, at 7:30 p. m., in  
Hope Church.

Monday, June 24.—Rhetorical Exer-  
cises of the "A" class, at 2 p. m., in the  
chapel.

Anniversary of the Uiflas Society, at  
8 p. m., in the chapel.

Tuesday, June 25.—Meeting of the  
council, at 10:30 a. m.

Public exercises of the Alumni Asso-  
ciation, at 8 p. m., in the chapel.

Wednesday, June 26.—Commence-  
ment exercises in the First Reformed  
Church, at 10 a. m. Address by the  
Rev. J. H. Barrows, D. D., of Chicago.

Business meeting of the Alumni  
Association at 2 p. m., in the chapel.

Concert by the Aurora Club of Grand  
Rapids, in the chapel, at 8 p. m.

All the friends of the Institution are  
cordially invited.

CHARLES SCOTT, Pres.  
Holland, Mich., June 10, 1889.

## Personal Pennings.

Mr. P. W. Kane was in Grand Rapids  
Wednesday on business.

C. Blom, Jr., and H. L. Rosin were  
in Grand Rapids Tuesday.

Mr. Jas. Fixter, of Milwaukee, was  
here a few days this week.

Sheriff Vaupell was in the city Thurs-  
day, shaking hands with his many  
friends here.

Mr. Hart, of Plainwell, is visiting  
his son, Mr. A. D. Hart, conductor on  
the C. & W. M. R'y.

Prof. J. J. Anderson and family, of  
Fulton, Mo., are occupying their sum-  
mer cottage at Macatawa Park Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Hecker, of Milwau-  
kee, were the guests of O. Breyman and  
family a few days this week. They  
left for the east Monday.

Dr. W. Van Putten is slowly recover-  
ing from his illness. This is good news,  
and we hope it will not be long before  
he will be able to be out again.

Rev. E. Van der Vries, pastor of the  
Market Street Christian Reformed  
Church, left for Paterson, N. J., Thurs-  
day. He will be absent three or four  
weeks.

Will Nye, night baggageman, and  
Patsy Grimes, night train dispatcher,  
at the depot, are seeing Chicago this  
week. They left by the morning train  
Thursday.

Mr. Ira Smith, of Cooper, Kalamazoo  
Co., is visiting the family of his brother-  
in-law, W. H. Finch. Mr. Smith,  
although eighty-one years of age, looks  
much younger and enjoys splendid  
health.

Mr. W. D. Stearns, formerly car dis-  
tributor of the Chicago and West Mich.  
R'y, is now train dispatcher for the  
Toledo, St. Louis and Kansas City rail-  
road, with headquarters at Frankfort,  
Indiana.

Mrs. L. Kardux came home with her  
father, Geo. H. Souter, for a short visit  
with relatives and friends. Mr. Kardux  
will join her to-day, Saturday, and on  
Monday evening they will return to  
their home at Englewood, Ill.

At the annual meeting of the Sons  
of Veterans at St. Joseph last week,  
Dr. J. A. Mabbs, of this city, was ap-  
pointed staff surgeon of Michigan  
Division, S. O. V. We congratulate  
the doctor on his appointment.

Mr. Geo. H. Souter returned from  
Chicago, where he attended the Nur-  
serymen's association, last Sunday, and  
reports having enjoyed a pleasant visit  
and gained much valuable information  
by meeting with so many men engaged  
in the same line of business. Geo. H.  
Jr. accompanied him, and took in Baron  
Yerkes' elephant and other sights at  
the different parks.

## The Johnstown Fund.

Below we publish the amount sub-  
scribed to date to the above fund:

Employees Cappon & Bertsch Leather Co.

John J. Cappon	\$2.00
J. Johnson	1.00
John De Young	1.00
John Vissers	1.00
Van Wierhem	1.00
O. Hanson	.50
B. Van Anrooy	1.00
L. Bookwood	.50
J. Pol	.50
J. Boggs	.50
W. B. Hissen	1.00
W. J. Davidson	1.00
M. Kleyen	1.00
W. Berghs	1.00
C. Kerkhof	1.00
B. Borgman	1.00
R. Kuitte	.50
J. Rogers	1.00
A. Zuidema	1.00
J. Slooter	1.00
N. Schmidt	.50
P. Knutson	.50
A. Borgman	1.00
G. Dehn	1.00
C. Hansen	1.00
H. Elferdink	1.00
H. Van Doesburg	1.00
W. Oxner	.50
H. Tindall	.50
W. Elferdink	1.00
J. Elan Ank	1.00
J. Henrichson	1.00
J. Van Ry	.50
J. Reidsma	.50
J. Wiersma	.50
J. Mijns	.50
P. Peterson	.50
J. Knutson	.50
G. Bender	.50
D. Hensen	.50
R. Habermann	.50
J. Holquist	.50
J. Hietje	.50
P. Slooter	.50
C. Hopkin	.50
G. Winters	.50
H. Veger	1.00
C. Van De Bie	.50
Johannes De Weerd	1.00
J. De Weerd	1.00
J. Brink	.50
A. Moore	.50
G. Laeppele	1.00
W. Zeen	.50
H. Damson	.50
H. Parks	.50
D. L. Boyd	1.00
J. Graham	1.00
J. Elferdink	1.00
D. Cronin	.50
B. Dalman	.50
J. Hummel	.50
G. Appeldoorn	1.00
B. Kieft	1.00
J. Tusey	1.00
J. Kuitte	1.00
H. Landaal	1.00
A. De Feyter	1.00
A. Reinken	1.00
M. De Ridder	1.00
J. Beekman	.50
J. Van der Wege	.50
L. Veele	.50
J. Volkema	.50
G. Stam	1.00
J. Krokee	1.00
M. Klaassen	.50
P. Baerman	1.00
J. Meelgraaf	.50
G. Volke	.50
M. Ver Elst	.50
P. Hillardus	1.00
H. De Vries	.50
P. Van Langevelde	.50
W. Doornbos	.50
A. Alderink	.50
M. De Boe	.50
H. Fliet	.50
A. Kamerad	.50
B. Beekman	.50
C. Kamerad	1.00
H. Beekman	.50</







## A NARROW VALE.

BY ROBERT G. INHERSOLL.

Life is a narrow vale between the cold  
And barren peaks of two eternities.  
We strive in vain to look beyond the heights,  
We cry aloud, the only answer  
Is the echo of our wailing cry.  
From the voiceless lips of the unwept dead  
There comes no word; but in the night of death  
Hope sees a star, and listening love can hear  
The music of a wing.  
These myths were born of hopes, and fears, and  
And smiles; and they were touched and colored  
By all there is of joy and grief between  
The rosy dawn of birth and death's sad night.  
They clothed even the stars with passion,  
And gave to gods the faults and frailties  
Of the sons of men. In them the winds  
And waves were music, and all the lakes and  
Streams, springs, mountains, woods, and per-  
fumed dells  
Were haunted by a thousand fairy forms.

## A RECONCILIATION.

BY J. F. M.

Dr. Gray, F. R. S., D. Sc., was very  
clever, very irascible, and he had but  
few intimate friends. Not, however,  
because he was irascible, for it was by  
fits and starts only that he snapped and  
snarled; but because he was unsociable,  
and the habits of the recluse grew upon  
him, and each year of the ten he had  
lived alone in his modest flat in Mordicamp  
Mansions he had withdrawn more  
and more from society, and the few  
friends who really loved and admired  
him were sad at heart, for the clever  
doctor was only just forty, and his dark  
hair ought not to be turning gray so  
rapidly; and there was a look in his  
beautiful, keen eyes sometimes that  
made sentimental women when they  
caught it, which was not often, say he  
had "a story."

And so he had, but the book wherein  
it was written down was closed and put  
away ten years ago, before he became  
famous—before he came to Mordicamp  
Mansions. One or two old friends,  
such as Tom Teesdale and his wife,  
knew the story, and willingly would  
they have written the chapter, which  
was still untold, in their own way. But  
the doctor stoutly declared that it would  
never be written—while he lived—and  
what could the kindest friend do or say  
but just listen to him and submit?

When the story began, as stories so  
often do, with a tender and even roman-  
tic love passage, Marmaduke Gray had  
not reached the professor's chair which  
he now so ably filled, but it was well  
known that honors and distinctions were  
before him. Indeed, for his age he was  
one of the most gifted among many able  
competers, and a most delightful com-  
panion if only you could get him away  
from his microscope and specimens, wet  
and dry—living and dead. He was just  
on the point of perfecting the deduc-  
tions made from the discoveries that  
followed the patient labor of years (how  
his fine eyes sparkled and how the  
words poured from his eloquent lips as  
he talked of his work!) when the flat  
above his own was let, and every nerve  
quivered when he heard a piano-tuner  
at work in the room over his study.

For days and days before the profes-  
sor spoke of his grievance, the Teesdales  
knew something had gone wrong.  
Then it all came out bit by bit, and  
it had to do with the tenant on the third  
floor.

"She plays the piano from morning  
till night," he said one evening as he  
walked up and down Mrs. Teesdale's  
drawing-room. It was then about 8  
o'clock.

"But with a padded ceiling surely the  
sound is muffled?"

"Intensified, you mean? The pad-  
ding is a fraud! Why did she take  
that flat?" and the professor's long  
slender fingers roused up his hair. It  
was cropped close, so he could not do  
much harm.

"You are sure it is a woman?"

"Yes. I read her name on the in-  
dicator in the hall—Mrs. Vernon. And  
she is always at home."

Silence for a few seconds, then he  
added, with a funny little break in his  
voice—not the sort of sound one would  
expect from a professor: "I should not  
mind so much if she did not play her  
music. It seems like retribution that  
I should be condemned to listen to it  
every day, and yet not—from Margery."

Mr. and Mrs. Teesdale exchanged a  
rapid glance. It was the first time the  
professor had uttered that name for  
years.

"How I used to abominate Chopin  
and all his works!" the clear voice, with  
now a pathetic note in it, went on, and  
the professor's eyes sparkled almost as  
if they were wet. As he reached the far  
end of the room in his walk he was  
seen to take out his handkerchief, but  
when he passed once more into the cir-  
cle of light the man of science was him-  
self again.

"I am not going to bear it much  
longer," he said, in a cool, matter-of-  
fact tone. "If she insists upon playing  
all day long I must move. Fancy be-  
ing driven from a comfortable home by  
a tinkling piano!"

"Do not be in a hurry. You will get  
accustomed to it in time."

"Accustomed!" The professor was  
getting cross. "I have done my best."  
Mrs. Teesdale smiled; she knew what  
his best was. "I set my will to work to  
force myself not to listen, and I might  
have succeeded if—"

"If she had not played like Margery."  
The professor started as if he had  
been struck by a bullet. "You must  
not speak of her!" he cried out.

"But you said her name yourself this  
moment, you inconsistent mortal!"

"Very likely; but that is no reason  
for supposing that I can bear it from  
you."

"But you ought to bear it, and what  
is more, you ought to put an end to this  
estrangement. I believe you are just  
as fond of her as you were ten years  
ago."

"Fond of her! What put that into  
your head? I am not the man I was  
ten years ago. I have no time for love  
and nonsense."

"Please answer my question."

"You did not ask one."

"Pardon me. I asked you if you were  
not in love? There! I wonder if any  
one ever saw a professor blushing be-  
fore?"

"Fish! Rubbish! You make me  
look like a fool!" the professor grum-  
bled; and he flung himself into a chair,  
and took up a newspaper wherewith he  
screened his face.

"You cannot deny that she was a very  
pretty woman," he was heard to mutter,  
as he presently turned the sheet.

Mrs. Teesdale knew her man. She  
let him alone for ten minutes, and then  
challenged him to a game of chess. As  
they arranged the pieces the professor  
said:

"I sent a polite message the day be-  
fore yesterday, stating the hours at  
which I am out every day; and I asked,  
as a great favor, that she would practice  
during my absence."

"A very sensible suggestion. What  
did she say?"

The professor laughed his celebrated  
sardonic laugh. "She was very rude—  
said she never received messages through  
servants, and that if I had any request  
to make I must make it in person."

"Beware! It is a plan! She wants  
to see the celebrated professor of physi-  
ology! You need not frown. I saw a  
woman buying your photograph at the  
stereoscopic the other day. Now, you  
are caught in your own net, for you  
know you never admit that woman are  
foolish."

"But what am I to do about Mrs.  
Vernon's piano?"

"My dear fidgety professor, I cannot  
imagine you climbing up Mrs. Vernon's  
stairs; knocking at Mrs. Vernon's door;  
and begging of Mrs. Vernon to give up  
Chopin because he interrupts your  
scientific studies! If she happens to be  
nice-looking—"

"Go on," the professor breaks in.

"You have the move."

Then, as he absently followed Mrs.  
Teesdale's lead, he muttered half aloud:  
"Two lives were shipwrecked by Mr.  
Chopin before; at least mine was."

The game lasted barely ten minutes,  
and the professor was beaten. "A poor  
victory," said Mrs. Teesdale; "I believe  
you were thinking all the time of Mrs.  
Vernon and her piano."

"I was not thinking of Mrs. Vernon,"  
he snarled the words out quite vici-  
ously, and presently bade his friends  
good-night.

Standing in the open doorway, half  
in and half out, he spoke again. "I  
shall send you my new address when I  
move," he said. "I know it will come to  
that."

There was work waiting for him when  
he got home, but he was not in the mood  
for work. He opened some letters  
which had come for him by the last post;  
gushing epistles, some of them from  
women who followed the fashion in run-  
ning after the cleverest and most attrac-  
tive man of his day. Strange to say,  
these letters did not make him angry.  
Gentleness and toleration for women  
seemed to increase and multiply in him  
as his frame grew; but not one of the  
many fair ones who burnt incense before  
him could flatter herself that he was  
falling in love. He was charming in  
every mood, and nearly always pleasant  
of speech. Now and then came a crush-  
ing rebuke or a withering sarcasm, but  
immediately after followed the old  
sweet pleasant smile that each woman  
tried hard to win for herself. Whether  
in good temper or bad, Dr. Gray was  
fascinating.

He was not very smiable, however,  
this evening, for he was vexed at his in-  
ability to work. Events in his life  
which he had told himself were dead  
and buried came crowding upon his  
clear and well-ordered brain. Memory  
played him fantastic tricks. Imagination,  
more capricious than memory,  
filled his study with the sweetest,  
brightest pictures, and made his heart  
beat as it had beaten ten years before  
when—

He took up books one after another  
and flung them here and there about the  
room; for, just as the mental picture  
was fairest and most adorable—just as  
in imagination he felt two soft arms round  
his neck and saw two sweet eyes look-  
ing into his own, some one stirred in the  
room overhead, and immediately one of  
Chopin's wild waltzes filled the air  
about him. The visions conjured up by  
memory and fancy fled, and the profes-  
sor, with an indescribable expression on  
his face, leaned his elbows on the table  
and propped up his head with a cheek  
on either hand.

Five minutes—ten, passed thus; then  
he got up quietly and looked at his  
watch. It was nearly half-past ten.  
"It is rather late to call on a strange  
woman," he said; "but I have no time  
by day, and if this goes on I shall go  
mad. Why in the name of all that's  
distracting must she play that music?"

He picked up the books that he had  
flung about; touched some articles upon  
his study table without knowing that  
he did so, then went to the door, opened  
it, and stood for a moment or two irreso-  
lute, with the sound of Mrs. Vernon's  
piano still in his ears. The next mo-  
ment he was out on the public stair-  
case and had begun the ascent to the  
third floor.

To ring Mrs. Vernon's bell, to be ad-  
mitted and to find himself at her draw-  
ing-room door was the work of a few  
seconds. He got rid of the sleepy-  
looking servant by saying that that her  
mistress expected him; and, as she dis-  
appeared down the passage, he knocked.  
A voice said: "Come in," but the play-  
ing did not cease. He went in, and  
still Mrs. Vernon played on.

She did not look round. She thought  
it was the servant who had come in to  
fetch something.

The professor felt exceedingly un-  
comfortable; when Mrs. Vernon told  
him to come and ask her himself to ar-  
range her practice for the hours he was  
absent, he knew she did not mean him  
to come at 10:30 p. m.

"Madam," he began, "allow me to  
apologize—"

The lady at the piano—she had her  
back to him, and the room was so dimly  
lighted that she sat in deep shadow—  
gave a start, but she did not look round,  
and she did not stop playing. The profes-  
sor felt so obviously in the wrong  
that courtesy, tact and temper deserted  
him, at the same moment. But he  
made a fresh start.

"Madam," he repeated, "I do not in-  
trude upon you for pleasure. I come  
because you refuse to receive a mes-  
sage, and I cannot wait until to-mor-  
row. Will you allow me to make my  
request and to be gone? Your music is  
distracting."

With a clashing of chords, and a sud-  
den sweep of her fingers over the keys,  
Mrs. Vernon stopped—closed the piano  
—pressed her hands for a moment to

her temples—rose and faced her  
visitor.

She was a beautiful woman in the very  
fullest bloom of life and loveliness;  
small of stature (so small indeed that  
the professor looked tall beside her, and  
he was by no means a giant), but ex-  
quisitely formed and very graceful. Her  
fine gray eyes had a mischievous light  
in them as she bent them upon the  
startled man who had already retreated  
a step or two, but there was a note of  
suppressed pain in her voice as she  
said:

"I am sorry time has not lessened  
your antipathy to my music, Marmaduke."

The professor said not a word; but,  
before Mrs. Vernon could evade him,  
he caught her in his arms and kissed  
her, as ten years before he had kissed  
her on their wedding day.

"Margery! My wife!" he cried at  
length, as he held her from him to look  
into her eyes.

What he read therein must have satis-  
fied him (and he was hard to please,  
all his pupils knew), for he drew her  
into his arms again, and, being stronger  
than she, she could not get away.

"But you hate Chopin still," she said  
at last; "and my rival, the microscope,  
is more formidable than ever."

"You may play Chopin from morning  
until night if you will forgive me and  
love me again, Margery."

"You have more to forgive than I,"  
the true woman answered, as she put  
up her hand and gently stroked the  
face which looked older and more  
marred than when she had seen it last;

"I am ashamed when I think how hor-  
rid I was. But, let me whisper it, I  
thought you loved those dreadful  
worms and things better than you did  
your wife, and I was afraid I was too  
young, and—"

"And so we lost ten years of happi-  
ness," he answered as her voice broke  
with a sob, but, although his voice was  
sad and rather stern, he stooped and  
fondly kissed away the mist of tears  
from her eyes.

It was some days before the Tees-  
dales heard anything from the profes-  
sor. Then came a note from him,  
from the Isle of Wight. "I found Mar-  
gery playing Chopin on the third  
floor," he wrote. "The microscope was  
a holiday, and we are enjoying a second  
honeymoon. I like it."

Quoth Mr. Teesdale: "She's a million  
times too good for that cantankerous  
little book-worm."

Quoth Mrs. T.: "I am sure I hope  
she will be sensible now and treat him  
properly. Too good for him! Good  
gracious! Why, he is a perfect angel.  
I do not know a woman fit to tie his  
shoes."

Margery was of the same opinion, but  
she always tied the professor's.

## It's Easy to Keep House in Japan.

Life in Japan has its compensations.  
A young lady who recently married an  
Englishman, a tea merchant, writes  
home of her Oriental housekeeping:  
"We have five servants," she says, "at  
the same cost of employing two in New  
York. I am looked upon as positively  
ornamental, and am not expected to  
even think about the daily household  
routine. I have had to get used to the  
amusing deference my retainers accord  
me. Invariably every night at bedtime  
the five appear and prostrate themselves  
before me as a good night ceremony. I  
had great difficulty to preserve my dig-  
nity on the initial performance of this  
singular custom, but I have grown used  
to it now, and am as solemn as the oc-  
casion requires. The other day one of  
my rare visits to the kitchen I dropped  
my handkerchief and left the room with-  
out discovering my loss. A few mo-  
ments later, seated in my own room, I  
heard a whispering outside the door,  
followed by the entrance of my maid  
and the waitress, the former bearing a  
small salver upon which rested the bit  
of cambric. It was gravely presented,  
and then both withdrew. I learned  
afterward from my maid that its pres-  
ence on the kitchen floor created a great  
commotion below stairs. There was an  
animated discussion as to whom be-  
longed the great honor of restoring it  
to me, the cook claiming the privilege  
on the ground that it was found in his  
domain. Finally a compromise was  
effected. The cook reverently picked  
it up and placed it on the salver, the  
waitress bore this to the door of my  
room and then consigned it to the maid,  
who, being my personal servant, was  
the only one who could rightfully re-  
store a personal belonging. Fancy all  
this fuss about a handkerchief which  
most New York Bridgets or Susans  
would have quietly pocketed."

## Ruined by Literary Mania.

A fellow may get over general debili-  
ty, renew exhausted vitality and come  
out in a very astonishing way after a  
case of small-pox, but if he has the lit-  
erary craze in nine cases out of ten his  
case is hopeless. The victim of this  
disease will waste enough time and  
labor to make him a fortune if ex-  
pended in a business-like way, and  
have nothing to show for it.

I recall an instance as I write. Some  
years ago I met a gray-haired professor,  
who informed me confidentially that he  
was writing "A Reply to Uncle Tom's  
Cabin."

"It will vindicate the South," he  
said, "and paralyze the North. The  
book will be a sensation, sir."

The professor wrote industriously.  
He gave up his school and devoted  
himself to his book. Finally he fin-  
ished it.

"I know it is good," he said, "because  
my wife read it and praised it highly."

The poor man spent his savings, and  
had to sell his little home, but the book  
never came out. Disappointed and  
almost heart-broken, his author died,  
leaving a helpless family and no prop-  
erty except his "Reply to Uncle Tom's  
Cabin."—Atlanta Constitution.

## He Fatigued Her.

"When people are very much fati-  
gued," remarked Ethelinda De Wiss  
to Fitzpercy, "they can usually sleep, I  
believe."

"Invariably, I should say," replied  
Fitzpercy. "Why do you ask?"

"O! I thought that when I heard of  
another case of insomnia I would recom-  
mend you as a remedy."

NEARLY 37,000,000 babies are born in  
the world every year.

## JOHNSTOWN VICTIMS.

THE NUMBER BETWEEN TWELVE  
AND FIFTEEN THOUSAND.

The enormity of the disaster becoming  
more and more apparent—burying the  
Dead—The Country Responding to the  
Appeal for Aid.

A Johnstown special of Thursday says:  
The gray mists had scarcely arisen from the  
hills this morning until a thousand funerals  
were coursing their green sides. There  
were no hearse, few mourners, and as  
little solemnity as formality. The major-  
ity of the coffins were of rough pine. The  
hearsees were strong farmers' teams, and  
instead of six pall bearers to one coffin  
there were generally six coffins to one  
team. Silently the processions moved and  
silently they unloaded their burdens in the  
lap of Mother Earth. No minister was there  
to pronounce a last blessing as the clouds  
rattled down. A fact that has been heretofore  
overlooked in the awful strain is the  
solled condition of the corpses. Fully  
one-third of those recovered have been so  
mangled, bruised or charred that identifica-  
tion was impossible. In an ordinary  
flood this would not have been the case,  
but here human bodies were the filling in  
of a mountain-like mass of houses, rail-  
road tracks, trains, and other debris which  
went crunching and crashing through a  
valley three miles long. How any of life's  
clay retained form or semblance is enig-  
matical.

All day long the corpses were being  
buried below ground. The unidentified  
bodies were grouped on a high hill west of  
the doomed city, where one epitaph was  
put for all, and that the word "unknown."  
There are hundreds of these graves al-  
ready, and each day will increase the pro-  
portion. The possibility of identification  
diminishes every hour. Fires are raging  
over the tangled graves of hundreds and  
the partial cremation of many bodies is  
inevitable. Others are becoming so black-  
ened in their contact with the debris or



THE DAM AT SOUTH FORK LAKE.

The view is taken from a point below the dam and shows the  
peculiar way in which the water out through it.

through putrefaction that a grinning skele-  
ton would show as much resemblance to  
the persons in life as they. Almost every  
stroke of the pick in some portions of the  
city to day resulted in the discovery of  
another victim, and although the funerals  
of the morning relieved the morgue of  
their crush before night they were as full  
as ever.

Wherever one turns the melancholy  
view of a coffin is met. Every train into  
Johnstown was laden with them, the bet-  
ter ones being generally accompanied by  
friends of the dead. Men could be seen  
staggering over the ruins with shining  
mahogany caskets on their shoulders.  
Several stumbled and fell into the aboun-  
ding pits. The hollow houses of the dead  
went bounding over the stones like drums  
in a funeral march. The coffin famine  
seems to be alleviated.

The enormity of the devastation wrought  
by the flood is becoming more and more  
apparent with every effort of the laborers  
to resolve order out of chaos. Over 100  
men have been all day engaged in an  
effort to clear a narrow passage from the  
death-bridge upward through the sea of  
debris that blocks the Conemaugh for  
nearly half a mile. Every ingenuity known  
to men has been restored to by the crew.  
The giant power of dynamite was brought  
into requisition, and at frequent intervals  
the roar of explosions reverberated  
through the valley, and sticks, stones, and  
logs would fly high in the air. Gradually  
a few of the heaviest timbers were demoli-  
shed and the fragments permitted to float  
downward through the center arch. At  
nightfall, however, the clear space above  
the bridge did not exceed an area of sixty  
feet in length, by forty feet in width.  
When one reflects that fully twenty-five  
acres are to be cleared in this way the task  
ahead seems an interminable one. But  
there is no royal road, and if the hundreds  
or thousands of bodies beneath these black-  
ened ruins are to be recovered for Christian  
burial the labor of to-day must be contin-  
ued with increased vigor.

There are many conservative minds that  
recommend the use of the torch in this  
work of clearing the river, but they are  
not among the sufferers, and when such  
counsels are heard by those whose wives,  
children, sisters, or brothers rest beneath  
this sea of fission and jettison, this sug-  
gestion of cremation meets a wild furore  
of objection. It is only in deference to  
the unreasoning mandate of grief that the  
barbaric labor of clearing the river by  
means of the dynamite and the derrick is  
peristed in. There is no hope in the  
calmer minds that this task can be pursued  
to the end.

The progress to-day is hardly discer-  
nible, and ere two days more have elapsed  
there is little doubt that the emanations of  
putrid bodies will have become so fright-  
ful as to drive the hardest workmen from  
the scene. Until that time arrives, how-  
ever, there is no hope that the grief-stricken  
populace will abandon the cherished  
hope of again gazing upon the forms of  
loved ones whose lives went out in the fire  
and flood of the Conemaugh. The plead-  
ings of sanitarians and the logic of engi-  
neers alike fall to find an echo in the  
minds of the grieving and afflicted, but in  
a few more days the stern logic of nature  
will assert itself, and in the face of impos-  
sibility the task of cremation will become  
a Christian duty.

men are thus employed in Johnstown  
proper, about 1,000 of these being the reg-  
ular street hands hired by Contractor  
Booth and Flynn of Pittsburgh, the others  
being volunteers.

Mr. Flynn's estimates show more than  
anything the chaotic condition of this city.  
He says: "It will take 10,000 men thirty  
days to clear the ground so that the streets  
are passable and the work of rebuilding  
can be commenced, and I am at a loss to  
know how the work is to be done. This  
enthusiasm will soon die out and the volun-  
teers will want to return home. It would  
take all summer for my men alone to do  
what work is necessary. Steps must be  
taken at once to furnish gangs of work-  
men, and to-morrow I shall send a commu-  
cation to the Pittsburgh chamber of com-  
merce asking the different manufacturers  
of the Ohio valley to take turns for a week  
or so in furnishing reliefs of workmen. I  
shall ask that each establishment stop  
work for a week at a time and send all  
hands in the charge of a foreman and time-  
keeper. We will board and care for them  
here. These gangs should come for a week  
at a time, as no organization can be ef-  
fected if workmen arrive and leave when  
they please."

The volunteers are doing noble work.  
Nearly every town in western Pennsylv-  
ania is represented by from ten to one  
hundred men, and many towns in Ohio  
and New York have also furnished a quota  
of laborers. These volunteers are working  
with a will, but before the end of the week  
they will want to return home. Men who  
come here will be paid \$3 a day and board.

All the laborers who have been tolling  
with the wreckage are quartered at night,  
some in barns, others in the tents above  
referred to. It was a scene as of army  
life at the time that supper was ready,  
and the long pine tables were crowded  
with men. Stoves were erected out in the  
open and coal fires heated the gallons of  
coffee. This beverage was heated in large  
wash-boilers, and for one gang of men  
seven boilers were employed in a half  
hour. As the darkness drew a veil over  
the scene the valley became quiet, the only

## MICHIGAN LEGISLATURE

No business was transacted by the Legisla-  
ture on the 31st. Immediately upon the as-  
sembling of the Senate a dispatch from Bay  
City announced the death of Senator Colum-  
bus V. Tyler was read. Resolutions setting forth  
the esteem in which the deceased member was  
held by the Senate, tendering condolences to his  
family and providing for adjournment until  
Wednesday, the 21st, that the Senators might at-  
tend the funeral, were adopted. Senator Wil-  
ner delivered a eulogium on the life and char-  
acter of the deceased Senator, whom he had  
known for thirty-nine years, having begun the  
struggles of life with him at Findlay, each in  
his own profession at that time. Senator  
Gorman regretted that the members  
had not learned to know Senator Tyler better,  
and related incidents of his acquaintance with  
him, in which he had an eloquent tribute  
to Senator Tyler's honesty and fidelity, with a  
passing acknowledgment of praise to his de-  
voted and faithful wife. Resolutions of a simi-  
lar nature on behalf of the House. Messrs. Brink-  
ley, Curtis, W. W. Williams, N. J. Brown, Eaton  
and Randall, The Sergeant-at-arms will ac-  
company them.

The proposed Libel law drawn by the State  
Printer and passed the House on the 31st  
inst. It throws the burden of proof of malice  
in the publication of a libel upon the plaintiff,  
requires him to make a demand for retraction  
of the publisher before bringing suit, and pre-  
vents a libel action from being brought until  
after the expiration of thirty days from the  
date of the publication of the libel. The House  
by a vote of 23 to 1 refused to concur in the Senate amendments to  
the Darnon High License Liquor Bill, and a  
conference committee will be appointed.  
An attempt to amend the bill in relation to  
the Rhine voting machine brought out the charge  
that the machine people had lavished stock and  
cash in the hands of the State Printer, and  
that the bill was a mere attempt to secure the  
passage of their bill. Counter charges were  
made that the owners of other voting machines  
had also used dishonest methods, and that  
employees of the House were openly lobbying  
for their bill. The Governor has appointed  
a committee to investigate the matter. The  
House by a vote of 23 to 1 refused to con-  
cur in the Senate amendments to the bill  
relating to the free school books, which re-  
quires each district to provide free school books  
whenever a majority of its taxpayers so vote at the annual  
school election. The Governor sent a message  
to both houses asking aid for the sufferers from  
the Johnstown disaster either by direct appro-  
priation or through an appeal to the people for  
private subscription. The Governor appointed  
Gen. Alger as member of the State Soldiers'  
Home Board of Managers, Dr. Graham as  
State Veterinarian, and H. H. Hinds, of  
Stanton, as a member of the Live Stock Com-  
mission.

The Senate passed no bills of importance on  
the 31st, but reported favorably upon a large  
number of bills considered in committee. The  
whole, among them one appropriating \$75,000  
for the erection of a Governor's mansion at  
Lansing, Mich., and another for the purchase  
of a new capitol building. The Senate also  
passed a bill for the purchase of a new capitol  
building, and a bill for the purchase of a new  
capitol building. The Senate also passed a bill  
for the purchase of a new capitol building.

The Senate passed the following bills on the  
31st inst.: Amending the charter of East Lan-  
sing; authorizing the Central Michigan Agri-  
cultural Society to convey its real estate to the  
State society; authorizing the city of Detroit to  
borrow money for the improvement of Belle  
Isle Park; amending the charter of three  
cities; amending the charter of three cities;  
authorizing the Governor to appoint a com-  
missioner and an accompanying secretary to  
have charge of Michigan interests at the  
Paris Exposition, and making an appropriation  
therefor. The bill for the purchase of a new  
capitol building, and a bill for the purchase of  
a new capitol building. The Senate also passed  
a bill for the purchase of a new capitol building.

## A Modern Crusader.

Nobody knows exactly how much  
Eckley Brinton Cox is worth. The  
family, of which he is now the recog-  
nized head, owns many thousands of  
acres of coal lands in Luzerne and  
Carbon Counties, Pennsylvania. From  
these they receive enormous sums in  
royalties, the firm of which the ex-  
Senator is the head being one of its  
principal lessees. Despite his enor-  
mous wealth, Mr. Cox's habits are  
simple. At his home in Drifton he  
wears the plainest clothing and rides  
oftenest on a mountain buckboard. In  
the summer time he throws off coat  
and vest and gives his suspenders a  
long rest, substituting a plain leather  
belt therefor. He wears colored shirts  
with a collar attached, but scorns the  
use of a necktie. Gloves he couldn't  
be induced to wear. He climbs to the  
top of his highest breakers and descends  
to the lowest depths of his numerous  
mines, coming out as black and dusky  
as any laborer in his employ. All this  
is fun for him in his capacity of mining  
engineer. When he wants some real  
light amusement, he generally goes to  
his library and revels in the poetical  
creations of the higher mathematicians.  
At the age of nineteen he made a trans-  
lation of the great German Wiesbach's  
mathematics, which is still used as a



# The Holland City News.

JOHN C. POST, Editor.

SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1889.

## The Michigan Pension Agent.

The following item from the Free Press will interest many of our readers who signed Capt. Gavett's petition.

This may be denied, however, in a few days:

"It will be some months before Robert McKinstry's term as Pension Agent at Detroit will expire, and the Senators have sagely agreed with Corporal Tanner to leave that crippled veteran in undisturbed possession of his office. They have also agreed that it would never do to succeed him with 'a whole man,' to quote a Republican Congressman. They have already picked out a crippled soldier to succeed him, and the appointment of the Rev. E. Harvey, of Van Buren county, is fully decided upon. The Free Press is able to state positively that Capt. Gavett's exertions and his great endorsements are useless. The one-armed minister is already assured the place.

## The Sunday Rest Question.

We recently published an article in regard to the discontinuance of Sunday freight and passenger traffic, by the Pennsylvania and Vanderbilt systems of railroads.

President Harrison has added his voice to the matter, as will be seen by the following order, directed to the army:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, June 7.—In November, 1862, President Lincoln quoted the words of Washington to sustain his own views, and announced in a general order that:

"The president, commander-in-chief of the army and navy, desires and enjoins the orderly observance of the Sabbath by the officers and men in the military and naval service. The importance for man and beast of the prescribed weekly rest, the sacred rights of Christian soldiers and sailors, a becoming deference to the best sentiment of a Christian people, and a due regard for the divine will demand that Sunday labor in the army and navy be reduced to the measure of strict necessity."

"The truth so concisely stated cannot be too faithfully regarded, and the pressure to ignore it is far less now than in the midst of the war. To recall the kindly and considerate spirit of the orders issued by these great men in the most trying times of our history and to promote contentment and efficiency the president directs that Sunday morning inspection will be merely of the dress and general appearance without arms; and the more complete inspection under arms with all men present, as required in Par. 950, A. R. 1859, will take place Saturday.

"BENJAMIN HARRISON."

## Gettysburg.

The dedication of the Gettysburg monuments to Michigan soldiers this week was not a success. The rain poured down in torrents at the time the exercises were to take place, and they were held in a skating rink instead of upon the battlefield. About one thousand Michigan veterans took part in the exercises, and kept alive the old spirit which is illustrated by the following stirring lines:

ON THE FIELD AT GETTYSBURG, 1889.

The flag is faded and torn and rent,  
The colors are dim with the touch of years;  
The grizzled banner is weak and bent,  
But he stands erect as again he hears—  
"Rat-a-tat, rat-a-tat, rat-a-tat."

'Twas summer—the summer of sixty-three,  
(You know the date, and you know as well  
That I am writing no history,  
And have not a bit of a yarn to tell—)

'Twas July, and the Gettysburg field lay fair;  
Manly and strong were the men who moved,  
Fresh of feature, with swart young hair,  
To fight for the flag that each one loved.

And there was on the breath of the gentle wind  
A sound that brought vigor to every hand;  
No one could brook to lag behind,  
While there came o'er the smiling summer land,

"Rat-a-tat, rat-a-tat, rat-a-tat."

Thousands there were who laid them down;  
Never an earthly reveille  
Will call them back; but from field and town,  
Others are trooping here to-day.

They are weak and crippled, gray and worn,  
But they keep the spirit alive, always,  
That floats from the banner, old and torn,  
And sounds from the clamorous drums,  
which say—

"Rat-a-tat, rat-a-tat, rat-a-tat."

—Free Press.

## The French Centennial.

The people of France are now celebrating the centennial anniversary of their first republic. In 1789, amid the horrors of the French revolution, a republic was declared in France. Napoleon's ambition, however, was not satisfied with the powers conferred upon the rulers, under a republican form of government, and he swept away the limitations, and founded his short lived empire. Kings, emperors and presidents have followed in succession, but the republican form of government again prevails.

The celebration of the completion of the century, since the first republic was founded, is being observed by a great industrial exposition, or world's fair, at Paris. The exhibition is a magnificent one, and is another illustration of the truth that "Peace has her victories" greater and a thousand fold better than war.

The people of the United States celebrated their centennial a few years ago, and the grand work done here, during the first century, in making a great republic, was a matter of patriotic pride to every American. But we have had the assistance of the millions of Europe in doing this. In France, the country has been rent by wars and depleted by emigration from its shores, during the past one hundred years. The material

progress in civilization and wealth, which the following article shows, is, therefore, a matter of surprise to all. It is, however, a gratifying indication that even in the crowded lands of Europe, the world is growing better.

"There is a pretty good object lesson in optimism in the condition of France to-day as compared with those of a hundred years ago. Then there was not a savings bank in the country; now there are deposits in such institutions aggregating \$500,000,000. Then the gross value of personal property was \$60,000,000; now it is \$1,600,000,000. Then the national income was \$600,000,000 a year; now it is \$6,000,000,000. Then land was worth on the average \$40 an acre; now it is worth \$135. Then there were 10,000,000 acres of wheat at 11 bushels an acre; now there are 17,500,000 acres at 18 bushels each. Then agricultural laborers got 13 cents a day; now they get 50 cents. Then it cost the Government \$22,500,000 to collect a revenue of \$185,000,000; now it costs \$35,500,000 to collect \$600,000,000. Indeed, almost the only item that shows no great change is that of direct taxation, which has risen from \$723,000,000 only to \$892,300,000. Statistics are usually dry reading, but these figures are juicy enough. They show that we have no monopoly of progress; our sister republic has her share, and a big one it is."

Such statistics furnish very useful reading for those moon struck and persistent people who insist that the world is on the back track all the while, and that everything in the affairs of humanity is steadily going to the dogs.

## The General Synod.

Proceedings of the Eighty-Third Session at Catskill, N. Y.

The General Synod of the Reformed Church in America opened in the church of Catskill, N. Y. Wednesday afternoon, June 5th, and was called to order by Rev. Dr. Mancius H. Hutton, of New Brunswick, N. J., the retiring president.

Organization was effected by the election of the following officers: President, Rev. Dr. Evert Van Slyke; vice president, Rev. C. Van der Veen; clerks, Rev. Henry E. Cobb and Rev. H. E. Dosker. Appropriate addresses were made by both the retiring and incoming president.

The evening of the first day session was given up to the Synodical sermon by the Rev. Dr. Hutton, in which he touched on the more vital questions of importance that would come up for consideration. During the evening a telegraphic message was received from Dr. Philip Phelps, of North Bleinheim, announcing his inability to attend as his daughter was among those who perished in the Pennsylvania floods. Vice President Van der Veen spoke in a feeling way of the disaster, and said that he had only the day before passed through the City of Johnstown when it was in gala attire, celebrating Decoration day, and that he was very much impressed with the beautiful spot. That thousands of children were upon the streets, American colors everywhere spread and everything robed in green. In 24 hours all was swept away, many of the happy ones he had seen on Thursday had been whirled to destruction and among them the daughter of his dear friend Dr. Phelps, whose eldest daughter was far away in China in the missionary service.

Judge Danforth warmly seconded all that the speaker said in sympathy with Dr. Phelps and in appreciation of the character of the deceased. There was a sadness during the days session that pervaded the whole Synod and a motion of sympathy was unanimously adopted.

The president announced a long list of standing committees, and the western members were well recognized.

Considerable routine business was transacted on Friday, including the reading of a report from the Classis of Michigan, upon the Constantine affair. They reported that the trustees had no legal power to convey the church property to any other body and asked Synod to instruct the domestic board to secure their legal rights. The report was accepted and referred to the committee on domestic missions.

During Saturday's session there was a spirited discussion on the proposed union of the Reformed and Presbyterian churches, but no action was taken.

Rev. Dr. Charles Scott was heard in behalf of the educational institutions in this city. He said: "I have grown gray in the service of Synod. In 1876, I stopped the destruction of Hope College and the Seminary. Outside of that I have never represented these institutions upon the floor of Synod." He then sketched the history of the seminary and its buildings at New Brunswick and said it was the life of the Reformed Church in the East. "So build up these Western institutions," he said, "and our future in the West is assured. I have given the best of my life to Hope College and I give it the remainder." (Applause.) He then plainly set forth the vital needs of Hope College and Seminary.

Rev. Dr. Hartly said that, judging by its enthusiasm, Synod is in love with Hope College and should, nay, must help it in its hour of need. "Now let us, this instant, pay the debt upon the President's house. That house was erected by a contribution from Synod in Grand Rapids in 1884, insufficient to complete it, and a debt of \$1,500 remains, with the house unfinished and unoccupied."

Dr. Gates, president of Rutgers College, being present, was invited to sit

beside the president, and to address the Synod. He said a church like this that does not avail itself of its opportunities does not come up to the measure of its opportunities. Cannot Synod set aside a little and complete that house? He himself had a little contribution he would like to make. He spoke of how Rutgers had just received so bountifully and proposed that Hope College should now be helped. Dr. Cole also spoke at length. The subject was finally referred to the committee on colleges.

The feature thus far that has been the occasion for the enjoyment of those present was the present given to elder F. Van Driele, of Grand Rapids, of an album, containing the autographs of the donors. He has, for nineteen years, been a delegate to General Synod, and his house is the home of everybody who visits Grand Rapids in the interest of the Reformed Church. Of the presentation the Kingston Leader says:

"No one in Michigan is better known, no one better loved and no one more fruitful in good works. At Synod his inimitable humor and his quaint way of putting things often pierce the dry, argumentative debates and carry the point he aims at. The presentation exercises consisted of addresses in Dutch and English, a poem in Dutch with its English translation, and the recipient's happy, amusing reply to the unexpected gift. Then followed hymns in Dutch and English, after which there were addresses and reminiscences on the part of many of the more prominent delegates from East and West who know and love Mr. Van Driele so well."

Synod adjourned on Friday evening until Monday in order to allow all members so desiring to take a trip to the mountains. Greatly to their disappointment, however, Saturday developed into a rainy disagreeable day, and those who were not enthusiastic enough to venture out remained at the Prospect house, forming new acquaintances and renewing old ones.

Synod reassembled Monday at ten o'clock. After devotional exercises the committee on the state of religion responded as follows: "One new Classis (Dakota) has been added during the year, making the number now 35. The number of churches is at present 546, and the gain in membership, 8,289, a net gain of 1,796. The total membership is now reported at 88,812. For congregational purposes there was raised \$970,988, an increase of \$130; for benevolent purposes \$282,051, an apparent decrease of \$2,550. But this is only apparent, for last year an extra effort was made and \$50,000 was raised to found a theological seminary in India and \$12,500 for the enlargement of the Ferris Seminary in Japan. There have been no extra efforts made during the year."

On motion of Elder Van Driele, the Christian Reformed Church of the Netherlands was requested to send a delegate to the next General Synod that they may learn the thoroughness of our orthodoxy. Rev. H. E. Dosker, who was delegate from the Synod to this body in the Netherlands last year, was invited to speak upon his visit to them. He gave a graphic account of his visit and of the condition of that church and of another Calvinistic offshoot of the moribund State Church of Holland, the followers of Dr. Abraham Kuyper, of Amsterdam.

Much time this week has been given up to matters in relation to foreign and domestic missions. Dr. W. J. R. Taylor, Dr. Leonard W. Kip, of Amoy, China, Rev. N. H. Demorest, of Nagasaki, Japan, and Rev. Y. H. Verbeck, of Tokio, Japan, delivered interesting addresses and plans for next years work were discussed.

## Michigan Crops.

The Monthly Report Gives Promise of Fair Yields in Most Branches of Agriculture—Effect of Recent Rains.

LANSING, June 10.—The Michigan monthly crop report issued from the state department to-day is compiled from reports of 920 correspondents. The wheat crop was greatly injured by hot dry weather from May 1 to 10. It then became cooler but without precipitation until May 15; since then the rainfall has been sufficient to save both wheat and grass. The rain since June 1 has been heavy and well distributed. There has been an average loss of 4 per cent in the condition of wheat since May 1, but the crop is more forward than one year ago. The area in corn, oats and barley is about the same as in 1888. Cold wet weather has retarded the growth of corn and the crop has suffered from cut-worms and from frost. An average of seven per cent failed to grow. The condition of oats is 91, barley 81, meadows and pastures 82, clover sown this year 85 per cent compared with average years. Apples promise 82 per cent in southern and 71 in central counties, peaches 69. Wages of farm hands (with board), \$16.86, \$16.75, \$16.87 in southern, central and northern counties respectively. Bushels of wheat marketed in May 393,693 and from August to May, 114,946 bushels; balance 1888 crop in farmers' hands for sale 1,788,558. There is a decrease in the number of sheep reported of 101,932 or six per cent. The clip will be about 11,800,000 pounds.

## A Strong Endorsement.

J. M. LOOSE RED CLOVER CO.—Gentlemen: Having made use of your valuable pile remedy, I can recommend it as the best I ever used, having found almost entire relief from using it four times. Hoping others will try it with the same success, I am yours very truly,  
H. M. PIXLEY,  
No. 50 Summit St., Toledo, O.

The use of a single bottle of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer will show its efficacy in restoring the natural color of the hair and cleansing the scalp.

## A Deserved Tribute.

It is always a pleasure to the News to repeat the kind words said of the former residents of Holland, by the press of other places. Rev. A. A. Pfanstiehl has been absent from this city for several years: and we regret that ill health has obliged him to leave his work and come home to Holland for a rest. We hope that our pure lake air and a complete cessation of work, will restore his health, in a short time.

The following extracts are taken from the Missouri Statesman, of Columbia, Missouri:

Notwithstanding the very inclement weather Sunday, May 15, '89, the Presbyterian church was filled to overflowing to hear the farewell sermon of Rev. A. A. Pfanstiehl, on the conclusion of which, at a meeting of the congregation, the following paper was read and unanimously adopted:

"It pleased the Lord three and one half years ago, to send to this church, in its time of need, His servant, Rev. A. A. Pfanstiehl, as our pastor. Since that time Mr. Pfanstiehl has been our spiritual guide, teaching us and our children out of the great truths of his Master's message those things which would aid us to a higher and holier life and illustrating in his daily walk, by his blameless life and earnest devotion to his sacred work, the beauty of holiness and the unutterable value of the religion he has taught. And now it hath pleased the Lord to terminate this relation of pastor and people, in consequence of the impaired health of the pastor, requiring not only surcease of labor, but permanent change of climate: and this church, out of consideration for the pastor, yielding to his request for a dissolution of the pastoral relation, bears cheerful testimony to the zeal, fidelity and singleness of mind which have characterized his ministry among us, and to the gratifying results in increased efficiency and spirituality as well as in additions to the number of the members of the church. Deeply regretting the cause of this parting, we rejoice that his ministry here has been without a single unpleasant, disturbing incident; that we retain only affectionate and kindly memories of our pastor and commend him and his to our common Father, earnestly hoping and praying that an early restoration of his wonted vigor may enable him to resume actively and efficiently the service to which he has consecrated his life.

Resolved: That a copy of this paper be furnished Mr. Pfanstiehl and to the papers for publication.

J. P. McAFEE, Secretary.

Monday afternoon from two until four o'clock the lecture room of the Presbyterian church was open to the crowds who called to bid Rev. A. A. Pfanstiehl and family goodbye. During Mr. Pfanstiehl's stay here he has endeared himself to the people of the town and it is with regret that we part with such a kindly christian gentleman. He left the same afternoon for Lincoln, Nebraska, where he will remain for a time and then go to Holland, Michigan."

The paper also contains other resolutions, adopted by the Christian Endeavor Society, of Columbia, in regard to Mr. Pfanstiehl's departure, regretting his loss to their community, but containing a well deserved tribute to the excellent work he has done in their city.

## OUR NEIGHBORS.

### Fillmore.

June 13. Mr. Hermanus Ensing died at Graafschap last Monday morning. He was 69 years old. Funeral occurred Wednesday... Rev. C. C. A. Z. John, pastor of the Dutch Reformed church at Graafschap, will preach his farewell sermon next Sunday afternoon, June 16.

### West Olive.

June 13. People are taking courage from the fact that this is the 3rd day in succession without rain...

People are taking courage from the fact that this is the 3rd day in succession without rain... We have all the appearances of summer except in the backward state of crops, occasioned by the cold weather... Lady Barlow has improved in health somewhat since last writing... So has also Mrs. Verwey, whom Dr. Mabbs, of Holland, attended twice... The wagon bridge across the Pigeon river just above the R. R. bridge has received some repairs, so that it is passable with care... Miss Etie P. Parker is stopping in this vicinity awhile now... There is an improvement in the looks of Mr. Gokey's house, across the street from his store and dwelling, since changing the windows. The inside of the house has also been improved... We had the pleasure of seeing a rare bird said to measure six feet and two inches from tip to tip of its wings, which was shot by Mr. R. Merritt, at Port Sheldon last week... It is desirous that it should be understood that the so-called Young Peoples meeting of this place, which is for the present appointed Sunday evenings, is for everybody to attend regardless of age. In fact, all are invited... There will be a musical entertainment at Mrs. Jacques Saturday evening... S. S. Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Young Peoples meeting at 7:30 p. m. "L. O. U."

### Grand Haven.

Grand Haven has sent \$328.63 to the Pennsylvania flood sufferers, and the good work still goes on. Our city is always ready to help the unfortunate; and, whether business is good or bad, Grand Haven people are willing to help the needy... A sad accident occurred here on Tuesday. For a long time, reckless boys have been in the habit of jumping on trains passing through the city, for a ride. On Tuesday, a boy named Jacob Kool, eleven years of age, attempted to jump on the C. & W. M. railroad train from the north. He failed to secure a footing on the car, and fell under the wheels. His right leg was cut off and he was otherwise so severely injured that he died within an hour. An inquest was held and a verdict rendered exonerating the railway company and its employees, from all blame for the accident, and attributing it to the boy's carelessness. This is a terrible warning to boys everywhere, of the danger of catching on moving trains... Our

citizens are making a general overhauling of the sidewalks, before the arrival of the summer visitors. New walks are not an addition to the comfort of newspaper men and others too poor to ride, but they improve the appearance of a town and make it look as though "live men" were to be found there. On the contrary, dilapidated sidewalks give a stranger an impression at once that the town is on its way to the tomb... The heavy rains interfered somewhat with work on the celery farms near here, but the sunshine this week is making up for lost time, and the prospect is good for a fine celery crop here. This means many dollars for Grand Haven people, as the industry is becoming a large one here... The complainer and refrigerator factory and tannery, both report business excellent. These institutions are under good management and they are doing a great deal for the success of the town. It is probable that both will be enlarged next year, and thereby give employment to more men... Strawberries were badly frosted here, but raspberries and blackberries promise full crops. There is a growing demand for peach lands about Agnew and West Olive and it is considered certain that Grand Haven will be a central shipping point for the luscious peach within a few years. Grand Haven will celebrate the glorious Fourth, again this year. The boys are saving their pennies and the men their dollars to make a success of it; so, as a matter of course we will have a good time.

P. De Kraker has the finest line of boots and shoes in the city. Corner Eighth and River streets.

## The Alumni Association.

The Alumni Association of Hope College will hold its annual public meeting in the college chapel on Tuesday, June 26th, at 8:00 p. m.

The program, consisting of music and literary exercises will be published in full next week.

The people of Holland and all friends are invited.

By order of Com. of arrangements,  
JOHN H. KLEINHEKSEL, Sec'y.  
Holland, Mich., June 11, 1889.

J. M. LOOSE RED CLOVER CO., Detroit, Mich.—Gentlemen: My wife has for some time been afflicted with something like a scrofulous disease, and found no relief until she gave your extract of Red Clover a trial. I am happy to say she has experienced great relief. This is but a slight testimonial of my appreciation of your efforts in behalf of humanity, which you are welcome to use for their benefit.  
I am, very respectfully, H. ARMS.  
And many others.

P. De Kraker, the shoe man, is always ready to furnish you with all kinds of footwear. His line of ladies shoes cannot be beat. Give him a call.

## Church Items.

HOPE REFORMED CHURCH.—Rev. J. Tallmadge Bergen, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 12 m. Young People's meeting at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

METHODIST E. CHURCH.—Rev. R. C. Crawford, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 12 m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:30. All are welcome and the seats are free.

HOLLAND CHRISTIAN REF. CHURCH, Ninth street.—Rev. E. Bos, pastor. Services at 9:30 a. m., 2 and 7:30 p. m.

HOLLAND CHRISTIAN REFORMED CHURCH—Market Street.—Rev. E. Van der Vries, Pastor; Services at 9:30 a. m., 2:00 and 7:30 p. m.

FIRST REFORMED CHURCH.—Services at 9:30 a. m. and 2 p. m.

THIRD REFORMED CHURCH.—Rev. H. E. Dosker, Pastor. Services at 9:30 a. m. and 2:00 p. m. The pulpit will be occupied both morning and afternoon by Rev. Wm. Moordyk.

GRACE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—Divine Service every Sunday at 12 m. Sunday school immediately after service. Rev. Law in charge.

## Card of Thanks.

I hereby desire to tender my heartfelt thanks to the many friends and neighbors for their valuable assistance during the death and burial of my beloved mother, Mrs. Geo. Breach.  
J. C. BREACH.

## 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 hopeless 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. SLOOUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

Buy Douglas' \$2.00 Boy's shoe, the best article for boy's wear in the market. For sale at Van Duren Bros. if

The benefits of vacation season may be greatly enhanced, if, at the same time, the blood is being cleansed and vitalized by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. A good appetite, fresh vigor, and buoyant spirits attend the use of this wonderful medicine.

W. L. Douglas' celebrated \$5.00 shoe at Van Duren Bros. This is the best shoe for the money made.

## 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.

## He Sent Eighty Miles for It.

Milo Page, of San Bernardino, Cal., on Sept. 9, 1888, writes as follows:

In 1855 I was taken with bilious colic, being then seventeen years old. Yearly attacks followed, and at length they became more frequent. In 1872, while residing in Oakland, I suffered severely from this disease, and was informed by Dr. Pinkerton that it was chronic and incurable.

While prostrated by a severe attack, a friend induced me to take a large dose of Walker's Vinegar Bitters. Old Style, probably four wine glasses full. In less than half an hour I was free from pain. I followed this up with three wine-glasses a day—one, half an hour before each meal—until I used up the bottle.

For over seven years I was perfectly free from bilious colic, but in the fall of '79 I was engaged in mining in Nevada, and the coarse food I ate brought on a sharp attack. I was far from any drug store, but I despatched a courier eighty miles for a bottle of Vinegar Bitters.

When he returned I was unable to speak, but I put the bottle to my lips, took two swallows, and in twenty minutes the pain left me. I finished the bottle as before, taking three doses daily, and for nine years afterward I was perfectly free from the dreaded disease.

A month ago it returned, but trying the old remedy, Vinegar Bitters, I was cured, as before.

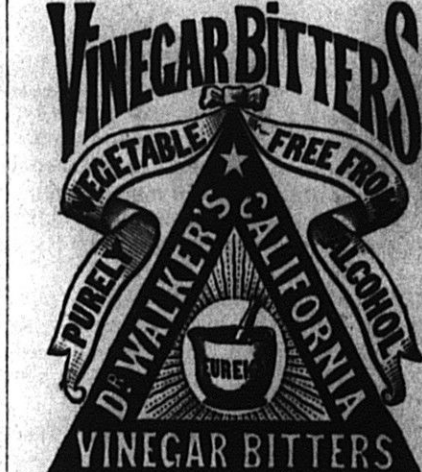
I write this because you do not especially recommend Vinegar Bitters for bilious colic. Only those who have suffered the agonies of this disease, can understand what a boon a sure cure is, and in Old Style Vinegar Bitters you have the best, and perhaps the only real remedy known.

In reply to Mr. Page we will say that Vinegar Bitters cures hundreds of diseases; we have not the space to catalogue them, and perhaps if we published them those unacquainted by experience with our valuable remedy, might doubt its efficacy still, as so many worthless preparations are thrust on the market, and puffed in so many extravagant ways.

The fact remains, however, that those who have been accustomed to take Vinegar Bitters for any length of time, are hale and hearty, whether they are young or old. Those who doubt and fail to take it, are likely to fall into all manner of ailments, great and small. Vinegar Bitters, both Old and New Styles, keep those who take them fresh, fair, healthy, and younglooking, and when we once gain a customer, we keep them always, like Mr. Page, who sent eighty miles for Vinegar Bitters, and it was almost a ride for life.

The New Style Vinegar Bitters is a beautiful, clear, dark reddish color, and extremely pleasant to the taste.

Only Temperance Bitters Known.



The only non-Alcoholic Vegetable medicine put up in liquid form ever discovered.

Send for a beautiful book free. Address, R. H. McDONALD DRUG CO. 532 Washington Street, New York City.

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# JESUS CHRIST AS A BOY.

SERMON PREACHED BY DR. TALMAGE  
IN BROOKLYN.

He Describes Christ as a Village Lad and  
Holds That the Lord's Character Was  
the Same Then as When He Was a  
Man.

About Christ as a village lad I speak. There is for the most part a silence more than eighteen centuries long about Christ between infancy and manhood. What kind of a boy was He? Was He a genuine boy at all, or did there settle upon Him from the start all the intensities of martyrdom? We have on this subject only a little guessing, a few surmises, and here and there an unimportant "perhaps." Concerning what bounded that boyhood on both sides we have whole libraries of books and whole galleries of canvas and sculpture. Before the infant Christ in Mary's arms, or taking His first sleep in the rough outhouse, all the painter bow, and we have Paul Veronese's "Holy Family" and Perugino's "Nativity" and Angelico da Fiesole's "Infant Christ" and Rubens' "Adoration of the Magi" and Tintoret's "Adoration of the Magi" and Chirlandajo's "Adoration of the Magi" and Raphael's "Madonna" and Oregano's "Madonna" and Murillo's "Madonna," and Madonnas by all the schools of painting in all lights and shades and with all styles of attractive feature and impressive surroundings, but pen and pencil and chisel have with few exceptions passed by Christ the village lad. Yet by three conjoined evidences I think we can come to as accurate an idea of what Christ was as a boy as we can of what Christ was as a man.

First, we have the brief Bible account. Then we have the prolonged account of what Christ was at thirty years of age. Now you have only to unify that account somewhat and you find what He was at ten years of age. Temperaments never change. A sanguine temperament never becomes a phlegmatic temperament. A nervous temperament never becomes a lymphatic temperament. Religion changes one's affections and ambitions, but it is the same old temperament acting in a different direction. As Christ had no religious change, he was as a lad what he was as a man, only on not so large a scale. When all tradition and all art and all history represent Him as a blonde with golden hair I know He was in boyhood a blonde.

We have, beside, an uninspired book that was for the first three or four centuries after Christ's appearance received by many as inspired and which gives prolonged account of Christ's boyhood. Some of it may be true, most of it may be true, none of it may be true. It may be partly built on facts, or by the passage of the ages, some real facts may have been distorted. But because a book is not divinely inspired we are not therefore to conclude that there are not true things in it. Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico" was not inspired, but we believe it although it may contain mistakes. Macaulay's "History of England" was not inspired, but we believe it although it may have been marred with many errors. The so-called apocryphal Gospel in which the boyhood of Christ is dwelt upon I do not believe to be divinely inspired, and yet it may present facts worthy of consideration. Because it represents the boy Christ as performing miracles some have overthrown that whole apocryphal book. But what right have you to say that Christ did not perform miracles at ten years of age as well as at thirty? He was in boyhood as certainly divine as in manhood. Then while a lad he must have had the power to work miracles, whether He did or did not work them. When, having reached manhood, Christ turned water into wine that was said to be the beginning of miracles. But that may mean that it was the beginning of that series of manhood miracles. In a word, I think that the New Testament is only a small transcript of what Jesus did and said. Indeed, the Bible declares positively that if all Christ did and said were written the world would not contain the books. So we are at liberty to believe or reject those parts of the apocryphal Gospel which say that when the boy Christ with His mother passed a band of thieves He told His mother that two of them, Dumachus and Titus by name, would be the two thieves who afterwards would expire on the crosses beside Him. Was that more wonderful than some of Christ's manhood prophecies? Or the uninspired story that the boy Christ made a fountain spring from the roots of a sycamore tree so that His mother washed His coat in the stream—was that more unbelievable than the manhood miracle that changed common water into a marriage beverage? Or the uninspired story that two sick children were recovered by bathing in the water where Christ had washed? Was that more wonderful than the manhood miracle by which the woman twelve years a complete invalid should have been made straight by touching the fringe of Christ's coat? Or the uninspired story that when a mother brought a dead child by the name of Bartholomew to Mary, the mother of Christ, she said: "Do thou place thy son in my son's bed and cover him with his clothes;" and, so done, the dead child opened his eyes and called with a loud voice for bread. Is that more wonderful than the manhood miracles by which Christ reanimated the dead again and again without going where they were or even seeing them? Why should we disbelieve the apocryphal New Testament when it says that a boy struck the boy Jesus till he cried out, or the story that Christ with other boys made clay figures of birds, and these clay figures took life and flew away? Is that more unbelievable than the Bible account that Adam was made out of clay and walked forth a man, and afterwards soared an immortal? Not half so much of an undertaking to make a bird out of clay as make a man out of clay. Or the uninspired story that the boy Christ took the cloths of a dyer's shop and threw them into the fire, and after the dyer's protest and ejaculation brought forth the cloths in the color that the dyer wished? Is that more unbelievable than the manhood miracle in the wilderness picnic, where five biscuits the size of your fist were turned into enough bread to feed five thousand, and the fragments filled twelve baskets? Or the uninspired story that Joseph the father as a carpenter, having ordered to make a throne for the king at Jerusalem, and toiling two years on it, found that after it was done it was two spans too short, and the boy took one side of the throne and His father the other side of it and pulled it to the right size? Is that any more wonderful than that after growing to manhood He folded up, as easily as you would a fan, a Galilean hurricane? Or the uninspired story that His comrades in their play brought flowers and crowned Him as a king? I should think they would have done so. Or the uninspired story that a boy hunting for eggs in a partridge nest was stung of a viper and the poisoned

lad was brought on a couch to the boy Christ and Christ asked to be taken with the afflicted child to where the child was bitten and at Christ's command the serpent with its own mouth drew forth the poison from the wound? Why, Christ has been doing that through all the ages, namely, compelling the very things that wound us, under His sanctifying power, to bring us to health and reinvigoration and eternal life. Or the uninspired story that children were playing on the housetop and the boy Christ was there and one of the children was shod from the roof and fell to the ground and died, and the other children charged Christ with the misdemeanor and the boy Christ said: "Charge not me with the crime, but let us leave it to the dead child to settle the controversy," and the boy Christ said: "Zeinunus! Zeinunus! who threw thee down from the housetop?" Then the dead child spoke and said: "Not Thou, but such a one did." Was that more wonderful than Paul's resurrection of Eutychus, who fell from the window while the apostle was preaching? Or the uninspired story in the apocryphal New Testament which says that Christ the boy was taken to school and Zacharias, the teacher told Him the first three letters of the alphabet, whereupon Christ the boy asked His teacher such profound questions concerning the alphabet that the teacher was confounded and the boy Christ Himself explained all to the teacher until Zacharias said to Joseph the father of the wonderful boy: "Thou has brought a boy to me to be taught who is more learned than any master;" then the boy was taken to a more learned master who, angered at the boy's questions, lifted his hand to whip Him and the hand withered as will all the hands lifted against Christ? Is that more wonderful than the scene positively recorded by Matthew where the D. D.'s and the L. L. D.'s stood around Christ at 12 years of age in the temple, utterly confounded at his precociousness? Or that story that Christ the boy, questioned by astronomers, told them the number of the worlds, their size, their circuits; and, questioned by physicians, told them more about anatomy and physiology than they had ever dreamed of, the number of veins, arteries, nerves and bones? If Christ were divine, was he not able at ten or twelve years to describe the human system as well as though he had been fifty years standing at an operating table or in a dissecting room?

In other words, while I do not believe that any of the so-called apocryphal New Testament is inspired, I believe much of it is true; just as I believe a thousand books, none of which are divinely inspired. Much of it was just like Christ. Just as certain as the man Christ was the most of the time getting men out of trouble. I think that the boy Christ was the most of the time getting boys out of trouble. I have declared to you this day a boy's Christ. And the world wants such a one. He did not sit around moping over what was to be, or what was. From the way in which natural objects enwreathed themselves into His sermons after He had become a man I conclude there was not a rock or a hill or a cavern or a tree for miles around that He was not familiar with in childhood. He had cautiously felt His way down into the caves and had with little and agile limb gained a poise on many a high tree top. His boyhood was passed among grand scenery as most all the great natures have passed early life among the mountains. They may live now on the flats, but they passed the receptive days of ladhood among the hills. Among the mountains of New Hampshire or the mountains of Virginia or the mountains of Kentucky or the mountains of Switzerland or Italy or Austria or Scotland or mountains as high and rugged as they, many of the world's thrilling biographies began. Our Lord's boyhood was passed in a neighborhood twelve hundred feet above the level of the sea and surrounded by mountains five or six hundred feet still higher. Before it could shine on the village where this boy slept, the sun had to climb far enough up to look over the hills that held their heads far aloft. From yonder height his eye at one sweep took in the mighty sweep of the valleys and with another sweep took in the Mediterranean Sea, and you hear the grandeur of the cliffs and the surge of the great waters in His matchless sermonology. One day I see that divine boy, the wind flurrying His hair over His sun browned forehead, standing on a hill top looking off upon Lake Tiberias, on which at one time according to profane history are not four hundred four thousand ships. Authors have taken pains to say that Christ was not affected by these surroundings, and that He from within lived outward and independent of circumstances. So far from that being true, He was the most sensitive being that ever walked the earth, and if a pale invalid's weak finger could not touch His robe without strength going out from Him, these mountains and seas could not have touched His eye without irradiating His entire nature with their magnificence. I warrant that He had mounted and explored all the fifteen hills around Nazareth, among them Hermon with its crystal coronet of perpetual snow, and Carmel and Tabor and Gilboa, and they all had their sublime echo in after time from the Olivet pulpit.

And then it was not uncultivated grandeur. These hills carried in their arms or on their backs, gardens, groves, orchards, terraces, vineyards, cactus sycamores. These orcharding foliages did not have to wait for the floods before their silence was broken, for through them and over them and in circles round them and under them and pelicans were thrushes, and were sparrows, were nightingales, were larks, were quails, were blackbirds, were partridges, were bulbuls. Yonder the white flocks of sheep snowed down over the pasture to the pebbles its advantages down the rocky shelving. Yonder are the oriental homes, the housewife with pitcher on the shoulder entering the door, and down the lawn in front children reveling among the flaming flowers. And all this spring and song and grass and sunshine and shadow woven into the most exquisite nature that ever breathed or wept or sang or suffered. Through studying the sky between the hills Christ had noticed the weather signs, and that a crimson sky at night meant dry weather next day, and that a crimson sky in the morning meant wet weather before night. And how beautifully He made use of it in after years as He drove down upon the postscript Pharisees and Sadducees by crying out: "When it is evening ye say it will be fair weather, for the sky is red, and in the morning it will be foul weather to-day, for the sky is red and lowering. O ye hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky, but can ye not discern the signs of the times?" By day, as every boy has done, He watched the barnyard fowl at sight of overwinging hawk cluck their chickens under wing and in after years He said: "Jerusalem, Jerusalem! How often would I have

gathered thee as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing!" By night He had noticed His mother by the plain candle light which, as ever and anon it was snuffed and the removed wick put down on the candlestick, beamed brightly through all the family sitting-room as His mother was mending His garments that had been torn during the day's wanderings among the rocks or bushes, and years afterwards it all came out in the simile of the greatest sermon ever preached: "Neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel but in a candlestick and it giveth light to all who are in the house. Let your light so shine." Some time when His mother in the autumn took out the clothes that had been put away for the summer He noticed how the moth miller flew out and the coat dropped apart ruined and useless, and so twenty years after He enjoined: Lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven where neither moth nor rust can corrupt." His boyhood spent among birds and flowers they all caroled and bloomed again fifteen years after as He cries out: "Behold the fowls of the air." Consider the lilies. A great storm one day during Christ's boyhood blackened the Heavens and angered the rivers. Perhaps standing in the door of the carpenter's shop He watched it gathering louder and wilder until two cyclones, one sweeping down from Mount Tabor and the other from Mount Carmel, met in the Valley of Esdraelon and two houses are caught in the fury and crash goes the one and triumphant stands the other, and He noticed that one had shifting sand for a foundation and the other an eternal rock for basis; and twenty years after He built the whole scene into a parable of flood and whirlwind that seized His audience and lifted them into the heights of sublimity with the two great arms of pathos and terror, which sublime words I read, asking you as far as possible to forget that you ever heard them before: "Whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock, and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house, and it fell not; for it was founded upon a rock. And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand; and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell; and great was the fall of it."

Yes, from the naturalness, the simplicity, the freshness of His parables and similes and metaphors in manhood I know that He had been a boy of the fields and had bathed in the streams and heard the nightingale's call, and broken through the flowery hedge and looked out of the embrasures of the fortress, and drank from the wells, and chased the butterflies, which travelers say have always been one of the fitting beauties of that landscape, and talked with the strange people from Damascus and Egypt and Sapphoris and Syria, who in caravans or on foot passed through his neighborhood, the dogs barking at their approach at sundown. As afterward He was a perfect man, in the time of which I speak He was a perfect boy, with the spring of a boy's foot, the sparkle of a boy's eye, the rebound of a boy's life and just the opposite of those juveniles who sit around morbid and unelastic, old men at ten. I warrant He was able to take His own part and to take the part of others. In that village of Nazareth I am certain there was what is found in all the neighborhoods of the earth, that terror of children, the bully, who seems born to strike, to punch, to bruise, to overpower the less muscular and robust. The Christ who afterward in no limited terms denounced hypocrite and Pharisee, I warrant, never let such juvenile villain impose upon less vigorous childhood and yet go unscathed and undetected. At ten years He was in sympathy with the underlings as He was at thirty and thirty-three. I want no further inspired or uninspired information to persuade me that He was a splendid boy, a radiant boy, the grandest, holiest, mightiest boy of all the ages. Hence I commend Him as a boy's Christ. What multitudes between ten and fifteen years have found Him out as the one just suited by his own personal experience to help any boy.

Let that look out how it treads on a boy, for that very moment it treads on Christ. You strike a boy, you strike Christ; you insult a boy, you insult Christ; you cheat a boy, you cheat Christ. It is as awful and infinite mistake to come as far as manhood without a Christ when here is a boy Christ. That was one reason, I suppose, that Jonathan Edwards, afterwards the greatest American logician and preacher of his time, became a Christian at 7 years of age; and Robert Hall, who afterwards shook Christendom with his sacred eloquence, became a Christian at 12 years of age; and Isaac Watts, who divided with Charles Wesley the dominion of holy song, became a Christian at 9 years of age; and if in any large religious assemblage it were asked that all the men and women who learned to love Christ before they were fifteen years of age would please lift their right hand, there would be enough hands lifted to wave a coronation. What is true in a religious sense is true in a secular sense. The mistakes amazed his school fellows with talents which in after years made the world stare. Isaac Newton, the boy, by driving pegs in the side of a house to mark the decline of the sun, evidenced a disposition towards the experiments which afterwards showed the nations how the worlds swing. Robert Stephenson, the boy, with his kite on the commons experimented with electric currents and prophesied work which should yet make him immortal. "Get out of my way!" said a rough man to a boy, "get out of my way! what are you good for anyhow?" The boy answered: "They make men out of such things as we are." Hear it, fathers, mothers! hear it, philanthropists and patriots; hear it, all the young! The temporal and eternal destiny of the most of the inhabitants of this earth is decided before fourteen years of age. Behold the Nazareth Christ, the village Christ, the country Christ, the boy Christ.

But having shown you the divine lad in the fields, I must show you Him in the mechanic's shop. Joseph, His father, died very early. Immediately after the famous trip to the Temple, and this lad had not only to support himself but support His mother, and what that is some of you know. There is a royal race of boys on earth now doing the same thing. They wear no crown. They have no purple robe adorning their shoulders. The plain chair on which they sit is as much unlike a throne as anything you can imagine. But God knows what they are doing and through what sacrifices they go, and through all eternity God will keep paying them for their filial behavior. They shall get full measure of reward, the measure pressed down, shaken together and running over. They have their example in this boy Christ taking care of His mother. He had been taught by the carpenter's trade by

His father. The boy had done the plainer work at the shop while His father had put on the finishing touches of the work. The boy also cleared away the chips and blocks and shavings. He helped hold the different pieces of work while the father joined them. In our work we have all kinds of mechanics and the work is divided up among them. But to be a carpenter in Christ's boyhood days meant to make plows, yokes, shovels, wagons, tables, chairs, sofas, houses, and almost everything that was made. Fortunate was it that the boy had learned the trade, for when the head of the family dies, it is a grand thing to have the child able to take care of himself and help take care of others. Now that Joseph, His father, is dead and the responsibility of family support comes down on this boy, I hear from morning to night His hammer pounding. His saw vacillating. His ax descending. His gimlets boring, and standing amid the dust and debris of the shop I find the perspiration gathering on His temples and notice the fatigue of His arm, and as He stops a moment to rest I see Him panting. His hand on His side, from the exhaustion. Now He goes forth in the morning loaded with implements of work heavier than any modern kit of tools. Under the tropical sun he sweats, splitting all day long. At night fall He goes home to the plain supper provided by His mother and sits down too tired to talk. Work! work! work! You cannot tell Christ anything now about blistered hands or aching ankles or bruised fingers or stiff joints or rising in the morning as tired as when you laid down. While yet a boy He knew it all. He felt it all. He suffered it all. The boy carpenter! The boy wagon-maker! The boy house builder! O Christ, we have seen Thee when full grown in Pilate's police court room. We have seen Thee when full grown Thou wert assassinated on Golgotha, but O Christ, let all the weary artisans and mechanics of the earth see while yet under-sized and arms not yet muscularized and with the undeveloped strength of juvenescence trying to take Thy father's place in gaining the livelihood for the family.

But, having seen Christ the boy of the fields and the boy in the mechanic's shop, I show you a more marvelous scene, Christ the smooth browed lad among the long bearded, white haired, high foreheaded ecclesiastics of the Temple. Hundreds of thousands of strangers had come to Jerusalem to keep a great religious festival. After the hospitable homes were crowded with visitors, the tents were spread all around the city to shelter immense throngs of strangers. It was very easy among the vast throngs coming and going to lose a child. More than two million people have been known to gather at Jerusalem for that national feast. You must not think of those regions as sparsely settled. The ancient historian Josephus says there were in Galilee two hundred cities, the smallest of them containing fifteen thousand people. No wonder that amid the crowds at the time spoken of Jesus the boy was lost. His parents, knowing that He was mature enough and agile enough to take care of himself, are on their way home without any anxiety, supposing that their boy is coming with some of the groups. But after a while they suspect He is lost and with flushed cheek and a terrorized look they rush this way and that, saying: "Have you seen anything of my boy? He is twelve years of age, of fair complexion and has blue eyes and auburn hair. Have you seen him since we left the city?" Back they go in hot haste, in and out the streets, in and out the private houses and among the surrounding hills. For three days they search and inquire, wondering if He has been thronged or has ventured on the cliffs or fallen off a precipice. Send through all the streets and lanes of the city and among all the surrounding hills that most dismal sound, "A lost child! A lost child!" And lo, after three days they discover Him in the great Temple, seated among the mightiest religionists of all the world. The walls of no other building ever looked down on such a scene. A child 12 years old surrounded by septuagenarians. He asking His own questions and answering theirs. Let me introduce you to some of these ecclesiastics. This is the great Rabbis Simeon! This is the venerable Hillel! These are the sons of the distinguished Betshir. What can this twelve year lad teach them, or what questions can He ask worthy their cogitation? Ah, the first time in all their lives these religionists have found their match and more than their match. Though so young, He knew all about that famous Temple under whose roof they held that most wonderful discussion of all history. He knew the meaning of every altar, of every sacrifice, of every golden candlestick, of every embroidered curtain, of every crumb of shew bread, of every drop of oil in that sacred edifice. He knew all about God. He knew all about man. He knew all about Heaven, for He came from it. He knew all about this world, for He made it. He knew all worlds, for they were only the sparkling morning dewdrops on the lawn in front of His Heavenly Palace. Put these seven Bible words in a wreath of emphasis: "Both hearing them and asking them questions."

I am not so much interested in the questions they asked Him as in the questions He asked them. He asked the questions not to get information from the doctors, for he knew it already, but to humble them by showing them the height and depth and length and breadth of their own ignorance. While the radiant boy thrusts these self-conceited philosophers with the interrogation point, they put the forefinger of the right hand to the temple as though to start their thoughts into more vigor, and then they would look upward and then they would wrinkle their brows and then by absolute silence or in positive words confess their incapacity to answer the interrogatory. With any one of a hundred questions about theology, about philosophy, about astronomy, about time, about eternity, He may have balked them, disconcerted them, flung them flat. Behold the boy Christ asking questions and listen when your child asks questions. He has the right to ask them. The more He asks the better. Alas for the stupidity of the child without inquisitiveness! It is Christlike to ask questions. Answer them if you can. Do not say: "I can't be bothered now." It is your place to be bothered with questions. If you are not able to answer, surrender and confess your incapacity, as I have no doubt did Rabbis Simeon and Hillel and Shammai and the sons of Betshir when that splendid boy, sitting or standing there with a garment reaching from neck to ankle, and gridded at the waist, put them to their very wit's end. It is no disgrace to say: "I don't know." The learned doctors who envied Christ that day in the Temple did not know or they would not have asked Him any questions. The only being in the universe who never needs to say "I don't know"

is the Lord Almighty. The fact that they did not know sent Keppeler and Cuvier and Columbus and Humboldt and Herschel and Morse and Sir William Hamilton and all the other of the world's mightiest natures into their life long explorations. Telescope and microscope and stethoscope and electric battery and all the scientific apparatus of all the ages are only questions asked at the door of mystery. Behold this Nazarene lad asking questions, giving everlasting dignity to earnest interrogation.

But while I see the old theologians standing around the boy Christ I am impressed as never before with the fact that what theology most wants is more of childish simplicity. The world and the church have built up immense systems of theology. Half of them try to tell what God thought, what God planned, what God did five hundred million years before the small star on which we live was created. I have had many a sound sleep under sermons about the decrees of God and the eternal generation of the Son and discourses showing who Melchisedek wasn't, and I give a fair warning that if any minister ever begins a sermon on such a subject in my presence I will put my head down on the pew in front and go into the deepest slumber I can reach. Wicked waste of time, this trying to scale the unscalable and fathom the unfathomable while the nations want the bread of life and to be told how they can get rid of their sins and their sorrows. Why should you and I perplex ourselves about the decrees of God? Mind your own business and God will take care of His. In the conduct of the universe I think He will somehow manage to get along without us. If you want to love and serve God, and be good and useful and get to Heaven, I warrant that nothing which occurred eight hundred quintillion of years ago will hinder you a minute. It is not the decrees of God that do us any harm, it is our own decrees of sin and folly. You need not go any further back in history than about 1,856 years. You see this is the year 1889. Christ died about thirty-three years of age. You subtract 33 from 1889 and that makes it only 1,856 years. That is as far back as you need to go. Something occurred on that day under an eclipsed sun that sets us all forever free if with our whole heart and life we accept the tremendous proffer. Do not let the Presbyterian Church or the Methodist Church or the Lutheran Church or the Baptist Church or any of the other evangelical churches spend any time in trying to fix up old creeds, all of them imperfect as everything man does is imperfect. I move a new creed for all the evangelical churches of Christendom, only three articles in the creed and no need of any more. If I had all the consecrated people of all denominations of the earth, on one great plain, and I had voice loud enough to put it to a vote that creed of three articles would be adopted with a unanimous vote and a thundering ay that would make the earth quake and the Heavens ring with hosanna. This is the creed I propose for all Christendom: Article First—"God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life."

Article Second—"This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, even the chief."

Article Third—"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive blessing and riches and honor and glory and power, world without end. Amen." But you go to tinkering up your old creeds and patching and splicing and interlining and annexing and subtracting and adding and explaining and you will lose time and make yourself a target for earth and hell to shoot at. Let us have creeds not fashioned out of human ingenuities but out of scriptural phraseology, and all the guns of bombardment blazing from all the port holes of infidelity and perdition will not in a thousand years knock off the church of God a splinter as big as a cambric needle. What is most needed now is that we gather all our theologies around the boy in the Temple, the elaborations around the simplicities, and the profundities around the clarities, the octogenarian of scholastic research around the unwrinkled cheek of twelve year juvenescence. "Except you become as a little child you can in no wise enter the kingdom;" and except you become as a little child you cannot understand the Christian religion. The best thing that Rabbis Simeon and Hillel and Shammai and the sons of Betshir ever did was in the Temple, to bend over the lad who, first made ruddy of cheek by the breath of the Judean hills and on his way to the mechanic's shop where He was soon to be the support of His bereaved mother, stopped long enough to grapple with the venerable dialecticians of the Orient "both hearing them and asking them questions." Some referring to Christ have exclaimed Ecce Deus! Behold the God. Others have exclaimed Ecce homo! Behold the man. But to-day in conclusion of my subject I cry, Ecce adolescens! Behold the Boy.

## Prescriptions for Fits.

Though no doctor, I have by some excellent prescriptions, and as I charge you nothing for them, you cannot grumble at the price. We are most of us subject to fits, and I am subject to them myself, and I dare say you are subject to them also. Now, then, for my prescriptions.

For a fit of passion, walk out in the open air. You may speak your mind to the air without hurting anyone, or proclaiming yourself to be a simpleton.

For a fit of idleness count the ticks of a clock. Do this for one hour and you will be glad to pull off your coat the next and work like a negro.

For a fit of extravagance and folly, go to the workhouse, or speak with the ragged and wretched inmates of a jail, and you will be convinced.

Who maketh his bed of briar and thorn Must be content to lie forlorn.

For a fit of ambition, go into the churchyard, and read the grave stones. They will tell you the end of ambition.

For a fit of repining, look about for the halt and blind, and visit the bed-ridden and afflicted, and they will make you ashamed of complaining of your lighter afflictions.

For a fit of dependency, look on the good things which have been given you in the world. He who goes into his garden to look for cobwebs and spiders and will find them, while he who looks for a flower may return into his house with one blooming in his button-hole.

LONDON has twenty-nine vegetarian restaurants, the staple articles of whose bill of fare are the cereals, the legumes such as peas, beans, haricots, and lentils, and various kinds of fruit.

# IS SUDDENLY STRICKEN.

LEONARD SWETT, THE EMINENT LAWYER, DEAD.

An Attack of Diabetes Prostrates the Tried Friend of Abraham Lincoln and Carries Him from Time to Eternity—Close of a Famous Man's Life.

The death of Leonard Swett, a Chicago lawyer, which occurred on the 8th inst., removes from the ranks of Chicago's prominent citizens one who was closely identified with stirring national events. The bar of Illinois is also robbed of one of its ablest members and brightest ornaments. Mr. Swett had been ailing for a couple of years past, but not until within a month or two had his health given serious cause for anxiety. He was out driving on Thursday last, and went for a short walk Friday afternoon. Early Saturday morning he was attacked with diabetic coma and remained partially unconscious until his death. Just before his last conscious interval his son, Leonard Herbert Swett, arrived home from Cornell university and was recognized by his father. Dr. Lyman, Johnson, Davies and Westcott were in attendance during the last hours but their services were unavailing.

Leonard Swett was born in Oxford county, Maine, in 1825, his father being a farmer. He was educated at North Yarmouth academy and Waterville college. He studied law with Howard & Shipley, Portland, Me., and went South, intending to practice. The Mexican war was then raging. Young Swett enlisted in the Fifty-seventh Indiana regiment as a private and went to Mexico. He was taken ill at Vera Cruz, and was brought to New Orleans on a vessel filled with sick soldiers. After much suffering and deprivation he started for his home in Maine, but was again taken ill at Peoria, Ill. His physician advised him to go back from the river. In July, 1848, he arrived at Bloomington, Ill., which was his home thereafter until his removal to Chicago.

He began to practice law in Bloomington in 1849, and was on the same circuit with Abraham Lincoln, Stephen T. Logan, and other prominent lawyers. He also took an active part in politics, and joined in the formation of the Republican party. History will probably accord to Mr. Swett the major share in the combination of political influences which led to the nomination of Abraham Lincoln for the Presidency. He was a guiding hand in the convention that made the nomination. After Lincoln's election Mr. Swett went to Washington to urge the nomination of Judge David Davis to the Supreme court bench. He was in Washington during most of the war, and held intimate and confidential relations with the President. Mr. Swett held no office under the Government, although valuable foreign missions were offered to him. He accepted however, several delicate and important missions in this country of a confidential nature.

In 1845 Mr. Swett removed to Chicago, having formed a law partnership with Judge Van H. Higgins and Col. David Quigg, and soon assumed a leadership at the local bar. Among the prominent cases with which Mr. Swett was identified were the Sullivan murder trial, the Jos Mackin case, the celebrated insurance conspiracy cases, and many noted civil suits. He became identified with the defense of the Anarchists after their case was carried to the United States Supreme court.

Mr. Swett was married twice. His first wife was Miss Laura R. Quigg, a sister of his former law partner. She died in 1836, and in 1837 Mr. Swett married Miss Marie Decker, who was his confidential secretary for many years.

Mr. Swett was a man of imposing build and a great pleader before a jury. As a lawyer he was remarkably successful and in private life his many qualities won for him hosts of friends, who now mourn his death.

## CONDITION OF GRAIN CROPS.

The Prospect for Wheat, Corn, and Oats in the Western States.

CHICAGO, June 10.—The following crop report will appear in this week's issue of the Farmers' Review:

The latest reports from our crop correspondents show no improvement in the condition of winter wheat. Kansas maintains the high average of two weeks ago and Ohio and Kentucky a correspondingly low one, the condition of these States remaining about the same from week to week. In Illinois and Michigan there has been a slight decline and in Indiana a falling off of about 10 per cent. The condition of spring wheat is comparatively unchanged in Nebraska, Iowa, and Minnesota, but has improved in Dakota about 5 per cent and declined in Illinois about 8 per cent. The condition of the oat crop has improved slightly in Iowa and Missouri and considerably in Indiana. In Illinois it has declined a few points, while in Ohio, Michigan, Minnesota, and Dakota it averages about 8 per cent lower. In other States it is practically unchanged.

Corn promises well in Kansas, Kentucky, Iowa, Missouri, Nebraska, and Dakota, particularly in the three States last named. For Ohio, Wisconsin, and Minnesota the averages are low, owing to hard frost. Nearly all the counties in Wisconsin report damages from this cause, while one-half of our Minnesota correspondents and one-fourth of those in Ohio send similar reports. Iowa and Michigan have experienced slight frosts in several counties, as have a few counties in other States, but no serious damage to corn has resulted therefrom. We summarize the reports of our correspondents as follows, giving the per cent of condition of grain crops:

	Wheat	Spring	Corn	Oats
Illinois	81	92	92	80
Indiana	83	90	90	83
Kentucky	88	98	98	73
Missouri	100	101	99	80
Kansas	111	98	109	80
Nebraska	99	102	99	80
Iowa	100	85	108	80
Michigan	91	98	93	80
Wisconsin	95	91	99	97
Minnesota	91	77	85	80
Dakota	100	102	86	80

The News at a Glance.

KILBRAIN won the toss for choice of ground in his fight with Sullivan.

THE citizens of Seattle have resolved to widen their streets and erect fire-proof buildings.

CHEYENNE, Wyo., has had a veritable blizzard, and three inches of snow fell in the neighboring mountains.

DEVELOPMENTS in the Cronin case are regarded with alarm by Irish home-rulers at London, fearing loss of support in that their enemies charge connivance by Irishmen in high places at murder and other crimes.







## Flowers of Dakota.

From Christian Intelligencer.

In passed over a country in the cars we may get a fair idea of the general landscape, but we cannot form a correct opinion of the flowers that bloom high upon the bluff or low in the ravine. We may get a passing glance from the car window of the hollyhock-like compass plant, the tall blue-joint and the native branching sunflower; but there are thousands of little beauties that can only be seen and appreciated by going among them on foot, and inhaling their sweet odors along with the pure air of these plains. Dakota really has a flora of great variety. We have kept our glossary in working order, and many a delightful surprise have we experienced on the prairies.

How we used to hunt in the East for that early harbinger of spring, the hepatica! In Dakota, however, we have the *anemone natiiflora*, or Pasque flower, long before the grass puts forth a blade or any plant a leaf. Early in April it appears on every knoll, the ground being literally carpeted with its pale, purple blossoms. So, if you of the East have joy over the first liverwort, we may glory over the still earlier, larger and more euphonious *anemone* or Pasque flower (and we have thousands to your one). We decorate the churches, the school-houses and the homes with them, while everybody that loves flowers and springtime carries a bouquet. Before these have faded and given room for their fern-like foliage, along come the larkspur violets, sprinkling the first pale green of the prairie grass liberally with the intensest blue. Puccoons of the deepest orange abound, the children gather them in great bunches, while they have lots of sport marking each other's faces with the carmine dye of the roots. The low grounds are now covered with the beautiful rosy pink of *oxalis violacea*, along with the blue of violets, while the uplands abound in early legumes and yellow *viola nastuta*.

As the warm days of May come on, flowers begin to multiply, and we are constantly surprised by species and genera not found in the catalogues of Wood or Gray. Irids spring up as if by magic. The blue-eyed and white-eyed grass grow side by side, while waving primroses abound everywhere, from the gorgeous "gumbo lilly" down to a tiny yellow species shaded by wild grass. The beautiful, sensitive briar, with its spherical beads of purple flowers, seems to be at home all along the Missouri river. Buffalo beans and vetches of the deepest purple and brightest lavender. Ask the prairie ploughman what "shoestrings" are. Their roots, one-fourth of an inch thick, penetrate the soil from three to six feet. Then we have a lupin, which the Indian values as the Irishman does the potato. It has a tuber as large as a hen's egg, which contains a good deal of starch and has somewhat of a nut flavor. In June the squaws may be seen on the hills and bluffs gathering the precious "teepens" as they are called in the Sioux tongue. All the upland prairie is the Indian's potato-patch. He is not troubled with Colorado beetles or weeds, neither is it necessary to plant them or till them up, and there are thousands of tons on these plains. Altogether it is a lucky plant for the lazy Sioux, who swears by the "big muddy" that there is nothing that beats for deliciousness, a kettle of "teepens" boiled with dog.

Out here the month of roses has its share of bloom and fragrance. We know of no country where there are more roses than in Dakota. Just above the grass the true queen of the prairie opens her numerous buds—white, light to deep rose, and carmine. They bloom everywhere and fill the land with sweet odors. The last rose of summer lingers here till autumn flowers begin to fade. High above the roses blooms the white larkspur, a species that might well be coveted for the perennial flower garden while just above and among the roses hang the light pink bells of penstamones, and beneath this visible array are several species of lobelia.

In midsummer the composites begin to assume supremacy, and their name is legion. The legumes and composites predominate, as these two orders always do in a generally dry climate. What a country this is for golden rods! From the tall *solidago gigantea* down to the stout, large flowered *Houghtonia* and the smallest species, there are enough here to astonish and bewilder Dr. Zabriskie. If the golden rod is to be the national flower of our beloved country, then make way for Dakota. She will be queen among the States. These, with the daisy-like yellow flowers of the short and tall "rosin weeds" and the myriads of native sunflowers, make the landscape look like a golden sea. Step off the car and take a walk. It is not all yellow. Everywhere among the rosin weeds you will find *Petalostemon*, side by side the violet and the white, while the great coneflower (*echinacea*) with its long purple rays, stands immovable among the slender swaying *Rudbeckias*.

I shall not easily forget our experience on the first of August, six years ago. The prairies were teeming with flowers and the air was laden with sweet perfume. Whenever we passed by a low place we would notice a strong odor like that of the tuberose. We would stop, look about, see nothing uncommon, and drive on. Again and again we met with these fragrant spots, until we concluded to investigate, and were not long in finding down among the grasses thousands of slender ladies' tresses, with their waxlike white flowers. And now when we drive out in August or September, we pick a bouquet of spiranthes, and the party may in indulge in sweet perfume all the way. The highways are bordered with snow-on-the-mountains. And then when all the other flowers are gone and the early frosts have seared the tender prairie grasses, a gentian comes into bloom, which gives us an abundance of blue bells nearly as large as gladioli flowers.

So it is in Dakota. What we have,—wheat, corn, grass, pure air, country, sunshine and flowers, we have in abundance. We acknowledge a debt of gratitude and reverence to Dr. Chas. Scott, who by his lectures on botany made flowers laugh and weep and speak, and imbued our hearts with a love for them which has become permanent, and which has given us much pleasure and many a delightful surprise on these plains of the far West.

Parasols, cheaper than ever before at D. Bertsch's.

The City Bakery turns out all kinds of pies and other pastry work on short notice. Satisfaction guaranteed.

The time so long waited for by the reading world has come when The History Company would allow the incomparable historical series of Hubert Howe Bancroft to be broken and sold in separate sets, and it marks a period in the history of literature. Thousands who have desired to possess some of the volumes, but did not care to buy them all, can now be accommodated, greatly to their own benefit and the benefit of the country.

The manner in which Mr. Bancroft accomplished his unique undertaking is generally known to our readers—his in-gathering of material from the four quarters of the earth; his expenditure of the best thirty years of his life and over a million of money; the erection of a building specially for the accommodation and preservation of his priceless library; the writing of his history, etc., etc. Had not this been done, this history of Alaska could never have been written. The country should be proud of the man who has done this, unaided and alone, and should patronize his works liberally, as well from motives of patriotism as on account of their merits.

It is a most fascinating study to follow this author in his labors. "The whole story," says the *British Quarterly Review*, "Mr. Bancroft has told with much force and eloquence and impartiality." The *New York Nation* declares that "special good judgment has been shown in balancing conflicting authorities," while the *Sacramento Record-Union* says that "in gratifying the desire to add to the treasure house of the world's knowledge, we are indebted for records that will endure as long as this country has a history." See advertisements in another column for Agents, to whom most liberal terms are offered.

PARASOLS. D. BERTSCH. PARASOLS. PARASOLS. D. BERTSCH. PARASOLS. PARASOLS. D. BERTSCH. PARASOLS.

A fine line of ladies' kid shoes always kept in stock at P. De Kraker's.

## Beauty

Is desired and admired by all. Among the things which may best be done to enhance personal beauty is the daily use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. No matter what the color of the hair, this preparation gives it a lustre and pliancy that adds greatly to its charm. Should the hair be thin, harsh, dry, or turning gray, Ayer's Hair Vigor will restore the color, bring out a new growth, and render the old soft and shiny. For keeping the scalp clean, cool, and healthy, there is no better preparation in the market.

"I am free to confess that a trial of Ayer's Hair Vigor has convinced me that it is a genuine article. Its use has not only caused the hair of my wife and daughter to be

Abundant and Glossy, but it has given my rather stunted mustache a respectable length and appearance."—R. Britton, Oakland, Ohio.

"My hair was coming out (without any assistance from my wife, either). I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor, using only one bottle, and I now have as fine a head of hair as any one could wish for."—R. T. Schmittou, Dickson, Tenn.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor in my family for a number of years, and regard it as the best hair preparation I know of. It keeps the scalp clean, the hair soft and lively, and preserves the original color. My wife has used it for a long time with most satisfactory results."—Benjamin M. Johnson, M. D., Thomas Hill, Mo.

"My hair was becoming harsh and dry, but after using half a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor it grew black and glossy. I cannot express the joy and gratitude I feel."—Mabel C. Hardy, Delavan, Ill.

**Ayer's Hair Vigor.**

PREPARED BY  
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass  
Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

## YES

**\$125** will buy a full sized city lot in the west part of town.  
**\$275** will pay for a house and lot in the Third Ward, suitable for a small family.  
**\$350** gives you your choice of two beautiful lots, on which to build your home.  
**\$400** buys a house and two lots on a graded street, with good sidewalk.  
**\$550** takes a new house and lot in the First Ward.  
**\$700** is the price of the handsome new cottage and lot on River Street.  
**\$800** buys something else, which is a good investment for your money.  
**\$900** pays for a pleasant residence on one of the best streets in town.

**\$1000** are the prices of beautiful homes which we can sell you.

If none of these bargains suit you, we have many more on the list. Also farms, fruit orchards, and, in fact, everything in the line of real estate.

We also rent houses and stores in the city.  
**Holland Real Estate Exchange,**  
J. C. POST, Manager.  
Holland City, Michigan.

## Good Understanding

is desired by all. To obtain it call on

**E. HEROLD,**

Eighth street. He will you out with the very best.

## BOOTS and SHOES

at reasonable prices. An experience of many years enables him to select the best stock and to suit all classes of customers.

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.  
E. HEROLD.

## Sheet Music

Send for catalogue of 5,000 pieces of late and popular Sheet Music, Vocal and Instrumental, all standard, full size, regular editions, sold at 10c each. Special rates to teachers, or on orders of 3 pieces or more. All music publications at cut prices. Mention this paper. Address  
JAMES L. MERRITT,  
305 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill.

## C. Steketee & Bos,

GENERAL  
MERCHANTS,

Always have on hand a complete stock of goods consisting of

## Dry Goods,

GROCERIES,  
Crocery, and Glassware.

Special line of Earthen Ware such as  
**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, 1887.

## SPRING

Has arrived and so has a  
**NEW STOCK**

—OF—

## Dress Goods,

SATEENS,  
PRINTS,  
GINGHAMS,  
DAMASKS,  
COTTONS, ETC.

At the store of  
**G. Van Putten & Sons.**

Also a large stock of

**Gents' Furnishing Goods,**  
including Fancy Woolen Shirts, White Shirts, Collars and Cuffs, Hats and Caps, Neckties, &c.

The largest and finest assortment of

## BUTTONS

in the city.

A FULL LINE OF

## Family Groceries

KEPT IN STOCK.

**Give Us a Call.**

## 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.

## ATTENTION!

A fine lot of

## Top Buggies

just received at

## J. FLIEMAN'S.

These buggies will be sold cheap.

The improved Ira I. Hunt Spring Tooth Harrows and Cultivators kept in stock. Steel clad on bottom without extra charge to purchasers, and farmers need not be afraid to purchase them, as there is no royalty to pay, as there is, or may be on some other harrows.

**The St. Joseph Manufacturing Co. Plows and Repairs. These are the best.**

My shop is the best place in Holland to have your wagon or buggy repaired and painted.

The new Trace Brace and Common Sense Sand Band is now used on my wagons. This is a good thing. Call and see it.

Farmers and other good citizens are invited to call at my wagon works and examine the fine stock I have on hand. All goods sold are warranted.

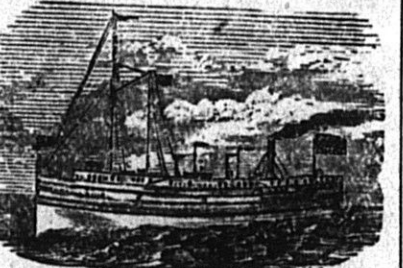
**JACOB FLIEMAN,**  
HOLLAND, MICH.

## Holland, Saugatuck and Chicago

NEW AND STANCH PASSENGER STEAMERS

## "KALAMAZOO"

D. CUMMINGS, Master.



Leaves Saugatuck, at 6 p. m., on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, arriving in Chicago at 9 o'clock next morning.

Leaves Graham & Co's dock, foot of Wabash Ave., Chicago, at 8 p. m. on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, arriving at Saugatuck next morning in time to connect with steamer for Holland.

FARE—From Holland to Chicago, \$2; Round trip, \$3.75. Sleeping accommodations free.

Elegant Passenger Accommodations!

Comfortable Sleeping Berths!

WALLACE B. GRIFFIN, Manager.

## WATCH!!

But don't wait when you want to buy

## Watches, Clocks,

Jewelry, Silverware,

But everything kept in a first-class

## JEWELRY STORE

But go to

## O. BREYMAN & SON

And be assured of good goods, low prices and courteous treatment.

We have in our employ a first class watchmaker and are prepared to do repairing of all kinds in a satisfactory manner and on short notice.

We sell goods cheaper than ever and are constantly adding to our stock all the latest designs and novelties in Jewelry and Plated Ware.

Call on us and examine our goods, learn our prices and be convinced.

**O. BREYMAN & SON.**  
Holland, Mich., March 15, 1888.

## Chicago & West Michigan R'y.

**TIME TABLE.**  
Taking Effect May 12, 1889.

Trains Arrive and Depart from Holland as below:

DEPART—CENTRAL STANDARD TIME.			
For Chicago.....	5 01	9 25	2 35 12 40
	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
For Grand Rapids....	5 05	9 25	2 15 5 15 9 30
	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
For Muskegon and Grand Haven.....	5 20	9 25	2 40 6 50 9 35
	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
For Hart, Pentwater, and Big Rapids.....	5 30	9 30	2 45 6 55 9 40
	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
For Allegan.....	5 35	9 35	2 50 7 00
	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.

## ARRIVE.

From Chicago.....	4 50	2 15	9 30 10 40
	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
From Grand Rapids....	5 25	2 35	6 45 9 30 11 40
	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
From Muskegon and Grand Haven.....	5 40	2 45	7 00 9 35 11 45
	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
From Hart, Pentwater, and Big Rapids.....	5 45	2 50	7 05 9 40 11 50
	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
From Allegan.....	5 50	2 55	7 10 9 45
	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.

Daily. Other trains daily except Sunday. Palace Sleeping Cars to and from Chicago on night trains.  
Tickets to all points in the United States and Canada.  
W. A. GAVETT, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt.  
J. F. REEKE, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt.  
W. A. CARPENTER, Traffic Manager.

## Notice of Application for Order of sale of real estate of the Trustees of the First Reformed Church of Zeeland, Michigan.

The Trustees of the First Reformed Church of Zeeland, Michigan, a Religious corporation duly organized under the laws of the State of Michigan, hereby give notice that they will make application to the Circuit Court for the County of Ottawa on the first day of the next term thereof (which will be held at the Court House in the City of Grand Haven in said County on the fifth day of August next, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, for an order of the Court that the following described parcel of land to wit: Lot number seven (7) in the village of New Groningen according to a map of said Village on record in the office of the Register of Deeds of Ottawa County, Michigan, may be sold and that the proceeds arising from such sale may be directed to be applied for the purpose of payment of indebtedness of said church.

Dated Zeeland, Mich., April 20th, 1889.  
J. KRAMER, Pres.  
JAC. DEN HERDER, Sec.  
AND VAN BREE,  
AND EYLA,  
JAN DEN HERDER,  
G. BRUSSE,  
P. BENJAMINE,  
ALBERTUS G. VAN HEEZ,  
GERARD VAN LIEKE,  
P. VAN KLOOS,  
Trustees of the Ref. Church of Zeeland.  
AREND VISSCHER, Attorney for Trustees.

## Probate Order.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, } SS.  
COUNTY OF OTTAWA.  
At a Session of the Probate Court for the County of Ottawa, holden at the Probate Office, in the City of Grand Haven, in said County, on Wednesday, the Twenty-ninth day of May, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty nine.

Present, CHARLES E. SOULE, Judge of Probate.  
In the matter of the estate of Jacob N. Jacobsen, deceased.  
On reading and filing the petition, duly verified by Nils Jacobsen, executor of the will and estate of said deceased, praying for the examination and allowance of his final account and that he may be discharged from his trust as such executor.

Thereupon it is Ordered, That Tuesday, the Twenty-fifth day of June next

at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be holden at the Probate Office in the City of Grand Haven, in said County, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted. And it is further Ordered, That said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof by causing a copy of this order to be published in the HOLLAND CITY NEWS, a newspaper printed and circulated in said County of Ottawa, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

CHARLES E. SOULE,  
(A true copy.) Attest. Judge of Probate.

## Probate Order.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, } SS.  
COUNTY OF OTTAWA.  
At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Ottawa, holden at the Probate Office, in the City of Grand Haven, in said County, on Monday, the third day of June, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty nine.

Present, CHARLES E. SOULE, Judge of Probate.  
In the matter of the estate of Willem Hulsenga, deceased.  
On reading and filing the petition duly verified, of Janna Hulsenga, legatee in said will named, praying for the probate of an instrument in writing filed in said court purporting to be the last will and testament of Willem Hulsenga, late of the Township of Holland, in said County, deceased, and for the appointment of Annens J. Hillebrand, administrator with the will annexed of said estate.

Thereupon it is Ordered, That Monday the First day of July next,

at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be holden at the Probate Office in the City of Grand Haven, in said County, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted. And it is further Ordered, That said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof by causing a copy of this order to be published in the HOLLAND CITY NEWS, a newspaper printed and circulated in said County of Ottawa, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

CHARLES E. SOULE,  
(A true copy.) Attest. Judge of Probate.

## Probate Order.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, } SS.  
COUNTY OF OTTAWA.  
At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Ottawa, holden at the Probate Office, in the City of Grand Haven, in said County, on Thursday the Sixth day of June, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty nine.

Present, CHARLES E. SOULE, Judge of Probate.  
In the matter of the estate of Mannes Stegeman, deceased.  
On reading and filing the petition duly verified, of Jan Stegeman, legatee in said will named, praying for the probate of an instrument in writing filed in said court purporting to be the last will and testament of Mannes Stegeman, late of Township of Holland, in said County, deceased, and for the appointment of Jacob Den Herder, executor in said will named, executor thereof:

Thereupon it is ordered that Monday, the First day of July next,

at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, be required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be holden at the Probate Office in the City of Grand Haven, in said County, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted. And it is further Ordered, That said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof by causing a copy of this order to be published in the HOLLAND CITY NEWS, a newspaper printed and circulated in said County of Ottawa, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

CHARLES E. SOULE,  
(A true copy.) Attest. Judge of Probate.

## MORTGAGE SALE.

DEFAULT having been made in the conditions of payment of a mortgage executed by Mary E. Howell and Myron E. Howell, of Holland, Ottawa county, Michigan, to James H. Purdy of the City of Holland, Ottawa county, Michigan, dated April 12th, A. D. 1886 and recorded on April thirteenth A. D. 1886 in the office of the Register of Deeds of Ottawa county, Michigan, in liber 37 of mortgages, on page 13, which mortgage was assigned by said James H. Purdy to Isaac Marshall of Holland, Ottawa county, Michigan, by assignment dated December seventeenth A. D. 1888, and recorded in said Ottawa county register's office on March eighteenth A. D. 1889 in liber 35 of mortgages, page 119, on which mortgage there is now due the sum of One hundred and thirty-two dollars and twenty-seven cents; and no suit or proceeding having been instituted at law (or in equity) to recover the debt secured by said mortgage or any part thereof; Notice is, therefore, hereby given that by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained and the statute in such case made and provided, said mortgage will be foreclosed by sale at public vendue of the mortgaged premises, to pay the amount due on said mortgage with interest and costs of foreclosure and sale, on the

Seventeenth day of June A. D. 1889,

at one o'clock afternoon of said day; said sale to be held at the Court door of the Ottawa County Courthouse, at Grand Haven, Michigan. The mortgaged premises to be sold being, The south half (1/2) of the south-east quarter (1/4) of section five (5), town five (5) north of range fifteen (15) East of the 10th meridian, in Holland Township, Ottawa county, Michigan.

Dated March 20th 1889.

ISAAC MARSHALL, Assignee of Mortgagee.

J. C. POST, Attorney.

Subscribe for the News

## Just Received

at D. Bertsch's, a large stock of Spring Shades of Henrietta and other Dress Goods, direct from New York.

Come and see them, and get your first choice.

Also a large stock of all kinds of Dry Goods.

I will sell them cheaper than any house in the city.

## New Stock

—OF—

## DRESS GOODS

—AND—

## CLOTHING

Just received at

## E. J. HARRINGTON'S.

A first-class line of

## Family Groceries

Constantly kept in stock.

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