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HOLLAND CITY NEWS.

VOL. XVIII.

HOLLAND, MICH., SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1899.

NO. 21

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.

DIEKEMA, G. J., Attorney at Law. Collections
promptly attended to. Office, Van der
Ven'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.

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

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

Bank.

HOLLAND CITY BANK, foreign and domestic
exchange bought and sold. Collections
promptly attended to. Eighth street.

Barbers.

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

Boots and Shoes.

HELDER, J. D., the cheapest place in the city
to buy Boots and Shoes, 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 Clothes and Ready-made
Clothing in the 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 price paid for wheat. Office in Brick
store, corner Fifth and River streets.

Drugs and Medicines.

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

DOESBURG, J. Q., Dealer in Drugs and Medi-
cines, Paints and Oils, Brushes, Toilet
Articles and Perfumes, Imported Havana, Key
West, and Domestic Cigars.

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

WALSH, HEBER, Druggist and Pharmacist;
a full stock of goods pertaining to the
business.

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.

BRANDALL, S. B., dealer in Department Goods
and proprietor of Holland City Bazaar,
Eighth street.

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

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

STEELE, BASTIAN, general dealer in Dry
Goods and Groceries, Flour and Feed. The
finest stock of Groceries in the 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, Crockery, Hats and
Caps. Flour, Provision, etc., River street.

WILSE, 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, Curtains, Wall Paper,
Carpets, Picture Frames, etc., River street.

VERBEKE, W., dealer in Furniture, Wall
Paper, Picture Frames, Household Decora-
tions and Novelties. Eighth street.

Flour Mills.

WALSH DE ROU & CO., Manufacturers of
Roller Flour, proprietors of Standard Roll-
er Mills. Daily capacity, 9-0 barrels.

Hardware.

KANTERS BROS., dealers in general hardware.
Saw and gas fittings a specialty. No. 52
Eighth street.

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

Hotels.

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

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

Livery and Sale Stables.

HARRINGTON, E. J. Jr., proprietor of Holland
City Sale and Exchange Stable. General
trading done, cor. Market and Seventh streets.

Manufactories, Mills, Shops, Etc.

THURMAN, J., Wagon and Carriage Manuf-
actory and blacksmith shop. Also manufac-
turer of Ox Yokes. River street.

HOLLAND CITY BREWERY, A. Self, Proprietor.
Daily capacity of Brewery 4,000 barrels. Cor.
Market and Tenth streets.

LOCAL ITEMS.

READ H. Kiekintveld's business local
in this issue.

TO-MORROW, Sunday, is children's
day in the Methodist Church.

REMEMBER that the NEWS is only
fifty cents to Jan. 1st, 1899. Subscribe
now.

MISS ELLA HALL, sister of Mrs. F. G.
Churchill, died at her home in Bath, N.
Y., last week.

NOTE the change of time table of the
Chicago and West Mich. R'y in another
column of this issue.

CAPT. JOHNSON invites everybody to
enjoy the free excursion to Ottawa
Beach this afternoon, Saturday.

WE were shown a bouquet of pansies
this week which contained seventeen
varieties. They were perfect beauties.

THE New Groningen and Holland
Township, District No. 1, schools will
picnic at Kanter's park to-day, Saturday.

HOLLAND will not celebrate the
Fourth of July this year, so people can
make their arrangements accordingly.

THE four-months-old child of Mr.
and Mrs. John Koning of Saugatuck,
was buried in the cemetery last Satur-
day.

FRANK TUCKER's Metropolitans will
play the soul stirring drama, "The Two
Orphans" at the Opera House Monday
evening, July 1st.

THE steamers Macatawa and Queen
of the Lakes leave the docks at Holland
for the resorts at 7:30 and 10:00 a. m.,
2:45 and 7:00 p. m.

REV. J. I. FLES, of Zeeland, will
preach in the Market Street Christian
Reformed Church to-morrow, Sunday,
morning and afternoon.

THE young ladies of the Third Re-
formed Church have presented Rev.
Dosker with a fine Brussels carpet, for
the parlor of the parsonage.

REV. CHAS. SCOTT will preach the
Baccalaureate sermon to the graduat-
ing class of Hope College to-morrow
evening, Sunday, in Hope Church.

THE Chicago and West Mich. R'y
fruit train which began running last
Tuesday, June 18, leaves Holland at
3:30 p. m., arriving in New Buffalo at
10:40.

THE steamer Queen of the Lakes will
run a free excursion to Ottawa Beach
this afternoon, Saturday. The boat
will leave the dock at 2:00 p. m., re-
turning at 4:40.

FRANCES DE VRIES, the twelve-year-
old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harm De
Vries, died of diphtheria Thursday
morning. The funeral occurred the
same afternoon.

JUDGE FAIRBANKS still keeps at
work helping the old veterans. This
week he received notice that Broer
Van Dijke's pension had been increased
from \$8 to \$16 per month.

THE Ladies Guild of Grace Church
will serve strawberries and ice cream
in the vacant store building, west of
Brusse Bros. next Friday evening, June
28. All are cordially invited.

PARTIES desiring to let rooms, or
board teachers, during the summer
normal, which opens July 9th, should
apply to Prof. J. W. Humphrey. Resi-
dence, Ninth street, east of Cedar.

ALTHOUGH this is considered the dull
period of the year for furniture facto-
ries, the Werkman Mfg. Co. is
constantly receiving orders for bed
room suites, and the factory is as busy
as it has been any time this year.

THE young man that wound up that
alarm clock, which went off in front of
the City Hotel, while being carried by
a young lady last Wednesday evening,
will never be forgiven. The chestnut-
bell has been rung on him for keeps.

Secure your tickets for the funniest
play on the boards, "A Huge Joke," at
the Opera House next Monday and
Tuesday evenings, June 24 and 25. Also
see that your buttons are securely sewed
on. People shed tears from laughter.

THE examination of the classes in
the College and Grammar School de-
partments of Hope College, began
Wednesday morning and closed Friday
noon. Seven classes were examined,
three in the college and four in the
Grammar School.

A small green fly or parasite has
made its appearance in the heads of
wheat. Some of the farmers in this
vicinity feel some concern about it, as
the fly is very numerous and apparent-
ly feeds upon the milky substance in
the berry. The papers have also report-
ed the appearance of the insect in In-
diana and other states.

JOHN THOMPSON, the great comedian,
and his merry crew of fun makers, in
"A Huge Joke," at the Opera House,
next Monday and Tuesday evenings.
Reserved seats on sale at O. Breyman
& Son's jewelry store without extra
charge.

J. SCHOON & SON have just placed
in position a ten-horse power engine
and boiler in their tannery. With the
increased facilities thus obtained, the
firm will be enabled to meet their
largely increasing orders for all kinds
of fine leather.

At the elocutionary contest, which
took place last week Friday evening in
Hope College chapel, Mr. George C.
Dangremont was the successful con-
testant, being awarded the silver medal.
The contest was well attended, and
was enjoyed by all present.

If the practice of cigarette-smoking
continues in this country we shall be
compelled by and by to build more in-
sane asylums. Twelve boys, rendered
insane by excessive cigarette-smoking,
have been admitted into the Napa
(Cal.) hospital for the insane.

A good attendance is expected on
Wednesday evening, June 26, at the
concert given by the Aurora Club
Orchestra at Hope College chapel. Re-
serve your seats without extra charge
at O. Breyman & Son's jewelry store
after 5:00 p. m. Monday, June 24th.

MR. J. H. YOUNG, formerly a popula-
rized photographer in this city, has leased
the Star gallery, 39 Canal street, Grand
Rapids, and will be pleased to have all
of his Holland friends call on him in
the Valley City. He guarantees good
work at reasonable prices. Read adver-
tisement.

THE graduating exercises of the High
School will occur at the Opera House
next Thursday evening, June 29th.
The following are the graduates: Miss
Maggie Meuwesen, Miss Y.
rich, Miss Mary Huntle,
Minnie Van Raalte. All
invited to attend.

THE Ottawa County
Loan Association is
no mistake. Seven
three dollars received
day evening. Next
June 29th, \$500 will
highest bidder, making
during the last quarter.

THE third anniversary of the Ufilas
club will be celebrated in the college
chapel on Monday evening, June 24th,
at 8:00 o'clock. A cordial invitation is
extended to all who understand the
Holland language. Children under
twelve years of age not admitted, ex-
cept when with their parents.

PEOPLE that have currant bushes
and are troubled with worms will be
glad to learn that common buckwheat
flour sprinkled over the bushes in the
morning while the dew is yet on with
a very fine sieve will prove a certain
remedy against the ravages of the pests,
and will cause them all to disappear.
'Tis simple and well worth trying.

"CONSTANT READER" asks us, why
the obsequies at the close of the college
year, are called "Commencement" Ex-
ercises. The office boys say that it is
the connection with the "Commence-
ment" of the picnic season, that gives
it the name. The weather reporter
answers that it means the "Commence-
ment, for many poor fellows, of the
hustle to earn their bread and butter."

WHEN we saw so many men stand-
ing in front of the post office the other
evening, we wondered what they would
think if a crowd of women were to ar-
range themselves in as undignified posi-
tions as they occupied. It is very dis-
agreeable for a lady to enter the post
office through the crowd of idlers about
the door, and we hope they will take
the hint and congregate on a back
street, where their presence will not be
an annoyance.

THE ladies of Esther Lodge, No. 27,
D. R., I. O. O. F., will give a plate
social in Odd Fellows Hall, next Fri-
day evening, June 28th. Each plate
will contain a lunch for two, and also
the name of a lady present, and will
be auctioneered off to the gentleman
bidding the highest. Music, vocal and
instrumental will be provided. And
those who love to indulge in the pleas-
ure of dancing may do so. The pic-
necede of the social will be devoted to
ward purchasing an organ for the
lodge room. All are cordially invited.

THE Globe Light & Heat Co., of Chi-
cago, have secured the contract for
lighting the city another year. The
company will furnish double tip burn-
ers, and light the lamps eighteen nights
each calendar month at \$15 per lamp a
year. Mr. Hoogland, a representative
of the company, was in the city a few
days ago, and examined the lamps, and
was highly pleased to find them in good
shape. This is a compliment to Mr.
Peter Moes, and he deserves it, for he
gives each lamp his careful attention
before lighting.

THE hard lines of ye editor's life are
sometimes brightened by the kindness
of his lady friends. An occasional
beautiful bouquet or pumpkin pie from
"Mary," adds a rainbow tint to the
skies for several days. This week we
were presented with some delicious
strawberries—great, big, red balls of
sugar and sunshine. They were beau-
ties, and the lady who sent them is one
of the sweet angels of humanity, who
lives to make all about her happy. We
would give her name, but fear the
small boys would read this item and
visit her berry patch.

The Fair.

The time for holding the fifth annu-
al Fair of the S. O. & W. A. Agricul-
tural Society is drawing near; and we
are pleased to learn that the managers
of the Association are making all
necessary preparations for a success-
ful exhibition.

At a recent meeting of the Executive
Committee, the premium list has been
carefully revised and some material
changes made. Great care has been
exercised in the appointment of Super-
intendents and judges, and such changes
and improvements made as the ex-
perience of the past has shown to be
desirable. The rule that no article or
animal which had drawn two first pre-
miums at previous fairs would be eli-
gible for a premium etc., has been
amended so as to make it refer to ar-
ticles only. In the cattle department
native stock has been stricken from
the premium list and grades are re-
quired to show at least 60 percent of
the blood of the class in which the ani-
mal is to be entered. In the vegetable
department the premiums have been
materially increased.

Among the attractions, a purse has
been offered for the best exhibit of la-
dies horse-back riding; at least five to
enter for competition. We understand
that the ladies have also prevailed
upon the committee to offer a premium
for the best looking baby exhibited at
the Fair.

Among others there will also be of-
fered two \$200 purses for speed trials,
40 class and the other for 2
class, this undoubtedly will
some of the best horses in
part of the state.

yet no special premiums have
been offered by private citizens or
business firms, but we would suggest
that in this respect we follow the ex-
ample of the enterprising business men
of our neighboring cities and by our
co-operation make this a strong addi-
tional attraction.

The premium list is now being pre-
pared and is expected to be ready for
distribution by the first of August.

Personals.

Speaker Diekema returned to Lansing
Monday.

Mrs. C. Harmon was in Grand Rap-
ids Tuesday.

Mrs. Ben. Van Raalte visited Grand
Rapids on Thursday.

Rev. Vorst, of Grand Rapids spent
last Wednesday in Holland.

Rev. J. Kruidenier returned Wednes-
day from Missouri and Iowa.

Miss Henrietta Poel, of Grand Haven,
is visiting B. Kruidenier and family.

Rev. H. Van der Werp, of Roseland,
was in Holland a few days this week.

Rev. P. Wayenberg and wife, of Pult-
neyville, N. Y., are in the city visiting.

Mr. Albert De Weerd, of Grand
Haven, was in the city a few days this
week.

Mr. Jas. Van der Ven is in the city
this week shaking hands with his many
Holland friends.

Mr. John Cappon and wife were in
Kalamazoo this week. They returned
home Thursday.

J. B. Mulder is skirmishing around
Grand Rapids this week collecting for
De Grondwet.

Miss Louise Walters, of Muskegon,
was in the city last Sunday, the guest
of Miss Fanny Boyd.

Miss Emma Stevenson, of the tele-
phone exchange, spent last Saturday
and Sunday in Bangor.

Rev. A. Van den Berg and wife, of
New Kirk, Ia., are visiting relatives
and friends in the city.

Mrs. C. V. R. Gilmore, of Hope Col-
lege, attended the graduating exercises
at Olivet College this week.

Mrs. M. W. Rose and her daughter,
Mrs. J. H. Young, of Grand Rapids,
called at the News office on Thursday.

Mr. H. Smith, of Grand Rapids, for-
merly of this city, was here a few days
this week visiting relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Hoogenstijn, of
Grand Haven, were in the city last
Sunday and Monday, visiting relatives
and friends.

Rev. A. A. Planstiel and family,
arrived in the city from Columbia, Mo.,
this week. They will make Holland
their future home.

Miss Lillian Jones, of Bushnell, Ill.,
daughter of Rev. Thomas Walker Jones,
former pastor of Hope Church, is the
guest of the Misses Brower.

Rev. E. Sias and wife, Mr. and Mrs.
M. Sooy, and Mr. Frank Sooy, of Way-
land, were the guests of Prof. J. W.
Humphrey and family this week.

John A. Roost is nursing a sore foot,
caused by stepping on a nail last week
Saturday. It would have been a serious
matter if lockjaw had set in, but as it
is, the only effect is to add dignity to
his walk.

Miss Gertie Higgins, who has been
attending a ladies' seminary at Green-
castle, Ind., the past year, returned
home last week Saturday. She has
been engaged to teach in the public
schools for the ensuing school year.

Prof. J. J. Anderson called at this
office Wednesday. He is professor of
Greek at the Westminster College,
Fulton, Mo. The professor and his
family are occupying their new cottage
at Macatawa Park Grove. He will
return to Fulton about Sept. 1st.

Will Bertsch, the Holland City cadet,
at West Point, came home on furlough
this week. It is two years since "Will"
left Holland, and during that time he
has grown several inches in height and
greatly improved in appearance. In
his neat suit of cadet gray, the girls all
think him a perfect "daisy," and wish
Holland had more representatives at
the military academy. He will return
to West Point in August.

On Saturday night Mr. A. D. Hart,
for many years a conductor on the
Grand Trunk Accommodation, gave a
reception at the Grand Central to his
many friends, before leaving our midst
for Holland, Mich., his future home.

About one hundred guests were present.
Prof. W. H. Banta acted as master of
ceremonies. Mr. Edgar D. Crumpacker
was called upon to respond to the toast,
"Our Host," in which he spoke feelingly
and touchingly of Mr. Hart and his es-
timable wife. Mr. Hart was a con-
ductor on the Grand Trunk for upwards
of five years, and we can truthfully say
that no employee of the road ever worked
more faithfully and diligently for the
interests of the company than did he
during the time he was in its employ.

It was a pleasure to travel with him,
and to note how gentlemanly and cour-
teous he always was in the treatment
of his passengers—rich and poor fared
alike on his train, all were made to feel
at home. Mr. Hart has accepted a
conductorship on the Chicago & West
Michigan R. R., with headquarters at
Holland, Mich., where he has moved
his family. —Valparaiso (Ind.) Messenger.

Killed on the Bridge.

Orrin Clark, aged eleven years, son
of Martin Clark, of this city, was killed
last Monday afternoon, about five
o'clock, by the fast train on the C. &
W. M. railway.

He was on the Grand Haven railroad
bridge, north of this place, fishing, in
company with one other boy. They
were about six hundred feet
from the north end. When the boys
saw the train coming from the north,
one of them crawled under the bridge,
but Orrin was afraid and began run-
ning south to save himself. When two
hundred feet from the boy, the engineer
saw him and immediately reversed his
engine and applied the air brakes, but
the boy stumbled and fell, the pilot of
the engine striking and throwing him
in the middle of the track. The engine
and one coach passed over him, be-
fore the train stopped. One leg was
completely severed from the body, and
he was otherwise injured. He lived
thirty minutes.

The funeral was held on Wednesday
afternoon. It was attended by a large
number of his schoolmates and his
teacher, Miss Etta Bosch, in addition
to a large number of friends of the
family.

An inquest was held on the body, at
which the following verdict was ren-
dered:

COUNTY OF OTTAWA, —ss.

An inquisition taken at Holland in
said county on the 17th and 18th day
of June before O. E. Yates, coroner of said
county, upon the view of the body of
Orrin Clark, there lying dead, by the
oaths of the jurors whose names are
hereto subscribed, who being sworn to
inquire in behalf of the people of this
state, when, in what manner, and by
what means the said Orrin Clark came
to his death, upon their oaths do say:

From the evidence produced, we find
that the said Orrin Clark came to his
death on June 17th, 1899, at about five
o'clock p. m., by being run over by
train No. 30, engine No. 31, on Black
river R. R. bridge. It also appears by
the evidence that parties at the time
were trespassing on said R. R. bridge,
and while we censure all such trespass-
ing, we think that had a little more
care been taken the accident might
have been avoided.

Signed: FRANK M. GILLESPIE,
HENRY VAN RY,
HERBIE POSTMA,
ARTHUR DUNN WATER,
MATTHEW NOTER,
WILLIAM BRUSSE.

backer of Jake Kilrain, died on the 16th at his home in Somerville, Mass., after a long illness. Keenan was looked upon as the encyclopedia of sporting events of all kinds, and his judgment was so a

Martin Burke, alias Delaney, was arrested at Winnipeg for complicity in the Cronin case, on information from Sup. Hubbard. He was boarding the Atlantic express and had a ticket for Liverpool England. He was taken to the station where he gave his name as Martin Burke.

Christopher F. Brynes, of Saxonville, Mass., and John D. McMahon, of Rome, N. Y.

AT Paris the great race for the Grand Prix de Paris was run on the 16th. Vanistas won, Pourtent second, and Aerolite third. There were thirteen starters. Ma-

CORN—No. 2.....	.35	@ .90
OATS—No. 2 Mixed.....	.25	@ .90
RYE—No. 2.....	.44	@ .90
PORK—Mess.....	12.30	@ 12.35
KANSAS CITY.		
CATTLE—Good.....	3.75	@ 4.25
Medium.....	3.25	@ 4.00
Butchers'.....	2.50	@ 3.75
HOGS—Choice.....	4.00	@ 4.25
Medium.....	3.75	@ 4.00

The monument stands on the line of battle west of the wheatfield, on what is now known as Sickles avenue. It is 6½ feet square and 11 feet in height, cut from Harlow granite, stone susceptible of a fine polish. The die represents the life-size figure of a soldier in the act of loading his musket. The regiment was mustered into service at Detroit Aug. 23, 1861, and was relieved from duty at Jeffersonville, Ind. July 5, 1865. The total enrollment was 1,000.

the agents of the government was to have been continued to-day, but owing to agitation it has been postponed until tomorrow and will probably be deferred until Saturday. The magistrate will consider the question of bail to-day. There is a great clamor over the detention of the accused.



THE LITTLE THINGS OF LIFE.

Soft scarlet clouds flecked all the sky,
Pale twilight still delaying,
When to a child a mother wild
Cried, "My, where were you straying?"
"O mother, dear, I wandered far
By field and covered cover,
And searched in vain each grassy plain
For one small four-leaf clover."

"I long to dream a lovely dream,
And wake to find it real."
"Ah, simple child," the mother smiled,
"Too well you love the ideal."
But look beside you mossy stone,
My reckless little rover,
For very near I see from here
Your long-sought four-leaf clover."

"And think, May, while you gather it
Green in the cool gray gloaming,
How often grow close by and low
The gifts we seek by roaming.
Then, if you learn to find at home
Small joys you once looked over,
You'll bless the day you wandered away
In seeking four-leaf clover."

A JEALOUS HUSBAND.

TAKEN FROM THE RUSSIAN BY EVELYN THORP.

There was a performance that night at the Italian Opera. Ivan Andreitch entered the crowded house like a bomb and threw a rapid glance through all the boxes. Oh surprise! His heart stopped beating. His wife was there. She sat in the same box with Gen. Poloitstine, his wife, his aide-de-camp, a young man in civilian's clothes, on whom Ivan Andreitch's attention at once became riveted.

"She is here! And she said she would not come!"

These sudden veerings on Glafra's part were killing Ivan Andreitch. Ah! That unknown young man in civilian's clothes! In what horrible despair he had thrown the aged husband!

Ivan Andreitch sank into an orchestra chair. The first act passed over him as though it had not been. He did not hear a note. But just as the curtain was going down over his hero an adventure.

It will sometimes happen that a stray programme comes floating down from some upper gallery to alight on an unexpected head below. But Ivan Andreitch's adventure was more unheard-of. What the jealous husband received on his honorable bald pate, polished like the knob of a walking stick, was that infamous and ineffable object—a scented billet-doux! That it was a billet-doux there could be no doubt. For are not such epistles always scented? Moreover, it was folded, and folded again, in so small and treacherous and coquettish a shape that it could easily have found a place in the palm of a lady's glove.

Now I ask the reader to judge—Why should Ivan Andreitch have believed ineradicably, at once, that this billet-doux had fallen by mistake, from one certain box out of all the four tiers of boxes in that great theater? But all passions are exclusive and unreasonable, and jealousy, I ween, is the most exclusive and unreasonable of all.

Ivan Andreitch hurried into the foyer and tore the note open.

"This evening, after the performance, in G— street, K— house, third floor."

Ivan Andreitch did not recognize the handwriting. But what of that, so long as there was a rendezvous on the tapis?

"Ah! to overtake this treachery! To nip it in the bud!"

There were ladies and young men in all the boxes. The note might have slipped from the hand of any one of these. But no evidence could have shaken Ivan Andreitch's belief.

He ascended to the box where his wife sat and then came down again. He rushed about the corridors during the rest of the performance without being able to compose himself. At last, as the opera was about terminating in a great uproar, he seized his top-coat and fled to G— street.

He soon found the house, and was hastening up the stairs when he saw a young man hurrying on before him. On the third floor a door stood half open.

Ivan Andreitch would have liked to stop a moment for reflection, but at that instant he heard the door stairs door open noisily and a heavy step, accompanied by a cough, resound on the stairs. He violently pushed the door open, precipitating himself into the apartment with all the grotesque solemnity of an outraged husband. A servant tried to bar his way. But to stop Ivan Andreitch was now impossible. He traversed two dark rooms and burst, like an apparition, into a third, at the same moment that a young and pretty lady hurried out by another door, exclaiming:

"My husband!"

Ivan Andreitch began to perceive that he had not had time enough for reflection on the landing outside, and that he had made a shocking mistake. But could he turn back? The outer door opened; the husband was coming in. I don't know why Ivan Andreitch did not go directly out to meet him, explain the mistake, apologize and disappear, and perhaps without glory, but in any case without disgrace. But no. He acted as though he were a Don Juan or a Lovelace. He had been concealed hitherto by the bed curtains, and now he slipped beneath them. Suspicious husband himself he did not, perhaps, dare confront another husband in these conditions. And there he was, under the bed, without being able to explain to himself how he got there.

The lady's husband came in and threw himself into a chair, shaken by a tremendous fit of coughing. Ivan Andreitch was afraid to draw a long breath. With infinite precautions he began stretching himself out that he might, at least, be more at his ease. When, suddenly, another hand seized his.

Ivan Andreitch blushed with shame. "My little angel," began the husband, "I have just come from Pavel Ivanovitch's. We played a game of whist (cough), and then (cough)—ah! the devil! my back!" (cough).

"For God's sake, give me a little more room!" whispered the wretched Ivan Andreitch.

"How can I? There's none to give!" "But you must see that I cannot remain in such a position! It's the first time—"

"Silence!"

"Young man, you forget yourself! You forget to whom you are speaking!" "I am speaking to a man under the bed."

"But if I am here, sir, it's because of a mistake! If you won't give me a little more room I shall have an attack of apoplexy, and you will be responsible for my death! I am an honorable man, the head of a family! I can't remain in such a position!"

"Why did you put yourself in it, then? Will you be quiet? Don't you understand that if they hear us we are lost? 'Sh! They are talking!'"

As a matter of fact the old man's cough was growing less.

"My little angel, Fedosey Ivanovitch told me of a remedy to take—a leaf tea. He said I might go into consumption. Tshe! Tshe!"

"Good Heaven! Why do you say that?" cried the wife.

"Oh!" whispered Ivan Andreitch. "Well, what is the matter now? Can't you keep quiet?"

"You wish to offend me, young man. I see that clearly."

"Silence!"

"Not at all! I have nothing to fear!" "Very well! If we are discovered I shall tell them that you are my uncle and that you dragged me here!"

"You are making game of me!" "Keep silent, or I'll force you to do so! If it had not been for you I should have remained here until morning and then slipped out undetected!"

"But I can't remain here until morning! I am a respectable member of society. But who are you? I beg of you to tell me at once!"

"I have nothing to tell you. Keep still!"

"My dear," said the old gentleman, "don't you hear some cats purring around here?"

"What cats? What do you mean?" said the young wife.

"Why, Vaska, to be sure. I certainly heard something. Perhaps it was rats."

"Ah, now it is rats! What ails you to-night?"

"Well, perhaps it's neither rats nor cats—nothing at all. Tshe! Tshe!" (Coughs).

"Are you satisfied? They heard us."

"But if you only knew how uncomfortable I am," wailed Ivan Andreitch below his breath. "My nose is bleeding—"

"Well, let it bleed, and keep quiet."

"Young man, I should like to know, really, in what society I find myself?"

"'Sh! They are talking again.'"

"Really, my dear, I think I hear something."

"Oh, no. The cotton must be loose in your ears."

"Speaking of cotton, do you know that on the floor above—"

"On the floor above!" repeated the young man in a whisper. "Is this the second floor, then?"

"What! What did you say, young man? The second floor! Why, I thought this was the third floor!"

"'Sh!'"

"I met a very pretty little woman going up the stairs," began the old gentleman anew.

"Well, I don't see that that need concern you."

"Don't be angry, my dear," said the old gentleman, coughing again. "You don't seem to be in a good humor to-night."

"A pretty little woman," murmured the young man, visibly uneasy. "She is waiting for me, perhaps. I must get away from here at once."

"'She! Who is she?' Who are you talking about? That I should be imprisoned here!"

"I shall get out, cost what it may."

"Young man, what are you doing? What is to become of me?" whispered Ivan Andreitch, clinging to his neighbor's coat tails.

"Eh! What's that to me? Keep still here until morning and then you can slip out unnoticed. When they have seen me crawl out from under the bed they won't be likely to suspect that there is any one else here. Two men under one bed at the same time—that's rather stiff! Why not twelve?"

"Heavens! I am going to sneeze!" "Don't dare to have that audacity!"

"But what am I to do? If you would only take my handkerchief out of my pocket. Oh, why have I been punished in this way?"

"Here is your handkerchief. Are you aware of the fact that this comedy may have a very tragic ending? That this old gentleman may be furious if he hears you? As for me, I am here by mistake. I intended to go up a flight higher, but got in here and was obliged to hide."

"How your little dog barks!" said the old gentleman.

In point of fact the lady's dog had just awakened from a nap and was barking furiously with her nose under the bed.

"Here, Amishka," cried the lady. But Amishka persisted in foraging around over Ivan Andreitch's face.

"What can be the matter with her, my dear?" wondered the old gentleman. "She is biting my nose!" Ivan Andreitch meanwhile was whispering under the bed.

"Don't speak! Don't move!" "Do you want me to lose my nose?" said Ivan Andreitch, and suddenly the little dog's barking ceased.

"Wretch, what are you doing?" cried the young man in a whisper. But Ivan Andreitch paid no heed. He strangled the dog outright.

"Amishka! Amishka!" shrieked the lady. And then, all at once—"Brigands! Barbarians! There are some people under the bed!"

"What! Where? Under the bed!"

The old gentleman seized a candlestick. Ivan Andreitch's companion, who had been watching all his move-

ments, slipped out as he went around the head of the bed.

"Heaven!" gasped the lady. "Amishka's assassin is under the bed!" said the young man and fled.

Meantime the old gentleman had caught Ivan Andreitch by the foot.

"Murder! Murder!" screamed the lady. "Amishka!"

"Come out!" vociferated the old gentleman. "Come out! Who are you? Speak at once!"

"In God's name, Excellency," implored Ivan Andreitch, "don't call any one! Your Excellency, all this is a mistake, which I shall explain," gasped the unfortunate creature with tears. "It's all on account of—"

"You are a thief!"

"No, your Excellency, I am not a thief. I only made a mistake in the door. Madame," continued Ivan Andreitch, turning with clasped hands to the lady, "you are a woman—you will understand. I killed Amishka, but I am deeply humiliated; I am drinking the very dregs of the cup. Your Highness—for it is a Prince to whom I have the honor of speaking, is it not?"

"Eh? No. Stop flattering me and tell me how you got in here!"

MICHIGAN HAPPENINGS.

EVENTS AND INCIDENTS THAT HAVE LATELY OCCURRED.

An Interesting Summary of the More Important Doings of Our Neighbors—Weddings and Deaths—Crimes, Casualties, and General News Notes.

—The woodchuck crop is a good one in Washtenaw County. The 'chucks are plenty and the boys get 15 cents each for the varmints' scalps.

—The State Pioneer Society recently held the fifteenth annual meeting at Lansing. There have been comparatively few deaths in the society's ranks during the last twelve months, and there were a great number of the gray-haired pioneers of the State in attendance. The annual address of President Talcott E. Wing, of Monroe, was followed by a paper on the early days of Detroit and secret memoirs of Hull's surrender, prepared by Col. Sylvester Larned; an address on Silver Isles, L. S., by Hon. John H. Forster, of Williamston; a memoir of Judge Steacy, of Tecumseh, prepared by Prof. T. M. Cooley, of Ann Arbor; "Deacon Ritt's Son," an original poem by Miss Minnie G. McArthur, of Corunna; and a paper on "The Pottawatimies," by Hon. A. R. Copley, of Deatur.

The following are the officers for the ensuing year: President, O. Poppleton, of Birmingham; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Harriet A. Tenney, of Lansing; Corresponding Secretary, George H. Greene, of Lansing; Treasurer, W. L. Coleman, of Lansing.

—A. Wing, of Dansville, Ingham County, says his 17-year-old boy recently left home, clad in a dark coat and vest, blue overalls, black low-crowned hat and coarse boots. Intellectually he is not very bright, and he has an impediment in his speech. His name is Freddie Wing, and any information in regard to his whereabouts will be received with ill-concealed delight.

—Much elation is felt in the Saginaw Valley among sportsmen over Representative Connor's triumph in the Legislature, where, through his eloquence, Kidney Warner was defeated in his efforts to keep the entire sporting ground around Maison Island to himself. This dog in the manger business won't go down in Michigan.

—James Smith is reputed to be a wealthy physician at San Bernardino, Cal. Three years ago his wife and daughter, the latter a beautiful young woman, went to Bay City, as they said, to be near the son and brother, Alderman William Smith. They seemed to live happily together, but two months ago Alderman Smith mysteriously disappeared and no tidings have been had of him. Shortly afterward the mother became insane, but this fact was kept from the public until she developed homicidal tendencies. Then the officers were notified, and it was found that the women were living in the most abject poverty and squalor, being nearly starved. The mother died, and was buried at the public expense. The daughter was urged to write to her father, but she refused, and she, too, has subsisted on charity for more than a month. Last week she became violently insane, and was sent to the Pontiac Asylum. The Bay City authorities are trying to reach Dr. Smith.

—H. M. Atkinson, representing a syndicate of wealthy Escanaba and Chicago gentlemen, has just arranged for the purchase of 200,000,000 feet of pine in the county of Iron, the purchase price being in the neighborhood of \$800,000. A mill will be erected on Pine River, on which a large portion of the pine is situated. The syndicate also recently purchased 42,000,000 feet of pine in the same territory.

—The engine house in the Salisbury mine, at Ishpeming, has been destroyed by fire. Loss about \$35,000.

—At a recent meeting of the directors of the well-known religious resort, Simpson Park, held at Romeo last week, the date of the annual camp-meeting was voted for August 6 to 14, inclusive. Simpson Park Association is a Methodist organization located one and a half miles northwest of Romeo.

—At a special election in Ishpeming there was 151 majority for issuing bonds for \$35,000 to procure water from Lake Sally.

—Bay City's cash contributions to the flood sufferers reach \$1,400.

—John B. Molony, of Detroit, has secured an option on the plants of the Bay City and West Bay City Brewing Companies, in the interest of the Eastern syndicate.

—The work of rebuilding with brick the business block destroyed by fire at Kalkaska, in March last, has commenced.

—Prof. G. R. Catton has been re-engaged as principal of the Kalkaska schools. This is his fifth year.

—Lilly Cook, aged 82 years, and a resident of Saginaw County for nearly fifty years, died at East Saginaw last week.

—John Draher, an Oakland County pioneer, died suddenly at Oxford a few days ago.

—Fire at Ishpeming, gutted the McKee Block, occupied by stores and offices, causing a loss of \$10,000; fully covered by insurance.

—Mrs. Lucinda Reid, living near Romeo, Macomb County, who was seriously shot in the intestines by the accidental explosion of a revolver a few weeks ago, has fully recovered her usual health. This is the second case on record in the State. Dr. Greenhalgh, the attending physician, gave the particulars of his operation to the members of the State Medical Association at their recent meeting held at Kalamazoo. It was listened to with deep interest by every medical man present.

—The Michigan Salt Association has reduced the price of salt to 52 cents per barrel in order to force opponents to the proposed salt union into it. When in March last annual contracts were made by the association twenty-three manufacturing firms in the State refused to continue their membership, and have since been manufacturing and selling at the rates obtained by the association. It is to punish these offenders the present cut was made.

—General Alger being asked by a Detroit reporter the meaning of the reports which have recently appeared in print to the effect that he had announced his candidacy for President in 1892, replied as follows:

There is no truth whatever in the story. I have received numerous cuttings from the newspapers in which I have been made to say I was a candidate and a great deal more of rubbish of a similar nature. I believe I denied the matter to a local newspaper. I am liable to err in judgment, in common with the rest of mankind, but that I am a consummate ass I deny. A man who actually desired the great office of President of the United States—a position I would rather hold than to be a filching car of all the Russias—would prove himself an ass if he were to do what some gentlemen of the press have laid at my doors. I have never said, written, or hinted any words which could be construed as meaning anything of the kind. From a political standpoint it would be madness, and would or ought to ruin the chances of the person who was so indiscreet. You are at liberty to say in my behalf that the report is entirely false.

At Bay City, the 4-year-old son of J. McPhail was run over by an omnibus and fatally injured.

—Miss Eva Cusick, of Leroy, only 19 years old, has become an evangelist of the Free Methodist Church, and she pictures the fate of the wicked with as bold a hand as ever Jonathan Edwards boasted.

—Detroit Free Press: The prospects are good for plenty of fruit in some parts of the fruit belt. The crop of small fruits will be light, on account of the cold rains and little sunshine. The crop of peaches in Berrien County will be large, from the present prospect, but farther north, about Saugatuck, the crop will be very light.

—The grayling has been found lately in several Upper Peninsula streams, and the fear that this fish is becoming extinct is relieved," says a Marquette sportsman.

—Hamilton Force, of South Lyon, was arrested more than a year ago on the charge of arson. Owing to the law's delay he was not tried until last week, and then the jury disagreed. Judge Moore has released the man on his own recognizance and that probably ends the prosecution.

—All is not lovely in the Saginaws. Prominent citizens, headed by ex-Governor Jerome, are protesting against the consolidation of the cities, and will send a memorial to Lansing, giving the reasons they hold for separate corporate existence.

—Wyman W. Staley, Major of the First Regiment State troops, was instantly killed by a Chicago & Grand Trunk train near Lansing. He had long been captain of the Governor's Guards, and but a few months since was elected major. He was also Corporation Clerk in the Department of State.

—Mrs. Laura Allen, living near Oakley, Saginaw County, through religious excitement, fainted. After recovering she was taken to her home, where she fainted again, and upon recovering her jaws were set and physicians have since been unable to open them.

—An average of forty-six vessels a day passed through the Soo Canal during the month of May. This beats the record of all previous years by long odds.

—One of the most remarkable divorce suits of the century has been instituted at Detroit. Mrs. James Phyling recently began action against her husband, charging desertion, and praying for a decree, with alimony. Now comes the husband, who files an answer in which he sets forth that he fell in love with the woman who is now his wife because of her luxuriant hair, and frequently told her so. After the marriage, which occurred a year old, he found that every reference to her hair caused her to become angry, and he noticed that she would never make her toilet in his presence. This worried him, and one day he climbed upon a chair, looked over the transom of his wife's boudoir, and discovered that her ringlets were hanging on the back of a chair. The woman herself was bald as the palm of her hand. Phyling shrieked and his wife fainted. When she recovered she explained that she had lost her hair in a fire, but no explanation would satisfy him, and he left his wife in the possession of their home, taking up quarters himself in another part of the city. He says he cannot live with her.

—The East Saginaw Courier prints a basis of agreement among representative business men of both sides of the river for consolidation of the Saginaws. Under this proposition, when carried into effect, a city hall to cost \$250,000 is to be located about one mile south of Genesee avenue on the East Saginaw side of the river and nearly opposite the business center of Saginaw River. Provision is also made for an iron bridge to cross the river to the east side from the foot of Court street, Saginaw City. The consolidation is to take effect March 31, 1891, and the new city is to be composed of fifteen wards, nine on the east and six on the west side of the river.

—The election in Alpena City to decide the question of bonding the city for \$15,000 for erecting a new High School took place last week. The total vote cast was only 400, of which 186 were in favor of the bonds, and 214 were against. The bonding scheme was therefore lost by a majority of 28. There is a strong feeling in Alpena against issuing bonds of any description. Pay as you go is the sentiment of the majority.

—Detroit has raised over \$30,000 for the relief of the Johnstown sufferers.

MICHIGAN LEGISLATURE.

ONLY the House was in session on the 8th inst., and nothing was accomplished by that body, its entire time being devoted to consideration of the new registration and ballot laws.

A LEGISLATIVE memorial from the several boards of the Michigan Inmate Asylum was read in the Senate on the 10th inst. and spread on the journal. The memorial is a remonstrance against the bill introduced by Gov. Lane favoring a parole returned to the "county" system of caring for the insane. Nothing else was done in the upper house. There was a bare quorum in the lower house, and the members immediately resolved themselves into committee of the whole on the general order. Outside of Representative Janowski's bill regulating the hours of labor on all street, surface, electric, and elevated railways, no important bills were either considered or passed the committee favorably. The bill provides that ten hours, to be performed within twelve consecutive hours, in every twenty-four hours, with an interval of not less than one-half hour for meals, shall constitute a day's labor in the operation of every street, surface, electric, and elevated railway operated within the State. The bill passed the committee of the whole without a dissenting voice. The Governor approved bills amending the charters of Jackson, Dowagiac, Detroit, and East Saginaw mining school, Reform school, and university appropriations; bills providing a stenographer for Wayne County Probate Court and Detroit Police Court, providing for joint erection of soldiers' monuments, regulating the movements of street cars at crossings, and for the relief of Geo. W. Case.

A RESOLUTION providing that the Legislature shall transact no business after June 23, except the signing of bills by the presiding officers, and shall adjourn June 23, passed the Senate on the 11th. The Senate put in the afternoon on the 11th inst. a resolution providing that to carry prohibition in the counties voting it must receive a two-thirds vote instead of a bare majority was defeated by a tie vote, but it was not deemed advisable to put the bill on final passage. The House considered the resolution appropriating \$10,000 for the Johnstown sufferers, on the ground that the money could not be appropriated constitutionally. The resolution was handed to the Judiciary Committee to investigate this point. H. H. Warner of Rochester, N. Y., recently purchased Maison Island in Saginaw Bay, and also claimed the accretions of middle grounds between the island and the mainland, and was making a claim for duck hunting. At the beginning of the session Representative Connor of Saginaw introduced a bill declaring these grounds to be public shooting and fishing grounds and making Warner a trespasser. Mr. Connor succeeded in passing it on the 11th inst., despite the opposition of every lawyer in the House, and also in ordering it to take immediate effect.

THE work of the Legislature on the 11th inst. was somewhat desultory, and symptoms of final adjournment were apparent. The House did but little committee work. The House passed the following bills: Establishing a police commission in Saginaw City; prohibiting the posting of obscene or suggestive pictures in public places; amending the charter of the city of Grand Rapids. The purity of elections bill was finished in committee of the whole and referred to the Election Committee for changes in constitution, with instructions to report. The report was made on the 11th inst. The House was that day appropriating \$27,000 for a home for the feeble-minded.

A BILL declaring the great lakes and their bays and inlets to be free to all for shooting and fishing, was passed by the House on the 11th inst. This bill is another Mason island affair. While a general measure it is aimed particularly at the Monroe Marsh Company. A syndicate of Eastern sportsmen who purchased 2,000 acres of submerged lands near Monroe, and severed a claim to the same, bidden the public to shoot wild fowl on their grounds. The bill gives the Marsh Company the same rights as every one else and no more. The Republicans in caucus agreed to pass a bill providing for the accumulative system of voting for members of the Legislature in districts that elect over two Representatives. The House passed bills prohibiting the adulteration of vinegar and increasing the salaries of the deputy state officers from \$1,800 to \$2,400 each. The Senate killed the Swift 3-cent-a-mile railroad bill and passed bills providing for the incorporation of summer resort associations and providing penalties for Sabbath-breaking.

THE joint resolution by which the State relinquishes in behalf of the settlers all title to the mine lands granted the Marquette, Houghton and Ontonagon, the Ontonagon and Bruce River, and the Marquette and Bay De Nocquet railways, which were recently declared forfeited by Congress, passed both houses of the Legislature on the 11th inst. This is the end of a long bitter fight over the possession of hundreds of thousands of acres of valuable mineral and timber lands in the Upper Peninsula. Although Congress declared the lands forfeited, the State has refused to relinquish a claim upon them, and settlers could not secure a perfect title until this was relinquished. An effort was made to add a proviso to the resolution stating that the State title was relinquished so far that the holders of the lands and none else might perfect their titles, but this failed to carry. As a result a considerable portion of the lands will be gobbled by the lumber companies and lumbermen. The Senate passed the House bill calling for a popular vote upon the holding of a convention to remodel the Constitution and providing for the relief of soldiers and their families. The Senate also passed a bill providing for a relief commission in each county to disburse it. The Swift bill, providing for two-cent railway fares, which had passed the House, was killed in the Senate. The Senate passed a bill prohibiting a railroad company and agents from granting a rebate to the insured, as is frequently done for the purpose of securing business. The Conference Committee agreed upon a universal retail tax for beer and wine at \$2.00 per barrel, and a tax of \$200 on brewers' tax. Druggists are to be required to procure a permit to sell liquor and make quarterly reports of their sales. The anti-union provision passed by the House was stricken out.

The Spanish Royal Family.

The King of Spain, Alfonso XIII, not yet three years old, is a rosy-checked, fair child of bright disposition and more than ordinary quickness and industry for his age. He has been taught to give a military salute, and his greatest delight is to witness the relief of the guard from the palace windows at 10 in the morning. Old courtiers say he has a strong likeness to the Bourbon portraits in the Madrid museum. His eldest sister, Dona Maria de las Mercedes, Princess of the Asturias, is now eight years old and is a tall, graceful child, very fair, with features like her mother. She is not so bright, it is said, as her blue-eyed, blonde sister, Dona Maria Theresa, who is only six years old and rather delicate. Queen Christina herself is now 31 years old and has been a widow for three years and a half. She is tall, slender, very graceful, and stately in her carriage; her manners and her elegance are worthy of her Austrian and Viennese training, and though showing much kindness and affability to all—foreigners and natives alike—who approach her, she is very queenly in her bearing and glance when she chooses.

Could Stand It.

Wife (of Chicago newspaper man, to husband)—Come, get up, I want you to go to church with me to-day.

Husband (greatly surprised)—To church?

"Yes."

"What for?"

"Why, this is the centennial."

"All right (resignedly), I'll go. I guess I can stand it once in a hundred years."—Arkansas Traveler.

In 1832, Naples entered into an arrangement to pay the United States \$1,720,000 for damages inflicted on American commerce, by Murat, King Naples, from 1809 to 1815. These claims had been repudiated by the restored Bourbons, but on the date first given were amicably adjusted.

It is very natural for men to fly in a passion when anything makes them sore.

The most morbidly gloomy spectacle in the world is a cold panache.—Tenne Springs.

The Holland City News.

JOHN C. POST, Editor.

SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1889.

The Hollanders in Michigan.

An Address Delivered by Hon. G. J. Diekema, at a meeting of the State Pioneer Society, at Lansing, Mich., June 13, 1889.

From the time when the Hollanders first came to America, settled on Manhattan Island and founded New Amsterdam, emigration in colonies from the Netherlands to America entirely ceased, until the year 1846, when a colony under the leadership of Rev. A. C. Van Raalte came to this country, and settled in Western Michigan.

Two great reasons led to this emigration, viz:—

First. Times in the Netherlands, as in other parts of Europe, were exceedingly hard, and were growing more and more oppressive for the laboring classes. The depression was greatly augmented by successive failures of the potato crop, that crop being a staple for the poorer classes, in the Netherlands. Something had to be done for the relief of the people. There was no chance to ameliorate their condition in the mother-country, and emigration alone could affect the desired result.

Second. There was great dissatisfaction among a large class of Hollanders, with the laws of the country, governing religious worship. Holland had then, as it still has, a church, which, though not strictly a state church, was under governmental supervision and restriction. The preachers were commissioned by the state, and paid from the public revenues. No man was allowed to preach without authority, under penalty of one hundred guilders for every sermon so delivered. Dissatisfaction naturally arose with such a condition, and in 1834 seven clergymen revolted; preached independent of state dictation; were dropped from the state church, and they immediately started a church or denomination of their own. Their sympathizers looked upon them as martyrs to a holy cause, and thousands soon flocked to their standard.

The officers of the government, desiring to suppress this revolt against the established church, resurrected an obsolete statute, which, although it had not been repealed in express terms, was in no way recognized as a part of the law of the land. It formed part of the Code Napoleon, by which Holland had been governed for a period previous to 1815 while it was annexed to and formed a part of the French Empire. By this statute, Napoleon, with a view to suppress the free expression of the people upon subjects hostile to his interests, forbade all gatherings of more than 19 persons, for any purpose not recognized by law. This statute, which had long been an engine of oppression to the loyal Hollanders, was now used by the House of Orange for a still more despicable purpose. It was held to apply to the gathering of the separatists.

At first the courts strictly enforced the heavy penalties. These were, however, promptly paid by the poor people from their scanty earnings, and fines and oppression only increased their zeal.

The government soon relented somewhat. Upon petition a special license was given to each local church, with the condition that it should support itself and its own poor. They still had to pay their share toward the support of the established church and the poor of the country, and a farther condition was added, that they release all claim upon the temporalities of the established church.

Here was religious oppression yoked with heavy money exactions.

A meeting of the leading men, favoring emigration, was held in the winter of years 1845-'46. At this meeting a committee was appointed to wait upon the government with a proposition to colonize in the Dutch East Indies, and locate upon the highlands of Java. The government replied that it had no authority to sanction such a movement upon the religious basis upon which it was proposed. The Cape of Good Hope next received their attention, but this locality was not chosen. They finally resolved to go to the land of abundant opportunities, where freedom had found a resting place, and where the weary soul could worship its Maker without restraint of law.

On the 14th day of September, 1846, the first colony bade farewell to their fatherland, looked for the last time upon the soil that contained the sacred bones of their ancestors and sailed from Rotterdam in the American vessel "The Southerner," commanded by Capt. Crosby.

Their leader was Rev. Albertus C. Van Raalte, a young man of sterling qualities, with a good literary and religious education. In him there dwelt a large heart, a powerful mind, and a great soul. He was a born leader of men. He spoke with resistless eloquence, and elaborated all his plans with the skill and forethought of an experienced statesman. He was the Moses, selected by God, to lead his followers from the land of bondage to this Canaan of rest.

On the 4th day of November, 1846, after a stormy voyage of 47 days, they landed in New York. From New York they left by steamer for Albany, and

from thence via Buffalo and Cleveland to Detroit.

Although for a long time Wisconsin seems to have been most favorably considered as their destination, the season was so far advanced, when they reached Detroit, that it was deemed hazardous to proceed any farther that year.

Fortunately, work was obtained for the men at the St. Clair shipyards for the winter.

While at Detroit Van Raalte and his party were heartily welcomed by Gen. Lewis Cass, Hon. Theodore Romeyn, Dr. Dufield, Hon. C. C. Trowbridge, and Rev. Mr. West. These men had much to do with keeping the colony in Michigan.

It was long a question of doubt whether they would settle in the Saginaw Valley or in Western Michigan. The reasons that finally led their leader to select Western Michigan, and found Holland in Ottawa county, I prefer to take, substantially, from an oration delivered at Holland by him during the quarter centennial celebration in 1872, where he spoke as follows:—

"Although the Americans recommended the localities near rivers, and in general deemed it too great a hazard to settle here; although the Hollanders dreaded the forests; although this locality subjected my family to the greatest inconveniences of pioneering; nevertheless the combination of so many advantages, even if, at first, they could be but slowly developed, left within me no doubt as to what my duty was. I knew that the rich forest soil was best fitted for raising winter wheat and for dairy purposes. That owing to the manufacturing interests and navigation, by far higher market prices could be obtained here than in the far West. That the country near Lake Michigan was protected by the water from severe frosts, and that it was pre-eminently a region for fruit. I chose this locality after much forethought, on account of its great variety of resources, and impressed with the fact that if the Holland emigration should develop into a power, we ought to remain together for mutual support, and our surroundings should have this variety of resources for labor and capital to operate in.

The object I had in settling between the Kalamazoo and Grand rivers, was to secure the advantages offered by both for the employment of our labor, and at the same time to establish a center for a united spiritual life and labor for God's Kingdom."

On the 12th day of February, 1847, the little colony reached the site selected by their leader—at the head of Black Lake, in Ottawa county. Time fails to tell the great hardships and many privations they suffered. They did not understand the language of the people with whom they had to trade. They could not swing the woodman's axe; there were no roads, no clearings, and no supplies nearer than Allegan. They had but little money and must obtain employment at once or starve; the number of their sick and dying soon assumed large proportions, yet they had no physician among their number; but let it be recorded that, in the midst of this trying ordeal, devotion to the principles for which they had emigrated from their native land, so full of hallowed recollections, buoyed them up, and they made the forests ring with the singing of their psalms.

As soon as the news of their safe arrival and permanent location reached the Netherlands, a general emigration to this country took place, which lasted during the years 1847-'49, the bulk of which came to join Van Raalte in Michigan. Then there was a lull of about five years, when another wave of emigration set in, which lasted until the time of the war. Since the close of the war there has been a constant influx, until, to-day the Holland emigrants and their descendants, in Western Michigan, will not number less than from 75 to 100,000.

Holland City did not have manufacturing industries enough to furnish labor to those that did not desire agricultural pursuits, and large numbers flocked to the cities surrounding Holland, so that the Hollanders in Grand Rapids to-day do not number less than 15,000, according to the estimate of the present mayor.

Flourishing colonies also exist in other parts of Kent and Ottawa counties and in the counties of Kalamazoo, Allegan, Muskegon, Newaygo, Missaukee, Oceana and Berrien.

Wherever the Hollanders in Michigan are found they possess the following leading characteristics:

1. Industry and frugality. They are willing to work and save their earnings, so that, whether living in cities or on farms, they soon own homes of their own. The farming country for a radius of from 16 to 20 miles about Holland has been entirely taken up by them, and they have made it a very paradise, so that for solidity of buildings and fertility of soil it rivals the older settlements of the State.

2. They are noted for integrity. The promise of a Hollander is as good as his note, and his note is as good as a mortgage on his farm. This trait, when it was once discovered by the American merchants, placed the early colonists in a condition where they could purchase all they needed upon credit, and saved them from many hardships. Thus virtue rewarded itself. I am sorry to be obliged to chronicle here that a

few of their descendants have learned the ways of the land, and do not entirely sustain the enviable reputation acquired by their fathers.

3. The third trait that I desire to mention is religious fidelity. The Hollanders' bump of veneration is large. No sooner had the early colonist built a temporary dwelling place for himself, but he commenced building a house of God, and wherever you go in a Holland settlement in Michigan to-day, you will find a well built, neatly finished, and always carefully painted church. The home of their religious worship is never allowed to show any signs of neglect. The country is literally dotted with churches, and what is still far better, they are always filled on Sundays. Neither rain nor storm prevents a Hollander from attending religious worship, and this trait, I am proud to say, also marks his descendants.

One of the fundamental ideas of the founder of the Holland colony was that in order to Americanize the Hollander to develop a strong and influential citizenship, a liberal educational policy must be pursued. The free school was from the first a cherished institution, and, as early as 1851, only three years after the first colonists had arrived, a "pioneer school," which provided for higher education, was opened. This "school" was placed under the care of the Reformed Dutch Church of America, in 1853, and soon after was known as the "Holland Academy" and next as "Hope College." Of the 134 alumni of this college, 67 studied theology and became clergymen. I do not think there is another college in the land that can show 50 per cent of its alumni in the ministry. This clearly shows that the sons of the emigrants of 1847 are imbued with the same religious zeal and spirit that animated their fathers.

Besides the alumni of the college, hundreds have graduated from the preparatory department connected therewith, and as the sons and daughters of this institution have gone into society to fulfill their various duties, not least of which was the teaching of our schools, they have permeated the whole community with their good influence, and have done much to help bring about that complete Americanization of our citizens, which, compared with other localities where foreigners have settled en masse, is indeed surprising, so that the late Gov. Bagley, while attending a regional re-union at Holland in 1875, after having spent two days with us, asked that before leaving, he might be shown a Dutchman.

The Hollanders have done their full share toward the material development of the State. They have always been peaceable and law-abiding. They become citizens of the country as soon as the law will allow them. They love the country of their adoption, and during the late war fought for it with the same courage and heroism that marked them when drawing the sword for the House of Orange. I sincerely believe that when some future historian shall write the history of this grand Commonwealth of ours, he will not have done his whole duty until he shall have traced at length the influence of the Hollanders in Michigan.

A Story of the Floods.

The Details of the Death of Miss Lizzie Phelps and her friends. How bravely they met their fate.

Miss Lizzie Phelps was teaching in the family of Mr. George Youngman at Antes Fort, Sycoming Co., Pennsylvania.

George Youngman and his brother William, occupied adjoining dwellings, about two hundred feet apart, on the bank of the Antes Creek, a mountain stream which takes its rise only three miles up the narrow ravine, in a spring of unusual volume. About a third of a mile above the Youngman residence was a dam, which furnished water power to a woolen mill.

George Youngman's household consisted of himself and wife and seven children, namely: May, 17 years of age; Reynolds, 13; Gardner, 10; Ralph, 8; Phoebe, 6; Charlie, 3; and a baby four weeks old.

William Youngman's family consisted of himself and wife and two children, namely: Walter, 11 years, and a little girl.

Miss Phelps' school comprised the five eldest of George's children, together with Walter, son of William, and Hattie, daughter of a neighbor.

On Friday, May 31st, the school was closed with a few simple exercises, the school room being in Geo. Youngman's residence, and at eleven o'clock they all retired. Besides the family there remained for the night Miss Margaret Pfoutz, an old schoolmate of Mrs. Youngman, also a niece of Mrs. Y., namely Emily Hull, 11 years. There were in the house that night twelve persons—the domestic having left a few days before.

It had been raining all day, and the storm increased so that Mr. Youngman could not sleep. About two o'clock in the night he arose and dressed, put on his rubber boots, lit his lantern and went out to warn the families living further up.

Not, however, because he feared any danger to life, for twice before the dam had given way, but the houses had been untouched.

After notifying the others he returned along the brink of the stream as far as the bridge in front of his house, where he met his brother William and the two stood discussing the probabilities, when suddenly with a loud noise the bridge was swept away. Each then returned to his own dwelling, but just before entering, William called out: "George the dam has gone out!" "Well then," replied George, "it is all right; the water will soon fall." This he said as the result of experience with the Creek all his life.

Entering the door he found the entire household gathered in the sitting-room in the first story, and he told them: "The dam is gone, and the water will go down in ten minutes."

Immediately he started again with his lantern, but to his surprise found that instead of receding the water continued to rise. He did not understand this at the time and returned, and went back of the house towards the barn to look after his horse, when close by there came rushing the advance wall of a new torrent between himself and the barn. The dam was connected with the hill on that side by a natural embankment, and as the increasing volume of water poured over its earth surface, it had gradually worn it off and formed a new channel through which plunged the torrent in the rear of the dwelling. This cut off all retreat to the hills, the bridge being already gone in front. Still Mr. Youngman did not apprehend any danger, his hope being based on the giving way of the dam; and if the dam had yielded the current in the rear would have speedily disappeared.

Re-entering his residence for the last time he therefore renewed his assurance of safety. But very soon the water began to overflow the first floor, compelling them all to go up stairs into Miss Phelps' room as being the safest in the house. It was at the end farthest from the dam.

When they were gathered in the apartment Miss Lizzie said: "We must all pray," and this she repeated several times during that long interval of suspense, for they were a whole hour in that sad enclosure before the end came. Taking her Bible she read aloud the second verse of the forty third chapter of Isaiah: "When thou passest through the water I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." "Why, Lizzie!" exclaimed Mrs. Youngman, "did you just happen to open to that place?" "No," replied Lizzie, "I knew where that verse was and I turned to it." "O how comforting!" said Mrs. Y. "Yes," added Lizzie, "I have been carried through fire (alluding to a former experience in Holland, Michigan) and the Lord can carry me through water."

The building was of two stories constructed with balloon frame. From the longitudinal part there extended a one-story kitchen behind, while in front a T extension was connected by a hip roof with the main portion.

Rapidly rose the flood dashing debris of every description against the structure until presently the kitchen was torn off, followed not long after by the two story front extension. Amid all, Mr. Youngman says, Miss Lizzie maintained the most perfect composure. "This family," she re-iterated, "will not be destroyed, I know it," and she added, "I shall yet see my poor sick mother again." This remains now to be realized spiritually. It was a family of peculiar excellence, and it has not been destroyed; and she will see her beloved mother at the blessed re-union.

When the house began to reel under the violence of the rising tide Mr. Youngman felt it his duty to be faithful to the situation and he said: "We must be ready for the worst." His wife threw her arms around his neck and said: "George are you prepared to go?" "Yes I am," he replied, "and I know you are prepared." "Yes," added Miss Phelps, "I know you are and we shall be saved; I know it." His daughter May then threw her arms around her father's neck, and cried: "Papa, we will all go together!" "Yes, replied he, "but we must make a struggle for our lives; take off everything superfluous." And on the word he proceeded to divest himself of his rubber boots, coat, and necktie and rolled up his sleeves. The boys did the same, and the others freed themselves of unnecessary garments.

The upper half of the central structure, that is the part against which the tide was beating, next succumbed to the violence of the tempest, and was broken into fragments and there remained only the portion occupied in its second story by that devoted band—it was still an enclosure with its four walls, floor and ceiling. In it was a bureau with marble slab, and as the whole remnant began to rock, Miss Phelps said: "That bureau will fall on some one; you had better take it down." So Mr. Y. laid the slab on the floor and turned the bureau on its back. This was mentioned to the writer by Mr. Youngman as an evidence of the entire calmness which Miss Lizzie displayed throughout the trying scene. "She evinced," said he, "the courage of a Joan of Arc, and inspired the others."

The floor began to incline as the foundation was washing away, until it had reached an angle of nearly forty-five degrees. Mr. Youngman had them brace themselves in one corner of the room, so as to avoid risk from the chimney. Then the whole exterior wall fell away and as the morning of Saturday was beginning to dawn, they looked out on the angry river. Not a sound was heard from that steadfast circle. The babe slumbered quietly in his mother's last embrace; little Charlie was sleeping in his sister's arms, and the others in the stillness of death without a sob or a syllable gazed on the face of death itself. A few moments more of lingering suspense—a violent surge—and they are flung into the expectant flood out of the reach of the crashing timbers.

Mr. George Youngman is a tall powerful man, and an expert swimmer. There was no such thing as swimming in such a boiling gulf, but his skill gave him comparative confidence in the water. He succeeded at once in getting on a piece of the wreck, and looking around, the only thing to be seen was one of the arms of Miss Phelps above the water. This he made a desperate attempt to seize, but an eddy whirled her out of reach and sight. His son Reynolds, aged 13, who also could swim, managed to get on the same fragment, and both of them stood up so as to see better, for the early dawn was yet quite dim; and as the frail support went tossing up and down, Mr. Y. put his hands on his son's shoulders to steady him, when the latter exclaimed: "Don't you mind me, Papa, I can swim, look out for the rest." In a few moments little Emily Hull rose along side, and Mr. Youngman jerked her on the wreck with such force as to dislocate her shoulder. Another brief interval, and Miss Pfoutz appeared, and her also he dragged on the unwilling raft. She was in an unconscious condition. Twice each of the two, namely Miss Pfoutz and Miss Hull was rolled off by the waves, and twice Mr. Youngman drew them on again. Twice he himself slipped off and both times he regained his position. The fragile float was swiftly borne to a point where two projecting timbers had lodged, one of which pushed Miss Pfoutz from her place of safety, and she sank and was seen no more. Reynolds also was shoved into the stream by the same projection, but he succeeded in getting on another piece of wreckage and stepping forward he went through what had been a window aperture, and for the third time was engulfed. As he rose, the current tossed to him the footboard of a bedstead unto which he drew himself, and he was carried down stream and over a dam below. A little further on he spied a great mass of broken material crashing together, and knowing that that meant death for him, he gave a leap as he neared a tree, and though almost stunned by the force with which he struck it, was enabled to maintain his hold. It so happened that in the neighboring field a small dwelling had been overturned by the inundation, and two men had put out in a skiff to release the inmates. Hearing the noise in the tree they rowed up and rescued Reynolds.

Young Gardner, aged 10, could not swim, but he grasped a piece of the wreck and was lodged in a temporary station formed around an obstruction from which after some hours he was taken safe and sound.

The overflow covered a vast surface, and of course was less violent among the trees and bushes away from the main channel; and when Mr. Youngman's raft had approached near enough for safety he was able to reach the shore, carrying with him his niece Emily Hull. Her shoulder was reset and when the writer of this conversed with her six days afterward at Williamsport, Pa., she seemed to be entirely well.

Mr. William Youngman's dwelling went to pieces soon after his brother George's. His wife and two children were lost. William Youngman himself was swept a great distance by the current, till he reached the fork of a tree to which he clung; and when discovered thirty-two hours after was nearly gone.

The bodies were all recovered, even the infant of a month, and there were no marks on any to indicate that there had been any injury from the collapse of the building. Of the eight who were lost from Geo. Youngman's household Miss Phelps was the first to be found, after having been in the water six or seven hours.

The following Wednesday, June 5th, George Youngman's wife and five children together with Miss Lizzie Phelps were buried in the family plot at Wildwood Cemetery, the funeral taking place from the Presbyterian Church.

It was not till that same Wednesday that the family of Miss Phelps had any intimation even of danger to their loved one. Her father was on his way to attend the General Synod, when at Albany, N. Y., taking up the morning paper he read the sad telegram. Although all the lines of travel were broken yet he succeeded in reaching Williamsport, Pa., accompanied by his eldest son, on Thursday June 6th and they returned with the remains.

Funeral services were conducted at Albany by Dr. Dowling the new pastor of the Church of which Miss Lizzie was a member, and by Rev. Christian Van der Veen who has known her from her

childhood, and who paid a beautiful tribute to her worth and memory. She now sleeps in the family plot in the Albany Rural Cemetery.

A tie of unusual affection existed between Miss Phelps and her pupils. Indeed it extended to the grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Youngman Senior, and to Mr. and Mrs. Mahafy the parents of Mrs. Geo. Youngman, and to all the connections. She was devoted to all the interests of her young charge and having been faithful to her humble trust, she has been early promoted to the rewards of heavenly grace.

Card of Thanks.

I hereby express my heartfelt thanks to the many kind friends who assisted myself and family this week during the sad bereavement we sustained, in the death of our son Orrin Clark.

M. M. CLARK.

SAVED.—A fine family of children were all afflicted with scarola. Two died early; the rest would soon have followed, but for the timely and persevering use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which built them up into a healthy and vigorous manhood.

ICE!

I have a large supply of the finest lake ice and am prepared to give first class service in its delivery either to homes or business places for the season of 1889.

All parties wanting ice will be promptly served by leaving orders with the undersigned or with Jan Porter—11th Street.

The following prices will govern for the season: Commencing May 1—closing Oct. 1.

Families supplied for season.....\$6.00
" " per month.....\$2.00
" " " cwt.....0.25

When placed in ice box \$2.00 per season extra.

All bills for season payable Aug. 1; all bills by month payable in advance each month.

GEO P. HUMMER.
14 8W.

AGENTS STRIKE at once to sell the only AUTHENTIC and COMPLETE

History of the Johnstown Flood.

Profusely Illustrated. With views of all sorts connected with the terrible scenes of the mighty inundation. Price \$2. Liberal terms. Thousands want it. Demand is immense. Send quickly for out to PALESTINE PUBLISHING CO., Elkhart, Indiana.

He Sent Eighty Miles for It.

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

In 1858 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.

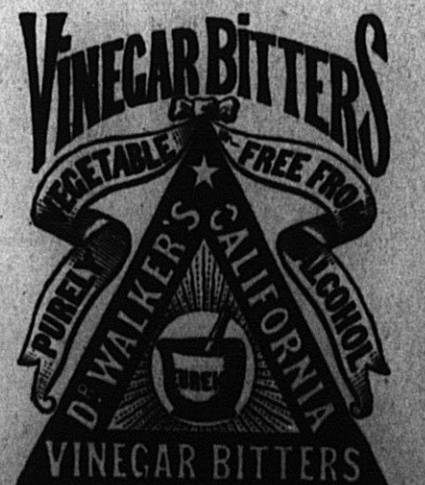
I write this because you do not especially recommend Vinegar Bitters for bilious colic. Only those who have suffered the agonies of this disease, can understand what a boon a sure cure is, and in Old Style Vinegar Bitters you have the best, and perhaps the only real remedy known.

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 young-looking, 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. 582 Washington Street, New York City.

Additional Local.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Holland, Mich., June 20, 1889: Mrs. S. Bakman, Wm. H. Booker, Mrs. Ulay Bird, Capt. Burch, Joseph Ernstberger, O. L. Jordan, Mr. H. Walls, J. G. VAN PUTTEN, P. M.

LAST night, John Thompson, who had promised to make people laugh at time, went to Metropolitan Hall, and in an extravaganza entitled, A Huge Joke, in which there is philosophy as well as fun, kept his promise to the letter. He took the audience by storm—they roared—they laughed till they got tired and wanted to go home; some half wished they hadn't come. John Thompson is a genius. He can personate any character—the ridiculous side of it—and while presenting it faithfully will make you laugh because it is done so well. All kinds of music is made and an entertainment that will almost cure the dyspepsia, is made up of many specialties. If a good laugh is wanted, John Thompson is the man to apply to. —News and Observer, Raleigh, N. C.

Annual Alumni Meeting, Hope College.

The Alumni Association of Hope College will hold its annual public meeting in the College Chapel, on Tuesday, June 25th, at 8:00 p. m. All are cordially invited to attend.

The following programme has been prepared: Singing—"To Rest, Away". Haydn. Invocation.— Singing—"Slumber Song". Schuman. Oration—"Kleim of Education." Prof. J. H. Kleimhels. Singing—"A B C". Zöllner. Poem—Rev. John A. de Spelder. Singing—"Savior, Breathe an Evening Blessing." Reichardt. Chronicles—Rev. B. J. de Bey. Singing—"Sunshine and Shadow."—Buck.

The annual business meeting of the Alumni Association will be held in the Chapel on Wednesday at 2:00 p. m. By order of Com. of Arrangements, HENRY BOERS.

A New Line from Holland to Chicago.

The fleet of new boats built for the trade between Chicago and the east shore is assuming remarkably large proportions. They have come in quietly without any announcement and have gone to work. All of them are making some money.

The latest east shore port aiming at a line direct to Chicago is Holland. The Mabel Bradshaw is now nearly completed at St. Joseph for the service. She is a good-looking boat, 125 feet keel, twenty-two feet beam, and eight feet hold. She is being given a compound engine, and will be furnished with electric lights and other recent devices for passenger steamers. The new boat is owned by W. Waters of Muskegon and Hugh Bradshaw of Chicago. —Chicago Tribune.

The Johnstown Fund.

The following sums have been added to the fund since our last publication: Holland City Bank:—

Previously reported, \$191.50
J. De Boer 1.00, 7th grade pupils Miss Reamer teacher 5.00, M. L. 5.00, W. Verbeek 2.50, L. F. Fairbanks 1.00, Wm. Benjamin 2.00, Jonkman & Dykema 5.00, O. E. Yates 2.00, Jan Van Dyk 5.00, E. Lanting 1.00, Josie Sjoerdma 5.00, A. Vennema 1.00, Mrs. A. Geerlings 2.00, John Van Anrooy 1.00, J. D. Heider 2.00, Jacob Van Putten 2.00, Jan Van den Berge 5.00, J. Kulte 2.00, 8th grade pupils Mrs. S. J. Higgins teacher 2.00, 1st grade pupils Maggie B. Prins 1.00, teacher 4.00, Criss Miller 1.00, Mrs. B. Van Lente 1.00, B. L. Scott 2.00, Isaac Fairbanks and wife 3.00, 4th grade pupils Mrs. S. Jennings teacher 1.50, R. Kanters Sr. 10.00, G. A. Huizinga 5.00, A. Huiskens 3.00, Peter Brown 2.00, Peter De Spelder 1.00, Miss L. Van den Berge 5.00, R. E. Werkman 1.00. Total..... \$294.20

Supervisor Van Duren:—

Katie Van Leeuwen 1.00, Mrs. C. H. Doeburg 1.00, E. Herold 2.00, B. J. De Vries 3.00, Jno. Pessink & Bro. 5.00, A. Steketee 3.00, Paul Steketee 1.00, I. A. Steketee 1.00, Kate Steketee 1.00, Henry Van Ry 5.00, C. A. Stevenson 1.00, Mrs. M. Kleintveld 1.00, J. O. Doeburg 1.00, H. De Vries 4.00, L. Boersma 1.00, T. Kopp 4.00, Mrs. H. Vaupell 5.00, J. Te Koller 1.00, F. Kamperman 1.00, P. A. Moes 1.00, Prins & Rooks 2.00, Henry Kremers 2.00, A. B. Bosman 2.00, John Bosman 1.00, Jas. Korf 1.00, John Derks 5.00, B. Van der Werf 5.00, Jacob Kloosterman 5.00, Maggie Newold 5.00, Gerrie Reidsema 5.00, Henry Klein 5.00, Henry Hlohan 2.00, W. G. F. Beeuwkes 1.00, W. Van der Veere 1.00, T. Venhuizen 1.00, Kias Fik 1.00, Cash 5.00, Mrs. Doctor 1.00, J. H. Kleintveld 1.00, P. Winter 3.00, Cornelius Van Duren 5.00, J. Dinke 5.00, E. B. Scott 5.00, W. Brusse 1.00, Mrs. Hidding 5.00, Sena Jonkman 1.00, Helen Jonkman 1.00, D. Bertsch 1.00, G. and H. Van Ark 5.00, J. Albert 1.00, D. Te Koller 1.50, C. Vinke 3.00, Mrs. J. Vinke 1.00, E. Van der Veen 5.00, J. W. Humphrey 1.00, Widow Pessink 5.00, G. A. Dutton 2.00, A. Kamferbeck 1.00, Jennie Ten Cate 5.00, D. Gilmore 5.00, H. Geerlings 1.00, Jacob Geerlings 1.00, G. J. Van Zoeren 5.00, G. J. Schuurman 1.00, Wm. Por 2.00, Bastiaan Kruidenier 1.00, W. H. Beach 5.00. Total..... \$102.00

Walsh-De Roo Milling Co.

Walsh-De Roo Milling Co. 20.00, A. G. Huizinga 5.00, W. A. Holley 5.00, H. G. Hanson 2.00, C. Van Raalte 1.00, G. De Vries 1.00, Wm. F. Van Anrooy 1.00, Albert McChlain 1.00, Homer Vette 1.00, P. Steensma 1.00, Martin Van der Poel 1.00, John Y. Huizinga 5.00, Henry De Jonge 1.00, D. J. Te Koller 1.50, H. Buursma 5.00, Geo. H. Huizinga 1.00, R. Kanters 2.00. Total..... \$45.50

Employees Cappon & Bertsch Leather Co. \$121.00
Holland City Bank..... 294.20
Supervisor Van Duren..... 102.00
Employees Walsh-De Roo Milling Co. 45.50
Grand Total..... \$562.50

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Secretary's Department.

We've resolved tonight, ever to "Our Best," Striving to live true, That we may be crowned at th' pearly gates, When our life's journey is through. —Songs of graduation class Spring Lake schools, 1889.

County School News.

The Secretary on his route to schools on the lake shore, spent the morning of Monday last, while waiting for a south-bound train, in a call at the rooms of the Misses Gray, Bamer, Cherry and Cameron, doing primary work in the Grand Haven schools, the three last formerly teaching in the village and country schools of our county. All are doing very acceptable work and sufficiently highly appreciated to secure to each a re-engagement for the coming school year.

Mr. Jacob Schepers is just closing his third year of service in the VanDyk school, near Holland City. Will probably be complimented with a re-engagement.

The school at Ventura, taught by Miss Phrona Harvey, the Ogden, adjoining, by Miss Willett, the White, by Miss Francis Owen, township of Olive—teachers resident of Holland City—as well as the Pine Creek, taught by Miss Fanny Dell, and one near in charge of Miss Nettie Owen, both in Holland township, exhibit excellent management and skill on the part of several instructors in charge during the year just closing. Work very satisfactory to school officers and patrons, so far as the Secretary has information. Services again in demand and earnestly solicited for the coming year.

In the school of Miss Luidens, Olive township, a little distance from North Holland, of Mr. Milan Coburn, Jr., at the latter place, of Mr. Leonard Reus at Noordloos, "their works do praise them," increasing in excellency year by year—the result of well acquired experience and constant study. The people doubtless say in appreciation, "you must not leave us. A trifle of filthy lucre shall not separate us." They will probably abide.

The graduating class exercises of those finishing the prescribed course in the Spring Lake schools drew the whole town apparently, and many others, to the M. E. church on Friday evening last. The subjects of the essays were well chosen, the presentation excellent, greatly enjoyed, with the accompanying fine singing and instrumental renderings by the vast assembly.

The beautiful arch of flowers and evergreens bore the significant motto of the schools of the county, "Our best, 1889," very artistically interwoven, as the class motto. The gifts of flowers and other offerings to the graduating class were profuse and of the nicest. The following are the names of the class: Misses Katie Gray, Nellie Berry, Bertha Lyttle, Emma Sanders, Jennie Lunberry, Addie Hyde, Emma Olson, Anna C. De Vries, Mr. Oswald Reed.

ENGAGEMENTS.

Prof. Hummer retires from the superintendency of the Holland City schools, after a term of six years of fine work, which, with the cooperation of able assistants, has given the schools of that city a position in the foremost rank. Very excellent, indeed. Very few changes of teachers will occur, it is thought, in the teaching forces for the coming year in the city schools. Good and faithful service rewarded.

In Grand Haven city all teachers wishing to do so are invited to continue their services. Good work appreciated.

The outlook now presages the re-engagement of nearly all the teachers employed the school year now closing in the townships of Holland, Zeeland, and a considerable portion of Olive and Jamestown. Cannot other townships profit by their example?

Prof. and Mrs. Sooy will take good heed that the Coopersville schools maintain their fine well-known reputation, under their care and instruction.

Prof. Humphrey announces to the Secretary that he has received the names of more than one hundred persons to be enrolled for the summer school at Holland to which others are being constantly added.

Miss Minnie Ballard from the Upper Peninsula, has engaged board and room for attendance at the Holland school. Room yet for more.

The Secretary has nearly completed a second visitation of the schools of the county during the present school year, aside from the other manifold duties pertaining to that office, and purposes to devote his time and energies, so far as possible, in assisting those in charge of the summer school, to make it one of enjoyment and value to all in attendance. Regrets that he cannot attend the closing exercises of the many schools in the county to which he is very kindly invited. May all have a grand good time.

Parasols.

The finest line in Holland at D. BERTSCH'S.

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.

Dress Goods at D. Bertsch's.

Ladies try the "Tricora" corset. For sale at D. Bertsch's dry goods store.

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

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.

Dr. Thomas, the eye doctor, from Grand Rapids, treats all diseases of the eye at Blom's bakery every Thursday afternoon. Many are having their eyes cured.

A Great Surprise.

Is in store for all who use Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, the great guaranteed remedy. Would you believe that it is sold on its merits and that any druggist is authorized by the proprietor of this wonderful remedy to give you a sample bottle free? It never fails to cure acute or chronic coughs. All druggists sell Kemp's Balsam. Large Bottles 50c and \$1.

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

OUR NEIGHBORS.

Zeeland.

June 20.

The Zeeland fire department will hold their annual festival at the Village Hall this afternoon. The Zeeland band will furnish the music. The following persons went to Grand Rapids Tuesday night to hear Gillmore's band: Mr. and Mrs. Wm. De Kruij, Mrs. A. De Kruij, Mr. C. J. Den Herder, his sister Kate, and Miss Bosch, of Bass River, Messrs. Wm. and Henry De Pree, Ralph and Ben. Veeneklasen, and Hank Goodman. They were all well pleased. Mr. Redhead's nineteen-year-old daughter is dangerously ill. It has been customary for a number of years with Mr. B. Van Putten, of Holland, to visit Zeeland on his birthday, so last Tuesday being the anniversary of his arrival in this world, he came down with Miss Kittie Doeburg and Miss Maggie Boone. They spent a pleasant evening with Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Benjamin. "Ben," says on his next birthday he will introduce us to Mrs. Ben. Van Putten. (Don't wait for the birthday "Ben," delays are dangerous.) Several of our sportsmen went to Macatawa Park this week and brought home a wagon load of lake perch; a small wagon, of course. Miss Mulberry, of Grand Rapids, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. De Kruij. Dr. and Mrs. Stobbehaar and child and the doctor's mother arrived this afternoon from Pella, Iowa, and will visit relatives and friends here for a few weeks. Rev. A. Kohn, of Kalamazoo, was in town a few days this week. The Zeeland cornet band will furnish music at the school picnic at Kanters' park Saturday. The bridge between this place and Holland is being repaired. "STEFANFETCHIT."

Robinson.

June 18.

Wet enough. Nice growing time though. Crops though very backward at doing very well, at present. Strawberries are a good fair crop, cherries are poor. The Keeler girls have been having typhoid fever, but under the care of Dr. Smith are convalescent. Earnest Nichols, aged 17, died Sunday night at 11 o'clock at his father's home, 1 mile north of Barnards' corners, of typhoid malaria, funeral 1 o'clock Tuesday, at the house. A. R. Robinson the book agent has been delivering several copies of "The Beautiful Story" to subscribers here the past few days. Grand River is full of floating logs nowadays. "OBSERVER."

Olive Centre.

June 18.

Pretty wet on the low land around here. Wheat, oats and potatoes are looking well. Corn and garden vegetables are a little behind. Hannah Nivison and Ada Merritt went to Holland Decoration day and had a good time, but they brought home the measles with them and have been laid up since. Retta Merritt closed her school in the Owens district last week. John Merritt has another thoroughbred pig, a Chester white this time, from a dealer near Detroit. The portable mill is turning out the lumber at a great rate, and of a good quality and well made, they say. Olive Centre may not celebrate the 4th but they are making preparations to attend the S. S. picnic the 25th. Why not? A good grange meeting last Saturday night; topic for discussion, corn culture led by John Owens. Subject for next meeting, cutting and curing clover. "CRANK."

You can never know till you try, how quickly a dose of Ayer's Pills will cure your sick headache. Your stomach and bowels need cleansing, and these pills will accomplish it more effectively and comfortably than any other medicine you can find.

I desire to inform the people of Holland and vicinity that I have moved my entire stock of books and stationery from my Grand Rapids store to my place of business on Eighth Street, Holland. This stock is brand new; having been bought last winter for the Grand Rapids trade, and it enables me to present to the public the finest line of books and stationery ever offered for sale in this City. Give me a call and inspect the stock. H. KIEKINTVELD.

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. SLOCUM, 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. tf

W. L. Douglas' celebrated \$3.00 shoe at Van Duren Bros. This is the best shoe for the money made. tf

Merit Wins.

We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits. For sale at the drug stores of Yates & Kane, Holland, A. De Kruij, Zeeland.

Embroidered dress patterns at D. Bertsch's. These goods cannot be excelled. Call and see them.

Don't forget the fact that P. De Kraker carries a fine stock of boots and shoes. You will save money by purchasing footwear of him.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

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

OTTAWA COUNTY

Building and Loan ASSOCIATION,

Holland, - Michigan. Incorporated under the law of the State of Michigan; approved March 29, 1887.

Authorized Capital, \$200,000.

Stock taken from June, 1888, (the time of organization) to April 20, 1889, 1135 shares of \$100 each.

The subscription to stock is open every Saturday and Monday at the office of the association, in Kanters Block, and the Secretary can also be found at his residence corner of River and Thirteenth Streets on all other hours.

Shares of stock are sold on installments of 25 cents, payable every other Saturday evening, from 7 to 9 o'clock, at the office of the association. Membership fee is 25 cents per share of stock.

From \$500 to \$1,000 are loaned to the members every month. Loans are made on first mortgages on real estate only, and each loan is to be approved by the Board of Directors, at their regular monthly meeting.

All moneys paid in are made productive by being immediately invested so that no capital is allowed to remain idle.

For further information apply to the Secretary. HENRY KREMERS, M. D., President, HENRY MARTIN, Secretary, A. M. KANTERS, Treasurer.

HISTORY OF ALASKA

From the earliest period to the present time, BY ROBERT HOWE BANCROFT.

A vivid narrative of most peculiar interest; original, truthful, thrilling. Drawn largely from Russian sources now first revealed.

This book, complete in one volume, with index, is now first issued separate from the complete set of Mr. Bancroft's far-famed historical series of thirty-nine volumes. Thousands in every part of our land will avail themselves of this privilege, and buy and read with avidity this book. The knowledge which it contains is of intense interest and importance, and much of it is found nowhere else.

Agents Wanted Everywhere; for all the world are interested in that wonderful country.

Alaska. The works of Mr. Bancroft have met with remarkable success, having acquired a great reputation in America and Europe. Any good, earnest, and active worker can make from

\$5.00 to \$20.00 a day

selling this most entertaining volume. Apply immediately for exclusive territory, or this rare opportunity will slip by and be forever lost. Neither money nor experience is required to embark in this enterprise, as the publishers allow thirty days' time for the agent to deliver and collect before payment to them. Send of the book to properly presented it sells itself. Address

THE HISTORY CO., 723 Market St. San Francisco, Cal.

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 Tuesday the Eleventh 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 Kiekintveld, deceased. On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Jennette V. Kiekintveld, executrix in said county, and showing cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petition 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 of 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.

Therupon it is Ordered, That Tuesday, the Ninth day of July next

at ten 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, 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 petition 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 of 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.

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

THE FINEST STOCK OF

WALL PAPERS

—AND—

DECORATIONS!

IN THE CITY AT

S. REIDSEMA'S

Furniture Store.

A FINE LINE OF

Baby Carriages

JUST RECEIVED.

Buy an OIL STOVE!

It is just the thing to do all kinds of cooking in the summer.

The best Oil Stove in the market is the

GRAND OIL STOVE

which is kept on sale at

J. B. Van Oort's

HARDWARE STORE,

Eighth Street.

The "Grand" gives perfect satisfaction and is the best oil stove manufactured.

Give Me a Call and Examine this Stove.

J. B. VAN OORT.

Come and see our New Stock —OF—

Parlor Suits, Upholstered Rockers, Reclining Chairs, Rattan Rockers, Oak and Antique Chairs, Fancy Rockers of all descriptions.

THE FINEST Bed-room Sets

EVER SOLD IN THIS CITY. ALL SOLD AT ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.

We also have on hand a full line of

Wall Paper and Carpets,

And an elegant assortment of

-RUGS-

as low in price, or lower, than they can be purchased elsewhere.

Meyer, Brouwer & Co.

DOUBLE STORE,

RIVER STREET.

TO THE PUBLIC!

We are now prepared for the Spring and Summer, and have on hand a larger and finer stock than ever before.

Suits for Men, Boys and Children.

Hats and Caps. Also a large and fine assortment Fancy Woolen and Cotton Shirts, Neckties, Cuffs and Collars, Cuff Buttons and Collar Buttons, Underwear and Hosiery. Everything you can find in a first-class clothing store.

CHICAGO CLOTHING HOUSE, L. HENDERSON, Proprietor

THE GREAT

French Welt

\$3.00

SHOE

BEATS THEM ALL!

It equals any 5 or 6 dollar shoe for style, durability and comfort. Other advertised \$3.00 shoes are full of nails which hurt the feet, but these shoes are entirely free from them.

Try these Shoes

And you will wear no other.

For sale by

J. D. HELDER,

who always keeps on hand a large assortment of all kinds of footwear.

If you want a good pair of

Boots and Shoes

For a reasonable price call at

P. De Kraker's,

Corner of River and Eighth Sts.

Prices to suit everybody. Come and see us before you go elsewhere.

Repairing done neatly, substantially, and on short notice.

P. DE KRAKER.

Holland, Mich., Aug. 3, 1888. 27-1

THEIR WAY IS LOST.

A SERMON BY THE REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

The Story of Hagar and Ishmael in the Desert—Our Duty is to Look for Our Own Sphere in Life and Then to Keep in It.

Subject—"People Who Have Lost Their Way." Text—"And God opened her eyes, and she saw a well of water; and she went, and filled the bottle with water, and gave the lad drink."—Gen. xxi, 19.

Morning breaks upon Beer-sheba. There is an early stir in the house of old Abraham. There has been trouble among the domestics. Hagar, an assistant in the household, and her son, a bristly lad of 16 years, have become impudent and insolent, and Sarah, the mistress of the household, puts her foot down very hard, and says that they will have to leave the premises. They are packing up now, Abraham, knowing that the journey before his servant and her son will be very long and across desolate places, in the kindness of his heart sets about putting up some bread and a bottle with water in it. It is a very plain lunch that Abraham provides, but I warrant you there would have been enough of it had they not lost their way. "God be with you!" said old Abraham as he gave the lunch to Hagar, and a good many charges as to how she should conduct the journey. Ishmael, the boy, I suppose bounded away in the morning light. Boys always like a change. Poor Ishmael! He has no idea of the disasters that are ahead of him. Hagar gives one long, lingering look on the familiar place where she had spent so many happy days, each scene associated with the pride and joy of her heart—young Ishmael.

The scorching noon comes on. The air is stifling and moves across the desert with insufferable suffocation. Ishmael, the boy, begins to complain, and lies down, but Hagar rouses him up, saying nothing about her own weariness or the sweltering heat; for mothers can endure anything. Trudge, trudge, trudge. Crossing the dead level of the desert, how wearily and slowly the miles slip. A tamarind that seemed hours ago to stand only just a little ahead, inviting the travelers to come under its shadow, now is as far off as ever, or seemingly so. Night drops upon the desert, and the travelers are pillowless. Ishmael, very weary, I suppose, instantly falls asleep. Hagar, as the shadows of the night begin to lap over each other—Hagar hugs her weary boy to her bosom and thinks of the fact that it is her fault that they are in the desert. A star looks out; and every falling tear it kisses with a sparkle. A wing of wind comes over the hot earth and lifts the locks from the fevered brow of the boy. Hagar sleeps fitfully, and in her dreams travels over the weary day, and half awakes her son by crying out in her sleep, "Ishmael! Ishmael!" And so they go on, day after day and night after night, for they have lost their way. No path in the shifting sands, no sign in the burning sky. The sack empty of the flour, the water gone from the bottle. What shall she do? As she puts her fainting Ishmael under a stunted shrub of the arid plain, she sees the blood-shot eye, and feels the hot hand, and watches the blood bursting from the cracked tongue, and there is a shriek in the desert of Beer-sheba: "We shall die! we shall die!" Now, no mother was ever made strong enough to hear her son cry in vain for a drink. Heretofore she had cheered her boy by promising a speedy end of the journey, even smiled upon him when he felt desperately enough. Now there is nothing to do but place him under a shrub and let him die. She had thought that she would sit there and watch until the spirit of her boy would go away forever, and then she would breathe out her own life on his silent heart; but as the boy begins to claw his tongue in agony of thirst, and struggle in distortion, and beg his mother to slay him, she cannot endure the spectacle. She puts him under a shrub and goes off a bow shot, and begins to weep until all the desert seems sobbing, and her cry strikes clear through the heavens; and an angel of God comes out on a cloud and looks down upon the appalling grief and cries: "Hagar, what aileth thee?" She looks up and sees the angel pointing to a well of water, where she fills the bottle for the lad. Thank God! Thank God!

I learn from this Oriental scene, in the first place, what a sad thing it is when people do not know their place, and get too proud for their business. Hagar was an assistant in that household, but she wanted to rule there. She ridiculed and jeered until her son, Ishmael, got the same tricks. She dashed out her own happiness and threw Sarah into a great fret; and if she had stayed much longer in that household she would have upset calm Abraham's equilibrium. My friends, one-half of the trouble in the world to-day comes from the fact that people do not know their place; or, finding their place, will not stay in it. When we come into the world, there is always a place ready for us. A place for Abraham. A place for Sarah. A place for Hagar. A place for Ishmael. A place for you and a place for me. Our first duty is to find our sphere; our second is to keep it. We may be born in a sphere far off from the one for which God finally intends us. Sextus V was born on the low ground, and was a swimmer; God called him up to wave a scepter. Ferguson spent his early days in looking after the sheep; God called him up to look after stars, and as a shepherd watching the flocks of light on the hillsides of Heaven. Hogarth began by engraving pewter pots; God raised him to stand in the enchanted realm of a painter. The shoemaker's bench held Bloomfield for a little while; but God called him to sit in the chair of a philosopher and Christian scholar. The soap boiler of London could not keep his son in that business, for God had decided that Hawley was to be one of the greatest astronomers of England. On the other hand, we may be born in a sphere a little higher than that for which God intends us. We may be born in a castle, and play in costly conservatory, and feed high bred pointers, and angle for gold fish in artificial ponds, and be familiar with princes; yet God may have fitted us for a carpenter's shop, or dentist's force, or a weaver's shuttle, or a blacksmith's forge. The great thing is to find just the sphere for which God intended us, and then to occupy that sphere and occupy it forever. Here is a man God fashioned to make a plow. There is a man God fashioned to make a constitution. The man who makes the plow is just as honorable as the man who makes the constitution, provided he makes the plow as well as the other man makes the constitution. There is a woman who was made to fashion a robe, and yonder is one intended to be a queen and wear it. It seems to me that in the one case as in the other, God appoints

the sphere and the needle is just as respectable in His sight as the scepter. I do not know but that the world would long ago have been saved if some of the men out of the ministry were in it, and some of those who are in it were out of it. I really think that one-half of the world may be divided into two quarters—those who have not found their sphere, and those who, having found it, are not willing to stay there. How many are struggling for a position a little higher than that for which God intended them. The bondswoman wants to be mistress. Hagar keeps crowding Sarah. The small wheel of a watch, which beautifully went treading its golden pathway, wants to be the balance wheel, and the sparrow, with chagrin, drops into the hawk, because it cannot, like the eagle, cut a circle under the sun. In the Lord's army we all want to be brigadier generals. The sloop says: "More mast; more tonnage; more canvas. O, that I were a topsail schooner, of a full rigged brig, or a Cunard steamer." And so the world is filled with cries of discontent, because we are not willing to stay in the place where God put us and intended us to be. My friends, be not proud to do anything God tells you to do. For the lack of a right disposition in this respect the world is strewn with wandering Hagar and Ishmaels. God has given each one of us a work to do. You carry a scuttle of coal up that dark alley. You distribute that Christian tract. You give ten thousand dollars to the missionary cause. You, for fifteen years sit with chronic rheumatism, displaying the beauty of Christian submission. Whatever God calls you to do, whether it win hissing or huzzas; whether you walk under triumphal arch or lift the sot out of the ditch; whether it be to preach on a pentecost, or tell some wanderer of the street of the mercy of the Christ of Mary Magdalene; whether it be to weave a garland for a laughing child on a spring morning, and call her a May queen, or to comb out the tangled locks of a waif of the street and cut up one of your old dresses to fit her out for the sanctuary—do it, and do it right away. Whether it be a crown or a yoke, do not flinch. Everlasting honors upon those who do their work, and do their whole work, and are contented in the sphere in which God has put them; while there is only wandering, and exile, and desolation, and wilderness, for discontented Hagar and Ishmael.

Again, I find in this Oriental scene a lesson of sympathy with woman when she goes forth trudging in the desert. What a great change it was for this Hagar. There was the tent and all the surroundings of Abraham's house, beautiful and luxurious no doubt. Now she is going out into the hot sands of the desert. O, what a change it was! And in our day we often see the wheel of fortune turn. Here is some one who lived in the very bright home of her father. She had everything possible to administer to her happiness. Plenty at the table. Music in the drawing-room. Welcome at the door. She is led forth into life by some one who cannot appreciate her. A dissipated soul comes and takes her out in the desert. Iniquities blot out all the lights of that home circle. Harsh words wear out her spirits. The high hope that shone out over the marriage altar while the ring was being set and the vows given and the benediction pronounced, have all faded with the orange blossoms, and there she is to-day, broken hearted, thinking of past joy and present desolation and coming anguish. Hagar in the wilderness!

Here is a beautiful home. You cannot think of anything that can be added to it. For years there has not been the suggestion of a single trouble. Bright and happy children fill the house with laughter and song. Books to read. Pictures to look at. Lounges to rest on. Cup of domestic joy full and running over. Dark night drops. Pillow hot. Purses flutter. Eyes close. And the foot whose well-known steps on the door-sill brought the whole household out at eventide, crying: "Father's coming," will never sound on the door-sill again. A long, deep grief plowed through all that lightness of domestic life. Paradise lost! Widowhood! Hagar in the wilderness!

How often it is we see the weak arm of woman conscripted for this battle with the rough world. Who is she, going down the street in the early light of the morning, pale with exhausting work, not half slept out with the slumbers of last night, tragedies of suffering written all over her face, her lusterless eyes looking far ahead as though for the coming of some other trouble? Her parents called her Mary, or Bertha, or Agnes on the day when they held her up to the font, and the Christian minister sprinkled on the infant's face the washings of a holy baptism. Her name is changed now. I hear it in the shuffle of the worn out shoes. I see it in the figure of the faded calico. I find it in the lineaments of the woe begone countenance. Not Mary, nor Bertha, nor Agnes, but Hagar in the wilderness. May God have mercy upon woman in her toils, her struggles, her hardships, her desolation, and may the great heart of Divine sympathy incline her forever.

Again, I find in this Oriental scene the fact that every mother leads forth tremendous destinies. You say: "That isn't an unusual scene, a mother leading her child by the hand." Who is it that she is leading? Ishmael, you say. Who is Ishmael? A great nation is to be founded; a nation so strong that it is to stand for thousands of years against all the armies of the world. Egypt and Assyria thunder against it; but in vain. Goliath brings up his army; and his army is smitten. Alexander decides upon a campaign, brings up his hosts and dies. For a long while that nation monopolizes the learning of the world. It is the nation of the Arabs. Who founded it? Ishmael, the lad that Hagar led into the wilderness. She had no idea she was leading forth such destinies. Neither does any mother. You pass along the street, and see pass boys and girls who will yet make the earth quake with their influence. Who is that boy at Sutton Pool, Plymouth, England, barefooted, wading down into the slush and slime, until his bare foot comes up on a piece of glass and he lifts it, bleeding and pain struck? That wound in the foot decides that he be a student in his life, decides that he be a student. That wound by the glass in the foot decides that he shall be John Kitto, who shall provide the best religious encyclopedia the world has ever had provided, and with his other writings as well, throwing a light upon the Word of God such as has come from no other man in this century. O mother, mother, that little hand that wanders over your face may yet be lifted to hurl thunderbolts of war, or drop benedictions. That little voice may blaspheme God in the grog shop, or cry: "Forward!" to the Lord's hosts, as they go out for their last victory. My mind to-day leaps thirty years ahead, and I see a merchant prince of New York. One stroke of his pen brings a ship out of Canton. Another stroke of his pen brings a ship into Madras. He is mighty in all

the money markets of the world. Who is he? He sits to-day beside you in the tabernacle. My mind leaps thirty years forward from this time, and I find myself in the relief association. A great multitude of Christian women have met together for a generous purpose. There is one woman in that crowd who seems to have the confidence of all the others, and they all look up to her for her counsel and her prayers. Who is she? To-day you will find her in the Sabbath-school, while the teacher tells her of that Christ who clothed the naked and fed the hungry and healed the sick. My mind leaps forward thirty years from now, and I find myself in an African jungle; and there is a missionary of the cross addressing the natives, and their dusky countenances are edified with the glad tidings of great joy and salvation. Who is he? Did you not hear his voice to-day in the first song of the service? My mind leaps forward thirty years from now, and I find myself looking through the wickets of a prison. I see a face scarred with every crime. His chin on his open palm, his elbow on his knee—a picture of despair. As I open the wicket he starts, and I hear his chain clank. The jail-keeper tells me he has been in there now three times. First for theft, then for arson, now for murder. He steps upon the trap door, the rope is fastened to his neck, the plank falls, his body swings into the air, his soul swings off into eternity. Who is he, and where is he? To-day playing kite on the city common. Mother, you are to-day hoisting a throne or forging a chain—you are kindling a star or digging a dungeon.

A good many years ago a Christian mother sat teaching lessons of religion to her child; and he drank in those lessons. She never knew that Lamphier would come forth and establish the Fulton street prayer meeting, and by one meeting revolutionize the devotions of the whole earth, and thrill the eternities with his Christian influence. Lamphier said it was his mother who brought him to Jesus Christ. She never had an idea that she was leading forth such destinies. But O, when I see a mother reckless of her influence, rattling on toward destruction, carleaded for the sacrifice with unseemly mirth and godlessness, gayly tripping on down to ruin, taking her children in the same direction, I cannot help but say: "There they go, there they go—Hagar and Ishmael!" I tell you there are wilder deserts than Beer-sheba in many of the domestic circles of this day. Dissipated parents leading dissipated children. Avaricious parents leading avaricious children. Prayerless parents leading prayerless children. They go through every street, up every dark alley, into every cellar, along every highway. Hagar and Ishmael, and while I pronounce their names, it seems like the moaning of the dead wind—Hagar and Ishmael!

I learn one more lesson from this Oriental scene, and that is, that every wilderness has a well in it. Hagar and Ishmael gave up to die. Hagar's heart sank within her as she heard her child crying: "Water! water! water!" "Ah," she says, "my darling, there is no water. This is a desert." And what God's angel said from the cloud: "When I aileth thee, Hagar?" And she looked up and saw him pointing to a well of water, where she filled the bottle for the lad. Blessed be God that there is in every wilderness a well, if you only know how to find it—fountains for all these thirsty souls to-day. "On that last day, on that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried: 'If any man thirst, let him come to me and drink.' All these other fountains you find are mere mirages of the desert. Paracelsus, you know, spent his time in trying to find out the elixir of life—a liquid which, if taken, would keep one perpetually young in this world, and would change the aged back again to youth. Of course, he was disappointed; he found not the elixir. But here I tell you to-day of the elixir of everlasting life bursting from the 'Rock of Ages,' and that drinking that water you shall never get old, and you will never be sick, and you will never die. 'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters.' Ah, here is a man who says: 'I have been looking for that fountain a great while, but can't find it.' And here is some one else who says: 'I believe all you say, but I have been trudging along in the wilderness, and can't find the fountain.' Do you know the reason? I will tell you. You never looked in the right direction. 'O,' you say, 'I have looked everywhere. I have looked north, south, east, and west, and I haven't found the fountain.' Why, you are not looking in the right direction at all. Look up, where Hagar looked. She never would have found the fountain at all, but when she heard the voice of the angel she looked up, and she saw the finger pointing to the supply. And O, soul, if to-day, with one earnest, intense prayer you would only look up to Christ, he would point you down to the supply in the wilderness. 'Look unto me all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved; for I am God, and there is none else.' Look! look! as Hagar looked.

Yes, there is a well for every desert of bereavement. Looking over the audience to-day, I notice signs of mourning. Have you found consolation? O man bereft, O woman bereft, have you found consolation? Hearse after hearse. We step from one grave hillcock to another grave hillcock. We follow corpses, ourselves soon be like them. The world is in mourning for its dead. Every heart has become the sepulcher of some buried joy. But sing ye to God, every wilderness has a well in it; and I come to that well to-day, and I begin to draw water from that well. If you have lived in the country, you have sometimes taken hold of the rope of the old well sweep, and you know how the bucket came up dripping with bright, cool water. And I lay hold of the rope of God's mercy to-day, and I begin to draw on that Gospel well sweep, and I see the buckets coming up. Thirsty soul! here is one bucket of life! come and drink of it: "Whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely." I pull away again at the rope, and another bucket comes up. It is this promise: "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." I lay hold of the rope again, and I pull away with all my strength, and the bucket comes up bright, and beautiful, and cool. Here is the promise: "Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

The old astrologers used to cheat the people with the idea that they could tell from the position of the stars what would occur in the future, and if a cluster of stars stood in one relation, that would be a prophecy of evil; if a cluster of stars stood in another relation that would be a prophecy of good. What superstition! But here is now astrology in which I put all my faith. By looking up to the Star of Jacob, the morning star of the Redeemer, I can make this prophecy in regard to those who put their trust in God: "All things work together for good to those who love God." I read it out on the sky. I

read it out in the Bible. I read it out in all things: "All things work together for good to those who love God." Do you love him? Have you seen the Nyctanthes? It is a beautiful flower, but it gives very little fragrance until after sunset. Then it pours its richness on the air. And this grace of the Gospel that I commend to you this day, while it may be very sweet during the day of prosperity, it pours forth its richest aroma after sun down, and it will be sun down with you and me after awhile. When you come to go out of this world, will it be a desert march or will it be a fountain for your soul?

A Christian Hindoo was dying, and his heathen comrades came around him and tried to comfort him by reading some of the pages of their theology, but he waved his hand as much as to say: "I don't want to hear it." Then they called in a heathen priest, and he said: "If you will only recite the Numa it will deliver you." He waved his hand as much as to say: "I don't want to hear that." Then they said: "Call Juggernaut." He shook his head as much as to say: "I can't do that." Then they thought perhaps he was too weary to speak, and they said: "Now, if you can't say 'Juggernaut,' think of that God." He shook his head again, as much as to say: "No, no, no." They then bent down to his pillow, and they said: "In what will you trust?" His face lighted up with the very glories of the celestial sphere as he cried out, rallying all his dying energies: "Jesus."

Come to-day to the fountain—the fountain open for sin and uncleanness. I will tell you the whole story in two or three sentences. Pardon for all sin. Comfort for all trouble. Light for all darkness. And every wilderness has a well in it.

Our Defenseless Coasts.

A statement sent over the country concerning the defenseless condition of the Pacific coast is just now attracting some attention. Gen. Niles is said to have startled an Army Board by declaring that almost any power could successfully attack San Francisco. We can see nothing "startling" in such a statement. It has been made over and over again in the last five years.

But New York is no better off than San Francisco in this respect. We have no fortifications or other means of defense here. There is not even a single gun of the best class mounted on any of the fortifications about New York. Canada has just built some first-class fortifications both on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. It has mounted on these defenses large guns and better ones than exist in the United States. It is preposterous for us to be behind even Canada in such a matter. It takes years to construct modern defenses, and Congress has been almost criminally remiss in neglecting this matter. It is to be hoped that the next Congress will give it proper attention.—*New York News.*

A Congressman Personates a King.

The late Congressman Burnes was a great joker and never so happy as when getting some "rig" on some one. When King Kalakua made a tour of this country some years ago he was booked for a speech at Kansas City. Unfortunately the monarch was hilariously drunk and the party, among whom was Congressman King, were in a fix. Kalakua got full while on the train from St. Joseph to Kansas City and it was here that the plan was formulated that was such a success. The King was divested of his royal togs and the congressman got into them in a hurry. It was a little dark when the train rolled into Kansas City, where there was an immense crowd of people assembled. Burnes walked with stately tread to the platform and let off a string of unintelligible jargon. The party inside were convulsed with laughter, but not a smile disturbed the serenity of the congressman's face. A few minutes later the train pulled out, with Burnes standing in majestic silence on the platform.

The British Royal China.

I read in a contemporary that the value of the china at Buckingham palace and at Windsor "exceeds £200,000." I should think it does, and £400,000 would not be an extravagant estimate, considering that the Sevres dessert service in the green drawing-room at Windsor is valued at £100,000, and the Rose du Barri vases, in the corridor, at £50,000, while there are six Sevres vases at Buckingham palace for which there would be an eager competition if they were put up to-morrow for £30,000. The whole of this china belongs to the crown, which practically means that it is property of the country, as, indeed, it ought to be, considering that the whole of it was paid for (principally during the reign of George IV.) by the taxpayers.—*London Truth.*

A Man Up a Tree.

Al'en B. Hayward, a clerk in the Pension Office at Washington, being ordered by his physician to live an out-of-door life as much as possible, built him a house in a tree. There, up among the big limbs and little branches, he had as cozy a home as any bachelor need want. There are several rooms of good size, some of which are built so that the limbs of the trees just in through the walls. Mr. Hayward keeps chickens and dogs as well as a visitors' book, which is well filled with the names of the interested and curious.

Excellent Advice.

Old Resident—Young man, you are about to start a weekly paper here?
Journalist—Yes, sir.
Old Resident—And I suppose you have come to stay?
Journalist—Yes, sir.
Old Resident—Well, take the advice of one who has seen the rise and fall of seventeen weekly papers in this town.
Journalist—I will, sir; what is it?
Old Resident—Don't say in your salutatory: "We have come to stay."—*Epoch.*

As an illustration of the progress and go-ahead-ness of our country, it may be mentioned that the "seventeen-year locust," which appeared only twice in thirty-four years half a century ago, now visits us annually.

Idleness is the hot-bed of temptation, the cradle of disease, the waste of time, the cankerworm of felicity.

The busy chimney-sweep appears in a fresh suit every day.

THE SOUTHERN STATES.

A Northern gentleman, recently returned from spending the season in New Orleans and vicinity, and who killed a good deal of time while there investigating political outrages, writes to a personal friend in Chicago that "the whites of Louisiana have become more cruel and intolerant to the colored people since President Harrison's election than they were before, and are not only determined that the negroes shall not hold office but that whites who are disposed to favor negroes and protect their rights shall be put out of office if in, and kept out if not in." This is undoubtedly a fair statement of the general Southern situation. It is certainly fair so far as concerns the State of Louisiana. The recent troubles in Lafayette all grew out of the fact that two or three white men who had shown equal justice to all, and had for that reason secured colored support at the polls, were resolute in determination to protect the colored citizens of that place in the right to vote. Not content with preventing that class of men from being elected to office, several of them in the Sugar State have been notified that they must resign to make way for "regulators."

When it comes to purely local elections the regulators can not be made amenable to national law. If public sentiment down there sustains that sort of "regulating" then it must go on until it produces its natural harvest of retaliation. But Congressional elections can be inquired into and put under national control. Congress will undoubtedly inquire into the facts of these recent outrages, and the developments may have an important bearing upon the action of that body. It is high time the hands of the National Government were washed clean of all responsibility for violation of the constitutional amendment guaranteeing the right of suffrage. The United States should observe with sharpness the distinction between elections over which it has control and those over which it has not, so that the reproach of Southern barbarism may rest where it belongs.

It will be remembered that previous to the war the State of Mississippi repudiated its debts. For a time the financial credit of the entire United States suffered from that bill of repudiation. It was loosely charged to the account of America. Other States have since repudiated, but the world of finance understands perfectly well that the United States is in no way responsible for any of those repudiations, any more than it is for the railroad company that defaults on its interest or passes its dividends. It took years to free the General Government from the odium of State dishonesty at the South. It is entirely practicable for the General Government to rid itself of any responsibility for Southern regulators.

The first thing to do is to disconnect the Congressional from the local and State elections and then take complete control of the Congressional polls, and not simply exercise supervisory power. In this letter already referred to occurs the following passage:

This whole country is in an unsettled condition. I suppose the Chicago papers have given you accounts of the troubles which took place last week [the letter is dated May 16] at a municipal election at Lafayette, where the regulators (the country here is full of them) surrounded the place where the people had to enter to vote, and declared that "no negro should vote," that they were going to "show that it was a white man's election," and they were so determined and well armed that the authorities closed the polls after they had been open only about thirty minutes, in order to prevent bloodshed, for a few of the whites were bound to the negroes should vote, and were accompanying them to the polls. And the same week in Gretna, La., near New Orleans, they burned a fire engine house belonging to a colored company, and a nice church, nearly new, and two or three good dwelling-houses, all owned by colored people, because it was reported that the negroes of that place were collecting arms and drilling to make the whites fear the whites. Most of the colored people who live in the country are afraid to go out of doors after sunset, and in fact it is not safe for them to do so. Whippings and intimidations are going on all the time. A few nights ago a party of about twenty men on horseback and armed rode up to a colored man trudging along toward home from town, and leveling their guns at him ordered him to "halt." Finding out who he was they allowed him to pass. Of course he couldn't have been any one they were looking for or were disposed to interfere with. Those banished last winter have not been allowed to return yet, though some of them left large families, and in two cases within my knowledge the men's wives have died since, from the effects of fright and cold and wet weather that prevailed at the time.

This condition of affairs cannot endure permanently. The Republicans, having at last gained control of both houses of Congress and the Executive, should proceed at the earliest practicable moment to redeem their pledge to defend the colored people and uphold the Constitution at the South.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

The Labor Question in Alabama.

Under the auspices of the Southern Interstate Immigration Committee there met recently at Montgomery, Ala., a convention of 100 able-bodied and physically indolent white men to devise ways and means for tilling the farms in that State. The session opened with prayer, the chaplain complaining to the Almighty that "the plow stands still in the field of promise and briars cumber the garden of beauty," and beseeching Him to send them immigration and "to conduct those who are exposed to the chilling winds of frozen regions to this favored land, where summer sings and never dies," and closing with other flowery and equally futile appeals for help, recalling the fable of the wagoner who cried to Jove for help when his wagon was in the mud and was advised by that deity to put his own shoulders to the wheel. The prayer was followed by discussion of a vague sort, which traversed every suggestion but the right one bearing upon the reasons for the decadent conditions of Alabama's farming industry. It did not occur to any of these Southern gentlemen that the negroes are the natural tillers of the soil in that warm climate; that no other class can do the work so well as they, and that if they were encouraged to labor by any hope of reward, if they

were allowed the rights of citizens, if they were paid fair wages, even, the Alabama farms would not be in their present condition.

The problem stands thus: The white "gentlemen" who want to live without work off the toil of others, will not hire the blacks at fair wages or encourage them to obtain and work land of their own; on the other hand, all through the discussions there was manifest an intention to drive the blacks out of the State. The white "gentlemen" want to get the blacks off the farm and will not work themselves. In this emergency they are praying for immigration. In their discussions they rang the changes upon the farming colony of Cullman with its fruitful vineyards, wheat fields and smiling pastures—a colony organized in 1873 by Germans, who during the last few years have wrought this magical transformation on what is the poorest and thinnest soil in Alabama, and all this without black labor. What has been done at Cullman they are confident can be done elsewhere in the State if more Germans or other white immigrants would only go there and work for a dollar a day and practice rigid economy. It never occurred to these white "gentlemen" who are so robust, each of them in his own estimation being the equivalent of three or four Northern mudsills, and who are afraid of soiling their lily-white hands, that if they would go to work themselves—if they would take up the shovel and the hoe, do the planting, cultivating, weeding and harvesting, and accustom themselves to work their lands as industriously as these Germans do, they would not be dependent upon black labor. The whole trouble in Alabama and the other cotton States is the laziness of the whites and their determination to live off the toil of others. It is part and parcel of the old heredity of slavery, and until that policy is changed Alabama farms will continue going to decay. White immigrants are not likely to be attracted by such conditions. The remedy will be found when the lazy whites go to work and pull up "the briars that are cumbering the garden of beauty."—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Wets Elected Free Liquor Hill.

New York Tribune: Gov. Hill's vetoes of temperance bills are not surprising to anybody. Even the inexcusable abstinence and partisanship of his vetoes appear natural with such a Governor at such a crisis. He behaves disgracefully, but no one had a right to expect anything better from him. The *World* is a Democratic paper of sufficiently intense partisanship, and yet it asks: "Is that the kind of legislation and statesmanship merited by the Empire State?" The impartial historian must sadly answer, "It is." The Empire State knew what Governor Hill was and deliberately elected him. It knew what forces were behind him; knew that he would be owned by the liquor saloons, if elected, as absolutely as any patient beast of burden can be owned by its driver. Mr. Hill was elected by an open alliance between the Democratic party and the liquor-dealers to serve their joint purposes, and no one had a right to imagine that the liquor dealers would sign any useful temperance measures or any bill to restrain the liquor traffic.

So far the case is clear; the 650,000 votes cast for Gov. Hill were cast with full knowledge of the man and of his relations, for every one of these voters was bound to know that he was voting for exactly the grade of statesmanship which the Governor now exhibits. But these were not quite a majority of the whole number of votes cast. May it not yet be said that the Empire State merited something better?

No. The votes cast for a Prohibition ticket were also cast with full warning that they would elect David B. Hill, the candidate of the saloons. Every one of these voters knew that the State ticket for which he voted had no chance of election. He deliberately refused to elect Mr. Miller, and thereby made himself fully responsible for the election of Hill. There is no escaping that responsibility. The 30,000 Prohibitionists are, indeed, incomparably more blameworthy than the 650,000 Democrats and liquor votes, because the Prohibitionists were entirely convinced that Mr. Hill was and would be the instrument of a traffic which they held it their sacred duty to assail and restrain. Many thousand Democrats, who ought to have known better and are responsible for their ignorance, voted for Gov. Hill in the blindness of sheer partisanship. But the Prohibitionists, who actually elected him, have no excuse. They knew whose tool he was, and what the traffic was which he was elected to defend.

A NEW YORK Democratic paper started the story, which is being copied all over the country, that "the President in his nepotism has appointed his wife's father to a lucrative office in Washington Territory." The Rev. J. W. Scott is over 90 years old and among the noblest and best of living men. The idea of shipping him off to Washington Territory or burdening him with any care has, perhaps, never entered the mind of the President. But that makes no difference to his maligners. To them a falsehood is just as good as the truth. Other charges of a similar character are in the same line.—*Inter Ocean.*

A DEMOCRATIC editor catches his breath to remark that "W. J. Arkell is Russell Harrison's candidate for the Russian mission undoubtedly." In the meantime Russell Harrison and W. J. Arkell are a couple of busy newspaper men who have given no evidence that they are doing anything to help any man's candidacy for position.

DEMOCRATS may do their best and their utmost to throw ridicule on the administration and sneer at President Harrison, but the fact remains that never in the history of the Republican party were the intelligent masses more fully in sympathy with a President three months after his inauguration than they are with President Harrison.

WOODRUFF'S LAST TALE.

HIS STORY OF THE DETAILS OF THE CRONIN MURDER.

The Horse-Thief Claims Coughlin, O'Sullivan, McDougall and O'Shea were Concerned in the Crime and Alexander Sullivan Paid the Murderers Money.

Frank Woodruff, under indictment at Chicago for complicity in Dr. Cronin's murder, has made another alleged confession, in which he claims to tell the whole story of the crime. Briefly told, his story of the Cronin murder is as follows: He says he came to Chicago March 26 and put up at the Merchants' Exchange hotel, South Water street. The proprietor got him a chance to work for a German gardener at 175 Southport avenue. He remained there four days, and becoming sick, on March 30 started for the county hospital, but drifted to P. O'Sullivan's place in Lane park. Woodruff says he was a volunteer on the Canadian side during the Fenian war, and a member of the 24th Kent battalion, whose headquarters were at Chatham. He then had an opportunity to learn a great deal about Irishmen and Irish societies. As soon as he saw O'Sullivan he decided he was a Fenian and commenced a conversation on the subject of the Fenian raid. O'Sullivan told him he would get him some work if possible, but a day or so afterward he (Woodruff) went to work at Dean's livery stable.

He says he met Dan Coughlin first on Wells street in a saloon, and the second time on April 1 at the corner of Wells and Division streets. They started down town and had gone but two blocks when they met O'Sullivan, the leeman.

Two days later (April 3) Woodruff says he went into the rear room in Sol Van Fraug's saloon on Fourth avenue and found Coughlin and a man named Melville drinking there. An introduction followed and Melville gave Woodruff \$5 and told him he might have some work for him to do. Woodruff says two days afterward (April 5) he went to McCoy's hotel to see Melville, but did not find him, and on the way back, while going north, he met Coughlin and a man named McDougall in front of the Northwestern depot. Woodruff says he first met McDougall during the Fenian rebellion, when the latter was on the American side of the river at Niagara. McDougall told Woodruff to call him "Williams."

After a talk between Coughlin and McDougall the former went off and the latter led Woodruff first on a round through West side resorts and then, late at night, to the flat at 175 South Clark street. They slept together that night in the flat and in the morning McDougall told Woodruff that it was best for him to go to Alexander Sullivan for work, intimating that the work was "crooked." Accordingly the next day he called at Alexander Sullivan's office, but the latter gave him a very cool reception and told him that if he had any work for him he would tell Williams (McDougall).

The next day (April 7) Woodruff says he met Williams on a grip car going north on the North Side and told him how Sullivan had repulsed him. They got off at Division street and walked but a block when they met Alexander Sullivan. He talked with Williams and Woodruff, and then took the former aside and talked to him in a low tone of voice and gave him some money. Woodruff says that Mr. Sullivan then asked him the reason for the repulse of the day before and gave him to understand that he might need him for some work. Woodruff says he saw Williams and Coughlin on April 30, and that each asked the whereabouts of the other.

On the afternoon of May 4, he says, Coughlin called at Dean's livery stable and hired him to carry a trunk and paid over \$25.

Woodruff then tells the story of the night of the murder much as he told it to Chief Hubbard. He says he drove out on Lincoln avenue to Ashland avenue, and met "Williams" and "Melville." He waited in front of the cottage while Williams and Melville, and P. O'Sullivan carried out the trunk. They drove to the lake shore with the trunk, leaving O'Sullivan behind to clean up the house. After leaving the body in the catch basin and the trunk on Evanston street they drove back past the cottage and saw a woman, supposed to be Mrs. Whalen, going out of the cottage in the rear.

Woodruff embellishes the story with many details. He says when P. O'Sullivan came out of the cottage with the trunk he had a paint brush in his hand. He says McDougall was a Philadelphia blacksmith and that Melville was a mechanic of some sort. He says he was sometimes known as O'Shea.

Chief Hubbard says that he has thought for a week past that Woodruff was the man who drove the horse which carried the trunk away from the Carlson cottage. His opinion is not founded entirely on Woodruff's statements, as he believes Woodruff to be a polished liar. As regards the other parts of the confession, Chief Hubbard says he took but little stock in them and he does not believe Woodruff knows anything about the details of the plot or the identity of the people engaged in it outside of the man who employed him to carry the trunk away.

State's Attorney Longenecker relies upon the story of Woodruff as good evidence.

"You see," said he, "that while Woodruff has not told anything very new he has reaffirmed the confession that he made to Chief Hubbard and supported it by many circumstances known to us before. On the whole I think we may consider his confession as pretty near the truth about this business. He tells us that he was sick for two weeks with the old German at 175 Southport avenue; that he went to P. O'Sullivan for work; that he waited at the American Exchange hotel and that he received money from the American express company. He tells where he met Coughlin, a J. O'Shea and McDougall, and in short at every point in his narrative he supplies those little details which when verified prove the truth of a large part of the story."

"Do you know anything about O'Shea or McDougall?"

"I never heard of O'Shea. McDougall, I think is known to Dillon."

"What do you think of what Woodruff says about Alexander Sullivan?"

"It is characteristic of Sullivan to have told Woodruff that he did not know him and that he had no work for him to do, but it seems improbable that Sullivan paid money to the murderers."

Thrown into a Mexican Prison.

WICHITA, Kan., June 17.—George L. Andrews of Toledo, Ohio, reached this city yesterday from Mexico, and says that last January he went to Candellaro, fifty miles south of Paso del Norte, and remaining there a few days was thrown into prison without cause. Last April some English tourists visited the prison and he told them he was an Englishman from Liverpool, and they reported the matter to the English consul at Mexico City. He was released on the 4th of last month.

The best time to kill weeds is before there are any.

THE NATIONAL GAME.

HARRY PALMER'S WEEKLY BASE-BALL LETTER.

The Chicago Club Playing in Hard Luck—Boston Leading All Rivals in the Race for the League Championship—Cleveland the Surprise of the Year.

(CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE.)

Despite the continued rainy weather which has prevailed throughout the country during the past fortnight, the pennant race between the teams of the National League has gone merrily along and enthusiasm over the national game was never at higher tide than at present in Boston, Cleveland and Philadelphia, the homes of the three leading League teams. Boston is still going ahead in the race and without doubt that team is playing a very lucky game. The men from the regions of culture, however, will soon be on the road, and then, if all goes well, they will be tested. I won't be surprised if Clarkson and Radbourne get a drubbing when they come West. Philadelphia still keeps in line and is playing a good and steady game. The Giants are steadily out of form, but they are no worse than they were last year at this time. Cleveland is proving the surprise of the baseball year, and if it should continue its present rate of speed lovers of the game will be very apt to witness the spectacle of the "League baby" giving Boston, Philadelphia, New York and Chicago a battle for the pennant during the closing game of the season.

As for the Chicago team, it continues to play a clean, determined game of ball, but for some reason has not yet struck a winning hit.

Talking with a member of the team the other day I said: "What is the matter with Chicago any way. Are we really missing any of the players we sold to Boston and Pittsburgh? If we had them back would the team have won any more games this season than it has thus far?"

"No, hardly. We should do better if we had Clarkson back, I have no doubt, and maybe Kelly would help us some, but I don't see where. Chicago has men that can catch and field all around and can bat better than Kelly has this season."

"Where is the trouble, then?"

"I don't know. The team has played fewer bad games this year than Boston, yet Boston wins right along, while Chicago loses. Luck has a good deal to do with it, and Chicago is just now playing in hard luck. She got a long way the worst of the umpiring down East, and since its return the team has lost games that it had every right to win. Take that first game with Cleveland last Wednesday. Duffy appeared to win it by a single home run hit in the first half of the tenth, and then Cleveland won it by duplicating Duffy's work with a man on first in the last half. Some people may call that playing. I call it luck. Then, again, look at Frank Dwyer's record in the box this season. Every game he has lost, with one exception, has been lost by just one run. The exception was the 9 to 7 game at New York, and that was lost simply because Jimmy Ryan lost his footing on that tough board outfield of the St. George grounds and failed to get under Ward's fly. Ward would have been the third man out, but O'Rourke's two-bagger to left field with the bases full sent in three runs. I say it's tough luck more than poor playing that has kept Chicago down in the race thus far, and I'm looking for the luck to change, just about the time Boston and New York get here, after the Chicago return from Cleveland. Boston is playing above its speed and when she commences to tumble she'll drop just as she did last year. Keep your eye on her and see if I am not right."

I met Clarence Duval the other day, the little Ethiopian whom the Spalding tourists carried with them around the world. He deserted the team soon after its return to Chicago, and has been seen but once or twice by any of the boys. He still wears the cap, blue suit and brass buttons that denoted his connection with the Spalding party abroad, but the buttons are tarnished, the rim of the cap broken, and altogether his appearance is in strong contrast to that which he presented in the banquet hall the night of the party's arrival.

"Well, Clarence," I said, "what do you think of the Chicago team this season?"

"Dey's no good."

"No? Why not?"

"Jist 'cause I see hoodooed 'em. Jist dat, an' nuffin else. I tote 'em," he continued, "I tote 'em afore ever we got half way home dat I'd queer 'em when dey got back."

"Told who?"

"Dat ole Baldwin, and Daly, and Pettit, and de rest ob dem aib fellows wot trun me down de steps and held me undah de hydrant on de ship. I tote 'em I'd get even wid 'em, an' now I'm 'em. You know wot I want and done afore dem fellows got to New York? Well, I jist put de rabbit fut on 'em, and ebery ob 'em got de bounce wen dey got back."

"But these men are not with the team now. Why are you continuing to 'hoodoo' the club?"

"Well, I'll tell you, sah. Wen we done got back heah I ask Cap'n Anson to let me take de team on de field and he wouldn't hab it at all. Dat made me mad an' I jes' took de rabbit fut to de hall crow. De newspapers keep on askin' every day, 'How come if Chicago's playin' sich poan ball?' Well, dey's 'hoodooed,' dey's grine ter stay 'hoodooed' till I gets ready ter take de chawm off."

Clarence is now posing and swinging his baton among his acquaintances in the vicinity of Third avenue and Harrison street. He never fails to express his contempt for a team "that would let dem selves get 'foah straight' by sich a 'no count' team as Boston." But it is very probable that he will come around again when Chicago strikes its gait and Boston begins to lose its feet—two things which Anson declares will happen between now and July.

It is said that Capt. Arthur Irwin, of the Philadelphia ball team, will hereafter play with the Washington club, probably as shortstop.

It is said that Manager Hart has given the Boston players to understand that winning the League pennant means at least \$1,000 each to the men in the games for the world's championship and other money that they are sure to get out of it. Besides this, Hart has offered the boys a good round sum to go with him to California next winter, should they pull off the coveted piece of bunting.

There is no getting away from the fact that New York is playing a very loose game of ball, and is sadly disappointing its friends and admirers. The batting of the team has been weak when they were fielding well, and when they have been strong at the bat they have been weak in the field. The pitchers also have been disappointing. Crane has been under the weather and Keefe has been ineffective. Welch is doing the best work, but even he has been pounded hard at times. As to Keefe, the question of the hour at present among the friends of the New York team is: Can it be that Tim Keefe is a back number?

HARRY PALMER.

When Is a Faint Not a Faint?

"How does a woman faint?" asked a lawyer after adjournment yesterday. "We had a young woman on the stand who declared she had seen a hundred women faint, and that they all fainted with outstretched arms. Now, how does a woman faint? I declare I don't know. I have seen the interesting phenomenon a few times, but the trouble is there's so much excitement that a man forgets to take observations. I think it would be an interesting question for the court to sift to the bottom. We would probably be deluged with contradictory testimony. In the first place, does a woman faint with outstretched arms? Are outstretched arms a sure sign of a faint? I believe it must depend a great deal upon what she faints for. Why does a woman faint, and what does she do when she faints?"

"On the stage we have seen, for instance, Cecilia faint with Modus, but as I have seen it represented she held his hands tight in hers and then on his shoulders and then half way around his neck. I have seen the Mountain Maid faint. She begins very deliberately to say, 'I am fainting,' then she repeats, 'I must faint,' and finally she declares she 'will be real down sick if doesn't faint.' Are these true reflections of feminine fainting off the stage?"

"I am afraid the resources of testimony will be exhausted before giving us any rules for a genuine faint. There is such an infinite variety of phases that codification of laws of fainting is impossible. I confess I don't know when a faint is a natural phenomenon and when it is a fine art."—Philadelphia Record.

Though Shaken Like a Leaf

By the most trivial causes, weak nerves are easily susceptible of invigoration, a term which also imports, in this instance, quietude. The nervous have to use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters systematically to overcome that super-sensitiveness of the human sensorium, which is subversive of all bodily comfort and mental tranquility, and which reacts most hurtfully upon the system. The difficulty underlying this, as well as many other ailments, is imperfect assimilation, no less than incomplete digestion of the food. In the discharge of both the digestive and assimilative functions the Bitters are the most reliable auxiliary. As the body requires vigor and regularity of its aid, the brain and nervous system are also benefited. Persons subject to the influence of malaria, dyspepsia and rheumatic invalids, and persons whose kidneys are inactive, should also use the Bitters.

A Strange Occurrence.

A strange phenomenon occurred near Los Angeles, Willie, the 8-year-old son of James Vanwig, a rancher, started across an open field to join his father, who was at work. Mrs. Vanwig, sitting on the front porch, watched the little fellow plodding across the plowed ground, when suddenly the eyes of the mother and father, who had stopped work, watching the little boy coming, were blinded by an indescribable flash of light. When they recovered their vision they saw Willie lying on the ground. He had swooned and was badly injured. His hair, eyelashes and eyebrows were burnt entirely off. His clothes were scorched and burnt in places. He was resuscitated with great difficulty, and has not entirely recovered from the shock. His burns were very deep and painful. There was not a single cloud in the sky at the time, nor any wind. Electricity was undoubtedly the cause.

Distanced in the Race.

Why should Dr. Pierce's medicines not distance all competitors in medicines as they are doing, since they are the only medicines sold by druggists possessed of such wonderful curative properties as to warrant their manufacturers in guaranteeing them to cure the diseases for which they are recommended. You get a cure, or money back from them returned. The Doctor's Golden Medical Discovery cures all diseases caused by derangement of the liver, as biliousness, indigestion, or dyspepsia; also all blood, skin, and scalp diseases, tetter, salt-rheum, scrofulous sores, and swellings, and kindred ailments.

Don't hawk hawk and blow, blow, disgusting everybody, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and be cured.

Would Go That Far.

"Say, come to the bank and identify me, will you?" he asked of an acquaintance on the street.

"Identify you as what?"

"As John Blank."

"Why, yes, I'll go that far, I guess, though perhaps it's taking a risk. I didn't know but what you wanted me to vouch for your honesty and respectability."—Detroit Free Press.

A REMARKABLE CURE

Of a Diseased Stomach Which the Doctors Had Pronounced Incurable.

JACKSON, Mich., Dec. 22, 1898.

Rheumatic Symp Company:

GENTLEMEN—For over twenty years I have been a great sufferer from the effects of a diseased stomach, at times have been unable to work for months, and for three years past have been unable to do any business, hardly able to move about. Two years ago my case was pronounced by the best medical skill incurable. With all the rest of my troubles, rheumatism, in its worst form, set in, and for two years past I have not been able to lie on my back. I visited different water cures and tried different climates, but to no good. Last June I began using Hibbard's Rheumatic Symp and Plasters, and at once began to feel better. I have used thirteen bottles and am a well man, to the utter surprise of all who knew me and of my long-continued sickness. To those who may be suffering from sickness of the nature of my disease, I want to say to them, get this remedy and take it, and they will never regret it. Very truly yours, EDWARD BAKER.

Master Mechanic and Blacksmith, 202 Jackson Street, Jackson, Mich.

TILL the fifteenth century no Christians were allowed to receive interest of money, and Jews were the only usurers, and therefore often banished and persecuted. In England, under Edward VI, interest was forbidden entirely from religious motives.

Forced to Leave Home.

Over sixty people were forced to leave their homes yesterday to call for a free trial package of Lane's Family Medicine. If your blood is bad, your liver and kidneys out of order, if you are constipated and have headache and an uneasy complexion, don't fail to call on any druggist to-day for a free sample of this grand remedy. The ladies praise it. Every one likes it. Large size package, 50 cents.

POSSIBLY true: Oculist (examining patient's eye).—Yes, there is a foreign substance on the retina. Patient.—That may be true, sir, for I came from Ireland only last week, sir.

HARRY PALMER.

A Michigan Central Railroad Employee Wins His Case After a Seven Years' Contest.

ALBION, Mich., Dec. 20, 1897.

While employed as agent of the Michigan Central Railroad Company at Augusta, Mich., about seven years ago, my kidneys became diseased, and I have been a great sufferer ever since. Have consulted the leading physicians of this city and Ann Arbor, and all pronounced my case Bright's disease. After taking every highly recommended remedy that I had knowledge of, to no purpose, and while suffering under a very severe attack in October last, I began taking Hibbard's Rheumatic Symp, and am to-day a well man. It will afford me pleasure to render you and suffering humanity any remedy that I can, and in speaking of your goodly allow me to say that I think it the greatest medicine in the world.

E. LAZELLE, Agent M. C. R. R.

The Bond Between Master and Slave.

In the editorial rooms of the Constitution, not many days ago, a curious scene was enacted. A negro, gray but still vigorous, came up inquiring for his young master. He found him presently, and there were tears in the eyes of both when the meeting took place. From the negro there was a "God bless you, honey; I love you same as ever!" and from the other, "Uncle Reese, I never have forgotten you!" There was positively nothing that the old negro could not have demanded from the young man he called his master, but all he asked was a street-car ticket to go out and see the young man's mother. He was merely a visitor, but old associations made his visit a happy one. Little children whom he had never seen clung around his knees, and when he went away they trotted behind him up the street and flung kisses after him, and, at the last, he took off his hat, fished in it for his handkerchief, and went away weeping. What more could be asked?—Atlanta Constitution.

National Educational Association.

The annual meeting of the National Educational Association meeting will be held at Nashville, July 16 to 19. Go via the Evansville route. It is fifty miles the shortest, eight hours the quickest, and it is the only line running through ears between Chicago and Nashville. Its facilities are unequalled, and the finest and most luxurious Pullman palace buffet sleeping cars and elegant day coaches run through without change.

For this occasion a very low excursion rate will be made, which includes a side trip to Mammoth Cave, either going or returning. Also, those who desire to vary their trip by going or returning via Louisville will have the opportunity given them of doing so. Tickets will be on sale at all points July 1 to 15; good returning until Sept. 5.

The Chicago and Nashville fast train leaves Chicago (D-airport station) at 3:30 p. m. daily, and arrives at Nashville the following morning for breakfast at 7:10 o'clock—a run of only fifteen hours and twenty minutes. Night expresses leave at 11:20 p. m.

No extra fare is charged on fast train, and the sleeping-car rate from Chicago to Nashville is less by this route than by any other, being only \$2.50 for one double berth.

Reservations for sleeping cars can be made ten days in advance by addressing T. J. Kent, Chicago, Evansville Route, 61 Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

For further particulars address William Hill, General Passenger Agent, Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad, Chicago, Ill.

Long Tailed Sheep.

There are no species of sheep indigenous to Australia. The fat-tailed sheep is found in Asia and Africa, in Syria, India and China, also in Barbary, and such large numbers are raised in the colony of the Cape of Good Hope that it is often known as the Hottentot sheep. This sheep is of small size, with soft and short wool. Its peculiar characteristic is the enormous development of the tail by the growth of a large mass of fat on each side of the lower part of this appendage. This is sometimes so great that the tail alone has been known to weigh seventy pounds or more. This tail is esteemed a great delicacy for food, and to protect it from being injured by being dragged on the ground the shepherd often places it upon a board or a small truck with wheels, which is attached by a light string harness to the body of the animal.—New York Telegram.

Why Don't You Go to Florence, Ala.?

It is foremost amongst the manufacturing cities of the new South, is located in Lauderdale County, on the basal line of the great iron and coal belt, and has exceptional facilities for water and steam power, and extends a hearty welcome to all intending settlers. Two hundred and fifty new buildings now in course of erection shows the effect of Northern enterprise. In conclusion, the soil of Lauderdale County is famed for abundant yield of wheat, tobacco, and fruits of all varieties. Send to E. O. McCormick, G. P. A., Monon Route, Chicago, Ill., for excursion rates and descriptive pamphlets.

The Usual Way.

If you drop your collar button, there is one sure method of finding it. After you have hauled the bureau across the room to look under it, then replace the heavy furniture and put on a heavy pair of shoes, start to walk across the room, and before you have taken three steps you will step on the collar button and smash it to pieces.—Danville Breeze.

For seven long years I have struggled away farming, running a mill, etc., until I was fortunately introduced to B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va., by my brother, and I went to work at once, and in seven months I had made more clear money than I had made in the seven years before. They took me right by the hand from the start and seemed to be very glad of the chance to show me how to do it. This is about what a young man said a year or so ago of the above mentioned firm. Since that time he has been steadily at work for them, and is now one of the happiest men in America. If you need employment, it would be a good thing for you to follow this young man's example.

Women and Journalism.

Mrs. C.—Quite a number of women are engaged in journalism in New York.

Mrs. D.—Yes, and there are a great many women in New York who have not engaged in journalism who have to make up their forms before they can appear in public.—Texas Siftings.

PEOPLE do not discover it until too late that the so-called washing powders not only cut up their clothes, but ruin their skin. Use nothing but Dobbins' Electric Soap. Have your grocer keep it.

MARY S. SNOW has been elected to the school committee in Bangor, Maine. She received the unanimous vote of the city council.

Oregon, the Paradise of Farmers.

Mild, equable climate, certain and abundant crops. Best fruit, grain, grass, and stock country in the world. Full information, address the Oregon Immigration Board, Portland, Oregon.

Another "Progressive" Notion.

Verily do we live in a progressive age. Following in the wake of "progressive luncheons" and "progressive dinners" and "progressive card parties," we have now "progressive conversation assemblages." A programme, arranged like a dance card, is provided; the topics to be discussed are numbered upon it. Engagements are made previously and entered on the card for the discussion of each topic, to which a stipulated number of minutes is allowed. At the tinkle of a bell, subject and partner are both changed.—Table Talk.

SHUN idleness; it is the rust that attaches itself to the most brilliant metals.

Get Hood's

If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a peculiar medicine, possessing, by virtue of its peculiar combination, proportion and preparation, curative power superior to any other article of the kind before the people. Be sure to get Hood's. I had been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for dyspepsia, and in one store where I tried to buy a bottle the clerk tried to induce me to buy their own instead of Hood's; he told me theirs would last longer; that I might take it on ten days' trial; that if I did not like it I need not pay anything, etc. But he could not prevail on me to change. I told him I knew Hood's Sarsaparilla was. I had taken it, it agreed with me, I was perfectly satisfied with Hood's Sarsaparilla, and did not want any other. I am always glad to speak a good word for this excellent medicine." Mrs. ELLA A. GORF, 61 Terrace Street, Boston, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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100 Doses One Dollar

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Radway's

Jan. 10, '99. My little niece had white swelling to such an extent that she was confined to the bed for a long time. More than 20 pieces of bone came out of her leg, and the doctor said amputation was the only remedy to save her life. I refused the operation and put her on R. S. S., and she is now up and active and as good as any child. Miss ANNETTE GREENLEE, Feb. 11, '99. Columbus, Ga. Book on Blood Diseases sent free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

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The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy

For the cure of all disorders of the STOMACH, LIVER, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, BLADDER, NERVOUS DISEASES, LOSS OF APPETITE, HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION, COASTIVENESS, INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, FEVER, INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS, PILES, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely Vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or DELETERIOUS DRUGS.

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