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Holland City News

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HOLLAND CITY NEWS.

VOL. XVIII.

HOLLAND, MICH., SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1889.

NO. 27

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.

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

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

PORT, 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. Peasink & 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 cloths 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 Eighth and Fish streets.

Drugs and Medicines.

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

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

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

WALSH, HERBER, 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
House, Groceries, Flour, Feed, etc., Eighth
street next to Bank.

CRANDALL, S. R., dealer in Department Goods
and proprietor of Holland City Bazaar,
Eighth street.

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

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

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

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

Furniture.

MEYER, BROUWER & CO., dealers in all
kinds of Furniture, Curtains, Wall Paper,
Carpets, Picture Frames, etc., River street.

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

Flour Mills.

WALSH DE ROO & CO., Manufacturers of
Roller Flour, proprietary of Standard Roll-
er Mills. Daily capacity, 300 barrels.

Hardware.

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

VAN DER VEEN, E., dealer in stoves, hard-
ware, cutlery, etc. Tin and sheet iron ware.
Corner River and 8th 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 hotel.

PARK HOUSE, David L. Boyd, proprietor. Has
been thoroughly renovated and fully 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
teaming done, cor. Market and Seventh streets.

Manufactories, Mills, Shops, etc.

FLIEMAN, J., Wagon and Carriage Manu-
factory and blacksmith shop. Also manu-
facture of Ox Yokes. River street.

HOLLAND CITY BREWERY, A. Self, proprie-
tor. Capacity of Brewery 4,000 barrels. No.
Tenth streets.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Come, sweet mosquito, pray do not be shy!
Draw nearer while thou singst thy lullaby.
Art thou in love with me? Then be not coy;
To hold thee now would make me wild with
joy.

Thou holdest back, but cease not thy lay;
Thou art too bashful, draw thee nearer, pray.
I love thee; yes—swoop, slap! All doubt is
past—
I wooed thee well, thou art mated on me at
last.
—Ovid Register-Union.

W. W. MILLS is agent for the
Moderator, the school organ.

FOUND:—A grey jacket. Owner can
recover same by calling at this office.

BORN:—To Capt. and Mrs. Morton,
at St. Joseph, Mich., Aug. 1, a baby boy.

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

REV. N. M. STEFFENS will occupy
the pulpit in the First Reformed
Church to-morrow, Sunday.

REV. HENRY HORN, a missionary
from Palestine, will preach in the Ger-
man Lutheran church to-morrow even-
ing, Sunday.

MRS. JOS. FISTER gave the employees
of Fister's stove factory a picnic last
Tuesday at Macatawa Park. A splendid
day's outing was enjoyed by all.

P. H. WILMS' harrow business is in-
creasing. He is receiving large orders
every day for the Champion, and it
keeps him busy to fill the demand.

THE Queen of the Lakes is again
making regular trips to Ottawa Beach,
the paddle wheel which was broken
being repaired last week Saturday.

THE employees of the south side tan-
nery of the Cappon & Bertsch Leather
Co., will hold their annual picnic on
Tuesday, Aug. 13, at Macatawa Park.

HERMAN ROSIN will shortly open a
commission house in the building op-
posite Meyer, Brouwer & Co's store,
for the purchase of apples, potatoes
and poultry.

VAN LENTE'S CHOIR and John
Kooyers' singing school took the
Steamer Macatawa for the Park Thurs-
day, where they enjoyed a pleasant
time in picnicing.

THE officials of the Chicago and West
Mich. Railway Co., and the state rail-
way commissioners, passed through the
city Friday on a tour of inspection of
the road. The roadbed was found in
first-class condition.

MR. G. RANKANS, of Coopersville, is
engaged this week in placing the new
organ in the Third Reformed church.
It will be ready for dedication next
week. No services will be held in the
church to-morrow, Sunday.

THE premium lists of the fifth annual
fair of the South Ottawa and West
Allegan Agricultural Society are ready
for distribution. Call at A. Visscher's
law office and obtain a copy, if you
have not received one by mail.

ALL the small boys, and a number
of big ones too, of the city, are killing
the sparrows, three cents a piece being
quite an attraction. Charles H. Har-
mon is at the head of the procession in
the number of "heads" secured.

JUDGE FAIRBANKS has made two
more pensioners happy this week. Fred-
erick Bos, of Zeeland, had his monthly
allowance increased from \$4 to \$10 per
month, and Mrs. Trentje Vermeulen,
of Grand Haven, had her pension re-
lated.

THE Chicago and West Mich. R'y
will run a special excursion to St.
Joseph to-morrow, Sunday, Aug. 4.
The fare is only \$1.00 for the round
trip. The train will leave this city at
10:05 a. m., returning, leave St. Joseph
at 6:30 p. m.

PROF. J. W. HUMPHREY, the new
superintendent of the public schools of
this city, resigned his position as mem-
ber of the Allegan county board of
school examiners, on Thursday. His
many duties here compelled him to
take this step.

TWENTY-SIX dollars was collected
for the Johnstown sufferers among the
members of the Holland Christian Re-
formed Church, Zutphen, and was pre-
sented to the Holland City Bank by
Rev. G. Broene, the pastor of the
church, this week.

MRS. ROBINSON, a lady from Hart,
Mich., who was stopping at the Park,
died Friday morning. Dr. Yates, of
this city attended her. The body was
prepared by undertaker Alberti, for
shipment to Hart, where the funeral
will occur to-morrow, Sunday.

A GAME of base ball will be played
on Hope College campus, this after-
noon, Saturday, between the nine com-
posed of city boys and the Normal
Club. The match is for "blood", and
no admission will be charged. The
game will be called at 2:15 p. m.

In and around Hamilton, Allegan,
county, considerable damage was done
by hail during the severe lightning
and thunder storm of last Saturday
evening. Corn and buckwheat suffered
to a great extent, vegetables of all
kinds were also more or less damaged.

THE regular examination of teachers
for Ottawa and Allegan counties was
held in Grand Haven and Allegan
Thursday and Friday. Forty-eight of
the teachers attending the summer
normal were examined for first and
second grade certificates,—twenty-four
in each county.

JOHN TACKLEBERRY, of Olive Centre,
was severely injured Wednesday by
being run over by a load of wood. He
was coming to the city in company with
his wife, when he fell off, the wheels
passing over his body. At last accounts
he was somewhat better, and his in-
juries are not considered fatal.

MARRIED:—At Grand Haven, Thurs-
day evening, at 7:30 o'clock, in the Sec-
ond Christian Reformed Church, Rev.
Jeremias Kruidenier, of this city, to
Miss Henrietta Poel, of Grand Haven.
The ceremony was performed by Rev.
G. De Jong. We extend our hearty
congratulations to the happy pair.

In another column of this issue will
be found an advertisement from Van
Duren Bros., the reliable boot and shoe
dealers. They carry a fine stock of
goods, and sell the same at prices
which cannot be equalled by any boot
and shoe dealer in the city. Give them
a call, when you wish anything in
their line.

THE largest excursion of the season
to Ottawa Beach arrived from Grand
Haven, Muskegon, Pentwater and Big
Rapids last Sunday. A large number
of people came from Grand Rapids,
and the Steamer Kalamazoo, from
Saugatuck, brought two or three hun-
dred excursionists from Fennville,
Douglas and Saugatuck.

THE third lecture of the course given
for the benefit of the teachers attending
the summer normal, was delivered by
J. W. Matthews, secretary of Barry
county board of school examiners in
the Hope College chapel last Monday
evening. His subject was "True Teach-
ing" and was very interesting to the
large number of teachers in attendance.

MR. E. F. LONG's naphtha launch,
was launched here last Wednesday.
The boat is 35 ft. long, and is an ele-
gant pleasure craft. She was built in
New York city, and brought here by
car. The boat was christened the
"Florence and Alice," after Mr. Long's
two deceased daughters. Mr. Long
will use the boat for pleasure on Black
Lake.

THE soldiers and sailors of Ottawa
and Muskegon counties will hold an
encampment at Camp Perkins, Spring
Lake, Aug. 14, 15, and 16. Gen. M.
Brown, Dept. Com. G. A. R., of Michi-
gan, and staff, will be present. A
special invitation is extended to all old
soldiers and sailors, sons of veterans
and their families, and the general
public.

A PARTY of seven young ladies, from
Grand Rapids, were highly entertained
on Thursday, by the Valley City Camp-
ing Club, now holding forth at Maca-
taw. The party consisted of the
Misses Gertrude Toren, Jennie Rooze-
boom and Antoinette Roozeboom, three
of Holland's former residents, and the
Misses Anna Knol, Lena De Boer,
Katie De Groot and Mary Zuidema.

THE Knights of the Maccabees, of
Allegan, Holland, and Grand Haven,
will run a special train to Muskegon
Aug. 13, the date of holding the annual
meeting of the order. The train will
leave this station at 8:00 o'clock a. m.
Fare for round trip, 75 cents. The six
knights of Crescent Tent No. 68, of this
city, will attend in a body, and contest
for the prize of \$50, to be awarded to
the tent having the largest number of
members in line. Every sir knight that
can go should do so.

THE Mabel Bradshaw carried twenty
eight regular passengers to Chicago, on
her Wednesday evening trip in addition
to 107 excursionists. On her return
trip, Friday, she brought a number of
passengers and a quantity of freight,
including a supply of coal for the
steamer Macatawa, as the local coal
dealers, who obtain their coal by rail,
were unable to supply the boat. Cap-
tain Waters is highly delighted by the
generous patronage he is receiving
from Holland people, and our citizens
on the other hand, are greatly pleased
with the beautiful steamer and the
gentlemanly officers and crew.

THE Eagle Soap Factory, Metz &
Visser, proprietors, is a new industry
which has been recently established in
this city. Mr. Visser began the man-
ufacture of soap some time ago, on a
small scale, but being unable to supply
the demand, he formed a business ar-
rangement with Mr. Metz. They have

leased the brick building on River
street, opposite Werkman's factory,
and fitted it with all the requisite
machinery for the manufacture of soap
in large quantities. These gentlemen
intend to manufacture all kinds of
soap, family, laundry and toilet. We
wish them success, and by furnishing
a good article, we feel assured that they
will prosper in their undertaking.

THE Waverly Stone Company are in
the height of the season's trade and are
busily engaged in filling the many or-
ders that they are constantly receiving
for their stone. Among other important
orders, they have furnished the stone
this year for the Allegan county court
house, now in course of erection, and
for J. B. McCracken's large block, in
Muskegon. The latter is considered
one of the finest blocks in the city. Mr.
R. N. De Merell and his able assistant
Robert Wareham, did the work of cut-
ting and dressing the stone used in the
McCracken building. The company
have also received an order to furnish
the stone for a public bridge at Big
Rapids, which will be 62 feet long and
3 feet wide.

The Chicago Excursion.

For half an hour before the Mabel
Bradshaw left for Chicago Wednesday
evening, the dock was covered with a
large crowd of people, who had assem-
bled to witness the departure of the ex-
cursion for the benefit of Columbia
Hose Co. No. 2.

About one hundred persons went on
the excursion from this city, and they
were joined by nearly thirty from the
resorts. The weather was favorable,
and a pleasant time was enjoyed by all,
in visiting the Garden City. They re-
turned home safely Friday morning.
All those who went, speak very highly
of the courteous manner in which they
were treated by Captain Waters and his
gentlemanly crew.

The Bradshaw is an elegant boat.
She was lighted by electricity for the
first time on this excursion, and is fur-
nished with all the other modern con-
veniences for the comfort of the pas-
sengers. The Bradshaw leaves Holland
for Chicago Sundays, Mondays, Wednes-
days, and Fridays, after the arrival
of trains, at 6:35 p. m. Returning, leaves
Chicago Tuesdays and Thursdays at
7:00 p. m., and Saturdays at 8:00 p. m.

War in Germany.

On Monday morning Mr. John Hum-
mel, one of our prominent German born
citizens, called at the house of one of
his tenants, and was surprised to find
everything packed up, ready to leave.
As there were several dollars of rent
unpaid, he naturally suggested that it
had better be handed to him.

At this a general war began. The
tenant, a small man, pulled an ancient
revolver from his pocket and was about
to discharge it into the body of Mr.
Hummel. The latter has smelled pow-
der before, and he knew that his broad
back would make a fine mark, if he
ran away, so, by a quick movement, he
wrenched the revolver from his assail-
ant's hands. In the meantime, the
wife of the tenant was pounding away
upon poor Hummel with a board. Mr.
Hummel finally conquered the whole
family, and to teach them better man-
ners, they were both arrested by
Marshal Van den Berg.

The trial was to have taken place on
Thursday, but the husband, Mr.
Schreck, failed to show up at the ap-
pointed time. He is supposed to have
taken an overland trip to Canada.

Fire at Fennville.

The enterprising village of Fennville,
sixteen miles from this city, received a
severe blow last Wednesday night in
the form of a disastrous fire, which
swept away the main business block of
the place, destroying twelve buildings.
The fire was discovered at 9:30 and
originated in W. M. Rogers' barn, back
of the Opera House. It spread rapidly
as the village was without any fire pro-
tection. Fortunately no wind prevailed
and by the efforts of the citizens and
others, the fire was controlled about
midnight.

The buildings on the south side of
the street were ablaze several times
and many of the windows were broken
by the intense heat.

The loss is estimated at \$35,000. In-
sured for about \$12,000. The following
were among the losers:

Dickinson & Raymond, hardware; D.
R. Crane, grocery and hardware; John
Nelson, saloon; Rogers' grocery and ex-
press office; Rogers & Crane's saloon;
W. M. Rogers' Opera house. Besides
these, the old Forest House, which was
unoccupied, a billiard hall, a barber
shop, and the post office were burned.
The fire was supposed to have been
incendiary, and a stranger was arrested
on suspicion, but was afterwards re-
leased, there being no evidence to hold
him.

Re-building of the burned block will
begin at once.

The Schubert Club Concert.

The finest vocal concert ever present-
ed to our citizens was given by the
above organization at the Opera House
last Wednesday evening. Over four
hundred people, being one of the
largest audiences, ever at the Opera
House, enjoyed the entertainment.

Mr. J. B. Nykerk, through whose ef-
forts, the club gave the concert here,
deserves the thanks of all for securing
such a fine musical treat.

The performers were encored several
times, and good naturedly responded
to each call, although the programme
was of such length that common polit-
eness should have made the audience
contented with a bow. The different
numbers were rendered in an excellent
manner, and elicited hearty rounds of
applause.

Mrs. Etta Yale, soprano, and Mrs.
Mary Utey Aldworth, alto, received a
warm welcome by the audience. Miss
Ada Hunt, accompanied the club on
the piano, and also gave a fine exhibi-
tion of her skill on that instrument.

Death of Senator McCormick.

Senator Jas. W. McCormick died at
his home in Fennville at 8:20 o'clock
Sunday morning. The funeral was
held Tuesday.

James W. McCormick, State Senator
from the Tenth District of Michigan,
comprising the counties of Allegan and
Van Buren, was born in Allegan county
February 22, 1838, and was, therefore,
51 years of age. He studied and prac-
ticed law some in his earlier years, but
for some years past has devoted himself
to farming and fruit raising, the former
vocation being one with which he had
become familiar by severe experience
in his youth. He held the office of su-
pervisor in his township for fifteen
years and that of justice of the peace
twenty-four years. He was president
of the Fennville Mining Company, a
corporation organized under the laws
of this State. He was a member of
the State House of Representatives in
1885, '86, '87, and '88, and was elected
to the Senate last fall by a vote of 9,758
against 3,145 for N. W. Lewis, who was
a candidate on four tickets. Mr. Mc-
Cormick was taken sick in Chicago two
weeks ago, and his death was expected
at almost any moment.

Senator McCormick was a member
of Unity Lodge No. 191, F. & A. M.,
of Holland, and twenty-two of the
members of the lodge attended the
funeral, and performed the burial rites
of their deceased brother. The funeral
was a large one, there being 156 car-
riages in the funeral procession.

Personal.

Miss Kitty Herold is home from
Grand Rapids.

Mrs. Mary Finch, of Racine, is visit-
ing relatives and friends in the city.

Mrs. F. O. Nye is in Chicago visiting.
She will remain there about a week.

Miss May Kloosterman, of Kalamazoo,
is visiting Mr. and Mrs. John J.
Cappon.

Mrs. P. Schravensande, of Grand Rap-
ids, and little daughter, are in the city
visiting friends.

Mrs. P. Conley and son Freddy are
in Chicago for a two weeks visit with
relatives and friends.

Rev. N. M. Steffens returned home
Wednesday from his visit to Foreston
and other points in Illinois.

Mr. Leroy Upton, of Big Rapids, a
West Point cadet, was in the city this
week, visiting Cadet Will Bertsch.

Mrs. Dr. Yates and daughter Grace
are in Potoskey for a two weeks' sojourn
viewing Michigan's northern resorts.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Holley are visit-
ing relatives and friends at Armada,
Mich. They will return home next
week Saturday.

Prosecuting Attorney Lillie and
Sheriff Vaupell were in town on Thurs-
day looking after law breakers and
their stock farm scheme.

Mr. Chas. Genshaw left for Potoskey
Thursday evening, where he will re-
main a week in visiting and viewing
the northern part of the state.

Hon. C. Van Loo, of Zeeland, called
at the News office Friday. Mr. Van
Loo is one of the leading citizens of
Southern Ottawa county, and we are
always pleased to see him.

Prof. Geo. P. Hummer left by the
Steamer Bradshaw for Chicago Wednes-
day evening. He will be absent about
two weeks, and during that time will
visit at Springfield, Ill., and other places.

Mrs. D. M. Gee, accompanied by her
mother and Master Arthur Anderson,
left Tuesday evening for an extended
visit with relatives in Boston and other
eastern points. They intend to be
absent about six weeks.

Mr. Albert Lahuis, Will. De Kruij,
their wives and a merry party of other
young ladies and gentlemen, spent
Tuesday at the Park and attended the
Schubert concert in the evening. Of
course, they all had a good time.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

HOUSEHOLD AND AGRICULTURAL TOPICS DISCUSSED.

A Budget of Useful Information Relating to the Farm, Orchard, Stable, Parlor, and Kitchen.

THE FARM.

Insects Injurious to Cabbage.

There are no less than six different kinds of insects that are injurious to the cabbage:

1. The white cabbage butterfly which produces the green cabbage worm. The various remedies for this pest are hot water sprinkled on the temperature not to exceed 160 degrees; pyrethrum mixed with plaster and sprinkled on; kerosene emulsion; dilute carbolic acid; tobacco water and whale oil soap and air slaked lime; the latter is not reliable, however.
2. The cabbage plusia, which produces a caterpillar larger and longer than the cabbage worm. This pest eats the head and may be destroyed by the above remedies; the kerosene emulsion destroys the eggs.
3. Caterpillars and moths that eat the leaves, but rarely do any material injury.
4. Cut worms, whose mischief consists in cutting off the young plants, an evil that may be avoided by setting plants only where there has been clean culture for some time previous, or else allow some weeds and grass to grow on which they may feed.
5. The cabbage-plant louse which is quite destructive in wet seasons. Pyrethrum powder dusted on, hot water and kerosene emulsion will aid the destruction.
6. The cabbage red fly, the larvae of which attack the roots, causing their decay. They may be destroyed by kerosene emulsion diluted by twelve to fifteen parts of water. Prof. Cook, of Michigan recommends the planting of radishes between the rows of cabbages, upon which it lays its eggs, and where it may be destroyed.

Club root is also a serious obstacle in the way of successful cabbage culture, but it is claimed that this can be avoided by growing upon new ground.

For the benefit of those who are unacquainted with kerosene emulsion, we give the formula for its manufacture: Kerosene, two gallons; common soap, white oil soap, one-half pound; water, one gallon. Heat the soap and water, add it boiling hot to the kerosene, and churn the mixture till it forms an emulsion. For spraying use one gallon of emulsion to nine gallons of water.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

To Kill Potato Beetles.

The last brood of the potato beetle, which usually appears late in summer, crawl into the ground or under old rubbish and remain there in a semi-torpid state through the winter. As soon as the ground becomes warmed by the sun in spring these torpid beetles revive and come out in search of food, and the females lay their eggs upon the first potato leaf appearing above ground. By gathering the beetles as they appear and destroying them we are enabled to check the increase in numbers of the first or new brood of the season, for every one of the old female beetles that escapes destruction will lay from 800 to 1,200 eggs. Unless you are very watchful some of the old beetles will escape, and their eggs and the young grubs will be found a few weeks later on the potato plants, and then should commence the usual mode of destroying them by dusting the potatoes with Paris green mixed with plaster of Paris or common flour. One pound of the poison mixed with thirty of flour will be sufficiently strong to kill either the grubs or full-grown beetles feeding upon the plants. Should another or later brood of beetles appear, apply more poison, and continue to use it on the plants as long as any insects are found on them. If your neighbors will practice the same warfare on their insect foe none at all will be seen the following year. But in almost every neighborhood there will be one or more farmers who will neglect applying poisons to their potatoes, and as a result thousands of these insects escape and infest the grounds of the most vigilant and painstaking cultivators of the soil.—*New York Sun.*

Care of Horse Manure.

The manure from horses is naturally dry, and when the animals are grain fed is rich enough to heat very rapidly. It keeps much better if mixed with the manure from cows, as the latter is moist and checks violent fermentation. Where horse manure is thrown in large piles it will burn or "refrag" even in the coldest weather, while if mixed as above and turned once or twice, the value will be increased as the bulk decreases. Turning makes it possible to get the entire heap at one time or another in the center, where weed seeds will be destroyed by the heat. As the manure after fermentation is made fine, it can be spread more evenly, and is enough more effective to go over as much ground as the larger quantity will if unfertilized.

THE STOCK-RANCH.

Short-Horn Prizes.

In addition to the regular prizes offered at the American Fat Stock Show to be held in Chicago, Nov. 12 to 21, the American Short-Horn Breeders' Association offers the following to short-horn cattle:

PURE-BRED.

Best steer or spayed cow, three and under four years.....	\$ 50
Second best.....	40
Third best.....	30
Best steer or spayed heifer, two and under three years.....	60
Second best.....	40
Third best.....	30
Best steer or spayed heifer, one and under two years.....	60
Second best.....	40
Third best.....	30
Best steer or spayed heifer, under one year.....	60
Second best.....	40
Third best.....	30

CLASS SWEETSTAKES.

Best animal shown in pure-bred Short-Horn class, a gold medal, valued at.....	50
To the feeder, a gold medal, valued at.....	15

GRAND SWEETSTAKES.

Best steer, cow or spayed heifer in the show, if taken by a pure-bred Short-Horn, a gold medal, valued at.....	200
To the feeder, a gold medal, valued at.....	50

ALL BREEDS AND GRADES BY AGES.

If taken by a pure-bred or grade Short-Horn (sired by a pure Short-Horn bull):

Best steer or spayed cow, three and under four years.....	\$ 50
Second best.....	40
Third best.....	30
Best steer or spayed heifer, one and under two years.....	60
Second best.....	40
Third best.....	30
Best steer or spayed heifer, under one year.....	60
Second best.....	40
Third best.....	30

SWEETSTAKES HEIFER.

For the year 1903, if won by animals either pure-bred or grade Short-Horns (sired by a pure-bred Short-Horn bull):

Best animal shown in pure-bred Short-Horn class, a gold medal, valued at.....	50
To the feeder, a gold medal, valued at.....	15

CLASS SWEETSTAKES.

Best steer, cow or spayed heifer in the show, if taken by a pure-bred Short-Horn, a gold medal, valued at.....	200
To the feeder, a gold medal, valued at.....	50

ALL BREEDS AND GRADES BY AGES.

If taken by a pure-bred or grade Short-Horn (sired by a pure Short-Horn bull):

Best steer or spayed cow, three and under four years.....	\$ 50
Second best.....	40
Third best.....	30
Best steer or spayed heifer, one and under two years.....	60
Second best.....	40
Third best.....	30
Best steer or spayed heifer, under one year.....	60
Second best.....	40
Third best.....	30

SWEETSTAKES HEIFER.

For the year 1903, if won by animals either pure-bred or grade Short-Horns (sired by a pure-bred Short-Horn bull):

Best animal shown in pure-bred Short-Horn class, a gold medal, valued at.....	50
To the feeder, a gold medal, valued at.....	15

GRAND SWEETSTAKES.

Best steer, cow or spayed heifer in the show, if taken by a pure-bred Short-Horn, a gold medal, valued at.....	200
To the feeder, a gold medal, valued at.....	50

the specials so offered shall be printed in the premium list of the fat stock show, in regular order, following their own premiums.

Write W. C. Garrard, Springfield, Ill., for prize list.

Live-Stock Notes.

It is a fact that young pigs are often overfed and hurt, and sometimes killed by overfeeding.

Don't make the mistake of overstocking the pasture and expect the stock to come in in the fall in good shape.

WHEN young pigs are weaned they should be fed in a shallow trough, from which they can take their food only very slowly.

GRASS should be made the basis of our pork. In grass include not only common pasture, but clover and green cornstalks.

LIKE all domestic animals, to be profitable the hog must be well bred. The scrub hog like the scrub steer is poor property.

A LUMBER dealer of Indianapolis, says that the inhalation of the odor of pine lumber is the reason why lumber-yard horses are so healthy.

In speaking of the skillful breeder some one has said that skill consists of a foundation of common sense and a superstructure of special education.

It is no wonder that some farmers are always hard up. They raise the kind of stock, horses especially, that no one wants badly enough to pay the price for them that will justify raising them.

MUCH of the prevalent paralysis of the hind limbs of hogs is caused by overfeeding, by which the kidneys have been overtaxed and the nervous system of the lumbar region (the lions) is disturbed.

A CURIOSITY at the Chicago stock yards is a well-formed sheep with four prominent horns, each of which is eight to twelve inches long, the four forming a corona for the placid face of the animal. It is from the range district, and weighs about one hundred pounds.

PIG-PENS in summer are an abomination. Thousands of pigs are kept in them at a loss, or with doubtful profit, when with a small outlay for suitable fencing, they could have the benefits of grass and ground, and do better and make meat far more palatable and healthful.

A PIG running out to pasture will fatten on half the corn it will consume when shut in a pen, and the meat will be much better. There are no animals which so much require succulent food as hogs; and no one should attempt to make pork without an abundance of succulent food of some sort. The cheapest is fresh pasture.

THE POULTRY YARD.

No More Roup Terrors.

Mrs. H. J. Kirkland, Grand Forks, Dakota, gives in the *Poultry Keeper* a sure cure for roup. "I thought I would give a little of my experience in curing roup. Roup has been the one great drawback with me in this cold country until I discovered that spirits of turpentine would cure it. When the disease appeared in the form of cankered throat, chlorate of potash in the drink always cured it, but I could find nothing to cure frothy eyes or swollen head until I tried putting on (and in) the eyes a few drops of turpentine. I tried it on a common hen first, and then saved a valuable Plymouth Rock I had bought a few days before. Since then I have cured a good many, and will warrant it to cure, if applied before the head is very much swollen. Also Fowler's solution of arsenic, a teaspoonful to a pint of water, for them to drink, to cure a cold in the head when it first appears, as can be told by a noise they make something like sneezing. I am not afraid of roup any more, and did not lose a fowl last winter. I only had to apply the turpentine once, but always took it at the first signs of the appearance of disease. They act as if it burned them for a little while, but it does not take the skin off.

Poultry Notes.

MILK in any form is excellent for fowls and chicks, and when mixed with soft food adds much to the ration. In the absence of milk fresh water is always necessary.

A LADY in Perry, Ga., saw a jaybird eating a chicken on top of a fence post. Only a short time before the chicken had been seen in the yard alive. Of course it was a small chicken—only several days old—yet almost as large as its captor.

THIS word comes from Penn.: "From an experience of five years with incubators I have this to say, that any one who wish to raise large flocks for market should not think of hatching with hens. The results of incubator-hatched chicks are strong birds, no lice, and they grow more rapidly under proper attention. This answers your correspondent's query in issue of June 15.

ANY turkey hen will neglect her young as soon as they get about—and the best of care and personal attention on the part of the breeder is the only way to accomplish success in bringing them through their young life, until they are able to seek a living for themselves. My flock of turkeys have the best attention until they are several months old, and it pays to give it.

THE crop-bound fowl is not one which has simply gorged itself with food, but one which has the passage obstructed through which the food passes from the crop to the gizzard. A fowl never eats more than it can digest, provided the food can get into the digestive organs. A fowl rarely passes anything which cannot easily pass into the gizzard. The trouble is solely caused by the accumulation of the food in quantities in the crop, in which condition it becomes packed in a solid mass.

THE APIARY.

Moving Bees.

Quite a number of eminent apiarists have been holding through Gleanings in Bee Culture an experience meeting upon the subject of moving bees. Mr. S. I. Freeborn speaks thus:

I have had occasion at times to move bees during every month in the year. I have moved by almost every kind of a vehicle—wagons, sleds, buggies, spring wagons, and those without springs. I thought at one time that we should use springs, or put something soft under them, as straw or hay, but of late years I have put nothing softer than the wagon-box under them. I have tried several kinds of racks, but have voted them unhandy and cumbersome. I have simmered down to two wagon-boxes eleven and one-half feet long, made double—boxes like those on farmers' wagons for hauling corn and other produce. We find these handy for hauling bees, apple-trees, and many other kinds of luggage. They will hold twelve double Langstroth or Gallup hives, or twenty-four single ones. We have 100 screens of the size of the top of the hives, that we nail on after fastening frames and bottom-boards. We pack well with hay or straw around the hives,

to keep them from rocking. In this way we have moved hundreds of colonies, and many times over as rough roads as there are in this county, and that is rough enough.

Previous to last season, we had killed but very few colonies—probably four or five in thirty years. Last season we met our Waterloo, killing sixteen colonies in one trip. Several causes served as helps to this disaster. The distance was considerable (twenty-four miles), there was too much honey; the weather was very hot and the colonies were extra strong. In our first trip of this move, we left in the full number of frames; in the next loads we took out five or six frames from each upper story, making them cooler, and furnishing an empty space to cluster in. The last moved had the advantage of being six miles nearer destination than those moved first, with the additional precaution of less frames. We moved the last lot with success.

As an offset to the loss of last season, I will give a short account of moving seventy-two colonies in the summer of 1879, which was my first experience in moving to the mint (last of July, ten miles distance). I wished to move the strongest colonies, many bees lying out. The question was, how to move such populous stocks and make it safe for them and the horses. We solved the problem by nailing some wire screens over empty hives, and fastening one on top of each colony, making them three stories high, with nothing but bees and air in upper stories. The experiment was a success, as we broke only one comb out of the seventy-two colonies in moving down, and did not get a horse stung at all; but we used every precaution to guard against the bees getting out.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Starching and Ironing.

The sticking of starch may be caused by poor starching, or it may be the fault of the iron; so both branches of the subject will be noticed. While cold starch alone will answer very well in an emergency, two starchings are necessary, especially if the articles are to be polished, as polishing takes from the stiffness of the linen. The articles to be starched having come from the rinsing water, they are thoroughly rubbed in boiled starch on both sides, and then rubbed in the hands, to insure its even distribution. The best starch should be used. A handful is placed in a dish, and cold water is added sufficient to make the starch smooth; a piece of white wax, tallow or butter half the size of a hickory nut is added, and boiling water stirred in gradually till the starch is clear. Use it as hot as possible, and dipping the hand in a convenient basin of cold water will make the process comparatively easy. A little more wax or other mentioned ingredient will do no harm, but too much will not conduce to the best results; the quantity mentioned or a little more will add much to the polish of the linen, and make the iron move more easily.

When the articles are thoroughly dry they are ready for the second starching, which should be just before they are to be ironed. The cold starch is made with a handful of dry starch, with enough cold water added to free from all lumps. Take a half-teaspoonful of powdered borax and put it in a teacup, filling the cup with boiling water. Thin the starch a little more with cold water, add a few drops of blueing, and then dissolve borax. Last of all, rub in the starch white soap till the whole is foamy. This starching is to be made like the former, rubbing carefully that no spot be neglected. The starch should be of the consistency of good milk, and it must be stirred often enough to prevent the sinking of the solid portion. As each piece is starched it should be placed in a towel, stretched to remove wrinkles, and when all are ready, roll the towel, wring it to remove extra moisture, strike it two or three times hard on the table, and you are ready to begin the ironing.

Have ready a piece of wax—white preferred—in a piece of cloth, have the iron thoroughly clean, rubbing on emery paper, brick dust or powdered Bristol brick, and wiping on a cloth. If a very hot iron is used, after a little practice the result will be more easily attained than with one more moderately heated. I do not mean a heat so intense that cloth will be scorched when it is touched, but that will scorch if the motions are not quick.

Smooth the linen, lay it on the right side, rub the iron over the wax, then wipe on a clean cloth, rub quickly twice over the article, then turn it and repeat the process on the wrong side. Alternate in this way till no more steam rises. The rest of the ironing is to be wholly on the right side, and hard pressure will do much for the beauty of the linen. For shirts, a bosom board is necessary, and it is more convenient to do all ironing on the right side. All linen should be ironed dry, and then placed in a spot till there is no chance for moisture to remain. For the laundry polish, a special iron and a smooth, hard board are essential. A clean cloth is wrung out of cold water, and the thoroughly-ironed linen is just moistened, the rounded part of the iron is rubbed on the linen which rests on the bare board. This gives a gloss not attainable by ironing alone, but if a common iron is used, the result will be surprisingly good if the final ironing is given on the smooth board. I do not know the best polishing iron, but I think there are better than the Mrs. Potts' iron I have. This has some sharp edges that almost always will make creases, in spite of my greatest care, but the polish is fine. Mine is nickel-plated. My first attempt with starching and ironing in this way was a perfect success. The irons moved easily, there was no smut, and the linen came out of the laundress's hands snow-white and stiff enough to satisfy the most exacting man.—*Correspondent Ladies Home Journal.*

Hints to Housekeepers.

TO REMOVE white spots from table or other furniture, rub the spots with camphor and they will disappear.

VINEGAR in the rinsing water for pink or green calicoes will brighten them; soda answers the same end for both purple and blue.

FRIED Indian meal pudding—so called—is as toothsome a breakfast dish, for the rising generation, as one can travel many miles to secure.

NEVER whisper in company. Never talk to one person across another, nor allow a servant to pass things in front of a person at a table.

TOWELS, brushes and combs should be apportioned upon the army plan. Each member of the family should be provided with a separate outfit.

ALWAYS eat boiled egg from the shell. It is the Scotch way and the best way. Any other method greatly detracts from the rich flavor of this nutritious food.

It makes no particular difference whether a guest is entertained in the parlor or in the kitchen; it is only necessary for the entertainment to be a success.

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.

—Colonel Len J. Clark, formerly of Corunna, has purchased the Great Beach Hotel at Galveston, Tex., for \$265,000.

—Several Michigan towns are trying very hard to see if water-works really do cut down insurance rates.

—George H. McCrombie, of East Saginaw, who a few years ago was head miller in a big flour mill there, died in the poor house a few days ago. Dissipation floored him.

—Major W. C. Stevens, of Ann Arbor, formerly of the Ninth Michigan Cavalry, still owns and uses the horse he rode in the army. He got him in Kentucky in 1862, rode him in many battles and two years of campaigns, and old "Billy," who is now 36 years old, can sleep in the parlor or eat with the family, if he wants to.

—Representative O. S. Smith is still in the Northern Asylum, and his case is not at all hopeful. It is alleged that his trouble arises from a wound received in the war.

—Angus McDonald, a lumber woodsman from near Grayling, went to Bay City a few days ago with \$230 which he had earned by hard knocks, and when the police pulled him out of the saloon a few hours after his arrival, it was found that the saloonists had accidentally left \$24 on his person.

—Findley Morrison, of Marquette, bought 180,000 feet of pine stumpage on ten acres of land pre-empted by Clarence McDermott, and Morrison was arrested, charged with trespass. The United States Court dismissed the case, holding that McDermott was justified in selling the timber and Morrison was all right in cutting it.

—The late Legislature adopted a concurrent resolution relative to a desired survey of the boundary line between the States of Michigan and Ohio, and between the States of Michigan and Indiana. The preamble recites that the boundary lines between the States named "have been misplaced and have so far become indistinct that confusion and uncertainty have existed between the citizens of said States as to the proper boundary lines between said States." The resolution was forwarded to the Secretary of the Interior and in turn filed with the Commissioner of the General Land Office. Gov. Luce a few days ago received a reply, in which the Commissioner of the General Land Office states that "in order to enable the department to carry out the provisions of the concurrent resolution it will be necessary for Congress to enact legislation specifically authorizing the resurvey of the several boundaries in question, and to make an appropriation to pay the expense of such survey." So there will be no resurvey of the boundary lines in question until Congress authorizes it.

—East Saginaw contributed a total of \$6,225 for the relief of the Johnstown sufferers.

—Deputy State Treasurer Stagg recently tendered his resignation, to take effect September 1, and State Treasurer Maltz accepted it. His successor has not been appointed.

—The Northern Pacific Railway will make a special exhibit at the State Fair of products along its route.

—Ernest Mentwick, age 14, was drowned while bathing at Carleton, Saginaw County.

—Bay City is to be lighted by electricity.

—Hon. Willis M. Slosson, of Reed City, having been appointed Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue for the Grand Rapids District, has resigned his seat in the Legislature.

—In the United States Court at Marquette the case of The Lake Superior Ship Canal Railway and Iron Company vs. Walter Cunningham, a suit for ejectment, was concluded with a verdict for plaintiff. The case will be appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States.

—Detroit Journal: Perhaps Michigan editors may get hard up and hungry, in times to come, but not one of them who attended the Grand Rapids clambake will ever eat another clam. The memory of an over-ripe clam can never be effaced.

—Dr. McMullen, of Cadillac, gives public notice that all who connect his name with certain scandalous reports will be held responsible.

—Jack Carkeek, the well-known upper peninsula athlete, recently defeated Pearce, the great Cornish wrestler, in a contest for the championship of the world at Redville, England. Carkeek had defeated a famous wrestler a few minutes before he took hold of Pearce, but after fourteen rounds Pearce quit the field.

—James Gibson and James Connors, indicted for robbing the postoffices at Negaunee and Calumet, escaped from jail at Marquette while being served with breakfast by the turnkey.

—Philadelphia Times: Dr. Charles B. Nancrede, who has just been elected professor of surgery in the medical department of the University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor, was graduated in medicine at the University of Pennsylvania in 1869, is one of the surgeons to the Episcopal Hospital, and is professor of surgery at the Polyclinic. He is a well educated and successful surgeon, a good operator and a good teacher, and was one of those urged for the succession to the late Professor Gross at Jefferson College.

—The Saginaws are to have an electric street railway.

—August C. Gabist, a German farmer of North Bradley, has written to Commissioner Stevenson, of New York, stating that he will give the Commissioner \$20 if the latter would procure him a wife from the old country.

—A new bridge is to be built over Maple River at Muir, to cost \$15,000.

—Gov. Fifer, of Illinois, assisted by several members of his staff, is at Elk Rapids, catching black bass.

—Sheriff Metivier, of St. Ignace, who is being investigated by order of the Governor, says he was "drugged."

—Said that Mrs. R. H. Marsh will be made postmaster of Salina. She is one of nine applicants.

—Forepaugh refused to honor orders for tickets which had been given to the Ishpeming business men in payment for certain advertising privileges.

—D. B. Phillips, of Maple Rapids, who has been known far and wide as a wrestler, was recently found dead in his room. Asthma and heart disease had afflicted him for some time.

—L'Anse is to have a town hall built after plans drawn by Mr. Charlton, a Marquette architect.

—Charles C. Gnptie, an English carpenter, was found dead in bed at Reed City. John Barleycorn had been too much for him.

—Capt. Ben Strass, of Detour, was drowned at that place a few days ago while trying to save a boy. Another man went to the rescue and saved the lad.

—An Escanaba man, a saloonkeeper with "influence," has been arrested for allowing gaming to be done in his gilded place of business. Joseph J. Monahan, of the Bodega, is the man, and as he promises to prosecute seventeen other beer-jerkers if the case is pressed, much pressure is being brought to have it dropped.

—Detroit Journal: Ontonagon has a jail that a self-respecting hog wouldn't occupy as a pen, rent free.

—Militantly inclined young men at Sault Ste. Marie will form a military company.

—Monroe Democrat: Peter Miller, of Raisinville, reports that during last fall he hauled his corn-stalks from the field and stacked them near his barn. During the process of stacking one of his hens became buried beneath the stalks. The stack was not opened until the latter part of April—a period of seven months—when, to the surprise of Mr. Miller, the hen flew out and commenced to renew her acquaintance with her former associates.

—Lewis Gaston, while working in a sewer at Cadillac, was caught by a cave-in. He was down about twelve feet, and caught between the timbers. His head just went through a space between the boards, and by this his life was saved. It took some time to dig him out, apparently not badly injured.

—John Fisher, of Saginaw County, lost by death a thoroughbred stallion lately purchased in Illinois for \$1,800.

—J. H. Mordough, of Crosswell, Sanilac County, has just shipped 47,000 pounds of cheese via Montreal to London, England.

—Ephraim Bakdwin, one of Monroe County's pioneers, is dead. He opened a school in Monroe in 1849, and while teaching read law with David A. Noble. He was prominent in the county as an educator, attorney and civil engineer for nearly fifty years.

—Bay City's new Y. M. C. A. hall was opened last night with a concert by the Detroit Philharmonic Club.

—The Russell House, a frame hotel at Bay City, was gutted by fire.

—When Michael Higgins and August Johnson, of Marquette, had a scuffle which resulted in Higgins being thrown in front of an engine and killed, Johnson was arrested on a charge of murder. He has since been released, as it was shown Higgins was not thrown there intentionally.

—Michigan pensions: Original invalid—Michael Ryan, John Morehead, Thomas Thorsby, Francis J. Lyon, Nelson Shende, Charles F. Severence, Increase—Charles W. Pierson, Handy Austin, Ulisses C. Cass, Reissne—Philip Crowfoot, Luke Borden, Reissne and increase—William Smith, Jr. Original widows, etc.—Harriet T., widow of Lyman S. Elliott.

—The Grand Traverse Masonic hall is at last an assured thing, says a letter from that town: It will not be built by the lodge but by a stock company. A stockholder must be a Mason, and the lodge takes half of the stock issued. The amount of stock is \$20,000, divided into 800 shares at \$25 each. Each shareholder can pay up the total amount, or 10 per cent, with 5 per cent annual interest.

—S. S. Hopkins, a Macomb County printer, has become a preacher. The Detroit Journal man guesses he never "pied" a form.

—Detroit Journal: Mosherville has two women who will wager they can chop more wood than any other two women in America.

—Fitzgerald & Co., of Lincoln, Neb., get the contract for building the 75-mile extension of the Chicago and West Michigan Railroad from Baldwin to Traverse City for about \$230,000. This includes grading, grubbing and track-laying, but not the ties or rails, fences, buildings or telegraph wires. A bridge across Manistee River, 1,200 feet long, 80 feet high, is to be built independently, and will cost about \$80,000. Work will commence immediately, and the road be completed July 1, 1890.

OLD VETERANS IN CAMP.

ANNUAL REUNION OF THE SOUTH-EASTERN MICHIGAN G. A. R.

Large Attendance of Happy "Old Boys"—An Impassioned Street Parade—Sham Battle—Prize Contests—Colonel G. M. Devlin, of Jackson, Elected President.

The G. A. R. encampment at Jackson, on the 24th, 25th, and 26th ult., was largely attended, and was a brilliant success from every point of view. The streets were gayly decorated, and the parade of Wednesday was a highly creditable one. The make-up of the parade was as follows:

Col. G. M. Devlin and staff, consisting of Capt. C. L. Negus, of Chelsea; T. C. Brooks, W. W. Bennett, Jackson, and C. M. Hadley, Litchfield, with Phil Whittington as aide; a detachment of police under command of Capt. John Boyle; the Furber Band; the Jackson battalion, consisting of the Jackson Guards, the Jackson Greys, Emmet Rifles, Business College Cadets, and Company D, under command of Lieut. Col. J. E. Tyrrell. Next came Gov. Luce and staff, Commander Brown and staff, and the officers of the association, all mounted; a carriage containing

The Holland City News.

JOHN C. POST, Editor.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1889.

New Laws.

THE TOBACCO LAW.

The law prohibiting the sale of tobacco to minors goes into effect August 7, and makes it unlawful for any person by himself, his clerk or agent to sell, give or furnish any cigars, cigarettes, cheroots, chewing or smoking tobacco, or tobacco in any form whatsoever, to any minor, under 17 years of age, unless upon a written order of the parent or guardian of said minor. Any person who shall violate any of the provisions of this act shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction shall be punished by a fine of not less than \$5 nor more than \$50, or imprisonment in the county jail for a term of not less than ten days nor more than thirty days, or both such fine and imprisonment in the discretion of the court.

THE TAX LAW.

Under the new tax law each property owner is required to make his statement of personal taxable property under oath. The board of review is elected instead of appointed. Personal property is held for tax, and provision is made for collecting personal taxes anywhere in the state, and each fund shall carry its own delinquent tax. It provides for personal notice on residents before sale, and gives one year's redemption after sale. It makes provisions for clearing up all state tax bids to and including the tax of 1886 by sale to the highest bidder, but no bid shall be accepted unless equal to 25 per cent of the amount chargeable against the land. It also provides for the payment of taxes to the county treasurer of taxes assessed for the year 1886 and previous years which have been returned delinquent, and of which no sale has been made. It makes it unlawful for any person to remove any logs, wood or timber from any lands bid to state or individual until all taxes are paid.

The Celery Business.

Mr. John Huizenga and J. Regnerus, of Holland township, presented us with a sample bunch of celery, grown by them about one mile east of the city. These young men have nearly three acres of celery growing this season, which promises a good crop of excellent table celery. The sample given us was equal to the Grand Haven celery which has attained such a reputation in the Chicago market.

This experiment is on a larger scale than any that has been attempted here, and it demonstrates the fact that the low lands about Holland are well adapted to the culture of celery.

Messrs. Huizenga and Regnerus intend to make a business of growing celery, and we hope that other parties will follow their example. They report a good demand in the Chicago and Grand Rapids markets for their celery, and they are much encouraged by the success of their first crop, notwithstanding the unfavorable weather this season.

The Fair.

As was announced in the News last week, this year's fair, at Holland, will be held earlier than ever before, being on September 17, 18, 19 and 20. It is expected that this change will give better weather than last year.

The success of the previous exhibitions, given here during stormy weather, assure the people of this locality that our fair will be a good one whether we have rain or snow, but, with pleasant weather, we are certain that the fair of 1889 will be the best ever held.

At any rate, we want all our readers in Ottawa and Allegan counties to have faith in the wisdom of the managers, and believe that this year we will be favored with beautiful weather and make their arrangements to come and bring their choicest products to the fair.

But a few weeks remain before the opening day, and we trust that our farmer friends will begin to select their best stock, and plan to bring to the fair their biggest pumpkins and prettiest babies. For a baby show will be among the attractions this year.

Liberal purses will be offered for the races, and many good horses will be here.

The premiums in the horse and cattle departments, are such as to make it an object for the farmers in the district to bring their best animals. One of the good effects of the fair has been to cause many of the leading farmers in the colony to purchase full blooded stock, and we hope that this movement will extend until the "scrubs" have all disappeared.

The fruit and flower departments will be better than usual, whether the weather is good or bad, as the date being earlier, it is not probable that they will have been injured by frosts as was the case last year.

With such favorable prospects for the fair this season, we hope that our merchants and citizens will join in welcoming their friends from the country to our pleasant city, and do all that they can to make the exhibition a success.

THE HOLY LAND.

Nazareth—The Childhood of Jesus—A Place of Retirement—A Charming Panorama—A Home and a Hospital—Refuge for Homeless Girls—Steam and Strong Drink.

"Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" The question was asked and answered 1800 years ago, when the little city of Galilee was exalted to a place of princely pre-eminence among the localities with which we associate mighty movements by Him who was to be called a "Nazarene." The name in its modern form, Nüsara, is the designation by which the Christians are known in the East. It was to Nazareth that Jesus went down with his parents, being "subject unto them." The location of Nazareth is all that could be desired. It broke upon me as a spot fully consonant with the years which Jesus spent away from the observation of the world and in quiet preparation for His work. The town nestling among the hills seems to seek repose and seclusion. Miss Martineau says that "no place in Palestine satisfied her more entirely. Much as one's associations require, it is all there." Lieut. Lynch calls it "the prettiest place in Palestine." As I look back over the whole trip through the East, I find that there is no locality which has left an impression so completely satisfactory.

A CHARMING PANORAMA.

By starting from the Lake of Galilee at 6 in the morning and traveling westward we had time to lunch in an olive orchard at Keft Kenna, one of the two sites claimed for the miracle of Cana, and to arrive in Nazareth at 3 o'clock. Instead of going immediately into the city we diverged from the direct route so as to get our first view of it from the hill Zain. The interest and charm of that scene evaded description. According to my note made that evening giving the impression of the moment "the view is one of ravishing beauty." The hills are around about Nazareth, like the raised edge of a shell, with a narrow passage at the southwest, to the Plain of Esdraelon. It was the opinion of our party: as it is the opinion of more than one well known traveler, that the view of Central Palestine from that hill Zain is finer even than the view from Mount Tabor. If Jesus ever retired to these hills for meditation He had all around Him localities enriched by the history of His own people and suggestive of the extent of His own future influence to lands far beyond his own. In the far north the massive brow of Hermon is distinctly seen. In the east the eye follows the course of the Jordan and the blue hills of Moab. In the south the mountains of Gerizim and Ebal rise into full view, and closer at hand the valley of Esdraelon lies spread out, the great battle field of Israel, where in more recent times Napoleon, with 2,000 troops, defeated in the battle of Mount Tabor an army of 25,000 Turks. Beyond, in full view, are Nain and Jezreel and Mount Gilboa, where Saul perished, and Herod's Spring, where Gideon's men lay. There, where the sun's last rays fall, and rising sheer up on the land side, stretches the ridge of Carmel, the spot where Elijah is supposed to have met the priests of Baal, being marked by a large convent. To the southwest the eye catches a strip of the blue Mediterranean off Cesarea and an extensive sheet of it from Haifa northward to the bay of Acre. The sight of the sea was highly exhilarating after the tedious journey inland, suggesting the passage-way to friends far off. As on that beautiful afternoon, fanned with cooling breezes from the charming scenery and looking down upon the peaceful town we felt the force of Renan's comment: "No spot is so well adapted to dreams of absolute happiness."

A HOME AND A HOSPITAL.

Before descending to the valley I had the pleasure of a visit at the home of Dr. Varton, a Christian physician who has been laboring in Nazareth under the care of the Edinburgh Medical Mission twenty nine years. He has built a comfortable and ample stone house on the crest of the hill Zain and surrounded it with terraces and gardens. His home, which was the finest I saw in Palestine, shows what may be done on those treeless hills. It was like a drink of cold water after a dusty ride to enter the precincts of this quiet and well ordered Christian household, to be surrounded with books and other evidences of Western culture and taste and to talk with the members of a cultivated family. As we passed out into the flower garden and saw a large Bible on the library table we felt we had found the explanation of this home and culture. Adjoining his house are the stone walls of a building which the doctor intended to be the first story of a hospital. Work was begun on them and stopped ten years ago. The doctor has been waiting ever since for a firm from the Turkish Government permitting him to finish them. But none has come and none will come, I was told, unless the influence of some of the Western governments should force the hand of the Sultan. This is a sample of the obstacles which the agents of Protestant missionary societies have to contend with in the Turkish empire. With us a hospital is a benevolent institution. But Turkish officials and rulers are not concerned for the care of the sick or the good of their people. Dr. Varton has a well arranged and well stocked dispensary in the town.

A REFUGE FOR HOMELESS GIRLS.

On the hill at the north of Nazareth is the English Orphanage established in 1874 by the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East. The buildings, which are large and well constructed, command a splendid view. The yard is green with cypresses and vocal with the song of birds. Eighty native orphan girls, some of them thrust out to starve to death, are taken care of. The arrangement of the premises, the tidiness of the furniture, the excellent training in household duties and the thorough discipline, it would hardly be possible to find surpassed in any similar institution in the world. Several English ladies are in control. The girls in blue gingham dresses repeated passages of Scripture and sang in Arabic and English. One song, entitled "Children of Nazareth," was particularly appropriate:

For the Lord, who loves the children,
And was glad to hear them praise,
Cares that Nazareth children love him,
Do His will and choose his way.
Leaving this most excellent institu-

tion one can hardly help but exclaim: "Did Mohammedanism ever build an orphanage or in its whole history provide shelter and kind treatment for girls cast out from their homes?" Mohammedanism went forth with the sword. Christianity plants the orphanage, the home and the hospital.

The Protestants are represented in Nazareth by the Episcopalians, who have an attractive stone church building with Rev. Mr. Walter as rector. The Greeks have a church and the Latin communion is well represented by two orders of sisters and several orders of monks, including the Jesuits, who have recently planted themselves in a commanding spot on the hills.

STEAM AND STRONG DRINK.

Nazareth has the aspect of a prosperous town. The houses are built of white limestone, and although the streets are crooked and dirty, they are more regular and clean than the other towns of the Holy Land. The population is 8,000, one-third being Moslems, the rest Christians. The Governor is a Mohammedan. Among the other evidences of contact with the West are three flouring mills with modern machinery. The blood was stirred within us when we, for the first time, saw the steam rising from three pipes connected with them. Another of the signs of Western manners is the drinking saloon. Dr. Varton informed me that at his arrival in Nazareth thirty years ago there was not a single place where ardent spirits could be had. Now there are fifteen, and the drinking habit is on the increase among the Mohammedans. When they use liquors at all they are apt to use them in great excess. They justify themselves in violating the strict regulations of the Koran against strong drink on the ground that it does not specify brandy; and champagne was not known for a thousand years after it was written. A tolerable carriage road leads from Nazareth to Haifa, on the Mediterranean, where the beats from Jaffa and Beirect stop.

THE ANNUNCIATION.

So much for modern Nazareth and the forces at work. Every one turns aside to search for the sites of sacred events. The holy places are shown, but they are disappointing, and, to say the least, add nothing to the otherwise satisfactory impression. And yet there are thousands of pilgrims who revere these spots which ecclesiastical tradition points out, and we cannot but pay respects to the feelings of others, even when we are not convinced. The place of the annunciation has been marked with the Church of Gabriel by the Greeks, and with the Church of the Annunciation by the Latins. The angelic announcement to Mary. "Thou shalt bring forth a son and thou shalt call his name Jesus," was not made in two spots more than a quarter of a mile apart. The claims of the one or the other will be accepted according to the communion with which one is connected, or the claims of both will be alike set aside. The Greek church is partly underground, and adorned with a multitude of pictures, mostly wretched. The priests pointed out an old stone stairway as the one down which the angels came.

THE LATIN CHURCH.

The Latin Church of the Annunciation is more elaborate. On the Sabbath afternoon of our visit we saw a number of men and women sitting about on the marble pavement, listening to the mellow tones of the organ and watching the devotions of the priests. Fifteen marble steps lead down to an altar, under which the solemn words are inscribed on a brass plate. *Hic verbum caro factum est* ("Here the Word was made flesh"). We were reminded of them at Bethlehem by words similarly inscribed. "Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary." Over the altar is a picture representing an angel holding a pen in one hand and pointing with the other to heaven, and Mary, on her knees, and wearing a crown of gold. Behind the altar the foundation of the house is shown in which Mary lived, and the kitchen in which she cooked. There was no window in the kitchen, and when Lieut. Conder asked a monk how the Virgin got light, "Oh!" he replied, "there was no need of any light from without, as the Virgin's face illuminated the room." There is a chimney hole in the ceiling, but the old gentleman of our party said he did not believe it was ever used, for there were no traces of smoke visible. According to the famous tradition, Mary's house was carried in 1201, by the hands of angels, from this spot to Fuime, in Dalmatia, and then to Loretto, where it is visited by multitudes of pilgrims. This transfer was authenticated in a bull by Leo X in 1518.

MARY'S FOUNTAIN.

There is one spot in Nazareth about which there can be no reasonable doubt. The fountain from which the woman of Nazareth to-day draw water is the one from which Mary must have gotten it. With the exception of a slight stream which trickles out in drops through the wall of the Maronite church it is the only fountain in the city. The water pours forth through two ducts. I counted twenty women at one time waiting, with their large black jars, for their turn. In the dry season they stand and wait all the night through to have their vessels filled. Then tickets are doled out and each family is allowed only a single jar per day. Think of satisfying the thirst of 8,000 people from a fountain giving forth two streams no thicker than a man's little finger. Water is indeed a precious commodity in the East, and only one who has been there in the dry season is in position to fully appreciate the aptness of the figure by which the redemption of God is likened to streams of living water. We looked in vain among the women for the Raphael type of the Madonna. But the women of Nazareth are noted for their good looks and the lavish display of ornaments in their dress. One of them, who had been brought up in the English orphanage, called, with a babe in her arms, upon the ladies in our tents, attracting attention by her pretty face and the ease with which she spoke English.

While the scarcity of water may prevent the growth of a large city, we cannot help but feel that some time in the future the hills around Nazareth will be occupied by comfortable homes and beautiful gardens. Such a result will surely not conflict with the mission and purpose of the Son of Man, and if Palestine is ever again to be thickly settled, no more beautiful will ever be found than that of the "city of Galilee."—N. Y. Mail and Express.

A Communication.

Prop. Holland City News:—

Will you kindly allow the use of a little space in the News regarding an article in Wednesday's Democrat referring to the transfer of passengers from the depot here to the boat landing on the evening previous.

Every arrangement was made for the transfer of the people from South Bend and the party so notified on board the train before reaching here just as stated in the Democrat. Then Mr. Pfanstiehl appeared at the depot and stated, in the presence of several witnesses, that he had arranged for the transfer of the whole party to the boat, under direct instructions of Mr. Westervelt, and that he had a carryall there for that purpose. Then the order was issued that the train need not go.

This is exactly as it occurred as can be proved by many reliable citizens that were present.

If those who are anxious to "rush into print" with a one-sided statement of the case had made an effort to have earned the exact situation before publishing it, they would have found the truth of the old saying, "there is always two sides to a story."

It was at first intended to reply on this subject in the Grand Rapids papers, but it was afterwards decided that any one that cared enough about it to want to learn the exact situation could easily do so.

The Railroad Co. and its employees will treat all with courtesy and attempt to mind their own business, and if others here will do the same, there will be no more trouble at this now important port this year.

C. & W. M. R'y Co.

On Saturday, S. S. Rideout was appointed Postmaster at Spring Lake, vice P. A. Dewitt. This is a splendid appointment. Mr. Rideout is an honored member of the G. A. R., a first-class citizen and eminently qualified to attend to the duties of postmaster. —Grand Haven Tribune.

A GEORGIA EDITOR.

His Salutory to His Readers in the First Issue of His Paper.

Bright and breezy, with a liberal spread and our colors banded to the mast, we bear down upon you this morn'g.

Here is news for the one who wants to keep up with the times, social chit-chat for the gossip lover; politics for the public-minded; facts and fancies for the farmers; fun for the frolicsome, and pathos for the poetical.

It is chuck full of readable matter and he must be an unappreciative ass who fails to be amused and entertained, instructed and interested by perusing the columns of the dandiest weekly in the crackling town in Georgia.

The children cry for it and the old folks are puckering up their mouths for a regular boo boo because they haven't got it. Along next spring when you get bilious and wake up in the morning feeling swell-eyed and hateful this paper will come to you with its ads bulging out with laugh and song, and you will grin so loud and so wide that you will have to carry an umbrella to keep the sun from shining down your throat and warping your ribs.

We don't mean to claim that this is a humorous paper; still it is a humorous paper after all, but there is a heap of solemn features connected with it. (We put it in to catch the hypochondriacs who don't know any better.)

There's many a laugh that sounds wildly hilarious that, if you but knew it, was as discordant a ring as when some one's hand strikes the cold iron railing around a tomb.

We will take almost anything except contumely or cussing in payment for subscription—corn, cotton, potatoes, syrup, cattle, hogs, horse, farm lands, city lots, or general merchandise. Come in and see us, whether you want the paper or not, for we are worth looking at. Then you might give us some valuable information and suggestions as to the best way to run a paper.

Now we hope you feel better. We are done and you can go ahead with your rat-killing, but don't forget that we are your friends and will love you when you are old and ugly and everybody else hates you.

Adieu—ta ta—nix cum arouse!

CHEERFUL FOR THE PRINCE.

A French Naval Commander Who Obeyed His Orders Literally.

Jean Bart, a French naval commander of the seventeenth century, was at one time ordered to convey the Prince de Conti, a candidate for the throne of Poland, to Danzig, a voyage fraught with danger, as his vessel must pass through the waters where were cruising the hostile fleets of the English and Dutch. During the passage the little squadron was chased by the enemy, and Bart, as soon as they were reported, called his little son to him and gave him whispered instructions. The pursuit continued for eight hours, and at the end of that time the enemy was no longer in sight. Then Bart went down into the cabin, where the Prince had been sitting in ignorance of the day's excitement.

"You've had a narrow escape, Monsieur," said he.

"What do you mean?" asked the Prince.

"Why," answered Bart, "that we've been chased by three eighty-gun ships and nine frigates; we've run them out of sight and there's nothing to fear."

"But, Monsieur Bart, if they had taken us?"

"Oh, Monsieur, that was quite impossible."

"Eh? What? Why impossible?"

"Because," answered Bart, "I have stationed my brave son, my Cornil, in the gun-room with a figged mat and strict orders to put it into the powder if we should be overpowered."

"What," cried the Prince, "you would never have done such a thing?"

"Certainly I would have done it," said Bart. "It shall never be said that I allowed you to be taken when the King ordered me to take care that you were not."

Perhaps the Prince himself might have preferred proslav surrender to the doubtful glory of being blown up.

Resolutions of Unity Lodge, No. 191, F. & A. M.

At a meeting of Unity Lodge, No. 191, F. & A. M., held at their lodge room, July 29, A. L. 5889, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, by dispensation of the Supreme Architect of the universe, he has been pleased to remove from the active walks of life, our beloved brother, Hon. James McCormick, to the celestial lodge above, be it

Resolved, That in this bereavement the lodge has lost one of its most worthy and esteemed brothers, who was ever faithful and true to masonic principles, a firm friend of the poor, a kind father and husband, a leader in all enterprises tending to benefit his fellow-citizens, foremost in public improvements and honored in the councils of state.

Resolved, That this lodge, of which the deceased was a valued member, extend to the family and friends their sincere sympathy, and mourn with those who mourn.

Resolved, That the lodge be draped in mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions under seal of the Lodge be sent to the family of our deceased brother.

F. G. CHURCHILL, Com.
ALFRED HUNTLEY, Sec.
OTTO BREYMAN, Treas.

That distention of the stomach which many people feel after eating, may be due to improper mastication of the food; but, in most cases, it indicates a weakness of the digestive organs, the best remedy for which is one of Ayer's Pills, to be taken after dinner.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

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

HAVE you tried the domestic goods at the city bakery? Remember that the bakery department is now in the hands of experienced workmen, and the goods are bound to give satisfaction. The best of materials are used, and all work is executed in a clean and first-class manner.

Get your Job Printing done at De Grandwet and News Printing House.

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

Parasols.

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

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

Long-Standing

Blood Diseases are cured by the persevering use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

This medicine is an Alternative, and causes a radical change in the system. The process, in some cases, may not be quite so rapid as in others; but, with persistence, the result is certain. Read these testimonials:—

"For two years I suffered from a severe pain in my right side, and had other troubles caused by a torpid liver and dyspepsia. After giving several medicines a fair trial without a cure, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was greatly benefited by the first bottle, and after taking five bottles I was completely cured."—John W. Benson, 70 Lawrence st., Lowell, Mass.

Last May a large carbuncle broke out on my arm. The usual remedies had no effect and I was confined to my bed for eight weeks. A friend induced me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Less than three bottles healed the sore. In all my experience with medicine, I never saw more

Wonderful Results.

Another marked effect of the use of this medicine was the strengthening of my "cist."—Mrs. Carrie Adams, Holly Springs, Texas.

"I had a dry scaly humor for years, and suffered terribly; and as my brother and sister were similarly afflicted, I presume the malady is hereditary. Last winter, Dr. Tyron, (of Fernandina, Fla.) recommended me to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and continue it for a year. For five months I took it daily. I have not had a blemish upon my body for the last three months."—T. E. Wiley, 146 Chambers st., New York City.

"Last fall and winter I was troubled with a dull, heavy pain in my side. I did not notice it much at first, but it gradually grew worse until it became almost unbearable. During the latter part of this time, disorders of the stomach and liver increased my troubles. I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, after faithfully continuing the use of this medicine for some months, the pain disappeared, and I was completely cured."—Mrs. Augusta A. Furbush, Haverhill, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

Ready-Made Paints.

We have just received a full line of Detroit White Lead Works, ready mixed paints, which are the best in the market, including house, floor and carriage paints. J. O. DOESBURG.

Their Business Booming.

Probably no one thing has caused such a general revival of trade at the drug stores of Yates & Kane, Holland, and A. De Kruif, Zeeland, as their giving away to their customers of so many free trial bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Their trade is simply enormous in this very valuable article from the fact that it always cures and never disappoints. Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and all throat and lung diseases quickly cured. You can test it before buying by getting a trial bottle free. Large size \$1. Ever's bottle warranted.

Koffers & Gringhuis.

These are familiar names to the people of the Holland Colony; and they have always meant fair dealing, and low prices. But this time they mean

A Rock Bottom Slaughter

—OF—

\$10,000 Worth of Clothing.

A fine stock of first-class Clothing, Furnishing Goods, Trunks and Valises, has just been opened by Koffers & Gringhuis in De Grondwet building.

River Street, - Holland, Mich.

This large stock must be sold at cost at once, and everybody must come and examine the stock.

Subscribe

For the NEWS,

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In the NEWS,
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Printing

Of all kinds, done at DE GRONDWET and NEWS Printing House.

A VICTIM OF MYTHS.

MORRIS S. KELLER.

There was a scent of heliotrope
About his presence cast;
He'd been a day to Calypso
For his mid-day repast.

There was a famished look about
His features pale and lean;
He'd wrung his brow and girt to slouts
Of airy Melpomene.

I tried in vain to still the muse,
I asked him out to beer;
My invite quickly he'd refuse
And whisper—"Jupiter."

He wrote his little life away—
Ah, foolish post man,
The spirits whispered soft and say
"He's gathered now to Pan."
—St. Louis Magazine.

BLACK SERPENT'S MISTAKE.

Directly following the close of the Indian campaign in which the gallant Custer lost his life, there was a year of dangerous peace on the frontiers. I mean by that, that while the redskins were supposed to have been thrashed into submission, and while they were apparently at peace, they lost no opportunity to murder helpless people. The whites were bound by honor to observe the peace and to trust them to a certain limit, and, knowing this, the more dissatisfied bucks took every advantage.

I was still in the employ of the Government as a scout and rider, and it was my luck to bring about the capture of four bucks who were guilty of murdering an old man. They were awaiting trial, when a young warrior named Black Serpent, who was the son of one of the arrested men, sent me word that he would have my life in revenge. I was stationed at Fort Hays, and he sent word in by a trader. Black Serpent was an Apache, and was described to me as being about twenty-three years of age, strong, fleet and as cunning as a fox. I did not know him by sight, while he doubtless had the advantage of knowing me. In two or three instances when such messages had been brought in they were accompanied by the further information that the sender would be at a certain place at a certain hour. The recipient had his choice to show up and kill or be killed in a fair exchange of shots, or return the message in contempt, and take his chances of being assassinated. Black Serpent gave me no alternative. He meant to catch me off my guard and kill me.

While it wasn't very pleasant to have such a threat hanging over a man, I did not worry much about it. Indeed, it was the habit of every scout to take all possible precautions anyhow. I simply felt that I had the right, he having sent me the message, to shoot the young buck on sight, and as for what he was going to do, I left that all to him.

About a week later I was called upon to make a ride of about seventy miles to a camp on the Smoky Hill stage route, and as I was ready to set out several of my friends came to me and cautioned me to look out for Black Serpent, who had been seen the day before about ten miles from the fort and directly on the route I should travel. According to the terms of surrender he should have been under supervision at the agency, disarmed and disarmed, but here he was, galloping about on a war pony, armed with a Winchester and a navy revolver, and lying in wait to do murder. I was as ready as I could be to encounter him. I had the same firearms and a splendid horse, and unless he ambushed me he would have no odds in his favor.

So far as animal cunning goes the American Indian has no superior on earth. He is quick of ear and vision, keen to take in a situation, and he reasons pretty well up to a certain point. Novelists have, however, elevated him too high. A white man who has been trained in the Indian country can see, hear, and smell just as keenly, run just as fast, shoot better, go without food or water just as long, and when it comes to "figuring" he can beat the sharpest redskin by a length. I don't say this because I had to figure against Black Serpent, but because I have seen it proved in fifty instances. When an Indian plots against a white man he plots something to be executed under cover of darkness. While my route lay over a lonely and broken country, small detachments of soldiers were shifting about, and I reasoned that Black Serpent would hardly take the chances of an ambush. The report of his gun might be heard, or he might miss me in shooting, or he might be seen in the locality of the deed and suspected of it. While he would have an opportunity at every mile of the journey to shoot at me from behind rock, or bush, or ridge, I rode along without special vigilance, arguing for reasons above given that he would not dare do it.

It was 1 o'clock in the afternoon before I knew that he was on my trail. As I rose a ridge I caught sight of him about a mile away, but my observation was so slightly made that he could not say I had detected him. He had been concealed in a gully about five miles back. I learned afterward that a half breed who hung about the fort had told him that I would probably be sent off in that direction, and that he had been encamped in the gully for three days and watching for me. Black Serpent was doing just as I had reasoned he would—waiting for night. I intended to make an easy journey of it by riding about forty miles and camping for the night. He knew this would be the way of it, and he had no intention of attacking me during the daylight.

I kept on at the same steady pace during the afternoon, halting twice to water my horse. Three times during the afternoon I got sleepy of my pursuer, who kept at a respectful distance, and doubtless chuckled to himself at the thought of being on my trail and unsuspected. I had to make what is called a "dry camp." That is, with no water at hand. There was scant herbage for my horse, but I knew he would not wander far, and that no Indian living could stampede him or ride him away. I knew from the action of the animal as soon as I dismounted that there was another horse near by, but I built a fire and toasted my meat, and had enough water in my canteen to make a cup of coffee.

Black Serpent would not be in a hurry. When an Indian is trailing you

he likes to enjoy his triumph. He plays with you as a cat does with a mouse. Ten o'clock would be soon enough for him, and I sat in plain view of my fire smoking until after 9. Then I smothered the blaze for five minutes, and during this interval rigged up my blankets to make a "dummy." When I retreated into the darkness and looked back the figure was good enough to deceive anybody. Black Serpent would not approach on my trail, but from exactly the opposite direction, and I crept away in the darkness until I was fifty feet from the fire.

It was, as near as I could figure it, about an hour when the young buck came creeping up from the direction anticipated. I'll give him credit for passing over the ground as noiselessly as a rabbit could have moved. He had left his rifle behind, calculating to use his knife on me. He was all of twenty minutes creeping his last twenty feet, and I sometimes doubted if my eyesight had not deceived me. He was within six feet of the dummy before he detected it, and then he sprang high in the air and uttered his death-whoop, knowing that I was laying for him. He came down in a heap at the crack of my rifle, and he was dead when I got to him. I kept his entire outfit, sending word to his friends what had happened, and that I held myself answerable to them, but no one troubled me about it, even to lay claim to any of the property.

A year later, when things generally were more settled, but with dissatisfied bucks breaking away from the agencies at intervals to make raids, an Indian quarter-breed stole some things from Fort Larned, and I run him down and captured him. He was imprisoned for several weeks, and some of his buck friends declared that I should pay for the "indignity" with my life. It was honorable enough in their eyes to steal, but a great indignity to pay the penalty of thieving. The three bucks whom I had to fear were called Red Earth, Half Moon and Cloudy Day. They drew rations at the agency, and were supposed to live within the limits, but as a matter of fact were prowling over the country most of the time, and ripe for any deviltry.

I was then riding between two posts about eighty miles apart. It took two days to go and two to return, and then, after a rest of two days, I made the trip again. This had been the program for two months, and the Indians knew it and could count on my whereabouts at a certain date. For twenty-five miles of the journey I had a stage road and was sure of company. For twenty miles further the country was fairly safe, there being many hunters and trappers and scouts out. The dangerous part of the journey was confined to about twenty-five miles. The route lay along the base of a mountain—up a valley—over a sharp rise, and across several gulches. I selected the spot where the Indians would attack me if they held to their threat. Just as the trail left the base of the mountain to take to the valley there was a canon making into the great mound, and the trail ran within thirty feet of its mouth before turning to the left. If the weather was good I always passed this point in going west at about 9 o'clock in the morning. In going the other way I arrived about sundown, and made my camp in the bushes growing around a spring.

I figured that the Indians would shoot me down as I rode up to the spring, or very soon after I had dismounted. They would then drag my body by the canon and conceal it, and lead my horse as far up as possible and then kill him. I would be missed and searched for, but it might be a week before any trace was discovered. By that time the wolves and vultures would have left nothing to identify, and the assassins would have been conspicuously present at the agency. It is still the unwritten law of the frontier that when a man threatens your life, even if he is drunk at the time, you are expected to protect yourself by shooting him first. I had witnesses that these Indians had threatened to wipe me out. I was expected to shoot any one of them on sight. I'd have been called a fool or a coward to take any other course.

It was the cunning of the red man against the wisdom of the white. If I was wrong in my conclusions then my life would pay the penalty. I knew they would not act upon their threat at once, as they would expect me to be on my guard and perhaps have an escort, and so I waited until my second trip before carrying out my own plans. The Indians would reach the canon in the afternoon. A lookout could see me five miles away. Half a mile from the spot, however, there was a wooded ridge to hide my immediate approach, and this ridge ran around to the canon.

I moderated the pace of my horse to suit my usual time. When three miles away I dismounted, tied a string tightly about my horse's right knee, and then advanced leading him. The cord caused him to limp as if he had gone lame, through accident. I felt that I was under the eyes of one of the Indians, and that before I reached the timbered ridge he would rejoin his two companions in the canon. I slouched along as carelessly as possible until I reached the ridge. Then I sent my horse forward alone, knowing that he would stop at the spring and wait for me. As soon as he was gone I struck into the timber and circled around to get as close to the mouth of the canon as possible. The last 200 feet of the distance I crawled on my hands and knees.

My horse had stopped by the way to catch up a mouthful of grass here and there and I got my first look into the mouth of the canon just as he approached the spring. For a moment I was ready to acknowledge that I was beaten at my line of reasoning, as I could see nothing of the redskins, but while the horse was drinking the would-be assassins, who were crouching in the semi-darkness, moved forward into view. Yes, the three of them were there, and each had his rifle, and they had come to kill me. Their actions proved it. They waited three or four minutes to see why I did not come up, and were then about to move forward when I opened fire. I dropped Half Moon in his tracks, tumbled Cloudy Day over as he sprang for shelter, and fired upon, but missed, Red Earth as he dodged behind a great boulder. Had

he jumped backward into the canon he would have had all the advantage, but in his sudden surprise he made three or four leaps, and took shelter between me and the spring.

I should not have fired upon him had he run off, and if he had asked for a truce I should have granted it. But he was determined to have my life. He had a good Winchester, and he got such secure cover that I was obliged to lie low and let him do all the shooting. He yelled out to me that he had me dead to rights, and would soon lift my scalp, and he called out, as if to other Indians, to get in behind me. He did this to rattle me and make me expose myself to his aim, but I saw through his game. I do not know how I would have come out had he been left undisturbed, but my horse presently came to my aid. The firing had excited him, and he had been trained to look upon an Indian as an enemy. He saw the red-skin down behind the rock and charged him savagely. The fellow sprang up and exposed himself, and I was waiting for the opportunity.

The three Indians had come to the ambush on horseback. I took their ponies, rifles and other truck to the post with me and turned them over to the commandant. He sent word to the head men of the tribe at the agency of what had happened, and a chief named Lame Deer, accompanied by three bucks, came after the things. It was explained to him that the men had threatened my life and were in ambush to shoot me down, and Lame Deer took a pull at his whisky bottle, looked me over with a grunt of approval and said: "Man-Who-Rides-Fast do just right. Injun must let him alone. Who got smoke tobacco for Lame Deer?"

Couldn't Suit Him.

Oscar Wilde declared that he was disappointed in the Atlantic ocean. Some people are never satisfied with anything. We strongly suspect that the following character described by the *New York Sun*, was just such a sort of man:

It got noised around the hotel that an old man living out in the country twelve miles had come in to see Niagara Falls for the first time, although living near it for over forty years. He had to come in on the train with his son, and a number of us followed them into Prospect Park to hear the old man's impression. As they walked he queried:

"Jim, have ye bin lyin' to me?"

"No, father," replied the boy, "the falls are right ahead of us."

"All right, Jim. Don't try to pass no groove off on me for falls, you know, for I won't stand it. What's that roaring, Jim?"

"The cataract, father."

"Don't ye lie! If it's the cataract, all right. If it's machinery, I'll wallop ye fur lyin'!"

He was led down to the point, and for a minute or so he was speechless. Then he turned and queried:

"Is it real water, Jim?"

"Yes, father."

"Don't lie to me, Jim. If I find it's a panorama or a made-up thing, it'll be the wuss fur ye!"

"Isn't it grand, father?"

"Sorter; but 'tain't no nine hundred feet high."

"Oh, no, of course not."

"Taint five miles across, either."

"No, it isn't."

"The water simply comes down here and falls over."

"Yes, father; but it is the greatest cataract in the world."

"Look out, Jim! I'm an old man, but don't take lies from nobody. Is the water salt?"

"Oh, no."

"It hain't! Jim, you've allus led me to believe it was, and I'll be hanged if I stand it! Where's the whirlpool?"

"That's below here."

"She is, eh? Then you've deceived me agin! You made me believe it was right here. Jim, we're goin' hum."

"But we just got here!"

"Makes no difference. I've been lied to and deceived, and I won't stand it. There hain't half the water nor half the roarin' you said there was, and the water hain't salt. Jim, we're goin' home. When we git that I'll ask ye to come out behind the house and peel off for a lickin'. I thought I'd brought ye up right, but I hain't. I've got to give ye a wallop!"

And the pair turned away and left the park and took a carriage for the depot to wait for the train.

Shifting City Populations.

The misgovernment of our great cities is due largely to the facts that a comparatively small part of their inhabitants are but temporary residents in them and that their permanent residents the greater part have in the course of a lifetime changed their abodes. The sense in the individual of responsibility for the good of the community is weakened by the constant shifting and alteration of its members. A man naturally takes less interest in the affairs that concern the welfare of comparative strangers than in those which affect his friends; and naturally cares less for the welfare of a community of which he is a mere transient member than of one to which he is bound for life, and with whose past and future he is united by indissoluble ties. New York is a city of strangers to each other, without common traditions or controlling common interests. So vast an aggregation of men with so few of the elements of a true community has never been seen. In such a city the social sentiment is feeble, and its part is largely taken by the mere sense of necessity of maintaining the institutions requisite for the defense of material interests. Civic pride, one of the most powerful motives in the history of the progress of civilization, has lost its force among us.—*Scribner's Monthly*.

Capital Punishment.

Teacher, describing experiences of the day to a friend:

"In order to punish Johnny Hanson I caused him to sit beside Miss Fresh, the prettiest girl in the school."

Friend—And how did it work?

Teacher—Judge for yourself. The girl did not seem a whit disconcerted, and smiled so sweetly upon Johnny that he lost his head completely.

Friend—Why, that was capital punishment.—*Philadelphia Press*.

BELIEVE AND BE SAVED.

AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE BY THE REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Noted Brooklyn Divine Preaches in St. Paul, Minn., Before an Immense and Appreciative Congregation—Full Text of a Memorable and Interesting Discourse.

The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, of Brooklyn, preached to an immense congregation at St. Paul, Minn., on Sunday, July 28. His subject was "The Earthquake," and he took for his text: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Acts xvi, 31. The sermon was as follows:

Jails are dark, dull, damp, loathsome places even now; but they were worse in the apostolic times. I imagine to-day we are standing in the Philippian dungeon. Do you not feel the chill? Do you not hear the groan of those incarcerated ones who for ten years have not seen the sunlight, and the deep sigh of women who remember their father's house and mourn over their wasted estate? Listen again. It is the cough of a consumptive, or the struggle of one in the nightmare of a great horror. You listen again and hear a culprit, his chains rattling as he rolls over in his dreams, and you say, "God pity the prisoner." But there is another sound in that prison. It is a song of joy and gladness. What a place to sing in! The music comes winding through the corridors of the prison, and in all the dark wards the whisper is heard: "What's that? What's that?"

It is the song of Paul and Silas. They cannot sleep. They have been whipped, very badly whipped. The long gashes on their backs are bleeding yet. They lie flat on the cold ground, their feet fast in wooden sockets, but of course they cannot sleep. But they can sing. Jailers, what are you doing with these people? Why have they been put in here? Oh, they have been trying to make the world better. Is that all? That is all. A pit for Joseph. A lion's cave for Daniel. A blazing furnace for Shadrach. Clubs for John Wesley. An anathema for Philip Melancthon. A dungeon for Paul and Silas. But while we are standing in the gloom of the Philippian dungeon, and we hear the mingling voices of sob and groan and blasphemy and hallelujah, suddenly an earthquake! The iron bars of the prison twist, the pillars crack off, the solid masonry begins to heave and all the doors swing open. The jailer, feeling himself responsible for these prisoners, and believing in his pagan ignorance, suicide to be honorable—since Brutus killed himself, and Cato killed himself, and Cassius killed himself—puts his sword to his own throat, proposing with one strong, keen thrust to put an end to his excitement and agitation. Paul cries out: "Stop! Stop! Do thyself no harm. We are all here." Then I see the jailer running through the dust and amid the ruin of that prison, and I see him throwing himself down at the feet of these prisoners, crying out: "What shall I do? What shall I do?"

Did Paul answer: "Get out of this place before there is another earthquake; put handcuffs and hobbles on these other prisoners, lest they get away?" No word of that kind. His compact, thrilling, tremendous answer, answer memorable all through earth and Heaven, was: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Well, we have all read of the earthquake in Lisbon, and Lima, in Aleppo and in Caracas, but we live in a latitude where severe volcanic disturbances are rare. And yet we have seen fifty earthquakes. Here is a man who has been building up a large fortune. His bid on the money market was felt in all the cities. He thinks he has got beyond all annoying rivalries in trade, and he says to himself, "Now I am free and safe from all possible perturbation." But in 1837, or in 1857, or in 1873 a national panic strikes the foundations of the commercial world, and crash! goes all that magnificent business establishment. Here is a man who has built up a very beautiful home. His daughters have just come from the seminary with diplomas of graduation. His sons have started in life, honest, temperate and pure. When the evening lights are struck, there is a happy and unbroken family circle. But there has been an accident down at Long Branch. The young man ventured too far out in the surf. The telegraph hurried the terror up to the city. An earthquake struck under the foundations of that beautiful home. The piano collapsed; the curtains dropped; the laughter hushed. Crash! go all those domestic hopes and prospects and expectations. So, my friend, we have all felt the shaking down of some great trouble, and there was a time when we were as much excited as he did. "What shall I do? What shall I do?" The same reply that the apostle made to him is appropriate to us: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

There are some documents of so little importance that you do not care to put any more than your last name under them, or even your initials; but there are some documents of so great importance that you write out your full name. So the Saviour in some parts of the Bible is called "Lord," and in other parts of the Bible He is called "Jesus," and in other parts of the Bible He is called "Christ," but that there might be no mistake about this passage, all three names come together—"The Lord Jesus Christ."

Now, who is this being that you want me to trust in and believe in? Men sometimes come to me with credentials and certificates of good character, but I cannot trust them. There is some dishonesty in their looks that makes me know that I shall be cheated if I confide in them. You cannot put your heart's confidence in a man until you know what stuff he is made of, and am I unreasonable to-day when I stop to ask you who this is that you want me to trust in? No man would think of venturing his life on a vessel going out to sea that had never been inspected. No, you must have the certificate hangmanish, telling how many tons it carries, and how long ago it was built, and who built it, and all about it. And you cannot expect me to risk the cargo of my immortal interests on board any craft till you tell me what it is made of, and where it was made and what it is. When, then, I ask you who this is that you want me to trust in, you tell me He was a very attractive person. Contemporary writers describe His whole appearance as being resplendent. There was no need for Christ to tell the children to come to Him. "Suffer little children to come unto me," was not spoken to the children; it was spoken to the disciples. The children came readily enough without any invitation. No sooner did Jesus appear than the little ones jumped from their mother's arms, an avalanche of beauty and love into His lap. Christ did not ask John to put his head down upon his bosom; John could not help but put his head there. I suppose to

look at Christ was to love Him. Oh, how attractive His manner. Why, when they saw Christ coming along the street they ran into their houses, and they wrapped up their invalids as quick as they could, and brought them out that He might look at them. There was something so pleasant, so inviting, so cheering in everything He did, in His very look. When these sick ones were brought out, did He say: "Do not bring me these sores; do not trouble me with these leproses?" No, no; there was a kind look, there was a gentle word, there was a healing touch. They could not keep away from Him.

In addition to this softness of character, there was a fiery momentum. How the kings of the earth turned pale. Here is a plain man with a few sailors at his back, coming off the sea of Galilee, going up to the palace of the Caesars, making that palace quake to the foundations, and uttering a word of mercy and kindness which throbs through all the earth, and through all the heavens, and through all ages. Oh, he was a loving Christ. But it was not effeminacy or insipidity of character; it was accompanied with majesty, infinite and omnipotent. Lest the world should not realize His earnestness, this Christ mounts the cross.

You say: "If Christ has to die, why not let Him take some deadly potion and lie on a couch in some bright and beautiful home? If He must die, let Him expire amid all kindly intentions." No, the world must hear the hammers on the heads of the spikes. The world must listen to the death rattle of the sufferer. The world must feel His warm blood dropping on each cheek, while it looks up into the face of His anguish. And so the cross must be lifted and a hole dug three feet deep, and then the cross is laid on the ground, and the sufferer is stretched upon it, and the nails are pounded through nerve and muscle and bone, through the right hand, through the left hand, and then they shake His right hand to see if it is fast, and they heave up the wood, half a dozen shoulders under the weight, and they put the end of the cross in the mouth of the hole, and they plunge it in, all the weight of His body coming down for the first time on the spikes; and while some hold the cross upright others throw in the dirt and trample it down, and trample it hard. Oh, plant that tree well and thoroughly, for it is to bear fruit such as no other tree ever bore. Why did Christ endure it? He could have taken those rocks and with them crushed His crucifiers. He could have reached up and grasped the sword of the omnipotent God, and with one clean cut have tumbled them into perdition. But no; He was to die. He must die. His life for your life. In a European city a young man died on the scaffold for the crime of murder. Some time after the mother of this young man was dying, and the priest came in, and she made confession to the priest that she was the murderer and not her son; in a moment of anger she had struck her husband a blow that slew him. The son came suddenly into the room, and was washing away the wounds and trying to resuscitate his father, when some one looked through the window and saw him, and supposed him to be the criminal. That young man died for his own mother. You say: "It was wonderful that he never exposed her." But I tell you of a grander thing. Christ, the Son of God, died not for His mother, nor for His father, but for His sworn enemies. Oh, such a Christ as that—so loving, so patient, so self-sacrificing—can you not trust Him? I think there are many under the influence of the spirit of God who are saying: "I will trust Him if you will only tell me how; and the great question asked by thousands is: 'How? how?' And while I answer your question I look up and utter the prayer which Rowland Hill so often uttered in the midst of his sermons: 'Master, help! How are you to trust in Christ? Just as you trust anyone. You trust your partner in business with important things. If a commercial house gives you a note payable three months hence, you expect the payment of that note at the end of three months. You have perfect confidence in their word and in their ability. Or again, you go home expecting there will be food on the table. You have confidence in that. Now, I ask you to have the same confidence in the Lord Jesus Christ. He says: 'You believe I take away your sins, and they are all taken away.' 'What?' you say, 'before I pray any more? Before I read my Bible any more? Before I cry over my sins any more?' Yes, this moment. Believe with all your heart and you are saved. Why, Christ is only waiting to get from you what you give to scores of people every day. What is that? Confidence. If these people whom you trust day by day are more worthy than Christ, if they are more faithful than Christ, if they have done more than Christ ever did, then give them the preference; but if you really think that Christ is as trustworthy as they are, then deal with him as fairly. 'Oh,' says some one in a light way, 'I believe that Christ was born in Bethlehem, and I believe that He died on the cross.' Do you believe it with your head or your heart? I will illustrate the difference. You are in your own house. In the morning you open a newspaper and you read how Capt. Braveheart on the sea risked his life for the salvation of his passengers. You say, 'What a grand fellow he must have been! His family deserves very well of the country.' You fold the newspaper and sit down at the table, and perhaps do not think of that incident again. That is historical faith.

But now you are on the sea, and it is night, and you are asleep, and you are awakened by the shriek of 'Fire!' You rush out on the deck. Your hair amid the wringing of the hands and the fainting, the cry, 'No hope! no hope! We are lost! we are lost!' The sails put out its wings of fire, the ropes make a burning ladder in the night Heavens, the spirit of wrecks hisses in the wave, and on the hurricane deck shakes out its banner of smoke and darkness. 'Down with the lifeboats!' cries the captain. 'Down with the lifeboats!' People rush into them. The boats are about full. Room only for one more man. You are standing on the deck beside the captain. Who shall it be? You or the captain? The captain says, 'You.' You jump and are saved. He stands there and dies. Now, you believe that Capt. Braveheart sacrificed himself for his passengers, but you believe it with love, with tears, with hot and long continued exclamations, with grief at his loss, and joy at your deliverance. That is saving faith. In other words, what you believe with all the heart, and believe in regard to yourself. On this hinge turns my sermon; yea, the salvation of your immortal soul. You often go across a bridge you know nothing about. You do not know who built the bridge, you do not know what material it is made of; but you come to it and walk over, and ask no questions. And here is a bridge blasted from the arch. A bridge built by the angels of the universe, spanning

the dark gulf between sin and righteousness, and all God asks you is to walk across it; and you start, and you come to it, and you stop, and you go a little way on and you stop, and you fall back, and you experiment. You say, 'How do I know that bridge will hold me?' instead of marching on with firm step, asking no questions, but feeling that the strength of the eternal God is under you. Oh, was there ever a prize proffered so cheap as pardon and Heaven are offered to you? For how much? A million dollars? It is certainly worth more than that. But cheaper than that you can have it. Ten thousand dollars? Less than that. Five thousand dollars? Less than that. One dollar? Less than that. One farthing? Less than that. 'Without money and without price.' No money to pay. No journey to take. No penance to suffer. Only just one decisive action of the soul: 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.' Shall I try to tell you what it is to be saved? I cannot tell you. No man, no angel can tell you. But I can hint at it. For my text brings me up to this point. 'Thou shalt be saved.' It means a happy life here, and a peaceful death and blissful eternity. It is a grand thing to go to sleep at night and get up in the morning, and to do business all day feeling that all is right between my heart and God. No accident, no sickness, no persecution, no peril, no sword can do me any permanent damage. I am a forgiven child of God; and He is bound to see me through. The mountains may depart, the earth may burn, the light of the stars may be blown out by the blast of the judgment hurricane; but life and death, things present and things to come, are mine. Yea, further than that—it means a peaceful death. Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Sigourney, Dr. Young, and almost all the poets have said handsome things about death. There is nothing beautiful about it. When we stand by the white and rigid features of those whom we love, and they give no answering pressure of the hand and no returning kiss of the lip, we do not want anybody poetizing around about us. Death is loathsome, and, and midnight, and the wringing of the head until the tendrils snap and curl, and the torture, unless Christ shall be with us. I confess to you an infinite fear, a consuming horror of death, unless Christ shall be with me. I would rather go down into a cave of wild beasts or a jungle of reptiles than into the grave, unless Christ goes with me. Will you tell me that I am to be carried out from my bright home and put away in the darkness? I cannot bear darkness. At the first coming of the evening I must have the gas lighted, and the further on in life I get the more I like to have my friends round about me.

And am I to be put off for thousands of years in a dark place with no one to speak to? When the holidays come and the gifts are distributed, shall I add no joy to the 'Merry Christmas,' or the 'Happy New Year.' Ah, do not point down to the hole in the ground, the grave, and call it a beautiful place. Unless there be some supernatural illumination I shudder back from it. My whole nature revolts at it. But now this glorious lamp is lifted above the grave, and all the darkness is gone, and the way is clear. I look into it now without a single shudder. Now my anxiety is not about death; my anxiety is that I may live aright, for I know that if my life is consistent when I come to the last hour, and this voice is silent, and these eyes are closed, and these hands with which I beg for your eternal salvation to-day are folded over the still heart, that then I shall only begin to live. What power is there in anything to chill me in the last hour if Christ wraps around me the skirt of his own garment? What darkness can fall upon my eyelids then amid the heavenly daybreak? O Death, I will not fear thee then. Back to thy cavern of darkness, thou robber of all the earth. Fly! thou despoiler of families. With this battle ax I hew thee in twain from helmet to sandal, the voice of Christ sounding all over the earth and through the Heavens: 'O Death, I will be thy plague. O Grave, I will be thy destruction.'

To be saved is to wake up in the presence of Christ. You know when Jesus was upon earth how happy he made every house he went into, and when he brings us up to his house in Heaven how great shall be our glee. His voice has more music in it than is to be heard in all the oratorios of eternity.

Talk not about banks dashed with effluence. Jesus is the chief bloom of Heaven. We shall see the very face that beamed sympathy in Bethany, and take the very hand that dropped its blood from the short beam of the cross. Oh, I want to stand in eternity with Him. Toward that harbor I steer. Toward that goal I run. I shall be satisfied when I awake in his likeness.

Oh, broken hearted men and women, how sweet it will be in that good land to pour all of your hardships and bereavements and losses into the loving ear of Christ, and then have him explain why it was best for you to be sick, and why it was best for you to be widowed, and why it was best for you to be persecuted, and why it was best for you to be tried, and have him point to an elevation proportionate to your disquietude here, saying: 'You suffered with me on earth, come up now and be glorified with me in Heaven.' Some one went into a house where there had been a good deal of trouble, and said to the woman there: 'You seem to be lonely.' 'Yes,' she said, 'I am lonely.' 'How many in the family?' 'Only myself.' 'Have you had any children?' 'I had seven children.' 'Where are they?' 'Gone.' 'All gone?' 'All.' 'All dead?' 'All.' Then she breathed a long sigh into the loneliness, and said: 'Oh, sir, I have been a good mother to the grave.' And so there are hearts here that are utterly broken down by the bereavements of life. I point you to-day to the eternal balm of Heaven: Are there any here that I am missing this morning? Oh, you poor waiting maid! your heart's sorrow poured in no human ear, lonely and sad! how glad you will be when Christ shall disband all your sorrows and crown you queen unto God and the Lamb forever! Aged men and women, fed by his love and warmed by his grace for three score years and ten! will not your decrepitude change for the leap of a heart when you come to look face to face upon him whom having not seen you love? That will be the Good Shepherd, not out in the night and watching to keep off the wolves, but with the lamp reclining on the sunlit hill. That will be the captain of our salvation, not amid the roar and crash and boom of battle, but amid his disbanded troops keeping victorious festivity. That will be the Bridegroom of the Church, coming from afar, the bride leaning upon his arm, while he looks down into her face, and says: 'Behold, thou art fair, my love! Behold, thou art fair!'

A CHICAGO man who lost \$4,000 on the stock advertised a reward of \$15 to the finder. The finder didn't take advantage of his generosity.

THE HOME.

The Wind across the Wheat.

You ask me for the sweetest sound mine ears have ever heard?
A sweeter than the ripples' plash or trilling of a bird.
Than tapping of the rain-drops upon the roof at night.
Than the sighing of the pin-trees on yonder mountain height:
And I tell you, these are tender, yet never quite so sweet,
As the murmur and the cadence of the wind across the wheat.

Have you watched the golden billows in a sunlit sea of grain.
Ere yet the reaper bound the sheaves to fill the creaking wain?
Have you thought how snow and tempest, and the bitter wintry cold,
Were but the guardian angels, the next year's bread to hold,
A precious thing, unharmed by the turmoil of the sky,
Just waiting, growing, silently, until the storm went by?

Oh! have you lifted up your heart to Him who loves us all.
And listens, through the angel-sons, if but a sparrow fall?
And then, thus thinking of His hand, what symphony so sweet
As the music in the long refrain, the wind across the wheat?

It hath its dulcet echoes from many a lullaby.
Where the cradled babe is hushed beneath the mother's loving eye.
It hath its heaven-promise, as sure as heaven's throne,
That He who sent the manna will ever feed His own;

And, though an atom only, 'mid the countless hosts who share
The Maker's never ceasing watch, the Father's deathless care.
That atom is as dear to Him as my dear child to me:
He cannot lose me from my place through all eternity.

You wonder, when it sings me this, there's nothing half so sweet
Beneath the circling planets as the wind across the wheat?
—Margaret E. Sangster, in *July Home-Maker*.

Kissing Mother.

A father, talking to his careless daughter, said:

I want to speak to you of your mother. It may be that you have noticed a careworn look upon her face lately. Of course it has not been brought there by any act of yours, still it is your duty to chase it away. I want you to get up to-morrow morning and get breakfast; and when your mother comes and begins to express her surprise, go right up to her and kiss her on the mouth. You can't imagine how it will brighten her dear face.

Besides, you owe her a kiss or two. Away back, when you were a little girl she kissed you when no one else was tempted by your fever-tainted breath and swollen face. You were not as attractive then as you are now. And through those years of childish sunshine and shadows, she was always ready to cure, by the magic of a mother's kiss, the little, dirty, chubby hands, whenever they were injured in those first skirmishes with the rough old world.

And then the midnight kisses with which she routed so many bad dreams, as she leaned above your restless pillow, have all been on interest these long, long years.

Of course she is not so pretty and so kissable as you are; but if you had done your share of work during the last ten years, the contrast would not be so marked.

Her face has more wrinkles than yours, and yet, if you were sick, that face would appear far more beautiful than an angel's as it hovered over you, watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort, and every one of those wrinkles would seem to be bright wavelets of sunshine chasing each other over the dear face.

She will leave you one of these days. These burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders, will break her down. Those rough, hard hands, that have done so many necessary things for you will be crossed upon her lifeless breast.

Those neglected lips that gave you your first baby kiss will be forever closed, and those sad, tired eyes will have opened in eternity, and then you will appreciate your mother; but it will be too late.—*Eli Perkins*.

A Question for Mothers.

I was talking seriously with my little girl about some misdeed, and told her that many mothers would whip a child for it. She suddenly said: "Mamma, what is a good spanking? Bessie (a little playmate) gets one often, and I never had one." I told her that it was a severe punishment, and that if she ever received one she would not want another. She surprised me by saying: "Mamma, I am going to be badder and badder until I get one."

What was I to do? I knew she meant it, and realizing that she would never fear the penalty which I expected sometime to be obliged to impose, I said: "Then perhaps I had better spank you now to keep you good." She saucily said: "All right, mamma, begin." The condition being very favorable, I took her across my lap and spanked her soundly. At first she seemed to think it fun, but as I increased the dose she soon changed her tune, and by the time I set her up she was thoroughly astonished and well warmed up, and I am sure she will never ask for another spanking, but will have a most wholesome dread of it. Did I do right?—*Babyhood*.

Attention, Fruit Growers!

If you want honest trees at honest prices, don't give your order to the first itinerant tree peddler who offers you first class Standard Pear trees at \$1.00 to \$1.50 each, and other trees in proportion, but wait and place your orders with Geo. H. Souter & Son, or their agents who will deliver you as good, or a better article at from one hundred to two hundred per cent less money and all their stock is guaranteed to bear the fruit represented. They can furnish anything in their line from a strawberry plant to a California orange or Red wood tree.

25 W.

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

"That Good Medicine."

Mr. C. D. Cone, Attorney Parker, South Dakota, says: "I take pleasure in saying to the public, as I have to my friends and acquaintances for the last five years, that I consider Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhea Remedy the best medicine for the purposes it is intended that I ever tried. Since I have used it I would not be without it. I was always subject to cholera morbus and never found anything else that gives the relief that this remedy does. I never leave home without taking it with me; and on many occasions have run with it to the relief of some sufferer and have never known it to fail. My children always call for 'that good medicine,' when they have pain in the stomach or bowels. For sale by HEBER WALSH, Holland, Mich.

Notice.

Sealed proposals will be received by the Board of Water Commissioners, of the City of Holland, Michigan for the building of a well 16 ft. diameter, inside measurement, and 30 feet deep, to the clay, from there 6 feet diameter, inside measurement and 33 feet deep, to the gravel.

Also proposals will be received for the building of a well 6 feet in diameter, inside measurement, 63 feet deep.

Well to be built water tight, in order to exclude surface water.

All persons bidding on well must furnish their own plans and specifications a copy of which must accompany their proposals.

Bids will be received until 7. P. M. Aug. 5, 1889.

The Board of Water Commissioners reserve the right to reject any and all bids.

By order of the Board of Water Commissioners.

GEO. H. SIPP, Clerk
22—3W.

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

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.

Dress Goods at D. Bertsch's.

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

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.

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

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

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.

In another column of this paper will be found an advertisement of a medicine known as Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhea Remedy, for sale by druggist Heber Walsh of this place. In almost every neighborhood throughout the west, there are some one or more persons, whose lives have been saved by this remedy. It is natural for such persons to take especial pleasure in recommending the remedy to others. The praise, that follows it's introduction and use, makes it immensely popular. While it is intended especially for colic, cholera morbus, dysentery and diarrhea, it is also claimed to cure chronic diarrhea. If such be the case, it is certainly a "God send" to many a poor mortal.

Epoch.

The transition from long, lingering and painful sickness to robust health marks an epoch in the life of the individual. Such a remarkable event is treasured in the memory and the agency whereby the good health has been attained is gratefully blessed. Hence it is that so much is heard in praise of Electric Bitters. So many feel they owe their restoration to health, to the use of the Great Alternative and Tonic. If you are troubled with any disease of Kidneys, Liver or Stomach, of long or short standing you will surely find relief by use of Electric Bitters. Sold at 50c. and \$1 per bottle at Yates & Kane Holland, and A. De Kruijff Zeeland.

The following, clipped from the *Burlington Junction, (Mo.) Post*, contains information of no little value to persons troubled with indigestion.

For years the Editor of the *Post*, has been subject to cramp colic or fits of indigestion, that prostrated him for several hours and unfitted him for business for two or three days afterward. About a year ago we called on S. J. Butcher, druggist, and asked for something to ward off an attack, that was already making life hideous. Mr. Butcher handed us a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhea Remedy. We took the medicine according to directions, and not only found relief on that occasion but have several times since tried it's virtues and found relief every instance. We take this method of acknowledging the benefits derived and recommending the cure to all others subject to indigestion. For sale by HEBER WALSH, Holland, Mich.

Good Understanding

is desired by all. To obtain it call on

E. HEROLD,

Eighth street. He will you out with the very best

BOOTS and SHOES

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

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

Gray Bros. Shoes

A Specialty.

E. HEROLD.

Sheet Music

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

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.

PARSONS' Business College.

Kalamazoo, Michigan.

The only College in the U. S. that runs a regular Bank of Real money in connection with the College. The practical system on which the Institution is conducted is increasing its patronage every year from all parts of the country. Short-hand and typewriting thoroughly taught by experienced teachers. Send for Journal. 25 Yr

SPRING

Has arrived and so has a

NEW STOCK

—OF—

Dress Goods,

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

At the store of

G. Van Putten & Sons.

Also a large stock of

Gents' Furnishing Goods,

including Fancy Woolen Shirts, White Shirts, Collars and Cuffs, Hats and Caps, Neckties, &c.

The largest and finest assortment of

BUTTONS

in the city.

A FULL LINE OF

Family Groceries

KEPT IN STOCK.

Give Us a Call.

Your Land Title.

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

JACOB BAAR,
Grand Haven, Mich.

ATTENTION!

A fine lot of

Top Buggies

just received at

J. FLIEMAN'S.

These buggies will be sold cheap.

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

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

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

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

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

JACOB FLIEMAN,
HOLLAND, MICH.

Holland, Saugatuck and Chicago

"KALAMAZOO"

D. CUMMINGS, Master.



Leaves Saugatuck at 6 p. m. on Monday. We leave on Friday, arriving in Chicago at 5 o'clock next morning.
Leaves Graham & Co's dock, foot of Wabash Ave., Chicago, at 3 p. m. on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, arriving at Saugatuck next morning in time to connect with steamer for Holland. FARE—From Holland to Chicago, \$2; Round trip, \$3.35. Sleeping accommodations free.

Elegant Passenger Accommodations!

Comfortable Sleeping Berths!

WALLACE B. GRIFFIN, Manager

WATCH!!

But don't wait when you want to buy

Watches, Clocks,

Jewelry, Silverware,

But everything kept in a first-class

JEWELRY STORE

But go to

O. BREYMAN & SON

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

We have in our employ a

first class watchmaker and are

prepared to do repairing of all

kinds in a satisfactory manner

and on short notice.

We sell goods cheaper than

ever and are constantly adding

to our stock all the latest de-

signs and novelties in Jewelry

and Plated Ware.

Call on us and examine our goods,

learn our prices and be convinced.

O. BREYMAN & SON,

Holland, Mich., March 15, 1888.

Chicago & West Michigan R'y.

TIME TABLE.
Taking Effect June 16, 1889

Trains Arrive and Depart from Holland as below:

DEPART—CENTRAL STANDARD TIME.

For Chicago..... 5 15 9 25 9 35 10 25
a.m. p.m. p.m. p.m. p.m.
For Grand Rapids.... 6 00 9 35 9 45 10 00 9 35
a.m. p.m. p.m. p.m. p.m.
For Muskegon and Grand Haven..... 6 20 9 35 9 40 10 00 9 35
a.m. p.m. p.m. p.m. p.m.
For Hart, Pentwater,..... 6 30 9 30
a.m. p.m.
For Big Rapids..... 6 20 9 40
a.m. p.m.
For Allegan..... 9 25 2 40
a.m. p.m.

ARRIVE.

From Chicago..... 4 50 2 15 9 35 10 25
a.m. p.m. p.m. p.m. p.m.
From Grand Rapids.... 9 25 2 35 6 25 9 35 11 50
a.m. p.m. p.m. p.m. p.m.
From Muskegon and Grand Haven..... 2 30 2 05 2 30 5 00 11 40
a.m. p.m. p.m. p.m. p.m.
From Hart Pentwater..... 9 20 5 00
a.m. p.m.
From Big Rapids..... 2 20 11 40
p.m. p.m.
From Allegan..... 9 20 6 15
a.m. p.m.

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

Say Mister
give me a
plug of

JOLLY
TAR PLUG

TOBACCO.

No MONKEYING

but give me the
genuine JOLLY
TAR PLUG

I've chewed
it and when
I find a good
thing I hang
on to it. JOLLY
TAR

CAN'T be beat.

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.

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 40c for outfit to

PALESTINE PUBLISHING CO.,
Elkhart, Indiana.

Get your

Job Printig

done at this Office.

J. H. YOUNG,

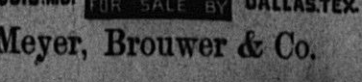
Photographer,

39 Canal Street,

GRAND RAPIDS.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

GIVE HIM A CALL.



THE LADIES' FAVORITE
THE LIGHT RUNNING
THE BEST
THE FINEST
WOODWORK & ATTACHMENTS
NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE & GRACE MASS
CHICAGO, ILL. 28 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK
ST. LOUIS, MO. FOR SALE BY GALLATIN.
Meyer, Brouwer & Co.

Just Received

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

Come and see them, and get your first choice.

Also a large stock of all kinds of Dry Goods.

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

New Stock

—OF—

DRESS GOODS

—AND—

CLOTHING

Just received at

E. J. HARRINGTON'S.

A first-class line of

Family Groceries.

Constantly kept in stock.

De Kraker & De Koster,