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Holland City News

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HOLLAND CITY NEWS.

THE FAIR DAILY.

VOLUME 1.

HOLLAND, MICHIGAN, SEPTEMBER 28, 1887.

NUMBER 2.

TOO & MUCH & BUSINESS

Has prevented us from making a display at the FAIR GROUNDS, but if you will call at OUR STORE we feel satisfied that you will be pleased with our exhibition of

**CROCKERY,
GLASSWARE,
HANGING LAMPS.**

You will be welcome and we will take
Pleasure in showing you around our Large Store.

**Our stock of Dry Goods and Groceries
is complete in every respect.**

PETER STEKETEE & CO.,
Post's Brick Block, Cor. Eighth and River St.

In want of a good Cigar call for
"J. M." straight 5c. Cigar.
THE BEST IN THE CITY.

EVERY CIGAR DEALER KEEPS THEM.
**DON'T FAIL TO CALL AT
KELLER'S ART STUDIO**
And get a dozen of those fine Cabinet Photos, ONLY \$2.00, or
a fine Tin Type. See picture on exhibition in Main Building.
Gallery: Opposite Bosman's Clothing Store, EIGHTH STREET.

C. BLUM, Jr. dealer in Confectionery, Bakers' Goods, Etc. Pipes, Tobacco and Cigars. The only LUNCH COUNTER in the City. OYSTERS served in every Style. Remember the Steam Peanut Roast- er at the Fair Grounds. River Street, - HOLLAND, MICH.	KREMERS & BANGS dealers in Drugs AND Medicines, PAINTS AND OILS. A full and complete line of Artists' Material. Eighth Street.
---	---

Van Duren Bros. Shoe Store

Ladies and Gentlemen's Fine Foot Wear a
specialty; also light Rubber Goods for this
season of the year. Just the place for you
to come during the fair. Eighth street.

Visitors at the Fair should not fail to look at the
PHOTOS AND CABINETS
exhibited by

BURGESS & YOUNG,
And before returning for home leave orders for pictures at
their studio. They guarantee to do work that cannot
be surpassed by any Artist in Western Michigan.

PRICES REDUCED DURING FAIR WEEK.

YATES & KANE,
Druggists and Book-sellers

Fine Chemicals, Flavoring Extracts, Pure Drugs, Choice Perfumes, Toilet Articles,	Miscellaneous Books, Fancy Stationery, School Books, Dressing and Odor Cases, Etc.
---	--

On our News Counter can be found all the leading Magazines and
Periodicals, Fashion books, daily and weekly papers and current and sec-
ular literature. Come and see us during Fair week.
Corner Eighth and River Streets, Holland, Mich.

JOHN PESSINK & BRO.

Wish all their friends to call on them during Fair Week
either at their stand on the Grounds or store up town.

THEY WILL SERVE THE PEOPLE WITH LUNCHEES
as they have done in the past.

Warm Peanuts and Hot Taffy for the Children.
Store on Eighth street, HOLLAND, MICH.

FAIR FACTS.

Buy a daily News of the carrier.
THE number of entries exceeds by
far those of last year.

DON'T fail to see the Plans of the
Michigan Hedge Co., in the Main
Hall.

ALL of the hotels are figuring on
doing a very lively business during
fair week.

DON'T miss seeing plans of the
Michigan Hedge Company in the
Main Hall.

MR. E. HEROLD has a very at-
tractive show window at his Eighth
street shoe store.

THE Singer Sewing Machine Com-
pany are making quite a display in
the Main Building.

THERE are twenty-two entries of
fall butter, and it is displayed in the
Agricultural Building.

THE sun came out in all its glory
this morning contrary to desires and
earnest prayers of the ant-irace
horse believers.

HAND in what business locals you
may have. You will find the fair
edition of the News a valuable ad-
vertising medium.

THE draymen are reaping a har-
vest these days carrying exhibits
from the depot and business places
to the Fair Grounds.

PROPRIETORS of the stands had
but little to do yesterday but they
expect to have their hands full for
the remainder of the week.

THE standard Emerson pianos and
the Kimball organs should be ex-
amined by those intending to pur-
chase a musical instrument.

A SPECIAL telephone wire is being
run from the fair grounds to the
central exchange office for the use
of exhibitors at the grounds.

THE new liquor law went into ef-
fect yesterday. The druggists and
saloon men will, they say, comply
closely with its requirements.

THE rattle of tin chips is heard in
the land and the occasional drop of
a big iron dollar. Why not save
your money boys and subscribe for
the News?

A CUFF BUTTON on which was en-
graved the initial "K" was found on
the street yesterday and can be ob-
tained by the owner upon calling at
this office.

YESTERDAY's edition of the Daily
News went off like "hot cakes." Every-
body wanted to take a look at
the first daily paper ever published
in Holland.

OUR home wagon manufacturers,
Jacob Flieman and Takken & De
Spelder, will have some very fine
samples of their work on exhibition.
No finer ones have been brought in
from anywhere.

MORE interest seems to be mani-
fested in to-morrow's and Friday's
speed contests than on previous
years. Some very exciting races
can be looked for.

LOOK out for W. W. Kimball &
Co.'s display of organs and pianos
in the Main Hall. This is one of
the most reliable firms in the west in
the musical instrument line.

G. C. VINING, representing W. W.
Kimball & Co. of Chicago, arrived
in the city yesterday and will have
some very fine pianos and organs on
exhibition at the Main Building.

COPIES of the daily fair edition of
the News can be found on sale at
the Post Office and Yates & Kane's
drug store. They will be offered
for sale shortly before noon each day.
Price three cents.

UP to last evening permits had
been granted for fifteen refresh-

ment and four gaming stands at
the fair. A number of the refresh-
ment stands are run by the ladies'
societies of the different churches.

THERE are a large number of com-
mercial traveling men in the city.
Whether they are here to sell goods
or to show their stylish cut clothes
and smiling countenances at the fair
ground is hard to tell. Graafschap
and Vriesland girls be careful who
you wink at.

MORE than customary pains has
been taken by our merchants to
make their show windows and places
of business look pleasant and in-
viting during fair time. In some
instances they have gone to con-
siderable trouble and expense, but
we feel satisfied that they will be
fully repaid.

ENTRIES were coming in very
actively yesterday and Secretary
Visscher tells us that many of these
were made by persons who have
heretofore taken but little interest
in the fair of the S. O. and W. A.
Agricultural Society. All that re-
mains now to make the fair an
assured success is pleasant weather.

FROM the present outlook the ac-
commodations for both horses and
cattle at the fair grounds will be
rather limited. The stalls in these
departments were being pretty well
filled up yesterday and it may be
necessary to construct additional
ones as there are many entries still
to be made.

UNDER the rules of the Society
the entries were to close at noon to-
day, but we understand that there is
some prospect of them being held
open longer inasmuch as many were
prevented from coming in yesterday
on account of the rain. Whether
this will be done or not will be de-
cided at a meeting of the Executive
Committee held to-day at noon.

"I ALWAYS take much pleasure in
attending the fairs given by the S.
O. and W. A. Society" said a stranger
to the News representative yester-
day. "You are always so free
from the fakirs and other schemers
so anxious to extort money from
you. I do not know of any fair in
the country where things are gener-
ally conducted more carefully than
here."

NO one feels prouder these days
than does Mr. O. Breyman, our en-
terprising Jeweler, and we see no
reason why he should not feel so.
He has the best corner stand in the
city, the most attractive store in the
city and what is better than all, the
largest and most carefully selected
stock of jewelry to be found in this
section of Michigan. He will take
great pleasure in showing his many
friends who visit Holland during
fair week not only his building but
his stock. Look out for his adver-
tisement which appears in to-mor-
row's issue of the daily.

THERE will be no special pro-
gramme at the fair to-day it being
what is known as working day.
Should there be no occasion for
keeping the entries open later than
to-day at noon, this afternoon at two
o'clock the Judges will report to the
Superintendents of their respective
departments and later the several
Judges will begin their examina-
tions. At two-thirty o'clock there
will be an exhibition of thorough-
bred cattle, at three o'clock an ex-
hibition of graded cattle, at three-
thirty, exhibition of working oxen
and steers, and at four o'clock a test
of draft horses. All of these ex-
hibitions will be of marked interest
to the farmers and admirers of cattle
and horse flesh. Those who do not
take an interest in this direction will
at 2.30 o'clock have the opportunity
of witnessing a performance on the
slack wire by the "Great De Boe."

His antics on the wire are spoken of
as being very novel and entertain-
ing. There may be other features
that we were unable to make
mention of at the time of going to
press. Suffice to say that the day
promises to be one of the most in-
teresting of the week.

AT THE FAIR.

THE OPENING DAY.
REGARDLESS of the damp and drizzling
weather, yesterday was not a day of idle-
ness at the fair grounds. As the repre-

sentative of the News went his rounds
willing hands were found at work on
every side, and there was that bustle and
confusion in every department, that one
could not help but notice. The Superin-
tendents of the departments were actively
engaged in decorating the buildings and
placing the exhibits in position. They
were ably assisted by numbers of ladies
and gentlemen, and the buildings, which
in the morning were almost empty and
desolate, had by three o'clock in the af-
ternoon been perceptibly transformed in
appearance. In the Main Hall, the first
place visited, the miscellaneous exhibits,
including paintings, needle work, etc.,
etc., were being neatly arranged. In the
Floral Hall there were already in place
many of the exhibits which tend to make
this department so very attractive, and
others were being brought in continuously.
In the Agricultural Building there was
apparently more activity than in any of
the other places. Choice products from
our surrounding farming districts were
beginning to rapidly fill up the space pro-
vided. A gentleman who seemed to be
thoroughly familiar with this department
said that the way exhibits were coming in
was a surprise to all, and he was sure
that the display would be far superior to
that of previous years. Out under heaven's
dismal canopy, with the rain falling down
upon their garments, the Agricultural
Implement and machine men, in the
frame of mind that they always seem to
be in, were setting up their flashily
colored implements in the most attractive
way to catch the eyes of the unsophisticated
country visitors. In and among the
horse and cattle sheds there was not a
little commotion. Farmers were having
their exhibits in this line comfortably
housed, and taking considerable pride in
pointing out to the looker on the mare
taking points of their pet animals. At
the Secretary's headquarters he and his
assistants were kept rustling filling out
entry cards, the applicants for which were
coming in continually. So far as things
at the grounds are concerned, they could
not be in more satisfactory shape. What
we want now is favorable weather and
everything else will naturally follow.

CITY CULLINGS.

MRS. W. H. JOSEPH of Grand Rapids is
in the city visiting her daughter Mrs. R.
Best.

MRS. J. DUURSEMA, of Fremont, is vis-
iting her old friends and neighbors in
Holland.

MR. B. P. HIGGINS has returned from
a business trip to Chicago. He tells us
that he has been offered strong induc-
ements to locate there and may conclude
to leave Holland before the opening of
spring.

MR. S. R. CRANDELL is very busily en-
gaged in getting his Bazaar ready for
opening to the public on Thursday. Mr.
Crandell has come to Holland to engage
in a legitimate business and to become one
of our permanent citizens. We hope that
he will receive a liberal encouragement
from the start.

WALSH'S
Go to Drug Store.

The oldest, leading and most re-
liable place to purchase
**PURE DRUGS, PAINTS, OILS,
CARRIAGE PAINTS,
BRUSHES, OIL MEAL AND
PATENT MEDICINES.**
PURE LIQUORS for Medical Use.
FAMILY RECEIPTS,
Prescriptions, Horse Medicines.

This House is too well-known to enter
into any comment as to the purity and
freshness of the articles sold.

C. Steketee & Bos,
dealers in
**DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,
Crockery and Glassware.**

A Good 5 and 10c. Counter.

**CALL AND SEE OUR STOCK
AND LEARN OUR PRICES.**
Cor. River and Tenth Sts., HOLLAND, MICH.

Holland City News.

HOLLAND CITY, MICHIGAN

GEORGE BIDWELL, the noted Bank of England forger, who has been released from a long term of imprisonment, now announces that he wrote 2,000 verses of poetry in his cell, which he will publish in book form. What utter folly it is to claim that a prison is a reformatory institution.

SOMEBODY with a fertile imagination seems to be attending to the Mexican news. The story of the tarantula duel is followed by one which tells how a prominent politician has fallen mysteriously ill with acute mental disorder, produced by a poison, the preparation of which is known only to the natives, and which has the property of causing insanity in its victims.

ENGLISH railroads do the major portion of their own carting, collecting and delivering freight at the freighters' doors. One of the largest companies, the Midland, has in constant employment no fewer than 3,200 horses, and of these 1,000 are located in London. Some of these horses are, however, employed in switching cars, at which business heavy horses, weighing about two thousand pounds, are employed.

THE Saginaw Courier has discovered a man who never used tobacco or took a dram of liquor or a drop of beer, never played cards or billiards, never was in the theater or opera-house to see a play, consequently never saw "Uncle Tom's Cabin" produced; never went with more than one girl in his life, that being after he was 19 years of age, and she is now his wife. In his twentieth year he joined the church.

MRS. POLLY FORD, of Milford, near New Haven, was 100 years old on Sept. 1. She has not been to church since 1796, but is a member of the Congregational denomination. When in her 83d year she received her second sight, and can see better than many at 60 years of age. She sometimes has an idea that her daughter is her mother, but the delusion does not last long. Her health is comparatively good.

CHIEF JUSTICE RUGER and Justice Andrews, of the Court of Appeals, live next to each other on Jane street, Syracuse. Judge Ruger is a Democrat, and Judge Andrews a Republican, and in 1882 they were pitted against each other on the State tickets. They are, nevertheless, the warmest of friends, and are always together in their hours of leisure. They are enthusiastic lovers of base-ball, and attend every game that takes place in Syracuse.

A WRITER in the Boston Journal says: "If I want to tell a woman's temper I watch her eyelids. You can read a man the same way, but not so readily. A woman with a fiery temper will move her eyelids with a snap, and that snap betrays her. Another, who is easy-going and hard to arouse, moves her eyelids languidly. One with a quick brain and a temper furious when aroused just winks steadily, but neither quickly nor slowly, until engaged in interesting conversation."

GLEASON, the horse-tamer, says that the word "Whoa" should never be spoken to a horse unless it is desired that he stop still. A lad near Albany knows what sound advice this is. He was on a mowing-machine and fell in front of the knives. As he fell he shouted "Whoa!" to his horses, and they stopped. The cutting-knife of the machine was resting on top of the boy's foot when he was taken up. Had the horses taken a single step more the lad's foot would have been mangled.

MRS. FRANK RAND, a missionary, has returned from the Caroline Islands, in the Indian Ocean, for the purpose of reporting to the Board of Foreign Missions, at Boston, the facts concerning outrages to which American missionaries on the islands have been subjected by the Spaniards, who lately took possession. The American Board established the mission in the Caroline Islands thirty-five years ago. Mrs. Rand and her husband went there from Carthage, Ill., in 1874, and were afterward joined by Miss Jennie Fletcher, of the same place, who is still there.

In Amsterdam, N. Y., there is a remarkable photograph, according to a newspaper there. It is a group of the

heads of four young ladies. "But if the picture is placed across the room and looked at with half-closed eyes for a few moments a striking likeness of the late Senator John A. Logan can be seen. Two of the young ladies form his long black hair; the shadows make a high forehead and prominent nose; the heavy bangs of another of the group furnish the prominent mustache, and the neck of the fourth his eyes. This phenomenon was discovered by a near-sighted gentleman when without his glasses."

Who are the people that leave money on deposit and fail to call for it? A little information on this point comes from Connecticut, which has eighty-four savings banks at present, not over twenty of the number coming under the law requiring reports concerning unknown depositors. The amount of deposits which have remained without claimants for twenty years is known to be over \$75,000. Of this \$21,000 is held by the Society for Savings in Hartford, \$17,000 by the New London Savings Bank, \$12,500 by the Norwich Savings Bank, \$7,000 by the Bridgeport Savings Bank, \$4,000 by the Middletown, and not far from \$4,000 by the Norwalk Savings Bank.

JOSEPH W. SAVAGE, of Railway, N. J., recently married Susan C. Pike, of Plainfield. The groom's father, ex-Mayor Savage, was married three times, the bride's twice. The latter's first wife was the daughter of the present groom's father's daughter by his first wife. The son just married was born of the second marriage, and became the husband of the daughter of Mr. Pike by his first marriage. Thus ex-Mayor Savage was Mr. Pike's brother-in-law; ex-Mayor Savage's daughter, by marrying Mr. Pike, became sister-in-law to her own father; young Joseph Savage, being the son of Mr. Pike's sister, is his nephew; being the half-brother of Mr. Pike's first wife, he is also his brother-in-law, and by his marriage last week to Mr. Pike's daughter became son-in-law. Thus Mr. Pike is uncle and brother-in-law to his son-in-law, and the recent bride, Mrs. Joseph W. Savage, is cousin and niece to her husband, and consequently her own aunt.

THE Waterbury Watch Company has almost completed its wonderful clock, which, in its mechanism, is said to surpass the famous clock of Strasburg. It will be completed shortly, and will then be on exhibition in several of the leading cities of the United States. No one has yet seen it but the builders. The clock is 18 feet high, with a base of 7 feet; the width is 8 feet, and it is 6 1/2 feet deep. Nearly all the choice and expensive varieties of wood enter into its construction, also a numberless variety of metals. The cabinet work throughout is a marvel of beauty. Five long years have been consumed in its construction; sometimes four, at others five, men have been engaged in the work. Time is indicated in the usual manner by hours, minutes, and seconds; in addition half seconds, eighths, sixteenths, and thirty-seconds. The day of the year, month, and week may also be taken from the dial. The number of wheels, parts, pinions, springs, and other parts of the mechanism is legion, all of which contribute to most wonderful and amusing exhibitions of historical events. The several phases of the moon are indicated. The entire system of the planets and solar systems are shown in perfect form and in all the varied revolutions. A perfect system of astronomy may be studied from the ingenious machinery. Many hundred figures represent distinguished clergymen, lawyers, physicians, orators, poets, musicians, sculptors, artists, and actors; also distinguished men of all nations. These figures are said to be carved in wood from correct likenesses, and are most complete representatives. The signers of the Declaration of Independence assembled as represented in history, the Cabinet of Lincoln when the emancipation proclamation was signed, the surrender of Lee at Appomattox, several scenes at the centennial at Philadelphia in 1876, and noted scenes and historical events as represented in the Bible have a prominent place. Shakespearean plays are set out with characters true to the representations of the author and the modern setting at the theaters, with dress and costume to correspond. Figures and fashions of dress, both ancient and modern, down to the latest period, are among the curiosities. A multitude of amusing scenes will fill out the measure of this wonderful clock. It is safe to say it will surpass any other mechanical structure of the kind ever produced.

THE LITTLE FOLKS.

Birds and Boys.

Down in the meadow the little brown thrushes build them a nest in the barberry bushes. And when it is finished, all cozy and neat, three speckled eggs make their pleasure complete. "Twit-ter-ee twit-ter!" they chirp to each other. "Building a nest is no end of a bother; But oh, when our dear little birdies we see, How happy we'll be! How happy we'll be!"

Up at the cottage where children are growing, The young mother patiently sits at her sewing. It's something to work for small hobbled boys That will wear their trousers and make such a noise!

"And one must admit," said the dear little mother, "That bringing up boys is no end of a bother; But oh, when they kiss me and climb on my knee, It's sweetness for me, it's sweetness for me!" —Mary Bradley, in St. Nicholas.

All Because I Forgot.

This is how it happened: Father and mother had gone to Grandma Smithson's to stay over night. When they left, their last words were: "Mary, take good care of the children."

I am Mary, and although Hattie is two years older, it was always I who received the last word of admonition. It seemed enough for Hattie to simply look pretty; nobody expected anything else of her. She would smile and shake her curls and say she could not bear responsibility; she had no time for it. But what she did all the day no one ever knew; it was enough that she made sunshine wherever she went.

But I was different. I was not pretty; I was not bright, and I am afraid I was not always good-natured. The boys used to say that I could not take a joke like Hattie; but I have sometimes thought I might have done so had I received the same kind of jokes Hattie did. Many a night I would turn my face to the wall, after she had fallen asleep, and cry softly to myself because I was not like her. But I have learned since then that it is best we are not all made alike. If father or mother told me to remember anything, I usually remembered; if Hattie was told, she was sure to forget. But she would be so sweetly penitent that she was always forgiven. And so it was that as we bade them good-by, father patted Hattie's curls and called her his gay little sunshine, and mother turned to me with the warning about the children. Oh, how my heart ached for the bright pet name and the caressing hand on my head, even if my hair did not curl. I was simply dark-haired Mary. I rejoiced in Hattie's beauty as much as any one, but I could not see why, when there was so much beauty in the world, I could not have had a little, too.

Besides Hattie and me, there were the twins, Fred and Frank. I used to wonder, if they were capable of doing so much mischief at 6, what they would be at 12, and I trembled at the thought. The hot, weary tramps I have taken over fields and meadows in search of those two boys are too numerous to mention; the number of times I have rescued them from what seemed imminent peril it is impossible to tell. But I must tell about the time I did not remember and what it cost me.

We stood on the front porch, watching father and mother drive away, until they disappeared at the turn in the road. Then the boys started for the barn at a full run, with many warning words, all unheeded, ringing in their ears, while Hattie and I took the books which father had given us the day before and made ourselves comfortable for a long day's reading. Hattie swung herself in the hammock, while I wandered off to my favorite seat in the gnarled old apple-tree at the farther end of the orchard. I climbed up where the twisted branches made the most delightful seat I ever sat in, and with my feet swinging over the little brook that washed its roots and gave it light, I opened my book and commenced to read "The Old-fashioned Girl." I think the reason father selected this one for me was because he thought the title suited me; but he little imagined the absorbing pleasure I would find in it. Is it any wonder that I forgot everything—mother's warning, the mischief-loving boys, the old apple-tree, and the rippling brook—everything save Tom and Fannie and dear old-fashioned Polly?

The sun mounted higher and higher, and the shadows began to lean toward the east, and still I read on. As I heard the long whistle of the afternoon train at the curve a mile away, I looked up from my book with dreamy eyes, and far across the sloping meadow, down to the railroad track, winding its serpentine way through the valley. I started, and my wandering gaze was fixed with horror, as I saw two tiny forms sitting on the white sand between the glittering rails. Instantly my book was forgotten and flung from me. I sprang from the tree, bounded over the brook, and started as fast as I could run down through the meadow. I raised one wild cry for help—I had no breath to spare for more—and hardly thought that would be heard. It seemed to me that I scarcely moved as I heard the train approaching nearer and nearer, and saw those two babies, all unconscious of danger, sitting there, absorbed in digging in the white sand and piling it in heaps beside them. I thought of the horrible home-coming of father and mother if I should be too late, and on I flew. There was a high fence and a steep embankment to climb before I could reach them, and as the train came in sight I tried to call to them; but my voice was only a husky pant. It came fearfully near before they became aware of its presence, and they jumped up only to become spell-bound with fright. I sprang forward and seized them; but as I did so my foot caught fast under the rail, and I only had time to throw them from me when the train rushed by. I knew nothing of what happened

after that, but they told me all about it long afterward. Hattie, lying in her hammock, heard my cry for help, and running out to see what was the matter, saw me flying over the fields. She called John, the hired man, and as they ran after me, they saw me seize the boys and fall as the train went by. When they reached us Fred and Frank were screaming lustily, while I was lying apparently dead beside the track, minus one foot. I was carried home and John mounted the fastest horse in the barn and rode with all his might to bring father and mother home, only stopping on the way to call the doctor.

I did not recover consciousness until after the doctor had dressed my limb. When I opened my eyes there were father and mother bending over me, with Hattie and the boys standing beside them. Mother kissed me again and again, and father took me in his arms and said through his tears: "My precious child, I thank God that he has given me such a brave little daughter."

I did not mind the pain after that, for those words kept ringing in my ears night and day, and they were all so good to me that I forgot entirely that I was not pretty like Hattie.

And this is how I lost my foot; but I have hardly missed it, for I have had three pairs of feet at my disposal ever since and it requires a great deal of ingenuity for me to keep them all occupied.

Now that the boys are grown, there is no more anxiety in regard to their mischief-loving propensities, for their first thought is their lame sister and how to make life easier for her. When our father and mother left us on their long journey, never to return, they did not say, "Mary, take good care of the boys," but, "Fred and Frank take good care of Mary." And as I see what an incentive it is for them to do what is right, I feel repaid a thousand-fold for all the suffering.

But I am always thankful for one thing, and that is that it is not my beautiful sister Hattie.—The Interior.

The Chinese.

We once asked a famous coleopterist, says the *Chinese Times*, whether he did not regret having devoted his life to such a narrow study. "No," he emphatically replied; "if I could live my life again, I would devote it to one family of beetles." A melancholy example of the domination of one idea. Of all civilized people, the most conspicuously in want of relief from the monotony of their ideas are the Chinese. The Hindus have their frequent pujahs, which make great inroads into their working time; the Mohammedans have their festivals; the Burmese are always gay, and require very little pretext to have a "poosy," or entertainment; the Manila Indians and Mestizos lead quite a merry life; and the Japanese we know to be the best holiday-makers in the world. But when we come to the Chinese we see a plod, plod, plod from year's end to year's end; and, with the exception of a day or two's ruinous dissipation on the occasion of a marriage or a funeral, and a little dumb show ceremony at the family grave, the ordinary life of a Chinese appears to foreign eyes as dull as that of a galley slave. Even the rich are little better off than the poor, owing to the absence of means of recreation and their inability to enjoy those that do or might exist. An official dares not attend a theater for the fear of being denounced, and to go for a half a day's picnic would expose him to the attacks of the censors. The amusement of the Chinese officials must, therefore, be kept within the privacy of their own walls, and unless they have a strong taste for literature or card collecting, they must often be tempted to fall back on personal intrigue of various kinds, merely to occupy the vacant chambers of the mind. Is it this that causes high Chinese officials to engage themselves in the pettiest details, which in other countries would be relegated to quite subordinate functionaries? The absence of healthy recreation appears to act on the mind as a privation of vegetable diet does on the body; in the one case the defect may be remedied by lime juice; what is the cure for the other?

The aversion to physical exercise, partly innate and partly imposed by the oppressive canons of social etiquette, is perhaps the most morally destructive of all forms of the privation of amusement. Moral health has great difficulty in maintaining itself without frequent and copious draughts from the refreshing springs of nature; and the life that is mewed up between brick walls, in an atmosphere laden with odious effluvia, is of necessity thrown back on its own inner darkness, with what consequences it is easy to imagine. All forms of open-air amusement are, therefore, to be considered as boons to the Chinese; and if on the love for gambling, already well developed, could be engrafted the love of true sport, it would be a sign of that awakening from the sleep of ages which a celebrated essayist has lately enlarged upon.—Anon.

Carl Pretzel's Philosophy.

Der fellor dot vos hafe vickedness on his heart dond got der nerf to shook hants mit integrity.

Dont got sthuck on your conscience. It was a vitness of your outsidess in, dot givs you much many troubles when you was sinfulness.

Der tufel was a shlowful people, but he gets a mortgage on your bones, mit a speedfulness dot vas oxercroatingly sudden, and when he wants you to dook it ub, by Jimminy you dont got a cent. —Carl Pretzel's National.

THERE are no greater prudes than those women who have some secret to hide.

MECHANICAL.

A MIXTURE of coal tar and plum-bago, thinned with turpentine or benzine, is recommended as the best paint for an iron smokestack.

GLASS is being used instead of sand in the manufacture of sandpaper. The mode of applying the glass is laying it in a pulverized state upon sheets of muslin stretched and tacked down, over which a coating of strong glue has been spread.

MILDEW spots may be removed by a mixture of soft soap, boiled starch, salt, and lemon juice. Apply to the spots and bleach in the sun four hours. If the spots be old enough to resist this treatment rub yellow soap on both sides of the article, then apply thick starch made with cold water, and hang out in the sun.

A NEWLY patented composition for the removal and erasure of writing inks from paper, cloth, and all other substances, without injury to the substances, is made as follows: To two quarts of water, which has been previously boiled and cooled, add four ounces of citric acid, and after the acid has been dissolved add six to eight ounces of a saturated solution of borax and twelve ounces of chlorinated lime. Place the whole in a stoppered quart bottle, shake well occasionally in the course of several hours, then allow to settle, and decant the clear liquid.

THE Japanese are outstripping us, says the *London Court Journal*, in the making of swords. For fineness of temper and keenness of edge the Japanese swords are unequaled in the world, and can scarcely be matched by blades formerly forged in Damascus and Toledo. A common feat for a soldier is to cut a pig in two at a single blow, and bars of lead, and even of iron, have been divided by these weapons, without a notch or imperfection being visible on the blade. A sword of superior excellence is preserved as an heirloom in the Satsuma family, and with this blade a leaf floating on a stream has been cut in two by merely being allowed to drift against the edge.

GERMAN stoves, says a foreign correspondent, are of a large, cumbersome size, resemble a furnace in shape, but are anything else in reality. One can never catch a glimpse of flame, and from their nature, if heated in the morning, they begin drawing in the afternoon. Their merit lies in the fact that they preserve a room at a uniform temperature, without allowing it to become hot. The favorite attitude is to lean up against them to ascertain whether it is heated or not, as there is no possible danger of scorching. The white color of the porcelain is in striking contrast to the dark iron cast of ours, and, looking something like an old-fashioned cupboard, a stranger would never recognize a stove in one until the fact is mentioned. In parts of the empire, particularly in the Rhine district, the American stove is being rapidly introduced, in spite of the fact that the average critic declares our stoves, as most of our practices looking to comfort, to be very unhealthy.

In a communication to *Nature* on the various substances used for smoothing and binding the surfaces of various kinds of apparatus, such as air pumps, stop cocks, etc., the writer says that melted India rubber answers fairly, but has too little body and too much glutinosity, and, moreover, it does undoubtedly, in course of time, harden into a brittle, resinous substance. Vaseline, he finds, is quite without action on brass, and never hardens, but has not sufficient tenacity and adhesiveness. A mixture, however, of two parts by weight of common thick brown vaseline and one part of melted India rubber seems to combine the good qualities of both without the drawbacks of either. In this case the India rubber should be pure, not vulcanized, cut up into shreds, and melted at the lowest possible temperature in an iron cup, being constantly pressed down against the hot surface and stirred until a uniform glutinous mass is obtained. Then the proper weight of vaseline is to be added, and the whole thoroughly combined. Such a compound mixture, according to the experiments of this writer, be left on an air pump plate for a period of at least a couple of years without perceptible alteration either in the preparation itself or in the brass.

ACCORDING to a statement of Mr. Miles, a well-known engineer, it is a fact peculiar to the Spanish dominions that ordinary brick dust, made from hard-burned finely pulverized bricks, and mixed with common lime and sand, is universally and successfully employed as a substitute for hydraulic cement. Mr. Miles says that during an engineering experience of some six years in Cuba, his opportunities were ample for testing its merits, and he found it in all respects superior to the best Rosendale hydraulic cement for culverts, drains, tanks, or cisterns, and even for roofs, whether for setting flat tiles or for making the usual tropical concrete flat roof; the proportions used in general practice are one of brickdust and one of lime to two of sand, mixed together dry and tempered with water in the usual way, a greater or less quantity of the brick dust being sometimes employed when considered desirable. In an experiment to test the strength of this product, it was found that a block of the same, one-half inch in thickness, without sand, and after an immersion in water for four months, bore without crushing, crumbling, or splitting a pressure of fifteen pounds per square inch. It is thought that, by the addition of pulverizing mills to brickyards, to utilize the waste and broken bricks, a profitable manufacture might be carried on.

Piscatorial Pastimes.



ISHY, fishy in the brook:
Daddy caught him with a hook,
Mamma fry him in a pan;
Baby eat him like a man.

This rhyme is too, too old-fashioned for any use. Nowadays mamma flings the festive hook. She does not know the outlines of a frying-pan, but baby gets his brain food, for mamma catches many fish and orders them broiled.

In old literature there occur many indiscriminate allegations as to feminine frivolousness, talkativeness, and general indiscretion. The offense is ancient, and charges so broad and indiscriminate are unworthy disputation. The ancient satirist went on at great length to show that all these frailties were prodigiously apparent when a woman went fishing.

Lord Angler, in those days, would don his velvetens, his high-topped boots, provide himself with a book of flies, a basket of lunch, which was chiefly done up in flasks, shoulder his rod, and without a show of invitation to any of the ladies go selfishly off for a day's fishing.

Now, almost every boat carries a lady angler, and her bright flannel fishing suit and broad straw hat make a cheerful showing in piscatorial retreats. It is generally acknowledged that some of the very best anglers in the country are women.

They excel in adaptability and fertility of resource, and possess in a high degree two important elements—patience and perseverance—which go to make up a successful angler. They, alas! have too much conscience, and sometimes fall behind in competition with the men in stories about their takes.

The ladies at our Northwestern resorts have evidently realized this sum-



mer the pleasures to be derived from this amusement, and its lakes and streams are tangled with their lines. It takes muscle to hold the lightest rod, and some of the less energetic take to trolling. We know of one young lady up at White Bear Lake, who spent many mornings under the awning of a light boat, trolling line in hand, while "Dennis," her good-natured coachman, rowed her gently on. But she never caught anything. She was asked if she did not grow tired fishing with no results.

"Gracious, no!" she replied. "Why, I wouldn't catch a fish for any consideration. It is all right to troll, but were a fish to bite I should have to draw the line in, perhaps rapidly. Then Dennis would have to stop rowing, and I should have to help him take it off the hook, and then we would have the damp thing flopping around in the boat until we could land. Ah, no!" with a yawn. "I wouldn't catch one for the world."

But she was voted the laziest person at the lake, and all the women snubbed her.

A gentleman, however, tells of another who, in very rough water, struck a fish, and was wide-awake to land her prize. She played that fish for fifteen minutes, and in spite of the waves, which nearly upset the boat, landed a big black bass weighing over five pounds. He says that young angler displayed more pluck, coolness, and skill than many a male disciple of St. Peter could have commanded.

The Philosophy of Living.

MY DEAR NEPHEW: To plunge at once into the subject of your last letter,



I will say that I quite agree with you on this question of pleasurable living. I never could see the sense in a man working all his life like a cart horse and living like a Chinaman just to have it said, I suppose, that he died and left some money for somebody else to have a good time with.

On the other hand, too, I detest improvidence. The fact is, I hate to see a man make a george-francis-train fool of himself in any direction. It is a melancholy fact that to the majority of the human race the true philosophy of living does not come until too late to do any good. Energy, enterprise, push, pluck, and perseverance are all to be commended. I like to see a man hustle for dollars. There is a genuine pleasure in any honest, profitable labor; and, curiously enough, the greater the profit the more pleasure there is in it. I like to see people make money and to save a reasonable portion of it. I also like to see them spend a reasonable portion

of it in obtaining some sort of pleasure; not in any of those so-called pleasures which degrade and defile, but any sort of recreation which rests, amuses, instructs, builds up, elevates, ennobles and refines.

I hold that the great object in life should be to get as much pleasure out of it as is consistent with our duty to ourselves and to those whose happiness is, in a measure, in our keeping. If you have had a successful year in business, and with your debts all paid and a balance in bank, you are simply a fool if you don't treat yourself and family to some sort of pleasure. If you can go up in the Maine woods on a fishing jaunt and send the wife and babies to White Mountains, do it, by all means.

If your ideas of pleasure run in any harmless direction, why indulge them, occasionally at least.

But there is one way for a man to spend money that always brings pleasure, and lasting pleasure; and that is in the adornment of home. Put books in the library. Subscribe for good papers and magazines; a beautiful picture, new music, articles of bric-a-brac and home adornment, in short anything which makes the home look brighter and prettier is money well invested. Pleasant surroundings are always worth all they cost, and more too.

I was brought up, George, in a log house, and our family was all pretty well grown up before father and mother could afford much of a home. But I tell you mother used to fix that old cabin up so that somehow it was always bright and clean. In summer the morning glories climbed all over it, "from turret to foundation stone," and the front yard was a solid bed of sweet-smelling posies, filling every part of that old house with their fragrance, and gladdening with their beauty the heart of every passer-by.

And by and by when we "moved out of the old house and up into the new" mother and the girls, and in fact us boys, all took a pride in buying some article that would add to the beauty and comfort of our surroundings. And I am quite sure none of us ever begrudged a cent that we spent in this direction. So when you get a wife, George, and she wants money to spend in this way, let her have it. However, I don't need to advise you on this point. Your mother, as I know, has not neglected that part of your education.

Let me hear from you often, George, and believe me yours cordially,

UNCLE SAM.

The Story of Charlotte Temple.

A writer in the New York *Mer.ury*, in speaking of Charlotte Temple, the heroine of the once celebrated romance written by Mrs. Rowson, says:

There is one grave on Manhattan Island which attracts an unending procession of visitors. No trumpets of fame have attracted attention to it, and there is neither shaft nor sculptured marble nor pretentious tomb to speak of the one who sleeps beneath its sods. A plain slab of brown sandstone marks the spot, and on it is engraved the name of the sleeper, "Charlotte Temple." There is neither date of birth nor of death; no record of lineage or family; not even a text from Scripture by way of consolation. The name is left to tell its own tale, and it does it most eloquently. To-day, as I passed by, I saw upon the slab a flower-pot in which a geranium blossomed, and in the earth there drooped a small American flag—some unknown veteran's tribute to woman's worth and maiden innocence, and his protest against British heartlessness, such as had made Charlotte Temple's life desolate and brought her loveliness to an early grave.

I had written thus far, with the remembrance of Mrs. Rowson's pathetic story of the sad fate of the fair English girl who had fallen victim in a foreign city to the wiles of a British officer. It is too bad to slaughter tradition and toll the knell of poetry, but the truth must be told though the heavens fall. And the truth is that no such person as Charlotte Temple ever lived! She is the creation of Mrs. Rowson's pen, aided and abetted by the stonecutter's chisel.

Mrs. Rowson was an English woman who never saw New York, and the story she wrote was the first published romance which was connected with the old English colonies. She wrote the story in 1789. No known localities or names are specified, and it is not even said that the heroine was buried in Trinity churchyard. There is not the slightest scintilla of evidence to be found in contemporaneous records, or for half a century after the time of her alleged death, that Charlotte Temple was even so much as supposed to have been other than a fictitious character.

But the tombstone in Trinity churchyard—what of that? "Ay, there's the rub!" This is the origin of the mischief. The stone bears the mark of having contained a metal plate and inscription, probably of brass. It is believed that this plate was stolen or destroyed during the building of the church, from 1840 to 1846, when a derick stood at this spot, and when scores of headstones were broken and destroyed. Then, in order to cover up the loss, or in a spirit of sentiment, the stonemasons carved beneath the hollow that contained the tablet the name Charlotte Temple. I do not say this at random, for this charge was made against them, and they were so furiously indignant as to confirm the suspicions of the questioners.

Alas for sentiment! Nero proves to have been a humanitarian. Henry the Eighth of England was a model husband. William Tell had no son and shot no arrow at an apple. And now Charlotte Temple turns out to be a myth.

THE HUDSON BAY COUNTRY.

Interesting Information About a Comparatively Unknown Land.
[Letter in Pittsburgh Post.]

Those who have never seen life as it exists among the inhabitants of the Hudson Bay country would be astonished at the extent of civilization among a class of people generally supposed to be savages, as well as at the awful grandeur of the scenery and forbidding aspect of the graveyard coasts along the shores of that northern sea. In all the uninhabitable region of North America there is nowhere to be found a more bleak, desolate, or dreary waste than that between Ungava Bay, off the coast of Labrador on the east, and Fort Churchill, on the west and southern part of Hudson Bay proper. Although little is known yet regarding this weird and frozen region, it has had a growth within the last half century which has been something phenomenal, and having been measured according to its needs by the God of Nature has gone on advancing from age to age, until at the present time not alone the more fertile islands, but the extent of land back from the coast on either side, is thickly populated by a people who hunt and fish and breed and talk and chatter even among the misery and destitution which life in a region of perpetual frost and snow must bring. Hudson Bay itself is really an inland sea, extending between latitude 51 degrees and 64 degrees north, and longitude 77 degrees and 95 degrees west, and while about 1,000 miles long at its greatest distance, is only about 600 miles in breadth, covering an area of over 500,000 square miles. It is navigable only for about three months in the year—from the middle of June to the middle of September—and for the remainder of the year is filled with drift ice, which renders navigation, even for a short distance, an absolute impossibility. The eastern coasts of the bay are sights to be admired, cliffs rising in many cases to a height of from 100 to 400 feet abruptly from the water's edge, and being composed of a glazier-like substance which, being ever coated with ice and frozen snow, shine in the sunlight until it is almost impossible to look at them for any length of time. The residents of this section are not properly Esquimaux, but a cross between this race and the French and Indians, who have come in for the purpose of hunting and fishing, and finally settled down among the natives to live as they do and share with them in the privations which no other life affords. On an average, in the summer months, the thermometer stands at about 45 deg. above, while the temperature in the winter runs as low as 60 deg. below zero, and will average about 25 deg. below. Fish are scarce, and can be caught only in the rivers, of which on the east there is only the Great Whale, while on the west there are the Hayes, Nelson, Churchill, Moore, Albany, Weekniak, Main, and Abbitibbe. Seal abound in plenty, but are extremely shy and hard for the natives to get at, while porpoise and walrus are equally difficult to get hold of. Were it not for the small fur-bearing animals which are about the shores the poor half-breeds would stand a very good chance of perishing by hunger, as they can expect nothing in the way of favors from the Hudson Bay Company's stores, a few of which are along the coast. The natives live in little villages composed of from fifty to 100 rude huts. Each community has its place of worship and its church burial ground, which is consecrated by the Moravian missionaries, a few of whom are to be found wandering about from village to village, from the eastern extent of the settlements down as far as Fort Churchill on the west. These faithful, beloved men expect no recompense for their services, and if they did they wouldn't get it, for there is not in all the country such a thing as money, the only exchange being in fish, oil, or furs. Whenever one of a tribe dies the rest of his family—meaning by that the entire settlement—stop work for the day and prepare to bury him. If the settlement possesses such a thing as a dinner-bell, and the most of them do, the oldest man in the village goes about from hut to hut and rings the bell in front of each until the occupants come out, both big and little, and, falling into line, march after him. When the circuit has been made, and big and little are all collected, a march is made for the kirote, as it is called, the village church, which consists of about an acre of ground simply inclosed by a wall of stones near the middle of the community. Into this little field go the entire populace, and after chanting the virtues of the dead for some hours, the corpse is taken away on a skin rack and covered with ice and snow in the common burial plot. The rest of the day is spent in rejoicing, and the next day, if the deceased was married, his better half makes another choice, and at the end of a week, if an agreement be come to, the dead is forgotten and the no longer sorrowing ones begin life over again.

Royal Processions.

The London *Baptist* gives the prices paid at different times for seats to view royal processions. In the time of Edward I. it was one-half cent; on the accession of Richard II. it was two cents. From the coronation of Henry V. to that of Henry VII. it was four cents; in that of Elizabeth it was raised to twelve cents, and twenty-four cents was paid for a seat to view the coronation procession of James I. Sixty cents was paid in the time of Charles II. and \$1.20 in that of William III. At the coronation of George II. the price had risen to \$2.50, and at that of

George IV. people were astonished to hear that from \$25 to \$50 was paid. But at the recent procession \$4,000 was paid for the windows of one house.

Evils of Gift-Giving.

Sham and show, perplexity, annoyance, and extravagance have crept into the custom of gift-giving. Though one may make a gift out of the depth of the heart, and do it becomingly and unassumingly, yet it seems as if a dozen influences were bearing on him to force him into a greater expense than he can afford, or to give where he is reluctant to do so, or where he must make a show of the article given. Quiet, unostentatious, spontaneous giving shines brightly, when we find it amid the dreary heartlessness, the gaudy show, and the heartburnings that often accompany the formal giving that is a part of social life.

The reader may call to mind some wedding or birthday anniversary that she is invited to help celebrate. The problem of all problems, even outranking the common "What shall I wear?" then is, "What present shall I send?" It is not enough to go and participate in the social duties and to be cordial in well-wishing and congratulation, for none of this will pardon the neglect or oversight of the gift. There will be the question, "Where is Mrs. Jackson's present?" and then the unpleasant comment if she has made none. So Mrs. Jackson sets out to find some compromise between pride and purse, perhaps poverty, something that costs no more than absolutely compulsory, and yet looks as if it were worth a great deal more, something that the other guests will not look at slightly, if not speak of contemptuously, or at least think of in the same spirit.

And then the guests compare these proxies of themselves and put themselves on exhibition, after a fashion, about in the same way that they would do if they were to stand up before a committee of critics and have the style and elegance of their clothing passed upon. The show is at last over, but the jealousies and heartburnings remain, the fear that respectability has been endangered by the insignificance of the gift, or the overtopping consciousness of a few that they each made the best, or one of the best, presents of the lot.

Afterward, as is more or less the custom in some parts of the country, the names of the donors and a brief description of their gifts appear in some newspaper, there to undergo further comparison and criticism and all the train of accompaniments. Finally, if the present was valuable enough, it may find its way to a shop where duplicate presents are bought and sold, so little did the receiver care about the personality of the giver, or of such little use is it to the recipient among several other presents of the same kind.

Gift extortion and compulsory gift-making are little less than sinful, if they fall short of that. Gifts are by no means always the token of friendship, and, when combined with the abuses that are often made to accompany them, they are demoralizing; they are unpleasant features of what take the form of duties, and they are dark spots in social life.

Something is wrong when a present is made a test of social standing, or when it is made the prerequisite for performing a social act. There is an opportunity for reform when what is apparently a friendly deed is confessedly empty of honest intent, when it is burdensome, annoying, compulsory, false-hearted, or made for show, or evidence of wealth, or merely for social conformity.

The only excuse that one can make for these abuses of gift-making is that their compulsory features have the effect of putting people into the habit of making presents at a time when their friendly feelings have not become strong enough to prompt the act unaided. With the growth of these feelings, the custom gradually gets a better and surer foundation, and stands more plainly in harmony with civilization. A gift should be an embodiment of sentiment, from which cost should be totally divorced as an element of weight, and with which no social compulsion should be linked, except the compulsion of a spontaneous expression of feeling. The world is not good enough for this yet, but some attempt, if only a feeble one, if general enough, would be a green oasis in the social desert.—*Good Housekeeping*.

Mary Was Too Late.

Husband, running into the house in a big hurry:

"Mary, go and get—"
"I won't do it. Your legs are as young as mine. Get it yourself."
"Yes, but get—"
"Get it yourself, I tell you. I've got lots of work of my own to attend to."
"Mary, don't act so. Hurry, or you will be too late. Get—"
"I won't, I won't, I won't, I won't, so there; go and get it yourself."
"There it goes now. I knew we'd get left."

"Left where?"
"I wanted you to hurry up and get your bonnet and go down to the ball game with me, but the train has gone now, so we'll have to stay at home."

"I don't care, John Henry, you're just as hateful as you can be. You know I'm just dying to see a ball game. Boo-hoo-hoo."—*Danville Breeze*.

It has been computed that the death rate of the globe is 67 a minute, and the birth rate is 70 a minute—the result, a million more births than deaths each year.

ALTHOUGH lettuce and new cabbages are in the market, one frequently hears people complain that they can't get ahead.

CHESS.

Captain Mackenzie, the Champion Chess Player of the World.

Captain George Mackenzie, the representative of the New York Chess Club, carried off the highest honors in the recent international tournament of the Fifth German Chess Congress in Frankfurt, thereby winning the proud title of the world's chess champion. As this is the first time that the honor has been won by a representative from this side of the water since the



days of Paul Morphy, a portrait and short description will be interesting to all lovers of the skillful game, besides others who are interested in chess through accounts and hearsay. Although Capt. George Mackenzie is claimed, and is thought by many to be an American, he is in reality a Scotchman by birth. His debut in the professional game of chess was made in the London congress of 1862, where his proficiency in the game won for him the prize which he easily carried off. In the following year he came to New York and a few years thereafter was pronounced the strongest player in America. Within the last ten years he has been a formidable competitor in many international tournaments, and in the London tournament of 1883 his score in the second half was higher than that of any other player, not excepting that of the two greatest of living chess-players—Zukertort and Steinitz. Capt. Mackenzie scored fifteen victories out of a possible twenty, against the strongest field of chess-masters ever brought together in a tournament.

The Same Law for Both.

Whenever the young ladies refuse all attentions from young men who drink and secretly run after low women, says the *Wayne Citizen*, the door of society reform will be thrown wide open. The foulest, profane, tobacco-saturated young reprobate seeks and is the accepted company of pure and good girls. Convince him that the young woman to whom he is paying his attentions either uses tobacco, liquors, or is profane or vulgar in her language and he will fly the track quicker than a crazy race-horse. He demands moral cleanliness of his young lady associate if his intentions are good, but offers her nothing in return. And the worst of it is that the young ladies and their parents quietly ignore low morals in young men, if they wear good clothes and are adroit enough to be caught only now and then indulging in social impurities which would forever damn a respectable young woman. Whenever the associations of the young are based upon absolute equality of the sexes in morals society will become more pure. A sweet young woman has as much right to demand that her prospective husband shall come to the altar absolutely pure as the clever and otherwise noble young man has to demand purity of his prospective wife. Should the least suspicion come over his mind, even when dressed for marriage, that she had even once befouled herself with the habits he pretends to think are no discredit to himself, he would disappear as though shot out of a gun. Give us one same moral law for men and women.

Children's Literature.

Almost the only recognition of children's right to read in the days of our fathers was in some obscure corner of the church paper, where might generally be found a grave story of a solemnly good child, who, unfortunately, died early, and thus, perhaps, frightened us from attempting to be good.

A noble woman says that when she was a girl she invariably received for her Christmas present a fried pie, a paper of pins, and a bit of ribbon. Now we give the dear ones at Christmas books and toys, on that one day when love should seek every avenue of expression. In juvenile literature the fried pie and the paper of pins have vanished. To-day we have a host of writers who know how to get hold of a child's heart. The best and purest and truest-to-life stories that have ever been written are tastefully served up, in these years of grace. Some of us, who scarcely knew of any books for us but "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Robinson Crusoe," thank God and renew our youth.—*Rev. C. E. Manchester, in the American Magazine*.

BLASPHEMY consists in displaying one of the worsted mottoes, "God Bless Our Home," when fretting, scolding, fault-finding, and abuse of wife and children are common as flies in summer.

TRUE gladness doth not always speak; joy bred and born but in the tongue is weak.

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suit the times. Now is the time to look them
over and make your selections.

Eighth Street, Holland, Mich.

CLOTHING!

Clothing! Clothing!

A large new stock just received to be sold

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At BOSMAN'S.

Store on Eighth Street, Holland, Mich.

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For the opening of

CRANDELL'S BAZAAR

in the building next to Brusse Bros. before you purchase all
the goods you want. Everything, from a paper of pins to a
nice piece of glassware, is kept on hand and will be sold.

The Bazaar is to become a permanent fixture of Holland
City so do not be afraid of patronizing some temporary
auction store with a damaged lot of goods.

Call after Thursday and we will be ready for you
with a large stock of Bazaar Goods, Glassware,
Crockery, and Notions of all Kinds.

S. R. CRANDELL.

This, the third annual fair of the
South Ottawa and West Allegan
Agricultural Society, is in every
respect the more successful
than the two previous ones. The
officers elected at the annual meeting
of the Society were: W. H. Beach,
president; A. G. Van Hees, vice
president; Otto Breyman, treasurer;
Arend Visscher, secretary; M. D. L.
Hollis, marshal, and June Davis,
assistant marshal. These officers
have performed very faithful service
and put forth their utmost endeavors
to make the fair a success. Early
in August they had published and
distributed from twelve to fifteen
hundred premium lists which had
been very carefully compiled. With
a view to having the departments
all placed in charge of competent
persons the Executive Committee
selected the following superintendents:

Cattle, Gardner Avery.

Horses, D. B. K. Van Raalte.

Sheep and Swine, John Snyder.

Poultry, Millard Harrington.

Agriculture, John A. Kooijers.

Farm Implements, D. Bloemers.

Pomological Dep't., I. Marsilje.

Floral Dep't., W. Z. Bangs.

Dep't Woman's Work, Mrs. G.
Van Schelven.

Miscel's Dep't., W. H. Rogers.

The First Negro Minstrels.

"Hey Jim Along, Jim Along Josie,"
was sung in 1888 by John Smith, or
"Nigger Jack," as he was called. Smith
was afterward identified with circus
companies, and died a few years ago in
Melbourne. He was the originator of
the double song-and-dance business.
Coleman, Frank Brower, and Dan Emmett
did some song-and-dance work at
the Franklin Theater in New York in
1841. John B. Gough sang some negro
songs and comic character songs at the
same place of amusement. In 1842 the
first band of minstrels was formed and
gave a benefit performance at the Bow-
ery. They then effected a complete or-
ganization and opened at the Chatham
Theater. The artists were: Frank
Brower, as bones; Billy Whitlock, as
banjoist; Dan Emmett, fiddle; and Dick
Pelham, tambourine. They appeared
between the play and farce at the Park
Theater a few nights and then went to
England, but the tour was a failure.
From this crude beginning sprang all
the bands of later days. A circus agent,
James Dumbleton, caught on to the
idea and organized a band consisting of
Gil Pelham, White, Harrington, Stan-
wood, and others. They were called
"The Ethiopian Minstrels" and created
a furor when they went to England.
They were the first to give a first part;
that is, to appear in full dress as it is
done at the present time.

Christy then came to the front and
maintained the palm for many years.
The Christy Minstrels were organized
in Buffalo, N. Y., by E. P. Christy.
Dick Hooley, Earl Pierce, and George
Christy, whose real name was Harrington,
were members. In 1843-4 they
made the rounds of the cities, but wisely
located in New York. E. P. Christy
made a fortune of \$400,000, but went
insane for fear the war would sweep
away his property, and killed himself.
George Christy, after making a large
amount of money, died in poverty.
John Diamond was the first white boy
who ever danced a jig with a black face.
P. T. Barnum picked him up and made
a great deal of money with him. Dia-
mond, however, was a rascal, and was
sent to prison for theft, and finally died
a drunkard. A negro boy, Juba, from
South Carolina, was the greatest jig
dancer that ever appeared before the
public. Charles E. White is the oldest
living performer who has made burnt
cork a specialty. Dan Gardner was a
famous "negro" performer and a favor-
ite clown. His daughter married Edwin
Adams.

The first man who ever played on the
banjo in public was Joe Sweeney, and
his banjo was a gourd with four strings.
In 1843 there was a show running in
Pratt street, Baltimore; admittance,
12 cents; children, half price. Edwin
Booth sustained the bone end, John
Sleeper Clark banged the trombone,
and Matt O'Brien was the middleman.
Booth played solos on the banjo. Clark
is now a popular comedian and man-
ager in London, and O'Brien is General
Superintendent of the "Southern Ex-
press."—San Francisco Alta-California.

A Juvenile Warrior.

The widow of Gen. Custer relates
that, in a Dakota Indian dance, a four-
year-old boy was brought to the circle
by his mother and left to make his little
whirling gyrations around the ring of
the dancers. It was explained that he
had won his right to join in the festi-
vities of the tribe. Of the four Indians
of a rival tribe left on a battlefield one,
though mortally wounded, was not yet
dead when the retreat took place. A
squaw incited the child to plunge a
knife into the wounded warrior. As a
reward he acquired the privilege of
joining in all celebrations and the right
to wear an eagle feather standing
straight from the scalplock of his tiny
head. The mother's eye gleamed with
pride as she watched the miniature
warrior admitted among the mature
and experienced braves.

B. Van Raalte,

dealer in

Agr'l Implements and Machinery,

BUGGIES AND CUTTERS,

River street, Cor. Ninth.

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Butter and Eggs taken in exchange for Goods.

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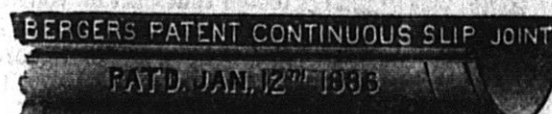
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Call on James Ryder under the Grand Stand.

Up town Quarters, Phoenix Hotel.

The Longest Eaves Trough in the World.



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