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Holland City News

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HOLLAND CITY NEWS.

THE FAIR DAILY.

VOLUME 1.

HOLLAND, MICHIGAN, SEPTEMBER 29, 1887.

NUMBER 3.

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. BLOM, Jr. KREMERS & BANGS

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 Roaster
at the Fair Grounds.
River Street, - HOLLAND, MICH.

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, Miscellaneous Books,
Flavoring Extracts, Fancy Stationery,
Pure Durgs, School Books,
Choice Perfumes, Dressing and
Toilet Articles, 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.

PROGRAMME.

MORNING.

10:00—Exhibition of Roadsters.
10:30—Exhibition of Draft Horses.
11:00—Exhibition of Single and
Double carriage horses.
11:15—Parade by Kickapoo Indians.
11:30—Cavalcade of Fat Cattle and
Herds.

AFTERNOON.

1:00—Cavalcade of Premium Stock.
2:00—Test of Wagons as to light-
ness and draft.
2:00—Green Race, mile heats, two in
three, for horses driven by owner
and not trotted before.
2:30—Farmer's trotting race for two
year olds, one-half mile heats, two
in three.
3:20—Double team race, mile heats,
best three in five.
4:00—Running Race, one-half mile
heats, three in five.

FAIR FACTS.

OUR circulation was 800 yesterday.

OUR streets began yesterday to
assume a fair like appearance.

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

THE entrance fees paid in at the
gate yesterday about doubled those
for the same day last year.

EXAMINE the Remington pianos
and Kimball organs near the main
entrance to the Main Building.

REV. DANIEL VAN PELT and wife
left for their home in Brooklyn,
New York, on the early train yester-
day morning.

TO-DAY the main shaft will go
round and round and the agricul-
tural implement men will conse-
quently be happy.

MR. D. SCHRAM, editor of the
Grand Rapids *De Standaard*, was
among the other newspaper men
who took in the fair yesterday.

MR. A. E. BRACKETT of Allegan,
territorial agent of the W. W. Kim-
ball Company of Chicago, has charge
of their display in the Main Building.

TWELVE additional stalls had to be
built yesterday for the exhibitors of
sheep, and some very fine specimens
of these fleecy animals are to be
seen there.

As our Associated Press wires are
down we are unable to furnish our
readers of to-day's issue with the
usual amount of telegraphic news
from abroad.

TREASURER Breyman was kept
quite busy yesterday selling tickets
at the gate but says that he expects
that to-day they will more than keep
him moving.

PROBATE JUDGE Soule and Regis-
ter of Deeds Kelley came up from
Grand Haven yesterday and spent
the day looking over the exhibits at
the fair grounds.

B. P. HIGGINS will have a display
of rubber goods and tents at the
Fair Grounds. His goods are staple
and he will guarantee that they
prove satisfactory.

THE Holland Band furnished the
music at the grounds yesterday but
the Fennville boys will put in an
appearance this morning and vie
with them for the laurels.

THE Chicago and West Michigan
trains brought in quite a large
number of people yesterday from
Grand Rapids, Allegan, Grand
Haven, and other stations, to attend
the fair.

LANDLORD Williams of the City
Hotel is caring for the crowd in
his usual good natured sort of a
way. He has the faculty of knowing
exactly how to send his guests away
satisfied.

HON. GEORGE F. RICHARDSON,
who represented the second district
of Ottawa County in the session of
the Legislature two years ago, has a
display of School Charts in the
Main Hall.

You should not lose the oppor-
tunity of having your business re-
presented to the patrons of the fair
through the columns of the daily
News, even if it is not more than a
line or two.

WE think that a boat running be-
tween Holland and the Macatawa
Bay Resorts during fair week could
rake in a good many quarters. There
are many who would like to go just
for the ride.

FRANK SLOOTER has to answer
lots of questions about his portable
clothes reel, which is on exhibition
just west of the Main Building. The
people seem to take to them like a
duck to water.

MARSHAL Hollis is a man of very
austere and commanding appearance.
Some one remarked yesterday that
if he would only shave off his side-
burns he would be taken for Presi-
dent Cleveland.

THE news boys have been crowd-
ing in such a way, in front of our
office, that complaints have been
made that they blockaded the side-
walk. We will see that the thing
does not occur again.

At the fair the Singer Sewing
Machine, the old veteran seems to
hold the fort. The people crowd
around the Singer stand to see the
fine samples in arresene work done
upon the Singer machine.

It is told us on good authority
that James Ryder will carry off first
money in the free for all, with the
side wheeler that he has been spurt-
ing with on our principal thorough-
fares within the past week.

TO-DAY about eleven o'clock the
Kickapoo Indians give an exhibition
in the vicinity of the grand stand.
Their buckskin jackets, feather tur-
bans, and painted cheek bones will
attract considerable attention.

IN accordance with the practice
now in vogue with all the leading
dailies of the country the News will
shortly publish an affidavit of its
circulation for the benefit of its ad-
vertisers and the information of the
public generally.

A GENTLEMAN was heard to say
yesterday that the spasmodic tirades
against horse racing would keep a
good many away from the fair
grounds this year. We will venture
the assertion that the gate receipts
will be increased rather than de-
creased by it.

A. E. BRACKETT, representing W.
W. Kimball Company in the Main
Building, is a prime favorite with
the ladies. He shows off an organ
or piano to a good advantage and
does not allow a good looking girl
to pass by without presenting her
with his photograph.

ONE of the home displays in the
Main Building that catches the eye
of nearly every one is that made by
Messrs. Burgess & Young. They
have about as fine a line of negatives
as was ever turned out from any
studio. Many of the Holland
pictures are so life-like that passers-
by want to stop and shake hands.

At a meeting of the Executive
Committee yesterday they declined
to allow entered for competition for
prizes in the poultry department,
the five wooden Mallards killed by
Charley Harmon in one shot last
week. Charley feels somewhat dis-
appointed but declares that he will
show the committee a trick or two
another year.

UP to two o'clock yesterday after-
noon over fifteen hundred entries
had been made with Secretary Viss-
cher. This only includes entries in
the cattle, sheep, poultry, horse,
swine and such departments to say
nothing of the innumerable other
articles in the Agricultural, Floral
and Main Halls which were not
entered.

THE "Great De Boe" kept the
crowd in suspense for nearly an
hour yesterday during one of his
inimitable performances on the slack
wire. He was the recipient of con-
siderable applause and at the con-
clusion walked a tight rope stretched
from the judge's lookout to the
grand stand. He will repeat the
performance this afternoon, also on
Friday.

THE judges in the horse and
cattle departments went their rounds
yesterday afternoon. There was
better than an average exhibit in all
grades. In the horse department
the awards were as follows: Dr.
William Van Putten, first premium
on yearling colt roadsters; Ben
Van Raalte, 1st premium on three

year old roadsters; J. H. Boone,
first premium on suckling colt road-
ster; and L. P. Leonard second prize
on suckling colt roadster.

Look out for Brackett, the boomer
in Musical Instruments. Bound to
sell everything on the ground, now
is a rare chance for a bargain.
Largest display of Musical Instru-
ments ever made at any one fair in
Western Mich. Have you noticed
the new patent damper on the cele-
brated Emerson piano, the clear,
sweet, tone in the new Kimball.
Please examine before leaving the
grounds.
A. E. BRACKETT,
With the W. W. Kimball Co.

THERE is considerable of a rivalry
between the agricultural implement
men this year. Among those who
have auspicious stands on the
grounds can be mentioned Ben Van
Raalte, of this city, H. H. Karsten
and H. De Kruif, Zeeland, Mulder
& Breuker, Graafschap. The Upton
Manufacturing Company of Port
Huron, Mr. Barkel of Overisel, and
the Gale Manufacturing Co. They
all have, as they are willing to take
oath to, the best machines in the
market and of course they all tell
the truth.

"What! a daily paper in this
dutch town?" said a green-eyed
barnicle from Grand Haven to one
of the News circulators yesterday.
"Don't you know we have had a
daily paper for a year or more."
"Who is we?" asked the boy rather
surprised at the general make up
and manner of his customer. "We;
why Grand Haven of course."
"Where is Grand Haven?" asked the
boy in a very innocent sort of a
way. "Why! why! why!!! Here,
take your nickle and don't ask us
any more questions."

A PRONOUNCED feature of the Fair
was the exhibition of the celebrated
Buckeye Steel Trimmed Mower and
new style folding boards, manu-
factured by Aultman, Miller & Co.,
of Akron, Ohio. The steel trimmed
Buckeye is widely known for its
durability and perfect work, and
ranks as the finest mower in use.
So simple is the combination of the
new Light Folding Binder that any
farmer can successfully operate it.
The measured power of the large
and self righting drive wheel carries
this machine through ditches easily,
besides being always light draft,
and in addition the machine folds in
five minutes so as to pass through
a ten and a half foot doorway.
Many farmers were present at the
exhibition who have bought and are
now using these machines and all
were enthusiastic in their praise of
the perfect working qualities of the
Buckeye Binder in difficult grains
to which the machine is especially
adapted. Mr. Benjamin Van Raalte,
one of the oldest and most reliable
dealers in Ottawa County and the
largest exhibitor on the grounds,
sells these splendid Buckeye Har-
vesting Machines guaranteed by
both the Buckeye Co. and himself
to be unsurpassed.

**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.

THE Cologne Gazette says that Germany has profited by the Boulanger craze, for from Cologne no less than seventy thousand pictures of Boulanger were sent to Paris, which sold readily at 24 francs apiece.

ISABELLA FLIPPER, mother of the famous colored West Point cadet, died recently at Thomasville, Ga. She possessed many fine traits of character and enjoyed the respect and good opinion of all who knew her.

CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD, the poet scout, is soon to go upon the stage in a new historical play called "Daniel Boone," with real Indians, living bears, elks, mustangs, wolves, prairie dogs, and all the other usual accessories of the wild Western drama.

MRS. SARAH MASSIE, who lives in Athens, Ala., is 94 years old and has been a widow sixty-three years. She was well acquainted with Jefferson and Madison. Her husband served in the war of 1712, and she is now seeking a pension on that ground, but so far has been unsuccessful.

THERE is a remarkable body of gold ore in Alaska. It is in a cliff fronting the ocean, and is from 250 to 300 feet wide, practically inexhaustible in body. It is a rich quartz. Senator Jones, of Nevada, has a fifth interest in the mine. Tredwell, the man who discovered it, owns another fifth.

LOUIS KOSSUTH, who left Turin recently for Courmayeur, where he will take the waters, is in excellent health. In spite of his 85 years he is perfectly erect, his complexion is rosy, and his intellect as vigorous as ever. His sister, Mme. Ruttkay, who formerly resided in the United States, is his constant companion.

BURGLARS are sometimes so fastidious as to decline to take anything but gold coin, but all members of the profession are not so hard to please. A detective recalls the case of a thief who stole a hive of bees, of another who stole a skeleton from a dime museum, of another who relieved a menagerie of a case of rattlesnakes, of another who took a cigar-store Indian, and of still another who confiscated the clothing of a baby that had not arrived in the world.

JOEL BENNETT, of Hall County, Georgia, is now in his 74th year, and is as hale and hearty as many a man of 50. Mr. Bennett says that he has not failed to follow the plow every season since he was large enough to hold up the plow-handles. He has never worn his shirt with the collar buttoned in sixty years; has never missed a meal of victuals on account of sickness in forty years, and has not gone to bed without a chew of tobacco in his mouth in thirty years. He has made a fine crop this year, and bids fair to make many more.

THE valuable gray mare recently sold cheap to a Westport, Mass., farmer by the horse railroad company of Fall River, surprised her former friends by trotting into the barn in the latter city the other day with a tattered harness hanging to her. The barn employes tried to drive her out, but she made for her old stall and threatened to make things lively for any one seeking to dislodge her. Nothing has been heard of the new owner, and whether the excitable mare made a meal on him or kicked him and his thrashing machine into Westport harbor, is not yet ascertained.

THE HON. MILES C. MOORE, a well-known capitalist of Walla Walla, says that Eastern Oregon will this year have the largest wheat yield ever known, and adds: "The largest yield that I ever knew of personally was seventy-one bushels per acre for a field of thirty-two acres. The grower made affidavit before me as to these figures after the grain had been thrashed and the fields measured by competent surveyors. They tell of bigger yields along Snake River, and I have no doubt the statements are true, but seventy-one bushels per acre is the largest that ever came to my personal knowledge."

THE gold which is now being dug out of the ancient cemeteries (huacas) at Hilarandia, Central America, and other

places near Pereira, has led more than one thousand workmen to flock to that spot, and a town has sprung up there within the last four years which now contains more than fifty thousand inhabitants. Public attention is being turned to those regions, as the ancient burial places and deposits of the wealthy Cacique Caracal have not yet been discovered, and it is believed that his treasures were immensely more valuable than any which have yet been unearthed.

CONGRESSMAN WILKINS, of Ohio, was standing in front of the Ebbitt House, Washington, a few days ago, when he made a bet with a few friends that he could show them at least six heads of red hair without the presence of a white horse for each head. The penalty imposed was a box of cigars. The Congressman suggested a walk and the party started forth. Mr. Wilkins led them to a store for the sale of human hair, and in the window were seven "lay" heads adorned with red wigs. In the midst of Wilkins' exultation, however, around the corner came a funeral procession of eight carriages, each drawn by a pair of white horses.

HERR WINKELMEIER, the Austrian giant, who died recently, had for the last year been exhibiting himself in London. He was shortly to have visited this country. He was 8 feet 9 inches in height, topping Chang, the Chinese giant, by one foot. Winkelmeier was born at Freidburg, Austria, in 1865, and was 22 years of age. He is said to have been of ordinary stature until the age of 14. According to Prof. Virchow, had Winkelmeier lived he would probably have continued growing until the age of 25. The reach of his arms was 104 feet, and he could span two octaves on the pianoforte. His weight was about five hundred pounds.

JUSTICE FIELD, in his decision in the Senator Stanford case, held that the Pacific Railroad Commission could not require the Senator to answer the questions put to him concerning the use of money in securing national and State legislation in aid of the Central Pacific Railroad, but he did suggest that while this Commission had no power in the premises the courts were still open, and could be used by the Government in obtaining any disclosures it desired. No move, says a Washington correspondent, has yet been made by the Government to push the investigation in the courts, nor is it probable that such an effort will be made, if made at all, until after the Commission has reported to the President and he in turn has sent the documents to Congress. Acting Attorney General Jenks says it would hardly be proper to proceed in the courts against the railroad officers either by indictment or to force the payment of their indebtedness to the Government until the present investigation is completed.

AS THE survivors of Walker's Nicaraguan expedition are to meet in this city during the coming autumn, says the Louisville Courier-Journal, it is not out of place to tell something of that episode in American history, which created a remarkable sensation at the time, but is now totally forgotten, except by the few who were then adults and have survived the events of that period. General William Walker was a lawyer, physician, journalist, and explorer. In 1853 he organized an expedition for the conquest of Sonora, but failed in his attempt, and was tried and acquitted the next year at San Francisco for violation of the neutrality laws. In 1855 he interfered in the intestine troubles of Nicaragua, and landed in the country with sixty-two followers, but soon received some reinforcements. He gained two battles and took possession of the city of Granada. Recruits continued to arrive from the United States, and his force was increased to 1,200 men. In 1856 he gained entire control of the country, and increased his army with additional forces of American adventurers. He engaged in a war with Costa Rica, and was defeated in the first battle, but gained the second. He was elected President of Nicaragua, and abolished slavery. But intestine wars broke out and he was deposed. He surrendered to the United States authorities and was taken to New Orleans; escaped and returned to Nicaragua, but was again arrested. He made several other attempts to control the country, but failed each time. Finally, in 1860, he led an expedition into Honduras, with the intention of creating a revolution, but he and all his men were captured and shot.



A Column or Two of Chat About the Fair Daughters of Eve.

Together with a Few Notes on the Latest Styles in Feminine Attire.

Fall Fashion Flyers.

The truly fashionable belle is doing a double duty to the goddess of dress. She is finishing her summer season handsomely, and at the same time is getting her wardrobe ready for winter. The proper outlines for evening toilets, as fixed by the latest canons of style, are accurately shown in the first of these pictures. The materials may be anything within the considerable range of approved fabrics, but the shapes for grand occasions of finery cannot greatly depart from this illustration, unless the wearer be a bud, or debutante, as young girls are called during their first winter out. In that case two styles are illustrated in the second plate. Formerly, such maidens wore distinctly juvenile costumes, like that of the girl on the left; but now bare arms and low corsages are allowable, though the gown usually has, nevertheless, a girl-



NEW BALL COSTUMES.

ish air, as here shown. The drawings in both plates are from actual garments just made for September use for balls or receptions.

Fashion writers sometimes do not hesitate to grind out information of the fall styles as early as August. But never until October will the public know all about the winter's glories of dress. Things are projected upon the public as fashionable that will never become so. Styles are described that will never be heard of on the backs of the modish. Some merchants in New York fix up the show-windows as early as August 25 with loud devices in wool, but the custom is as foolish as eating oysters on a certain day for the first time, because there's an "r" in the month. Many people spell "Orgust" that fashion for the sake of getting in oysters on the uneducated. So with the big stores of Gotham. They catch the unwary with unsalable goods by their early displays. When the real styles get in their flaming inducements, the Macgregor plaids and the telegraph-pole stripes are relegated to the store-room, not to be seen till the next summer. I am acquainted with a piece of silk on whose orange ground rest



IN THEIR FIRST SEASON.

peonies in their natural colors and life size, that has decorated the show-window of a Broadway dry-goods house ten consecutive Septembers. Some credulous women have bought breadths for panels, and in 1879 a lady from Ann Arbor purchased a dress pattern off it. In other respects the original package is unimpaired. The Ann Arbor lady is said to have been consigned for treatment to a lunatic asylum in the spring, and it is an open question in Michigan to this day whether the purchase broke up a fine Western intellect or the purchase indicated an intellect

already on the wane. But there are genuinely new stocks in some of the stores of this city. The general tendency of taste and style can be outlined at this early day. The dressmakers are coming home with their discoveries.

Dresses for autumn out-door wear show no more distention of bustle than was tolerated last summer, and it is to be hoped that a decrease of that deformity will soon ensue. Two contrasting styles are depicted. The draperies which characterize the skirt of one are absent in the other. The bodies illustrate the ingenuity of decoration nowadays achieved in mock-jackets and plastrons. Big hats are still seen, especially on late sojourners at the resorts and mountain tourists. Striking suits of Scotch plaids, of loudly figured stuffs, and of violently trimmed goods, are worn by fair travelers. But it is safe to say that big hats will not be worn this fall for the best of reasons. All the skewers this side of the kitchen can not keep a Gainsborough on the head during No-



FALL OUTDOOR DRESSES.

vember and the windy part of October. Two things may be depended on: Jet will be as fashionable as ever—nothing takes its place—and birds' plumage will hold its own on hats, especially the stiff wings and cocks' feathers, for the humidity lately so largely introduced into our atmosphere ruins an ostrich plume on sight. The importers are booming an immense stock of velvet flowers, leaves and such small fruits as grapes, plums and cherries made of plush. They are handsome, rich-looking things, but have a prim, set air of their own that imparts a flavor of middle age to the female face. That settles it. I have said a middle-aged woman under 75. One would suppose 150 years was the average length of life, if we took a lady's word as to the dividing line. It is doubtful if the gorgeous, soft splendor of plush fruit or velvet flowers will ever amount to more than the decoration of the wholesale dealers' counters. But lengths of tulle, of gauze and various diaphanous materials will be worn around hats and twisted about necks both fair and grizzly. It keeps the hair in place, frills up neuralgic chinks, and is becoming to all faces. The mode will be to wind a scarf about a hat, leaving at the back a streamer of at least a yard and a half. That will go once or twice



TWO NEAT BODICES.

about the neck. Some necks are so much bigger than others that they must regulate the purchase. A yard and a half will be plenty for Mrs. Frances Cleveland, but, if Grover concludes to conduct his fall campaign with one, three yards won't be an inch too much.

A glance at the two bodices pictured will not only show some neat ideas in quiet decoration, but will give outlines after which any ingenious woman can herself fashion a dress waist by modifying the pattern which she ordinarily uses. The devices are not difficult, although among the prettiest and most effective in the market. Sleeves range from the tight one long in vogue to all sorts of loose ones. It may be believed that the era of skin-tight sleeves is over, and that a fashionable woman will soon, for the first time in years, be able to lift her hands freely to the top of her head without bursting a seam.—Chicago Ledger.

Heart Almost Broken.

"Madame, your husband was killed, I believe," said a man, addressing a woman who lives on the border of the Indian Territory.

"Yes," she replied, with a sigh, "and I could have borne the misfortune much better had not the circumstances of his death been so distressing."

"What were the circumstances?" "Well, you see, he was killed by a man who had had no experience whatever in that line. It is sad, of course, to be killed by a professional, but to be shot down by a mere amateur is awful beyond description. My husband was a man of much experience, and to think that he was taken off by a scrub from St. Louis almost breaks my heart."—Arkansas Traveler.

NEVER yet was a good act lost, no matter if it was not appreciated.

GOPHER HOLLOW CORRESPONDENCE.

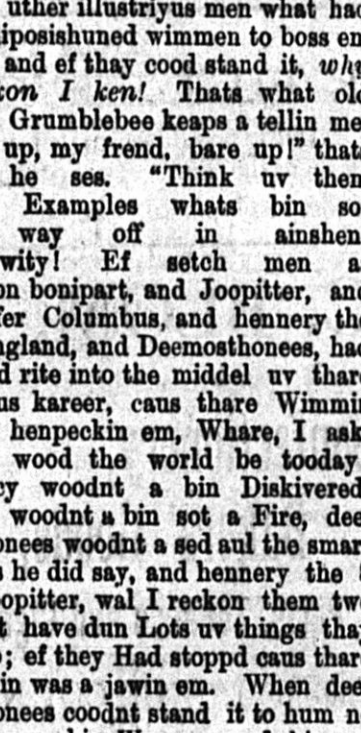
BY MRS. A. C. FRITSCH.

GOPHER HOLLER, Mishigun, Joon 16.

Mister Edditer:

DEER SUB—I haint had Time to tend to nothin lately except the Corn cultivatin and the kandy thissel stickin, or els I wood a writ a letter to yer paper Afore this. I rite thees fu lines to let yoo kno all the fokes is well up our way, and when thay reeches yoo I hoop

yoo air aul the same. The kannady thissels has got to be stuck rite strate off, or the old Thissel kumishoner will cum round and hire men to stick em fur us, afore thay go to seed; and us fellers has got to pay fur the work. How is all the fokes in Chicago? Up our way its a uncommonly helthy season. Nobuddy ain't sick that I ken think on, except my Wuman's neffu, he et too mutch sweet kake to the Camp meatin last week, and it sot heavy like onto his stummick, and nooked his Inside apparatus out of kilter fur a day or too. I will tell you A Word in privit consarnin this sicknes. My wuman and aul konneekshun blongs to the methidis congergashun hear, and thay ollways has a big kampmeatin evry Sumer. The grub the wimmin tak up fur them ookashuns is a site to Behold. Now, I wus brung up into the Hard shell babbis Perswashun, and kampmeatins haint never made me sick yet. But I dasnt tell the old Wuman my opinyuns and vnes, caus she rools the roost in this famby. Its hard fur a man what has bin electid skule Direckter twict and Path master onct, and what has bin a runnin fur Justis uv the Pees on the stump ticket, last spring, its hard I say, Mister edditer, fur setch a man to stand round fur a Wuman. But then I keep a thinkin uv them old, furrin, greeky fillossifers and lots uv uther illustrius men what had cross diposishuned wimmin to boss em round, and ef thay cood stand it, why I reckon I ken! Thats what old mosus Grumblebee keeps a tellin me. "Bare up, my friend, bare up!" thats what he ses. "Think uv them shinin Examples whats bin sot yoo, way off in ainshent Antickwity! Ef setch men as napoleon bonipart, and Joopitter, and cristuffer Columbus, and hennery the 8 uv England, and Deemosthones, had stoppe rite into the middel uv thare glorieous kareer, caus thare Wimmin was a henpeckin em, Where, I ask, where wood the world be today? Americy woodnt a bin Diskivered, Mosko woodnt a bin sot a Fire, deemosthones woodnt a sed aul the smart Things he did say, and hennery the 8 and Joopitter, wal I reckon them two woodnt have dun Lots uv things thay Did do; ef they Had stoppd caus thare Wimmin was a jawn em. When deemosthones coodnt stand it to hum no longer caus his Wuman used him so onkindly did he sass back or go to cussin? Or wuss yit, did he lay round and hang his hed? Not by enny means. He jest went to the store and bowt a merlasses Hogshead, and rolled it hum; a little ways from the house, so he coodnt hear her jaw. And their he sot up a Establishment uv his own, with no cross wuman to hender his Meditations and spile his filloisif fur him. He sot into his merlasses barrill kontentid as cood be, a thinkin a Powerful site uv thowts which was kalkilatid fur to improov fokes Intellect and straten uv thare Morrills. Bare up, my friend, Bare up!" Thats the way Mosus tauks to me, and he knows what he is taukin about, Mosus duz, caus he has got enny Amount uv Book larin. Them remarks uv hian is A mitey konserlashun to a man like Me, whats bin onnered by His fellersittiens uv the Place what he lives in, by bein yoonanimously electid to fill the offices afore menshuned; whitich shows that thay is Appreciatin uv his talens and attaral Gifts. I close fur today. Moar the next Time. Betwixt hayin and Harvest me and the Old wuman intends fur to cum down and see yoo, ef nofing turns up to prevent. Yooers trooly, DANIELL GREEN, Skule dereckter, path Master, and whitich was a runnin fur Justis uv the Pees.



The Telephone of 1665.

"There is nothing new under the sun," not even the telephone. Permit me to state that in the year 1665 there was published in England a book with the title of "Micrographia." The author was Dr. Robert Hooke, a celebrated scientist, mathematician, and philosopher, who was born in the Isle of Wight in 1635 and educated at Oxford. The work referred to contains various philosophical descriptions of minute bodies made by magnifying glasses, as indicated in the title, together with "Observations and Inquiries" on them. In the preface the learned scientist asserts that the lowest whispers by certain means (which he does not make public) may be heard at the distance of a furlong; that he knew a way by which it is easy to hear anyone speak through a wall three feet thick, and that by means of an extended wire-sound may be conveyed to a very great distance almost in an instant.—North American Review.

UNDER THE CHANDELIER.

BY JEFFIE FORDHAM HANAFORD.

They stand just under the chandelier.
The music sounds faint, the lights are dim,
He whispers, "I love you," he has no fear,
He feels so sure of her love for him.
She is tall, and stately, and full of grace,
And he is as dark as she is fair,
Her dress a marvel of silk and lace,
And diamonds gleam in her golden hair.

Deepest surprise is expressed in her face,
She wonders if this is the way it will end;
She doesn't see why he can't keep his place,
And continue her most devoted friend.
She tells him this, in her winning way,
And tries to soften the blow she gives,
But he remembers for many a day—
And perhaps to the longest day he lives.

She hands him a rose, a good-bye token,
He does not speak, yet she sweetly smiles;
'Tis only a man's heart breaking—broken
By a thoughtless woman's witching wiles.
He has gone. The lights were never so dim.
The room is empty, silent, and drear—
In her silks and laces, tall and slim,
Alone she stands under the chandelier.

A FORETASTE OF WAR.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

Upon my introduction to actual hostilities, the aspect of things appeared quite serious, but it turned out rather a farce. Still there was a real prospect of bloodshed in the adventure, and the writer and some fifty or sixty other ardent young soldiers in blue, with and without shoulder-straps, then satisfied themselves that they were not afraid to go were there was danger of being shot at. Anyway, the story is worth telling.

It happened about April or May, 1862. I had been in the military service of the United States since the previous September, and I had not yet heard a bullet fly. I was a subaltern in the Tenth New York Cavalry Regiment. The Government had stopped recruiting before we had got organized, and it looked in the late fall of 1861 as though we should never be a regiment. Finally, in the last days of December, eight companies were mustered in, and we were dispatched southward from Elmira. From that time clear up to the second battle of Bull Run, eight months later, the Government treated us very much as though we were superfluous, and of no manner of use. First, we were put in barracks at Gettysburg. That now world-wide famous town had not been discovered at that time; it lay amid the hills of Southern Pennsylvania in all its original Dutch sleepiness, and nobody dreamed of such a thing as that the greatest battle of the war was to be fought on that very ground. Surely, when we buried one of our comrades on grand Cemetery Hill one lovely spring Sabbath—the very first soldier ever interred on that historic spot—he would have been deemed crazy who had predicted that in little more than a year a deadly tempest of fire, lead, and iron would rage about this spot, and that, a little later on, thousands of soldiers' graves would dot these heights.

No; we never dreamed of such a thing. We were at Gettysburg till the following March; the regiment was not mounted till August. We had an exceedingly good time. We had some dismounted drill; we ate large quantities of apple-butter and hominy, the principal products of the region; and those of us who were young and frivolous (as nearly all soldiers were in those days) flirted with the Dutch girls. I have always thought that if our field officers had not continually stirred up the War Department on the subject of mounting us and putting us into the field, we would have been right there when General Lee invaded Pennsylvania. But in March we were ordered to get on the line of the railroad from Baltimore to Havre-de-Grace, at the mouth of the Susquehanna, and guard it. As dull sabers were not very efficient weapons to guard anything with, a lot of second-hand but still serviceable muskets, were issued to us. And then the lively row, that just fell short of being a mutiny! The men protested and swore that they were cavalry, not infantry, and accused the officers of conspiracy with the War Department to force muskets upon them, and thus change their proud condition in the service. We were, in fact, up to that time about as much cavalry as a lot of wooden hobby-horses are; but that made no difference with what the men thought to be their reserved rights. At last they were convinced that this was to be merely a temporary service, and the muskets were accepted.

From the stern realities of war as I saw it in 1863 and 1864, my mind goes back to those pleasant four months along that railroad, and pronounces it a delightful example of "playing soldier."

The region is the same that was invaded by that fire-eating guerilla, Harry Gilmore, and his band when, in the July of 1864, while Early was invading Maryland, they rode around Baltimore, stopped a railroad train at Gunpowder Bridge, captured General Franklin on it, and put everybody in terror by their capers. But everything was peaceable enough about there in the summer of 1862. For sixty or eighty miles this road runs around the head of Chesapeake Bay, and at each few miles of the distance a wide inlet is crossed by a railroad bridge. We were split up into detachments, and posted at these bridges, to prevent them from being eaten up by the shad. I couldn't really see that there was anything else to do. The inhabitants of the country were generally loyal; but they were all kind and hospitable, the Secessionists as much so as the Union folks. So we ate shad, visited the citizens, made frequent visits to Baltimore, read about the Peninsula Campaign, and wondered why McClellan didn't take Richmond. In short, we had a glorious good time, and put on all the airs of real soldiers.

One day the profound quiet of this situation at the Back River Station, six miles from Baltimore, was broken by a flurry of real excitement. A negro came to Captain Pratt (commanding Company A) and told him that a company of Baltimore Secessionists were aboard a schooner, just off North Point, only four or five miles from Back River, and were about to go south somewhere to join the Confederate army. We knew that the negro was both loyal and reliable, and we saw a prospect of some real work. Major Avery had his quarters at this station, but was absent on this day. I was on the regimental staff, and also stationed here.

Captain Pratt, Lieutenant Weed, and myself held a brief council of war. I don't suppose that we three young fellows realized at the time that, acting in such a matter on our own responsibility, and without orders, we might get ourselves into a serious scrape with our superiors. We all felt the same way about the matter. It was the first chance that had been presented to us to see any real service, and we were not the chaps to miss it. The Captain issued his orders, and when the men found out what was in the wind, they were as eager to go as we were to lead them.

The Captain and I mounted our horses and the Lieutenant marched with the men. The muskets had been loaded and capped, and the cartridge boxes were full. Sure enough, when we came round the Point, there was a tall-masted vessel, without sails, anchored perhaps a hundred yards from the shore. We could see a number of men on the deck. The place was about where the British landed in 1814.

The negro had informed us where two boats were secreted. We dragged them out, got in, and rowed out to the vessel.

Now the reader will readily see what might and probably would have happened, had the situation been what we had every reason to suppose it to be. One dozen determined men, with no better arms than we had, might have held that deck in defiance of us. They could have killed and wounded half of us before our boats could have reached the vessel; they could have easily beaten us off altogether.

I think our hearts were all pretty well up toward our mouths, in anticipation of something of this sort, and our men were all ready to use their muskets on the slightest hostile demonstration. But never a shot was fired. We boarded the vessel and took possession. Our prisoners were about thirty well-dressed young fellows, without arms, who, as it turned out, were the sons of some of the wealthiest families in Baltimore, and who had really started to join the Confederate army in this manner. We took them to the city and delivered them to General Dix. I really think the young fellows should have been sent to Fort Lafayette for a while; but their parents begged hard for their release, promising that they would be answerable for their future conduct, and the kind old General discharged them. I will venture that some of them found their way to the Confederate armies.

The affair made some noise in the Baltimore papers, and Company A had high praise.

The strangest part of the thing was, that cavalry—armed with muskets—should capture a vessel. A queer mixture.—*Chicago Ledger.*

HOW THE MISER'S GOLD CAME TO THE VETERAN.

Rumors of the enemy's approach had all day agitated the village. At noon a farmer rode into town, and reported that from the roof of his house he had seen thousands of armed men passing upon a road about a mile off. He was certain they would enter the village.

The intelligence filled the poor people with profound distress. To be despoiled of their substance, and to have their homes destroyed by stragglers or marauders, was the least they could anticipate. A panic possessed them. Some hastily secreted their valuables, and others set forth laden with valued property. A few of the old, the infirm, and the bed-ridden remained, and in a few instances the more courageous of the men; but the bulk of the several hundred inhabitants made their way as best they might to the mountains, where they remained that night. When, the next day, some of the bolder ones went back to reconnoiter, they found their worst fears confirmed. The village was nearly all consumed by fire. Some who had ventured to remain were found tied up to the trunks of trees. They told pitiful stories of blows with the flats of sabers and threatenings with pistols to make them tell where treasure had been buried.

The main army had passed off three miles from the village; all this havoc and ruin was wrought by a detachment of irregular cavalry, which, contrary to orders, was scouring the country for pillage. The poor people whom they had so distressed were not sorry to learn afterward that some of these wretches had been summarily shot by order of the commanding General.

When the inhabitants of the village came back to their devastated homes the sun was shining brightly on the smoking ruins; there was not a cloud in the sky. Yet, far off, they heard all day a sound as of rolling thunder. Not until two days later did they know that they had listened to the noise of a great battle, twenty miles off, in which ten thousand men were killed and mangled.

After painful labors and more suffering these people rebuilt their ravaged homes and soon peace came, with all

its blessings. But many a long year passed before the effects of their terrible experience ceased to be noticed. Some of these individual experiences have been reported elsewhere, by others than myself. The one that most vividly recalled to my mind the warlike preface just given has never been placed in print.

Upon the day when the village was burned, among the few who ventured to remain and meet the raiders was Moses Dimock, then a feeble man of sixty-five. This man rarely spoke to anyone; he lived entirely alone in a little cabin that he had made; he seemed to have no occupation. The gossip of the place had circulated the story that he was immensely wealthy and had great treasure concealed about his small house. Something of this rumor the rough-riders of that terrible day must have gathered from the badly scared people who remained behind. They seized Dimock, tied stout cords about his thumbs, and hauled him up so that he could barely stand on tiptoe, at the same time threatening him with instant death if he did not tell where his treasure was concealed. He shrieked with pain, but never wavered in the assertion that he had nothing. His cabin was thoroughly searched while this scene was enacted, but nothing was found worth taking away; and when the military outlaws rode off, after firing the cabin, they left its occupants senseless on the ground.

Others who had been plundered or injured bodily by these raiders had friends; in the whole village Moses Dimock had not one. He was more of an outcast than before. An opinion prevailed through the village that the recluse had lost all his hoardings; and it must be said that the people were generally pleased to believe it.

The poor old man became a pitiable object to behold. He wandered aimlessly about the village, unkempt and ragged. Where he slept, what he ate, nobody knew—nor cared. His hands twitched with palsy. His eye was dull; his walk feeble and vacillating. In less than a year from the time of the raid, he entirely lost his speech. It was generally believed that the terrors of that night when he was bound, tortured and threatened with death before his blazing home, had given him a shock, both mental and physical, from which he would never recover.

Wandering about one night, homeless, friendless and helpless, Dimock fell exhausted on the steps of Robert Winslow's dwelling. The owner of this humble abode had been a soldier at one time, and had seen such suffering as only soldiers see. Upon his discharge he had resumed work as a mechanic, and with a wife and three children to support, was sorely pressed by poverty. Yet the charity of the poor and lowly is not only the sweetest, but the most frequent; and when Winslow, hearing the noise of the old man's fall upon the steps, came to the door, he was moved with compassion at the sight. He took the outcast in his arms, and brought him into the house.

The narrative need not be prolonged. Until his death, which happened ten months later, Moses Dimock found shelter, food, and kind attention in this house. He was entirely helpless. He could not speak at all; his hands shook so with palsy that he could neither write nor feed himself; and he became so feeble in the last weeks of his life that he had to be lifted and carried like an infant. But the good veteran and his wife persevered in their charitable work, spite of their poverty, and notwithstanding the rather heartless comments of some of their neighbors. That the old man was deeply grateful for all this kindness was plainly to be seen from his face. And then his efforts to speak were so earnest and so vain that they were painful to behold.

But when he came to die, his voice for one minute came back to him; and this is what he said:

"God love you, dear souls, for your kindness. You know how I have struggled for speech; you do not know how I have silently prayed that I might in some way have the power to tell you my secret. When the news came that the raiders were on the way I buried my gold—ten thousand dollars of it—under the stone door-step of the cabin. Then I foolishly stayed behind to watch it. They tortured me, they threatened me, they left me almost dead, but I never gave up the secret. The gold is there now, and it is all yours; if it were ten times as much you would deserve it."

So the old miser's gold came to the worthy veteran, Robert Winslow.

Anthropophagons.



Little Nephew—Uncle, you must be a sort of cannibal, I—
Uncle (on a visit)—A what, sir? What'd'yer mean, sir?
Nephew—'Cause ma said you was always 'avin' on somebody!—London Punch.

A side door and a bar inside would help many a church to audiences much larger than usual.

Two Views.



WAS at college first
I met him,
There competing
for a prize;
And he gave his deep
oration,
All his soul within
his eyes.
'Twas a masterpiece,
in Latin,
Full of feeling, fire
and thought,
Rich with wild poetic
fancies
Thro' the phrases
interwrought.

And his proud young face shone on me,
And his clear young voice rang loud,
Leaving in my ear an echo
O'er the plaudits of the crowd.

Thus I listened, thrilled, enraptured,
Hung on every ringing tone,
Till the heart within my bosom
Beat for him, and him alone!

On my breast I wore his colors,
Love's sweet tribute to his fame;
And while thinking of him ever
To my heart I called his name.

And we met again—'twas summer;
I had waited long and well.
I was down beside the seashore,
Stopping at the Grand hotel.



Seated all alone at dinner,
Wrapped in serious thought was I,
When a voice, so deep and tender,
Murmured, "Peach or lemon pie?"

Then I looked up, pale and trembling;
There "he" stood within my sight,
In a waiter's badge all shining,
And a waiter's apron white.

He had hired there for the summer,
And his wild, poetic heart
Now was struggling through the mazes
Of a dinner a la carte.

So I turned me coldly from him,
With a sad and sobbing sigh;
After all my weary waiting
All I said was "Lemon pie!" —Judge.

Habits of Flowers.

Flowers have habits, or ways of acting, just as people have. I will tell you about some of them. There are some flowers that shut themselves up at night so as to go to sleep, and open again in the morning. Tulips do this. I was once admiring in the morning some flowers that were sent to me the evening before by a lady. Among them were some tulips, and out of these, as they opened, flew a bumblebee. A lazy, droning bee he must have been to be caught in this way, as the flower was closing for the night, or, perhaps, had done a day's work in gathering honey, and just at night was so sleepy that he stayed too long in the tulip, and so was shut in. A very elegant bed he had that night. I wonder if he slept any better than he would have done if he had been in his homely nest?

The pond-lily closes its pure white leaves at night as it lies upon its watery bed; but it unfolds them again in the morning. How beautiful it looks as it is spread out upon the water in the sunlight! The little mountain daisy is among the flowers that close at night, but it is as bright as ever on its slender stem when it wakes in the morning. When it shuts itself up it is a little green ball, and looks something like a pea. But look the next morning, and the ball is opened, and shows a golden tuft within a silver crown.

The golden flowers of the dandelion are shut up every night. They are folded up so closely in their green coverings that they look like buds that have never yet been opened. There is one curious habit which the dandelion has. When the sun is very hot it closes itself up to keep from wilting. It is in this way sheltered in its green covering from the sun. It sometimes, when it is very hot, shuts itself up as early as 6 o'clock in the morning.

Some flowers hang down their heads at night as if they were nodding in sleep; but in the morning they lift them up again to welcome the light. Some flowers have a particular time to open. The evening primrose does not open till evening, and hence comes its name. The flower named four o'clock opens at that hour in the afternoon. There is a flower commonly called go-to-bed at noon, that always opens in the morning and shuts up at noon.

A Substitute for Prayer.

A minister tells the following: Somewhere in the country a number of ministers were wont to meet together on stated days for purposes pertaining to their calling. As might be supposed, each meeting was opened with prayer. But one day they met at the house of a brother who had a stock of excellent cigars, which he passed around freely. Soon all the brethren were puffing away, and before they knew it they had taken up the business of the meeting. Suddenly one of them remembered the forgotten prayer and suggested that somebody make up for lost time. But one of the others was equal to the occasion. "Never mind now, Brother X—," he said "we have opened this meeting by offering up incense. Let that suffice." —*Albany Express.*

To look like the majority of the pictures in fashion magazines a woman would have to carry her stomach under her chin and her liver in the small of her back.—*New York Graphic.*

HUMOR.

THE Pomp of power—A dandy in office.

FREAKS of fortune—The Siamese twins.

Not painted in water colors—A toper's nose.

Does death end all? No, indeed. It is frequently just the beginning of a big undertaker's bill.

It doesn't make a man a fool to call him one. No, but it sometimes shows the man to be a fool who calls him one.

O. C. CABOT, a brother of Sebastian Cabot, spelled his name backward in order to find an appellation for an Indian smokeweed—tobacco.

'Twas a six-dollar tile—to be bristled, But a fat party brought it to grief, For she sat on it flat; What he said after that We'd repeat—but we've turned a new leaf, —*Siftings.*

How foolish it is to make fun of the homemade bustle. There is not a girl who makes her own bustle but is backed by some of the most influential papers of the times.

FIRST Chicago woman—"Excuse me, but would you tell me your name?" Second Chicago woman—"Really, I do not know. I have not heard from the Court House to-day."—*Detroit Free Press.*

FAIR maiden, if your lover's name is William, remember in asking a favor of him to say "please William" and not "do Bill." For he knows that if William pleases—the result will be a due Bill.—*Texas Siftings.*

"WHAT are those hanging fern pots called?" "Bombolas. Curious things—you fill them with liquid up to brim over night and in the morning they've absorbed it all, and are ready for more." How strangely they resemble politicians in this respect!

"Won't you come in here and have a cigar with me?" said a Dakota man to another whom he met near the Court House, while court was in session. "Thanks—in just half a minute," replied the other; "I want to step in here and be admitted to the bar."—*Dakota Bell.*

TWO YOUNG men were discussing women the other day, and one was endeavoring to convince the other—something of a misogynist, by the way—that to the other sex man owed all his comfort. "They are, indeed," he remarked, "the primeval cause of human happiness." "No doubt," was the rejoinder, "they are the cause of prime evil themselves."

"I UNDERSTAND that Hon. Thomas Hipocket wants the nomination for Representative in the Legislature." "Pahaw! He won't do." "Why not? Isn't he a statesman of more than average ability?" "Certainly; but Deacon Doogood is the man for the place. He can play poker like a Congressman and drink whisky like a Senator." —*Newman Independent.*

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE, ETC.
There are some evils all must share
And equally endure,
Some miseries the rich must bear
As often as the poor.
When blazing are the solar fires,
And shirts to shoulders stick,
The fat rich man blows, puffs, perspires,
As much as lab'ring Dick.
The poor man bathing in the pool
Dreads not the noonday glare;
There he can keep himself as cool
As any millionaire.
—*Boston Courier.*

At the dinner-table: Little girl (addressing little brother)—"Tommy, you musn't eat so much cake." Visiting preacher (looking admiringly at the girl and then turning to the mother)—"Madam, that is what I term consideration early developed. She is certainly a wise child, and you deserve credit for instilling into her the great virtue of abstaining from over indulgence in rich food." (To the girl) "And you do not want your brother to eat too much cake because you know it is not good for him?" Little girl—"No, sir; because I don't want him to eat it all up, for I want some."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

Gazing Into Shop Windows.

One young man was walking reflectively along, and the class of articles that seemed to interest him were very peculiar indeed. He stopped in front of a large display of laces and read with great satisfaction the sign, "Prices completely wrecked. Only 5 cents a yard." "Cheap enough," he muttered to himself, and passed on by window after window of smokers' articles, beautiful paintings, gentlemen's canes and hats, till he came to a display of ladies' gloves. Here he tarried a long time. A while after he was standing in front of a display of wall paper. What was he thinking about and why was he alone? Was he on the verge of some mental Rubicon, the crossing of which was connected in some way with the prices of laces, gloves, and wall paper? Perhaps the most interesting observation of human nature that can be taken during a walk by the shop windows, and one requiring no very keen powers of perception, is afforded by stepping up in front of any deserted window. It is not necessary that there be anything on exhibition. Let there be nothing inside but a bare shelf. Stand there a moment gazing within and soon somebody else will step up beside you, then another, and within a minute or two there will be several. The experiment can be repeated again and again with uniform success.—*Chicago Herald.*

THE young man who can go into a pawnshop without a quickening of the pulse and a heightening of the color has been there before.—*Puck.*

OREGON imports much of the butter she consumes, though there is no better dairy country in the world than Oregon.

Do you want to buy or sell a farm?
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Holland City?

Do you want to rent a house or store in Holland?

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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
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Crockery, and Notions of all Kinds.

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side.

VERY favorable criticisms are made by
the state papers of the "Labadie Nobody's
Child" Company which is to appear at
the Opera House Monday and Tuesday,
October 3rd and 4th.

FRIDAY will be the last day on which
the fruit train will run over the Chicago
and West Michigan Railway. An enor-
mous amount has been transferred by this
corporation this year.

ANY kind of reading matter or sub-
scriptions to papers and magazines will be
thankfully received by A. G. Huizinga,
Secretary Y. M. C. A., to be used in their
Public Reading Room.

The Kickapoo's bill like a circus. The
have completely filled up two of the large
stands on Eighth street with flashily
colored paper. From the display made
Sagwa must be a "heap bad Indian" and
ought to kill at ten paces.

DURING the long fall and winter
evenings that are fast approaching
everybody ought to have their local
paper to read. Before leaving town
leave your subscription for the
weekly News, only \$1.50 per year.

GROUND has been broken on Eighth
street nearly opposite the Naws office for
a new two-story building to be erected by
Mr. R. Kanters. When completed it will
be occupied by the firm of R. Kanters &
Sons for their hardware business.

By far the best exhibit of agri-
cultural products in the Agricultural
Building, is that made by John
A. Kooijers. It includes over 100 dif-
ferent varieties, and we will stake a
cart wheel that no better exhibit of
the kind has been made at any fair
in Michigan.

Our attention has been called to the
fact that the bridge on the C. & W. M.
Ry near the Zeeland brick yard is in
an unsatisfactory condition. A gentleman
crossed it on the train the other day, says
that it swayed to and fro as the train
passed over. He is not the only one who
has recently noticed and spoke of the
condition of this bridge.

Of Francis Labadie in the drama "No-
body's Child" which is to be presented at
the Opera House next Monday and Tues-
day evenings, the Chicago *Music and
Drama* says: "The piece has considerable
"go" in it, the comic and tragic elements
interwoven with nice discrimination. The
leading character was assumed by Mr.
Francis Labadie, who gave an artistic and
finished representation of the role. His
repose is admirable."

At the Fair.

THE SECOND DAY.

Just as the News predicted and anx-
iously wished for the weather opened up
very auspiciously yesterday morning,
and everything looked decidedly promis-
ing for the second day of the fair. Before
nine o'clock in the day teams began to
string in from the country and the trains
that came later brought large numbers of
people. About noon the Fair Grounds
began to present a very live appearance.
Late exhibitors were rushing to and fro
anxious to make their entries before the
closing time came, which time was post-
poned two hours for some of them. There
was little, if any, excitement in the morn-
ing, but in the afternoon the fun began.
It started out with a slack wire perform-
ance by the "Great De Boe," after which
the cattle were led from their stalls to the
ring where they were inspected by the
judges and other admirers. About the
same time the judges of horse flesh were
coming to their conclusions as to who
were the fortunate owners entitled to
prizes. They had no very easy task
either, for there were so many choice
animals to be seen that it was hard to
reach a decision. As will be seen by the
statement of the treasurer, the at-
tendance doubled that of Wednesday
last year and the crowd remained on
the grounds until high on to supper time.
They went from place to place and saw
what there was to be seen. The Main
Building, Pomological, and Agricultural
Halls seemed to attract the most attention
inasmuch as the majority of those on the
grounds were from the city. The other
departments were, however, not over-
looked. There were those who preferred
looking at poultry, swine, cattle, or
horses, rather than spend the time at any-
thing else. The stands, of which there
are a number, met with liberal patronage
especially those conducted by the young
ladies of the different Church Aid So-
cieties, they looked so prepossessing and
their object was so deserving that it was
rather hard to pass them by unnoticed,
when just a mite would make them very
happy. Thursday and Friday are always
considered the main days and it is ex-
pected that there will be thousands in
attendance on both days. Special racing
programmes have been arranged and
much genuine pleasure can be looked for-
ward to.

B. Van Raalte,

dealer in

Agr'l Implements and Machinery,

BUGGIES AND CUTTERS,

River street, Cor. Ninth.

HOLLAND, MICH.

FAIR VISITORS

You can save money by buying

Dry Goods, Hats and Caps,

and GROCERIES of

G. Van Putten & Sons, River street.

Butter and Eggs taken in exchange for Goods.

STANDARD ROLLER MILLS.

We extend a cordial invitation to all who attend the Fair
to visit our mill and inspect modern and improved methods
of making the highest grades of flour.

WALSH-DE ROO MILLING CO.

Manufacturers of

DAISY AND SUNLIGHT ROLLER FLOURS,

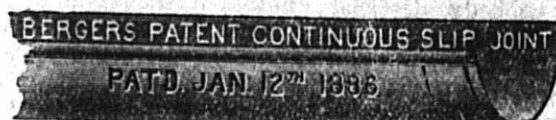
Graham, Wheatena, Rye Flour, Meal, Etc.

For a Hearty Dinner

Call on James Ryder under the Grand Stand.

Up town Quarters, Phoenix Hotel.

The Longest Eaves Trough in the World.



Ten feet long without a seam at same price as Common Trough.

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CLOAKS, DRY GOODS,

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Collections Promptly Attended to.

OFFICE IN BOSMAN'S BLOCK.

Eighth Street,

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Ah; There! Stay There!

DO YOU KNOW THAT

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Have got the largest and best stock of

JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE

IN HOLLAND CITY.

GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES,

Diamonds, and Other Precious Stones

Can be found in profusion and at low prices.

See their Show Windows

And call at Store and examine goods and learn
prices while attending the Fair.

Store on Cornsr of Eighth and Market Streets.