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HOLLAND CITY NEWS.

VOL. V.—NO. 36.

HOLLAND, MICH., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1876.

WHOLE NO. 244.

The Holland City News.

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT

HOLLAND CITY, MICHIGAN.

OFFICE: VAN LANDEGEND'S BLOCK.

O. J. DOESBURG, Editor and Publisher.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:—\$2.00 per year in advance.

JOB PRINTING PROMPTLY AND NEATLY DONE.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

One square of ten lines, (nonpareil) 75 cents for first insertion, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion for any period under three months.

	3 M.	6 M.	1 Y.
1 Square	3 50	5 00	8 00
2 " "	5 00	8 00	10 00
3 " "	8 00	10 00	17 00
4 " "	10 00	17 00	25 00
1 Column	17 00	25 00	40 00
2 " "	25 00	40 00	65 00

Yearly advertisers have the privilege of three changes.

Business Cards in City Directory, not over three lines, \$3.00 per annum.

Notices of Births, Marriages, and Deaths published without charge.

An X before the Subscriber's name will denote the expiration of the Subscription. Two X's signify that no paper will be continued after date.

All advertising bills collectable quarterly.

Rail Roads.

Chicago & Michigan Lake Shore R. R.

Taken Effect, Sunday, August 20, 1876.

Trains.	Leave Holland.	Arrive at Chicago.
Grand Rapids.	5.15 a. m.	10.15 a. m.
" "	" "	12.10 p. m.
" "	3.30 p. m.	" "
" "	8.35 " "	* 9.35 p. m.
Muskegon, Pentwater & Big Rapids.	5.30 a. m.	12.35 p. m.
" "	5.00 p. m.	11.05 a. "
" "	3.35 " "	* 8.22 p. "
New Buffalo & Chicago.	1.20 p. m.	5.10 a. m.
" "	12.30 " "	3.25 p. m.
" "	* 9.45 " "	† 4.40 " "

* Daily except Saturday
† Mixed trains.
All other trains daily except Sundays.
All trains on this road, will be run by Chicago time, which is 30 minutes later than Columbus time.

Lake Shore and Michigan Southern R. R.

Taken Effect, Sunday, Nov. 21, 1875.

FROM GRAND RAPIDS.	STATIONS.	TO GRAND RAPIDS.
Express, Mail.	Express, Mail.	
P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
4.15	7.30	Grand Rapids. 10.10
4.32	7.44	Grandville. 9.55
4.45	8.28	Allegan. 9.45
5.11	9.41	Oshtemo. 8.45
6.19	9.19	Plainwell. 8.07
6.35	9.35	Cooper. 7.35
6.50	9.50	Kalamazoo. 7.35
P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
6.30	11.30	White Pigeon. 5.50
A. M.	P. M.	A. M.
6.00	6.30	Chicago. 10.40
A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
5.40	5.00	Toledo. 11.55
P. M.	P. M.	A. M.
7.05	9.05	Cleveland. 7.40
P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
1.15	4.05	Buffalo. 12.10

Mich. Lake Shore Rail Road.

Taken Effect, Monday, May 29, 1876.

Going North.	STATIONS.	Going South.
No. 4	No. 3	No. 1
P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
8.30	13.15	Muskegon. 2.00
7.45	11.45	Ferryburg. 2.30
7.40	11.40	Grand Haven. 2.40
6.50	11.11	Pigeon. 3.13
5.45	10.35	Holland. 3.55
5.17	10.15	Fillmore. 4.12
4.00	9.35	Allegan. 5.00

Business Directory.

Attorneys.

HOWARD, M. D., Claim Agent, Attorney and Notary Public, River street.

MCBRIDE, G. W., Attorney at Law and Solicitor at Law and Notary Public. Special attention given to foreclosure of mortgages and collections. Office in the Village of Zeeland at the Store of A. Bolks & Bros.

ORT, F. J., Counselor at Law and Solicitor at Law, Office, in Dr. Powers building, West of River Street.

SHERBURNE, S. W., Blendon, Mich., Attorney at Law and Notary Public. Special attention given to foreclosure of mortgages and collections. Office in the Village of Zeeland at the Store of A. Bolks & Bros.

TEN BYOCK, J., Attorney at Law and Collecting Agent. Office in Kenyon's block, 2nd floor, River street.

VISSCHER A., Attorney at Law, Notary Public and Conveyancer. Kenyon's building, Corner of Eighth and River street.

Bakeries.

BINNEKANT, J., Proprietress of the Pioneer Bakery; baking done to order; 8th street.

PESSINK, G. J. A. Proprietor of City Bakery; Confectionery and cigars; Refreshments in this line served on call; Eighth street.

Banking and Exchange.

KENYON, NATHAN, Banking and Collecting, Drafts bought and sold; cor. Eighth and River streets.

Books and Stationery.

KANTERS, L. T. Dealer in Books, Stationery, Cigars, Notions and Toys, opposite City Drug Store, Eighth street.

Boots and Shoes.

HEROLD, E., Manufacturer of and dealer in Boots and Shoes, Leather Findings, etc.; Eighth street.

Dentist.

GEE D. M., Dental Surgeon; residence, and office on Eighth street, opposite Bakker & Van Raalte.

Drugs and Medicines.

ANNIS & BROEK, dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Fancy Goods, Toilet Articles and Perfumery, Paints and Oils, &c. Eighth street.

DOESBURG, J. O., Dealer in Drugs and Medicines, Paints and Oils, &c.; Proprietor of Dr. W. Van Den Berg's Family Medicines; River St.

MEENGES, D. R., Drug Store, Fine Drugs, Medicines, Fancy Goods, Toilet Articles and Perfumery. Eighth street.

VAN PUTTEN, W. M., Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Paints and Oils, &c.; Proprietor of Dr. W. Van Den Berg's Family Medicines; River St.

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

Dry Goods.

BERTSCH, D. General dealer in Dry Goods, Yankee Notions, Hats, Caps, etc.; cor. Eighth and River streets.

Furniture.

MEYER H., & CO., Dealers in all kinds of Furniture, Curtains, Wall Paper, Toys, Coffins, Picture Frames, etc.; River street.

REIDSEMA J. M., & SON, General Dealers in Furniture & Coffins; Eighth street. See advertisement.

Groceries.

FLIETSTRA, A., Groceries and Supplies; a ready market for country produce; a choice stock always on hand; cor. Eighth and Market st.

TE VAARWERK, G. J., Family Supply Store; a choice stock of groceries always on hand. Blacksmith shop in rear of Store; Eighth street.

General Dealers.

DUURSEMA J. & CO., Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, Hats, Caps, Clothing and Feed; River street.

TE ROLLER, D., Retail Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, etc.; Notary Public and conveyancer; office and store, cor. 9th and Market street.

VAN PUTTEN G., General Dealers, in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, Hats and Caps, Flour, Provisions, etc.; River st.

WELTON & AKELY, General Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, Flour and Feed, Provisions, etc. River street.

Flour and Feed.

SLOOTER F., Dealer in Flour and Groceries, in Sooter's Brick Building.—See Advertisement.

Hardware.

HAVERKATE, G. J., First Ward Hardware Store; sell cheaper than any other; 8th street.

VAN DER VEEN, E., Dealer in General Hardware; cor. Eighth and River street.

VAN LANDEGEND & MELIS, Dealers in Hardware, Tinware and Farming Implements; Eighth street.

Hotels.

AETNA HOUSE, P. ZALAMAN, Proprietor. First-class accommodation. Free Buss to and from the Trains. Eighth street.

CITY HOTEL, J. W. MINDERHOUT, Proprietor. Built in 1873; Furnished in elegant style, and a first-class hotel throughout.

PHOENIX HOTEL, J. McVICAR Proprietor; opposite the C. & M. L. S. R. Depot; good accommodation; building and furniture new.

Livery and Sale Stables.

BOONE & ALBERTI, Livery and Sale Stable. Office and barn on Market street. Everything first-class.

NIBBELINK, J. H., Livery and Sale Stable; Office of Daily Stage Line to Saugatuck, 9th street, near Market.

Wagonmakers and Blacksmiths.

DIJKEMA & BRO., Wagon and Blacksmith Shop. Horse-shoeing and all kinds of repairing done. River Street.

FLIEMAN, J., Wagon and Blacksmith Shop; Horse Shoeing and all kinds of repairing done. Cash paid for Furs.

Merchant Tailors.

BOSMAN, J. W., Merchant Tailor, and Dealer in ready made clothing and Gents' Furnishing Goods.

VORST, W., Merchant Tailor. Cloth purchased elsewhere, will be cut to order. Repairing promptly attended to. River street.

Meat Markets.

BUTKAU W., New Meat Market, near corner of Eighth and Fish Street. All kinds of sausages constantly on hand.

KLEYS, P., First Ward Meat Market; best of Meats always on hand. Eighth street.

KUITE, J., Dealer in all kinds of meats and vegetables; Meat Market on 8th street.

VAN DER HAAR, H., Dealer in Fresh, Salt, and Smoked Meats and Vegetables; paper and twine; 8th street.

Manufactories, Mills, Shops, Etc.

DEMING, W. H., Manufacturer of Plows, By improved machinery is enabled to sell the regular Kalamazoo, Plow and warrant them, at lower prices than any surrounding town. Plow points ground to order. 10th street west of River st.

HEALD, R. K., Manufacturer of and Dealer in Agricultural Implements; commission agent for Moving Machines; cor. 10th & River street.

PAUELS, VAN PUTTEN & CO., Proprietors of Plumber Mill; (Steam Saw and Flour Mills.) near foot of 8th street.

VERBEEK, H. W. & CO., Proprietors of the Phoenix Planing Mill. All kinds of building material furnished at Grand Rapids prices.

WILMS P. H., Manufacturer of Farm Pumps. All kinds of wood turning and sawing on hand and done to order. River street.

Notary Public.

POST, HENRY D., Real Estate and Insurance Agent, Notary Public and Conveyancer; Collections made in Holland and vicinity.

WALSH, H., Notary Public, Conveyancer, and Insurance Agent. Office, City Drug Store, 8th street.

Physicians.

BEST, R. B., Surgeon and Physician. Office at his residence, Overijssel, Mich.

ANNIS, T. E., Physician, residence, opposite S. W. cor. Public Square.

BROEK A., Surgeon and Physician. Office over their Drug store opp. Van Raalte's shoe store, where he can be found during the day and night.

EDEBOER, B. Physician and Surgeon: Office corner Eleventh and River street opposite public square.

MORRIS, S. L., Physician and Surgeon. Office, over E. H. H. Boot and Shoe Store, Eighth street.

SCHOUTEN, R. A. City Physician. Office at D. R. Meeng's Drug Store, 8th Street.

Saddlers.

VAUPELL, H., Manufacturer of and dealer in Harness, Trunks, Saddles and Whips; Eighth street.

Sewing Machines.

KANTERS, A. M. Agent for Ottawa and Allegan Counties, for the "Howe Sewing Machine." Dealers in needles and attachments.

Staves, Wood, Bark, Etc.

KANTERS, R., Dealer in Staves, Wood and Bark; office at his residence, Eighth street.

Tobacco and Cigars.

TE ROLLER, G. J., General dealer in Tobacco, Cigars, Snuff, Pipes, etc.; Eighth street.

Watches and Jewelry.

JOSLIN & BREYMAN, Watchmakers, Jewelers, and dealers in Fancy Goods; Kenyon's Block River Street.

Our Markets.

Produce, Etc.

Apples, bushel	25
Beans, bushel	1 25
Butter, lb.	18
Clover seed, bushel	10 00
Eggs, dozen	18
Honey, lb.	25
Hay, ton	8 00
Onions, bushel	9 00
Potatoes, bushel	40
Timothy seed, bushel	60
Wool, lb.	2

Wood, Staves, Etc.

Cordwood, maple, dry	3 00
" " green	2 75
" " beach, dry	2 25
" " green	2 50
Hemlock bark	10 00
Staves, white oak	12 00
Staves, birch	10 00
Heading bolts, soft wood	3 50
Heading bolts, hardwood	4 50
Stave bolts, softwood	3 50
Stave bolts, hardwood	4 50
Railroad ties	16

Grain, Feed, Etc.

(Corrected by the "Plucker Mills.")

Wheat, white bushel	1 00 @ 1 05
Corn, shelled bushel	45
Oats, bushel	25
Buckwheat, bushel	10
Bran, ton	16 00
Feed, ton	22 00
" 100 lb.	1 25
Barley, 100 lb.	1 10
Middling, 100 lb.	1 25
Flour, 100 lb.	1 35
Pearl Barley, 100 lb.	6 00 @ 7 00

Special Notices.

WANTED—A good girl to do house work; good wages paid. Enquire at this office.

If you want to see a large and cheap assortment of Hats and Caps, go to P. & A. STEKETEE.

Errors of Youth.

A gentleman who suffered for years from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion will, for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the recipe and direction for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience can do so by addressing in perfect confidence,

JOHN B. OGDEN,

42 Cedar st., New York.

F. & A. M.

A REGULAR COMMUNICATION OF UNITY LODGE, No. 191, F. & A. M., will be held at Masonic Hall, Holland, Mich., on Wednesday evening, Nov. 1, at 7 1/2 o'clock.

J. O. DOESBURG, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.

HOLLAND CITY LODGE, No. 192, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, holds its regular meetings at Odd Fellows' Hall, Holland Mich., on Tuesday Evening of each week.

Visiting brothers are cordially invited.

R. A. SCHOUTEN, N. G.

P. SCHRAVES ANDER, R. S.

To Consumptives.

The advertiser, having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used, (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a sure cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c. Parties wishing the prescription will please address

Rev. E. A. WILSON,

94 Penn St., Williamsburgh, N. Y.

For Sale by Heber Walsh, Holland, Michigan.

The New Brass Band.

The New Band hereby informs the public that they hold themselves ready for business—to play for public and political meetings—engagements can be made with Frank G. Heald. Charges moderate. Give us a trial.

4w.

Native Africans.

The Wagoge are a bumptious, overbearing race, but, contrary to the opinions of most travellers, I believe them to be, like all bullies, arrant cowards; however, in Africa, a bullying, browbeating manner often passes for courage. Their huts are miserable places, built round a square, in which at night the cattle are penned. Sheep, goats, and fowls share the huts of their masters; and smaller inhabitants are more in number than the sands of the sea. The Wagoge, inhabiting a country which requires hard work to make it produce the necessities of life, are

importers, and often tempt some foolish fellows to desert their Arab masters; only too soon do the fools find that they have exchanged from lenient masters to a bondage worse than that of the East. The chiefs, as well as the meanest of the people, have to take their turn in tending the herds of cattle which form their principal wealth, the only privileges enjoyed by the chief being that he has, as a rule, more wives, obtains a large share of the tribute, and can indulge in drunkenness oftener than his subjects. Their arms are bows and arrows and spears, and the more eastern portion of them also carry hide shields painted in a pattern of red, white, and black. Their ears are pierced, and the lobes so enlarged that in many instances they hang down to their shoulders. In them they carry gourds, snuff-boxes, and all sorts of heterogeneous objects. Their hair is dressed in a most fantastic manner. In fact, nothing seems to be too hideous or absurd for the taste of a Ugogo. After a delay of two or three days, caused by the drunkenness of the people during the mourning for a sister of the chief, which rendered them incapable of transacting any business, we marched for the next station. Our road lay along a fairly level country, and sometimes cultivated, some times thorny scrub, and sometimes sterile sand, till in the evening we arrived at a lovely pond about four hundred yards by two hundred in length and width, embosomed in a grove of green trees, with a short turflike sward stretching back from its shores. A complete oasis in the bosom of parched Ugogo. We formed our camp and feasted our eyes on the first fresh verdure we had seen since Mpwapwa.

We found the chief here more reasonable than the one at Moume, but still had to pay tribute as usual. We showed some of the people our guns, pistols, watches, etc., and one old man said that people who were able to make and use such wonderful things ought surely never to die. From this place we went along by a chain of small ponds frequented by waterfowl, till we arrived at Kanyenye or Great Ugogo. Kanyenye is a level plain, extending between the feet of two ranges of hills, and is ruled over by a chief of great age and decrepitude, concerning whom there are many stories. People say that he is now getting a fourth set of teeth, and that he is over three hundred years old. I have no doubt that he is considerably over the century. His grand-children are grey and grizzled men.—Lieut. Cameron, in Good Words.

A Duel between Snakes.

A Gentleman of Salt Lake City has a curious snake in his possession. Its captor says that, while he was in the mountains on Monday last, his attention was attracted by a peculiar singing noise, and in casting his eyes about he beheld not many feet from him an enormous rattlesnake coiled up in readiness to jump, and in a moment it sprang down the hill side several feet, and commenced a series of such rapid movements that the spectator's eye could scarcely keep track of it. The movements were incessant for several minutes, during which time the snake had seemed to dance over several rods of ground, but it finally crawled on to a rock.

The gentleman now first saw the king snake make a spring of nearly ten feet and light upon the rattlesnake. Then another series of quick and vigorous movements ensued, lasting several more minutes. Round after round followed, each more desperate than the last, until an hour had passed. Then both belligerents were exhausted, and the rattlesnake was inclined to crawl out. The little one, however, kept up the fight, and finally, getting its fangs fastened into its foe's throat, it held on until the rattlesnake died. Then the conqueror set to work dragging its dead enemy of the field. The witness now interfered, and throwing his coat over the king snake, captured it. He then examined the dead rattlesnake, and found a small hole in its throat, that

bel the only visible wound on it. After tearing off the rattles, numbering thirteen and a button, he took them and the king snake home.

A Dangerous Balloon Voyage.

D. S. Thomas, the aeronaut, reached this city yesterday on his way back from the town in Plymouth county, Mass., where he landed with his balloon on Tuesday afternoon. The trip through the air which Mr. Thomas made was characterized by some thrilling incidents, and is said to have been the longest ever made in New England. He left Bridgeport on Tuesday forenoon, having been obliged to go somewhat suddenly on account of the weather—so suddenly, in fact, that he left his undercoat behind him and lost his hat at the beginning of the ascension. After leaving the city he at once rose to an altitude of nine thousand feet and moved in the direction of Milford. Just before reaching this city he was carried out over the Sound. Looking at a steamer of the New York and New Haven line, which was directly under him, he saw by the direction taken by its smoke that he could regain the land by getting at a lower current of air.

Down he came and at once moved landward, passing over the mouth of New Haven harbor and crossing the Connecticut River not far from Goodspeed's landing. Then he kept on over Norwich to Providence, reaching at times an altitude of over two miles and traveling at the rate of fifty miles in sixty minutes. While passing Providence he was so high that the people thought the balloon was a toy—Thence he moved rapidly toward the place where he stopped. When only a little distance from the ocean he decided to alight, but the wind was very strong and he had great difficulty in doing so. Finally, after tearing off the roof of a barn and knocking down two or three stone walls, he lost his anchor. Then for ten miles, at a very rapid rate, he tore along through a pine forest in considerable danger, taking off the tops of trees. Most of the time the basket was upside down, so that he lost his ball last, and he could not collapse the balloon because he had no lip line. At last he was thrown out into the top of a tree, and he fell to the ground, the brittle branches so breaking his fall that he escaped with a few bruises and some damage to clothing. The balloon sailed away over the ocean.—He soon found friends and is now in pretty good condition.—New Haven Palladium.

Two Hundred Bushels of Crickets.

In Bull Run Valley, Nevada, the crickets have played sad havoc with the growing crops. The ugly pests attacked one wheat field of thirty acres, and in an hour destroyed the whole crop, eating the stalks off close to the ground, and then marched on to other conquests. Millions of crickets that have been killed strewn the ground for miles around, while vast numbers found their way into the streams, and have imparted a most disagreeable flavor to the water, rendering it unfit for drinking.

A novel means of cleaning out crickets is the sewing together of three gunny sacks, leaving small holes in the bottom one for the egress of the water. This large sack is attached to the end of a sluice-box, placed so that the water will run into it. The people then assemble, armed with bells and boughs, and with a great noise drive the crickets into the stream, which swiftly carries them down through the sluice-box into the bag, and there they are speedily drowned. At Painter's Rancho a few days ago there was a grand "drive," the result being seventy-five sacks full, or about 225 bushels, of crickets.—Sacramento Herald-Union.

Philadelphias.....	6 40	@ 6 50
CATTLE—Best.....	4 75	@ 5 00
Medium.....	4 50	@ 4 75
Small.....	4 00	@ 5 00

LIFE IN COREA.

The Curious Customs of a Very Curious People.

(From the London Times.)

One of the leading Secretaries of the Japanese mission, who visited Corea early in this year to negotiate the treaty between the two countries, gave, on his return, an account of the condition of Corea, so far as he could observe it on its southwestern coast and in the neighborhood of Kok'wa; and his statement, transmitted by Sir H. Parkes, is included among papers recently presented to Parliament. The Secretary says that the houses of the common people are little better than dog kennels. Though Kok'wa is a fine place, the houses are only six or seven feet high. Houses in Corea are warmed by means of a horizontal passage extending under the whole length of the floor; a fire is lit at one end, and the smoke goes out at the other. Dried fish and persimmons, tobacco and straw sandals are apparently the chief objects of trade. Chairs of a very rude kind seem to have been made for the special accommodation of the Japanese mission; skins of leopards were placed over the chairs.

The Government offices are built of brick, and recognizable at a glance. In respect to conveniences they are very deficient; and, for like reasons, the public roads are filthy. The city walls are about five miles long, only from two feet to three feet high, partly of mud and stone and partly of brick; the gates have fallen out of repair. The Coreans dress in garments undyed and unornamented, and which once were white; a long sleeve is the badge of higher rank. The head-dress is a large round hat fastened by strings passing under the chin, and said to be made of horsehair. Custom exacts that the hat be placed on the head when greeting a friend. The hair is worn long and fastened with pins into a bunch at the top of the head.

The women are said to be dressed something like Europeans, but the Japanese did not see one; the women are excluded from the public gaze, and it is said that even among the Coreans themselves visitors are not permitted to see the wife. The writer of this account thinks it probable that there may be much mineral wealth in Corea, but he says that only the iron mines are worked. Copper, gold and silver, if such metals exist, are yet untouched. Thus, he thinks, may have arisen from a notion that their discovery would be prejudicial to the nation. He believes the soil to be poor. There appears to be no old trees, the demand for fuel being such that they are not allowed to grow to maturity. The cattle and pigs are very fat, and the hides of the former are among the exports of the country. The horses are very small, and only about a third of the size of an Arab horse.

The chief drink of the people is an infusion of dried ginseng or ginger and dried orange peel. Goma (*sesamum orientale*) of excellent quality grows in the country, and its oil is largely used in cooking and also for lamp fuel. The Secretary says: "The Coreans eat more meat and fat stuff than we do, but not much fish; the beef and pork are excellent. When the treaty was signed we were entertained with a repast, at which music was performed. There was a sort of confectionary made of sugar, flour and oil, cut into small square pieces; a great heap of boiled eggs; a pudding of flour, goma and honey; dried persimmons; pine seeds; honey-like food covered with roasted rice, painted red and white; macaroni soup with fowl; boiled legs of pork; and with everything else of about the potency of Japanese sake of inferior quality; but the wine usually drunk by the Coreans is strong spirit. The dishes were of earthenware; the table was square, rudely made and painted with persimmon juice. Oiled paper was used for a tablecloth, and the wine was served from copper vessels."

Why Are Civilized Races White?

Some very curious physiological facts bearing upon the presence or absence of white colors in the higher animals have lately been adduced by Dr. Ogle. It has been found that a colored or dark pigment in the olfactory region of the nostrils is essential to perfect smell, and this pigment is rarely deficient except when the whole animal is pure white. In these cases the creature is almost without smell or taste. This, Dr. Ogle believes, explains the curious case of the pigs in Virginia adduced by Mr. Darwin, white pigs being poisoned by a poisonous root which does not affect black pigs. White sheep are killed in the Tarentino by eating hypericum ertsium, while black sheep escape; white rhinoceroses are said to perish from eating euphorbia candelabrum; and white horses are said to suffer from poisonous food where colored ones escape. The explanation has, however, been carried a step further, by experiments showing that the absorption of odors by dead matter, such as clothing, is greatly affected by color, black being the most powerful absorbent, then blue, red, yellow, and lastly white. For few, if any, wild animals are wholly white. The head, the face, or least the muzzle or the nose, are generally black. The ears and eyes are also often black; and there is reason to believe that dark pigment is essential to good hearing, as it certainly is to perfect vision. We can, therefore, understand why white cats with blue eyes are so deaf—a peculiarity we notice more readily than their deficiency of smell or taste. But though inapplicable to the lower animals, this curious relation of sense-acuteness with colors may have had some influence on the development of the higher human races. If light tints of the skin were generally accompanied by some deficiency in the senses of smell, hearing and vision, the white could never compete with the darker races, so long as man was in a very low or savage condition, and wholly dependent for existence

on the acuteness of his senses. But as the mental faculties became more fully developed and more important to his welfare than mere sense-acuteness, the lighter tints of the skin, and hair, and eyes, would cease to be disadvantageous, when they were accompanied by superior brain-power. — I. R. Wallace at the British Association.

A Plausible and Beautiful Demon.

Catherine de Medicis was essentially a type of her age and nation. Iago's phrase, "Virtue, a fig! 'tis in ourselves that we are thus, or thus," might well have been the motto of the Italian of the sixteenth century; to be honest, honorable, and ingenious, was, in his creed, to be a fool; to be crafty, cunning, and dissimulating, was to be a man worthy of all respect; the most pitiless of assassins when his interests were balanced against human life, but wholly destitute of that sanguinary ferocity, that tigerish love of blood, which breaks out in the Frenchman whenever his passions are aroused by political or religious fanaticism. Thus Catherine was by nature tolerant, and averse to cruelty; but ruthless as destiny to all who threatened her ambition. A skeptic to revealed religion, she was profoundly credulous to every superstition; an astrologer attended her wherever she went; she never engaged in any scheme without first consulting the stars; and after her death all kinds of amulets and charms were found upon her person. She is accredited with having been profoundly skilled in the science of poisoning, which reached such a terrible perfection among the Italians at the close of the middle ages; a pair of gloves, a bouquet, a perfumed handkerchief, could convey death to an enemy and yet defy detection. Marvelously tenacious of purpose, fertile in resources, and unscrupulous in action, she might have crushed all who opposed her dominion, and rendered her power absolute, had she possessed more of the grandeur of wickedness; but her policy was ever temporizing, ever emasculated by an excess of subtlety; she preferred poison and the dagger to the ax and sword, preferred to maim rather than crush an enemy; she excited terror, but never awe. Yet, when occasion required, her courage was unquestionable. She was a dauntless huntress of the stag and the wild boar, and had frequently sustained severe injuries in their pursuit. And Brantome tells us, speaking of the siege of Rouen: "She failed not to come every day to Fort St. Catherine to hold council and to watch the firing of the batteries. I have often seen her passing along that hollow way of St. Catherine, the cannon and musket shot raining around her, for which she cared nothing. * * * When Monsieur the Constable and M. de Guise remonstrated with her, saying that misfortune would come of it, she only laughed and said she would not spare herself any more than them, since she had as good a courage as they had, but not the strength their sex had designed them." In manners she was affable and courteous, and had the sweetest of smiles and the most musical of voices; and, rarest praise of all in that licentious age, scandal scarcely tarnished her reputation. — Temple Bar.

Overwhelmed by an Avalanche.

A fatal disaster happened on the Felix Joch on Aug. 28. Two English gentlemen, Mr. Hayman and Mr. Johnston, accompanied by two brothers, Ignatz and Franz Sarback, guides of St. Niklaus, left the chalet of the Cour-de-Lys, at the head of the Gressonay valley, at 5 a. m. on Monday morning, with the intention of traversing the Felix Joch to the Riffl Hotel, on the Zermatt side of the range. Owing to a fog the party kept too much to the right, but succeeded in almost reaching a ridge east of, but a good deal higher than the Felix Joch. Here it was necessary that they should proceed along a very steep slope of snow, overhanging an icy wall of great depth, and, when on it, an avalanche of snow precipitated the whole party down the icy wall. Two of the party—Mr. Hayman and Ignatz Sarback—escaped with their lives, but the other two—Mr. Johnston and Franz Sarback—were buried under the avalanche, and probably smothered instantaneously, as their companions could neither see any traces of them nor get any response to their shouts, although they remained on the spot for some hours. Ignatz Sarback managed to make his way out of the avalanche, and succeeded in taking Mr. Hayman over the ridge to the Zermatt side of the Felix Joch, where, exposed to the inclemency of the weather, and totally devoid of provisions, they passed the night on the snow, half an hour below the summit of the Col. Here, at 10 a. m. on the following day a large party, which had started from the Riffl Hotel to make the ascent of Castor, found Mr. Hayman almost in a state of collapse, with both hands frost-bitten, and Ignatz Sarback, with the use of both hands also gone from the same cause. With great difficulty Mr. Hayman was conveyed to the Riffl Hotel, and although yesterday evening in a very critical state, to-day he is out of danger. — Cor. London Times.

The Deadly Lightning.

The differences in the effect of lightning in various countries is remarkable. It is believed to be more dangerous in England than here. From statistics collected it appears that on an average seventy-seven are killed by it each year in France, and the annual list of killed and wounded there by this cause amounts to 250. The low-lying departments are less subject to it. Eighty were wounded and nine killed in one thunderstorm at Chateaufort-les-Montiers in 1861, and within one week, when the air was highly charged with electricity, thirty-three fearful flashes of lightning were observed, each bringing death to some victims. Twenty-two people are killed by lightning every year in England, nine in Switzerland, and three in Belgium.

GIRLS IN CHINA.

The Misfortune of Being Born in the Celestial Kingdom.

From a letter from Mrs. Julia F. W. Plumb, in China, to a friend in this city, we glean some items relative to the treatment of girls in that far away land. Mrs. Plumb, prior to her marriage, lived in Des Moines, and has many acquaintances and friends in this city. She is the wife of a missionary in that country, and is living near Foochow. The letter says: "Some time ago Nathan and I went out walking, and a man came out of a house with a tiny little black-eyed baby in his arms, about 2 months old. 'Two years old' he called it, for it was born during the last month of the old year, and so had lived in two years. Thus the Chinese count ages. It was clean and bright, and almost pretty, and he begged us to accept it. They were very poor; had no clothing or rice for it, and it was a girl. This last was the crowning misery. I was sorry there was no founding asylum in the Mission, as there has been at one time in its history. I think if it had been a white baby, we would have accepted the gift. As it was, Nathan exhorted the man to keep it and not drown it, as he was suggestively near the river. He told him how wrong it was to wish to kill babies because they were females, and much more which the man seemed to understand, and promised us he would let the baby live. It is not an unusual thing to find little girl babies cast out to die.

"Some time ago I was at East Street Chapel, attending my women's meeting. A strange woman came in, and after the services were over I entered into conversation with her. She seemed to be quite an intelligent woman and in good circumstances, the keeper of a shop. I inquired about her family. She said, 'I had but one child.' I said, 'Only one child? No girls?' She replied, 'Oh, yes; girls in plenty; five or six, I forget which. I drowned them as fast as they were born.' I had never heard such an avowal before, and I was shocked. I said, 'How could you? Was it not hard to do?' She said, 'Yes, it was hard; some of them were unwilling to die, and one took hold of my finger and held on to it; then I was frightened greatly.' I said, 'But how could you drown your own little babies, which you ought to love and nourish? Did you not love them?' She answered, 'They were girls. They must be clothed and fed, and if they had their feet bound like mine, to make ladies of them, they could not work and bring in money like boys. I have one son. He eats opium and gives me a great deal of trouble. It's better they were killed! It's better so.' — Iowa State Register.

Philadelphia Gilt-Edged Butter.

Many judges of good butter aver that the best butter that can be found in the United States is made near Philadelphia. But if the same degree of neatness and care be observed in other localities where the cows are supplied with good grass, there will be no difficulty in making the article fully equal to Philadelphia print butter. The milking is done quietly and rapidly, the same milk-maid always attends the same cow.

The spring-house is usually of stone, on a side hill, the floor covered with running water, and, therefore, always cool and free from odors. Deep tin pans, painted on the outside, with bails for handling, are fixed to the depth of three inches, placed on an oak floor, surrounded with cool, clear water of a temperature of fifty-eight degrees. The cream is taken off in twenty-four hours, kept in deep vessels holding two gallons, and stirred whenever a new skimming is added.

A barrel churn is used, the stirring lasting an hour, when a little cold milk is added to cause the butter to gather. The buttermilk drawn off, ice cold water is added twice, a few turns given to the churn each time, and the last water is scarcely colored with milk. A gentle rocking of the churn soon collects the butter, which is left two hours to drain off the remaining water through a small hole left for the purpose.

The butter is worked by a corrugated wooden roller revolving on a shaft, supported over the center of the table, which also revolves under the roller. The roller does not quite touch the table, so there is no crushing of the particles, but a separation, which permits the water or milk to flow away.

A cloth wrung dry in cold spring water is repeatedly pressed upon the butter until not a particle of moisture is seen upon it as it comes from the roller, and the butter begins to adhere to the cloth. This is called "wiping" the butter. An ounce of salt to three pounds of butter is then thoroughly worked in by the aid of the same machine.

It is then weighed in pound prints, deposited in trays and set in water to harden. The next morning it is wrapped in damp cloths, each pound by itself, put in a case upon wooden shelves, with two compartments of pounded ice to keep it cool, and, surrounded by a cedar tub, it is sent to market and sold at \$1 per pound. — New York Herald.

The Late James Lick.

The foundation of Mr. Lick's fortune was laid in South America, where he was engaged in the manufacture of pianos. In 1847 he arrived in San Francisco, and, by the judicious purchase of real estate, acquired the immense property which he left on his death. He was never disturbed by the mining excitement of '49, but in the midst of it continued quietly to buy all the real estate he could get, with a keen eye to the future, often paying as much as \$20 per day to men who were required to protect his land from the invasion of squatters. "Lick's Folly" was a magnificent flouring-mill, finished in mahogany and other hard-woods. When he became tired of his plaything he gave it to the

Tom Paine Society, with whose principles he had some sympathy; but when that body afterward sold it for less than its value, he absented Tom Paine forever. Lick was not of a social disposition. He rarely touched a glass of wine, and never indulged in social excesses of any description. He was arbitrary and severe in his dealings with others, and towards the close of his life was full of crochets and prejudices. He died of paralysis.

Doing the Centennial in One Day.

Enthusiastic Philadelphian, speaking to a friend from the rural districts: "Have you been to the Centennial, and what do you think of it?" "Yes; it's magnificent; went all through it yesterday and saw everything; it's a big show." "Then you saw the \$80,000 set of diamonds; beauties, ain't they?" "Lemme see; they are in Machinery hall, ain't they? Yes, I remember them; they're very nice, but I ain't much on things of that kind; I like machinery better."

"Ah! Then you must have been pleased with the immense Corliss engine?"

"I don't exactly remember it. Oh, yes I do; it was in the Women's Pavilions. Yes, it's a mighty fine thing."

"My friend, I guess you and I saw things a little differently. But tell me, what do you really regard as the best thing in the Exposition?"

"Well, I think 'The Cheese of Paris' is about the best to my notion."

"You mean the 'Siege of Paris,' don't you?"

"It looked like a cheese to me, and I thought it got its name from that."

"Oh, a slight mistake. What else did you see to admire?"

"Heaps of things. The five-legged calf, the two-legged horse, the—"

"You have employed your time very profitably, and will be able to tell your friends all about it," interrupted the Philadelphian, as he bid his rural friend a hasty good-by. And the man, so the story runs, went back to Bucks county and told his wondering neighbors how he had done the Exposition in one day. Washington Chronicle.

A Disappointed Maid.

Miss Stokes considers work very unladylike, and kitchen labor "perfectly shocking." But when an industrious and sensible young man began to occasionally drop in and spend an evening, she very wisely refrained from expressing these convictions, after hearing him on several occasions severely denounce the frivolity and indolence so fashionable at present with many of the young ladies of Philadelphia.

Entertaining a high regard for the young man, she determined to surprise him by some great feat of her industry and perseverance, and last evening, as they were seated together on the parlor sofa, after the conversation had begun to flag, she artfully allowed a sigh to escape her.

"Are you unwell?" he tenderly inquired.

"No, I am quite well."

"But you sighed," he persisted.

"Yes; but I suppose it was because I felt so tired."

"Have you been busy?"

"Oh! yes, indeed," was the reply.

"Why, would you believe it? I cut out a towel and made it all by myself to-day."

There has been a coolness between the parties ever since, the reason of which he has never been fully able to explain, but she angrily remarked the next morning that some men were foolish enough to imagine that a woman ought to do more work than a fifty-horse power steam engine.

The Christians of Asia Minor.

An Armenian in London sends to the papers the following extract from an Armenian newspaper in Asia Minor: "These (Turkish) oppressions, instead of decreasing, grow daily in dimensions. It has become a crime for us to be Christians; we give the Government the greater part of the fruit of our labors, we never give them the least trouble, yet our clergy, our women and our children and ourselves are dishonored daily. Neither the captivity of the Israelites in Egypt, nor the sufferings of the Bulgarians, nor the past sufferings of the American negroes, can compare with the present miseries of the Armenians of Anatolia. The European powers are now considering how to insure the welfare of the people of European Turkey; but if they wish to perform a philanthropic and Christian duty, they will remember that in Asiatic Turkey, also, there are millions who are at this moment suffering merely because they bear the name of Christ."

The Diamond Drill.

That ingenious little instrument, the diamond drill, not only cuts into the bed of the mine, but bores a hole through the speculator's pocket. The mining papers of the Pacific coast have come to regard it as a gambling tool. The Directors and the Superintendent of a mine play with marked cards. By learning promptly what are the results of a test drill, and by withholding information from the public for a few hours, they can buy or sell, and make enormous profits, while the shareholders pocket the losses. One journal urges the enactment of a law compelling Superintendents to make public the results of diamond drilling without a moment's delay. WASH. 2200 JAN 16

REPORT says there are 700 working men's clubs in Great Britain, with a membership which averages 120,000. They are opposed to the liquor traffic, and their club-rooms, of which there are many, are kept open on Sunday to induce men to visit them instead of patronizing the gin-shops.

All Sorts

But one woman lends her refining presence to the Vermont Penitentiary.

And the *Independent* says: "We don't understand just where Rosanna is."

A cow in Harrison county, Ky., has had twin calves seven times in succession.

BUFFALO BILL has sent a New Orleans friend a precious bit of Yellow Hand's scalp.

THERE have been given and accepted at Paris notes payable at the fall of the republic.

KING JOHN, the reigning monarch of Abyssinia, claims to be a lineal descendant of the Queen of Sheba.

PERHAPS there is not a meaner thief than the Peoria fellow who stole a quilt from his paralytic mother's bed.

DIO LEWIS is making a tour of California with a party of men and women. At last reports they had slept in the open air 164 nights.

The Philadelphia Exhibition is to close on Nov. 10, the day originally chosen, the managers having decided not to extend it.

The old practice of troops cheering on charging an enemy, which was abolished in the British army, some time ago, is to be revived.

WINTER is coming. The leaves are reddening along their tips like a young woman's ears when she is proposed to by a man of 60.

The inhabitants of Montenegro say that when God was distributing stones over the earth the bag that held them burst and all fell there.

"THE Star Spangled Banner" was first set in type by M. S. Sands, editor of the *American Farmer*, who is still living in Baltimore.

A SPANISH proverb says that a paper cigarette, a glass of fresh water, and the kiss of a pretty girl will sustain a man for a day without eating.

A PIANO which had been in use for a number of years in a female seminary at Oxford, Pa., was put up at auction recently, and knocked down for 25 cents.

This is from Child's obituary columns:

Safe in the arms of Jesus,
As she sweetly would sing;
She is resting in Jesus,
She is under his wing.
Gone to meet her brother.

FOUR MILLION salmon eggs from McCloud river, Cal., were shipped east from Sacramento the other day, for distribution among the streams of the Atlantic coast.

At the recent meeting of the British Association a paper was read by Capt. J. S. Hay on the horned men of Africa. He also exhibited sketches of two Africans with horns.

THE Church of the Rock of Ages in Baltimore will hereafter be known as the Bishop Cummins Memorial Church, in honor of the founder of the Reformed Episcopal denomination.

TWO BOYS at Sonora, Cal., recently bought a saw-blade and file which they passed into the jail to the prisoners there. The boys were arrested and held to answer in bonds of \$500 each.

A COMMISSION of Americans has arrived at Valparaiso for the purpose of working the gold mines at Catapullo, and representing a company organized in California with a capital of \$1,000,000.

A NEW cause for action. A man named Bowman, living in New York State, whitewashed his wife recently, in one of their periodical quarrels, and was arrested therefor and sent up for thirty days.

NOR only are the Southern Himalayas of stupendous height, rising to a maximum of nearly 29,000 feet, but Thibet itself is a table land, in no part of it perhaps less than 8,000 or 9,000 feet above the level of the sea.

THE practice of killing boys for stealing apples is not tolerated in Pennsylvania. An old man has just been fined one dollar and costs and sent to jail for sixty days for shooting an amateur Turpin who was robbing his trees.

THE City of Mexico is growing. The hacienda of La Teja, a fine estate about three miles out, belonging to Martinez de la Torre, the defender of Maximilian on his trial, is to be divided up into lots and incorporated in the city.

A NOVELTY in the form of a folding scissors has made its appearance, the backs of which double up on the blades, so that the whole can be put into a little leather case like that for a pair of eyeglasses, and occupying scarcely more space.

THERE lives at Boston Highlands, Mass., a venerable dame named Harriet Hawley, who is 103 years old, and who has never visited a theater nor ridden in a railroad car. Her father stood by the side of Gen. Warren when he fell at Bunker Hill.

THE Boston *Journal* thinks it was an ill omen for the Hopkins University, in Baltimore, that it was opened with an address from Prof. Huxley, and without a word of prayer or any recognition of the Creator, although several clergymen were present.

MRS. ADELAIDE CHALK, a widow, aged 38, of Winsdor street, Bishopsgate, London, died suddenly of heart disease, soon after being confronted by the wife of a man to whom she was to have been married that day, and who had passed himself off as a bachelor.

IT is well known that the nearest stars, or rather suns, are so far distant from our earth that even light—with its tremendous speed of 190,000 miles per second—occupies more than three years in its journey to us. Another illustration of the same fact is contained in a recent astronomical announcement, namely, that a certain comet will be, in 1879, "very near" the orbit of Jupiter. This "very near," put into figures, means only nine millions of miles!

HOLLAND CITY NEWS.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1876.

THE TURKISH WAR.

Rumors are in circulation at the Serbian capital to the effect that the Austrian emperor has signified his intention to hold a neutral position, and that he will not object to a "limited occupation" of one of the Turkish provinces by Russia. The rumor is probably unfounded, for only downright imbecility could maintain Austrian neutrality in a struggle which is intended to give Russia a supreme influence in the affairs of southeastern Europe, and to add to her domains an important belt of territory which should naturally, in any rectification of frontiers, fall to the share of Austria herself. Undoubtedly the story has been fabricated by Russian agents at Belgrade. The English papers are beginning to realize the situation, and one of the most influential of them, *The Pall Mall Gazette*, confesses that war now actually exists between Russia and Turkey, and that further diplomatic efforts are useless at present. Nevertheless the governments of England and France have declared in favor of the six months' armistice, and the consent of Austria is expected. Italy, obviously under German inspiration, declines to influence Serbia's decision in any way, considering that a long truce would be detrimental to Serbia's interests. This decision seems to place Italy in a position where her moral influence may be counted on the side of Russia and Germany, but it is unlikely that she will attempt any more active demonstration. The British fleet in the Mediterranean would find so many valuable points on the extended seacoast of the peninsula that sound discretion and forecast will probably impel Victor Emmanuel to keep the peace. But whatever course may be determined upon by the other powers, Russia is evidently resolved that there shall be no peace until an attempt, at least, has been made to drive the crescent across the Bosphorus.

PLAGUE-TRICKEN SAVANNAH.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* writes the following gloomy story: "Since the 21st of August there have been over thirteen hundred interments in this city, almost a decimation at the highest estimate of remaining population and considerably over at the lowest. Of these about four-fifths are given to yellow-fever proper, the remainder to swamp fever, congestive fever, remittent fever, congestion of the brain, and kindred affections, all of which are but thin disguises for the milder types of the great destroyer. Of the people remaining in Savannah to-day there is scarcely a tithe who have not either had the yellow fever in former years or during this epidemic, or are at present either taken, dying or convalescent, and in spite of the telegrams from here that the backbone of the fever is broken the assertion is uncontradictable that its force will not be spent until, like an unextinguishable conflagration, it dies for want of fuel. Jack Frost is what is prayed for by the living who have yet escaped the disease. But the frost lingers long in these low latitudes, and in the last yellow-fever epidemic here the last case did not happen until Christmas day—a long and dreary hope for the well, but a welcome delay to the sick, for one of the peculiarities of the terrible disease is that when the frost strikes, while it is safety for those who are yet free from the fever, it is almost inevitable death for the sick, whether fresh seized or convalescent.

A singular feature or freak of the disease is its refusal, thus far, to attack the genuine negro. Not one of the full-blooded blacks has yet been attacked with any of its symptoms. Where there is the slightest tainture or mixture of blood, however, the ravages of the epidemic are apparent. Justly appreciating their heavy immunity, the colored men and women have banded together in a little army of their own, and have performed a most efficient service from the very beginning of the disaster. They are to be found in every house where the disease is raging at its utmost, and their attention has something poetic in the sacrifices which surround it.

The city everywhere is draped in mourning, and the hand of death is carved most indelibly upon every wall. Men and women meet each other in the streets and speak not of the past. When they say good-bye there is a dread foreboding in their voices. Those who meet this morning and exchange words of greeting are on their way to the cemetery at night. The mortality thus far has been greatest among the Irish and Germans. The few Italians that have been afflicted are recovering.

Married.

SMITS-WAKKER. At Holland City, on Wednesday October 18, 1876, at the residence of the bride's parents, by the Rev. H. J. Oosterwijk, Mr. Evert Smits to Miss Gertie Wakker.

Special Notices.

All persons owing the late firm of J. M. Riedsema & Son, are respectfully requested to come and settle with me as soon as possible.

SIMON RIEDESEMA.
HOLLAND, Oct. 18, 1876. 36-4-w.

Dissolution Notice.

The undersigned have this day mutually agreed to dissolve their co-partnership. J. M. Riedsema having withdrawn, and Simon Riedsema will continue the business in his own name. All accounts due to and owed by the late firm must be settled with Simon Riedsema.

J. M. RIEDESEMA,
SIMON RIEDESEMA.

HOLLAND, Mich., Oct. 18, 1876.

A CARD.

Thanking the public for their past patronage liberally bestowed upon us, I solicit the good will and patronage of the public for the future.

SIMON RIEDESEMA.

HOLLAND, Oct. 18, 1876.

I have this day sold my stock of Goods to Wm. Coleman & Co. To my customers in Holland and the surrounding country, I tender my thanks for the patronage and hope they may extend the same to my successor.

Respectfully,
FRANK SLOOTER.

UNTIL Mr. Coleman becomes acquainted I shall remain at the store. In the meanwhile cheerfully waiting on my old patrons and as many new ones as will favor us with a call. Guarantee quality of Goods Superior to what has heretofore been sold in Holland, and prices lower than the lowest.

FRANK SLOOTER.

All persons indebted to Frank Sooter are requested to call and settle as soon as convenient at the store of Wm. Coleman & Co., successors to Frank Sooter, at Sooter & Higgins' old stand, corner of 8th and Fish streets.

F. SLOOTER.

HOLLAND, Oct. 10, 1876.

COME and see what we can sell you Boots or Shoes for before you buy elsewhere. The largest assortment and the cheapest at

P. & A. STEKETEE.

New Advertisements.

New Store! New Goods!!

E. J. Harrington,

Has filled his store (recently vacated by P. & A. Steketee) with a stock of goods that will create a

REVOLUTION

In the business in

HOLLAND.

This store contains a variety of goods so large that all family wants can be supplied. He has been enabled to buy his stock at such low figures that he can sell as low as any house in the State of Michigan. A full line of

Dry-Goods,

Glassware,

Crockery,

Boots & Shoes,

Ready Made Clothing.

I sell a few pieces of Carpeting at very low figures, for cash.

Salt, Lime, Plaster, Stucco,

As low as any dealer.

Come just once to ascertain our prices and you will be convinced.

Don't Miss the Place.

The sign painted on the building is

E. J. Harrington's

CHEAP

Cash Store.

EIGHTH STREET.

HOLLAND, Mich., Oct. 18, 1876.

ROBERT S. HILL,

Having established himself in Holland, Mich., as a machinist, hereby informs the public that he is prepared to do all kinds of

Saw-Mill Work,

Steam Machinery,

Iron and Brass Castings.

BOILER WORK DONE.

Patent Boss-Saw Guide.

Patented Sept. 6th, 1876.

Saw-gumming Done at Short Notice.

ROBERT S. HILL.

HOLLAND, Sept. 11, 1876.

NOTICE!

I the undersigned having become sole proprietor of the furniture house, formerly under the firm name of

J. M. Riedsema & Son.

Now offers his complete stock of Goods consisting of

Furniture,
Carpets,
Oil Cloths,
Wall Paper,
Window Shades,
Feathers & Feather Beds,

—AT—

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

All the goods are marked down, and I hereby solicit the good will and patronage of the public.

SIMON RIEDESEMA.

HOLLAND, Mich., Oct. 18, 1876.

Order of Publication.

STATE OF MICHIGAN: The twentieth Judicial Circuit: In Chancery, suit pending in the Circuit Court for the County of Ottawa: In Chancery: At the city of Grand Haven in said county, on the 3d day of October 1876.

JOHN W. CURTIS, Complainant,

vs.
FRANCES I. CURTIS, Defendant.

It satisfactorily appearing to me, a Commissioner of said Court, that the defendant Frances I. Curtis is a non-resident of this State. On motion of Lowing & Cross of Council for Complainant: It is ordered that the said defendant, Frances I. Curtis, cause her appearance in this case to be entered within three months from the date of this order, and that in case of her appearance, she cause her answer to the complainant's bill to be filed, and a copy thereof to be served on the complainant's solicitors within fifteen days after service of a copy of said bill, and notice of this order, and in default thereof that the said bill be taken as confessed by said defendant. And it is further ordered, that within twenty days the said complainant cause a notice of this order to be published in the *HOLLAND CITY NEWS*, a newspaper printed, published and circulating in said county; and that said publication be continued therein once in each week for six weeks in succession, or that he cause a copy of this order to be personally served on said non-resident defendant at least twenty days before the time above prescribed for her appearance.

ROBERT W. DUNCAN,
Circuit Court Com'r. in and for Ottawa Co., Mich.
LOWING & CROSS, Sol'rs for Compl't.

A true copy. Attest: A. A. TRACY,
35-7w Register in Chancery.

Grand Central Dining Hall,

53 & 55 PEARL STREET.

Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Breakfast, 25c; Dinner, 25c; Supper 25c.

The finest dining room in the State. Gentlemen bring your families and friends to the GRAND CENTRAL.

D. PERRY, Supt.

GRAND RAPIDS, Oct. 7, 1876. 34-4w

PEOPLE'S Dry-Goods Store.

No. 18 Monroe Street.

S. D. JACKSON, Proprietor.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.

This house is just opening a full line of

Dry-Goods,

And are without exception the cheapest lot ever offered for sale in the West.

One trial will satisfy the most Skeptical.

Also a Full Line of Notions.

5-34-

Boots and Shoes.

A new stock of Goods has just been opened, and we can state to the Public that it has been bought expressly for this season of the year.

It is of the Latest Styles of

LADIES, GENTS,

YOUTHS, MISSES

AND CHILDREN'S WEAR.

Our intention is to offer these goods at low price, and we request the trading public to call and examine.

CUSTOM WORK A SPECIALTY,

AND

REPAIRING DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.

Cash Paid for Hides

L. SPIETSMA & SON.

HOLLAND, February 26, 1874.

4cl-1y

F. SLOOTER

Hereby informs the public that in his large store on the corner of Fish and 8th street, opposite Haverkate's Hardware Store, where I will constantly keep on hand a full stock of

Flour, Feed, Groceries and Produce.

Which I will sell at

LOW PRICES For CASH Only.

I will also take Butter and Eggs in Exchange for our goods. Goods will be delivered inside of the City Limits free of charge.

CASH FOR CORN and OATS.

F. SLOOTER

If you wish to see a well assorted stock of Goods for the Fall and Winter trade, go and call at the store of

DUURSEMA & KOFFERS,

DEALERS IN

Dry Goods, Notions and Trimmings,
Furnishing Goods, Hats & Caps,
Clothing, Groceries,
Crockery, Flour & Feed,
Stoneware, Provisions, etc

RIVER STREET. HOLLAND, MICH

We invite the Public to come and examine our stock and judge for themselves. Our line of clothing is very large and complete and we have no doubt but we can satisfy all who wish to purchase.

WANTED.

Everything in the line of Produce will be received at the highest market prices.

HOLLAND, Mich., November 5, 1875.



A Family Knitting Machine!

Now attracting universal attention by its astonishing performance and its great practical value for every family use. It knits every possible variety of plain or fancy work

With almost Magical speed,

and gives perfect shape and finish to all garments. It will knit a pair of socks in fifteen minutes! Every machine WARRANTED perfect, and to do just what is represented. A complete instruction book accompanies each machine.

No. 1 Family Machine, 1 cylinder, 72 needles, \$30.

No. 3 " " " " 72 & 100 " \$40.

A sample machine will be sent to any part of the United States or Canada, (where we have no agent), express charges pre-paid, on receipt of the price.

Agents wanted in every State, County, City and Town, to whom very liberal discounts will be made.

Address, BICKFORD KNITTING MACHINE MFG. CO. 5.18-1y Sole Manufacturers, Brattleboro, Vt.

De Feyter Bro's,

DEALERS IN

Wood, Lumber, Bark, Ties, Timber, and all kinds of Wood Produce.

We have put up in our woods, (on the Lake Shore Road, two miles West of the white school-house on the Grand Haven Road) a first-class portable saw-mill which is now in good running order, and can serve the public at any time with all kinds of building material and fencing at low prices, and deliver the same wherever wanted.

We can lengthen out so as to saw 40 feet, and will make long lumber and timber a specialty.

Our facilities for getting out deck planks and any kind of ship timber are unequalled.

All bills will be filled promptly and with dispatch, and a fair dealing can be relied upon. Custom sawing done at bottom figures.

All kinds of Farm Products, taken in pay for lumber and sawing. Also Wood, Bark and Railroad Ties, when delivered at our Pier on Lake Michigan, or on any of the docks along Black Lake.

HOLLAND, Mich., March 12, 1875. 4-1f

I. P. THIBOUT,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Has removed his business to

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

79 Monroe Street.

Will be pleased to see all his old friends and customers that require anything in the clothing line. We make, cut and trim to order anything in our line according to the latest styles, and for the lowest possible prices.

Repairing Neatly Done.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

5.18

I. P. THIBOUT.

1875. FALL AND WINTER. 1876.

Millinery, Toys and Fancy Goods.

And a full line in Ladies' Furnishing Goods,

Suits, Infants' Misses and Ladies' Cloaks, and Cloaking, Fall and Winter Shawls, and all kinds of Gloves.

A full supply of fall and winter hats all of the latest styles.

Elegant Dress Goods, Fine Cloaking and Shawls we make a specialty.

Beautiful Furs, and Fur Cloak trimming, and a large variety of Ornamental Feathers.

Call and Examine. No Trouble to Show Goods.

L. & S. VAN DEN BERGE,

EIGHTH STREET HOLLAND, MICH

CITY HOTEL,

HOLLAND, MICH.

The Proprietor announces to the Public that no pains will be spared by him to make this House FIRST-CLASS in every respect.

The Rooms are spacious and well furnished with new and elegant furniture.

Office on First Floor.

For the convenience of Commercial Agents a large and well lighted sample room has been fitted up on the ground floor. Livery connected with the Hotel.

J. W. MINDERHOUT, Prop'r.

MEAT MARKET

—IN THE—

FIRST WARD.

The undersigned announces to the Public that they have finished their new Meat-Market, and are now ready to supply their customers with all kinds of Meats and Sausages. By promptness and fair dealing they feel confident of giving satisfaction to all those who wish to favor them with part of their trade.

The stand is one door west of G. J. Haverkate & Son's Hardware Store.

W. BUKKAU,
J. VAN ZOEREN.

HOLLAND, July 14, 1876.

OUR PLAN - We wish to dispose of our entire stock of Stoves [consisting of about one hundred,] at Cost, in order to make room for our Spring purchases of Iron, Nails, Hardware & Agricultural Implements. We will sell for CASH, or give time to those that want it. our stock must be reduced. VAN LANDEGEND & MELIS. HOLLAND, February 18, 1876.

Jottings.

THE weather is changeable.

A FEW cords of dry Maple or Beach are wanted at this office.

MEN are busily at work trying to get the schooner Kate Kelley afloat.

A Hartford negro's feat is to drive a nail into wood with his forehead.

THE building of the new Hope College printing office has commenced.

THE latest European dispatches seem to indicate that Russia is spoiling for a fight.

THE article on American history in Johnson's Encyclopedia will be by Hon. Alexander H. Stevens.

H. DOESBURG has opened his evening school for the benefit of the public. The hours are from 7 to 9 P. M.

If anybody wants any election slips printed, now is your time. It can't be done in one day, remember.

THE devotees of base-ball are now counting up the number of fingers which have been lost during the summer campaign.

MR. O. VAN O'LINDA, prominently known as a former teacher in our public schools, died on Monday last of typhoid fever.

OUR old friend Nathan K. Albee, who was seriously injured in the woods a few days ago, is convalescing fast and made his appearance on the street again.

SNOW fell in Boston on the 15th inst, and in various parts of New England north and east of there and in Rhode Island, the night before, to the depth of three inches.

THE hardware business is quite lively at present. The enterprising firm of Van Landegend & Melis sell stores so cheap that parties from Eremont Centre came here to purchase.

OUR harbor has shoaled considerably during the recent stormy weather, so much so that one of our vessels could not get out with a full cargo. Our harbor prospects are gloomy indeed.

WE will have to record as one of the most notable features in our political history that the Hon. John Roost, formerly one of the great leaders of the Republican party (we might say founder of it) has publicly joined the party of Tilden and Reform.

THE Coloradans will try it over again in November. The congressional election on the 3d inst. was for a member of the present congress, and on the 7th the people will choose a representative in the Forty-fifth congress. Messrs. Belford and Patterson will be the contestants.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 11, was the one hundredth anniversary of the battle of Valcour on Lake Champlain, one of the first naval engagements of the Revolution in which Gen. Benedict Arnold's storeship, the Royal Savage, was sunk off the island. The remains of the vessel are still visible at low water.

A VERY commendable resolution was passed by our Common Council at its last session, giving opportunity to willing but unable tax-payers to pay for the same in labor. The committee on Streets, Roads and Bridges, consisting of Aldermen Dykema, Kanters and Matrau, have charge of it. We refer our readers to the Council proceedings in another page.

ONE of our exchanges not long since erroneously announced that the name of one of the burglars who entered the Elferdink Bros. boot and shoe store was De Spelder. This is wrong. This De Spelder was at the time a resident of Greenville, Montcalm Co., Mich., and therefore could not have been here. It is but fair to set Mr. Spelder right before the eyes of the people.

MR. ROBERT S. HILL has started a machine shop in connection with Mr. Deming's foundry, and is already hard at work rebuilding an engine of 12x16, and is engaged to build another new one as soon as this is finished. He expresses himself as very well pleased with the castings of this foundry, classing them A No. 1. We bid Mr. Hill a hearty welcome, and hope he will be successful in establishing a permanent business on the ruins of previous efforts.

WE call the attention of our readers to the dissolution notice of J. M. Reidsema & Son. This firm have built up quite a trade through perseverance and close attention to business, and deserve the good will of the community. Mr. Simon Reidsema, having bought out his father, will continue the business alone and will push his business with the utmost vigor. He has an elegant stock of goods, ranging from the commonest to the costliest, which he offers at prices low enough to entice anyone into a bargain. His carpets are handsome, ranging from the cheapest to a beautiful three-ply. Give him a call and get a bargain.—See advertisement.

ONLY two more issues before election.

SHAMEN's wages at Detroit range from \$150 to \$175 a day.

DR. VAN RAALTE is gradually declining by terrible suffering.

TENNESSEE is now sending about fifty emigrants per day into Texas.

THE schooner Kate Howard is afloat again and ready for business.

BEER and bear abound in the mountains of Somerset county, Pennsylvania, this season.

THE *Christian at Work* has lost its able editor De Witt Talmadge, and his place is now filled by Dr. Taylor.

THE break in the flume of West's mill, Allegan, Mich., is repaired and the mill is again in running order.

MESSRS. N. Kenyon, S. Sprietsma, W. Wakker, J. Alberti and Mrs. F. Hummel have arrived home from the Centennial.

THE wrestling match between McLaughlin and Martin came off in New York city on the 16th, and McLaughlin was the victor.

BUFFALO BILL, the scout, who ought to be a good shot of the old-fashioned sort took part in a rifle contest at Rochester, N. Y., last Saturday, and made a very poor score.

GEN. Merritt with 800 cavalry has started on another campaign after the Indians. The Indians are scattered and very troublesome out West, committing depredations almost daily.

CAPT. J. C. BURROWS, made an eloquent address to the citizens of Holland, on Monday evening last, under the auspices of the Hayes and Wheeler club. He had a large house and was well received.

THE beautiful schooner H. D. Moore, which was beached last week at Grand Haven, has been sold to Capt. L. Coates and H. B. Moore, of Saugatuck. Now she is in good hands, and will no doubt prove profitable to the owners.

THE Hon. John W. Foster reports to the Department of Agriculture that "in Mexico there exists the agricultural capacity to produce all the coffee that can be consumed in the United States, and of a quality equal to meet the best grown in any country."

HOLLAND has still got its Achinese war on hand. A member of the Legislature suggested to the Government, a few days ago, that it would be better to limit the occupation of the Dutch to the coast, and so avoid a long and ruinous war. Good advice said the Minister, but hard to follow. Continental nations are not successful at tackling Africans and Asiatics, and this Achinese war has cost the Dutch a pretty penny.

THE Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal Company has resumed work at all its collieries with a full force at full time. Large sales of coal have been made to iron manufacturers on the Lehigh, who are putting their furnaces into blast. The daily shipments over the Central Railroad of New Jersey amount to 15,000 tons. The company has 15,000 employees at work. It is needless to add that this resumption has brightened business prospects throughout a wide region of country, and is one more proof that the long-awaited morning has broke at last.

A NEW Captain-General has been appointed for Cuba in the person of General Martinez Campos, one of the most energetic of the Spanish generals in stamping out the Carlist rebellion. This would seem to indicate that Spain is about to put forth a desperate endeavor to crush the insurrection in Cuba, and that means additional slaughter, destitution, and suffering to the inhabitants of that wretched island. Clearly, Spain should put a speedy end to this horrible business, or some one else should interfere in the interest of humanity.

THE Democrats made a successful effort on Wednesday evening last, for a grand display. The torch-light procession was magnificent, and is variously estimated at somewhere near a thousand. Col. I. E. Messmore orated in Kenyon's Hall before the procession to a large audience. Delegations were here from Saugatuck, Grand Haven, Zeeland and Grand Rapids, each accompanied by a brass band, giving Holland the liveliest shake up it has ever had. Music, and speeches by the following gentlemen—J. C. Houseman, Dem. candidate for Lieut. Governor, and S. Clay, of Grand Rapids; G. C. Stewart, Dem. candidate for Prosecuting Attorney, and Col. Wm. M. Ferry, of Grand Haven, and the Hon. J. Roost of this city—kept the excitement up until a very late hour. The Democrats of Holland have had their love-feast! It is rumored that the Republicans will indulge in a grand display on next Wednesday.

A. No. 1 Flour at \$5.00 per bbl at P. & A. STEKETEE.

Go to Pessinks for a fine assortment of Shad-fines.

AN enormous sorghum-crop has been raised all over the south.

RENTS have gone up in Paris in view of the exposition of 1878.

MANY portions of the South have been without rain for two months.

MOST of the Kentucky tobacco-crop has been cut in a green condition for fear of frost.

DURING the year which ended last June seventy-six newspapers and magazines were started in Japan.

The auto-biography of William H. Seward, from 1801 to 1834, will soon follow the erection of his statue in New York.

THE saw mill of Munroe, Boyce & Co., at Grand Haven, Mich., will run this season as long as the water will permit. They have a full stock of logs.

THE pianist and composer Ernst Lubeck died in Neuilly, near Paris, on the 24th of September. He was born at the Hague, Holland, in 1817, but for the last twenty years lived in Paris.

GENERAL O. O. Howard says that he has obtained recently vouchers from the disbursing officers of the Freedman's Bureau tending to relieve him of all responsibility in relation to the charges against him.

THE yellow fever is abating in Savannah, Ga., and the Mayor of that city is out with a card thanking the people of the United States for their liberal aid, and saying that they did not need any more for the present.

PROFESSOR Nordenfjeld reports that on his recent expedition to the Yenesei River he discovered a new island, about thirty-three miles in length, in the Karian Sea near the mouth of the Yenesei, in latitude 73 degrees north.

THE state of Michigan is assessed for taxation on a valuation of real and personal property to the amount of \$630,000,000; 27,605,263 acres of land are included in the reality. At the last census, that of 1874, the state had a population of 1,334,031.

SOMEBODY tried to burn the old Yale College chapel last week, by throwing a powder ball about the size of a man's hat through the window. By accident, when the ball exploded, the rebound sent it through another window to a distance of nearly twenty feet away from the building. The damage was slight with the exceptions of the windows, in which every pane of glass was shattered by the explosion.

As a gentleman stepped into a New York drug shop and called for a glass of soda water, the boy at the fountain jokingly asked, "Will you have a fly in it?" "Yes, sir," said the man promptly. The boy scooped one off the wall, and dropping it in the syrup drew on the water, and set it down for the purpose of continuing the joke, but before he could withdraw it the stranger seized the glass and swallowed the beverage, fly and all, remarking as he wiped his mouth, "I'd swallowed that if it had been an elephant, rather'n have a boy with no hair on his lip get the best of me."

A HAMBURG ship-carpenter who some four years ago, having gone ashore to fell a few cedar trees on the Upper Uruguay, in South America, was captured by the natives and carried into the interior, returned to Hamburg by the Karak a few weeks ago, having effected his escape. He reports that his two comrades, who stood on their defence, were killed, and that he was closely watched by the women of the tribe, which comprised about two hundred and seventy warriors, and subsisted on lizards, snakes, rats and the like. He relates that a German woman, a native of Cologne, has been for fifteen years in the region where he was held captive, pursuing her studies as a naturalist, without being molested by the natives.

WE have hardly got through admiring the large and handsome stock of one house, or another starts up outdoing everything heretofore exhibited in this community. This time it is E. J. Harrington.—His enterprise is already too well established to need a recommend from our feeble pen. He has opened up a stock of goods of such an immense variety that it will be an interesting task for anybody to call on him and examine his stock. He exhibits a complete stock of groceries, which he sells very low for cash. His stock of ready made clothing is a revolution in that business, selling a whole suit of handsome clothes for the price that was formerly paid for the coat alone. No one would be willing to believe how low he sells carpets, if we were to publish the figures, but refer the reader to the house itself for satisfaction. He has everything a family may need; is also a dealer in all kinds of produce, salt, pork, lime, stucco, etc., too numerous to mention.—See advertisement.

IMMENSE varieties of new Gingham and calicoes,—all shades and colors,—and all kinds of Dress Goods just received (no auction goods) which we offer for very low prices. Come and price them before you purchase. P. & A. STEKETEE.

GO TO THE STAR HAT STORE, NO. 36 CANAL STREET, Grand Rapids, Michigan, FOR YOUR FURS! FURS!! FURS!!! They Can't be beat.

DR. AIKIN'S DOUBLE COLUMN.

READ THIS. READ ALL.

What is Wealth, or Fame, or Life—Without Health!!

Dr. Aikin's Remedial Institute

—FOR THE CURE OF—
CHRONIC AND SURGICAL DISEASES.

THE DOCTOR'S LOCATION is most eligible, central and convenient at

57 Monroe-st., Opposite (above) Rathbun House.

And he has also another entrance at

91 Ottawa-st., between the Library and Union Ticket Office.

Separate rooms for different patients. Call early. Patients arriving in the city should come at once to see the Doctor before attending to other business. Office hours, 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Sunday 10 to 2.

DR. AIKIN

Is pre-eminently successful in curing cases in his Great Specialties, and has many living witnesses who owe life and health to him, after having given up all hope of relief. His remedies are most infallible, with marvelous efficacy relieving symptoms and removing the cause of disease, restoring the vital organs to their natural functions, purifying and invigorating the whole system, and he is universally relied upon as

A Doctor who Cures.

It is false economy to suffer from any annoying disease or symptom, which, from his ability and success in so many similar cases, you have every reason to believe the Doctor can cure. Health is cheaper than suffering and funerals. Do not be misled or influenced by the envious, jealous or prejudiced, but acting on your own best judgment, call to fully investigate and satisfy yourself. No use to denounce a man who takes hopeless cases from the hands of good physicians, and by his superior skill and improved remedies restores them at once to health and life's enjoyment.

"TOO LATE! DIED THROUGH NEGLECT!"

In how many cases this can be said of friends or relatives victims of Consumption or other insidious disease, and how sad the reflection that the timely, skillful treatment to prolong life was neglected.

Most families have one or more with life embittered by needless suffering—seldom free from pain, always conscious of disease or disability, yet who can be restored to health by the skillful Specialist. Established here in extensive practice since 1859 at (St. Louis in '65, San Francisco during '73) enjoying a wide and merited reputation as a most successful Physician, and having thorough qualifications, insight and aptness for the healing art, with all the best means and appliances—instruments and remedies—known to the Profession, a constant succession of cures still attends Dr. Aikin's practice, and consequently the number of his patients is ever on the increase.

DR. AIKIN,

THE WELL KNOWN SPECIALIST, NOW PERMANENTLY LOCATED IN GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

HIS IMPROVED REMEDIES AND TREATMENT HAVE MADE HIM CELEBRATED FOR HIS EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS.

ALL CLASSES OF PATIENTS TREATED WITH EQUAL CARE AND SKILL.

HUNDREDS ATTEST THE GREAT EFFICACY OF HIS TREATMENT.

BRONCHITIS AND OTHER AFFECTIONS, LUNG TUBERCLES, AND OTHER CHRONIC DISEASES, AND SPECIAL DOWN CONSUMPTIONS, CURED BY DR. AIKIN.

HIS PATIENTS GAIN 10 TO 40 LBS. IN WEIGHT.

Serious, Complicated Diseases, that for Many years Resist the Treatment of numerous Physicians, are speedily Cured by Dr. Aikin.

The Right Doctor at Last.

A sufferer for years from disease and bad treatment, writes: "Dr. Aikin, I thank you from the bottom of my heart for making me as well as I am." A gentleman states: "Dr. Aikin, you are right—it is needless to be sick. By following your directions, after your medicines had cured me, have kept perfectly well. I tell everybody of your great success and improved treatment."

Another one says: "Have never felt so well in my life as when under your care and since your curing me."

A DOCTOR TO HAVE FAITH IN.

A lady writes to Dr. Aikin: "I am so soon and easily well by your treatment that my faith in you is unbounded and shall recommend you to all my friends as a most reliable physician."

"Must have help, or die, or go insane, I concluded," writes a man of 28, in poor health for years, who, after a short treatment by Dr. Aikin, further states: "Your remedies are having a remarkable effect. I can sleep better, am gaining flesh, and my health is improving in all respects."

DR. AIKIN has given the public sufficient evidence to convince the most skeptical and incredulous that his method of treatment is peculiarly successful in every department of his Great Specialties, especially such cases as have defied the skill of other and justly celebrated physicians: hence NO ONE SHOULD DESPAIR that is afflicted with seemingly incurable disease, but cherish a hope of being relieved of suffering, if not entirely cured, by his successful mode of treatment.

BLINDNESS! DEAFNESS!

All Diseases and Affections of the Eye and Ear successfully treated by mild remedies. Cross Eyes Straightened. Artificial Eyes inserted that look natural. No pain.

CATARH, CONSUMPTION,

Asthma, Bronchitis, and all Throat and Lung Complaints (which in this country, are the great enemies to Health and Life) are cured by Dr. Aikin's Improved Inhaler and Constitutional Restorative Treatment.

Lingering or Chronic Diseases. Scrofula, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Piles, Gout, Dropsy, Gravel, Constipation, Tape-Worm, Liver Diseases, etc., of whatever name or nature, carefully diagnosed and skillfully treated.

LADIES!

The Married or Single desiring aid or advice in any delicate matter relating to health (and beauty), prevention, and cure of disease, confidently consult the Doctor with the assurance of safe, quick cure in all cases, as he is doubtless the most skillful ladies' physician in the world. Do not suffer



from Pain, Weakness, Whites, Ulceration, Suppression or other diseases, and drag out a miserable life, when by a little care you can have the enjoyment of perfect health. Call or send stamp for circular and important information.

EPILEPSY.

Fits, Chorea, Palsy, and all Nervous Affections are cured where other means fail, by improved remedies.

DEFORMITIES.

Surgical Diseases, Cancers, Tumors, Hare-Lip, Fistula, Club-Foot, etc., remedied by the most approved methods.

GENTLEMEN!

YOUNG, MIDDLE-AGED AND OLD MEN

Suffering the sad effects on body and mind of Self-Abuse, Excesses, Diseases, or Defect, whatever read or doctoring. In vain, let not despair or false modesty be your ruin but call or send at once.

The only sure, rational, lasting cure for Spermatorrhea, Seminal Weakness, Nervous Debility, Impotence, etc. No quackery or deception. Friendly advice and reliable aid. It is well known that Dr. A. always effects a cure. His treatment includes ALL—you need never look elsewhere. Those about to marry should not fail to consult him.

THE quickest, most reliable remedies for all private diseases or old symptoms. Syphilis, Syphilitic, Ulcers, Phimosis, Hydrocele, Varicocele, etc., radically cured. No mercury used. Private Rooms. No "letting prescriptions." Travelers promptly supplied.

While many innocent victims suffer the terrible effects of certain diseases neglected or badly treated by physicians in general (they should not be instructed with these cases). It is right and proper to use plain terms that the indiscreet or unfortunate may know where to get help, and no offense can be taken by pure minded persons.—See Figs 1-10.

Good Advice and Good Treatment

Youths and men who have received from others bad treatment and immoral advice (resulting in sad consequences or terrible diseases), will find a true friend in Dr. Aikin, whose counsel and remedies they can rely upon for their moral and physical well-being.

ST-ST-STUTTERING!

Stammering, and impediments in speech that daily and hourly vex and mortify, and make one a laughing stock through life, permanently cured by a scientific, rational and practical method.

Sick Headache, and Ague, cured by one dose. Antidotes for Opium, Tobacco and Liquor Habits. Trusses, Supporters, Preventives, Syringes, etc., supplied.

CONFIDENTIAL!

Every Patient (either sex) may freely state all particulars of their case to Dr. Aikin, either in person or by letter, respecting his trust any delicate, personal, or family matter, and can always rely upon the strictest confidence and secrecy.

DR. AIKIN guarantees better, safer treatment (and for less money) in all Special Cases than can be had elsewhere. He is easily accessible from all points.

THE MOST DIFFICULT CASES SOLICITED.

Consultation Free. Terms always Reasonable.

Come prepared to arrange needful, thorough treatment. Satisfaction guaranteed to ALL. Medicines furnished. Patients visited, in city, or any distance, in serious cases.

No Excuse for You.

From the wrong idea that he charges too much, many whom Dr. Aikin would soon cure, continue to suffer or doctor carelessly, wasting time, buying worthless patent medicines and trying recipes, and in this way expend more than sufficient to have cured and kept them well. The fact is, by saving drug bills, loss of time, etc., he cures for less than others.

LIFE IS TOO SHORT TO BE MISERABLE.

IF YOU have any serious, obstinate disease or annoying symptoms, no matter how discouraged or how disappointed, stop useless doctoring and dosing and apply to the Doctor. Sufferers for years or a lifetime he cures in a few weeks.

CURED AT HOME.

Persons at a distance may be cured at home by addressing a letter to Dr. Aikin, stating case, symptoms, length of time the disease has continued, and have medicines promptly forwarded, free from damage and curiosity to any part of the country, with full and plain directions for use, by enclosing \$10 in registered letter, P. O. order, or Express. Call, or address Prof. N. J. Aikin, M. D., 57 Monroe St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

REMEMBER: DR. AIKIN is the only qualified, experienced, reliable Specialist here; treats his patients honorably; gives the choicest remedies; is a regular graduate in medicine; universally owned the most successful, and is the right one to employ in all cases. Envious doctors try to injure him—those in general practice attempt every case they can get, though unable to well treat special diseases—while never denouncing other M. D.'s, but sending them family patients, careful, courteous, sober, independent. Dr. Aikin devotes himself wholly to his Specialties with triumphant success. All the afflicted who come to him will find the aid they seek.

Read this Column and send to a Friend or Invalid.

BOOKBINDING!

The undersigned wishes to inform his old friends and residents of Holland and vicinity that being at present located at Muskegon, he has made arrangements with Mr. W. Vorst, at Holland, at whose store, on River street, all job work for binding can be left. I have purchased a new and complete line of tools and stock and will furnish first-class work.

A. CLOETINGH.

MUSKEGON, Sept. 3, 1875.

Dead Animals.

The question has been for a long time what will you do with dead animals. The undersigned whose place of business is near Metz's Tannery, will hold himself in readiness to remove all dead animals at his own expense, by simply notifying him thereof.

BEN RADWICK.

HOLLAND, Aug. 28, 1876.

29-1y

MOTH-EATEN.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

I had a beautiful garment,
And I laid it by with care;
I folded it close with lavender leaves
In a napkin fine and fair;
"It is far too costly a robe," I said,
"For one like me to wear."

So never at morn or evening
I put my garment on;
I lay by itself, under cloak and key,
In the perfume dusk alone;
Its wonderful "brotherly hidden"
I'll many a day had gone.

There were guests who came to my portal,
There were friends who sat with me,
And clad in somberest raiment
I bore them company;
I knew that I owned a beautiful robe,
Though its splendor none might see.

There were poor who stood at my portal,
There were orphaned sought my care;
I gave them the tenderest pity,
But had nothing besides to spare;
I had only the beautiful garment,
And the raiment for daily wear.

At last, on a feast day's coming,
I thought in my dress to shine;
I would please myself with the juster
Of its shifting colors fine.
I would walk with pride in the marvel
Of its rarely rich design.

So out from the trunk I bore it—
The lavender fell away—
And fold on fold I held it up
To the scorching light of the day
Alas! the glory had perished
While there in its place it lay.

Who seeks for the fadeless beauty
Must seek for the use that seals
To the grace of a constant blessing
The beauty that nee reveals.
For into the folded robe alone
The moth with its blighting steals.
—Parson's Bazar.

JIM.

We belonged to the surplus population, Jim and I, but we did not know it. The big world into which we came was filled to overflowing with just such puny, unwashed, ill-fed little wretches as we were, but we didn't know it, and so we came unconscious into the sunless, teaming alley, where countless others like ourselves herded. We didn't know we were a problem, Jim and I; we didn't know that we and our kind were baffling the wisdom of statesmen, Jim and I; but if we had known all about it, I doubt if we could have occupied the situation more philosophically. We slept as quietly in the under-ground cellar, down whose oozy steps the rain and ruin of years made slippery passage or bestowed ourselves as naturally, if need be, under some stranded wayside cart, as if it were precisely the thing Heaven had adapted us for from the beginning.

Jim was older and bigger than I; a tall, likely lad, fifteen of these hardening and toughening years had made him keen and sharp as a terrier, and just the lad to look after a forlorn little waif of a girl like myself. And Jim, after he had blacked boots all day or sold newspapers all afternoon, was sure to look after me, and we took supper together out of the same bowl of porridge.

Jim wasn't my brother, oh no! I used to wish he was my brother, though, sometimes, just because I was so proud of him.

The old man that kept the cellar, you see, had picked Jim up from somewhere when his folks died, and picked me up from somewhere when my folks died, and so we had somehow fallen together all along.

Just down beyond the jog of our alley, where it turned a sort of gray corner, and was darker and dirtier than ever—just there stood an old gray church with a clock in the tower; an old, old mossy church, with an old, old clock that passed its withered hands over its wizened face, and looked sleepily through them down into our alley on one side, and into a noisy, busy thoroughfare on the other. This old clock had dozed there until its head was all on one side, and you couldn't be sure whether it told the right time or not; but of a summer afternoon, when it was getting quite dusk down in our alley, a red ray from the setting sun used to settle for a minute right down on the face of the sleepy old clock; then it would seem to rouse up out of a pleasant dream, and strike the hour as sharp as need be, and then I knew it was time to look out for Jim. I'd see him turn the corner with his old straw hat on, and his old patched shoes, or barefoot maybe, for that matter, and we'd set off for a stroll together—a stroll to the wharves.

We generally haunted the wharves, Jim and I, when we went a pleasuring. They were so grand, the wharves, so busy, the wharves, so full of light and fresh air, the wharves, so altogether different from our alley, with the ships crowding around them, and the fluttering flags here and there on the masts, and the busy sailors getting in freights. Sometimes Jim would get a job for half an hour, and leave me lurking among the cotton bales, or sitting solitary in some safe corner till he came back. He always came back. And then sometimes we would linger about there till night-fall. Then the wharf was solemn and silent, and you could hear the water rushing up against the great beams underneath, and see here and there a light gleaming from some lone lantern among the shrouds, and the gray water stretching beyond, we knew not whither; and if Jim and I had owned it all we couldn't have loved it better.

But one day Jim got a job that lasted longer than usual, and I grew scared and uneasy as night came on, and he didn't come back. Wandering from the place where he had set me, shy and fear-some as a water rat, but as determined, I looked for him everywhere, but in vain; then I went back to my post, for hadn't he said, as he always said, "Don't be afraid, Jenny; for I'll come back for sure, you know." And then I waited and waited, till finally I fell asleep among the bales and barrels, and forgot my troubles.

In the morning, a forlorn and desolate little creature enough, I learned from some compassionate longshoremen that the great ship where Jim had been at work had sailed away with him

abroad. A wild and passionate burst of weeping greeted this news, and a pitiful throng of people gathered about me, freight men and sailors mostly, but among them suddenly appeared the quiet face of a Quaker lady, who was distributing books among the sailors. They told her my tale, and seeing me utterly friendless, she wiped my tear-stained face with her white handkerchief and took me away. I was no better than a masterless dog, and worth far less. But she took me to a great, clean, quiet place—an institution they called it—where there were many others as homeless and wretched as I. And there they washed me and made me so clean and fresh that I thought the real me, the ragged, red-eyed, unkempt surplus atom of humanity that had been me, was gone away over seas with Jim, and this rosy-cheeked child was another me, newly come into the world.

Then one day there came a grand and stately lady who took me away to live with her and be her own little girl. This lady wore shining silks and lived in a splendid house, and had a lad in a velvet jacket, who was about as big as Jim. It was all like a strange, bright dream, if I could have only forgotten Jim. But I could not.

Jim was surplus population no longer; perhaps he was drowned, his ragged jacket and crownless hat might be buried now away down under the sea. Nobody about me now wore patched shoes or trousers out at the knees, and nobody, it seemed to me, not even Louis, who was so kind and good to me, not even he, had an eye as bright and soft as Jim's, or a hand as warm. And so I never forgot Jim, but always in my heart of hearts seemed listening and waiting for him.

Sometimes I used to lure Louis down to the wharves, and always when I walked by myself my steps turned thitherward, and thus it was that I never lost sight of the ships, and dimly, faintly, unreasonably, looked for the return of Jim.

But it began to be years since dear old Jim went away, and Louis was a tall youth home from college, and I was—well, folks called me a young lady, and said that I would marry Louis some day. And perhaps they might have been right; but how could I be a lady—a real lady, you know—with an old straw hat and a ragged jacket stowed away in my heart? Even after I grew up I had fits of silent fretting for Jim that seemed as if they would eat my life away. Mrs. Belden said it was because I was growing, and took me away to the seashore. Oh! the seashore! I cannot tell you what I felt when I first saw the sea—the real sea—stretching away from the white line of shore, throbbing and sounding as it brimmed to the horizon's edge. This was the sea, the glorified sea, no longer grimy and smoky and gray with getting its living, but the sea translated, purified, made holy as if after death. The days went and came shining and beautiful; and every day I walked on the shore with Louis, ran races with the breeze, picked up shells, or gathered seaweed, or watched the sun gilding the sails of some far-flitting ship. Louis' face was sweet in those days, and kind as sunlight; and his voice was soft and low when he spoke to me, for he said we were old friends now, and had known each other so many years that we ought to love each other always. One afternoon we strayed farther than usual, and the twilight deepening as we walked, I think we both forgot everything except that we were young and happy, and life was glorious. Love! The word dropped warm from his lips, and seemed so color all my future with rose tints. All my past seemed sinking out of sight. The gates of paradise were open, and I was free to walk therein if I would. Not for me the barrenness, the disappointment, that blighted other lives. I might make mine what I would, with wealth and love for my servants, and luxury and joy at my command. Ah, well! I remember that afternoon by the sea!—the long line of white beach, the overhanging cliffs, the twilight touching the water with a golden glow, and glittering on the tall masts, and the ship lying at anchor beyond. Oh, life was so beautiful—oh, love was so beautiful! A lightness of heart, a capricious intangible, elf-like mood fell upon me, born perhaps of the very overflow of bliss. I remember clapping my hands as I skipped along, challenging Louis to a race. Perhaps he had urged me too persistently to respond to his affection, to say when I would be his wife. Wife! I wanted to be no one's wife just then, but only to love and to live. Would I answer him? sighed Louis.

"When you catch me," I responded, mockingly, sitting along the sand. Away I went, with Louis following, breathless. We rounded the curve of the shore, and I was just sinking down upon the sand to wait for him, when an old boat with a broken oar caught my eye; it lay swinging in the shadow just where a great rock overhung the beach. Lightly, thoughtlessly, I stepped into the tiny craft, and waving my handkerchief laughingly to Louis, caught up my oar and set myself afloat. I scarcely thought what I was doing; it was a mere caprice born of the lightness of heart and youthful thoughtlessness. But a single glance at Louis' countenance roused me to the folly I was committing.

"Come back! come back!" he cried; "the current will carry you out of reach in a moment!"

Still laughing, I endeavored to obey. Dextrously I worked the broken oar, diligently I steadied the frail little vessel; but all my efforts seemed to bear me further and further from the anxious face that was watching me.

Perhaps if Louis then had plunged into the water, a few strong strokes of his arm might have reached and saved me. I do not know. Louis was no swimmer; and, besides, that was not his way of doing things. His was a deliber-

ate and thoughtful rather than a rash and venturesome nature. He called to me eagerly that he was going for help; I should wait; I should drop the oar; in a few moments he would get a boat. I saw him hastening along the shore at the top of his speed; I saw the solitary shore, the deserted fisher huts, the far stretches of sand he would have to travel before reaching the little fishing village; I saw it all, but dimly now, for I was floating further and further away.

Wearily I dropped the oar and sank back in the boat. Surely I need do nothing more. Oh, surely Louis would save me! he would not let me die alone in reach of his loving arms! Night was creeping on with twilight on its garment's hem. I could see that lone and shadowy ship lying at anchor beyond the bar. If only I could reach that ship! But the current would drift me past her in an instant. Wildly and longingly now I called for help, stretching my arms out yearningly toward that silent vessel; but nothing answered me. The shore had grown far and dim, and dimly, strangely the stars coming out with their unfamiliar beauty made me afraid. Sad, solitary, and deserted, was I going to my death out of all that bright afternoon, that overflowing love, that fullness of life and pleasure proffered me?

Afraid? Well, yes, I was afraid; for one brief moment, as I cowered back into the boat, shrinking in the solitude of the awful waste of waters, a fear of that unknown world into which I seemed sailing oppressed me. But I bethought myself if I must die, it were better to die bravely. Perhaps I was going to meet Jim. If he was in that other world, that ought to be a cheery thought. No doubt he died bravely. But was he dead? Jim, my old, staunch friend, whose glad, good face had brightened my wretched childhood, oh, where was he?

It is said in the hours of death the memory of past events is preternaturally vivid. And as my mind reverted to those old days, forgetting my latter life, forgetting my later friends, and forgetting Louis, I felt sure that I was going to die. A trance of peace fell upon me, in which I seemed to clasp Jim's warm hand again as in days of old. Jim! Jim! I called aloud, rousing myself as from a dream, yet dreaming still. But nothing answered me. The darkness was growing deeper, the current more rapid, and Louis, with his soft taper fingers would never reach me now.

Unconscious, half delirious, I must have been, perhaps, for it seemed to me that Jim, on whose name I called, was a spirit, and that his presence, somewhere near me, was upholding me in this hour of need as I drifted further and further away from all earthly help. How long, I know not; how far, I know not; it seemed to me I had been on the way to eternity, and—Had I had not heard through that death-dream an answering cry? Did I or did I not see mistily, as through a veil, the spars and shrouds of that silent vessel that had stood afar off, watching my struggle with death? And, great God! was it Jim's face—dear old Jim's face—bending over me, and was this heaven?

"My dear," said Mrs. Belden, coming into my room one morning, "you are getting quite strong again; the sea air has done you a world of good—in fact, you look better, I think, than before your accident. I am thinking we may as well return to the city as soon as you like."

I was lying on a couch by the window looking out upon the sea.

"Well," said I, absently, in a half reverie.

"You feel very strong, do you not, dear?"

"Oh yes, ma'm," said I, rousing myself; "quite strong—stronger than ever."

"I was stronger than ever; since that night when Jim saved my life, swimming out to my sinking boat against the current, and risking his life to save an unknown waif, unwitting that it was his nursing of old who was in deadly peril. Since that night a world of new thoughts had come crowding in upon me, scaring me with their strength and making me ashamed of the silken life I was leading. I knew not what premonition of change, of banishment, was tugging at my heart that morning as I looked out over the gleaming waters, and filled my eyes with tears.

"You are sorry to leave the seashore?" said Mrs. Belden.

"I was thinking of Jim," said I, honestly. "How can I leave Jim?"

Mrs. Belden's face flushed.

"Jenny," said she, severely, "of course we all think a deal of your sailor friend for saving your life; but you must be aware that he is no fit companion for you, and that his constant attendance upon you since that accident has been a matter of much annoyance both to myself and Louis."

At that moment Louis' tall figure appeared at the door, a queer smile was on his pale thin face, as holding out his long white hand to me, he said, "Jenny, your sailor's below."

"I have just been telling Jenny," said Mrs. Belden, "that we must get away from the sea shore to free her from these low associates."

Low associates!—Jim, my prince of men, my savior!

I see but one course, and yet these two had been so kind to me all these years, they had made my life so luxurious and pleasurable; should I go away from them into the obscurity and poverty of my early life again?

At that moment Jim's sunburned face appeared at the door. He stood with his cap in his hand, eager yet modest, his face alight, his eyes gleaming behind Louis' thin, calm countenance. "I sail the day after to-morrow, Jenny," he said, "and I couldn't risk the chance of not seeing you."

Mrs. Belden made a haughty gesture with her hand, as if she would have ordered off the intruder.

"Wait, mother," said Louis, calmly. "Of course Jenny's good sense will tell her what is right, and she belongs to me, you know."

I saw Jim give a great start. The blood flushed up holily in his brown cheeks. There was a pause for a moment; then Jim said, passing his hand over his forehead, as if he were not quite clear as to what he heard:

"Is it so with thee, my little Jenny? Will my little girl be happy always away from her poor old Jim?"

"Poor old Jim." That was what I used to call him in my childish days, stroking his hand and comforting him when he was in trouble. Should I desert him now?

For an answer I took from my finger a glittering ring which Louis had made me wear. I unclasped a costly bracelet he had given me, and drew a gold chain from my neck. I put the shining heap in his hands.

"Louis," said I, "I have loved you with these, and perhaps for these; but I loved Jim without them long ago, and I will love him without them the rest of my life. Forgive me, Louis; I am not fit, as you see, for wealth and splendor; it is natural for me to return to my kind. Come, let us part in peace."

Mrs. Belden rose; her eyes were like the flaming sword that drove out Adam and Eve from Paradise. She would have spurned us from her presence.

But Louis laid his hand calmly upon her shoulder. "Mother," said he, "Jenny is right."

I have often said to Jim since, as we two are chatting in the cabin of Jim's good ship, "Capt. Jim, Louis was a gentleman, after all, though he wasn't man enough to save my life."—*Harper's Weekly*.

SINGULAR DISCOVERY.

A Remarkable Mammoth Cave in Maryland.

Several days ago there was noticed in the columns of the *Baltimore Gazette* the discovery of a mammoth cave near Cumberland, Md., on the place of Mr. Snyder. A correspondent of the *Alleghanian and Times* gives some additional particulars of this remarkable discovery. He states that on last Saturday Mr. Albert Dowde penetrated the outer cave and secured some very fine specimens of stalactite and stalagmite, with a few fossils. In the afternoon, however, two young gentlemen of this city, deeply interested in science, made every preparation to give the cave a thorough investigation. Ensnored in rubber coat and high-topped boots, each with a dark lantern, they bade adieu to sunlight and penetrated the mountain depths. Entering the first cavern they threw their bull's-eye upon the perpendicular sides, the roof and the bottom, and all reflected back in brilliant colors the rays of light falling upon them. Then commenced the research. Here and there upon the floor were soft clay and sand-spots, and delving among these they brought to light some very fine specimens of the pre-historic age. We have not seen them, nor do we believe they have exhibited them to any one. Penetrating still further to the rear of the first cavern, they came upon a huge rock which had fallen or been rolled to the mouth of the entrance. To get beyond this was impossible without a greater force than their muscular efforts could put forth. But placing their lanterns to a crevice they threw the light beyond into the deep recesses of the mountain. Far in the darkness could be seen room after room, apparently divided up regularly, and the rays of the lamp were radiated until the interior looked as if it might be the gilded palace of the geni of old. The young gentlemen were awestruck with the solemn grandeur of the dark caverns. The rising pyramids, the apparently carved niches, the glittering doorways, as if studded with diamonds—all tended to stir up within them a feeling never before experienced. Whilst thus meditating a rumbling sound from the depths within suddenly restored them to consciousness, and being afraid that the mountain would fall in on them, they beat a hasty retreat, wondering what occasioned the noise away back in the depths of the earth. These young gentlemen are not to be deterred from their purpose of seeing what lies hidden within this deep cavern. Mr. Snyder, the proprietor, has promised to have this obstacle at the mouth of the inner cavern removed, and on next Saturday the cave will be open to inspection from its mouth to its subterranean depths, and all parties interested in bringing to light what may be hidden in the depths of the earth are invited to enter without money and without price.

How Many Apples Did Adam and Eve Eat?

Some say Eve 8 and Adam 2, a total of 10 only. Now we figure the thing out far differently. Eve 8 and Adam 8 also. Total, 16.—*Boston Journal*. We think the above figures are entirely wrong. If Eve 8 and Adam 82, certainly the total will be 90. Scientific men, however, on the strength of the theory that the antediluvians were a race of giants, and consequently great eaters, reason something like this: Eve 81st and Adam 82. Total, 163.—*Gloucester Advertiser*. Wrong again; what could be clearer than if Eve 8 1/2 and Adam 8 1/2, the total was 89 1/2?—*Lawrence American*. If Eve 8 1/2, and Adam 8 1/2, would not the whole be 1,623 1/2?—*Boston Journal*. I believe the following to be the true solution: Eve 8 1/4 Adam, Adam 8 1/4 Eve. Total, 8,988.—*Veritas*. Still another calculation is as follows: If Eve 8 1/4 Adam, Adam 8 1/2 4 2 oblige Eve; total, 82,056. We think, however, this not to be a sufficient quantity, for though we admit that Eve 8 1/4 Adam; Adam if he 80-8 1/2 4 2 keep Eve company, total 8,082, 056.—*New York Mail*.

There are one-fourth more blondes than brunettes.

A VERY OLD SONG.

"To-morrow, ma, I'm sweet sixteen,
And Bill Grimes, the drover,
Has popped the question to me, ma,
And wants to be my lover;
To-morrow morn, he says, mamma,
He's coming here quite early,
To take a pleasant walk with me,
Across the field of barley."

"You must not go, my gentle dear,
There's no use now a-talking;
You shall not go across the field,
With Billy Grimes a-walking.
To think of his presumption, to!
The dirty, ugly drover.
I wonder where your pride has gone,
To think of such a lover!"

"Old Grimes is dead, you know, mamma,
And Billy is so lonely!
Besides, they say, to Grimes' estate,
That Billy is the only
Surviving heir to all that's left;
And that, they say, is nearly
A good ten thousand dollars, ma—
And six hundred yeard!"

"I did not hear, my daughter dear,
Your last remark quite clearly,
But Billy is a clever lad,
And no doubt loves you dearly;
Remember, then, to-morrow morn,
To be up bright and early,
To take a pleasant walk with him
Across the field of barley!"
—*St. Louis Times*.

Pith and Point.

Music for the dinner table—"When the swallows homeward fly."—*Commercial Bulletin*.

An Iowa Judge says that a man may legally kiss his hired girl if he can swear he thought it was his wife.

"Do you like codfish balls, Mr. Wiggins?" Mr. Wiggins (hesitatingly)—"I really don't know; I don't recollect attending one."

JONES, who is an incorrigible bachelor, says he has decided to wait till he is old, and then have a golden wedding. He always wanted to pluck the rose without the thorn.

A boy has written a composition on the turtle, in which he says: "A turtle is not so frisky as a man, but he can stand a hot coal on his back longer without squalling."

NORWICH Bulletin: "A little 5-year-old daughter of one of our citizens yesterday expressed her knowledge of where the rain came from by telling her mother that 'Jesus had turned the faucet and let all the water out.'"

A MAN may love domestic quiet and harmony enough to keep his mouth shut while his wife's relations are in the house, but when he sees one of his fine ruffled shirts on his brother-in-law, what wonder if he feels that he must go down in the cellar and shovel coal or bust.

THE first step toward making a man of your son is to train him to earn what he spends; then the best way to teach him to be frugal is to take away his money as fast as he earns it, and spend it wisely for yourself. There is nothing like teaching the young by example.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye*.

NOTHING makes a young man so happy as to get around to the Postoffice after it is closed, and see a letter in his box; to have his heart whisper that it is from her, to dream sweet and tender fancies, hallowed with love's sacredness, all night, and to come down in the morning and find it a bill of \$7.50 for his last year's underclothes.—*Norwich Bulletin*.

Not long ago the heathen in China made a sudden and remarkable demand for copies of the Bible. The missionaries were delighted; a great work was about to be accomplished. Somehow the converts didn't come up to the altar. Upon investigation it was found that the Bibles had been applied to the curing of another kind of sole altogether—paper soles for shoes.

An English visitor to the Centennial wandered into a cheap restaurant in Shanty Town and ordered a steak. After desperate efforts to overcome its toughness he next asked for a napkin. The landlord came out from the kitchen in his shirt sleeves and addressed the astonished guest in indignant terms: "Sa-ay, young feller, this ain't no Continental. The next thing you'll be wanting, I suppose, is a grand pianer."

Is a man who cuts his uncle's wife an ignore aunt fellow? Are handcuffs indispensable for the safety of two-wrists? Is a policeman allowed a long drop or knot in the execution of his duty? When a man orders a pair of t-r-o-s-s-a off a certain roll of stuff, does he incite his tailor to breeches of the piece? Ought a heavy cloud to be considered in connection with the bearing rain? Are the Serbian overtures for mediation acts of Parley ment?

WHEN I could crack a nut
With my molars in my jaws,
With teeth all white and steadfast
And innocent of flaws,
I laughed at angry Fortune,
Made light of coming sorrow,
Was happy all to-day,
And careless of to-morrow!
I trusted men and women,
And women best, maybe!
Oh, pleasant was that Spring time
To my teeth and me!
But now, when teeth are shaky,
And going one by one,
I find, like Irem's march,
Small good beneath the sun,
I cannot crack a nut,
I cannot find a truth,
Or man or lovely woman,
Like those I found in youth.
Put back, oh cruel Fortune,
Thy sword into its sheath,
Let me believe in something,
And contradict my teeth!

THERE is hardly a school boy in the land that has not read of Merchant's Gargling Oil. Before the public for the last forty years, it has become almost a household word from the Atlantic to the Pacific. As a liniment and exterior application in burns, scalds, sprains, bruises, frost bites, flesh wounds, and the numerous ailments of flesh and limb in both man and beast, Merchant's Gargling Oil stands unrivaled in the world. Merchant's Worm Tablets, a certain and safe remedy for worms, in either children or adults, have likewise become famous for their effectual curative properties. These remedies can be obtained at almost any drug store in the land.—*Sandusky (Ohio) Register*.

