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Holland City News

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Holland City News, "Holland City News, Volume 16, Number 42: November 19, 1887" (1887). *Holland City News: 1887*. 51.

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HOLLAND CITY NEWS.

VOL. XVI.—NO. 42.

HOLLAND, MICH., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1887.

WHOLE NO. 795.

HOLLAND CITY NEWS.

Terms of Subscription
\$1.50 per year if paid in advance; \$1.75 if paid at three months, and \$2.00 if paid at six months.
Rates of advertising made known on application. Yearly advertisers have the privilege of three changes.
Notices of Births, Marriages, and Deaths published without charge for subscribers.
All advertising bills collectable quarterly.

Business Locals.

THE best assortment of Ladies, Misses', and Children's underwear in the city at 42-2t D. BERTSCH.

Itch, Mange, and Scratches of every kind on human or animals cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by Kremers & Bangs, Druggists, Holland, Mich. 42-6m

To Close Out

My large stock of Cloaks, Wraps, and Jackets I will hereafter sell them at greatly reduced prices. 42-2t D. BERTSCH.

Business for You!

If you buy your Oysters and Crackers for Thanksgiving and other days at Pessink's Bakery you will never regret, it for they are just immense and cheap.

LADIES wishing dress goods, trimmings, jets, braid, fur, velvet, or dress goods go to D. Bertsch. 42-2t

Wanted.

Six live canvassers for city and country. Must speak both Holland and English languages. Apply to Singer Manufacturing Company, on Eighth street, Holland, Mich., opposite post office. 41-4t

Go and buy your Cloaks and Fur Trimmings at L. & S. VAN DEN BERGE & Co.

If people, troubled with colds, will take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral before going to church, they will avoid coughing. The Pectoral soothes and heals the irritated tissues, and controls all disposition to cough.

N. W. OGDEN pays the market price for Corn and Rye at his mill on Lake Shore. Custom grinding on Tuesdays and Saturdays. Call. 41-2m

Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Its record of forty years is one of triumph over blood diseases.

Just received a large line of Kid and Jersey Gloves, in black and assorted colors, at the Millinery Store of L. & S. VAN DEN BERGE & Co.

Send a 2-cent stamp to Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, for a set of their fine album cards.

A line of beautiful Hats, Fancy Feathers, and a great variety of Hat Ornaments and Trimmings at 40- L. & S. VAN DEN BERGE & Co.

Wonderful Cures.

W. D. Hoyt & Co., Wholesale and Retail Druggists of Rome, Ga., say: We have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery, Electric Bitters and Bucklen's Arnica Salve for four years. Have never handled remedies that sell as well or give such universal satisfaction. There have been some wonderful cures effected by these medicines in this city. Several cases of pronounced Consumption have been entirely cured by use of a few bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery, taken in connection with Electric Bitters. We guarantee them always. Sold by Yates & Kane's, Holland, and A. De Krul's, Zeeland.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla acts directly and promptly, purifying and enriching the blood, improving the appetite, strengthening the nerves, and invigorating the system. It is, in the truest sense, an alterative medicine. Every invalid should give it a trial.

Our Markets.

Produce, Etc.

(Corrected every Friday by E. J. Harrington.)
Apples, 50c; Beans, \$2.25; Butter, 16c; Eggs, 30c; Honey, 9 to 10c; Onions, 70c; Potatoes 65c

RETAIL.

Apples 60c; Beans, \$2.25; Butter 18c; Eggs 22c; Honey, 12c; Onions, 80c; Potatoes, 85 cents.
Grain, Feed, Etc.
(Corrected every Friday by W. H. Beach.)
Buckwheat, 50c; Bran, \$1.00; Barley, \$1.00; Corn, \$1.10; Clover seed, \$1.50; Corn Meal, \$1.00; Fine Corn Meal, \$1.00; Feed, \$1.00; Hay, \$1.00; Middlings, \$1.00; Oats, \$1.00; Pearl Barley, \$1.00; Rye, \$1.00; Timothy Seed, \$2.50; Wheat, white, 70c; Red Pulz, 75c; Lancaster Red, 74c Corn ear, 40c.

RETAIL.

Buckwheat, 50c; Bran, \$1.00; Barley, \$1.00; Corn, \$1.10; Clover seed, \$1.50; Corn Meal, \$1.00; Fine Corn Meal, \$1.00; Feed, \$1.00; Hay, \$1.00; Middlings, \$1.00; Oats, \$1.00; Pearl Barley, \$1.00; Rye, \$1.00; Timothy Seed, \$2.50; Wheat, white, 70c; Red Pulz, 75c; Lancaster Red, 74c Corn ear, 40c.

LOCAL ITEMS.

CHURCH ITEMS.

HOPE REFORMED CHURCH.—Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 12 m. Young People's meeting at 6:30 p. m. Rev. Thomas Walker Jones, pastor. Subjects: Morning, "Reasonableness of pardon;" Evening, Union Y. M. C. A. service. Congregational singing. Opening anthems by the choir. Thanksgiving service next Thursday at 10:30 a. m. and prayer meeting at 7:30 p. m. All are welcome.

METHODIST E. CHURCH.—Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 12 m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:30. Subjects: Morning, "The true Christian a living stone in God's Spiritual Temple;" Evening, "The Spiritual race course." All are welcome and the seats are free.

Y. M. C. A.—Meetings every Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Rooms: Over Jonkman & Dykema's Clothing Store.

READ the Business Locals of Mr. D. Bertsch in this issue.

NEXT Thursday is Thanksgiving Day. Have you selected a Turkey?

THE steamer O. C. Williams came into this port last Wednesday forenoon.

FRANK VAN HY has been appointed night watchman by the Common Council.

VERY few persons can hold their own while taking a trip on the lake at this season.

THE young people of the city will hold a party at the Opera House on Thanksgiving evening.

A MOVEMENT is on foot, so we understand, to grade and gravel Thirteenth street next year.

THE Butter Tub Factory of J. Van Putten & Co. started up last Thursday after being still for the past four weeks.

J. W. BOSMAN is contemplating the erection of two new dwellings on Seventh street between Cedar and Fish streets.

ALL persons having claims against the estate of Luitje Rietma, deceased, are requested to present them for settlement within five days to Isaac Marshall.

G. J. A. PESSINK, of Pessink Bros., proves to be a first-class traveling salesman and the firm are shipping daily large invoices of goods to our neighboring cities and villages.

BRUSSE BROS., the fashionable tailors, are just rushed with orders for fine suits and overcoats. Call early and secure the first selection and be assured of getting your money's worth.

THE Rev. J. W. Bancroft, general missionary of the Episcopal Church, will hold divine service in the Opera House next Sunday, November 20, morning and evening at the usual hours.

THE ladies of Holland City should read the advertisement of Mrs. R. B. Best who has just received a large quantity of material for fancy work, and many novelties which are interesting to all good housewives.

L. T. KANTERS, of the Holland Manufacturing Company, reports that business is good and that he has sold a large number of the Diamond Wind Mills besides taking several contracts for deep wells this fall.

ALL kind hearted and charitable persons in Holland City should contribute to the fund being raised for Richard Overweg, who was so terribly maimed by the cars a short time ago. Leave your contributions at the N.R.W. office.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Holland, Mich., Nov. 17th, 1887: W. G. Clark, David McNies, Wm. B. Niece, William Scott, William Schaub, E. J. Tobey.

J. G. VAN PUTTEN, P. M.

H. C. AKLEY, of Minneapolis, formerly of Grand Haven, has presented his handsome residence, including the grounds on which it stands in the latter city, to the diocese of the Episcopal church, to be used and occupied as a female seminary. The gift is valued at \$45,000.

DR. D. M. GEE and his assistant Dr. Gillespie, recently visited Coldwater and gave a demonstration with Packard's Magneto Electric Dental Machine for the painless extraction of teeth. The machine proved itself the peer of all other methods of extracting teeth without pain and as a result Dr. Gee sold four of the machines before he left the place.

LAST Wednesday Mr. B. L. Scott, the new proprietor of the Phoenix Planing Mill, arrived in this city and took charge of the business. Mr. Scott informs us that Mr. Henry Kamperman will still act in the capacity of foreman of the sash and blinds department and Mr. Theodore Bosman will be retained as foreman of the planing and dressing department. Next week Mr. Scott will have an "ad" in the News.

Do not fail to come and see Prof. E. B. Swift, at the Opera House next Wednesday evening. He will combine laughable and humorous views with scientific and historical scenes. Tickets 25 cents, children 15 cents. No extra charge for reserved seats which will be for sale at the usual place, Breyman's jewelry store. The diagram will be open for inspection Tuesday morning at 8 o'clock. Call early and secure a good seat.

AT 8 o'clock last Monday evening H. M. LeSage ten Broek, of Grand Rapids, and Miss Annie N. M. Van der Ven, of this city, were united in marriage at the Liberal Holland Church by the pastor, Rev. F. W. H. Hugenholz in the former city. After the ceremony the bridal party drove to Mr. Ten Broek's residence, 196 Third Avenue, where the newly wedded couple gave a reception to their friends. After a short wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Ten Broek will be at home at their residence.

AT about 2 o'clock last Monday afternoon, Ald. Charles J. Pfaff entered the insurance office of his son, John A. Pfaff, in the Cutler house block, Grand Haven, and seating himself at the window, in his accustomed place, drew a .32-calibre revolver and fired three shots in rapid succession into his left breast killing him instantly. No cause is known for the deed other than that he was temporarily deranged. At one time Mr. Pfaff was a resident of this city and was engaged in the hardware business here removing to Grand Haven in 1871 or '72. The funeral occurred on Wednesday last, being conducted by the Masonic fraternity and was largely attended.

THE business interests of the Michigan Hedge Company are prospering as they deserve to after giving the citizens of Ottawa and Allegan Counties a chance to investigate their modes of business and financial standing that would never do if the foundation of the Company was not as solid as granite. Twenty-seven years experience in any business would not only show this Company, or any other, in its true light either as a humbug or an honest business and we are certain that the *Ohio Farmer*, *Indiana Farmer*, and *Western Rural*, and *American Stockmen* and dozens of others would not be apt to slop over with unnecessary enthusiasm in favor of any "guess-so" project.

WHAT is known as the Driven Well Patent, which has been several times before the United States Supreme Court and which has always heretofore been sustained, was last Monday declared invalid in an opinion by Justice Blatchford. The court held that the fact, now made to appear for the first time, in the Driven Well litigation that the invention was used in public at Cortland, N. Y., by others than Green, more than two years before the application for the patent was made, is a fact fatal to the patent's validity. This news will undoubtedly be a relief to many owners and users of drive wells in this section who were recipients of many notices to pay a royalty, and threats in case they didn't, from this man Green while he was a resident of Grand Haven several years ago.

On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday evenings of next week Prof. Swift, of Rochester, N. Y., will give illustrated lectures on the mysteries of the microscope and telescope. During this series Prof. Swift will use a powerful microscope which will enable the public to see and obtain an idea of the animal life that exists in the water they drink, and the food they eat, the process of crystallization, etc. Prof. Swift delighted audiences here last winter and the people of Holland can attend this series of lectures with the satisfaction of knowing that they are well worth the time and money spent and that they are equally instructive as they are amusing. On Monday and Tuesday the lectures will be given in the College Chapel, and on Wednesday in the Opera House. There will be a complete change of programme each evening and the profits of the course, if any, go to Hope College.

THURSDAY we made a tour of inspection through the large store of Peter Steketee & Co., and viewed their stock of crockery and glassware. It is really astonishing the amount of pretty articles that are now designed in this line. There were dinner sets, toilet sets, china cups and saucers, mush and milk sets, and various other articles and novelties all handsomely decorated and made as possible. In the grocery department we noticed a coffee roaster and the fragrant smell of delicious coffee filled the air. Mr. Steketee said that it was a private brand of coffee and that it is the best in the market. We, at least, pronounced it first-class, as the editor has tried it. We had almost forgotten to mention that this firm have also just got in some very handsome hanging lamps. We would advise all to call on the firm when wanting any articles in their line of trade. Read their advertisement in this issue.

The Overweg Fund.

THE NEWS announced its intention of raising a fund for little Richard Overweg, the boy who lost his hands by being run over by the cars, two weeks ago, and has as yet received but a very small amount. It is to be hoped that the good people of Holland will contribute liberally to so worthy a purpose. The little boy is getting along nicely but his future is not as bright as it might be and the purpose entertained in attempting to raise this fund, as we have before stated, is to provide for his comfort during the winter months and to purchase an artificial arm for him as soon as he is able to wear it. The following is the amount thus far contributed, with the names of the contributors:

J. G. Van Putten	\$2.00
G. H. Sipp	2.00
W. Verbeek	1.00
Mrs. R. W. Piper	1.00
HOLLAND CITY NEWS	2.00
J. P. Allen	.25
Mrs. Mary Lievense	.25
Mrs. Mary De Kraker	.25
Gerrit Van Haften	1.50
H. Walsh	2.00
Miss Reka Verbeek	1.00
A Friend	1.00
Jennie Van der Veen	.50
Eddie Van der Veen	.50
W. M. Gibbons	.25

Total..... \$15.50
Let this amount more than be doubled by our next issue. Parents encourage your children to contribute their mite to aid this unfortunate young boy.

Shall Street Sprinklers be Licensed?

On looking over the Council proceedings in this issue the reader will discover that Alderman Harrington gave notice that he would introduce an ordinance to license street sprinklers. This is a measure that not only all citizens should protest against, but especially the business men of the city, and the Council we hope will not entertain so rash and unjust a proposition. It will be remembered by many that one year ago last summer it was a very difficult matter to induce merchants to contribute means for the purpose of paying for the work of sprinkling the streets, and the Council to encourage the enterprise, passed a resolution which refunded one-half of the water tax of \$100 and in a short time the sprinkler was in operation. The work since then has been satisfactorily performed and the owner of the sprinkling outfit has but just made wages for himself and team. The entire means necessary for paying for the regular performance of the street sprinkling has come wholly from voluntary contributions from men whose places of business front on the main streets, and if the Council now places an extra expense on the work, by means of a license and the paying of the full water rate, it is only throwing the burden of the increased expense on each one of the contributors. This can only result in one way, and that is in a "kick" on the part of those paying for the enterprise and in having dry and dusty streets next season. If our memory serves us right Ald. Harrington, although he has a large frontage on Eighth street, was not one of the original supporters of the sprinkler, and he, of all our business men, should not be the first to propose an increase of the expense.

Carbstone Chatter.

The holidays are approaching and there has already been a perceptible increase in the number of children who attend our Sunday Schools.

There is more controversy about the use of water in Holland just at present than ever before. When water comes to command a marketable price the temperance

people ought to feel that they have gained a big victory.

A young lady of this city in giving an explanation about the way in which the dynamite bombs were brought to Ling's cell, stated that his girl carried them in her bustle, and that they, the bombs, were six feet long and two feet wide.

"Jake" Van Putten says that Don M. Dickinson will suit him for Postmaster General. Most any Michigan democrat would take pride in seeing their leader elevated to so honorable a position in President Cleveland's cabinet.

"Pete" Kane is taking orders for Thanksgiving Turkeys. He says that it is a little out of his line of business, but he feels satisfied that there is money in putting Canadian oat-meal-fed turkeys on the Michigan market. All orders should be left with him at the store on or before next Monday, Nov. 21st.

There seems to be a dirth in athletic amusement, owing probably to a rule adopted by Hope College Faculty to the effect that the students shall not indulge in athletic contests with anyone outside of the city. This will virtually discourage athletic exercise among the students and to say the least it is a new departure on the part of a college faculty.

We have it from good authority that a number of young ladies in Holland have given up the pernicious habit of using gum, but have instead taken to chewing paper. Only last week a young man's death in Brooklyn, New York, was attributed to chewing paper in his school boy days and the foreign telegraphic dispatches tell us that Prince Frederick William, of Germany, is suffering from the same complaint which will result fatally.

Allegan really claims to have a genuine oil well and a wagon load of dynamite has been brought all the way from Ohio to prove it. At last accounts the directors reported that there was pipe down 1,800 or more feet, a subterranean cavity had been formed by the promiscuous use of high explosives, that there was more or less oil in the pipe with prospects of more in the immediate vicinity, and that stock had advanced to \$100 per share. We might add that the contractors who sunk the well have been paid off in full and have capital sufficient left to sink a 1,200 foot hole in some other Michigan village.

Within twenty minutes of the time that Senator Stockbridge stepped from the platform of a West Michigan car at the Holland depot on Wednesday last, the report was all over town that the purpose of his mission was to consult with our business men as to the proposed ship canal. "I told you so," said half a dozen wiseacres, "I knew all the time that they would run it through Seventh street and just see what an unnecessary expense the city has gone to in grading and graveling that street." "But how are they going to keep our children from falling in the water?" said one of the residents on the street, who looked upon the grading as a decided improvement. "That's what I want to know."

It is hard to tell what another year will bring forth for by looking over the calendar it will be seen that next February contains twenty-nine days a very significant fact among marriageable young ladies. A matrimonial association has already been formed among the Holland ladies which has a membership of over twenty. Only those over sixteen and under thirty-five years are admitted to the organization and it is proposed to elect active corresponding and recording secretaries. This is only one of the branches of a national organization which accomplished much good and formed many happy alliances four years ago. Would it not be well for our young men to take time by the forelock and organize a mutual protective society.

"Talk about the versatility of newspaper reporters," said Rev. E. C. Oggel the other day, "why the fact of a reporter seeing Ling's explode the bomb in his mouth last week is only a circumstance, and it is always safe to make allowance for what appears in a Chicago newspaper. I preached there a short time ago and some two or three hours after my sermon, and just as I had finished a very hearty dinner, there was a ring at the door bell and a news representative sent up his card. Upon being admitted he stated that he had been detailed to write up my sermon but had overslept himself and consequently missed it. He said, however, that he had heard me preach once before, and remembering my style had written up a column or so which he asked me to look over. I did so and was really surprised to find, that while it embodied but little of my sermon, that the report contained many really bright thoughts and much sound reasoning. To tell the truth I was so much pleased with it that I told him to go ahead and print it."

Holland City News.

HOLLAND CITY, MICHIGAN.

THE WORLD IN A WORD.

The Latest Intelligence, Domestic and Foreign, Transmitted Over the Electric Wires.

Political, Railroad, and Commercial News, Accidents, Fires, Crimes, Etc., Etc.

LATEST DISPATCHES.

DRIVE-WELL PATENT.

It is at Last Declared Invalid by the United States Supreme Court.

WHAT is known as the drive-well patent, which has been several times before the United States Supreme Court, and which has heretofore been sustained, has at last been declared invalid in an opinion by Justice Blatchford, based upon the record in case No. 16—Andrews, Green and others against George Hovey, appealed from the United States Circuit Court for the Southern District of Iowa. The Supreme Court holds that the fact now made to appear for the first time in the drive-well litigation, that the invention was used in public at Courtland, N. Y., by others than Green, more than two years before the application for the patent was made, is a fact which is fatal to the patent's validity. The decree of the Circuit Court in favor of the alleged infringer, Hovey, is affirmed.

CRAZY REDS.

Two Indianapolis Anarchists Declared Insane.

An Indianapolis telegram of the 15th inst. says:

Peter Heldt and Fred Gerhardt, anarchists, were adjudged insane here yesterday by a commissioner. Heldt has been prominent in socialist meetings. He had been extremely despondent for some time over the doom of the Chicago anarchists and the day of their execution became a raving maniac. He was so violent that it required four men to hold him. Gerhardt is a traveling magician who has been claiming that he knew who threw the Haymarket bomb. It became evident yesterday that his mind had become deranged. He imagines that he is pursued by a mob and is to be hanged for a crime connected with anarchy.

Violent Anarchist Speeches at Newark.

NEWARK (N. J.) telegram: "The Russian Progressive Society, composed of anarchists, met in the anarchist headquarters Monday afternoon. The attendance was not large. Police were present, but there was no disturbance. Violent speeches in condemnation of the hanging of the anarchists in Chicago were made by A. Braszko and others. The speakers urged opposition to the enforcement of the laws. Police Captain Gloria, who was present at the meeting, went before a justice and entered complaint against Willis, the proprietor of the hall, for allowing a disorderly gathering, and a warrant will be served on him."

The City of Limerick Proclaimed.

A CABLE dispatch from Dublin says: "The city of Limerick has been proclaimed under the crimes act. Detectives tracked Mr. Cox, M. P., to his hiding-place at Kildysart and pursued him. He escaped in a small boat, however, and took refuge on an island. Mr. Dillon has gone to Scotland, and it is thought his object is to escape the warrant for his arrest. The Land Commission has reduced rents in Limerick 40 per cent."

An Outlaw Killed.

SAN AUGUSTINE (Texas) dispatch: "Intelligence has reached here from Hemp-hill that a fight occurred near there between a Sheriff's posse and old Willis Connors, a famous outlaw of Eastern Texas, resulting in the death of Connors and his 10-year-old grandson. Connors was the father of nine sons, eight of whom have been killed during the last five years in fights with officers."

Deadly Drought.

A DAYTON (Ohio) dispatch says that in all the villages and through the farming districts of the Miami Valley, as a result of the water famine, an epidemic of diphtheria and fevers prevails, and the further the investigation is extended the more appalling are the reports of the plague. At Lewisburg, where the death list is the greatest, schools are closed and the children are forbidden to go upon the streets.

Falled for a Million.

THE advance in Reading Railway shares and the placing of the Chesapeake and Ohio Line in the hands of a receiver, caused the failure of A. S. Hatch & Co., of New York, prominent "bear" operators in Wall street. The liabilities are figured at \$1,000,000, but the assignee, H. H. Chittenden, thinks the firm will be able to pay in full. This is the third time Mr. Hatch has been forced to suspend.

Mr. Vilas' Successor.

DETROIT special: "Don M. Dickinson has accepted the Postoffice portfolio in President Cleveland's Cabinet. His letter of acceptance has been forwarded to the President, and it contains but one reservation. 'I will assume the duties, Mr. President, reads the letter, 'provided the Senate shall confirm my nomination.'"

Arensford on Trial Again.

ST. LOUIS (Iowa) dispatch: "The case of the State against John Arensford, charged with murdering the Rev. George C. Haddock on the night of Aug. 3, 1886, was called in the District Court on Monday. This is the second trial of Arensford on the original indictment, the jury in the first trial having disagreed on April 17.

Miss Kellogg Married.

It has just transpired that the marriage of Clara Louise Kellogg to Carl Strakosch took place at Elkhart, Ind., Nov. 9, the Rev. Franklin W. Adams, of the M. E. Church, performing the ceremony. The groom prefers to say no more about the wedding at present.

CURRENT EVENTS.

WEST.

THE strike in the mines in the Springfield (Ill.) district is at an end. All the men have decided to work at the rates offered by the operators, 62½ cents a ton.

THE iron industry in Northern Michigan has been almost ruined on account of the scarcity of charcoal. In Marquette County there are only two charcoal furnaces in blast, while ten or twelve have been closed and are now in such a dilapidated condition that they will never be started again.

OSBORN, HUTCHINS & HUNT, wholesale milliners, of Cincinnati, have made an assignment. Liabilities, \$85,000; assets, \$50,000.

A CALL has been issued for a convention to be held at Aberdeen, Dakota, on December 15, for the purpose of petitioning Congress to authorize the holding of a convention to frame a constitution for a State embracing the whole Territory.

THE ANARCHISTS.

August Spies, Albert R. Parsons, Louis Lingg, Adolph Fischer, and George Engel, the dead anarchists, were buried at Chicago on Sunday, the 13th inst. It was the occasion for a large gathering of their friends and sympathizers, but the event passed off very quietly. The funeral procession that followed the remains to the depot was managed in strict conformity with the order issued by the Mayor. Many of the men and women in line were decorated with red ribbons, but no red flags were visible, and there were no disorderly demonstrations of any kind. The number of people in the procession was not so great as had been anticipated, and it was noticeable that hardly any Americans took part in the ceremonies. A Chicago paper, describing the funeral ceremonies, says:

The dead anarchists were buried with pomp and ceremony. Early Sunday morning crowds of curious persons gathered about the homes of the dead men, but they came simply to see and make no demonstrations of disorder. The funeral procession grew in size as the remains of the deceased, with their friends and the attending societies, joined it. Two hours were consumed in forming it. Nearly six thousand persons were in line, and probably thirty thousand people looked on. Down town the procession, after crossing the river at Lake street, proceeded east to Fifth avenue and south to Wisconsin Central depot at Polk street. Two hours before the cortege entered Fifth avenue the sidewalks along that thoroughfare were packed from building line to curbstone. Cordon of police held back the crowds that gathered about the depot. A wall of blue-coated officers stood at the edge of the platform on both sides of Fifth avenue at the Polk street crossing and across a block south of the depot. A picket a block north kept the crowd up-town from surging down the depot. Roads in the vicinity of the station were covered, the windows occupied, and the vacant lot across the street was filled with a mass of human beings. Polk street back to the bridge and east to the railroad tracks was alive with people. Men and women stood in two inches of mud in the gutters and good-naturedly waited.

Then the procession came. Captain Buckley whirled his club and shouted his orders. His men, backs to the crowd, braced themselves against the swelling tide. The Defense Committee, wearing red roses with sprigs of evergreen and bits of grape, appeared and joined their way through the crowd inside the depot. The five coffins were placed in a baggage car, and the coach reserved for the mourners was opened. The gate swung back, and a rush for the train was made. Fifteen cars were speedily filled. A train of thirteen cars had gone before, and another of fifteen coaches followed the funeral train. Throughout the six hours of forming the procession, its march to the depot, the journey to the cemetery, and the ceremonies at the sepulcher, the utmost order prevailed. The "Marseillaise" was not sung. The red flag was not flaunted. No incendiary speeches were made. The friends of the dead men buried their dead. The exercises were simple, quiet, and solemn. The police were apparently impressed by the silent mourning, and were as decorous toward the friends of the anarchists as if no feeling between them had ever existed. No expressions of malice or triumph were heard. Everybody seemed in sympathy with the sorrowing friends and relatives of the dead.

The throng that followed the remains of the anarchists to the cemetery was almost wholly German in its make-up. As the cemetery fifteen or twenty thousand people had congregated. After the bodies of the dead had been deposited in the vault four speeches were delivered. Capt. Black and Theo. J. Morgan spoke in English, and Robert Reitzel, of Detroit, and Albert Currier, of St. Louis, spoke in German. The last mentioned two are rank anarchists, and their remarks were extremely bitter. Both reproached the workmen for permitting the death of their friends, and Reitzel concluded with the following quotation from Herwegh, familiar to all socialist speakers: "We have loved long enough. Let us at least hate!" Captain Black's address was an eloquent and feeling tribute to the dead anarchists.

MARKET REPORTS.

NEW YORK.		
CATTLE.....	4.50	@ 5.25
HOGS.....	4.25	@ 5.00
WHEAT—No. 1 White.....	88	@ 89
WHEAT—No. 2 Red.....	85½	@ 86½
CORN—No. 2.....	55	@ 56
OATS—White.....	25	@ 26
PORK—New Mess.....	14.50	@ 15.00
CHICAGO.		
CATTLE—Choice to Prime Steers.....	5.25	@ 5.75
Good.....	4.00	@ 4.75
Common.....	3.00	@ 3.50
HOGS—Shipping Grades.....	4.35	@ 5.00
FLLOUR—Winter Wheat.....	3.75	@ 4.25
WHEAT—No. 2 Red Winter.....	73	@ 74
CORN—No. 2.....	43	@ 44
OATS—No. 2.....	25	@ 26
BUTTER—Choice Creamery.....	25	@ 27
Fine Dairy.....	18	@ 23
CHEESE—Full Cream, new.....	11	@ 11½
EGGS—Fresh.....	19	@ 19
POTATOES—Choice, per bu.....	29	@ 35
PORK—Mess.....	13.00	@ 13.50
MILWAUKEE.		
WHEAT—Cash.....	70	@ 70½
CORN—No. 3.....	44	@ 44½
OATS—No. 2, White.....	39	@ 40
RYE—No. 1.....	62	@ 64
PORK—Mess.....	13.00	@ 13.50
ST. LOUIS.		
WHEAT—No. 2 Red.....	73	@ 73½
CORN—Mixed.....	39	@ 39½
OATS—Cash.....	25	@ 25½
PORK—Mess.....	12.50	@ 13.00
TOLEDO.		
WHEAT—Cash.....	78	@ 78½
CORN—Mixed.....	44	@ 45
OATS—White.....	25	@ 25½
DETROIT.		
BEEF CATTLE.....	3.75	@ 4.50
HOGS.....	3.75	@ 4.50
SHEEP.....	3.50	@ 4.50
WHEAT—No. 1 White.....	80	@ 80½
CORN—Mixed.....	45	@ 45½
OATS—No. 2 White.....	30	@ 31
CINCINNATI.		
WHEAT—No. 2 Red.....	75½	@ 76½
CORN—No. 2.....	46	@ 47
OATS—No. 2.....	28	@ 29
PORK—Mess.....	12.25	@ 12.75
LIVE HOGS.....	4.25	@ 4.75
BUFFALO.		
WHEAT—No. 1 Hard.....	83	@ 83½
CORN—No. 2.....	49	@ 50
CATTLE.....	4.25	@ 4.75
HOGS.....	4.25	@ 4.75
INDIANAPOLIS.		
BEEF CATTLE.....	3.50	@ 4.75
HOGS.....	4.50	@ 5.00
SHEEP.....	3.00	@ 4.00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red.....	75	@ 76
CORN.....	44	@ 44½
OATS—Mixed.....	37½	@ 38
EAST LIBERTY.		
CATTLE—Prime.....	4.50	@ 5.00
Fair.....	3.75	@ 4.50
Common.....	3.25	@ 3.75
HOGS.....	4.75	@ 5.25
SHEEP.....	4.00	@ 4.50

TWO SAVED FROM DEATH.

Gov. Oglesby Preserves Two of the Petitioning Anarchists from the Gallows.

The Sentences of Fielden and Schwab Commuted to Life Imprisonment.

(Springfield Ill. special.) Thursday was an exciting one in Springfield. Business was practically suspended. Although people did not gather in crowds the only subject of talk was the anarchist case and the Governor's decision. Louis Lingg's suicide but added to the excitement. At the State House no business was done. State officers and clerks left their desks to hang around the Governor's office and wait for news from the Executive Mansion, where Gov. Oglesby was at work on



GOV. OGLESBY.

the case. Gov. Oglesby would not permit himself to be seen. He would not even receive a message except the piles of telegrams that came pouring in all day.

Early in the morning he sent for Attorney General Hunt and the two gentlemen were in consultation nearly the entire day. They went over the record together, examined the petitions, and discussed the decision of the Supreme Court. About noon the Governor sent for Milton Hay, whose judgment he always asks in an emergency. Just what advice Mr. Hay gave of course could not be ascertained, but it is known that they discussed the case in detail and looked at it from every side. The Governor had not finally decided what he should do until 8 o'clock in the afternoon. At that hour he sent for a stenographer, and an hour later the brief decision he concluded to make had been written. Much of the long explanation of his action should be given, but both the Attorney General and Mr. Hay are understood to have advised against that, and as this was really in line with the Governor's view, it was finally decided to simply give the points in the case as briefly as possible.

THE GOVERNOR'S DECISION.

Full Text of the Document Granting Commutation to Fielden and Schwab.

The following is the decision of Governor Oglesby:

"STATE OF ILLINOIS, EXECUTIVE OFFICE, SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Nov. 10, 1887.—On the 20th day of August, 1886, in Cook County Criminal Court, August Spies, Albert R. Parsons, Samuel Fielden, Michael Schwab, Adolph Fischer, George Engel, and Louis Lingg were found guilty by the verdict of the jury, and afterward sentenced to be hanged for the murder of Matthias J. Degan. An appeal was taken



Samuel Fielden; Michael Schwab.

from such finding and sentence to the Supreme Court of the State. That court, upon a final hearing, and after mature deliberation, unanimously affirmed the judgment of the court below. The case now comes before me, by petition of the defendants, for consideration as Governor of the State, if the letters of Albert Parsons, Adolph Fischer, George Engel, and Louis Lingg demanding 'unconditional release,' or, as they express it, 'liberty or death,' and protesting in the strongest language against mercy or commutation of the sentence pronounced against them, can be considered petitions.

Pardon, could it be granted, which might imply any guilt whatever upon the part of either of them, would not be such a vindication as they demand. Executive intervention upon the ground insisted upon by the four above-named persons could in no proper sense be deemed an exercise of the constitutional power to grant reprieve, commutation, and pardons unless upon the belief on my part of their entire innocence of the crime of which they stand convicted.

A careful consideration of the evidence in the record of the trial of the parties, as well as of all alleged and claimed for them outside of the record, has failed to produce upon my mind any impression tending to impeach the verdict of the jury or judgment of the trial court or of the Supreme Court affirming the guilt of all parties. Satisfied, therefore, as I am, of their guilt, I am inclined to view the consideration of commutation of the sentences of Albert R. Parsons, Adolph Fischer, George Engel, and Louis Lingg to imprisonment in the penitentiary, as they emphatically declare they will not accept such commutation.

"Samuel Fielden, Michael Schwab and August Spies unite in a petition for executive clemency. Fielden and Schwab, in addition, present separate and supplementary petitions for the commutation of their sentences.

"While, as stated above, I am satisfied of the guilt of all the parties as found by the verdict of the jury, which was sustained by the judgments of the courts, a most careful consideration of the whole subject leads me to the conclusion that the sentence of the law as to Samuel Fielden and Michael Schwab may be modified as to each of them, in the interest of humanity and without violence to public justice. And as to said Samuel Fielden and Michael Schwab, the sentence is commuted to imprisonment in the penitentiary for life.

"As to all the other above-named defendants, I do not feel justified in interfering with the sentence of the court. While I would gladly have come to a different conclusion in regard to the sentences of defendants August Spies, Adolph Fischer, George Engel, Albert R. Parsons, and Louis Lingg, I regret to say that under the solemn sense of the obligations of my office I have been unable to do so.

"RICHARD J. OGLESBY, Governor."

THE LAST OF EARTH.

The Dreadful Scene in the Chicago Jail Graphically Described.

How the Four Anarchists Demeaned Themselves in the Last Trying Moments.

It was exactly 11:50 o'clock when Chief Bailiff Cahill entered the corridor and stood beneath the gallows. He requested in solemn tones that the gentlemen present would remove their hats. Instantly every head was bowed. Then the tramp, tramp of many footsteps were heard receding from the central corridor, and the condemned men had begun the march of death. The slow, steady march sounded nearer and nearer. The anarchists were within a few feet of the scaffold. There was a pause. The condemned men were about to mount the stairway leading to the last platform from which they would ever speak. Step by step, steadily, they mounted the stairway, and again there was another slight pause. Every eye was bent upon the metallic angle around which the four wretched victims were expected to make their appearance. A moment later the curiosity was rewarded. With steady, unflinching step, a white-robed figure stepped out from behind the protecting metallic screen and stood upon the drop. It was August Spies. It was evident that his hands were firmly bound behind him underneath his snowy shroud.

He walked with a firm, almost stately, tread across the platform and took his stand under the left-hand noose at the corner of the scaffold arched from the side at which he had entered. Very pale was the expressive face, and a solemn, faraway light shone in his blue eyes. Spies had scarcely taken his place when he was followed by Fischer. He, too, was clad in a long white shroud that was gathered in at the ankles. His tall figure towered several inches over that of Spies, and as he stationed himself behind his particular noose his face was very pale, but a faint smile rested upon his lips. The white robe set off to advantage the rather pleasant features of Fischer, and as the man stood there waiting for his last moment his pale face was as calm as if he were asleep.

Next came George Engel. There was a ruddy glow upon the rugged countenance of the old anarchist, and when he ranged himself alongside Fischer he raised himself to his full height, while his bulky form seemed to expand with the feelings that were within him.

Last came Parsons. His face looked actually handsome, though it was very pale. When he stepped upon the gallows he turned partially sideways to the dangling noose and regarded it with a fixed, stony gaze—one of mingled surprise and curiosity. Then he straightened himself under the fourth noose, and, as he did so, he turned his big gray eyes upon the crowd below with such a look of awful reproach and sadness as could not fail to strike the innermost chord of the hardest heart there. It was a look never to be forgotten. There was an expression almost of inspiration on the white, calm face, and the great, stony eyes seemed to look into men's hearts and ask: "What have I done?"

There they stood upon the scaffold, four white-robed figures, with set, stony faces, to which it would seem no influence could bring a tremor of fear.

And now a bailiff approached, and, seizing Spies, rolled back a leather strap around his ankles. In momentary succession the same operation was performed on Fischer, Engel, and Parsons. Parsons was the last, but he was the first around whose neck the fatal cord was placed. One of the attendant bailiffs seized the noose in front of Spies and passed it deftly over his right ear, but Spies, with a shake of his head, cast it down around his neck, and then the bailiff tightened it till it touched the warm flesh, and carefully placed the noose beneath his chin.

When the officer approached Fischer threw back his head and bared his long, muscular throat by the movement.

Fischer's neck was very long and the noose nestled snugly around it. When it was tightened around his windpipe Fischer turned around to Spies and laughingly whispered something in his ear. But the latter either did not hear him or else was too much occupied with other thoughts to pay attention. Engel smiled down at the crowd, and then turning to Deputy Peters, who guarded him, he smiled gratefully toward him and whispered something to the officer that seemed to affect him. Parsons' face never moved as the noose dropped over his head, but the same to the fixed look was on his face.

And now people were expecting that the speeches for which the four doomed ones craved twenty minutes each would be delivered, but to every one's surprise the officer who had adjusted the noose proceeded to fit on the white cap without delay. It was first placed on Spies' head, completely hiding his head and face. Just before the cap was pulled over Fischer's head, Deputy Spears turned his eyes up to meet those of the tall young anarchist. Fischer smiled down on his guard just as pleasantly as Engel did on his, and he seemed to be whispering some words of forgiveness. Engel and Parsons, too, donned their white caps after this, and now the four men stood upon the scaffold clad from top to toe in pure white.

All was ready now for the signal to let the drop fall. In the little box at the back of the stage and fastened to the wall the invisible executioner stood, with ax poised, ready to cut the cord that held them between earth and heaven. The men had not noticed this, but they knew the end was near.

For an instant there was a dead silence, and then a mournful, solemn voice sounded from behind the first right-hand mask, and out the air like a wail of sorrow and of warning. Spies was speaking from behind his shroud. The words seemed to drop into the cold, silent air like pellets of fire. Here is what he said: "It is not meet that I should speak here, where my silence is more terrible than my utterances."

Then a deeper, stronger voice came out with a muffled, mysterious cadence from behind the white pall that hid the face of Fischer. He only spoke eight words: "This is the happiest moment of my life."

But the next voice that catches up the refrain is a different one. It was firm, but the melancholy wail was not in it. It was harsh, loud, exultant. Engel was cheering for anarchy. "Hurrah for anarchy! Hurrah!" were the last words and the last cheer of George Engel.

But now the weird and ghastly scene was brought to a climax. Parsons alone remained to speak. From behind his mask his voice sounded more sad and there was a more dreary, reproachful tone in it than even in Spies'. "May I be allowed to speak! Oh, men of America!" he cried, "may I be allowed the privilege of speech even at the last moment? Harken to the voice of the people—"

There was a sudden pause. Parsons never spoke a word more. A sharp, cracking noise, a crash, a sickening, crackling sound, and Spies, Parsons, Fischer, and Engel were no more. When the pulse-beats of all became imperceptible, which was about 12:10 o'clock, the physicians sat down and the bodies swung back and forth, while the deputies stood about them. The condemned men's bodies and nearly all who could get away wanted to be allowed to do so. The Sheriff opened a door at the west side of the building and a great many of the spectators left.

At 12:20 Spies' body was let down and placed in a coffin, while the doctor examined him and found that his neck was not broken. He wore a dark-gray flannel shirt and dark pantaloons, but no coat. His arms were confined by a strap, as were those of all the others.

Fischer came next. He had a blue flannel shirt and wore a collar. His neck was broken, but the spinal cord was not severed. Parsons was the last to be taken down. He was clad in a neat black suit, but had only an undershirt on.

When all the bodies had been arranged in the coffins the physicians made another examination, and then the lids were placed on the coffins and the work was done. The condemned men were directed that their bodies be turned over to their wives, except Spies, who wanted his body given to his mother. Their wishes were respected, and Coroner Hertz directed that the body of Lingg be given to Mrs. Engel and the Carpenters' Union, in accordance with Lingg's request, so that they might all be buried together.

LINGG'S SUICIDE.

The Fire-Eating Anarchist Explodes a Detonating Cap in His Mouth.

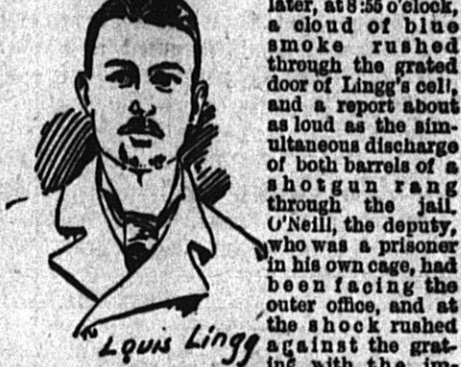
The Whole Lower Part of His Face Torn Away—Seven Hours of Agony.

Sketch of the Life of the Most Vengeful and Desperate of the Anarchists.

(Chicago special.) Louis Lingg, the maker of the bomb that was thrown at the Haymarket riot, created a tremendous sensation throughout the world by committing suicide in his cell at the county jail Thursday morning with a dynamite cartridge. At 8:35 in the morning the current of daily business in the jail was hardly under way. Lingg had not yet risen, but had been awake and for some time reading by the light of a candle which stood on a small table to the right of his cot. He had lighted the candle himself, although none of the jail officials observed him as he did so. At 8:40 o'clock Engelhardt had noticed the burning candle, and the only idea it aroused in him was that Lingg was awake.

Engelhardt glanced into the cell and, seeing Lingg reading, said, cheerily: "How do you feel this morning?"

"Pretty well," replied Lingg, merely glancing up and resuming his reading.



Fifteen minutes later, at 8:55 o'clock, a cloud of blue smoke rushed through the grated door of Lingg's cell, and a report as loud as the simultaneous discharge of both barrels of a shotgun rang through the jail. O'Neill, the deputy, who was a prisoner in his own cage, had been facing the outer office, and at the shock rushed against the grating with the intention of looking into the cell. Lingg, who had been lying down, partially raised himself in his bunk and placed something between his lips. It looked like a cigar, and when Lingg reached over for the candle and placed it to his mouth his only observer supposed he was merely about to take a smoke. A moment later the explosion dispelled the thought.

For a moment everybody in the jail stood paralyzed with horror. To add to the terror was the fear that the next moment the walls would come toppling over and bury all the inmates beneath the ruins. But no crash of falling walls followed the explosion, and the panic was soon over. Jailer Folz was the first to act, and was soon followed by O'Neill, who rushed into the cell and flung open Lingg's door. Through the ribbons of smoke it could be seen that the little cell was in great disorder. Books and papers were scattered about, the extinguished candle lay under the table, the blankets had fallen from the cot, and upon the floor and clinging to the walls and furniture were pulpy and hard substances, the nature of which was not at the moment apparent.

The prisoner himself lay quietly upon his right side, with both hands hanging as though in languor over the side of the cot. Folz and O'Neill seized him and drew him into the light. The sight disclosed was horror itself. Lingg's head fell on his breast, while from his mouth, if the black and bloody mass could still bear the name, there poured a torrent of blood.

The nature of the wound was open evidence of its method of infliction. The desperate man had discharged an explosive in his mouth, with the design, doubtless, of blowing his head from his shoulders. He had failed of his complete purpose, but had succeeded in accomplishing an injury which, but it not ended in death, would have left him a living torment.

Many among the men who gazed upon the dying anarchist had witnessed death and disfigurement in almost every form, but recoiled at this horror. Lingg's entire lower jaw, the upper bony palate, the teeth, tongue, glands, and all the lower structure of his head, excepting only the outer flesh, had been blown out through his lips, so that his face from his eyes down hung like a hideous sack upon which the nose was a shapeless protuberance. It was teeth, blood, bones, and flesh upon which the jailers trod and which they saw upon the walls and furniture.

In the rush of discharging matter the lips had been slit and distended so that they hung in thick, wetted flaps that stirred as the blood and air from the lungs gushed through the hole. More frightful still, to the men who brought the first relief, he was conscious, and looking up into their faces, groaned deeply.

Lifting him as tenderly as they might in the excitement, they carried him from the cage, out of the cell hall, through the office to the bath-room, where a cot was improvised. The surgeons promptly washed out the blood-clotted cavity that was once a mouth, took up and tied several of the arteries, applied antiseptic treatment to the torn surface, enveloped the whole in bandages, and lay the hopelessly injured man back to die.

It was perhaps in keeping with his character that Lingg should face a death so horrible with composure and retain consciousness and perception of passing events until the very last, when the surgeons filled his veins overcame him. Shortly after the dressing of his wounds had been begun he signed for pencil and paper, and as he did so it was noticed for the first time that his left hand was shattered. The thumb was broken and the flesh of his fingers lacerated.

A writing block was held for him, and with a pencil in his right hand he wrote the following: "Besser annehmen am Rucke. Wenn ich liege kann ich nicht atmen." (Better bolster up my back; when I lie down I cannot breathe.) With this request the surgeons complied, and raised him into a sitting posture. Time again he signed for water, and this was administered him through a long rubber tube thrust into his throat.

The instrument with which Lingg wrought his destruction was a percussion cap. In each of the four bombs found in his cell some days before he killed himself there was one of these caps. An object so small could be concealed about the person of a man so as to baffle the closest examination. The cap consists merely of a copper shell an eighth of an inch in diameter and three-quarters of an inch long, half filled with fulminate of mercury, and with a half-inch of fuse attached. Yet this small object explodes with the detonation of a gun, and with what violence Lingg's wounds attest.

After the surgeons had dressed his gaping wounds Lingg was propped up on a rough couch in the bath-room and a heavy gray blanket was thrown over him. He had stopped the profuse flow of blood, but expressed no hope for his recovery. Hypodermic injections were made occasionally in the patient's right arm and breast and stimulants were given, but they only served to prolong a life fast ebbing away. The desperate man lived exactly seven hours after the cap had exploded. At the sound of the explosion, Parsons, who occupied the cell adjacent to Lingg's, was on his feet, his face pressed close to the bars of his cell, and, in a loud voice, he cried: "Give me one of those bombs. I want to do the same thing."

Parsons was still shrieking out for a companion-piece to the Lingg article when the deputies hustled him down stairs and into the jail office, where he and his fellow anarchists were thoroughly searched.

Louis Lingg was the youngest and the most reckless of the Chicago anarchists.

FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION

With each new spring
Newborn it wakes, when every forest thing
Unfurling is and buds are blossoming.

In tones we know
Is speaks, that voice of immemorial woe,
That leaves should come again—that we
should go!

Ere the Greek sung,
In words melodious from the heart-blood
wring,
It leaped to life in prehistoric tongue.

Gray ages toss
Its fainting echoes the far chasm across,
Bridging their ancient to our present loss.

It hath an art
As universal as the human heart;
In every land and clime it plays a part.

It shall be true,
Old and yet ever young, trite and yet new,
Whenever trees are green and skies are blue.

When from the gloom
Of the dark earth upbreaks the tender bloom
There shall be sound of wailing at the tomb.

When the clouds are cleft
With silver splendors, and when rains have left,
Upward shall yearn wild arms of love bereft!

Unceasingly
Rings down the centuries one piteous cry,
That these, that these should live—that we
should die!

—Cornhill Magazine.

A FLIRTATION.

BY A. URBAN EVERETTE.

"Only twenty-four hours more, dearest, and you will be my own. I don't know why I am so unwilling to leave you, or why my thoughts have been turning so continually upon Caleb Silver to-day, accompanied by what seems like a presentiment of coming evil."

"You do not feel annoyed because he is invited to the wedding, do you, Martin?" asked Sadie Dana, with loving solicitude. "He has been an intimate friend for many years, and highly esteemed, while my rejection of his offer of marriage does not appear to have impaired our friendship in the least."

"You did quite right, my dear Sadie," said Martin Graham, affectionately. "Before I knew how matters stood between you and Caleb, I feared he might prove a formidable rival; but he assured me in his frank way that he would be no impediment to my wooing you, and bid me a friendly good-speed. I could see that to one of his deep, ardent nature it could be no light task to relinquish you."

"I wish you would remain in town to-night, Martin, and not attempt that long ride home," said Sadie, anxiously. "Anything you want you can send for in the morning. Besides, I don't like to think of your having that long, cold ride at night."

"Have no fears for me, my darling. I have matters to attend to that cannot be neglected; and my good horse, Charlie, will carry me over the twenty miles in two hours. Good night, love."

He held her in his arms with a lingering, yearning pressure, then left the room. Sadie watched him from the window as he mounted his horse and rode swiftly off through the gathering dusk of the short winter day.

Six months before, Sadie Dana had first met Martin Graham at a small evening party, and from the hour of their meeting she felt that she had encountered the first man to whom her heart had gone out in that sentiment which demands a life-long union with the beloved object.

There was one, however, at that party whose keen insight detected her secret almost immediately, and that one was her former suitor, Caleb Silver, who had accepted Miss Dana's rejection of his suit with quiet and courteous acquiescence, but had never relinquished his determination to make her his wife; he was simply biding his time.

Five minutes after Martin Graham disappeared from view on the afternoon when our story opens, Caleb Silver glided from a clump of evergreens that grew close to the house he had been watching for the last hour.

"So," he exclaimed, as he gained the road by a side path, "Graham goes back to-night and will not remain over, as I feared he might. It was an evil day for him when he first stepped in between me and the girl I love. To him she has pledged her troth; but when she stands up in her wedding robes, she will be my bride, not his. A heart is often most effectually caught in the rebound. But if my plot fails, and she refuses to become my bride, I will take care that she shall never return to expose my crime and regain his bride."

Half-way on the road, leading from the town where Sadie Dana lived to that in which her lover resided was the "Half-way Tavern," with a blacksmith's shop adjoining. The landlord had an assistant, Daniel Farnham, an under-sized man, with a sinister countenance who, although attending faithfully to his duties, showed no disposition to cultivate the acquaintance of any one, but waited upon his customers with a persistent taciturnity that had won for him the sobriquet of "Grumpy Dan."

An hour after Martin Graham passed the "Half-way Tavern," on his way that evening, Caleb Silver drew up before the door.

"Where's the landlord?" he asked, entering the bar room, and addressing "Grumpy Dan," who was the only occupant.

"Went off two hours ago, in answer to a telegram from —," said Dan, naming a town in an adjoining county. "He is not likely to be home for some days, then?"

"Not until the end of the week."

"And what do you say to earning a hundred pounds while he is away," continued Caleb.

"I don't say anything until I know more about it," was the rejoinder.

"Listen, then. About 6 o'clock to-morrow evening a man will stop here

to have a shoe put on his horse. If you will see that he takes a drink with this in it,"—producing a tiny package—"I will give you a hundred pounds."

"What will be the effect of the dose?"

"Simply to send him to the land of elysium for a week or so."

"A week or so!" repeated Dan, with a shake of his head. "The master may be back before that time. It's too risky."

Caleb Silver regarded Farnham for a moment in silence; then speaking in a low tone, he said: "You will run a greater risk if you refuse. Silent as you are in this vicinity, there are times and places where you can talk as fast as anybody; and some things you have said will not bear repeating, without unpleasant consequences to you. You can put him in that little room next to yours in the north wing; and when he comes to his senses tell him an easy lie of some sort, and let him go. I don't propose to do him any harm, and only wish to delay certain operations of his a few hours. Will you do it, or must I give your memory another jog?"

"I'll do it," said Dan, with dogged sullenness. "Very good!" And drawing out his pocketbook, Caleb produced a crisp new bank-note. "This is to bind the bargain; and as soon as I know the job is done you will get the other four."

Caleb left the tavern, mounted his horse, and dashed quickly out of sight. It was nearly midnight when Martin Graham dismounted at his home, having been actively engaged ever since parting with his betrothed in the early part of the evening.

Leading his horse to the stable, he saw him comfortably provided for, and then repaired to the house; and five minutes later a man gliding from behind a large tree a few feet away, approached the stable door. Producing a dark lantern and a key, he unlocked the door and went in. He was there some time; then silently emerging, hurried away with an expression of exultation on his dark, sinister face.

The hour appointed for the wedding had arrived, and up in her room Sadie Dana stood, a vision of rare loveliness in her lustrous bridal robe, with the pearls that had been her lover's wedding gift, encircling her neck and shining in her hair, which rippled back from her fair brow and was wound in one classic coil at the back of the head. A superb bouquet, which had come that morning with Caleb Silver's card attached stood upon the dressing-table ready for the auspicious moment.

"There, Sadie!" exclaimed one of the bridesmaids, stepping back to survey her work. Your appearance is simply perfect. Mr. Graham is a lucky man. And, by the way, is it not time he was here?"

"He has been delayed, probably," said Sadie, trying to speak calmly, although her heart sank with a sudden misgiving. "He will be here soon."

But the minutes passed by, and the bridegroom had not arrived.

Then a horse covered with foam was reined in at the gate, and, springing to the ground, the rider came quickly up the steps and rang the bell.

"Is Mr. Graham here?" he asked as the door opened.

"No, sir," replied the servant. "Then take me to Miss Dana immediately. I must see her alone."

And a few moments later Caleb Silver, pale and agitated, stood before the anxious bride.

"Sadie—Miss Dana—oh! how can I tell you?" he exclaimed in husky tones. "Tell me what?" gasped the terrified girl. My good friend, in mercy let me know the worst! Is he dead?"

"Dead!" repeated Caleb with a burst of indignant feeling. "That should be welcome news compared with what I bring!"

The face of the bride-elect turned white; then controlling herself, she said, in a painfully choking voice, "Tell me all—everything!"

"About 3 o'clock this afternoon," said Caleb, drawing a small envelope from his pocket, "this letter was left at my office during my absence, by some unknown person. It contains these strange words:

"If Mr. Caleb Silver would learn something to his advantage, let him be at the railway station at 10 o'clock this forenoon."

"A WELL-WISHER."

"I have always distrusted anonymous letters, and scarcely ever deemed them worthy of notice; but something prompted me to heed this. I knew by hard riding I could get there and return in time for the wedding. Reaching the station, I was walking up and down the platform, with my cap pulled down, and my coat collar turned up to keep out the cold, thus concealing my face, when a close carriage drove up and a lady and gentleman alighted. I caught a distinct glance at each as they passed into the waiting-room. Her face I had never seen before; his I had—it was that of Martin Graham!"

A spasm for a moment passed over the features of the statue-like girl before him, then with a motion of her hand she bade him proceed.

"They were talking in low tones, but I heard the lady say as they passed me, 'I hope she won't take it very hard; but, then, you know I had the best right to you.'"

"And the only right," he said. But if you had ever seen her, Sadie, you would scarcely wonder that her beauty and attractiveness made me forget all other obligations for a while. I came to my senses at last, however, and just in time."

"I waited on the platform until the train came, and they got on board. As Martin stepped on board this crumpled bit of paper fell from his pocket. I straightened it out and read what afforded an added confirmation—if any were needed—of his base and heartless treachery. Shall I read it?"

"Every word," said Sadie.

"MY DEAR MARTIN:—Your letter has healed my aching heart and filled it once more with peace and joy. Of course, the girl whose beauty made you forget your loyalty to me will be bitterly disappointed; but one of us must suffer, and I have the best and strongest claim upon your honor and fidelity. But I have no further need of reproaches. You have told me that the day that was to witness her wedding with you shall witness mine instead; and I count the hours that shall bring you back to your loving and forgiving."

"ADELINE."

A moment's silence followed the last words; then in that hollow, unnatural voice, Sadie spoke again: "Is that all?"

"All, dear friend; and I would that it had been the task of some one else to bring you the proof of the base treachery of the man you esteemed so highly. Bitter as was the pang of loving you, I could have controlled my pain and resigned you to one worthy of your love; but to think that one unknown to any of us until six months ago should, with lying and specious words, beguile and then desert you. Oh, it is too cruel!"

And burying his face in his hands, with a groan he sank upon a chair.

A moment longer Sadie stood like a figure carved in stone; then laying her hand upon his shoulder, said faintly, "Caleb—best and truest friend—counsel me; tell me what to do."

Caleb raised his head and looked eagerly at her.

"Oh, Sadie! if only I might counsel you according to the promptings of my heart. You know not how you tempt me—"

"Speak!" interrupted the sad voice. "I will listen."

"Hear me, then!" he exclaimed, seizing her hands. "Let me stand in the place of him who has so cruelly betrayed your trust. Let him not have it to boast that he left a love-lorn deserted sweetheart behind. I was about to start for the continent. Will you go with me, my darling—my cherished companion and wife?"

For an instant only a chill, as if from the icy shores of death, trembled along every nerve and fiber of her being; then she spoke again: "I will be your wife!"

A week afterward Caleb and Sadie were married, and Sadie having exchanged her wedding robes for a traveling dress, was placed in the carriage by her husband. For a while they rode on in silence, then there was a sudden plunging of the horses; the driver was thrown violently from his seat and the frightened animals dashed madly onward.

Caleb attempted to look from the window, and saw that the horses, swerving from the main road, had taken the route leading past the "Half-way Tavern."

A little distance on the horses shied at something in the road; the carriage lurched heavily and all was a blank.

When Sadie opened her eyes, after what seemed hours of unconsciousness, she beheld an elderly man beside her.

"What is it? Where am I? and where is my husband?"

"At the 'Half-way,' my dear lady, and your husband lies fatally injured in yonder room, but he says he cannot die until he has made a confession to you. You do not appear to be injured. Try to stand it."

With the doctor's help Sadie tottered into the room where her husband lay. His life was ebbing fast, but it lasted until he confessed all—the forging of the telegram that had taken the landlord away, the writing of the letters, and his conspiracy with "Grumpy Dan." He told how he had entered Martin's stable, by means of a false key, and loosened the horse's shoe so that it would be lost on the road, and finally disclosed the fact that the missing bridegroom was at that moment lying in a little room in the north side of the tavern, under the influence of a drug administered by "Grumpy Dan."

The bride of an hour listened to the last; then, as the stillness of death settled over the face of the man whose treachery had well-nigh blighted her life forever, her overstrained nature gave way, and she fell fainting in the doctor's arms.

"Grumpy Dan," who had been an accessory in the crime, was immediately sought for, but it was too late. The fleetest horse in the stable was missing, and the guilty fugitive already beyond reach.

Two months after these tragical events, when Sadie and Martin had fully recovered from the plot laid against them, there was another wedding, which no untoward accidents or evil machinations conspired to delay or prevent.

Herr Yager Won't Help "Gencendrate."

"Good morning, neighbor Yager."

"Ugh."

"Are you going to the church consecration Sunday?"

"No sir, Bop."

"And why?"

"What I gure fur a schurch gencendrate? I don't no schurch go. I don't vas some hyboerites. I gone mit mein frau in schurch voices times last year yit, und der first feller what lays mein eyes on vas a feller what sheat me a hunnert and feuntly tollar ond; und he make long face like he gone deidt next mimit penfore und vas aschleep mit der arms fon der Lordt all around. Und den I got mit meinselief so tam mad I schwear to mein pelly like teufel; und I say meinselief to: 'Dot vas no place fur me mit hyboerites.' Und den I got me oop und right away walk gwick ond und a lager peer saloon in. I sooner hellup gencendrate a lager peer saloon as a schurch. I gan't in a saloon found no feller vat sheat me, und don't dot fongot you."—Kentucky State Journal.

The blessing of a house is goodness. The honor of a house is hospitality. The ornament of a house is contentment.

"HOCH DIE ANARCHIE."

Louis Lingg's Farewell Address to His Friends, Written at Their Request.

He Closes a Sensational Letter, With the Sentiment, "Long Live Anarchy."

COOK COUNTY JAIL, Nov. 6, 1897.—To Worthy Citizens:—I see the fact, which has long been known to me, that the aristocracy and the bourgeois feel that our hanging will not benefit them. On top of this came the news that if the condemned had agreed to ask for clemency they could have been saved from the gallows. Whether this standing by each other took the form of signing a petition for mercy or the mere hope of a possibly begging for pardon, it is said, would have made no difference. The pending press also claims that we should, in the interests of the working classes—not to say anything of the aristocracy—give in, so that we will not die. I, as well as all others in the secret, know full well that a firm adherence to the plan laid out would have saved us from the gallows. Even if it should not have done so, what then? Now, Judge McAllister, if the report of the "Plunderer" is true, says that in the event of our execution, the aristocracy—those monopolists, those powerful capitalists—will in a few years see all they possess go up in smoke, in flame. Now, who is this Judge McAllister? A bourgeois of most noble mien. Shall I then again tell you of the terrible plight we are in? Shall I also allude to our former condition and how true to our revolutionary training we acted, not alone by speech, by writing, but by deed. But then you know it is a wise as well as true saying to trust no one. You know also that I cannot handle other subjects as well as this one. My hatred of the system which brings about the present condition of the working people, and which I own was and is without agonizing my disinterested love for the cause of freedom has kept me in every instance not alone from begging for mercy, but it has enabled me to remain firm and demand nothing but simply justice. It was for these reasons that I, as well as Messrs. Engel, and Fischer, were compelled to resist even the pleadings of our Amnesty Committee and refuse to sign the petition they presented. Realizing that unless I stultify my principles I cannot escape the grim monster, I now calmly face death, and in view of the results that it will bring about in favor of anarchism, look on my taking off with no fear, you, worthy citizen, know full well as I do. I and every other true anarchist know that we have a greater enemy than death at the present day, and called upon whom we, to be true to our training, must be willing not only to sacrifice our liberty, but to give up our lives. I have always treated the propaganda of deeds in the abstract. I realize that those who have amassed fortunes and thus become capitalists are not alone the masters of my fellow workmen, but also their oppressors and murderers. I know also that unless the laboring people get their rights by means of legislation that the day is not far distant when the awful consequences of this continuous persecution of the proletariat will be manifested, and revolution, that all know must naturally follow such a state of affairs, will be a reality.

That the continued aggregation of capital caused by the production of material does not better the condition of the working classes, does not require any wonderful degree of intellect to comprehend. To the contrary, it tends to continuous degeneration. That through the propaganda of the deed our best interests can be served, and the condition of the workingman bettered, has been fully proved by the events of the past two years, during which time we have openly taught our masters that a class distinction, brought about by their instrumentalism, is not the best for all concerned. In view of all the facts in the case, I naturally find that, despite the fact that philanthropists are trying to induce me not to invite the fate that overshadows me, that it is bound to come, for the authorities are determined—though they that know I am not responsible for the throwing of the bomb—to make me pay the penalty for this deed. Now it is very likely that carrying out of our sentence, which will be nothing more or less than murder, will result in the overthrowing of tyrants.

Your comrade, Hoch die anarchie!

LOUIS LINGG.

ONE BOMB'S WORK.

The Haymarket Riot of May 4, 1886, and Its Terrible Results.

Diabolical Construction of the Missile Which Killed and Maimed Sixty-seven Men.

A meeting of armed anarchists and agitated laborers was in progress at Haymarket Square, Chicago, on the evening of May 4, 1886. Turbulence, unenvied oratory, and heated passions were markedly apparent. Spies and Parasols had just descended from the wagon where, in gory speeches, they had advocated the use of arms and violence as the sole way by which the "wage slaves" could procure emancipation from their present "bondage." But four-and-twenty hours before, instigated by similar oratory, the mob had assailed the non-union men at McCormick's Reaper Works, and in a subsequent encounter with the police one of their number was killed and several wounded. They were not in a mood for interference. Consequently, when 180 men from the Haymarket Square and Capt. Ward ordered the meeting to disperse in the name of the law, it needed little more than Fielden's remark, "Here come the bloodhounds; you do your duty, and I'll do mine," to urge the malcontents and anarchists to open hostilities. A bomb was thrown, and falling between two columns of policemen moved them down like a cyclone. Not one of the front rank was left standing. This was followed in rapid succession by a volley of firearms, and more policemen hit the dust. Up to this time not a shot had been fired by the officers, not a club drawn. They were appalled by the suddenness of the attack, and were on the verge of disorder and flight when Capt. Bonfield stepped into the breach and loudly called on his men to rally. What was left of them responded, and grasping their revolvers they advanced steadily, firing as they went. When their ammunition gave out they drew their batons and vigorously clubbed all within their reach. In the face of such determined bravery the cowardly curs who composed the mob could not stand, and after halting for an instant they turned and fled precipitately from the scene of danger. One of their number was left dead on the square, while eager hands set to work in caring for the dying and wounded. From every foot of ground in the vicinity came moans of anguish. Here a policeman cried in tortured voice for help, and there a wounded anarchist gasped out his life in framing some man's name on the police.

It was horrible; blood, death, and all the horrors of a carnage were everywhere manifest. One policeman was killed outright, Matthias J. Deagan, while scores of others were wounded, and seven died at a later period from their injuries. No authentic estimate of the number of anarchists killed can be arrived at, but their death loss was heavy, and the care of the wounded gave their friends work for many a long day.

The wounded officers were removed with care and gentleness to the County Hospital and the Desplaines Street Station, where skillful surgeons soon were in attendance. At the station and hospital the scenes of woe and suffering were of the most harrowing description. Mangled limbs, torn and blood-stained tunics, agonized writhings, and shrieks of pain told but too plainly of the deadly nature of the wholesale destruction.

The diabolical construction of the terrible missile which on that memorable May night killed seven and horribly maimed and mangled sixty policemen is indicated by the nature of its deadly work. Officer Frank had three shell wounds in one leg. Officer Norman had a foot shattered and a finger taken off by a piece of shell. Officer Murphy had no less than fifteen shell wounds in various parts of his anatomy. Officer Harris had a foot blown off, and received seven perforating wounds in his thighs.

MICHIGAN AFFAIRS.

—Muskegon has spent nearly \$50,000 in paving this season.

—The failure of D. E. Kingman, a Monroeville grocer, is reported.

—The Sunday-school at the Ionia House of Correction has a membership of 190.

—The Chicago and Grand Trunk Railway will establish free cartage at Lansing.

—The business men of Bay City favor the construction of a belt line around that city.

—Burglars entered the saloon of J. H. Smith, at Muskegon, and robbed it of \$125.

—A Chesterfield man has a hog twenty-five months old that is the mother of fifty-nine pigs.

—The Wood Extract Company will double their capacity soon at Luther, putting in six new retorts.

—Traver & Son, proprietors of the Michigan Hoop Company, have moved from St. Louis to Saginaw.

—John King nearly died in the country near Plymouth on account of an immense meal of raw chestnuts.

—The assessed valuation of Mancelona has been raised nearly \$150,000 by the Board of Supervisors.

—Auditor General Aplin has discharged sixteen clerks, some of them unconditionally, and some to be reinstated when the work of the office requires them.

—A Vassar barber has a baby 10 months old that caught a live mouse the other day and proceeded to eat it, hide, hoofs, and all. The squealing vermin was rescued, fortunately, before the baby had succeeded in its design.

—W. H. Riley fell sixty feet from off Marshal Gates' new block at Kalamazoo. He struck on a hod rest and finally landed in a bed of mortar. He broke his left leg badly at the thigh, broke an arm, and was otherwise bruised.

—At Jackson an East Main street druggist was seen to walk several yards the other afternoon to remove a banana peel from the sidewalk. Such a performance is rare at all times, but when done by a dealer in arnica and porous plasters, is doubly so.

—The Board of Control of the State School for the Blind have placed iron bars across the windows of the rooms of the employees of that institution, except those of the teachers. The employees regarded this action as an insult, and most of them quit in a body.

—Miss May Allen Pierce died at Jackson, after a short illness. She came from Boston and was to take part in an opera which was to be produced at Jackson in a few days. She was the adopted daughter of Prof. W. M. Skinner, of Boston. The remains were sent to Boston.

—A Jackson father bought his only son a handsome target rifle with which to kill sparrows. The lad has owned the gun nearly a year, has shot off one of his fingers, ruined two suits of clothes, been licked by a neighbor's boy for shooting at the family cat, and has managed to kill one sparrow, for which he is entitled to one cent bounty.

—One man in Kalamazoo has bought a cast-iron rail box for his porch. He has just found a \$25 draft moldering in the grass in his front yard, where it had lain since the playful breezes captured it four weeks ago. He is now sweating over an eight-page apology which he feels he must send to square the abuse he heaped upon the fellow who owed him.

—Jacob Moore, of Ionia, boasts he can show an apple that is 40 years old, and that the orchard in which it grew has been entirely obliterated. It grew down in Lancaster County, Penn., and was probably one of those gnarly little things that are harder than Pharaoh's heart, and were often used as bullets by the early settlers in times when lead was scarce.

—A tragedy occurred in Amboy, resulting in the death of John White at the hands of James Wells. In the forenoon White went to Wells' house and got into a quarrel with him about a ditch. In the quarrel White struck Wells a blow in the face. Wells then picked up a stick and struck White on the head. White died from the effects of the blow. Wells is now in jail.

—Recently five young men of Hillsdale hired a livery rig and started for Jonesville, six miles. While on the way they lost control of the horses, and were upset. James Dorey broke his leg above the ankle, the bone protruding through the flesh three inches. He also sustained internal injuries, and now lies in a precarious condition. The other members of the party escaped with slight bruises.

—Pensions: Ellen, mother of William Johnson, Muskegon; Jane M., widow of Robert McCrary, Royce; Lucy J., widow of Samuel Wilson, Detroit; Phoebe, widow of Alonzo C. Newton, Lowell; Frances E., widow of John C. Wolverton, Flint; Betsy, widow of Moses Milligan, Leroy; John Friebe, alias John Fradd, Bay City; Seth Markham, St. Charles; Isaac E. Bramen, St. Joseph; Thomas Kinne, Clifford; Simon Leroy, Kalamazoo; Hugh McKinley, Petoskey; Christopher H. Ford, Berrien Springs; Charles Foss, Riga; John S. Callahan, Carson City; Henry McDonald, Olivet; Adam De Haven, Almena; Cornelius Mead, Nunda.

HOLLAND CITY NEWS.

WILLIAM H. ROGERS, Editor.

SATURDAY, Nov. 19, 1887.

TARDY LOCALS.

THE new High School building is nearly finished.

PROF. HUMMER is instructing a class in book-keeping three evenings every week.

THE veneering with brick of the First Reformed Church building is nearing completion.

MR. DIRK ZAALMINK, aged 75 years, died last Wednesday evening, at his home on Eighth street.

B. J. DE VRIES, dental surgeon, has moved his office to the rooms over Breyman's jewelry store.

LAST Sunday morning the schooner R. Kanters arrived in this port and has "laid up" for the winter.

I. H. LAMOREUX, of Lamoreux & Werkman, is in East Saginaw this week looking after the interests of the firm.

HAVE you seen the "elephant clock" in the show window of Breyman's jewelry store? It is too cute for anything.

L. M. DIBBLE, recently of Alba, Mich., has located permanently in this city. Mr. D. will shortly engage in business here.

SAILORS are returning home and every train brings them to this port as well as the vessels which will "lay up" here for the winter.

Do not forget the Y. M. C. A. meeting Saturday and Sunday evenings. On Sunday evening there will be a Union meeting in Hope Church.

THANKSGIVING service next Thursday in Hope Church at 10:30 a. m. Sermon by the pastor, Rev. T. W. Jones; subject, "Our National Preservation."

BURGLARS attempted to effect an entrance to the express building at the depot last Saturday night but were scared away by the men who sleep there.

STATION Agent Churchill and Train Dispatcher Stearns have moved into the new houses on Seventh street just completed by Ed. J. Harrington.

THE Cappon & Bertsch Leather Company have laid a six inch tile sewer from their large building on the corner of Eighth and Maple streets to tannery creek.

THE family of Mr. M. W. Rose, the assistant General Freight Agent of the Chicago and West Michigan R'y have moved from this city to Grand Rapids where Mr. Rose has his office.

THE plate glass for the front of the Blom building has arrived and was put in by the contractor, Jas. Huntley, last Tuesday. The front is a very attractive one and is much admired.

THE last issue of the Coopersville Observer contained the proceedings of the Board of Supervisors. It was an eight-page paper and was issued as the seventh anniversary edition of that journal.

A. S. KNOWLTON, one of our readers in Robinson, made us a friendly call this week and expressed his friendly feeling and interest in the News by renewing his subscription.

E. L. McDONELL, Michigan agent for the Cincinnati, Wabash and Michigan R'y, and S. E. Kirk, commercial agent of the C., J. & M. R. R., were among the callers at the News office last Thursday.

THIS is the "Week of Prayer" in behalf of young men observed by the Young Men's Christian Associations of the land. A union service in connection therewith will be held in Hope Church next Sunday evening at 7:30. Addresses will be made.

THE work of completing Seventh street was finished this week with the exception of leveling off the road bed which will take only a short time and then the residents on that street may claim the distinction of living on one of the best streets in the city.

THE firm of Meyer, Brouwer & Co., are the best known and most reliable dealers in pianos and organs in this section and we recommend all our readers, who desire to purchase an instrument, to call on them. Their advertisement appears on the last page of this issue.

LAST Wednesday evening the members of John Kramer Post No. 118, Sons of Veterans, were mustered in by a State official at the G. A. R. hall in this city. The organization starts out with twenty-two

members and with very flattering prospects for its future.

LAST Wednesday Senator Stockbridge, of Kalamazoo, Judge Arnold, of Allegan, and others arrived with the 10 o'clock train. Taking carriages, they immediately departed for Saugatuck where they attended the wedding of Mr. G. T. Arnold, of Mackinac, to Miss Susie Breuckman, of the village near "Bald Head." On Thursday they returned, taking the trains here for their respective homes.

MR. D. KRUIDENIER, one of the most enterprising business men, of Pella, Iowa, with his wife and three children arrived in Holland City, last Tuesday for a short visit with friends and relatives in this locality. Mr. K., like every one who has not been here in a year or two, was much impressed with the growth and progress our city has made since his last visit.

WE received a pleasant call from the Secretary of the County Board of School Examiners, Mr. A. W. Taylor, on last Thursday morning. Mr. Taylor's home is in Coopersville, but the duties of his office now require that he shall visit each school district in the county and it was for the purpose of visiting the schools about here that brought him to this part of the county. Mr. Taylor's call on us was a fraternal one as he is the associate editor of the Coopersville Observer.

THE Ladies' Aid Society of Hope Church will hold a Church Social, next Wednesday evening, the 23rd inst., at the house of Mrs. Prof. Charles Scott. The following program has been arranged for the occasion: Vocal Duet by Misses Maggie Pfanstiehl and Maggie Boone; Piano Solo by Miss Calla King; Vocal Solo by Mr. T. W. Muilenburg; Humorous Recitation by Mr. William Stegeman; Vocal Duet by Misses Frances and Ida Brower; Chorus singing by the company. All are invited.

MR. E. J. HARRINGTON has some eighty lots near Sixteenth street which he offers to sell very cheap to any person wishing to invest in town property. The lots are located just south-east of the Fair Grounds and the march of our building boom is rapidly extending in that direction. Besides this desirable real estate he has a large stock of clothing, underwear, and gent's furnishing goods which he desires to close out as soon as possible and for that purpose will offer some unparalleled bargains in his line. See his advertisement in this issue.

Y. M. C. A. Reading Room.

THE Y. M. C. A. of this city could in no way better show its prosperity than in its new sphere of work begun this week, viz: the opening of a public reading room. Its members, though often discouraged and thwarted by many obstacles have at last, by a determined stick-to-itiveness, succeeded in establishing the best reading room in Western Michigan. The formal opening took place Tuesday evening in the Y. M. C. A. lecture room, and the following program was carried out:

SINGING—Anthem by Choir.
PRAYER—By Prof. Kollen.
SINGING—No. 266 from Gospel Hymns.
ADDRESS—By Prof. Boers; Subject, "How and What to Read."
SINGING—Duet by Misses M. Cappon and M. Pfanstiehl.
PRESENTATION OF BOOKS—By Dr. Mabba.
SINGING—No. 304 from Gospel Hymns.

The singing was beautifully rendered and the address by Prof. H. Boers was excellent and very appropriate. Among other things he said: "As I stand before you to night, I feel just like saying, come to my library-to-morrow and pick out a dozen of the best books I have and place them in your library." The sentiment was heartily applauded. President Mabba's short address also elicited frequent applause, and yet he was earnest and showed that the association was determined to make their room the center of attraction for all young men. After the exercises we were shown into the reading room and were surprised by its neat and cosy appearance. The floor richly carpeted, the walls white and clean and decorated by beautiful steel engravings, easy chairs on every side, tables laden with more than thirty different dailies, weeklies and periodicals, the whole illuminated by splendid lights, gives it a home-like appearance. As some one remarked, "all it lacked to make it a perfect home was a baby, a mother, and a sofa." REPORTER.

"The greatest cure on earth for pain," Salvation Oil; sing the refrain.

"You out to-day, my friend, in this cold wind? I thought you were sick in bed with a cold." He said nothing but smiled a jolly smile and led me to the apothecary's shop, and pointing to a big advertisement of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, said: "Thereby hangs the tale; that tells the story."

To Our Readers.

We cannot too strongly urge upon our readers the necessity of subscribing for a family weekly newspaper of the first-class

—such for instance, as *The Independent*, of New York. Were we obliged to select one publication for habitual and careful reading to the exclusion of all others, we should choose unhesitatingly *The Independent*. It is a newspaper, magazine, and literary, an educational, a story, an art, a scientific, an agricultural, a financial, and a political paper combined. It has 32 folio pages and 21 departments. No matter what a person's religion, politics or profession may be, no matter what the age, sex, employment or condition may be, *The Independent* will prove a help, an instructor, an educator. Our readers can do no less than to send a postal for a free specimen copy, or for thirty cents the paper will be sent a month, enabling one to judge of its merits more critically. Its yearly subscription is \$3.00, or two years for \$5.00.

Those who desire to subscribe for *The American Agriculturist* as well as *The Independent* cannot make a better bargain than by accepting *The Independent's* offer to send both papers for one year for the sum of \$3.75. Each subscriber will thus save twenty-five cents on the two papers. Address, THE INDEPENDENT, 251 Broadway, New York City.

Personal.

MR. N. H. FROHLICHSTEIN, of Mobile, Ala., writes: "I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, having used it for a severe attack of Bronchitis and Catarrh. It gave me instant relief and entirely cured me and I have not been afflicted since. I also beg to state that I had tried other remedies with no good result. Have also used Electric Bitters and Dr. King's New Life Pills, both of which I can recommend."

Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, is sold on a positive guarantee. Trial bottles free at Yates & Kane's, Holland, and A. De Krulff's, Zeeland.

New Advertisements.

For Sale at a Bargain!

Eighty lots on Sixteenth Street, just south of First Avenue. They will be sold at a very low figure. Inquire of

E. J. HARRINGTON.

Closing Out Sale OF CLOTHING!

For the next thirty days I will sell my stock of Clothing, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Underwear, etc., etc., at greatly reduced prices.

Look at my 98c. Underwear.

It can't be beat.

E. J. HARRINGTON, Holland, Mich., Nov. 16, 1887. Eighth Street. 42-1yr.

THE INDEPENDENT.

The Largest, The Ablest, The Best Religious and Literary Weekly IN THE WORLD.

"One of the ablest weeklies in existence."—*Pall Mall Gazette*, London, England.

"The most influential religious organ in the States."—*The Spectator*, London, England.

"Clearly stands in the fore front as a weekly religious magazine."—*Sunday School Times*, Philadelphia, Pa.

Prominent features of THE INDEPENDENT during the coming year will be promised

Religious and Theological Articles,

by Bishop Huntington, Bishop Cox, Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, Dr. Howard Osgood, Dr. Howard Crosby, Dr. Wm. R. Huntington, Dr. James Freeman Clarke, Dr. Geo. F. Pentecost, and others;

Social and Political Articles,

by Prof. Wm. G. Sumner, Prof. Richard T. Ely, Pres. John Russett, Prof. Arthur T. Hadley, and others;

Monthly Literary Articles,

by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and other critical and literary articles by Maurice Thompson, Charles Dudley Warner, James Payn, Andrew Lang, Edmund Gosse, R. H. Stoddard, Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, Louise Imogen Guiney, H. B. Boyesen, and others;

Poems and Stories,

by E. C. Stedman, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Edward Everett Hale, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Julia Thayer, Rose Terry Cooke, Edith M. Thomas, Andrew Lang, John Boyle O'Reilly, "Carman Sylvia," Queen of Romania, and others; and

A Short Serial Story,

By E. P. ROE.

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Can any one make a better investment of \$3.00 to \$5.00 than one which will pay

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EVERY INTELLIGENT FAMILY NEEDS A GOOD NEWSPAPER. It is a necessity for parents and children.

A good way to make the acquaintance of THE INDEPENDENT is to send 30 cents for a "Trial Trip" of a month.

SPECIMEN COPIES FREE.

THE INDEPENDENT

—AND—
American Agriculturist

Will both be sent, one year each, to any person not a subscriber to THE INDEPENDENT, for \$3.75. The regular price of both is \$4.50. Make remittance to THE INDEPENDENT, P. O. Box 2787, New York.

No papers are sent to subscribers after the time paid for has expired.

THE INDEPENDENT'S Clubbing List will be sent free to any person asking for it. Any one wishing to subscribe for one or more papers or magazines in connection with THE INDEPENDENT, can save money by ordering from our Club List. Address:

THE INDEPENDENT,

P. O. Box 2787, New York.

DEEP

Sea Wonders exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from \$5 to \$25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over \$20 in a single day at this work. All succeed.

Special Assessors' Notice.

CITY OF HOLLAND, MICHIGAN,
CLERK'S OFFICE, November 1st, 1887.

To W. Williams, A. J. Clark, J. P. Fane, Grace Episcopal Church, N. D. Ward, S. Van der Wal and E. E. Annis. You and each of you are hereby notified that a special assessment roll, for the repair of sidewalks, has been reported by the Board of Assessors to the Common Council of the City of Holland, and filed in this office, and that the Common Council has fixed upon the 22nd day of November, 1887, at 7:30 p. m., at the Common Council rooms in said city, as the time and place when and where they will meet with the Board of Assessors to review said roll.

By order of the Common Council.
Geo. B. Sipe, City Clerk.

RICHLY Rewarded are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make \$5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed; we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, reader, can do it as well as any one. Write to us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

Mrs. R. B. Best

Wishes to announce to the ladies of Holland City and vicinity that she has just received a large assortment of

Materials for Fancy Work,

All the latest Designs and Novelties, Plushes, Arresene, Chinilles, and Stamped Linen Goods,

Which she offers for sale at the lowest prices.

Largest Selection of Stamping Patterns in the City.

Call and see me when in want of anything in the above lines.

MRS. R. B. BEST,
Holland, Mich., Nov. 16, 1887. Ninth Street. 42-3m.

Invention

Has revolutionized the world during the last half century. Not least among the wonders of invention, progress in a method and system of work that can be performed all over the country without separating the workers from their homes. Pay liberal; any one can do the work; either sex, young or old; no special ability required. Capital not needed; you are started free. Cut this out and return to us and we will send you free something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business, which will bring you in more money right away than anything else in the world. *Grand Offer!* Address True & Co., Augusta, Maine.

NEW STORE

—AND—

New Goods!

O. BREYMAN & SON,

Dealers in

JEWELRY,

Watches, Clocks,

Solid and Plated Ware,

Spectacles, Etc.

We have just occupied our new store on the corner of Market and Eighth Streets, and will be pleased to see the people of Holland and vicinity at any time. We are selling Goops cheaper than ever and intend to give customers their money's worth.

Call early and make good purchases and be assured of good bargains.

We have some very fine novelties in Jewell.

O. BREYMAN.

Holland Mich., Aug. 18 1887.

\$1

13 Weeks

The **POLICE GAZETTE** will be mailed, securely wrapped, to any address in the United States for three months on receipt of

ONE DOLLAR.

Liberal discount allowed to postmasters, agents and clubs. Sample copies mailed free.

Address all orders to

RICHARD K. FOX,
Franklin Square N. Y.

NOVELTIES

—IN—

CHINA AND CROCKERY.

Glassware in Profusion

THE FIRM OF

PETER STEKETEE & CO.

Have now in stock some of the handsomest goods ever brought to this city, including;

China Cups and Saucers, Decorated Plates, Mush and Milk Sets, Smokers' Sets, Water Sets, Toilet Sets, and a large variety of Vases,

Which must be seen to be appreciated and admired. We sell all goods at prices that compare with those of large cities, so give us a call.

Hanging Lamps and Hand Lamps in all Patterns and Prices.

When in our store don't fail to get a pound of OUR COFFEE. It is roasted and put up by us and is undoubtedly the best in the market.

PETER STEKETEE & CO.

—AT—

CRANDELL'S BAZAAR

ON EIGHTH STREET,

You can obtain NOVELTIES of all kinds as well as useful HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES, and Furnishing Goods.

HANGING LAMPS, JEWELRY,
GLASSWARE, CLOCKS,
TINWARE, TOWELING,
WOODENWARE, HOSIERY,
CROCKERY, PRETTY TOYS.

And many other things too numerous to mention and all sold at astonishingly

Low Prices!

Call and see us and if you don't see what you want ask for it.

Holland, Mich., Oct. 20, 1887.

S. R. CRANDELL.

JOHN PESSINK & BRO.,

Wholesalers and Retailers of

Candies, Nuts, Bakers' Goods

CRACKERS, FOREIGN FRUITS, ETC.

The trade supplied with everything in this line at lowest prices

We are Agents for the Fairview Cheese Factory.

GIVE US A CALL!

N. B.—We are prepared to furnish Cakes for Wedding Receptions and Banquets of every description, shape, style, and price.

JOHN PESSINK & BRO.

Holland, Mich., Oct. 12, 1887.

HOLLAND, Mich., Nov. 15, 1887.

The Common Council met in regular session and was called to order by the mayor.

Present: Mayor McBride, Ald. Harrington, Carr, De Vries, Kramer, Kulte, Van Ark, and the Clerk.

Minutes of the two previous meetings were read and approved.

Ed. J. Harrington, Jr., made application for a license to sprinkle the streets of the City of Holland for the season of 1888.—Accepted and placed on the special order for this evening.

Charles Odell applied for the appointment of night watchman and special police in the City of Holland, stating that he was willing to act as such nightwatch and special police every evening in the week, from 9 o'clock in the evening until 5 o'clock in the morning for the sum of \$8 per week.—Accepted and placed on the special order for this evening.

The following bills were presented for payment, viz: G. J. Diekema, 6 months salary as City Attorney, \$37.50; P. H. McBride, sale of \$2,050.67 worth of bonds, \$10.25; Geo. H. Sipp and 1 assistant, setting stakes and superintending graveling of South Cedar Street, \$9.50; Holland City News, city printing, \$17.53; Boot & Kramer, 30 lbs. manilla paper, freight and cartage, \$2.50; J. De Feyter, draying library books to library room, 25c.—Allowed and warrants ordered issued on the city treasurer for the several amounts.

The Committee on Poor reported presenting the semi-monthly report of the Director of the Poor and said committee, recommending \$58.50 for the support of the poor for the three weeks ending December 7th, 1887, and having rendered temporary aid to the amount of \$3.00.—Approved and warrants ordered issued on the city treasurer for the several amounts as recommended.

The Committee on Order and Police to whom was referred the matter of appointing a night watch reported the following:

Whereas, the territory is too extensive for one man to do actual service, therefore your committee recommend that the Council appoint one man at a compensation not exceeding \$9 per week; Providing the merchants among themselves put another man on the road for night watch, so that the two men can meet at a certain place, so that the two of them fulfill their duty to the satisfaction of the public, under the direction of the Marshal. We also propose to your Honorable body the following persons: John Koning and Frank Van Ry, both of whom have applied for the appointment, and from whom the Council can appoint one if so desired.

P. S.—Charles Odell also applied. All of which is respectfully submitted. D. De Vries, J. Kulte, H. Van Ark, Committee on Order and Police.—Accepted and placed on the order of unfinished business.

The City Attorney to whom was referred the petitions of A. O. Van Raalte and Ed. J. Harrington, Jr., reported that the Common Council had no power to grant exclusive privileges. That subdivision 6th of Title VI of the City Charter reads as follows: "No exclusive rights, privileges, or permits, shall be granted by the Common Council to any person or persons, or to any corporation for any purpose whatever."—Filed.

The Board of Assessors of the City of Holland, reported special assessment rolls for the following described street districts, viz: Tenth street, West Twelfth street, Cedar street, and South Cedar street. Said rolls were by resolutions confirmed and directed to the supervisor to levy the several sums so assessed as a tax upon the several lots and premises to which they were so assessed respectively, according to section 24 of Title XIX of the City Charter.—Approved.

The Secretary of Hose Co. No. 1 reported the election of Simon Bos as a member of said company, subject to the approval of the Common Council.—Approved.

Justice H. D. Post reported that he had, since his last report, collected fines for violation of the penal laws of the State of Michigan, amounting to \$50.50, and also collected fines for violation of ordinances of the City of Holland amounting to \$2.00, and the receipt of the city treasurer.—Filed.

The Clerk presented for approval bonds and contract for graveling South Cedar street.—Approved.

Bond of A. L. Holmes was presented for approval. Ald. Harrington moved that when proper date is placed therein the bond be approved.—Carried.

Contract for hose cart, hose, etc., was presented for approval.—Approved.

Ald. Harrington gave notice that at the next regular meeting of the Common Council he would introduce an ordinance entitled, "An ordinance relative to license for sprinkling streets; also an ordinance entitled, "An ordinance to license and regulate all vehicles of every kind used for the transportation of persons or property for hire in the city."

Ald. Harrington moved that all matter relating to street sprinkling be laid on the table.—Carried.

The report of the Committee on Order and Police was taken up.

Ald. Harrington moved that the Mayor be requested to appoint a night policeman, who shall serve from ten o'clock in the evening until five o'clock in the morning, at a salary to not exceed \$9.00 per week, to serve until the first day of April, 1888, unless sooner discharged.—Carried. Yes, Harrington, Carr, De Vries, Kramer, Kulte and Van Ark, 6; nays, none.

The Mayor appointed Mr. Frank Van Ry as night policeman with a salary of \$8 per week.

Ald. Harrington moved that the appointment of Frank Van Ry as night policeman be and is hereby accepted.—Carried. Yes, Harrington, Carr, De Vries, Kramer, Kulte and Van Ark, 6; nays, 0. Ald. Harrington moved that the Marshal report to the Common Council at

their next meeting such rules, regulations and recommendations relative to the services of night watchman as he may deem necessary.—Carried.

The Board of Water Commissioners requested that the City Attorney be instructed to draw up the necessary contract between A. L. Holmes, of Grand Haven, Michigan, and the City of Holland, for doing the work and furnishing the material for extending the water main on Twelfth street to the Engine House of the Chicago and West Michigan Railway, and replacing the present wood suction pipe, between the small well and the Pump House, with iron suction pipe.—Granted.

Ald. De Vries moved that the petition of Charles Odell be laid upon the table.—Carried.

Council adjourned to Tuesday, November 22nd, 1887, at 7:30 p. m.

Geo. H. Sipp, City Clerk.

How very prone to neglect the warning of the chilly feeling exhibited before the approach of a severe cold or fever! A dose of Laxador taken at such a time would, in all probability, prevent the establishment of serious disease.

Our mothers, young and old, all praise Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup; for it is the best thing for babies while teething. Price 25 cents a bottle.

Board of Education.

HOLLAND, Mich., Nov. 7, 1887.

Regular monthly meeting.

Present: Messrs. Beach, Keppel, Yates, Kremers, McBride and De Roo.

In the absence of the President and the Secretary, Mr. Beach was appointed President pro tem, and Mr. De Roo Secretary pro tem.

Special Building Committee reported in regard to furnaces for new building, recommending two new furnaces, Champion No. 18, of The Boynton Furnace Co., of Chicago, for \$485.75.—Adopted, subject to certain conditions and guarantees.

Resignation of Miss D. Kennedy, of High School, was presented.

Committee on Teachers reported progress in filling vacancy caused by above resignation.

Upon recommendation of Supt. H. Te Roller, Contractor Huntley was allowed third and fourth installments on building contract.

Committee on School Books and Supplies reported the purchase of anatomical chart, for \$25.—Actions approved.

Committee on Claims and Accounts reported sale of school bonds, \$6,000, drawing five per cent interest, at par.—Treasurer charged with amount.

Bills allowed: E. Van der Veen, difference on bill, \$34.50; O. R. Thompson, anatomical chart, \$25; Kremers & Bangs, sundries, \$7.65; Strovenjans, labor, \$2.50; P. H. McBride, negotiating loan, etc., \$54.88; Meyer, Brouwer & Co., chairs, \$12.50; C. Ver Schure, writing bonds, \$10.25; J. Fixter, fuel, \$5; I. Alcott, drayage, \$1; P. Steketee & Co., sundries, \$1.09; Yates & Kane, books and stationery, \$15.02.

Supt. Hummer was allowed use of one room in central building three evenings each week, to give instruction in book-keeping, he to provide fuel and light.

Visiting Committee for October reported schools in satisfactory condition, and recommended suspension of one scholar; also that the case of truancy, which had been referred to them, would be remedied.—Adopted.

G. VAN SCHELVEN, Sec'y.

Our Magazines for November.

THE CENTURY.—With the current number of *The Century* Magazine begins its eighteenth year and thirty-fifth volume. As usual the November number is especially notable. Among the other notable articles in the number are several on current topics. The conclusion of the Battle Series is emphasized in this number by an admirable presentation in text and pictures of the break up of Lee's army and surrender at Appomattox. The article is by General Horace Porter, and is entitled "Grant's Last Campaign." It includes a careful description, from notes made at the time, of the historic scene at the McLean House, Appomattox. Among the illustrations are a portrait of Sheridan in the uniform which he wore on the ride to Winchester; also a curious portrait of General Grant, giving both profiles and showing him with no beard except side whiskers, together with war-time sketches from life by Winslow Homer (including a funny one of Lincoln, Grant, and Tad Lincoln) and by William L. Sheppard and A. R. Wand, with other pictures from war-time photographs. With the November number the Lincoln History reaches a most interesting part of the President's career, the period between his election and his inauguration, and one upon which, by their personal relations to him, Messrs. Nicolay and Hay are able to throw new light. This installment contains large quotations from unpublished MS. letters to and from Lincoln. The separate chapters deal with the Montgomery Confederacy, the proposed Constitutional amendment, the President-elect, Alexander Stephens' speech and correspondence with Lincoln, and Mr. Lincoln's answers to questions as to his policy. Portraits are given of Howell Cobb, Jefferson Davis, E. B. Washburne, Thurlow Weed, Alexander H. Stephens, George D. Prentice, and John A. Gilmer.

ST. NICHOLAS.—Contains an unusually interesting and varied assortment of entertainment for children and young people. Poems by Hattie Whitney, Grace Litchfield, Mrs. J. Archibald, T. D. Sherman, Emma C. Dowd, a sketch of that charming peasant painter, Jules Bastien-Lepage, a description of elephants at work, by J. R. Coryell, and a hundred pretty illustrations make the number a very attractive one.

SCRIBNER'S.—Is a very richly illustrated number, and has for its leading article an interesting paper by William F. Aphorp, the musical critic, on "Wagner and Scenic Art." Professor D. A. Sargent, of Harvard, furnishes the second of his notable papers on physical training. Rev. McField describes a visit to a most interesting country in northern Algeria, known as Grand Kabylia. The fiction embraces the conclusion of Harold Frederic's story, "Seth's Brother's Wife," a dramatic tale of the Louisiana bayous, entitled "Tiray Y. Soul," by Rebecca H. Davis, and many other articles of great interest, among which is a paper entitled "A Diplomatic Episode," which Miss Olive Risley Seward will contribute to *Scribner's* for November, recalls a discreditable chapter in the political history of our Government, showing how the treaty with Denmark to purchase the island of St. Thomas was ignominiously shelved in the Senate.

LIPPINCOTT'S.—"The Terra Cotta Bust," by Miss V. W. Johnson, is the title of the complete story in the November number. It is an art story, a romance of life in Italy, and is told with much power and beauty. Walt Whitman contributes a charming series of school poems. Felix Oswald writes of the thrilling exploits of a band of Mexican bandits, and Prof. Johnson furnishes an entertaining sketch on "The School Boy as a Microcosm."

Don't

let that cold of yours run on. You think it is a light thing. But it may run into catarrh. Or into pneumonia. Or consumption.

Catarrh is disgusting. Pneumonia is dangerous. Consumption is death itself. The breathing apparatus must be kept healthy and clear of all obstructions and offensive matter. Otherwise there is trouble ahead.

All the diseases of these parts, head, nose, throat, bronchial tubes and lungs, can be delightfully and entirely cured by the use of Boschee's German Syrup. If you don't know this already, thousands and thousands of people can tell you. They have been cured by it, and "know how it is, themselves." Bottle only 75 cents. Ask any druggist.

\$250 in Cash.

3 Worcester's and 3 Webster's Dictionaries, worth \$89, and 4 Dictionary Holders, worth \$15.50, given as prizes for best essays answering the question "Why should I use a Dictionary Holder?" For full particulars, send to LA VERNE W. NOYES, 99 & 101 W. Monroe St., Chicago, the maker of Dictionary Holders. Or inquire at your bookstore.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

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

Societies.

F. & A. M.

A Regular Communication of UNITED LODGE, No. 191, F. & A. M., will be held at Masonic Hall, Holland, Mich., at 7 o'clock, on Wednesday evening, Jan. 5, Feb. 2, March 9, April 6, May 4, June 1, June 29, Aug. 3, Sept. 28, Oct. 26, Nov. 30, Dec. 28. St. John's days June 24 and December 27th.

O. BRETMAN, Sec'y. A. HUNTLEY, W. M.

K. O. T. M.

Crescent Tent, No. 68, meets in Odd Fellows Hall at 7:30 p. m., on the First and Third Monday of each month. All Sir Knights are cordially invited to attend. Cheapest Life Insurance Order known. Full particulars given on application. L. D. BALDUS, Commander. W. A. HOLLEY, R. K.

Rail Roads.

Chicago and West Michigan Railway.

Taking Effect Sunday, Oct. 2, 1887.

FROM HOLLAND TO CHICAGO.

TOWNS.	Mail.	Exp.	Exp.	Mix.
Holland.....	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	a.m.
Grand Junction.....	10 00	1 15	12 00	4 45
Bangor.....	11 30	2 17	1 08	8 05
Benton Harbor.....	11 52	2 37	1 23	9 20
New Buffalo.....	1 20	3 00	2 25	10 00
Chicago.....	2 45	4 00	3 40	1 10
	5 55	6 40	6 40	

FROM CHICAGO TO HOLLAND.

Chicago.....	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	a.m.
New Buffalo.....	9 00	8 55	9 10	
Benton Harbor.....	11 35	6 10	12 10	4 45
Bangor.....	12 30	7 00	1 25	7 50
Grand Junction.....	1 45	7 55	2 50	11 10
Holland.....	1 50	8 07	3 10	12 10
	8 05	9 00	8 35	3 05
	p.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.

FROM HOLLAND TO GRAND RAPIDS.

	Mail.	Exp.	Exp.	Fr.
Holland.....	p.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Zeeland.....	3 05	9 00	14 45	9 50
Grand Rapids.....	3 15	9 10	14 50	10 00
	8 55	9 45	15 40	10 40

FROM GRAND RAPIDS TO HOLLAND.

Grand Rapids.....	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	a.m.
Zeeland.....	9 00	12 30	11 00	5 15
Holland.....	9 42	11 40	11 45	5 55
	9 50	1 15	11 50	6 10

FROM HOLLAND TO MUSKOGEE.

Holland.....	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Grand Haven.....	8 55	9 05	10 30	6 10
Ferryburg.....	10 35	9 45	6 30	6 50
Muskegon, 3rd street.....	10 40	9 57	6 40	6 58
Muskegon, 3rd street.....	11 05	4 15	7 15	7 35

FROM MUSKOGEE TO HOLLAND.

Muskegon, 3rd street.....	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	a.m.
Ferryburg.....	1 50	12 10	7 55	8 35
Grand Haven.....	2 15	12 35	8 15	9 00
Holland.....	2 20	12 35	8 20	9 05
	3 00	1 10	8 55	9 45

FROM HOLLAND TO ALLEGAN.

Holland.....	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.
Fillmore.....	3 05	9 50		
Hamilton.....	3 30	10 10		
Allegan.....	3 30	10 10		
	4 05	10 45		

FROM ALLEGAN TO HOLLAND.

Allegan.....	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Hamilton.....	8 55	5 00	11 25	
Fillmore.....	9 25	5 35	12 15	
Holland.....	9 35	5 43	12 30	
	9 50	6 00	12 37	

† Daily. All other trains daily except Sunday. All trains run by Central Standard time. Tickets to all points in the United States and Canada.

W. A. GAVETT, Ass. Gen. Pass. Agt. W. A. CARPENTER, Traffic Manager. F. G. CHURCHILL, Station Agent.

Business Directory.

Attorneys and Justices.

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

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

POST, J. C., Attorney and Counselor at Law. Office: Post's Block, corner Eighth and River streets.

Bakeries.

CITY BAKERY, J. Peselink & Bro., Proprietors. Fresh Bread and Bakers' Goods, Confectionery, etc., Eighth street.

VAN DOMMELEN, P., wholesale and retail Baker of rusk, (biscuits) and sweet cakes, Eighth street, near River.

Barbers.

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

Boots and Shoes.

HELDER, J. D., the cheapest place in the city to buy Boots and Shoes, River street.

VAN DUREN BROS., dealers in Boots and Shoes. A large assortment always on hand. Eighth street.

SPRIETSMAN, S., manufacturer of and dealer in Boots and Shoes. The oldest Boot and Shoe House in the city. Eighth street.

Bank.

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

Clothing.

BOSMAN, J. W., Merchant Tailor, keeps the largest stock of Cloths and Ready-made Clothing in city. Eighth street.

JONKMAN & DYKEMA, dealer in Ready-made Clothing, and Gent's Furnishing Goods, Eighth street.

VORST W., Tailor. Renovating and repairing clothing a specialty cheap and good. River street.

Commission Merchant.

BEACH, W. H., Commission Merchant, and dealer in Grain, Flour and Produce. Highest market price paid for wheat. Office in Brick store, corner Eighth and Fish streets.

Drugs and Medicines.

CENTRAL DRUG STORE, Kremers & Bangs, Proprietors.

DOESBURG, J. O., Dealer in Drugs and Medicines, Paints and Oils, Brushes, Toilet Articles and Perfumes, Imported Havana, Key West, and Domestic Cigars.

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

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

YATES & KANE, druggists and booksellers. Stock always fresh and complete, cor. Eighth and River streets.

Dry Goods and Groceries.

BERTSCH, D., dealer in Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, and Furnishing Goods, Eighth street.

BOOT & KRAMER, dealer in Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Flour, Feed, etc., Eighth street next to Bank.

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

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

STEKETEE A., dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, etc. Double Brick Store, Eighth street.

STEKETEE PETER & CO., general dealer in Dry Goods and Groceries, Flour and Feed. The finest stock of Crochery in city, cor. Eighth and River streets.

VAN DER HAAR, H., general dealer in fine Groceries, etc. Oysters in season. Eighth street.

VAN PUTTEN, G. & SONS, General Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crochery, Hats and Caps, Flour, Provisions, etc. River street.

WERKMAN, R. E., proprietor of the Phoenix Cheap Cash Store and dealer in General Merchandise, cor. River and Tenth streets.

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

Furniture.

MEYER, BROUWER & CO., Dealers in all kinds of Furniture, Curtains, Wall Paper, Carpets, Picture Frames, etc.; River St.

Flour Mills.

CITY MILLS, C. P. Becker, proprietor, manufacturer of "Parity" and several other brands of first-class flour.

WALSH, DE ROO & CO., Manufacturers of Roller Flour, proprietors of Standard Roller Mills. Daily capacity, 300 barrels.

Hardware.

KANTERS R. & SONS, dealers in general hardware, steam and gas fittings a specialty. No. 58 Eighth street.

VAN OORT J. B., dealer in General Hardware, stoves, Paints, Oils, Glass, etc., Eighth street, opp. Post Office.

VAN LANDER, T., Sheet Metal Worker, galvanizing iron cornices, hot air furnaces, plumbing and steam fitting, wood and iron pumps. Eighth street.

VAN DER VEEN, E., dealer in stoves, hardware, cutlery, etc. Tin and sheet iron ware. Corner River and Eighth street.

Hotels.

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

PHOENIX HOTEL, Jas. Ryder, Proprietor, located near depot of C. & W. M. R'y. A well appointed Hotel. Rates reasonable.

Livery and Sale Stables.

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

NIBBELINK, J. H., Livery and Sale Stable; Ninth street, near Market.

Manufactories, Mills, Shops, Etc.

ELIEMAN, J., Wagon and Carriage Manufacturer and blacksmith shop. Also manufacturer of Ox Yokes. River street.

HIGGINS & HANSON, Manufacturers of the "Anchor Brand" of Water-proof Horse and Wagon Covers, Coats, Leggings, Aprons, Overalls, Awnings, Tents, etc. Factory, Eighth St.

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

HANGED

Spies, Parsons, Engel, and Fischer Perish by the Rope.

All Decline the Ministrations of a Clergyman, Saying They Were Prepared for Death.

The Men March Quietly to Their Doom and Meet It Stoically.

The Usual Formalities at the Gallows Not Observed by Sheriff Matson.

Death Warrants Read to the Victims Before Their Removal to the Fatal Trap.

Various Ways in Which the Four Anarchists Passed Their Last Night on Earth.

The four anarchists, August Spies, Albert R. Parsons, George Engel, and Adolph Fischer, were hanged at the county jail in Chicago on Friday morning, Nov. 11. The execution occurred at 11:59 o'clock. There was an absence of many of the usual formalities on the scaffold, the Sheriff reading the death warrant to the men in the library before leading them to the gallows, where they perished miserably for their participation in the haymarket tragedy.

THEIR LAST FAREWELL.

Emotional Scenes with the Families of the Anarchists—Sad Partings.

During the afternoon of Thursday there were sad scenes at the jail when the families of the anarchists came in to say farewell. At 5:10 Mrs. Schwab came to the jail to bid her husband what she supposed would be a last farewell. She had been weeping and her face showed deep suffering. Schwab was brought out into the jail office and sat silently listening to his wife, who conversed with him in low tones. Occasionally she would reach over and take him by the hand or pat him encouragingly on the knee, but his rigid face never changed. Deputy Olson sat immediately beside them to

having been received at that time of the Governor's mercy to Schwab.

NO TEARS IN ENGEL'S EYES.

Engel's oldest daughter was the next to arrive, and was shown into Mr. Fols' private office, where her father was sitting on the lounge. As soon as she saw him she threw both arms about his neck, and kissed him affectionately. Engel was very little moved by the grief of his daughter, although his eyes showed signs of tears once or twice. After remaining with him for about fifteen minutes his daughter left him to his fate. As she reached the jail door she was completely unmoved, and was crying bitterly, with head downcast.

MRS. SPIES IS BROKEN HEARTED.

The visit of Spies' aged mother a little before 6 o'clock was one of the most pathetic scenes ever witnessed in the county jail. Mrs. Spies was dressed in black, and deep lines of care and suffering were plainly noticeable on her face. As she stepped into the jail library, where her son was sitting, she threw herself at his feet, looked up pitifully into his face, and talked rapidly with him in German, until she became quite hysterical. She was led from her son's presence completely broken down and scarcely able to walk. Her daughter Gretchen awaited her on the outside of the building to take her away. Miss Spies did not visit her brother.

Mrs. Fischer came in looking stolid and indifferent. She hardly seemed to realize at first that she was visiting her husband for the last time, but after talking with him a few moments the tears began to gather in her eyes, and she clung to her young husband in despair. As she was about to go Fischer pulled a short letter from his pocket and handed it to his wife. It was written in German, and he told her to have Jailer Fols read it to her. She went to Mr. Fols and asked him to tell her what was in it. At the jailer's recommendation she took the letter to her husband and had him translate it to her slowly, which he did. The letter was an affectionate farewell to his wife which he had written during the day. Fischer caressed his wife more affectionately the second time and seemed completely unmoved at the enforced parting.

MRS. VAN ZANDT'S FIRST KISS.

When Mrs. Van Zandt came into the jail at 6:05, Spies was sitting with both hands on his head—a man bereft of all hope. For the first time in her life Nina embraced and kissed him with all the affection she could summon. Spies remained seated and Nina sat herself down in his lap. She then threw both arms about him and talked with him in low but impassioned tones.

Occasionally she would stroke his forehead or run her shapely fingers through his hair, but she did not give way to her emotion. She remained with Spies for about fifteen minutes, and kissed him perhaps a dozen times as she was about to leave.

Mrs. Engel did not care to bid her husband farewell, nor did Mrs. Parsons.

THEIR APPETITES ALL RIGHT.

A Hearty Supper Eaten with Relish and a Good Breakfast Ordered.

At 7:30 Thursday night Sheriff Matson went in person to the four condemned men and asked them what they wanted to eat. Spies and Fischer were in the library, Engel sat chatting pleasantly with two bailiffs in Jailer Fols' private office, while Parsons reposed in his cell, dozing peacefully through the open door to the death watch, who leaned against the sash and smoked a cigar.

The prisoners all professed, with an air of forced cheerfulness, to be hungry. Spies asked for mutton chops, fried eggs, and coffee, and Fischer wanted the same, saying that for meat he preferred beefsteak. Engel and Parsons both hit upon cream toast and coffee. The orders were served with creditable promptitude from a neighboring restaurant. Spies and Fischer sat side by side upon a pile of mattresses in the library, utilizing two chairs for tables, and ate fairly well as they laughed and jested with the bailiffs. Engel ate but little of his supper, and continually stroked his chin and throat, while he cracked grim German jokes with his two watchers. Parsons went through his meal heartily and said nothing until, finishing his repast, he brushed the dishes aside, struck a match on his flank, and leaned back to smoke and resume gossip with the solitary guard.

When the restaurateur went around to clear away the remnants and the crockery service he took the four men's orders for the morrow's breakfast, which was to be their last meal on earth. Spies and Fischer united on beefsteak, eggs, and coffee. Parsons more daintily fixed preference on fried oysters and milk toast, while Engel sturdily demanded steak and coffee, with the evident view of faring better at breakfast than he did at supper.

Ling's last meal consisted of potato salad, chicken salad, and coffee. This he ate on Wednesday night. When the restaurateur requested his order for the morning he replied: "You needn't bring me anything. I haven't eat, thus evidencing that he even then contemplated his self-destruction before another meal.

swirl and which is now but a few short hours away."

Spies smiled again, but shook his head slowly. "There is no use praying for me," he said, in a melancholy tone; "I need them not; you should reserve your prayers for those who need them."

The two men then discussed matters of religion and social economy, and Spies waxed warm in his defense of the doctrines of socialism as it looked to him. The conversation was a long and somewhat rambling one, and finally Mr. Bolton arose, bade Spies adieu, and left him.

When he had gone the latter turned to the two deputies who kept watch over him, and with a short laugh exclaimed: "Now, what can you do with men like that? One doesn't like to insult them, and yet one can't see it hard to endure their unlooked-for attentions."

Spies then waxed talkative and aired his opinion freely to his death watch, Deputy John H. Hartke. Speaking of the anarchists' trial, he said that its conduct and the finding were without precedent in the history of this country.

"Why, don't you know," said he, "that when the jury brought in the verdict they were all so badly frightened that they trembled, and the Judge himself, when he pronounced the sentence, shook like a leaf."

"This," he said, looked bad.

"I'll tell you," he continued, "in five or six years from now the people will see the error of hanging us, if they do not see it sooner."

With this Spies, who had been lying on his back with his hands above his head, removed them and turned on his side with his face to the wall.

The anarchist editor then lay down on the bed, and with his white face upturned, talked continuously with Deputy Hartke about mutual acquaintances and things and events of days gone by. He never uttered a word of regret, and seemed desirous of keeping the thoughts of his approaching execution as far as possible from his mind.

ENGEL.

Protests His Innocence and Doesn't Want Religious Sympathy.

Engel grew a little more serious as the night wore on, and when he came to be more familiar with the death watch, he talked with them about the cause for which he was about to die. He protested his innocence over and over again, and told the story of the Haymarket riot, and all he knew of it.

The Rev. Mr. Bolton called on Engel as he did on the others, but with the same unsatisfactory result. The wretched Engel dwelt with bitter emphasis upon the fact that it was the informer Waller, who afterward swore his life away, that first informed him of the massacre. "I was drinking beer and talking and taunting me with not being down in the Haymarket," said Engel, as a big lump seemed to rise in his throat, "and he afterward swore my life away, but I die for a just cause." Engel slept none until 1 o'clock, but at that hour, just as the death watch was being removed, he turned round in his couch and dropped into a light slumber.

PARSONS AND FISCHER.

Both Refuse Spiritual Comfort—Parsons Insults the Visiting Ministers.

Fischer's last night was quietly spent. He talked but little, but was restless. His death watch said though he did not sleep much, he appeared to take the terrible ordeal put upon him with great composure almost indifference. He, too, could not drink beer and talking and taunting me with not being down in the Haymarket," said Engel, as a big lump seemed to rise in his throat, "and he afterward swore my life away, but I die for a just cause." Engel slept none until 1 o'clock, but at that hour, just as the death watch was being removed, he turned round in his couch and dropped into a light slumber.

When Mr. Bolton called upon Parsons he was received with the same courtesy which has always distinguished that erudite anarchist. The condemned man, however, did not seem to take kindly to the proffered ministrations of the clergyman.

"You are welcome, Dr. Bolton," he said; "pray, what can I do for you?"

The reverend visitor explained his mission, and the old cynical expression stole over Parsons' face. "Preachers are all Pharisees," he answered, "and you know how Jesus Christ's opinion of the Pharisees was. He called them a generation of vipers, and likened them to whitened sepulchers. I don't desire to have anything to do with either."

Dr. Bolton remonstrated a little, and finally Parsons appeared to be relenting somewhat.

Well, well," he said, "I will say that while I do absolutely refuse your kind attentions, I will impress on you the fact that I did not want you."

A desultory conversation ensued, and the minister, on leaving, told Parsons that he would pray earnestly for him during the night. The anarchist's hard gray eyes grew moist, and he murmured, hoarsely: "Thank you," but added: "Don't forget, though, I didn't send for you."

THURSDAY NIGHT IN THE JAIL.

How the Prisoners Rested—Parsons' Death Song—Testing the Gallows—Preparations for the Execution.

How did the condemned men pass their last night on earth—how did they sleep? Not very well during the first part of the night. At 12 o'clock Parsons was still awake, tossing uneasily on his couch. Spies could not sleep at all. He remained twisting about with wide-open eyes, and naturally his sense of hearing was acute. Certainly he must have heard the sound made by the carpenters when they were putting up the gallows. That could not have escaped him very well, because it was distinctly audible from the jail office, and the door there was closed so as to shut out all sounds that might disturb the doomed men.

At midnight the stillness could not have been greater. Perfect and entire quietness prevailed. Only the hissing noise of the burning gas was heard. A few minutes before Parsons, moved to the uttermost of feeling, sang "Annie Laurie." The words were in his cell at the time. They couldn't or wouldn't prevent him singing; but as his voice went up in that old song before lying down for his last rest. He slept well. So did Engel and Fischer. Two guards were in the cell of each man. Other guards were outside the cell; outside the corridor were other guards, more guards were in the jail yard, and still more of them were outside and all around the Criminal Court building. They all felt pretty secure for only that afternoon. All afternoon civil engineers had examined every street and thoroughfare adjoining in a quest after explosive mines. The engineers finished their examination toward nightfall, and their assurance was to the effect that, despite all talk to the contrary, there was no anarchist mine in any of the streets leading to the jail or Criminal Court building.

Before midnight, and while the anarchists were either sleeping or feigning sleep, the gallows were put up. They are the ones used in the execution of Mulkeny and the three Italian. About 1 o'clock Friday morning they were tested, just as had been done in the case of the Italian, and they were found to operate without any hindrance.

A bag of sand weighing 180 pounds was swung off four times, once from each rope, and with no other effect than to stretch the rope a trifle. The ropes were of excellent quality, and endured the test to the best advantage. Experts who were present said there wasn't a doubt but that the ropes could be depended on. At two o'clock there was absolutely nothing undone. A wagon had been driven up to the jail some time before, and four coffins were taken out and deposited in the basement adjoining the kitchen. That was the very last preparation for the impending tragedy. The officials who were to perform the execution slept the night to be executed slept. Two guards watched the slumber of each of the doomed men. From midnight forward till daybreak silence reigned in the jail.

FRIDAY MORNING.

Bravado of Spies and Parsons—The Last Breakfast—Other Incidents of the Morning.

At 6 o'clock Spies' guards came off duty for a moment or two. One of them, Deputy Sheriff Hartke, said Spies had slept well ever since 3

o'clock, but that before that time he was awake, though he pretended to be asleep. Any little noise disturbed him, but the guards were warm in praise of his nerve. When Spies turned in he was smoking a cigar. He had his boots on and did not undress. Turning to the guards, while slowly puffing at his cigar, Spies said: "Boys, I'll be just as steady to-morrow when this little matter comes off as I am now."

The police were out early. At 6 o'clock promptly 400 of them were in line in front of the Criminal Court building and ranging along on the sidewalk of the jail on Illinois street. Small details of police were put on duty in the court-yard of the jail, more were assigned to positions in the alley, and others again were drawn up on Dearborn avenue alongside the jail and Criminal Court

go Jail," and one from Madison, Wis., addressed to "The Condemned Anarchists." Both letters were sent to the men.

At 9:45 o'clock a crowd of women dressed in deep mourning, accompanied by two children also in black, marched down Clark street to the ropes, across Michigan street and asked the officer at Michigan street to be allowed to go into the jail. The crowd included Mrs. Parsons, Mrs. Engel, Mrs. Fisher, Ling's sweetheart, Mrs. Holmes, Mrs. Spies, Miss Spies, and a number of their female friends, and the children were the son and daughter of A. R. Parsons.

The policeman told them his orders—that they could not advance—and they moved on to Illinois street, where they repeated their demand to Capt. Hubbard and Lieut. Fitzpatrick,



CRIMINAL COURT BUILDING AND JAIL—DEARBORN AVENUE FRONT.

building. At the same time ropes were stretched along Clark street from both sides of Michigan and Illinois street and along Dearborn avenue, likewise on Illinois and Michigan streets. On all these thoroughfares traffic was stopped. On none except Clark street was traffic permitted till after the execution.

As the morning wore slowly along the bustle in the jail increased. The deputies and reporters who were on duty all night were relieved, and new men took their places.

Seven o'clock came and the twilight of dawn had brightened into the full beam of day. At that hour the anarchists were already astir. Engel awoke with a start, and in an instant sat bolt upright. He began to talk socialism to his guard, but his haggard face revealed the struggle that was going on inside.

At 7:30 two waiters from Martell's restaurant brought to the prisoners their breakfast. The edibles were carried in a large, new clothes-basket, and the linen and tableware looked bright and clean. A little incident occurred when Parsons stepped out to wash himself, and was described by Lieutenant Laughlin. All the other anarchists contented themselves with washing at the tap, but when Parsons walked up to the basin he exclaimed: "I see no wash-basin here. I am accustomed to washing in a basin, and I want one now."

His manner was extremely defiant, but though he reiterated his request for the basin in gruff tones he did not get the desired result. He, by far, exhibited the most bravado of any of the anarchists.

Sheriff Matson reached the jail at 7:35 o'clock. He looked haggard and depressed, and said but little to the reporters. After a glance through the interior of the jail he came out and went to his private office. He had at that time received no news from the Governor, or any other source.

The Rev. Dr. Bolton arrived at 7:45, and, after depositing his satchel on a chair and hanging up his overcoat in the jail office, passed into the cell-room. Passing first into Parsons' cell, he attempted to engage the doomed Texan in religious conversation. Parsons had not yet finished breakfast. What passed between them is unknown. In the meantime Spies had called for paper and envelopes, and when they were furnished him, he began writing. He was interrupted by the Sheriff, who accosted him, and stood in front of the cell door while they talked. The Sheriff took notes of the conversation and then passed on. After a stay of eighteen minutes in Parsons' cell, Dr. Bolton emerged, and walking to Spies' door, stood looking at that inquiring glances at the clergyman and continued his writing. Dr. Bolton remained standing in front of Spies two or three minutes, but receiving no recognition he walked away.

The clergyman then passed around into the north corridor, and from the gallery overlooking the scaffold took a view of that grim structure. Then he returned and paced nervously back and forth in front of the cells containing the fatal four.

It was now 8:30 o'clock and not thirty feet away from the coming victims the massive iron-barred door was clanging constantly, admitting crowds of newspaper men and Deputy Sheriffs, crowding the little room almost to suffocation and indulging in a loud buzz of conversation that could be heard plainly in the cells. Nearly everybody in the room was smoking, and, what with the fearful feeling of depression felt by the most hardened, the place was nearly unendurable.

Meanwhile the Rev. Mr. Bolton, who had walked down the line of cells and received but cold recognition from the men inside, betook himself to the northeast corner of the jail-yard, where the gallows stood. The reverend gentleman closely examined it from the gallery, and then returned again and looked into the cells, but did not talk to the occupants while they were writing. Following the example of Spies, Parsons and Fischer called for writing material and were busy writing when Mr. Bolton returned on his second visit.

Dr. Gray, the Assistant County Physician, called on the prisoners about 8:30 o'clock and

The same thing was told them by these officers, and all except Mrs. Holmes and Mrs. Parsons moved away. Mrs. Holmes denounced the execution as a murder and the policemen as murderers. Mrs. Parsons continued to beseech and demand admission, and the police continued obdurate. At 10 o'clock she was still on hand, but under the closest surveillance.

Crowds were not allowed to stand. Thousands of curious people were being kept moving up and down Clark street and Dearborn avenue.

THE FATAL DROP.

"Long Live Anarchy!" Shouts Fischer—Parsons Choked Off in the Middle of a Sentence.

The details of the execution were as follows: The Sheriff headed the procession to the scaffold, with Jailer Eols behind him with one of the prisoners. Deputy Sheriffs Galvin, Spears, and Cleveland followed, each with a doctored man in charge.

At 11:05 o'clock the representatives of the press were conducted to the north corridor and



SHERIFF MATSON, THE HANGMAN.

seated at the tables within a few feet of the gallows. The instrument of death was about twenty feet in width, and extended from the rail of the first tier of cells to the wall on the opposite side. At 11:08 the men ate a final appetizing lunch, and apparently refreshed it. At 11:15 all the men took stimulants except Parsons. At 11:18 all four of the condemned men called for coffee and drank it. Everybody who was looking on said they bore up bravely. At 11:20 the jury filed in and took their places in the double row of chairs which had been reserved in front of the scaffold.

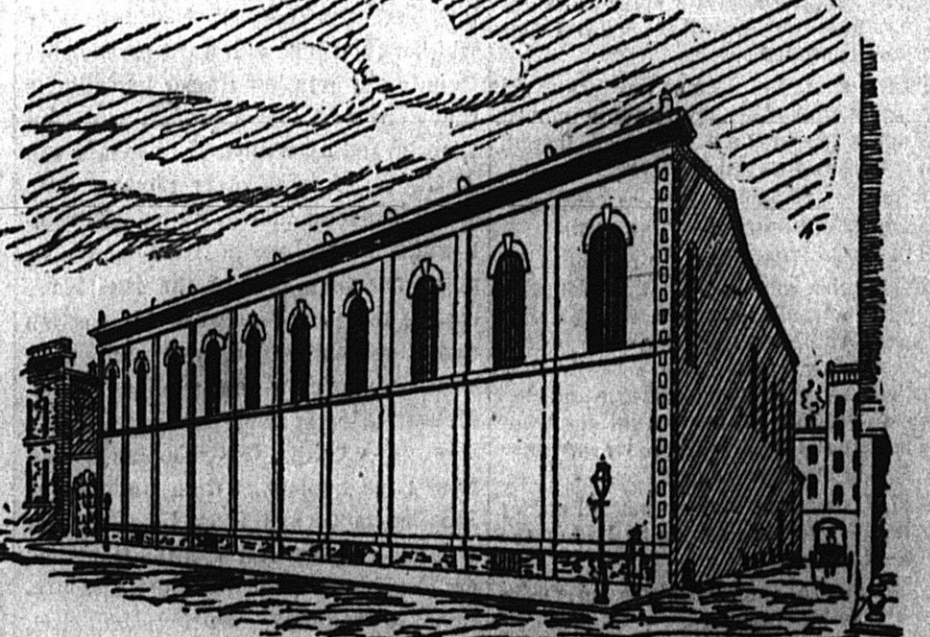
11:24—The Sheriff read the death warrant to Spies.

11:30—The Sheriff shakes hands with Spies, and bids him good-by.

11:31—Spies was strapped and the warrant read to Fischer.

11:33—They put the white shroud on Spies. He looked pale and haggard.

11:36—The warrant was read to Engel and the shroud put on Fischer.



THE JAIL PROPER—ILLINOIS STREET FRONT.

asked them if they required any stimulants. Parsons, Spies, and Fischer refused, but Engel drank three glasses of port wine.

At 11:45 Deputy Sheriff Burke came out and announced that all who had passes to witness the hanging must now give them up. The request was complied with by the two-score reporters and others who were then present. Though the execution, it was understood, would not take place until after 12 o'clock, this announcement was looked upon as a pretty significant hint that the awful hour was very close at hand.

At 9:30 a. m. Chief Deputy Gleason arrived with the fatal documents authorizing the execution.

About 9 o'clock a bailiff came in and told the Sheriff that Mrs. Parsons desired admission to see her husband, but the Sheriff could not permit her to come in at that time.

At the same time a letter was received at the jail postmarked New York, and addressed: "Brethren Spies, Ling, and Comrades, Chicago

11:38—Spies asks to have the strap binding him loosened, and it was done.

11:40—Reading the warrant to Parsons and putting the shroud on Engel.

11:44—Parsons shuddered perceptibly at the proceedings. The others were self-possessed and calm.

11:45—The procession forms; the men walk entirely unassisted and with firm, steady steps. At the opposite cage door they bade good-by to those inside.

11:51—The procession reached the gallows, and the nooses and white caps were adjusted immediately.

11:55—Spies said: "My silence is more terrible than anything I can say."

Fischer said: "This is the happiest moment of my life. Long live anarchy!"

Parsons—"Men of America, I want to speak a word to you. Mr. Sheriff, may I say a word?"

Down. Down. Down.

The drop fell at 11:59.



see that nothing was handed to Schwab by his wife.

SCHWAB BREAKS DOWN.

After twenty minutes of affectionate farewell, Mrs. Schwab arose to go from her husband's presence, and then only did the husband break down. He arose as she did, and suddenly throwing both arms around her neck, kissed her again and again. The scene was touching in the extreme, and the crowd of officers and reporters were all affected. Tearing herself away with a mighty struggle, the heart-broken woman turned to leave the jail, as she supposed, for the last time, no word

SPIES AND DR. BOLTON.

The Ex-Editor of the "Arbeiter Zeitung" Refuses the Minister's Sympathy.

Not long after the death watch had been sent the Rev. Dr. Bolton, pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, called upon the prisoners. The reverend gentleman visited the whole four unfortunate, and his reception was almost the same in every case.

Spies received him quietly and with a smile. "I have called on you, Mr. Spies," said the clergyman, "to help you to prepare for the

MOTHERS OF FAMOUS MEN.

What Agassiz, Dickens, Daudet, and Leigh Hunt Owe to Their Mothers.

The mothers of famous men are always interesting studies. Concerning many of those women the world knows much, but of the majority it is ignorant. The mother of Louis Agassiz, the scientist, was the wife of a Swiss Protestant clergyman, and lived to a very old age. Louis was her favorite son, and she trained him with the greatest care. When, in 1857, Professor Silliman, of Yale College, visited her, he found her at four-score a tall, erect, and dignified woman, with animated address and cultivated manners. When she was assured by her guest that her son's adopted country loved him and was proud of him, her strong frame was agitated, her voice trembled with emotion, and the flowing tears told the story of a mother's heart. The day that Professor Silliman left she walked a long way in the rain to bid him and his wife farewell. Presenting them with a little bouquet of pansies, she bade them tell her son "her penance was all for him." Penance in French means both pansy and thought. On the 50th birthday of Agassiz, the Saturday Club of Boston celebrated it with a dinner, at which Longfellow, Holmes, and Lowell read poems. In the poem of the former, allusion was made to the natural mother as mourning over the fact that the great mother, Nature, had drawn her son from the fireside where she wished to keep him.

"And the mother at home says, 'Hark! For his voice I listen and yearn, It is growing late and dark, And my boy does not return.'"

Agassiz' head was bent during the reading of the poem, but when the allusion to his mother was made, his ruddy face flushed with restrained feeling, tears gathered in his eyes, and as the last line was uttered they dropped slowly down his cheeks, one after another.

The mother of Alphonse and Ernest Daudet, the French novelist, was an intellectual woman. She was a constant reader, and her children were early impressed with her superiority over other mothers, and were profoundly grateful to her in after life for her careful training of their minds. The father was a rich silk-weaver, and had only an ordinary mind; loss of fortune soured him, and he seemed to have little influence over his gifted sons. But the mother was their inspiration and delight.

The childhood of Dickens was so shadowed by poverty, and his sensitive and imaginative mind was so keenly alive to his position, that it is hardly possible that he could draw an absolutely impartial picture of his parents. His mother had a keen appreciation of the droll and of the pathetic, and likewise considerable dramatic talent. She was a comely little woman, with handsome, bright eyes, and a genial, agreeable yerson. From her Dickens undoubtedly inherited his temperament and intellectual gifts. She possessed an extraordinary sense of the ludicrous, and her power of imitation was something astonishing. Her perception was quick, and she unconsciously noted everything that came under her observation. In describing ridiculous occurrences, her tone and gestures would be inimitable, while her manner was of the quaintest. Dickens declares that to her he owed his first desire for knowledge, and that his earliest passion for reading was awakened by his mother, who taught him not only the first rudiments of English, but also a little of Latin. Poverty saddened and darkened many years of her life, and her children were early compelled to leave her and earn their own living, but they all honored and loved her as she deserved.

Leigh Hunt thus writes of his mother: "My mother had no accomplishments but the two best of all—a love of nature and of books. Dr. Franklin offered to teach her the guitar; but she was too bashful to become his pupil. She regretted this afterward, partly, no doubt, for having so illustrious a master. Her first child, who died, was named after him. I know not whether the anecdote is new, but I have heard that when Dr. Franklin invented the harmonica, he concealed it from his wife till the instrument was fit to play, and then woke her with it one night, when she took it for the music of angels."—*Woman's Argosy*.

Steamboating on the Nile.

The steamboat method is unique, says a writer in *Scribner's Magazine*, describing travel on the Nile. The post of captain is on the bow. On the bridge the second officer stands. Two miles ahead the captain discovers shoal water and a sand-bar bent on mischief.

The captain cries out: "Affa-speed!" There are no signal-bells, so the second officer receives the captain's warning and cries in turn to the pilot: "Affa-speed!" After mature deliberation the pilot shouts down to the engineer: "Affa-speed!" The shallow water is entered by this time, and the sand-bar rapidly approaches.

Captain—"Wady-easy!" Second officer—"Wady-easy!" Pilot—"Wady-easy!" The sand-bar bravely stands its ground.

Captain—"Stop!" Second officer—"Stop!" Pilot—"Stop!"

Passengers, one and all, in unison—"Stuck!"

The pilot and engineer light their pipes and praise Allah for his goodness, while the small boats are sent ashore with ropes, to be tied to all the fellahin farmers to be found, to help pull the boat off—usually an operation of six or seven hours.

On such occasions the dahabeeshi wishes for wind. A "running boy" is often put ashore to "run" to the nearest telegraph station to request any steamboat coming along that way to bring help. Usually the "running boy" is picked up before he finds any help.

One of the sights of the return voyage is the constellation of the southern cross. If the manager of the boat is kindly he will ring the dinner-bell at your cabin-door when the constellation rises—say at 3 a. m.—and at the top of his voice shout: "Southern cross, please." And the same Greek will at the proper time request all to "remain perfectly quiet, for we are about to cross the tropic of cancer."

PAINTING A PAIN!

A New Parisian Artist's Canvas Story of a "Rheumatism."

"Tell me, Mr. Wright," asked our reporter of the well-known art connoisseur of the Everett, New York, "is American art improving in character and excellence?"

"Very much so,"

"Do Americans much patronize foreign art?"

"Yes. And as they pay the best prices, their private galleries contain gems of all the modern masters."

"Which are preferred, works of the modern or ancient masters?"

"The modern. Historical scenes, real and ideal landscapes, and decided characters in figure are the most popular."

"The last time I was in Paris I picked up a very strong bit of drawing, which depicted a middle-aged man bolted up in a much be-showered chair, his face and surroundings indicating intense agony."

"His table is crowded with many a physician's phials, abandoned bandages, and used-up blisters. Before him a tub of steaming water derisively sends its income into his face, and the grate fire cheerily blazes in mockery of his unhappiness. His nurse is a type of dismay."

"I really enjoy looking at this picture!"

"I know how the old fellow feels! I myself was for twelve years a victim of inflammatory rheumatism. Every spring and winter perfect torture twisted me for two or three months, during which I was often unable to sleep for a week at a time; was tormented by continuous agony, and at one time was totally blind for a fortnight, the disease having settled in my eyes. I had the best medical skill, used all the most approved scientific specifics, visited the famed mineral springs of America, of Carlsbad and Paris, but every year the same mad fire literally burned me alive!"

"I often laugh to myself as I think what an old bear I, too, must have been, when suffering as that old fellow seems to be."

"Aren't you tempting fate by making sport of your old enemy?"

"Oh, no, I fear him no longer. My last tussle with him was over two years ago, and all the agony of the years of remission settled on me then. My physicians gave me no hope of recovery. I had faith in myself, however."

"Well, how did it work?"

"The rheumatism was in my case, as in nearly all others, caused by a disease of the blood, probably produced by unassisted inactivity of the kidneys, for I had never had any pain in them. Twenty bottles of Warner's safe cure, however, completely purified my blood, and I never have enjoyed such robust health as now. Hundreds of friends in Europe and America have, on my recommendation, used it for general debility, malaria, rheumatism, etc., and I have never heard an unsatisfactory report from them."

"Mr. Wright has a personal acquaintance with the best art lovers of Europe and America, and his experience gives weighty testimony to the remarkable power of the celebrated preparation named."

"You think, then, Mr. Wright, that there is substantial art development in America?"

"I certainly do, and I have confidence that when the true American idea is settled upon, our development will be both rapid and excellent."

Lovers of the Russian.

He—Have you read any of the Russian novelists?

She—Oh, yes. They are splendid. What do you think of them?

He—Think they are splendid. She—Life-like.

He—Splendid. True to nature. She—Splendid.

He—Nothing overdrawn. She—Nothing. Splendid, I think.

He (addressing some one else and nodding toward the young lady to whom he had been talking)—She's one of the brightest women I ever saw. Knows all about Russian literature, don't you understand?

She (turning to some one else)—Don't know when I have enjoyed conversation so much. Got all the Russian novelists at his tongue's end.—*Arkansas Traveler*.

When Your Nerves Bother You.

Invigorate them. When your night's repose is unsmooth and unrefreshing, your appetite jaded or capricious, when slight noises cause you to start, and annoyances of slight moment abnormally worry you, know three things, viz.: 1st, that your nerves are weak; 2d, that you need a tonic; 3d, that its name is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the promptest, safest, most popular article of its class. The nerves are susceptible of invigoration only by promoting an increase of vigor in the processes of digestion and invigoration. Narcotics and sedatives have their utility, but in the main, and if their use be continued, they are unsafe. A wineglass of the Bitters before retiring, and a repetition of the same during the day before or after meals, is far more likely to confer health-yielding sleep than repeated doses of an opiate. Dyspepsia, debility, inactivity of the kidneys and bladder, fever and ague, and other malarial complaints are always dominated and subdued by it.

In a New York Hobtail Car.

Car-driver—You can't smoke in this car.

Passenger—Why not?

C. D.—Because there are ladies in the car.

P.—Why, that's the very reason I have to smoke; I want to deaden the smell of musk and patchouly.—*Harper's Magazine*.

THE nutritive value of mushrooms has been investigated in Germany by C. T. Moerner, who shows that to get an equivalent of an average hen's egg a person must eat ten and a half ounces of Agaricus campestris, or no less than four pounds of Polyporus ovinus; and that nine pounds of the former variety or sixty-seven pounds of the latter would be needed to equal the pound of beef.

THERE is said to be a crow roost just west of Hinckley, Ill., where tens of thousands of crows roost every night. Hunters are having rare sport shooting them, much to the satisfaction of the farmers thereabout.

TO DREAM of a ponderous whale, Erect on the tip of his tail, Is the sign of a storm (If the weather is warm), Unless it should happen to fall. Dreams don't amount to much, anyhow. Some signs, however, are infallible. If you are constipated, with no appetite, tortured with sick headache and bilious symptoms, these signs indicate that you need Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. They will cure you. All druggists.

"CAN you recommend for me a good home course of botany?" asks a correspondent. Yes, the flour barrel.

WHEN all so-called remedies fail, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures.

PEOPLE are apt to feel proud of all the good traits their children show and wonder where they got all their bad ones.

Blood Will Tell.

There is no question about it—blood will tell, especially if it be an impure blood. Blisters, eruptions, pimples and boils, are all symptoms of an impure blood, due to the improper action of the liver. When this important organ fails to properly perform its function of purifying and cleansing the blood, impurities are carried to all parts of the system, and the symptoms above referred to are merely evidences of the struggle of Nature to throw off the poisonous germs. Unless her warning be heeded in time, serious results are certain to follow, culminating in liver or kidney disorders, or even in consumption. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will prevent and cure these diseases, by restoring the liver to a healthy condition.

If a man could be divorced from his creditors how busy the courts would be kept.

Coughs and Colds. Those who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, etc., should try BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Sold only in boxes.

"WHAT is that scratch on your arm, Jamie?" "Oh, I hit it with de cat!"

"The Farmers' Poultry Raising Guide."

This is the title of a new and valuable book on poultry raising for profit. This book answers in advance every possible question in respect to keeping and caring for poultry, and gives in the plainest possible manner all needed instructions to enable beginners or old hands to carry on the business successfully, and make money. If you desire to know how to make hens lay the year round; how to fatten market poultry quickly; how to dress and ship poultry and sell eggs to obtain the highest prices; how to build in-expensive hen-houses and yards; how to discover, prevent, and cure all diseases of poultry; how to select and obtain choice breeds, and how men and women of long experience in the business make money, then send at once for a copy of **THE FARMERS' POULTRY RAISING GUIDE**, published by I. S. Johnson & Co., 23 Custom House street, Boston, Mass. Price 25 cents. This book is profusely illustrated with engravings of model poultry houses and runs, also many of the best breeds of hens, ducks, turkeys, and geese. This work presents a matter of supreme importance to every body, but especially to women, children, and invalids, for there is probably no way by which a small but constant cash income can be secured with so little effort as by keeping and caring for hens. From now until next March the price of eggs will advance higher and higher each month. Do not, therefore, delay, but send at once and get a copy of this valuable book. During the season of high prices the hens should be kept busy. For 60 cents in stamps Johnson & Co. will send postpaid a copy of **THE FARMERS' POULTRY RAISING GUIDE** and two 25-cent packs of Sheridan's Powder to make hens lay, or they will send a 24-pound tin can of Powder at regular rate (\$1.20) and a copy of the GUIDE free.

Itching Piles. Symptoms—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. It is equally efficacious in curing all Skin Diseases. Dr. Swayne & Son, Proprietors, Philadelphia. Swayne's Ointment can be obtained of druggists, or by mail.

A Popular Thoroughfare. The Wisconsin Central Line, although a comparatively new factor in the railroad systems of the Northwest, has acquired an enviable popularity. Through careful attention to details, its service is as near perfection as might be looked for. The train attendants seem to regard their trust as individual property and as a result the public is served par-excellence. The road now runs solid through fast trains between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis with Pullman's best and unequalled dining cars; it also runs through solid sleepers between Chicago, Ashland, Duluth and the famous mining regions of Northern Wisconsin and Michigan.

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Catarrh Cured. A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 312 East Ninth street, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

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Ask your shoe and hardware dealers for Lyon's Heel Stiffeners; they keep boots and shoes straight.

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Cannot be cured by local applications. It is a constitutional disease, and requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, working through the blood, eradicates the impurity which causes and promotes the disease, and soon effects a permanent cure. At the same time Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up the whole system, and makes you feel renewed in strength and health. Be sure to get Hood's.

"I suffered severely from chronic catarrh, arising from impure blood. It became very bad, causing soreness of the bronchial tubes and a troublesome cough, which gave great anxiety to my friends and myself, as two brothers died from bronchial consumption. I tried many medicines, but received no benefit. I was at last induced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I am not the same man in health or feelings. My catarrh is cured, my throat is entirely well, and a dyspepsia trouble, with sick headache, have all disappeared." E. M. LINCOLN, 35 Chambers St., Boston.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

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For Thanksgiving and Christmas.

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And all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, can be cured by the use of Scott's Emulsion, as it contains the healing virtues of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites in their fullest form. Is a beautiful creamy Emulsion, palatable as milk, easily digested, and can be taken by the most delicate. Please read: "I consider Scott's Emulsion the remedy par excellence in Tuberculosis and Strumous Affections, to say nothing of ordinary colds and throat troubles."—W. R. R. CONNELL, M. D., Manchester, Ohio.

A CORSET is nothing more than a waist basket without any poetry in it.

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WORK FOR ALL. \$30 a week and expenses paid. Suitable for men, women, and children. Address J. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

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PILES Dr. Williams' Indian File Ointment is a sure cure for blind, bleeding, or itching piles. Cure guaranteed. Price 50c and \$1. At druggists or mailed by WILLIAMS' MED. CO., Cleveland, O.

Ely's Cream Balm Gives relief at once for COLD IN HEAD. —[CURES]— CATARRH. Not a Liquid or Snuff. Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY MED. CO., 53 Greenwich St., N. Y.

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RADWAY'S PILLS The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy. For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs. Price 25c per box. Sold by all druggists. PERFECT RELIEF will be accomplished by taking RADWAY'S PILLS. By so doing SICK HEADACHE, Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Biliousness, and all derangements of the internal viscera will be cured, and the food that is eaten contributes its nourishment and properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

DYSPEPSIA. DR. RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They restore the strength to the stomach and enable it to perform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract disease. Take the medicine according to directions, and observe what we say in "False and True," respecting diet. A few extracts from the many letters we are constantly receiving: "J. Middlebrook, Doraville, Ga.: 'I use them in my practice and family in preference to all other Pills.'"

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Alice E. Chaver, Mt. Storm, W. Va.: 'I positively say that Radway's are the best Pills I ever had for Dyspepsia.'"

Send a letter stamp to DR. RADWAY & CO., No. 52 Warren St., New York, for "False and True."

FOR MAN AND BEAST, Mexican Mustang Liniment

The Lumberman needs it in case of accident. The Housewife needs it for general family use. The Mechanic needs it always on his work bench. The Miner needs it in case of emergency. The Pioneer needs it—can't get along without it. The Farmer needs it in his house, his stable, and his stock yard. The Steamboat man or the Boatman needs it in liberal supply aboard and ashore. The Horse-fancier needs it—it is his best friend and safest reliance. The Stock-grower needs it—it will save him thousands of dollars and a world of trouble.

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OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio. MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING TO ADVISOR.

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WIZARD OIL FOR PAIN Cures Neuralgia, Toothache, Headache, Catarrh, Croup, Sore Throat, Rheumatism, Lame Back, SUN Joints, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Wounds, Old Sores and All Aches and Pains. The many testimonials received by us more than prove all we claim for this valuable remedy. It not only relieves the most severe pains, but it cures you. That's the idea! Sold by Druggists. 50c etc. None Booted unless Address WIZARD OIL COMPANY CHICAGO.

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For Thanksgiving and Christmas.

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Address **PERRY MASON & CO., 39 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.**

FREE TO JAN 1, 1888.

A \$2.50 PAPER FOR \$1.75.

OUT AROUND.

Ventura.

F. L. Bouter was in this vicinity last week with some Yindicator Fanning Mills. He disposed of one to our energetic neighbor, Mr. Dykhuis.

Colonel Pelton, of Grand Rapids, was out here one day last week looking after his interests. He found that one of his tenants had moved out for an indefinite length of time.

The first dance of the season was held at the residence of O. R. Nichols on Friday evening last. There were nineteen numbers sold. The young folks report having had a good time.

Mr. Geo. Caswell has been in Grand Rapids visiting for a couple of weeks. From there he started on a visit to his sister in the eastern part of the state where he may remain during the winter.

There was considerable clover seed sown in this vicinity this season, but being such a dry season the clover was mostly cut for hay. I understand, however, that N. W. Ogden hulled one hundred and twenty bushels, so I think that he must have had his share.

There was quite a goodly congregation attended church last Sabbath to hear our new minister, Elder Norton, who did not keep his appointment. The people in this vicinity are not overly zealous in religious matters and are easily discouraged. If the minister is not interested in our spiritual welfare how can he expect sinners to be. However we expect that there was some great obstacle in the way of his getting here as there generally is in cases of this kind.

I would like to know how Mr. Reed feels about the "beach" business now. He found, and to his sorrow, that Geo. McBride is well acquainted with him and his disposition. Certain parties who attended the law-suit at Grand Haven last week say that "Mac" held him right up before the jurors as he is. He also found that Judge Arnold is not Justice H. D. Post, therefore the case was decided in Mr. Carrier's favor. This is the second case to our knowledge that Reed has commenced in behalf of the people when he had no cause of action and both were decided so, and the costs of the suit will have to be paid by us tax-payers. Therefore I would make a motion that if he commences any more petty suits that he do it in his own behalf, and if not the County ought to saddle the cost on him.

"Ben Nip."

Ottawa Station.

Mrs. Tabbe is improving and thought to be out of danger.

Mrs. Rhodes has put up a new wire fence in front of her premises.

Enoch Rhodes is rejoicing in the purchase of a yoke of oxen and a new wagon.

Henry Jones made some calls in this vicinity again this week, to collect the balance of old accounts.

Frank Brewer has commenced breaking quite a quantity of marsh in the township of Robinson near this place.

The new belfry on the school house here is nearly ready for the new bell, which weighs two hundred pounds.

The new seats for our school-house came last week, and kept our School Board pretty busy Saturday, and Saturday night, in substituting them for the old ones. These folding seats are manufactured by the Grand Rapids Furniture Co., and are first-class in every respect, and suggest an idea of comfort to any one who may desire to meet with the congregation and give attention for an hour or two to the tireless preacher in his remarkable effort to throw a veil of impenetrable mystery around the complex subject that he has arranged for a discourse.

Miram Pattengell, of Grand Rapids, called again last week to inquire after the health of his esteemed friend, Mrs. Tabbe. We learn with some surprise that these parties, with the addition of a friend or two, have worked themselves up to a high pitch of frenzy on account of the merited notice of your correspondent a few weeks ago. It seems strange that anyone should holl over with rage, or strive to generate more wrath than it would be safe to contain simply because of a mild allusion to what the surrounding community had long known to be an open and shameful scandal.

"Andrew."

West Olive.

Kittie Cole has gone to Sullivan to join her husband. They expect to spend the winter there.

Foreman Verway, Assistant Thompson, and Calvin McKinley, have gone north in search of deer.

The wood trade is the main feature of business here at present, and nearly everyone is engaged in it. The demand is greater than the supply with increasing prices.

Mr. Bajema, whose wife suicided last spring, went to Kalamazoo Friday and returned Tuesday with a housekeeper. He has rented Mr. Hennessey's house for the winter. Mr. Hennessey is disposing of some of his personal property and will live with friends at Berlin this winter.

It is said that members of the League had a gala day last Thursday, winding up with one of those "social affairs," where the foot is light and the head still lighter—for a while, but alas! the spirit deadens after the portion administered by the "druggist" and the "medicine man" has taken its course, and the last hours are worse than the first.

"H. A."

Olive Center.

The store here is running with a small stock. A party of famous hunters captured a red fox near here Tuesday.

Resta Merritt is visiting her cousin, Mrs. R. Tasker, and other friends in and about Holland.

The order of the day among our citizens at present seems to be getting up wood and going a hunting.

Myrie Hoag is sojourning at Adrian for a few days with a brother who has been stricken with paralysis and is in bad condition.

Van Dyke's portable saw mill just south of here is running daily with four men engaged. They expect to enclose the mill before winter sets in and continue business.

As the Johnsville Lyceum is settling all of the important questions of the day let them ascertain what is the matter with nearly all of the School Boards in this part of the country lately.

Those hogs of J. D. Merritt's that took so many premiums at the Holland fair this fall, and the News had under the head of "Chester Whites," in the list published, are known as the improved Suffolk.

In behalf of the people of Olive Center, and the readers of the News generally, we desire to petition your Ottawa correspondent to take a new text. After three successive sermons on hounds, together with being parted from his companion—the one solitary specimen left us—is hardly able to bear up under the weight of so much grief. Please give us a rest and a chance to feed up.

"Crank."

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Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 166 Wall St., New York.

Unequaled.

For the relief and cure of all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, and Bowels, the value of Ayer's Cathartic Pills cannot be overestimated. This remedy is also unrivaled in curing Rheumatic and Neuralgic affections.

For keeping the Stomach, Bowels, and Liver in good working order, I have never found any medicine equal to Ayer's Cathartic Pills. I always use this remedy when occasion requires.— Randolph Morse, Lynchburg, Va.

About five years since, my son became a cripple from Rheumatism. His joints and limbs were drawn out of shape by the excruciating pain, and his general health was very much impaired. Medicines did not reach his case until he commenced taking Ayer's Pills, three boxes of which cured him. He is now as free from the complaint as if he had never had it, and his distorted limbs have recovered their shape and pliancy.— William White, Lebanon, Pa.

After suffering, for months, from disorders of the Stomach and Liver, I took Ayer's Pills. Three boxes cured me.— A. J. Pickthall, Machias, Me.

Ayer's Pills,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

OH! MY BACK!



DR. HILL'S ENGLISH BUCHU Kidney

INVESTIGATORS IN USE. Will cure all diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, Irritation of the Neck of the Bladder, Burning Urine, Gleet, Gonorrhea in all its stages, Mucous Discharges, Congestion of the Kidneys, Brick Dust Deposit, Diabetes, Inflammation of the Kidneys and Bladder, Dropsy of Kidneys, Acid Urine, Bloody Urine, PAIN IN THE BACK, Retention of Urine, Frequent Urination, Gravel in all its forms, Inability to Retain the Water, particularly in persons advanced in life. IT IS A KIDNEY INVESTIGATOR that restores the Urine to its natural color, removes the acid and burning, and the effect of the excessive use of intoxicating drink.

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I have recently commenced the manufacture of Platform, Combination & Express Wagons,

To which I invite the attention of all who desire light and durable wagons.

I desire also to call the attention of all owners of fast horses in this vicinity to the fact that I have procured the assistance of one of the best horse-drogers in the west and am now able to do the finest possible work in that line, both with steel or iron shoes either of hand or machine make. I believe that all should patronize home trade when they can be as well served, and I would ask that all give me a good trial before taking their work elsewhere.

I also manufacture Ox Yokes and have them constantly on hand.

Highest price paid for all kinds of Furs.

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Youth's Keen and Easy Vision Restored.
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For CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, DYSPNOEA, CATARRH, RAY FEVER, HEADACHE, DEBILITY, NERVOUSNESS, NEURALGIA and all Chronic and Nervous Disorders.
"THE COMPOUND OXYGEN TREATMENT" Drs. Starkey & Palen, No. 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, have been using for the last seventeen years, is a scientific adjustment of the elements of Oxygen and Nitrogen magnetized, and the compound is so condensed and made portable that it is sent all over the world.
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REV. A. W. MOORE, Editor The Centenary, Lancaster, & C. W. H. WORTHINGTON, Editor New South, Birmingham, Ala.
JUDGE H. P. VROOMAN, Queens, Kan.
MRS. MARY A. LIVERMORE, Melrose, Massachusetts.
JUDGE R. S. VOORHEES, New York City.
MR. E. C. EATON, Philadelphia.
MR. FRANK BIRDALL, Haverhill, Philadelphia.
HON. W. W. SCHUYLER, Easton, Pa.
EDWARD L. WILSON, 323 Broadway, N. Y., Ed. Philadelphia Photographer.
FIDELIA M. LYON, Waimea, Hawaii, Sandwich Islands.
ALEXANDER RITCHIE, Inverness, Scotland.
MRS. MARCEL V. ONTEGA, Freenville, Zacatecas, Mexico.
MRS. ANNA COOPER, Little, Spanish Honduras, Central America.
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M. V. ASHURKOOB, Red Bluff, Cal.
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And thousands of others in every part of the United States.

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If you think of buying
A New Suit or Winter Overcoat,
Remember that Clothing can be made to order very nearly as cheap as ready-made. The small difference in first cost is fully made up in the better quality of color and texture of the cloth and the improved style and fitting qualities, to say nothing of the freedom from annoyance resulting from poorly made clothing. In ordering it is necessary to consider Quality, Style, and Workmanship. In deciding where to order you must consider that

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always keep in stock the latest styles in Cloths and Trimmings and do not spare trouble or expense in fully satisfying every customer.

Fine Gents' Furnishing Goods and a full stock of Hats and Caps.
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J. ALBERTI, UNDERTAKER,
EIGHTH STREET, HOLLAND, MICH.

Will take charge of and manage Funerals, will furnish Hearse, Hack and Carriages; also keeps on hand a large and very fine lot of Caskets and Coffins. Embalming and preserving of corpses skillfully performed. Funerals in the country will be promptly attended to at the same rate as those in the city.
BURIAL SHROUDS, ALL SIZES.