The Ann Arbor Argus.

VOL. LIV—NO. 41. ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN, OCTOBER 19, 1888. WHOLE NO. 2,792

OVER COATS.

READER---We want a share of your trade. We have an unusually fine stock of Overcoats both for men and boys. Do you need an overcoat? If you will come and see us we can save you some money. We have boy's overcoats ranging in price from $1.50 to $10.00 and men's overcoats from $3.75 to $20.00. These goods are new, well made and trimmed, and desirable in every way. Prices we guarantee.

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We have underwear to please all, at prices that are right.

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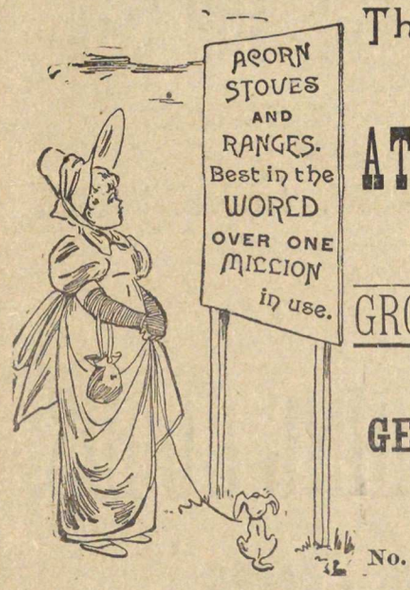

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Special Attention Paid to Repairing. See his Stock Before Purchasing any Jewelry.

46 SOUTH MAIN STREET, ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN.

A HORRIBLE CATASTROPHE.

A BOILER IN THE SUPERIOR PAPER MILL EXPLODES.

One Man Kil'ed, Another Fatally Injured and a Third Badly Injured. Fearful Explosive Force, The Building Wrecked.

Boiler explosions are always horrible accidents and but few exceed in elements of horror that of the Cornwell's paper mill at Lowell last Tuesday morning. The mill is situated on the Huron river, two miles west of Ypsilanti on the line of the Michigan Central. In it at the time of the explosion were twenty-five hands. The regular engineer of the mill and the change engineer had been endeavoring to do as nearly two men's work as possible. After eighteen hours work, he had been relieved by Jacob Slauson, of Ypsilanti, an employee of the mill, who had formerly been an engineer and was hence thought to be entirely competent to properly care for the boilers.

At about eight o'clock, boiler number 3 exploded. The hands at work were horrified by a startling report, the crash of falling bricks, timber and iron and the crash of one of the boilers not yet fired up through the wall into the work room where the hands were busy. The report was heard six or seven miles and the shock was plainly felt in Ypsilanti. The startled employees rushed from the shattered building to find the north and back of the building completely gone. In fact so terrific was the force of the explosion that it was hard to find where the foundation of the wall had been laid. It was quickly found that three of the men were missing. Tom Cruch, one of the missing men, was found on a platform just outside of the machine shop. He was nailing a board on the partition between the boiler room and the machine shop, was knocked off the bench and managed to crawl out of a window, while the debris was flying about. He was badly bruised, although not seriously wounded. Frank Sinkule, another workman in the machine shop, did not fair as well. He was found buried under a pile of bricks, a brick wall having fallen upon him, so that nothing could be seen of him excepting a hand. It took at least ten minutes to extricate him. He was alive but unconsious and had sustained serious if not fatal internal injuries.

Jacob Slauson, who was acting engineer, was found in the engine room, buried under debris and horribly mangled. He must have been killed, before he had a chance to realize what was happening. His body was frightfully mangled, one side of his head had been blown off and a leg was also blown from the body. He leaves a wife and one child.

Jacob Slauson was alone in the engine room at the time of the accident and no one can tell what occurred there. The boiler which exploded was supposed to be in proper shape. It burned oil for fuel. It was carried through the air two hundred feet. It went over the telegraph wires cutting the upper ones, across the railroad track, where a passenger train had passed a few minutes before, and dropped down in the top of a tree, breaking it down, as it descended to the ground. It was blown out of all semblance of a boiler and was nothing but a flattened mass of iron. Parts of it was torn in ragged manner as if it had been paper. The boiler flues were blown two hundred and fifty feet away, twisted and bent into all manner of shapes. There were three other boilers in the room, all of which were thrown from it, one was thrown through the machine room, the employees narrowly escaping death and the other two boilers were thrown throughthe north side of the building.

It need not be said that the building was badly shattered. Much of the frame work was torn out and the large chimney was so shattered at the base that it will have to be rebuilt.

You Must Attend It

The Washtenaw democratic mass meeting will be held on week after next week in this city. Every democrat and every citizen in Washtenaw is urged to be present. It is designed to make this the biggest political demonstration ever held in the county. For speakers, Wellington R. Burt, the democratic candidate for governor, Daniel Dougherty, who nominated Cleveland in the St. Louis convention and the eloquent Burke Cochrane, of New York city, have been secured. Every town in the county will be represented in the parade, which takes place at 10:30 a. m. Every trade will be represented. All agricultural products and mechanical tools will be in the parade, chariots and fancy wagons, horsemen and footmen and seven bands of music. At 1.30 p. m. will be given a grand band concert on the court house square and at 2.30 p. m. and 7.30 p. m. speaking. The demonstration will be an unique one and one which should attract people from every part of the county. Let every one of our readers be here.

Killed by the Cars.

John Sweet, an Ann Arbor boy, who was brakeman on the Michigan Central met his death Tuesday afternoon by a sad accident. He was coupling cars at the time. The exact particulars of his death are not yet known to his friends. One report has it that he caught his foot in a frog and was unable to extricate it, the bumpers of the cars crushing him. Another report is that the cars caught him by a platform and rolled him along the side of it, crushing him between the sides of the car and platform. He died before he could be taken home. He was a son of Spencer Sweet and was twenty-four years of age. He leaves a wife and one child.

Death of Lewis Gerstner.

Louis Gerstner, the Detroit street baker, died Monday morning of dropsy. He would have been sixty-four years of age, had he lived until the last day of this month. He was born in Wurtenberg, Germany, and came to America in 1852, first settling in Philadelphia He was a tanner by trade as well as a baker, and when in 1855 he came to Ann Arbor, he was employed in the old Weil tannery, until that removed to Chicago, when he started up the bakery business. He leaves a wife and five children, Fred, Will, Kate, Christina and Rickie. He was one of the charter members of the Arbeiter Verein and a man honorable in all his dealings with his fellow men. The funeral services were held at two o'clock yesterday afternoon from his house on Fountain street,

Death of Moses Rogers.

Moses Rogers, one of the pioneers of Ann Arbor, and a man highly esteemed by those who knew him, passed from this scene of earthly existence last Sunday afternoon. He was seventy-eight years of age, and had been ill for some months, his death being caused by general debility. He was born in New York in 1810, and when 21 years of age came to Ann Arbor, which was then a small village. He passed the remaining fifty-seven years of his life here, He first earned his bread in this village in a wagon making shop. Afterward he set up in business for himself and for upward of forty years he has been engaged in selling agricultural implements. He left a wife and one daughter, Miss Kate J. Rogers, the portrait artist. He was a brother of Randolph Rogers, the celebrated sculptor. The funeral services were held at three o'clock Wednesday afternoon and were largely attended.

Baptist State Convention.

The Baptist State convention is in session in this city with a large attendance of ministers. The Baptist Ministers Conference began Tuesday evening with an address by Theo. Nelson, L.L.D., of Saginaw. Rev. F. Adkins, of Tecumseh, was elected president, Rev. E. Chesney, of Bay City, vice-president and Rev. D. M. Cristy, of Ithaca, secretary. Papers were read by Rev, J. L. Cheney, of Ypsilanti, Rev. F. Adkins and Rev. W. C. McCarthy,

The state convention met Wednesday afternoon and in the evening Rev. Dr. E. H. E. Jameson, of Lansing, delivered the annual sermon. The annual report showed that 18 new churches had been organized this year as against 5 last year. Twelve church buildings were erected during the year and nine more are being erected, Forty five ministerial changes took place during the year. The sessions are deeply interesting and some of the discussions quite warm. The session will continue until Sunday.

Peculiar Accident to Two Horses.

Duncan Minzey, who resides in Superior, about half a mile from Dixboro, lost a good farm mare and a valuable three year old colt, under peculial circumstances last week. The horses were in the pasture field for the night; the horse having her head tied down by a rope attached to a front leg so as to prevent her jumping the fences; the colt was loose. When Mr. Minzey went out in the morning he found the horse dead, with its neck broken and the colt with a front leg tangled in the rope attached to the horses neck, The horse was probably grazing and the rope was loose, when the colt placed its front leg in the loop. Unable to extricate itself, the frightened animal started of, throwing the horse and breaking its neck, and dragging it on the ground some seven or eight rods. The rope cut deep into the colts leg cutting the front cords completely off. Our informant stated that the colt would undoubtedly have to be killed. The horse was worth about $125 and the colt about $150.

Card of Thanks.

We desire to express our heartfelt thanks to the neighbors who have so generously and kindly assisted us, and to the young friends that have been so attentive in our recent sad bereavement.

MR. and MRS. F. M. BAIN

A Tribute to Judge Cooley.

The following deserved tribute to Judge Cooley is found in the October Scribners in Arthur T. Hadley's article on "The Railroad in its Business Relations:"

The president was fortunate in his selection of commissioners; above all in the chairman, Judge T. M. Cooley, of Michigan, a man whose character, knowledge of public law, and technical familiarity with railroad business, made him singularly well fitted for the place. The work of the Interstate Commission, like that of its Massachusetts prototype shows how much more important is personal power than mere technical authority. It was supposed at first that the commission would be a purely administrative body, with discretion to suspend the law. Instead of this, they have enforced and interpreted it; and in the process of interpretation, have virtually created a body of additional law, which is read and quoted as authority. With but little ground for expecting it from the letter of the act, they have become a judicial body of the highest importance. Their existence seems to furnisha possibilty for an elastic development of transportation law—neither so weak as to be enefective nor so strong as to break by its own rigidity.

A Grand Mass Meeting.

The largest political meeting ever held in Dexter occurred last Wednesday afternoon and evening. A large pole was raised in the afternoon and a large audience listened to a rousing speech from Louis Boyle. In the evening a grand torch light parade with fire works took place. Over four hundred were in line. Ann Arbor sent a special train with between three and four hundred visitors, including the uniformed Cleveland Guards and the University Democratic Club. The streets of Dexter were lined with people, the rink was crowded and the very able address delivered by Mr. Stearns held the closest attention of an audience which filled the large rink to its utmost capacity. It was an argument replete with logical deductions, carrying conviction even to the minds of republicans. There was an entire absence of appeals to prejudices. Mr. Stearns addressed himself to the reason and his speech did much good. The people of Dexter desire the ARGUS to return their heartfelt thanks to the Ann Arbor democrats for their aid in the highly successful meeting.

Didn't Succeed in Robbing Him.

A dispatch from this city to the Detroit Evening News says:

John Haarer, a respected German business man of this city, had an experience with the bunco men of New York while in that city recently, which he will not be likely to forget. While sitting in his hotel there he was approached by a stranger who introduced himself as a nephew of Christian Mack, president of the savings bank here, and said that he had met Mr. Haarer in the bank while here three years ago. He asked about Chas. E. Hiscock and several others of this city, and soon got into Mr. Haarer's confidence. Under some pretext he got Haarer into his office, a hole in the ground, where he, with some confederates, attempted to play the old lottery game on him, without success, however. Mr. Haarer was seated in a chair and in leaning back discovered that a false partition was back of him. He stood up for a moment and then made a break for the door, but found it locked and a man guarding it. By a little pugilistic argument he soon made this man open the door and took a long breath when once outside. Mr. Harrer firmly believes that the men would have murdered him if necessary to get his money had he not acted promptly. He was met by several gentlemanly strangers who called him by name afterward, but his "Go to—Halifax, darn you," in broad german accents, warned the others to give him a wide berth.

Come Out for Cleveland.

W. G. Roberts, a very intelligent Afro-American of this city, and grand senior warden of the colored Masonic order of this state, has renounced allegiance to the republican party, which has assumed to own the votes of colored men. He comes out with the following letter, which gives one or two of Mr. Roberts' points. Mr. Roberts is a good talker, thinks for himself and is pretty well posted.

ANN ARBOR, Mich., Oct. 10, 1888.

TO THE AFRO-AMERICANS OF MICHIGAN: We have now a contest before us soon to be decided, and the interests of all citizens are involved in this contest. For one, I have renounced all affinity with the republican party, and declare myself a democrat, as all there is in that term means freedom. Reviewing the acts of the republican party, all that I can concede to them is political slavery. I have long since tired of being enslaved. Hence, in the future, I, for one, propose to act for myself. I hope that this article may show some of the colored voters of Michigan where their interests lie. We have been taught to believe that all that has been done for Afro-Americans has been done through the republican party—which is a fabrication. The emancipation of the negro was compulsory as a war measure. Look for a moment at the armistice held at Fortress Monroe. Mr. Lincoln said to Mr. Davis, "I will give you one hundred days to lay down your arms and come back in the union with all your institutions as they were, and we will cease to further prosecute this contest." The republican party seem to think that they have the colored voters under their thumb and can use them as tools. That constitutes mental slavery and I want none of it. There were 6,130 colored voters in the state in 1880 and not one of them has ever been in the legislature or nominated for congress, while all of them are expected to vote the republican ticket, without representation. As so much is being said upon this subject, I cannot refrain from writing this article.

Respectfully yours,
W. G. ROBERTS.

The Supervisors in Session.

The board of supervisors met Friday to listen to the report of the superintendents of the poor, which showed that 158 paupers had been maintained during the year, of which 79 were of American birth; 28, German; 29, Irish; 6, English; 4, Canadian; 2, French; 1, Russian; 1, Swiss; 8, African. The average cost per week of keeping them was $1.37. The poor house farm products are worth $1857.35, the personal property $1049.75 and the farm tools $4722.75.

MONDAY, OCT. 15.—The board met but transacted no business during the forenoon. In the afternoon Supervisors O'Heam, Gardner and Butts were appointed a committee to purchase land adjacent to the jail property.

TUESDAY, OCT. 16.—A large number of civil claims were allowed. Mr. Duncan, from committee to visit the poor house, reported that they found the inmates well cared for and the buildings in a neat and tidy condition, and recommended a vote of thanks to Keeper McCormick and the matron. Bids from the banks were received for deposits. The election of superintendent of the poor was postponed until Thursday. Dr, Darling was appointed jail physician for $50 a year. The Register was awarded $89 for printing supervisors' proceedings. On the ballot for janitor Spencer Crawford received 16 votes, Jefferson Davis 4, blank 1.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 17.—A number of civil claims were allowed.

THURSDAY.—The board elected Chas. H. Kemp, of Chelsea, superintendent of the poor, giving the republicans a representative upon the board. The vote on the informal ballot stood Kempf 11, April 6, Knapp 1, Pond 2, Blank 2. On the formal ballot it was Kempf 16, April 4, Pond 2, Knapp 1.

The equalization committee reported the following equalized values: Ann Arbor city, 1st district, $2,391,669; Ann Arbor city, 2nd district, 1,204,160; Ann Arbor city, 3rd district, 775,000; Ann Arbor town, 1,075,000; Augusta, 516,670; Bridgewater, 808,330; Dexter. 591.660; Freedom, 766,660; Lima, 833,330; Lodi, 983,330; Lyndon, 441,660; Manchester, 1,204,160; Northfield, 775,000; Pittsfield, 1,158,330; Salem, 958,330; Saline, 1,220,000; Superior. 1,000,000; Sharon, 808,330; Scio, 1,425,000; Sylvan. 958,400; Webster, 900,000; York, 971,660; Ypsilanti town, 1,025,000; Ypsilanti city, 1st district, 1,650,000; Ypsilanti city, 2nd district, 558,330; total, 25,000,000.

The basis having been reduced to $25,000,000, it is necessary to take off one-sixth of last year's valuation in comparing. The report adds $141,660 to the 1rst district of Ann Arbor, $67,660 to the second district and takes off $50,000 from the third district, in other words, salting the city for $159,320. What is placed on the city is taken off the country towns in nearly equal proportions. Sylvan being raised $17,000, and one or two other towns slightly.

PERSONAL

Prof. and Mrs. Ellicott Evans are in New York.

Sheriff Lee, of Ionia, was in the city Wednesday

Mrs. Kintner leaves soon for Washington, D. C.

Dr. and Mrs. H. R. Arndt leave for California next week.

Mrs. Jones, of Syracuse, N. Y., is visiting Mrs. Israel Hall.

Mrs. E. B. Hall gave a delightful ladies' reception at her new home.

Miss Rogers, of Chicago, is visiting Mrs. Henry W. Rogers on Huron street.

Mrs. Hattie Hurd and her sister, Mrs. Lee, of Monroe, are visiting Mrs. Geo. S. Morris.

Miss Louisa Gott left Monday for Chicago, where she will engage in wood carving.

Mrs. James Clark, of, Dakota, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Vaughn, on Church st.

George Calhoun, of Clinton, formerly supervisor of Bridgewater, was in the city Wednesday.

Chase L. Dow returned Monday night from a hunting trip in the north, called home on accountof the sickness of his wife.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Walker, Christian Fritz and C, Baluss, of this city, Dr. Keeler, Wm. Spratt and F. Rhodes, of Concord, Michigan, are hunting in the Lake Superior region. C. Dow, who was one of the party until called home by the illness of his wife, reports that the party had shot two deer, when he left them.

One small particle in the eye pains the whole body. Use Warner's Log Cabin Extract. It will cure many a pain.

COUNTY.

Game is plenty about Manchester.

Fred Keenes, of Freedom, is building a new barn.

Mooreville's new school house has been commenced.

Mrs. Henry Briggs died in Lodi, October 10th, aged fifty years.

Austin Durkee is building a new residence on his farm near Milan.

David Russel, who was burned out at Eaton Mills, is restocking his store.

The democrats of Shulte's Corners, in Salem, raised a pole last week.

Mr. Morrice Niles, of Eaton Mills, had a stroke of paralysis recently.

Daniel O'Reilly, of Clinton, is running as mail agent between Detroit and Chicago.

Ex-Senator Jones spoke in Ypsilanti last evening at a large democratic meeting.

The Southern Washtenaw Farmer's club meets at J. P. Lapham's, November 3d.

The Stockbridge fair was not a success this year, either financially or otherwise.

Typhoid fever has been prevalent to some extent in Bridgewater and western Saline.

Walter Bullis will preside in the brick school house in Willis for $275 for nine months.

Miss Anna Zahn died in Saline township, October 4th, of typhoid fever, aged 22 years.

Thirteeu thousand German carp were last week placed in Hiscock lake by Sill & Reeve.

The Smead system of ventilation will be put into the Clinton school house at a cost of $700.

Stockbridge decidedly objects to being called a tamarack swamp, although it admits it looks like one.

John Braun died of typhoid fever, October 6th, at his home in Saline township, aged seventy five years.

George Freeman, an old resident of Eaton Mills, died at his daughter's in Elliott, California September 20th.

Forty additional village lots have been platted at Stockbridge. It must be that village expects to grow.

Grass Lake grain buyers during the recent flurry in wheat ran the price to $1.25 a bushel. It didn't stay there long, however.

Rev. Dr. McCorkle, of Ypsilanti has been appomted one of the trustees of Alma College, the new Presbyterian institution.

Miss Delia Angel, of Salem, died October 4th and the funeral services were held from the Northville church October 7th.

R. W. Trussel, of Milan, put one foot on the other in such a way as to lay himself up for a short time. Trussel steps heavy.

The South Lyon Picket is now known as the Tri-County Picket. For a full fledged republican organ the Picket is doing well.

Rev. Dr. McCorckle, pastor of the Ypsilanti Presbyterian church, has been prevailed upon to withdraw his recent resignation,

Nate Schmid, of Manchester, can now divide his attention between his store and a new daughter which came to his house last Thursday.

The Clinton base ball nine was defeated by the Jackson leage nine by a score of 6 to 1. Rain stopped the game at the end of the fifth inning.

Rev. Mr. Schlessinger, of Bridgewater, will address the Germans of Clinton in the town hall at half past two o'clock, every first and fourth Sunday in each montn.

The Grass Lake News office contains six onions which aggregate seven and a half pounds. How that editor's eyes must have watered when he wrote that item.

Judge Look, assignee of Nicholas Cordary, has closed out the groceries left belonging to that estate, after the numerous attachments, to a firm of Ypsilantians.

Rev. W. T. Beale, of Ypsilanti, told his congregation last Sunday evening how to be rich: "It isn't by borrowing your neighbors paper, when you ought to be taking it yourself.

A union meeting of the Washtenaw Pioneers and the Fraternity Grange were held in the hall of the latter, Wednesday, October 17, when a tariff for revenue or protection was discussed.

All of Manchester's California emigrants do not send back favorable reports of that land of plenty. A. H. Greene, one of Manchester's latest losses, writes from California advising his friends to stay away from there.

Thomas L. Spafard died in Manchester, on Tuesday of last week, aged ninety one years and six months. He was one of Washtenaw's pioneers, having settled on his farm in this county fifty years ago this month.

If the Lake Shore doesn't furnish handsome depots, it does have the decency to put a little paint on its Manchester depot. It might better have built a new one or purchased a barn some place and moved it down to the track for a depot.

An ell is a sluggish creature but it can do considerable damage for all that. One got into the water wheel of the Manchester roller mill, last week, and stopped the machinery. It was three feet long. A mill wheel is an odd kind of an eel trap.

There was a most enjoyable time at the M E. parsonage in Dixboro, last Tuesday night. The people quite generally met in a pound party and with substantial pounds sought to get better acquainted with the new pastor, Rev. H. Palmer, and family. Happy people and happy parsonage.

The Stockbridge Sun knows how it is to have one's help leave without notice. It employed a stranger, a smooth-tougued fellow, who speedily became choirister of the Congregational church in that city. Last week he attended a church conference and lit out for parts unknown, with not previous notice, leaving, the Sun says, a number of dupes in Stockbridge. The Sun got out late, with the help of plate matter.

The Manchester high school has a "statistical cuss," who finds the tallest scholars in that school to be five foot eleven, a boy and a girl each being that high. The twenty three boys aggregate 127 feet 10½ inches in height, and 2,909 pounds in weight, while the twenty seven girls aggregate 143 feet 9 inches in height, and weigh 3,142 pounds. The average age of the scholars is 16 years and 7 months. The prohibitionists have 4 boys and 4 girls, the republicans 9 boys and 7 girls, and the democrats 10 boys and 15 girls.

Munchausen and Tom Ochiltree are nowhere. The Grass Lake News contains the following item: "Last Monday morning while a small knot of men were talking together at the Central depot in Jackson, the peep of a chicken was distinctly heard. Thereupon one of the number opened his vest and in an inner pocket was revealed a chicken jnst hatched and partly in its shell. He reported that he had carried the egg for twenty one days on a ten dollar wager that it would hatch from the natural warmth of his body.

DEXTER LODGE F. AND A.M.

The Tyler, the new Masonic paper of Detroit, contains the following Dexter items:

The Tyler paid a flying visit to Dexter on Friday last, and enjoyed the opening of acquaintance with several of the craft in that pleasantly located little town. They all speak hopefully of the future for their Lodge, and expect this winter to add considerable good timber to their membership list.

The Worshipful and esteemed Past Master, Judge Crane, celebrated his 81st birthday on Friday, and is apparently hale and hearty enough to stand the wear and tear of another twenty years. If the wishest of the brethern of Dexter could govern the matter, Bro. Crane would live longer than Methusalah.

Worshiptul Past Master J. W. Spoor, is looking healthy and enjoys as true an interest in Masonry as he ever did. Bro. Spoor is one of the noblemen of the order, who loves Masonry for its in heren glories and practices its precepts in his daily walk and conversation.

Bro. Ed- Doan is another of the solid pillars of the Craft in Dexter, with whom Father Time is dealing very generously. Our brother has been a Mason these many years, and has never yet seen the time when he felt occasion to regret his connection therewith. He has enjoyed its privileges in the South, where he generally spends the winter, and has good words for the brethern of that portion of our great country. Bro. Doan has a fruit farm in Florida, fortuuately outside the fever belt, and will probably be down there this winter. May every success be his, says the Tyler.

Worshipful Past Master Bro. Cook is taking care of Uncle Sam's interests in the Dexter Postoffice, and is deservedly popular with everybody, and never misses the Lodge meetings.

Bro. Danser is another of the warm-hearted Masons of Dexter we had the pleasure of meeting. He is a busy man, but alwas has time for a brotherly greeting, and takes a deep interest in everything that concerns the Order.

Dexter is a lovely spot, surrounded by as fine farming country as will be found in the state. It is still a good market, though not the busy center it once was.

Bro. Epwin Forbes, who formerly resided near here, has removed with his family to Pinckney, and, we learn, is prospering well.

The Dexter brethern promise to make Detroit a visit in the near future, and exchange salutations with the Craft there.

The poultice which draws out a man's virtues is the sod that covers his grave. If you don't want all your virtues known too soon, regulate your regulator with Warner's Log Cabin Sarsapa-rilla. It makes pure blood which gives sound health. Largest bottlein market—120 doses for $1. Druggists.

Freedom.

[Received too late for last week.]

Farmers are busy gathering apples and making cider.

Mr. J. Buss went to Hillsdale last week to visit friends.

A special school meeting was held at district number three.

A Cleveland and Thurman pole will be raised at the center Thursday, October 18th.

The Freedom boys have organized a democratic horse company consisting of forty-five members.

Mr. M. Schiller and Miss C. Eismen were married last week at the residence of the bride, by Rev. Mr. Martz.

Whittaker.

Jake Gilchrist is building an addition to his house.

Miss Laura Vedder is very sick with typhoid fever.

F. J. Hammond was a Belleville visitor, Wednesday.

Died: Mrs. Geo. Carmichael, of consumption, Oct. 15.

Our farmers are drawing most of their potatoes to Ann Arbor, and report the crop as being very light.

Four of our hunters start for the north woods next Monday, and we have no doubt the game will be very scarce there when they return.

S. D. McNeal, special agent of the Hillsdale Mutual Benefit Association, has been in town this week and succeeded in forming a local board of twelve members.

There is to be a grand democratic rally at Belleville, Saturday afternoon and evening, with speaking by J. Logan Chipman and Wm. C. Mayburry, of Detroit. All are invited to attend.

Willis

S. R. Niles has been very sick for nearly a week with dysentery, but is some better, although not entirely out of danger yet.

Died: Saturday, Oct. 13, of paralysis, Ella, wife of Morris Niles. Mrs. Niles was stricken only a few days ago but never rallied from the shock.

Died: Sunday, Oct. 14, of hemorrhage of the lungs, Horatio Northrup, aged 66 years. Deceased was a prominent farmer of Wayne county and lived at West Sumpter, about four miles southeast of this place. He had been enjoying usually good health until he was attacked a few days ago. He leaves a wife and two children.

Hon. L. R. Brown met with quite a serious accident a few days ago. He was picking apples and missed his footing on the ladder and fell to the ground, about ten feet, striking on his head, severely injuring his back and otherwise bruising him. At last reports he was slowly improving.

Pittsfield.

Relatives from Canada are at present visiting with Mr. C. Curpitt.

Deacon W. J. Canfield took a trip to Ohio last week.

A democratic pole raising took place at the Stone school house Tuesday evening of this week.

Our cider man, J. Fiegel, is hard at work grinding out the apple juice. J. Araz, our other cider manufacturer, will soon begin the business.

Mr. Baumgartner has been shipping onions by the car, from the Junction to Detroit and Cincinnati. Onion men are sick of the job this year on account of low prices.

[From Another Correspondent.]

Regardless of the rain the democracy of the town was well represented at the stone school house on Monday evening last. A fine pole 75 feet high was raised after which the issues of the day were ably discussed by Messrs. McKernan, Manly, Lehman, Boyle and others. The Ann Arbor city band was in attendance and as usual gave satisfaction.

Milan.

Mrs. L. Wilcox is quite ill.

The Milan school is in a flourishing condition.

Mrs. Pinkham spent Friday and Saturday in Ann Arbor.

Miss Nettie Palmer has a lovely stack of millinery this fall.

Mr. A. Holcomb and family have moved near the Union church.

Mrs. Pyle entertained a few of her friends with an afternoon tea Tuesday.

Rain, wind and mud are on the weather program for the last few days.

Mrs. Thompson's mother and sister, from Quincy, Mich., are spending a few days with her.

Methodist tea social at the residence of Mrs. Wallace, Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Dr. Harpar and Mrs. Jay Huntington left for Ann Arbor, Thursday morning.

Rev. J. Huntington is spending the week at Ann Arbor, attending the Baptist convention.

Mr. Ralph Hansor moved from County street to Front street, into Mrs. Davis' house, Tuesday.

The pie and coffee social at the residence of Moses Edwards last week was a very enjoyable affair.

The Baptists give the first musicale of the season at the residence of Mrs. Whitmarsh next week, Friday.

Mrs. G. R. Williams spent a number of days visiting her parents in Ann Arbor, Mr. and Mrs. J. Sprague.

Attorney E. P. Allen, of Ypsilanti, gave his Milan friends a call Wednesday. He is looking hale and hearty.

A FINE PIECE OF
CHEWING TOBACCO
IS INDEED A LUXURY
FINZER'S
Old Honesty
COMES AS NEAR BEING A FINE PIECE OF PLUG TOBACCO AS IT IS POSSIBLE TO MAKE IT

AND IS KNOWN AS A
Standard Brand
AMONG DEALERS
THESE GOODS ARE ON THE MARKET IN ONLY ONE SHAPE, 3x12 FULL 16 OZ. PLUG—THE MOST CONVENIENT TO CUT IN POCKET PIECES OR CARRY WHOLE.
JNO. FINZER & BROS., Louisville, Ky.

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Log Cabins do not appeal strongly to modern notions of social life; they have had their day. But Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla and "Tippecanoe" are as effective today as when the rugged health of the hardy pioneers was maintained by them

---

If you do not want to be robbed of your good name, do not have it painted on your umbrella.

THE SAVAGE WAY.

How the Indian Treats an Injury—Old Time Methods.

The savage is emphatically the child of nature. He lives close to nature, his only education is gained in nature's school.

When the Indian receives an injury, he does not seek a cure in mineral poisons, but binds on the simple leaf, administers the herbal tea, and, with nature's aid, comes natural recovery.

Our rugged ancestors, who pierced the wilderness, built their uncouth but comfortable Log Cabins and started the clearings in the woods, which in time became the broad, fertile fields of the modern farmer, found in roots and herbs that lay close at hand nature's potent remedies for all their common ailments. It was only in very serious cases they sent for old "saddle-bags" with his physic, which quite as often killed as cured.

Latter day society has wandered too far away from nature, in every way, for its own good. Our grandfathers and grandmothers lived wholesomer, purer, better, healthier, more natural lives than we do. Their minds were not filled with noxious isms, nor their bodies saturated with poisonous drugs.

Is it not time to make a change, to return to the simple vegetable preparations of our grandmothers, which contained the power and potency of nature of remedial agents, and in all the ordinary ailments were efficacious, at least harmless?

The proprietors of Warner's LogCabin remedies have thought so, and have put on the market a number of these pure vegetable preperations, made from formulas secured after patient searching into the annals of the past, so that those who want them need not be without them.

Among these Log Cabin remedies will be found "LogCabin Sarsaparilla," for the blood; "Log Cabin Hops and buchu remedy," a tonic and stomach remedy; "Log Cabin cough and consumption remedy"" "Log Cabin hair tonic," for strengthening and renewing the hair; Log Cabin extract." for both external and internal application; "Log Cabin rose cream," an old but effective remedy for Catarrh, and Log Cabin plasters" All these remedies are carefully prepared from receipes which were found after long investigation, to have been those most successfully used by our grandmothers of "ye olden time." They are the simple, vegetable, efficacious remedies of Log Cabin days.

W. R. FULDE,
THE TAILOR,
IS SUPPLIED WITH A FULL LINE OF
Fall and Winter Goods!
WHICH EMBRACE ALL THE
NEWEST NOVELTIES AND BEST STYLES
To be found in the market. Mr. Fulde is a first-class cutter. He does his own work and consequently can guarantee it in every respect and is enabled to turn it out to suit the customer both as regards the cutting, fitting and finishing of the goods. Give him a call.
W. R. FULDE,
Directly over THE ARGUS office, – NORTH MAIN ST.

MY NAME
is as familiar to the people of this city as a household word, still when you see it in print continually it is a reminder that I carry the most
BEAUTIFUL
BEDAZZLING
BEWITCHING
STOCK OF
CARPETS, RUGS, MATTINGS.
HEADQUARTERS FOR LADIES' AND GENT'S
FINE SHOES AND SLIPPERS.
Ladies fine Dongola, patent leather tip shoes. A windmill given away with every pair of children's shoes worth $1.00 or upward. REMEMBER THE PLACE.
JOHN BURG,
NO. 43 SOUTH MAIN STREET.

FOUND! FOUND!
An Elegant Stock of
NEW CROP TEAS.
PURE
SUGARS, SYRUPS AND MOLASSES,
Together with an Extensive Line of
Crockery, Glass, China, Cutlery and Silverware!
ALSO A FULL LINE OF
HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS,
TINWARE AND LAMPS,
Purchased for Cash direct from Importers and Manufacturers.
FRESH : ROASTED : COFFEES!
—AND—
Pure Spices a Specialty.
Edward Duffy,
Corner Main and Ann Street, opposite Postoffice.

MICHIGAN STATE NEWS.

There's a 720 acre tract of valuable hardwood timber, near Perrington, that has hitherto escaped the woodman's ax because the title has been in dispute for the past 50 years. This has finally been settled, and D. T. Smith, a Romeo resident, has purchased it and the primitive forest will be laid low the coming winter.

Sam Thomas, a New Hudson man, who was fooling around the heels of a hard kicking colt, was landed clear across the dark river into the other world by a single blow of colty's hind foot.

A Michigan woman, who resides not more than 1,000 miles from Port Huron, is now living with her fourteenth husband. As she's a lady of excellent health and rugged constitution, the chances are good for her getting into the twenties before life's journey is ended.

A couple of Crumbs, father and son, Jackson county people, went out hunting partridges one day recently for a sick neighbor. The son wasn't an expert marksman, but managed to accidentally shoot his paternal ancestor before they'd bagged any feathered game. The elder Crumb may survive.

Peter Burns, a Kimball farmer, harvested 278 bushels of potatoes from eight bushels of seed. Prolific tubers.

A Grand Rapids woman left her husband because he mildly and meekly intimated that twould be a good idea for her to clean up the house. But he doesn't propose to be baffled in that manner and has already begun divorce proceedings. Here's hoping that he may have better success next time, in catching a neat and orderly frau.

A Luther editor has been presented with a cucumber 22 inches in length. Considering the lateness of the season, that pencil pusher ought to be able to keep cool.

The people who depend upon the cucumber pickle as an appetizer might as well be hunting up a substitute. The great cucumber fields in the vicinity of South Lyon were n. g. this season—too hot in the summer and too frosty in the autumn.

More than 600 students are brightening up at the Ypsilanti state normal school.

There is a 1,000-acre sheep ranch in Alcona county, owned by L. R. Dorr and Robert Reed. That is how they do things in the wild and woolly west.

A Detroit detective was given a reprimand and a $10 fine for harshly handling a lady who objected to having her house searched by the inquisitive official.

The schools and churches have been closed at Clarkston on account of the scarlet fever scourge at that village.

Sherman's general merchandise store at Okemos was burned on the 7th. Odd Fellows hall was also burned. Loss, $4,500; insurance, $3,200.

A train of twenty-nine palace stock cars oaded with Montana cattle, passed through Battle Creek the other day on the Chicago & Grand Trunk. These cars are nicely finished and are fitted up with a view of making the long journey comfortable for the stock transported. The entire distance from Montana to New York is made in four days —regular passenger time.

Detroit now feels sure of that much talked of ten-story building, as work thereon is to be begun at an early date. T'will be a worthy addition to the business blocks of Michigan's metropolis.

The Menominee man who advertised his wife as having left him without provocation and warning people not to trust her on his account, now wishes he had kept quiet. The advertised wife got back at her liege lord by saying that she returned to her father's home to get something to eat and wear, and advised the public not to tust her husband on her father's account.

Sidney Levick has been convicted of robbing a Washtenaw county farmer's house, notwithstanding he was ably defended by a lady lawyer, Mrs. Mary C. Whiting. But there seems to be cases where even a lady's pleading availeth not.

Edward McCaig has been jailed at East Saginaw for obtaining a fellow workman's wages and appropriating the money to his own use. About the most satisfactory way to enjoy money is to honestly earn it 'though there are some people who don't seem to have learned so simple a fact.

A couple of Pawn river boys dug ten acres of potatoes—two car loads—in three and a half days recently. Spray work for boys.

Prof. Hogan, of balloon-parachute fame, has made thirty-seven ariel trips this year, and although he has been bumped several times and nearly drowned once or twice, he still in the ring and ready for bvsiness.

The Michigan wheat crop, according to the October crop report of the state department averages 15.67 bushels per acre, indicating a total yield of 23,581,504 bushels. Of other crops the average yield per acre is: Oats, 35 bushels: Corn, 64 bushels of ears; barley, 28 bushels.

It takes a woman to guess. Miss Margaret Shaw won the $5 offered by a Greenville merchant to the person who should correctly name the number of seeds contained in a pumpkin that was planted in his show window, while the 3,278 other guessers got—left.

The State Dairy association will convene at Jackson some time in February to discuss the bread-and butter question.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Burke, Au Sable people, went out for a call the other evening, and a chap who didn't like them took the opportunity to burn their home, which was worth $1,000. The man who can enjoy that sort of revenge is—well, is no man at all.

The September salt output was a little more than 400,000 barrels, making a total of 3,072,428 barrels for the year to Oct. 1. This is 200,000 barrels less than for the corresponding period for 1887.

Money seems to be moderately abundant in the Saginaw valley, the Bay City and Saginaw banks having $6,000,000 on deposit. That is certainly not a bad showing, especially when we consider the ease with which Canada may be reached.

Martha Strickland, a lady lawyer of Detroit, argued a divorce case before the state supreme court at Lansing on the 9th. 'Twas the first time a lady ever raised her legal voice before that august tribunal. "The world do move."

A partridge flew against a large plate glass window of a Battle Creek store and shattered the costly pane, but the hunters who were scouring the woods of the vicinity on the same day couldn't bag a single bird.

Beware of the deadly gasoline. Mrs. George Weaver, a Hudson lady, was badly burned by the stuff taking fire while she was cleaning some household utensils with it.

A special train on the Gaylord division of the Michigan Central, bearing some of the chief officials of the road, ran into a team at that place, severely, if not fatally, injuring the two occupants of the vehicle.

The Standard Oil company has purchased the Bloomfield Oil company of Jackson, and the Ingalls Oil company of Detroit. Slowly but surely the Standard is getting all its rivals out of the way.

Ishpeming feels a little nervous over the appearance of diphtheria in neighboring towns, since her memories of the dread disease are not pleasant ones.

Hunters are said to be so numerous in the upper peninsula, and so anxious for a "pop" at a deer, that in many places it's actually dangerous for the woodmen and the omnipresent land-looker, who naturally object, under the circumstances, to dying game.

A. P. Varney, an Allegan county farmer, sort o' calculates that he's got the spryest onion land in America. From one acre he harvested 767 bushels of breath perfumers, and this isn't rated as an extra good onion year either.

Al Moore, a well-known Saginaw City druggist, has been arrested for taking $65 from the safe of R. J. Birney, a former employer. A too intimate acqaintanceship with the beverage that intoxicates is said to have led to his downfall.

There's said to be 1,000 churches in the state without a pastor, and fully half that number of ministers who are out of a job. This state of things would seem to indicate a hitch somewhere that ought to be remedied.

A wealthy Grand Rapids man has been hauled up and fined four times since the spring posies bloomed for taking in an overload of firewater, and each time he's been imbued with the idea that would be wise to reform.

East Saginaw has a woman who recently ate four pounds of bananas in fifteen minutes, and she avers her ability to do it again if—she can get the bananas.

East Saginaw property owners aren't exactly happy, because local insurance rates, like the price of wheat, has a decidedly upward tendency, and that, too, just before the advent of a long, cold winter.

A CHICAGO PIONEER DEAD.

The Hon. John Wentworth Passes Away After a Short Illness.

CHICAGO, Oct. 16.—The Hon. John Wentworth, better known as "Long John"—a man as well know as any in the west, died at 7:45 Tuesday morning. About a month ago his general health began to fail and death resulted as above stated. Mr. Wentworth was born in Sandwich, N. H., in 1815. He came to Chicago in 1836 and began the study of law and also to write for The Chicago Democrat, of which he soon became sole owner. In 1841 he attended law lectures at Cambridge, Mass., and on his return was admitted to the bar. Early in 1843 he was nominated for congress and took his seat the following December. He served eight years in succession, and continuing his newspaper as a Democratic organ he found no time for the practice of law. His congressional district then embraced seventeen counties, which he canvassed with a horse and buggy. He refused a re-election but was again elected at the time Franklin Pierce was chosen president.

LONG JOHN WENTWORTH

Although an ardent Democrat he supported Fremont in 1865, and was elected mayor of Chicago by the Republicans in 1857 and in 1861 and acted with that party until 1871. In 1864 he was elected to congress by the Republicans to represent a district including only Cook county.

Mr. Wentworth was six feet and a half in height and proportionately large. He was one of the wealthiest as well as one of the oldest citizens. He participated in the first meeting called to consider the propriety of applying for a city charter and for many years took prominent part in measures pertaining to the welfare of Chicago.

FALL OF A GRAND STAND.

Terrible Calamity at a Big Celebration at Quincy, Ill.

QUINCY, Ill., Oct. 12.—The second day of the Quincy fall celebration ended in an awful calamity Wednesday night in which 150 people were more or less seriously injured. The grand stand at 20th and Hampshire streets, from which an immense crowd was viewing the display of fireworks, collapsed without warning, and the 4,500 or 5,000 poople occupying the seats were precipitated to the ground and buried under the debris. A scene of the most intense excitement ensued. Groans and shrieks rent the air, mingled with shouts and cries of the unhurt. The town is wildly excited and the newspaper offices are besieged by relatives anxious to see the list of injured.

Up to noon Thursday but one death was reported. Hon. A. W. Wells, member of the state legislature, is in a precarious condition, having suffered a dislocation of the thigh, fractured ribs and internal injuries. The 17-year-old daughter of H. A. Vanderboom, has a badly crushed ankle, and amputation will likely be necessary. During the stampede many articles of jewelry and wearing apparel were lost, but most of it has been recovered by the police. The whole city is in distress on account of the sad accident.

ANOTHER WRECK ON THE LEHIGH.

A Freight Crashes Into a Construction Train Killing Many Hungarians.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Oct. 16.—Another terrible accident occurred on the Lehigh Valley railroad Tuesday morning. A construction train was unloading ties at the Tarrant siding near Lost Creek, on the Pottsville branch, when a fast Pennsylvania freight came along and dashed into the construction cars. Of the forty Hungarians, who were at work unloading ties, six were killed outright and twenty-six injured. A brakeman on the Pennsylvania train was killed outright. Twenty of the freight cars were wrecked. It was three hours before help could be procured, and during that time the injured had lost so much blood that it is feared many of them will die. A special train carrying assistance arrived three hours after the accident and the men went to work dressing the wounds of the injured. The killed were horribly mangled. One man was cut into a dozen pieces and his remains were placed in a tool box.

Death of a Millionaire Lumberman.

MENOMINEE, Wis., Oct. 15.—John H. Knapp, president of the great lumber firm of the Knapp, Stout & Co., died here Sunday of cancer of the face. He had been forty-two years the head of the most prosperous lumber concern in the northwest, having accumulated a capital of many millions of dollars. He was born in Elmira, N. Y., March 29, 1825.

Street Car Accident at Cincinnati.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 13.—A train on the Walnut Hill cable and Park hill horse car collided Friday morning. All the cars were wrecked and fifteen persons hurt. Mrs. J. C. Conden was seriously injured and one passenger dumped in the mud. The loss is heavy.

Will Raise the Price of Bread.

NEW YORK, Oct. 16.—At a bakers' meeting last night it was decided to raise the price of loaves heretofore sold for 5 cents to 6 cents.

"You have played the duce with my heart," said a gentleman to a lady partner. "Well," replied the lady, "it was because you played the knave."

Log Cabins are not recommended as model habitations for modern people. But Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla and Warner's "Tippecanoe" are the simple but effective compounds which enable the rugged pioneers to maintain health, and can be safely recommended to all.

What is the difference between an umbrella and a woman? One you can shut up, the other you cant.

Warner's Log Cabin Remedies—old-fashioned, simple compounds, used in the days of our hardy forefather, are "Old timers" but "old reliable." They comprise a "Sarsaparilla," "Hops and Buchu Remedy," "Hair Tonic," "Extract" for External and Internal Use, "Plasters," "Rose Cream," for Catarrh, and "Liver Pills" They are put up by H. H. Warner & Co. proprietors of Warner's Safe Remedies, and promise to equal the standard value of those great preparations. All druggists keep them.

"Here is that little sum that I owe you." "Ah! I had completely forgotten it." "You should have told me that sooner!"

Catarrh is in the blood. No cure for this loathsome and dangerous disease is possible until the poison is thoroughly eradicated from the system. For this purpose, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best and most economical medicine. Price $1. Six bottles $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

In order to make the circuit of the earth, a locomotive would have to run incessantly 30 days; sound must travel 34 hours; a cannon ball, 22 hours; electricity, five seconds; and light, one-tenth of a second.

Sedentary Habits.

In this age of push and worry, the business man and the professional man are alike unable to devote any adequate time of exercise. In the daily round of toil and pleasure, no suitable provision is made for that important function, and the result is that men of sedentary habits become subject to many forms of ailments arising from a torpid or sluggish liver. Constipation, sick headache, billiousness and dispepsia are all due to the improper action of the liver. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets cure these troubles by restoring the liver to its normal condition.

Little Nell—"What church were you married in, grandma?" Grandma—"I was not married in any church, dear. I was a very naugty girl, and ran away with your grandpa." Little Nell—"Mercy me! I'd never run away with such a fussy old gentleman as grandpa."

Defeat is a school in which truth always grows strong. Though your disease baffle your physician, if you put your blood in good order with Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla, you can rely on finally growing well and strong. Pure blood means good health.

Chronic nasal catarrh—guaranteed cure—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

An old bachelor says: "It is all nonsense to pretend that love is blind. I never knew a man in love that did not see ten times as much in his sweetheart as I did.

A Graveyard Cough.

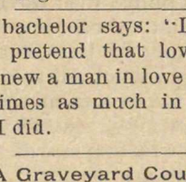
The short, dry, hacking cough, which announces the approach of consumption, has been aptly termed a graveyard cough. The peril is great, and near at hand, but it can be surely averted with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, a botanic remedy, without a peer for pulmonary, throat and liver affections, and for all ailments which, like consumption, have a scrofulous origin, and also for eruptions and sores, indicating impurity of the blood. Druggists all sell it.

"Good luck taps at a man's door once in a man's lifetime," and most men have just gone over to the neighbor's when the knock comes.

When the hair shows signs of failing, begin at once to use Ayer's Hair Vigor. This preparation strengthens the scalp, promotes the growth of new hair, restores the natural color to gray and faded hair, and renders it soft, pliant, and glossy.

Professor(to class in surgery)—"The right leg of the patient, as you see, is shorter than the left, in consequence of of which he limps. Now, what would you do in a case of this kind?" Bright student—"Limp, too."

ST. JACOBS OIL

TRADE  MARK

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN

Sprains and Strains

AFTER NINETEEN YEARS.

THE CASE.

Milroy, Mifflin County, Pa.

Editor of "The World," New York, N. Y.—Dear Sir: The case of Mrs. John Gemmill presents a striking example of suffering and marvelous cure. She has lived in and near Milroy for 80 years, and is 69. In 1864 she was thrown from a wagon, sustaining serious injury to her spine. From that time till 1883 she was a helpless cripple, unable to walk.

THE CURE.

During these long nineteen years of suffering, she found no relief from the numerous remedies she had tried. In 1885 her daughter read the advertisement of St. Jacobs Oil, and she bought two bottles. The Oil was applied, and before the second bottle was exhausted by Mrs. Gemmill, she was able to walk about and has been completely cured. M. THOMPSON, Postmaster.

Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sorethroat, Swellings, Frostbites, Sprains, Bruises, Cuts, Burns, and Scalds.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers Everywhere.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

1st PREMIUM ON EVERYTHING

—AT THE—

WASHTENAW COUNTY FAIR

J. T. Jacobs & Co. would announce to the Public that their Double Store is loaded with goods, and would request a careful inspection of prices and quality.

Our sales have been steadily increasing for the past two years, which is very evident that the people know who carries the best goods for the least money. We call special attention to our immense stock of

UNDERWEAR

We are selling these goods for less than many merchants could buy them.

OUR TERMS ARE STRICTLY ONE PRICE.
EVERYBODY TREATED ALIKE.

J. T. JACOBS & CO.,

27 & 29 MAIN STREET, - - ANN ARBOR.

PROTECTION THAT PROTECTS

—AND—

PROHIBITION THAT PROHIBITS

Are the surest means of securing

FREE TRADE.

We want Protection that Protects from the smooth-tongued person who by misrepresentation sells us shoddy for first-class and imitations for the genuine.

We want Prohibition that Prohibits worthless goods in "showy" packages from being represented as bought below cost, but "equal to the best."

With full confidence between buyer and seller we are assured FREE TRADE.

LEW. H. CLEMENT,

The "Square Music Dealer,"

38 SOUTH MAIN STREET, - - ANN ARBOR,

IS WORKING FOR THIS KIND OF FREE TRADE. Call on him for anything in the Music Line, Pianos and Organs, Etc., and you will not be disappointed.

He sells none but reliable goods and at prices that are increasing his sales every day.

Dissolution of Partnership.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership lately existing between G. Stark, H. Cole, J. Armbruster and E. A. Gartee of the city of Ann Arbor, Mich., under the firm or company name of G. Stark & Co. was dissolved on the 22nd day of Sept., 1888, by mutual consent. All debts owing to the said company are to be received by said G. Stark and E. A. Gartee and all demands on the said company are to be presented to them for payment as they are authorized to settle all debts due to and by the firm and they will be found at the place of business of said late firm where they will continue the same business.

G. Stark.
H. Cole.
J. Armbruster
E. A. Gartee.

Dated, Ann Arbor Sept. 22, '88.

As will be seen from above we will carry on the painting business in the same place, No. 13 E. Liberty, cor. 4th streets under the partnership name Stark & Gartee and would therefore respectfully ask the people of Ann Arbor and vicinity to continue their kind patronage bestowed on the old firm to us and we shall try ourutmost to prove worthy of the confidence placed in us.

G. Stark.
E. A. Gartee.

AN OPPORTUNITY to Make Money!

FOR SALE,

THREE HUNDREDLOTS

In a Missouri town of 2,500 inhabitants, 80 miles west of St. Louis. Also, 100 acres of land in same locality for sale. Also a number of lots in Mexico, Mo., a city of 6,000 inhabitants. An excellent 80 acre farm, 60 miles from Mexico to be

Sold at a Bargain!

$17 per acre with long time given. For particulars call at

13 SOUTH STATE ST.,

OR ADDRESS

LAKEMAN & BARNES

MEXICO, MO.

OYSTERS AND FRUITS

TRY OUR "D. & V."

STANDARD OR SELECT BRANDS OF OYSTERS.

Jersey Sweet Potatoes; Flaccus Fancy Catsup (the finest made); City of Straits Codfish (cut from the largest and genuine Cod); all classes of small Fruits and Vegetables; very best brands of Canned Goods; Nuts (assorted or separate); bulk and Shell Oysters; our full lines of Can Fruits, Vegetables, Fish, Meats Finest Florida Oranges, Lemons, etc., etc., are unsurpassed.

DWYER & VHAY,

Wholesale Oyster and Fruit Dealers.

DETROIT, - MICHIGAN

Children Cry

For PITCHER'S

CASTORIA

A Practically Perfect Preparation for Children's Complaints.

The Ann Arbor Argus.

BEAKES & MORTON, Proprietors.

TERMS—$1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

For President,
GROVER CLEVELAND.

For Vice-President,
ALLEN G. THURMAN.

STATE TICKET.

For Govenor—
WELLINGTON R. BURT.
For Lieutenant Governor—
WILLIAM B MORAN.
For Secretary of State—
THOMAS D. HAWLEY.
For State Treasurer—
JOHN D. NORTON.
For Auditor General—
BARTLEY BREEN.
For Commissioner State Land Office—
SMITH W. FOWLER.
For Attorney General—
ADOLPHUS A. ELLIS.
For Supt. of Public Instruction—
STUART McKIBBEN.
For Member of Board of Education—
CHARLES E. KING.

Registration Notice.

Notice is hereby given that there will be a session of the Board of Registration of the city of Ann Arbor, on Tuesday, October 30, 1888, at the following places.

1st Ward.—A. Sorg's shop, East Washington street.
2d Ward—Wm. Herz's shop, West Washington street.
3d Ward—Agricultural Room, Court House.
4th Ward—Fireman's Hall.
5th Ward—5th Ward Engine House.
6th Ward—6th Ward Engine House.

For the purpose of registering electors for the election of national, state, and county officers to be held Tuesday, Nov. 6th, 1888.

The books will be open from 9 o'clock a. m. until 7 o'clock p. m.

JAS. R. BACH, Recorder.

Democratic Meetings.

CHELSEA—Tuesday, October 25.
Hon. Lester H. Salsbury.

HUDSON—Tuesday, October 23.
Hon. J. Willard Babbitt.

LIMA TOWN HOUSE—Wednesday, Oct. 24. Hon. J Willard Babbitt.

MOOREVILLE—Thursday, Oct. 25.
Hon. J. Willard Babbitt.

FREEDOM—Friday, Oct. 26,
Hon. Willard Stearns.

SALINE—Saturday eve., October 20.
Hon. Willard Stearns.

SHARON—Friday, October 26, afternoon, Willard Stearns.

BALL'S SCHOOL HOUSE—Monday, Oct. 22. M. J. Lehman and M. J. Cavanaugh.

WHITTAKER—Friday, October 26.
L. H. Salsbury.

THAT BAKER CONSPIRACY BILL.

The Courier having called the attention of the working men to the Baker conspiracy bill, and Allen's record upon it being so opposed to the interests of the laboring man, it is well to keep in mind his record upon that subject. That the point we made last week hit home, is shown by the fact that even the Courier says that if what we said is true, the ARGUS scored "a most excellent point." Well, it is true. The House Journal of 1877 will show how Allen voted. Ask A. J. Sawyer, if you want to know, if Allen didn't vote for the Baker conspiracy bill. Ask E. B. Norris. He was a member of the legislature at the time. He tried to induce Allen to vote against the bill and heard his speech made in favor of it. Go up to the University library and ask for the House Journal of 1877, turn to page 232 and see Allen's name recorded in favor of the Baker conspiracy bill. This is matter of official record. It is not mere unsupported newspaper talk. Anybody who doubts our word can easily verify it. The point we score possesses the element of truth. Hence, according to the Courier, it is a most excellent one.

The laboring men of the country are now striving to have their rights protected by national legislation. Bills will be introduced at the coming congress to effectually shut out the importation of foreign contract labor so that the millionaire manufacturers can no longer force their men to take starvation wages or replace them with foreigners, brought over here under contract to work for the wages prevailing in their own countries. Bills will be presented for the settlement of labor difficulties by arbitration and in other ways, so that the rights of the people may be secured. No one can doubt how Stearns will be found on these questions. Allen's official record places him against the laboring men. Will they trust him to legislate for them in the light of his past record?

Why do the laboring men petition for the repeal of the Baker conspiracy act in this state if it is not designed to place them at the mercy of the gigantic corporations? Why should they let a man go to congress, where such important legislation will be presented in their interests, if he has shown himself their enemy by his official acts while a member of the state legislature? We don't believe the laboring men will be found with Allen in this campaign. His record speaks too loudly. And we don't believe that prominent Ann Arbor republican was right, when he stated that "there were not enough laboring men in this district to make very much difference anyway." Let Stearns' majority tell whether their votes have weight or not.

GERMANY—THE REPUBLICAN MODEL.

Republican campaign speakers make much of what protection has done for Germany, in building up manufactures, stimulating commerce and raising her to high rank among commercial nations. In glorying in her prosperity, and in the same breath predicting calamity to our people, and especially to our mechanics and laborers, they forget to tell their hearers that the German tariff has not raised the wages of the German artisan and laborer to the level of the wages his fellow "pauper laborer" gets in free trade England, and that none of them have become bloated aristocrats, bond holders, or land monopolists, if any of them have indeed, as in free trade England, become the owners of the modest homes in which they live. They also forget to say that even the German protectionist is too wise to lay a revenue tax on raw material, which simply hampers the manufacturer at the beginning of his process, and assures to the consumer a doubly taxed fabric. If they were honest, they would make it known to their hearers and deluded followers that Germany levies no import duty on raw wools, and that her law-makers, protectionists as they are claimed to be, even consider yarns as raw material and admit them free of duty. Would not the exercise of a little of the same horse sense in legislation give new prosperity to our woolen manufactures, and at the same time better and cheaper clothing to our mechanics and laborers?

The same republican speakers insist that the German laborers come to this country to reap the benefits of our protective system. Perhaps they come for other reasons,—as protection by taxation on imports, there and here, ought to balance and offset each other, at least if levied on the same principle; and levied as they are, raw material being exempt in Germany, ought to induce the German artisan and laborer to stay at home. Do not the other taxes—not so great a blessing in republican eyes as impost taxes—have something to do with the stampede? A letter from an Ann Arbor boy, now in Germany, details these taxes something as follows:

1. Six marks ($1.50) monthly on $1000, called "class tax." The same on greater amounts, but called "income tax."
2. Gewerbe, or tax on business.
3. City tax.
4. Rent tax—8½ per cent by the tenant on the rent he pays.
5. Church tax—to be paid whether an attendant upon the established church or not.
6. District tax — for roads and public buildings.
7. Dog tax—from 3 to 20 marks annually.

And the correspondent adds, "No wonder the people are poor." Taxation is evidently not considered a blessing, and disguising it under the name of protection to some favored industry, infant or antiquated, skilled or unskilled, cannot make it so, either in Germany or in the United States

The high tariff of Germany does not insure high wages to the German weaver, calico printer, or shoemaker, nor does it give the mill owner or employer cheap fabrics to place on the market. The daily or weekly product of a German workman in factory and shop is so much less than that of a workman in a Massachusetts mill or factory that the labor cost of the completed cloth or shoe is less in Massachusetts than in Germany, despite the pauper wages of the protected German operator. In Germany one weaver attends from one to three looms, in the United States six, and the product at Lowell excels in the same proportion. David A. Wells, whose facts and conclusions are undisputed, says: "In Germany, at such places as Erfurt, where wages of the workingmen employed in the boot and shoe industries reach the lowest point, and are less than one-half the average American rates, the labor cost of a similar shoe is nearly 100 per cent greater, and the earnings of the German shoemaker are less than one-half what they are in Massachusetts." And Mr. Wells also shows substantially the same results in considering other industries. These being facts, patent to all, need the American mill and factory worker have any fear of a cut in wages in the event of the Mills bill becoming a law? E. B. P.

FOR THE GOOD OF THE SERVICE.

The Adrian Times and Congressman Allen concocted a boomerang last week. They had an old letter from the war department revamped, a fac simile made of it and copies sent to the republican papers of the district. The Courier had the honor of publishing it here. The Adrian Press, of which paper Mr. Stearns is the proprietor has this all sufficient answer to make in its last issue.

The editor of the Times reviews the war record of Mr. Stearns, and publishes a fac simile of a letter received in 1876 from the war department relative to his resignation.

In 1876 a correspondent charged that Mr. Stearns "resigned for the good of the service" and dare not deny it.

Mr. Stearns made an emphatic denial, and Applegate wrote to the war department through Zach Chandler. A reply was received stating that the files showed that Lieut. Stearns resigned at the request of the Col. commanding and that the resignation was accepted "for the good of the service."

This is correct.

Mr Stearns resigned at the request of Col. Brown.

It is well known that the reason for the request was a personal quarrel. Stearns had been given a sick furlough, but it reached him just as he was able to join his company. He came home and requested permission to do recruiting service, but was refused the request and ordered to return on expiration of his furlough.

He devoted his time, however, to recruiting and at his own expense. He was assisted ably by Baker Cole, a corporal of the company. They induced a large number of new recruits from Rome and Franklin to join the 11th Cavalry, and many wished to go in Co. H, Mr. Stearns company, as the Franklin recruits had nearly all been former pupils, and the Rome boys wished to be with Lt. Clark W. Decker.

Capt. H. Bowen was in poor health and contemplated resigning. The company had been reduced by death and sickness, until there were not the requisite number left to warrant the muster of a captain. It was with a view of getting a full company that Lt. Stearns induced the new recruits to join Co. H

On arriving in camp with the men 16 Rome boys entered Co. A. The balance, something like 35, joined Co. H.

The next day they started on a march for Saltville. They were put upon the role of Co. H, furnished arms and accoutrements by Capt. Bowen and went upon the raid. They participated in the battles of Bowen's farm and of Saltville, at the latter place Co. H and Co. L being under command of Lieut. Stearns, Capt. Bowen having one detail and Lt. Decker another, doing other service.

Lt. Stearns had command of the company on the retreat at the time of the fight in the mountains and was specially detailed by Col. Mason then commanding the regiment, to command the rear battallion, with orderly W. H. Flemming, of Co. H to assist, and he was by the side of the gallant Col. Mason when he was killed, on the final charge on the mountain.

When the regiment reached Lexington some six weeks after, an order was issued, assigning those new recruits of Co. H to other companies. Brothers were separated, and friends and tent-mates parted.

Their indignation was great, and they charged W. Stearns with selling them.

He took the boys in charge, went directly to headquarters and laid the case before Col. Brown and pleaded for a revocation of the order, but was imperiously ordered back to his quarters and informed that the Col. commanding did not desire any of his interference.

This convinced the boys that Lt. Stearns had not consented to the work, but that the Col. had done it to prevent his muster as captain.

Lt. Stearns appealed to Gen. Burbridge for redress, but was advised that while he admitted the justice of the request, he did not wish to revoke the Colonel's order.

Lt. Stearns, subsequently made use of some very bitter language regarding the Col. He had been a warm supporter of Gen. McClellan, and as war correspondent of the Free Press, had scored Brown and the latter was bound to ruin him if possible.

Stearns was summond to headquarters and questioned as to whether he had reported the Col. as being too full of whiskey, to do his duty.

Mr. Stearns said he made that statement. Then came a war of words in which Lt. Stearns denounced Brown as a coward, drunkard, liar and dirty dog, and dared him to take off his eagles, and settle the matter then and there.

This gave Brown the opportunity he desired. He gave Stearns the choice of resigning or being court-martialed. Mr. Stearns at first refused to resign, but there was no alternative. When asked to give a reason, he replied he had none. It was finally agreed that the reason be "at the request of the Colonel commanding." The colonel, of course, could accept it for just such a reason as he chose.

Mr. Stearns never regretted his action. It was a fight then for his boys and his rights. No one but a brutal, cowardly officer would have so insulted Co. H, and the insult could not go unnoticed. Mr. Stearns now regards his denunciation of Brown, as an act that he would again repeat, and he is proud of the part he played in defence of the private soldier. If the Times has no stronger claim against his war record, it better not repeat the story to the 11th Cavalry boys, many of whom live in this campaign.

The way to break up trusts is to take off the tariff.—Geo. S. Wheeler.

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THE TWO SAMS.

Our New Store a Perfect Model.

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The Largest, the Best and at Lower Prices than ever before.

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We have the largest stock of Fine Overcoats, Medium Overcoats and Low Priced Overcoats in the State. Come and give our stock an inspection. We have the best lighted store in the city or in the State. An entire room devoted to Ovorcoats alone.

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Remember we shall sell every article this year for less money than ever before. Farmers, Mechanics and Laboring Men, we must have your trade.

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Remember we are going to give you bargains this year. Every article the best and at Lowest Prices. Remember, too, we are the

Only Strictly One-Priced Clothiers

IN ANN ARBOR.

THE TWO SAMS.

SEE OUR CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

OUR farmer readers will remember that the ARGUS published an article at the time wool buying began this season telling them that if they held on to their wool, they would find it bringing thirty cents. The facts of the case were, as we stated, the eastern wool buyers were taking advantage of the farmers to buy their wool at as low a price as possible. They wanted to make what money was to be made out of wool. The article which was first published in the Adrian Press was vigorously criticised by the republican press, notably by the Michigan Farmer. These republican papers were interested in having the price of wool low, so that they might gain the votes of the farmers who could have the wool pulled over their eyes. Behold the result. According to the Michigan Farmer of last Saturday, No. 1 Michigan wool has sold at 36 @ 37 cents in the eastern market and Michigan x at 27½ @ 28 cents, and the Farmer further says: "The eastern markets are decidedly firm in the basis of present quotations and an advance in values seems more probable than a decline at present." And further on, it says that "prices are likely to be higher." All of which goes to show that the Adrian Press knew what it was writing about and that if the farmers of this county had taken the advice given in these columns, it would have been money in their pockets. Washtenaw farmers can thank the scare, which the republican party attempted to raise, for the temporary low price of wool, and they can best show that party what they think of the loss of their money by voting for Cleveland and Thurman. As has been proven beyond dispute in these columns, the price of wool has been higher under free wool than it has under a protective tariff. Wool has fallen below thirty cents only under such a high tariff. It is to the interest of farmers to keep it above thirty cents. And therefore they should vote for Cleveland and Thurman.

Art Loan Exhibition.

At Detroit Sept. 1 st. to Nov. 15th. One fare for round trip with 25 cents additional for admission via. the Michigan Central railroad. Tickets sold on Thursday of each week until Nov. 15.
34—44 H. W. Hayes, Agent.

HUGH MCCULLCH, Secretary of the Treasury under Presidents Garfield and Arthur.—The existing duties upon raw materials which are to be used in manufactures should be removed.—Annual Report, 18884. Mr. Cleveland has marked out a course which can safely be followed.—Dec., 1887.

A Sound Legal Opinion.

E. Bainbridge Munday, Esq., County Att'y, Clay Co., Tex., says: "Have used Electric Bitters with most happy results. My brother also was very low with Malarial Fever and Jaundice, but was cured by timely use of this medicine. Am satisfied Electric Bitters saved his life."

Mr. D. L. Wilcoxson, of Horse Cave, Ky., adds a like testimony, saying: He positively believes he would have died, had it not been for Electric Bitters.

This great remedy will ward off, as well as cure all Malarial Diseases, and for all Kidney, Liver and Stomach Disorders stands unequaled. Price, 50c, and $1, at Eberbach & Son's.

"See here, my friend, your dog killed three sheep of mine last night, and I want to know what you propose to do about it?" "Are you sure it was my dog?" "Yes." "Well, I hardly know what to do. I guess I better sell him. You don't wan't to buy a good dog, do you?"

"We Point with Pride"

To the "Good name at home," won by Hood's Sarsaparilla. In Lowell, Mass., where it is prepared, there is more of Hood's Sarsaparilla sold than of all other medicines, and it has given the best of satisfaction since its introduction ten years ago. This could not be if the medicine did not possess merit. If you suffer from impure blood, try Hood's Sarsaparilla and realize its peculiar curative power.

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SERVED IN ANY STYLE IS AT

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WE KEEP THE FINEST SELECTION OF

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CIGARS, CIGARETTE, AND TOBBACCO,

IN THE CITY.

WANT COLUMN.

LOST—A roll of carpet on the road between Salem and Ann Arbor. Reward given to finder. L. C. Thayer, 14 N. Thayer street, Ann Arbor. 41

WANTED.—The service of a competent nurse can be had by addressing Lizzie C Parsons, Hamilton block. 41--43

FOR RENT—A barn on South Fifth Street. Inquire at ARGUS office.

TO RENT.—A part of a large convenient house. Also unfurnished rooms, corner of Jefferson and Division streets. Inquire at 47 Division. 37tf.

FOR SALE—New house of eight rooms 48 Miller Ave. Inquire of Wm. Gerstner, No. 3 Detroit street. 37tf.

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WANTED—A young man with experience in the grocery business to clerk in store. Must be a good accountant. Address drawer D post office.

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FOR SALE—House and lot on East Catherine street cheap. Inquire up stairs over Fred Brown's saloon, Main street.

TAR WALKS.—I make and repair tar walks, also do teaming. Orders will be promptly attended to. Address C. M. Thompson, P. O. Box 1846.

FOR RENT, Several Very Desirable PIANOS, in Excellent Condition.—Apply at the ARGUS Office. 48tf

FOR RENT—A modern house with furnace, gas and water accommodation, in fine location. For particulars apply at 21 North University avenue. 16 tf.

WANTED—A competent girl for general house work, in a private family. Enquire at No. 2 Forest ave., cor. Washtenaw. 41-43

FOR SALE—Several very desirable building lots located in different parts of the city on monthly installments or long time. Apply to Hudson T. Morton,

A FACT WORTH REMEMBERING

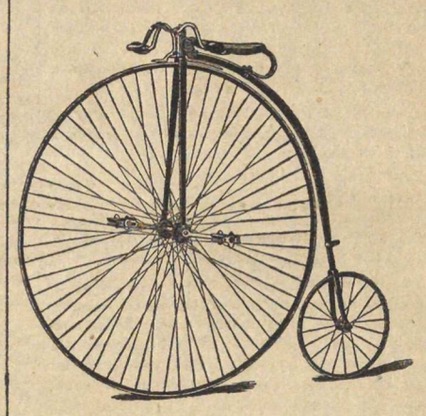
That of the 164 wheels in the run of the Ohio Wheelmen around the triangle, Ann Arbor, Saline and Ypsilanti, on Tuesday, July 24, 88 wheels were Columbias, made by the Pope M'f'g Co., of Boston.

More Columbia Wheels

Than all other makes combined.

SIGNIFICANT FACT,

the "why" of which it will pay all intending purchasers of a bicycle to examine into.



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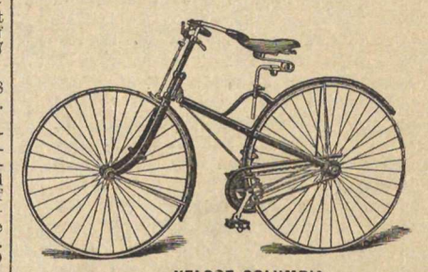

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HENRY PAUL, ADMINISTRATOR.

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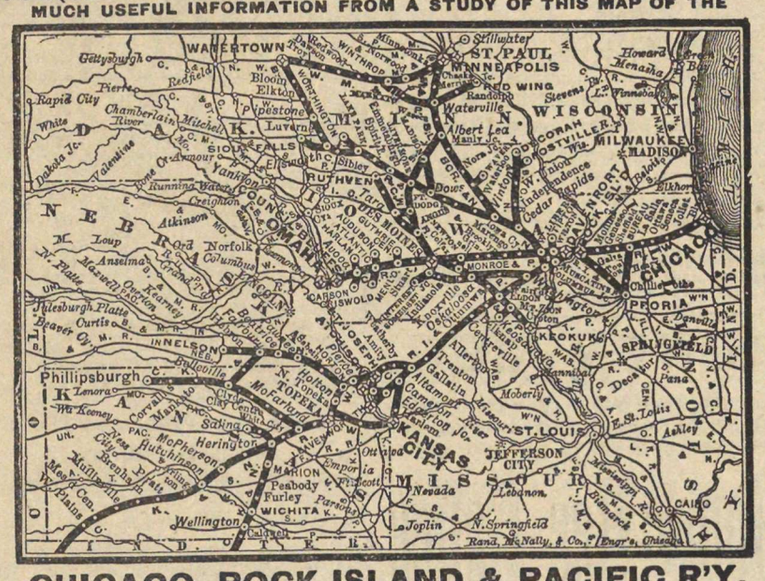
A MAN

UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY WILL OBTAIN MUCH USEFUL INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF THE



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The Belle of San Miguel.

By FORBES HEERMANS.

It was down on the Pecos that Capt. Dick Mosier first met and adopted him. Capt. Dick was riding over from the X Bar X ranch to the Barzee, of which he was the general manager, one pleasant morning in October, and had just reached the ford by the Laberde grant, intending to cross the river, when upon the opposite bank he spied a stranger. A citizen of New Mexico approaches his fellow man with caution. Almost the first thing an acquaintance with the best society in that country teaches him is narrowly to inspect a chance comrade, and to loosen his pistol in its holster when coming within range. And so, before starting his horse into the water, Capt. Dick had a look at the man across the stream.

The two were not very far apart—fifty yards or so, for the Pecos was not wide there—and at that distance Dick saw that the other was a tall, gaunt man of about 50. His face was partly hidden behind a thin, scraggy beard that grew randomly out of a dark, sun burnt skin; a tangled forest of hair hung from his chin, while his cheeks were like the open prairie, with only an occasional sage brush spear to break the monotony. The narrowness of his face was accentuated by two small eyes, set in close to either side of a thin, pointed nose; and his head covering still further exaggerated this effect, for in place of the customary sombrero he wore a small, knit skull cap that fitted tight to his head. This cap had once been black, but the sun and the rain had faded it until it had become a rusty brown, and so near the color of his clayey hair that at a glance he appeared to be bareheaded. Altogether the first impression he created was his resemblance to a straight line—length without breadth or thickness. But he seemed harmless enough, and Capt. Dick started to cross the river, giving his bronco a needless touch with the steel to hasten him. When he reached the bank, and halted there a moment, the stranger gravely saluted him, and said slowly:

"Mornin' cap—it's 'bout 'leven o'clock, ain't it?"

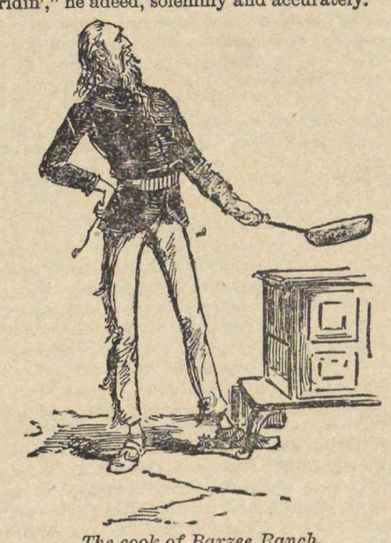
A nearer view disclosed several things that Dick had not noticed before—his dress for one thing. A ragged, faded velveteen jacket ineffectually covered the upper part of his person, while his lower limbs were cased in a pair of heavy leather "shapps." They had evidently been made for a much shorter man than their present owner, for there was a yawning gap between the lower ends and the deer skin moccasins that covered his feet. He was armed cap-a-pie, with a Winchester carbine over his shoulder, a heavy Colt's forty-five revolver and a knife at his waist, and enormous rusty spurs, with jingling chains on his feet. His saddle had once been a gorgeous affair of stamped leather, with silver trimmings, one a grandee might have used; but now it was tattered and torn, hopelessly beyond respectability. The leather was worn away in huge patches and the naked wood of the tree appeared unblushingly in sight. The horse matched the saddle and the rider. Altogether the stranger looked like a bandit who had been unfortunate in business, yet his smile was cherubic in its sweetness.

"If you're goin' to Santy Rosy, we might ride 'long together," he said in a mild voice, and, although Dick much preferred to go alone, he assented and they rode on.

"I heard tell down to the Cross Circle Diamond ranch that they was wantin' a cook up to the Barzee," the stranger said, slowly, "so I just pulled my freight to strike the job. Know if it's so?"

"Yes, it is so," Dick answered; "I'm from the Barzee myself. Can you cook?"

"Yes," he said, slowly; "I kin cook, if you ain't too perticler. I ain't fond of cookin', but I kin do it. I kin fry beef, make a tol'able sallyratus biscuit, an' a middlin' fair pie outen most anythin'. But I ain't enjoyed cookin' much since I reformed. I used to be as bad as any of 'em," he continued, leaving Dick in some doubt as to whether he referred to his cooking or his morals, "but I seen th' error of my way an' stopped on th' brink. I got religion"—he spoke of it as if it were an article he had purchased—"I got religion with a feller I was herdin' sheep with down on the Gallinas four year ago. He let me into the ways of the righteous an' I'm walkin' in the straight path now an' forevermore. Leastways, I'm walkin' when I ain't ridin'," he adeed, solemnly and accurately.



The cook of Barzee Ranch.

They soon reached Santa Rosa. Capt. Dick had to stop there a short time on business with the blacksmith and the harness maker (the two were one in Santa Rosa), and so, riding up in front of the Maverick Inn, he dismounted. His new friend called after him:

"I reckon I'll just nachally wait 'round till you come out, an' look over the sights."

A half hour later Dick walked out to his horse, drawing on his gloves preparatory to mounting, and then discovered that his new companion had a weakness. In the language of Governor Walker, "he was gellorious." He had employed his half hour well, and he stood at that moment leaning heavily against a post and singing in lugubrious and wavering tones:

"Touched with a sympathy within,
How weak our feeble frame."

Dick was puzzled at first to know what to do with him. He had previously determined to take him to the ranch, for he did need a cook there, yet when he saw his condition he hesitated. Not just because the man was drunk, looking from a moral standpoint, but because, being drunk, he was difficult of transportation. But Dick knew that a cowboy can often ride when he cannot walk; so with a little assistance he rolled the stranger into his saddle and the two started. For the first few miles they proceeded on a walk; then, as the stranger grew slightly sober, and his seat in the saddle became more assured, they broke into a trot and were riding at this gait when, making a sudden turn in the road, around the point of a mesa, they came upon a herd of burros, driven by three Mexicans; two boys and an old man. These hurriedly scattered out of the way, and as the two riders rattled by, the old man saluted them with a respectful: "Buenos dias, senores!"

They had passed them but a few yards when Dick's companion pulled up, and turning to him, said with drunken gravity:

"Did ye see tha' greaser make face 't me? He 'sult me, an' I'm goin' t' rebuke 'im," and he unslung his rifle.

"No, no! he didn't make a face at you," Dick said, endeavoring to quiet him; "that was at me."

"Thas' all ri', but ain't you goin' t'ave sas'fas'hun?"

"No, not now; to-morrow, perhaps."

"Thas' all ri', but you're my frien' an' goo' f'ler, an' I'll 'ave sas'fas'hun for you," and before Dick could stop him the stranger threw his rifle to his shoulder and fired. It was a chance shot, of course, but it was a true one, and down went the old man and the burro he was riding, both apparently dead. The avenger of his honor looked smilingly at Dick, and then at his victims, lying in the dust, and said pleasantly: "Th' man t' wont do that fur fren ain't worth name o' man. How's that fur a shot, eh?"

Dick was seriously alarmed, for not only did he realize the sin of killing an unarmed man, even in New Mexico, but he knew the fellow countrymen of the victim would work reprisals on him by stealing his stock and annoying his men in every possible way. And he was still more disturbed when he saw his companion preparing to shoot again.

"Hold on!" he cried; "you've killed him; that's enough. You'd better get out of here now, as quick as you can."

"Killed him all ri', on'y he ain't th' one. Here goes fur 'nuther—wash th' lill f'ler jump." And Dick had just time to strike up the muzzle of the rifle when it was discharged again. Then, in desperation, he seized his companion's bridle, and facing him down the road, laid his "cuert" smartly over the horse's back, and in another moment they had rattled out of sight around a turn in the road. It afterwards turned out that the burro was killed, but the Mexican was unhurt beyond a very bad fright.

That evening the men sat around the fire in the bunk room at the ranch house, talking and passing the time as usual. The new arrival had been installed as cook, with a monthly compensation of $40 and board, and he was at that moment in the kitchen attending to his duties. Jim Carroll, the foreman—who was popularly believed to possess fine literary acquirements, shamefully wasted in cow punching—was quite taken with the cook's appearance and with Capt. Dick's adventure of the morning, and he declared that henceforth the newcomer should be known as Don Quixote de Santa Rosa, which name was adopted by acclamation, and promptly shortened to Don.

Day by day the men learned to like the Don. He had such a modest way about him; he was never blustering, never profane, but always quiet and cheerful. He was not didactic or puritanical, but he had a singular habit of interspersing scriptural selections through his conversations that at first was very puzzling to the men. He did this without the slightest notion of the incongruity, or of the unpleasant effect it had on some, for he did it all in a deeply reverent way. He never drank again, and was deeply mortified at his one unfortunate lapse. It is true he could not cook—true, indeed, that he made worse failures than any cowboy ever made before—but, somehow, no one could find fault with him.

"Them biscuits hev got consid'able sallyratus in 'em, I expect," he used to say, apologetically, as he daily laid a pan of heavy, saffron colored lumps of dough on the table, "but it seems to take a heap of it t' operate on this flour. I cal'late there's four parts sallyratus to three of flour—fear ye not death—but you won't mind it with a little raw onion and plenty o' salt."

His mode of cooking beef, too, was darkly mysterious. There would appear on the table, three times a day, a dingy, blackened pan, filled with a something or other, floating in melted grease, and as the Don laid it down he would smile benevolently, seeming to say that no one could guess what that contained, not if he were to try a week.

"Th' foundation fur it is fried beef," he would say, "but there is other things in it fur to give it twang—I bring ye good tidings of great joy—such as chopped pertaties an' pork. It's got consid'able nourishment into it, though it don't look so very good."

One day there was great excitement at the Barzee—the Don had been there about four months then—for a neighbor rode up and reported that there was to be a dance the next night at the "Widder Davis'," four miles up Los Tanos.

The "widder" was the relict of the late Jim Davis, who came to an untimely end some five years before by reason of the pistol's missing fire. Besides the "widder," Davis had left behind him a son and a daughter. The son was a harum scarum fellow, even for a cow puncher; the "widder" was admitted to be a rustler. As for the daughter, Mirandy, she was the belle of San Miguel county. Few who saw her could resist her fascinations. She was none of your sickly, wee things; that kind does not flourish on the frontier. No, Mirandy was stout, strong and handsome withal. And yet, frontier born and bred though she was, she had all the coquettish ways that some think are only acquired by a society training, but which are, in truth, as much a part of woman's make up as her back hair. It was a liberal education to see Mirandy modestly drop her eyelids when one of her admirers was touching on dangerous ground, or to hear her say, "Get along now, Bill, or I'll lam ye," and to note the stalwart cuff she administered to Bill if he attempted to steal a kiss. Admirers she had by the score, suitors by the dozen, but never an accepted lover among them all. She was believed to be heart whole and fancy free, a condition which added an indefinable charm to her society.

Of course, such an event as a dance was hailed with pleasure, and every one at once made ready. There was a greasing of boots, and a polishing of spurs, and a dusting of clothing all that day and the next. The time for starting was impatiently waited, but at last it came, and the party was off—a cavalcade of six, including the Don. The dance did not differ greatly from the usual affairs of that kind. No one was shot, no one was even physically hurt, but there was one of the party who was apparently wounded in a serious way. I refer to the Don, and the Don's very susceptible heart. The attentions that he lavished upon both the widder and Mirandy that night were the cause of much remark. With what grace did he lead the matron out on the floor, and take his place at the head of the reel; with what a stately bow did he salute her, as the accordion and fiddle struck up "Money Musk;" with what ease and dignity did he guide his buxom partner down the middle, his huge spurs and chains playing a jingling accompaniment to the music, and then, when the dance was over, how gallantly did he lead her to a seat and hurry to get her some negus. To see him you'd have thought he was a carpet night born and bred, instead of the cook of the Barzee ranch.

And then, when he appealed to Miss Mirandy for the favor of her hand in the bolero, how cleverly he showed his versatility. With the dame he had been dignified; with the maiden he was as agile and graceful as Jose Garcia, the handsome young Mexican, said to be the best dancer and the worst liar in San Miguel county. The other dancers paused to watch the two as they swayed and pirouetted to the music, and when, at last, they stopped, cheered them rightly heartily.

It would be worth a good deal to you could you have seen the gallant way in which the Don led his breathless partner to a seat, and stood by her side, fanning her with a huge palm leaf that raised such a breeze in the room as to blow out one of the lights. And not the worst part of it all, either, was to see the savage scowl that came over Jose Garcia's swarthy face at finding himself beaten by a cook. The Don treated Joes's ill humor with the haughty disdain that it merited—and led out Mirandy to supper.

"Money Musk."

As they rode back to the ranch after the ball was over, the Don was the only silent one in the party. He was evidently turning something over in his mind, and gave no heed to what was said to him, though Jim Carroll swore that he heard him mutter to himself something about maiden's tears and lover's fears, and so it was promptly agreed that the Don was in love.

The effect of his new attachment became at once noticeable in his cooking. Instead of the biscuits having four parts saleratus to three of flour, the proportion became as five to two. His "Irish stew" degenerated into something beyond belief or description; his dishes were never washed. "I don't want you waddys to git too blame finicky—take no thought 'bout what ye shall eat," he explained.

"Look here, Don!" roared Jim one morning, as the Don absent mindedly emptied a pot of boiling coffee on his wrist; "what d'ye mean? I ain't a cup!"

"I know it, Jimmie, I know it," said the Don, mildly; "fight ye the good fight—I'll make some more in a minute," and Jim had to be contented with that apology.

Every evening after supper the Don would mount Rozinante and ride away to court his Dulcinea del Tanos. No one ever knew what time he returned, but he always had breakfast—of a certain kind—ready by sunrise. He was extremely reticent about his affairs and gave no hint concerning them, nor could the men judge from his manner how he prospered. It wasn't even known whether it was the mother or the daughter he sought.

But one morning he appeared at breakfast looking but the battered wreck of his former self. Dark circles of black framed his eyes, and one was swollen shut. His velveteen jacket was torn up the back and a sleeve was gone. His right wrist seemed to be sprained and he limped as he walked. He received the chaffing in silence.

"Hullo, Don!" cried Rube, "what's up? Widder must hev bin extry 'fectionate last night."

"It's all along of his bronk, that is," said Shorty. "He's bin feedin' it some of his cussed sallyratus biscuit on the sly, till the beast got to feelin' so good it most kicked the head off'n him."

The Don resolutely refused to disclose the cause of his dilapidated appearance, and went about his duties wearing a piece of raw beef tied over his eye, but otherwise as if nothing unusual had happened. But that evening, instead of mounting Rozinante and riding away, he took his seat by the fire, and briefly told his story.

"It'll set your minds at rest, maybe, if I tell you 'bout it," he said, "an' so I cal'late to do it. That night—spell ago—when we went over to the Davis' to the dance, I was quite took with the looks of Mis' Davis an' Mirandy, an' I says to myself—like as not you need convertin', most every one does in this country—an' for brass will I give you gold, I says, yea, much gold, says I. Well, last night a young feller rode up an' got off'n his horse an' come in. The widder didn't seem to shine to him, but Mirandy called him Bobby." Here the Don paused, and repeated, thoughtfully: "Yes, sir, she called him Bobby, right before my eyes." Then resuming his story: "Well, he talked a good deal, an' acted's if he owned San Migell county; indulgin' freely in ripartee an' other little things, till finally I says: 'My friend, are you lookin' to be saved?' an' then he says he wasn't thinkin' about himself, but he reckoned he'd hev to keep his eye on his horse, so long as I was about, if he wanted to save him. Then Mirandy laughed, so I turned to her an' I says: 'It would seem as if that young man's been poorly brought up; he's a Mexikin, ain't he?' Well—that's 'bout all I distinctly remember now; there's a interval in my life where all is naught." Here the Don made an attempt to smile that was lost in the swelling of his cheek. "Th' only way you can be free with any one in this country is to get th' drop on him. I reckon I won't go there so often after this."

And from that day his visits ceased altogether.

Spring came at last, and with the warmer weather came the usual work on the range. More riders were needed, and the Don was relieved from his duties as cook and sent out to look up stray cattle. This change in his labors he hailed with pleasure, although it meant a loss of $10 a month and harder work.

"I've allers held that cookin' warn't no proper business fur a white man," he said; "but I done it—blessed are the meek—an' it's conquered my pride in great shape."

Preparations for the spring round up were rapidly made; the wagons were examined and repaired, the horses were driven up from the pasture and corralled in a convenient place, new horses were broken in and old ones shod. Men were sent out over the range to examine the watering places, with orders to pull out of the boggy ground about them any Barzee cattle that had become mired and unable to extricate themselves.

These duties were both hard and disagreeable, not having either the excitement or the social pleasures incident to a round up, but the Don performed his part willingly. One morning he rode away from the ranch with instructions to examine carefully a certain specified territory that lay in the west. His route led up Los Tanos, and as he started, Rube, who was preparing to ride south, called out to him, in unconscious quotation of Tony Weller: "Beware o' th' widder, Don!" To which the Don replied, with a wave of his hand: "Thanks, Reuben—judge ye not others," and disappeared around a bend in the stream.

It was the afternoon of the second day of his excursion that found him approaching Horseshoe V 3 ranch. It had been a perfect day in April, that best of all months in New Mexico. The gramma grass had exchanged its winter coat of silver for a fresher one of green; the few trees that grew along the river were bright in leaf and blossom. Even the somber sagebush had put off its mournful gray, and the cactus was gorgeous in its yellow flowers. The cattle, too, seemed to feel the benign influence of spring, and as the Don drew near, hurried helter skelter across the vegas, followed in frisky content by their wabbly, long eared calves.

The Don dismounted at the ranch house, and having unsaddled Rozinante and turned him into the corral, strode into the bunk room.

"I'm from the Barzee," he said to one of two occupants there, "an' I'll put up with ye—the birds of the air hev nests—till to-morrer."

"Well," said one of the men, "what's the news over to the Barzee way?"

"Nothin' much," said the Don, as he took a seat on a bunk and commenced to whittle.

Bed time comes early at a ranch, and there were a dozen men packed away in the bunk room that night, when Texas, the foreman, shied his spurred boot at the candle. Yet, although the Don was tired, for he had ridden far and hard, he could not sleep. He was dissatisfied with his lot. He had a soul above his work, and yet he had succeeded in nothing else. He had always had a lofty ideal in woman—an ideal that had been rudely shaken several times, but still stood upright—and yet he had not been fairly treated by the sex. There was that little incident at the Widder Davis'—he still recollected the details of that perfectly. Indeed, there were one or two black and blue spots on his body yet. Still, for all that, his chivalrous regard for woman—as woman—was unabated, though when you come to particularize—well, that was a different matter. He was partially roused from his reverie by hearing a voice over in the darkest corner of the room say:

"Wal, Jim was sayin' you punched the feller's head till he didn't know nothin'."

"Guess I didn't hurt him very much then, fur he didn't know nothin' afore."

"Haw! haw! best I ever heard; must tell Jim that."

"Why, the feller called me a Mexikin," said the second voice. "I'd a right t' pump lead into him fur that, hedn't I?"

"Surely, but Jim was sayin' you called the feller a hoss thief."

"Don't recollec' 'bout that. Might 'a done so; never could recollec' little things."

"Haw! haw! When did you say you was goin' to run the gal off?"

"To-morrer, I expec'. She'll be all alone up to the place. Th' widder's gone to Vegas, and Tom Davis—well, you know him?"

"Yes, I know him. So you cal'late to run her off to-morrow, when her nat'eral guardeen is away, eh, Bob?"

"Yes, an' make for Santy Rosy," said Bob. "And I'd like mighty well if you could be there then, Billy."

The Don saw it all. This was the young man he had had the trouble with at the widder's that night last winter, and now he was going to forcibly abduct Mirandy in the absence of her mother and brother. All the chivalry in the Don's nature was roused at this. He determined to thwart the scheme and save the lovely damsel from the clutches of the villain. He would—his thoughts were again interrupted.

"How was you 'lowin' to do it, if it's a fair question, Bob?" said the first voice.

"It surely is. Why, I was just a-goin' to put her on a pony and then dust for Santy Rosy. I figgered to foller the overland stage trail till we come to the Montezumy marshes, and then—cross lots. There is a path over that bog, near the spring, that only two fellers—I and Rube Friday—know, an' I'll save five mile over follerin' the rud, that way. Shouldn't care to try it with a female gen'rally, but ez we ain't hed rain in six months, I reckon the bog ain't very shaky."

"Yes, you can do it, I guess. Well, good night, Bob!"

"Well, good night, Bill! Say, Bill!"

"Huh!"

"You'd orter been there to the widder's that night and seen old Ten Commandments. One—two—three—down he went. One—two—three—down again. No guns drawed; just stan' up an' knock down. Haw! haw!"

The humor of the situation evidently appealed to Bill as well as Bob, and for some time nothing was heard but the sound of subdued chuckling.

"Bill Ransom!" said voice No. 2 at length. "I want you to be over to Santy Rosy tomorrow at 3 o'clock. You're goin' to stand by me, ain't you?"

"You bet I'll be there; if I ain't, I don't want another cent in this world." Silence followed for a while; then Bill drew a long sigh and murmured;

"Well, good night, Bob; good luck."

"Well, good night, Bill, old boy," and the camp slept.

II.

Before sunrise the next morning the Don left the Horseshoe V 3 ranch. He had passed a sleepless night, thinking over what he had heard, and as he placed his left foot in the stirrup and mounted Rozinante, he swore a reverential oath that, come what might, Mirandy should be saved. It was true he had not been well treated either by the widder or Mirandy, he told himself again, yet—love your enemies—he'd heap coals of fire on their heads and do them good for evil. That had been his principle in life ever since he reformed. Besides, what man of spirit and honor could see such an outrage committed and not interfere? Even if the girl were a stranger to him, he could not do less than shoot the villain and restore her to her weeping family. But when she was his heart's ease—Mirandy! Rejoice, for the hour is at hand.

He pulled out his carbine from its holster under his leg to see if it was all right. And yet, wasn't shooting too good for a man who would treat a woman as Bob Green was going to treat Mirandy? Shouldn't he be hanged? Then he examined the rawhide lasso that hung from his saddle horn, in painful doubt on this question.

He would intercept the party at the Montezuma crossing, he told himself, and show Bob Green that there was one man of honor and courage still left in San Miguel county. And he'd do the deed single handed; perhaps Mirandy would smile upon him a little for that—perhaps she'd—marry him. B'hold th' bridegroom cometh—perhaps. His head grew dizzy at this thought, and he pushed his horse into a hard gallop and rode out of sight of the ranch.

When the sun rose that morning it lit up a perfect day. Here and there on the rolling mesas stood a sentinel cactus or pinion that split up the yellow light into long lanes that lay softly on the lea. As the day grew older and the shadows shorter, one might have noticed a small, cumulus cloud in the west, hanging close to the line where land and sky joined. This cloud grew larger and darker as it sailed up toward the zenith, and others followed it until the blue was hidden behind the gray. Then swift, zigzag streaks of gold darted from one part of the heavens to another, and dull, rumbling peals of thunder followed the flashes. There was a coming storm in April—an extraordinary occurrence in New Mexico.

Down the road that skirted Los Tanos might have been seen two persons—a man and woman—riding at full speed. The man sat bolt upright in his saddle—a perpendicular line from his shoulder would have touched his hip, his knee and his heel—and he stuck as close to the leather as if he had been tied there. Beside him galloped the woman, mounted upon a spirited chestnut mare, which

she rode on a side saddle. Upon her head she wore a huge white sombrero, tied tightly under her chin, and from beneath this her hair had slipped and hung in masses down her back. Her riding habit was a long, flowing skirt of some dark brown material, and her left foot—although concealed by her dress—carried a spur, with which she now and then urged her steed onward. The man looked anxiously up at the sky, and turning to his companion, said:

"Can't you git a little more outen the mare, Mirandy? We must git across the Montezumy bog afore the rain comes, if we want to git married this year. Least bit o' water there'll make the mud too soft."

"I don't 'low I kin do anythin' better, Bob," said Mira dy; "still I'll try." She spurred the mustang again and again. To each prick of the steel the animal responded with a few vicious jumps, then settled back again into the lope.

"It's no use, Bob," she said; "I can't git her outen this gait."

"Well, we must take our chances, then," said Bob. "We can't turn back now; the widder 'll be after us in two hours with a possy."

Before them stretched the low, flat expanse of the marsh, extending to the right and left for several miles. To look at, the surface of the bog appeared to be a hard crust, baked dry and stiff and covered with a white coating of alkali, through which grew no manner of living plant. So parched had the land become that it was split and seamed with cracks that yawned for moisture. Down through the middle of this desert flowed the sluggish stream that came from the Montezuma spring, a curious natural phenomenon that yielded a water as bitter and heavy as that of the Dead sea, yet, strange to say, nourished a row of trees, willow and pine, with here and there a scaly, narrow chested cypress that grew along the edges of the creek. These trees were the only green things for miles; the land elsewhere presented a bare, desolate appearance.

Across the bog there was a faint path which could be traversed in the dry season; but once let the crust become wet, and it turned to a slimy mud that yielded to the weight of a man or horse, and gripped so tightly what it seized that self relief was impossible.

Just before the two riders reached the edge of the bog, the storm which had been gathering all the morning suddenly burst upon them. Sharp flashes of lightning darted from one black cloud to another, and loud, rumbling thunder answered the flashes. Then came the rain. The man hurriedly sprang from his horse, and untying his "slicker," which he had carried tightly bound to his saddle, wrapped the huge yellow oil cloth coat about the girl, and mounting again, pulled his sombrero down over his face.

"Wal, we got to go on, Mirandy. No use stoppin' here. In half an hour the creek will be up so's we can't cross anyhow. How's your mare—skittish, least bit?"

"Wal, yes, special when there's storm like this yer."

"Wal, I reckon I'd better slip a backamoor over head an' lead her, then; jest give her a loose rein an' she'll go all right."

Thus they advanced across the bog. The rain poured down in sheets, as it does in the tropics. The water soon obliterated the path, and the dry earth greedily drank up the moisture. The ground grew softer and softer every moment. Twice Bob's horse sank to the knees, and once the mare narrowly escaped. But at length they reached the stream that flowed through the marsh and gave it its name. It was perhaps fifty feet wide; shallow, sluggish and evil looking, with rocky banks that gave refuge to innumerable rattlesnakes and lizards. Pausing a moment on the edge to assure himself that his companion was all right, Bob started to ride into the creek.

"Don't you foller me, Mirandy," he said, "till I pull on th' tug; the bottom's nasty 'long here, special since this rain begun."

All this time the Don had been concealed in ambush a few yards off, and dripped disconsolately in the rain which was falling. He had reached his present position with great difficulty. The trail across the bog was quite unknown to him, and he had been obliged to dismount and lead his horse. The storm that followed had washed out his tracks and prevented those who came after from suspecting his presence. He was too far away to hear what Bob said to Mirandy, but he could see her sad face—her eyes seemed big with tears—and her long, brown hair which hung down her back, resting in wet masses on the yellow "slicker," gave her the look of some lovely martyr maiden in the grasp of a vicious giant. He burned to distinguish himself, to rescue helpless virginity from the power of the monster. Not only was here an innocent female being carried off by force, but she was his inamorata, Dulcinea del Tanos whom he had so loug worshiped, silently but faithfully.

He watched Bob ride into the stream; he saw his horse lifted off his feet and carried down by the flood current; he saw him recover a foothold again; then he heard Bob shout to Mirandy: "Go back! go back!" and he realized that the horse was fast in the bog, for Bob was cutting him right and left with his heavy riding whip, while the animal was churning the water into foam in his frantic efforts to escape.

Now was the Don's chance. There was the wicked monster, helpless to harm his Dulcinea, while here was he, her savior, free and unfettered. So touching Rozinante with his heel, he dashed out from behind the chaparral and rode straight at Mirandy. She gave a little scream when she saw him coming; it was not like Mirandy to indulge in such feminine weakness, but just then her nerves were quite upset. The Don endeavored to reassure her. "Fear not, maiden; fly with me. I will save you," he said, and he laid his hand upon her bridle rein.

"Halt!" cried a voice.

The Don looked up and his eye caught sight of a shining object that seemed suspended in the air without support, like the coffin of Mahomet. It appeared to occupy space to the exclusion of everything else, for the Don could see nothing but the sinister looking weapon, except the more sinister eye of Bob, which glistened behind it.

He saw it was a pistol, and although he showed no emotion, he mentally raved at his own rashness. He had stupidly put his head into the lion's mouth; Bob had got the drop on him with a forty-five, at ten yards. A nice predicament, truly, for one who wished to appear well before Mirandy.

"What you monkeyin' 'bout here fur?" asked Bob, sternly, and his gray eyes looked wicked as he snapped out his words. "Put yer hands up—put em up, I say!"

The Don reluctantly obeyed. It was a most humiliating position for a knight like himself to be placed in—just as he was about to rescue his Dulcinea—but what could he do? He was not afraid, he was simply yielding to circumstances. Bob's persuasive air and six shooter—when he raised his hands and sat there on Rozinante, dripping from every angle.

Bob studied the situation a moment. "What hed we better do, Mirandy?" he asked. "I've a notion to turn my forty-five loose into him—fur mixin' himself up in fam'ly affairs. How'd he get here, anyway?"

"Better get outen that quag first, Bob," said Mirandy, with good sense; "you kin shoot him most any time."

"That's 'bout so, I guess. Look here, you," he said to the Don, "what you hangin' round here fur, anyhow?"

"I come here to rescue Innercence—from a villain, an' to have—Vengeance," said the Don, with an effort, for his position, with his hands above his head, was a tiresome as well as a ridiculous one.

"Haw! haw!" laughed Bob, hoarsely. "You seem to be doin' it in great shape. None o' that! Put 'em up!" he added sharply, as the Don lowered his aching arms a little.

"Wal, you are a tenderfoot," said Mirandy, looking at him scornfully. "Fust place, I ain't innercent, an' Bob ain't a villain. We're on our way to Santy Rosy to get married!"

Married! The Don was thunderstruck. He had not expected this. It was not an abduction, but an elopement after all. Here was he blocking the wheels of Love's chariot, when he believed he was pushing them out of the slough of despond. Mirandy going to marry Bob! Then she could no longer be his Dulcinea! What should he do? At first he trembled with indecision and doubt, but in a moment, like the true knight he was, he bowed to the lady's choice and saluted her gracefully. Mirandy watched his face attentively, and, as he bent forward in obeisance, said:

"I reckon you kin put up your gun, Bob. He's all solid," and Bob returned his pistol to its holster.

Then the Don sat manfully to work to smooth the path of true love, which thus far had been rough enough. If he could not be the very best man, he would be the next best, and he hurriedly untied the raw hide lasso that hung in a neat coil from the saddle horn, just in front of his right knee. All this time Bob had been seated on his mired horse in midstream, quite powerless to help himself or his animal. The Don rode to the edge of the bank and said:

"I cal'late to chuck this over ye, Bob, and git ye outen thar. Look out!" Bob nodded his acquiescence.

Very deftly the Don swung the loop about his head, opening it at each turn with a gentle movement of his wrist, then, when it had acquired just the right momentum, he let it slip from his hand. It went weaving and twisting through the air, and settled down over Bob's shoulders. Taking a turn of the free end about his saddle horn the Don backed Rozinante away from the stream and in another second Bob, wet and muddy, stood by Mirandy's side. The Don did nothing by halves, and when he saw Mirandy jump to the ground to greet her lover, he discreetly turned his head aside and endeavored, though ineffectually, not to hear the sounding smack that followed. That little matter over, once more he swung his lasso, and once more it shot snakily through the air. This time the open loop dropped over the head of the horse. Now the Don had his hands full; the animal reared, and struggled, and snorted, but the effect of the strong, steady pull was apparent in time, and at last the horse stood upon the bank—muddy, trembling and weak.

About 4 o'clock that afternoon a party of three rode into Santa Rosa. In spite of their wet and bedraggled appearance it was plain that two of them were in excellent spirits. The third was silent and preoccupied. The rain had long since ceased; the warm sun had dispersed the clouds, and the blue sky was without spot or speck. The party rode straight to the little adobe church—built years ago by an over sanguine missionary, but now a long time unoccupied. It stood gable end to the plaza, its ridge ornamented with a bell tower which sheltered a voiceless bell. To the rail in front of the church were hitched three or four saddled ponies, while loitering in the shade were as many men, dressed in their best, with freshly greased boots and clean shaven faces, that showed white by contrast with their sun burned necks and foreheads.

"Well, boys! here we be!" cried Bob, cheerily, as he drew up. "Everythin' all right, Bill?"

"Yes," said Bill Ransom, as he stepped up and laying his hand on Mirandy's rein, helped her to dismount. "How d'ye do, ma'am? You're lookin' well."

Then noticing the Don, he leaned over to Bob and whispered: "Good Gawd! Bob! What's that? Some new kind of fam'ly ghost?"

"He's my hated rival," said Bob, complacently; "an' he's goin' to give the bride away, owin' to the unavoidable absence of her mother." Here he winked at Bill in a very facetious manner.

"Give us all away, you mean," growled Bill. "Look's if he'd bin locoed," but no one seemed to hear him.

"Wal, come on now, boys," said Bob, as he gallantly tucked Mirandy's arm through his. "Come alo .! Less get this little exper'ment over. Is the Hon'able Justice Parker on deck an' sober, Bill?"

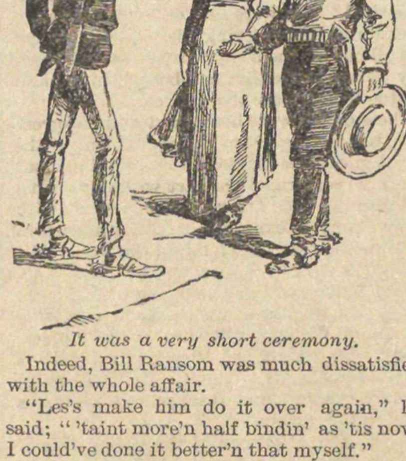
"The Hon'able Justice Parker, I regret to say," said Bill slowly, "is on deck—re-markably so—but far from sober. He attempted to clean out the 'Maverick' at exactly 2 p. m., an' we had to tie him an' put him to bed, where he now is, a ravin' maniac from too much strong drink."

Bob uttered a very profane ejaculation.

"Curse him! I give him $5 in advance 'cause he promised to keep straight till after the weddin'," he said. "What we goin' to do? Tom Davis an' the widder'll be here in an hour with a possy, an' I want to git married 'fore they come. There's sure to be a fight, an' I want to leave Mirandy all right in case I git hit."

The Don stepped forward. "If you're lookin' fur some one to marry ye," he said, "I reckon I kin help ye out—do good fur evil—as I'm qualified to that extent, hevin' a license to preach an' marry."

It was a very short ceremony as the Don performed it, and he brought it to a close in a style that some of the guests thought a little abrupt. "Walk ye in the narrer rud—I pronounce ye both one an' the same."



It was a very short ceremony.

Indeed, Bill Ransom was much dissatisfied with the whole affair.

"Les's make him do it over again," he said; "'taint more'n half bindin' as 'tis now. I could've done it better'n that myself."

But Bob would not hear of it.

"No, siree!" he said; "we're married, an' thet's enough. There's no double or quits about this. I'm satisfied, if Mirandy is," and Mirandy said she was, entirely so.

"An' now, gen'lemen," said Bob, a few moments later, standing in front of the Maverick bar, "here's my thanks to all, an' good-by." He slowly raised his glass and held it an instant between his eye and the light. "Mirandy an' I cal'late to ride over to Porty de Luny to-night; it's only twenty-five mile, an' we've borrowed a couple o' fresh hosses, an' to-morrow we'll go on up to my place on th' 'Lupy creek. A week from today we'll hev a dance, an' you're all to come. By that time the widder 'll be all solid, I reckon. I'm sorter glad we did not meet her today; she's so devilish sensitive she'd shot some one, sure."

As Bob and and Mirandy rode away, they were sped on their journey by a salute from a dozen revolvers. Bill Ransom, who felt that he occupied the position of best man, was determined that the affair should come nothing short of complete success, and he hurriedly pulled off his huge riding boot and threw it after them, spur and all. "Not hevin' a slipper," he said, "I fired my boot—fur luck—though it's God's mercy it didn't hit 'em."

* * * * * * * *

A year from that day saw very few changes in San Miguel county. The widder and Tom had long since forgiven Bob and Mirandy, who were living quietly at Bob's ranch on the 'Lupy creek. With what Mirandy had brought him, added to his own, Bob found himself owner of 350 cows, which made him quite a man of property. But then there was every reason why he should be, since he was a man of family also. "Yes, sir; it's a boy, just as certain as the world," he had announced at Santa Rosa; "but he's redder an' softer'n what I s'posed babies gen'rally was. I'm sorter 'fraid to touch him, fear he'll break in two, but he's a healthy breather."

This addition to his responsibilities made Bob more sedate and steady going than before. He worked hard, early and late, and his only play time was at night, when he took his seat by the fire and watched Mirandy and the baby. "Lord! it's the queerestest thing to set here an' see you fixin' that there kid, Mirandy, just as if you'd never done nothin' else all yer life. Wherever you learned it, I can't think." And Mirandy would look up at Bob and smile, but not in her old, coquettish way. She was still the same buxom, stalwart Mirandy she had ever been, but now she had a new object in life; she felt that new responsibilities required new manners. It was quite a picture to see those three—Mirandy seated in a low rocking chair before the huge, open fireplace, filled with a roaring wood fire, with her baby on her lap, and Bob by her side, watching her with a smile of gratified pride as she fussed and cooed over the boy. "It beats all," he used to say, "which likes it the best—you or him—or me."

Sometimes the Don would ride over from the Barzee, where he was still attached as cook, and spend the evening. His regard for Mirandy was as deep as ever, but since her marriage it had taken a different form, being now more of a paternal nature, for he had come to look upon her almost as a daughter.

The Don—he was still known by that name—had appropriated the empty little chapel at Santa Rosa, wherein Bob and Mirandy had been married, and every Sunday morning during the winter, he had ridden over from the Barzee Ranch and preached there. His success in that direction had been no better than his attempts at cooking, but he was not cast down, and persevered faithfully. "San Migell is pretty stony ground, but it aint all rock," he would say, hopefully.

The new spring opened promisingly. The price of cattle was unusually high; a very severe winter had raged over the northern ranges in Dakota, Montana and Wyoming, and the losses among the cattle there had been enormous, in some instances entire herds having died from cold and starvation. The stockmen of San Miguel county were jubilant, for their own losses had been very few, the Barzee estimate being less than 2 per cent.; and this, added to the fact that 3-year-old steers were bringing $30 and likely to bring $35, made every one happy and prospectively rich.

With the return of spring, as in former years, men started out over the range on preliminary surveys, in preparation for the round up. Thus it happened that Bob left Mirandy and the baby at his ranch one morning and rode away. He had kept no assistants all winter; he did his own work, knowing it was his duty to economize for his family's sake, and so Mirandy was left alone, but they were neither troubled about this. Mirandy was quite able to take care of herself.

The next afternoon, about 5 o'clock, a horseman rode at a hard gallop over the prairie toward Bob's ranch, and checked his horse in front of the door. Mirandy stepped out to see who it was, but not until she had shaded her eyes with her hand did she recognize the Don.

"Wal, I declar'!" she said, "ef taint you! Won't ye 'light?" But the Don declined the invitation rather abruptly.

"Mirandy," he said, "I hearn down on th' Pecos that there was a band of Injuns out from the reservation, loose, and"——

"Injuns!" cried Mirandy, incredulously; "why, there aint no Injuns within two hundred miles of this yere!"

"Ef you'd seen the things I've seen," said the Don, slowly, "you'd say there was Injuns within ten mile of this yere—broke out of the Mescalero reservation—they shot at Rube Priday, and they're runnin' off stock an' killin' anyone they kin ketch. You must git your baby and come with me to the Barzee till this thing's settled."

Mirandy demurred at first—"she warn't afraid of no Injuns," she said—but the recollection of her baby decided her, and in a few minutes they were riding rapidly toward the Barzee, twelve miles away. Very tenderly the Don carried the child, wrapped in a heavy blanket, while Mirandy rode at his side, her eyes constantly on the bundle. As they reached the top of a mesa, two miles from their destination, they paused a moment to breathe their horses. Suddenly the Don noticed a commotion in a bunch of cattle behind him; they were running in evident alarm; then he heard a rifle shot and then another. His keen little eyes instantly detected the cause of the disturbance.

"There they be! Ride! Mirandy, ride!" and away they dashed down the hill. Spur, spur, and spare not! Ride, ride—for your lives, ride! They had a good half mile the start, and if they could only maintain it they were safe. Mirandy's horse was fresher and speedier than the Don's, and she had constantly to slow up for him, but he rode steadily along, giving his entire attention to the child. And yet they had to ride carefully, too, for if a horse should step into a prairie dog's hole, or even tumble, it would be fatal. On they went through the dust—their pursuers very slowly gaining on them and keeping up a continued firing. It seemed as if they must be hit, but they rode on and on, never swerving nor halting a moment. Once a rifle ball furrowed the rim of Mirandy's sombrero; once the Don's right stirrup was splintered; but still they kept on, on, on, with the yelling fiends behind them.

At last they neared the ranch (the dusk was slowly turning into night), and once there they were safe, for it was garrisoned by a dozen men—good shots, well armed, and daring, every one. As they dashed along the trail, they came to a place where it forked; the main track ran around a mesa bluff and down into the valley where the house stood, but there was a shorter path, leading straight over the cliff, down which it was possible, with great care, to lead a horse. It was rocky and steep, there being a straight jump of five feet in one place. As they approached the fork, the Don motioned Mirandy to take this path, and without hesitation she rode for the bluff and disappeared over the edge with the Don close after. How they ever reached the bottom alive is still a mystery in the county, but they did, and a few moments later pulled up in front of the Barzee Ranch. The men crowded to the door—one bearing a lantern—to see who the new arrivals were, and to learn what the firing had been about. No one suspected then that the Don had been hit; he still bore the baby very tenderly on his left arm, while with his right he steadied himself by the saddle horn. It was not until his charge had been transferred to Mirandy's care that he reeled, and Rube Priday had just time to catch him as he lurched heavily from his horse. As they laid him gently on the ground, he fainted and the blood welled through his lips, which he had till then kept tightly closed. They carried him into the house and endeavored to stanch the blood, but it was a hopeless case—he had been shot through the lung. It was a solemn scene that the dim rays from the smoky lantern lit up in the Barzee Ranch that night. Around the dying man were grouped the stern faced riders, while at his head knelt Rube, vainly endeavoring to force some stimulants past his lips. After a little he revived, and looked about him on familiar faces.

"Boys," he said, very faintly, "they're safe, Mirandy an' th' baby—deliver me from—mine offenses—an' forgive"——

That's all.

One of the men turned to the couch where the baby lay. "He's asleep!" he whispered. "So is the Don," said Rube, as he reventlv drew the rough blanket over the poor old fellow's face.

The Senator and the Singer.

For after dinner speeches Senator Palmer has an admirable voice, but it is not that of a thrush for singing purposes. Those of his close friends who have heard some of his vocal efforts say that the product is not entirely musical. The senator does not hesitate, however, to sing when it is necessary to revive the drooping spirits of a party; and this is what led to a recent performance in which operatic duets were sung by the distinguished soprano, Miss Emma Thursby, and the distinguished senator, Mr. Palmer.

Miss Thursby has been here for some time, and her vocal attainments have made her a favorite in senatorial circles. Among her admirers is Mrs. Stockbridge, the wife of the junior senator from Michigan. The latter's birthday occurred last week, and the event was fittingly celebrated by an excursion down the Potomac on board a canal boat, specially chartered and handsomely decorated for the occasion. Among the guests were Senator Palmer and Miss Thursby, and upon them fell a good share of the entertainment, which kept every one jolly. There was a lull in the fun, however, when some one invited Miss Thursby to sing.

But I haven't my notes, and there's no piano, and"——

"Oh, never mind the notes," interposed the senator, "I'll accompany you."

The offer was accepted, and hereupon the senator launched into Nilsson's favorite encore, "'Way down upon the Suwanee river." Miss Thursby was too much overcome to join at once. The senatorial effort was between a rumble and a buzz, not as loud as an elevated train nor quite as discordant as the file on a venerable saw. But Mr. Palmer held the tune till the end of the verse. Then Miss Thursby joined, and her rich soprano floated through the canal boat cabin and out over the water, the astringent notes of the accompaniment only accenting the sweet notes of the singer. With the ice broken, the senator and Miss Thursby responded to an encore with "Those golden slippers am laid away." "Climbing up de golden stairs." Some of the senator's colleagues now suggest that Palmer has the operatic stage before him if he tires of the senate.—Washington Cor. New York Tribune.

Printing Presses of Olden Time.

The printing room does not give a just idea of its old importance. What here remains is as it was in 1576, but the space then occupied for printing must have been very much larger. Plantin's inventory, taken after his death, showed that he had in Antwerp seventy-three fonts of type, weighing 38,121 pounds. Now seven hand presses and their tables occupy two sides of the room, and rows of type cases and stands fill the remnant of space. How petty these presses seem! How small the impression surface, how rude all the appliances! Yet from these presses came the great "Royal Polyglot," the Roman Missal, still bright with solid black and glowing red inks, and thousands of volumes written by great scholars, many of them enriched with designs by old Flemish masters. "The man is greater than the machine," and Plantin was master over his presses. From these uncouth unions of wood and stone, pinned together with bits of iron, he made his pressmen extort workmanship which has been the admiration of the world.

Plantin had this work done at small cost. His account books show that the average yearly earnings of expert compositors were 142 florins, and of the pressmen 105 florins. The eight hour law was unknown. Work began at 5 o'clock in the morning, but no time is stated for its ending. His rules were hard. One of them was that the compositor who set three words or six letters that were not in the copy should be fined. Another was the prohibition of all discussions on religion. Every workman must pay for his entrance a bienvenue of eight sous as drink money, and give two sous to the poor box. At the end of the month he must give thirty sous to the poor box and ten sous to his comrades. This bienvenue was as much an English as a Flemish custom, as one may see in Franklin's autobiography.—The Century.

The Popularity of Hash.

"Hash is becoming the popular midday luncheon dish of business men," said a well known restaurant keeper the other day. "One of the reasons for its popularity is the fact that very little time is waisted in chewing it. It seems next to impossible for the average business man to eat slowly. He will waste valuable time talking with acquaintances. He will loiter in his office or in the office of a friend and think nothing of it; but when the luncheon hour arrives he makes a rush for the nearest restaurant and bolts his food with alarming rapidity. A young lawyer will languidly lounge in his office, but when the meal hour arrives a transformation takes place. He rushes to the nearest lunch counter, straddles a stool, and fights with the waiters if not waited on instantly. Hash is what he invariably orders, and it disappears with lightning rapidity. He then returns to the office and yawns and gapes the rest of the afternoon. No wonder dyspepsia holds high carnival in this city. If business men paid more time and attention to their midday meal, they would avoid many a doctor's bill."—New York Sun.

Excavations made in Tzintzuntzan, in Yacatas, Mexico, in search of treasures are said to have revealed a magnificent palace, which is an archælogical wonder.

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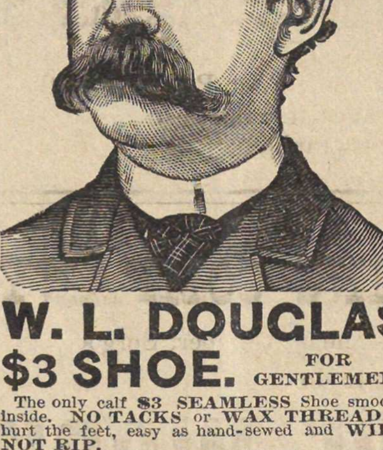

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TIME TABLE (REVISED) JULY 15, 1888

EASTWARD.

STATIONS.	Mail.	Day Express, except Sund'y	N.Y.&limit'd Exp. Daily.	Kalamazoo Acc.	Atlantic exp Daily.	Night Express.	C. & W. M.
	A M	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Chicago, Lv.	5 00	9 00	3 10	4 40	10 10	9 10	8 55
Kalamazoo..	10 20	1 33	6 58	9 50	3 35	2 27	5 38
Battle Creek	11 15	2 15	7 35	7 55	4 27	3 15	6 30
Jackson	1 20	4 15	8 49	9 35	6 15	4 45	8 20
Grass Lake..	1 43			9 55	6 43	5 06	
Chelsea	2 04			10 12	7 10	5 27	
Dexter	2 17			10 24	7 27	5 41	
Delhi Mills...	2 32				7 37		
ANN ARBOR..	2 43	5 30	9 41	10 40	7 50	6 00	
Ypsilanti	3 00	5 45	9 53	10 53	8 08	6 17	
Wayne Junc	3 25	6 05		11 11	8 33	6 43	
Detroit, Ar	4 10	6 45	10 45	11 50	9 20	7 30	
St. Thomas	10 10	11 05	2 00	12 10	12 45	1 25	2 50
Falls View...			4 59		3 44	6 46	
Niag'ra Falls		2 21	5 03		3 47	6 50	
Buffalo	2 32	3 35	6 15	6 25	4 55	8 05	

WESTWARD.

STATIONS.	Mail.	Day Express	Chicago Express.	Gr'd. Rapids & Kal. Express.	Evening Express.	aily	ews Train
		P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	
Buffalo,		11 30	5 35	6 05	9 00	1 00	
Niag'ra Falls		12 45	6 43			2 13	
St. Thomas...		4 20	9 55	11 10	1 05	5 40	
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M	P. M.	A.M
Detroit, Lv...	7 30	9 10	1 20	4 00	8 00	10 15	3 45
Wayne Junc	8 11	9 53		4 45	8 38	10 55	
Ypsilanti	8 33	10 17	2 12	5 12	9 00	11 18	
ANN ARBOR..	8 50	10 40	2 24	5 30	9 15	11 35	5 00
Delhi Mills..	9 00			5 42			
Dexter	9 08			5 50	9 44		5 15
Chelsea	9 22			6 05	10 00		5 27
Grass Lake..	9 43			6 27	10 25		5 42
Jackson	10 13	11 45	3 27	7 10	10 55	12 54	6 25
Battle Creek	12 09	1 23	4 38	8 52	12 27	2 1[illegible]	7 55
Kalamazoo...	12 50	2 0	5 15	9 45	1 20	3 07	8 4[illegible]
Chicago. Ar.	6 10	6 40	9 30	[illegible]	7 00	7 4[illegible]	6 40

O.W. RUGGLES, G. P. & T. Agent, Chicago.
H. W. HAYES, Ag't Ann Arbor.

Toledo, Ann Arbor and North Michigan Railway.

Time Table going into effect, Sunday, Sept. 30, '88.

Going North. 8 Pass.	4. Pass.	2. Mail Pass.	STATIONS. Standard Time.	Going South. 1. Pass, Exp.	3. Mail Exp.	7. Pass
....	P. M.	A. M.	Lv'e] [Arr	P. M.	P. M.	....
....	3 25	5 35	TOLEDO	1 10	11 00	....
....	4 05	6 19	Monroe Junct'n	12 24	10 20	....
....	4 15	6 27	Dundee	12 18	10 13	....
....	4 31	6 46	Milan	12 00	9 50	....
A. M.	4 52	7 08	Pittsfield	11 40	9 32	A. M.
+7 30	5 07	7 20	ANN ARBOR	11 25	9 20	9 30
+8 00	5 27	7 35	Leland's	11 10	9 05	9 10
....	5 45	7 49	Whitmore Lake	10 55	8 50	....
....	5 52	7 55	Hamburg	10 48	8 45	....
....	6 34	8 45	Howell	10 11	8 13	....
....	7 15	9 35	Durand	9 35	7 15	....
....	7 45	10 00	Corunna	9 17	6 49	....
....	7 55	10 10	Owosso	9 10	6 4[illegible]	....
....	9 18	11 36	Ithaca	7 50	5 32	....
....	9 35	11 55	St. Louis	7 30	5 15	....
....	9 41	12 02	Alma	7 23	5 10	....
....	10 20	12 45	Mt Pleasant	6 40	4 35	....
....	11 05	1 53	Farewell	5 50	3 5	....
....	....	3 30	Cadillac	....	2 00	....

All passenger trains run daily except Sunday. Trains run on the South Lyon Branch leave Ann Arbor at 7:00 a., m. Leland's at 7:30, Worden's at 7:45 and arrive at South Lyon at 8,00 a. m.; leave South Lyon at 8:30 a. m., Worden's at 8:45, Leland's at 9:00 and arrive at Ann Arbor at 9:30 a.m.

Connections at Toledo with railroads diverging. At Manhatan Junction with Wheeling & Lake Erie R. R. At Alexis Junction with M. C. R. R., L. S. R'y and F. & P. M. R. R. At Monroe Junctioe L. S. & M. S. R'y. At Dundee with L. S. & M. S., and M. & O. Ry. At Milan with W., St. L. & P. Ry. At Pittsfield with L. S. M. S. Ry. At Ann Arbor with Michigan Central R. R., and at South Lyon with Detroit, Lansing and Northern R. R., and G. T. Ry. At Hamburg with M. A. Line Division Grand Trunk R'y. At Howell with Detroit, Lansing & Northern R'y At Durand with Chicago & Grand Trunk R'y and Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee R'y. At Owosso Junction with Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee R'y and Michigan Central R'y. At St. Louis with Detroit, Lansing & Northern R'y and Saginaw Valley & St. Louis R'y. At Alma with Detroit, Lansing & Northern R'y. At Mt. Pleasant with Flint & Pere Marquette R'y.

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Busy and Busier and Busier!

WHAT WE ARE SHOWING;

We show the largest line of Ladies' Newmarkets, Plush Jackets and Sacks in Ann Arbor.

We show the most complete assortment of Misses' Cloaks in this part of the State. We stand without competition in our large and varied assortment ot misses' Cloaks in this part of the State. We stand without competition in our large and varied assortment of little Children's Cloaks. We have provided for everybody, and the prices are very low. Hadn't you better come? It will brighten you up to be in our Cloak Room.

SOME EXCEPTIONAL VALUES IN WOMEN'S UNDERWEAR AND HOSIERY.

FOR 50 CTS.:

—Woman's Merino Vests, Pearl Buttons, Cat-stitched with Silk; the 55c kind.

FOR 50 CTS.:

—Women's Swiss Ribbed Vests; 75 c. kind.

FOR 1.40:

—Women's All Wool Swiss Ribbed Vests, extra quality; the $2 kind.

FOR 25 CTS.:

—Women's Black and Colored Wool Hose; the 40c. kind.

FOR 50 CTS.:

—Women's All Wool Hose, extra quality, the 75c. kind.

FOR 50 CTS.:

—Women's Fast Black Fleeced Lined Hose, extra heavy Fleece; the 75c kind.

There is a good big quantity behind each of these items, but a big quantity don't go far here, especially when the price is so low.

40 doz. men's All Wool Scarlet Shirts and Drawers, at 94c. As close to half price as well can be. You will open your eyes and very likely your pocket-book when yon see them.

To find the cheapest pair of Blankets in town, count, quality, weight and size. A stingy Blanket is likely to be dear at any price. Our 6 lb Wool Blanket is big enough to cover a generous bed liberally and tuck in besides. The price $5.50. Our other Blankets at $1.00, $1.50, $2.00 and $4.00 are large and cheap at the prices. Full assortment of Gray Blankets from $1.00 to $5.00 a pair.

WOOLEN YARNS:

—Woolen Yarns. We sell nothing but the best makes. If you want Germantown Yarns, ask for midnight Zephyr, unequalled by any as to Quality Elasticity, Evenness of Thread, Finish and Brilliancy of Colors and Shades. If you want Saxony and Spanish Yarns, ask for the Golden Fleece, the favorite and reliable brand. Fast and Brilliant Colors; Selected stock of Wool; Even Spinning. We also have all Colors of the Golden FleeceGerman Knitting Yarn, best in the World.

BACH AND ABEL.

NEW GOODS!

LOWER PRICES
Than Ever.

LADIES' FLEXIBLE SHOES

FOR $3.00,

as fine as any dealer can show you in French Kid. In these goods we have

OPERA, PHILADELPHIA,
New York and
Common Sense Toes!

From 1 to 7, and A to C.

Ladies' Patent Leather Foxed Shoes, only $4.00

Ladis' Kid Shoes for $1.00.

Our Gent's Seamless, $1.75,
is a clipper.

Our Corduvan Shoes

for $5.00, will wear as long as any two pair Calf Shoes.

Give us a trial. We can save you money. Ladies' Rubbers, 25c.

Samuel Krause,
48 South Main St., - Ann Arbor.

Ann Arbor School of Music.

(Established, 1879.)

Branches of Study.

Piano, Voice Culture, Singing, Violin, Viola, 'Cello, Orchestral Instruments, Organ, Choral Music, Harmony, Counterpoint, Composition, Science and Art of Teaching, Physical Culture.

Faculty.

Albert A. Stanley, Orin Cady,
William Luderer, F. L. York, M. A.
Reuben H. Kempf, Mrs. A. E. Warden,
Miss Marian Smith, Mrs. J. E. VanSlyke
Miss M. E. Tenney, Mr. E. L. Moore,
Miss Ellen E. Garrigues.

Harmony, Choral and Ensemble Classes Free Pupils are entitled to all Recitals. Lectures Etc., given by the School.

ALBERT A. STANLEY, Director.

Office hours, 7:30 to 9:30 a. m.; 12 to 1 p. Ante-room, University Hall.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

Fred Esslinger has sold his shop to John Volz of Saginaw.

William Reak died in the sixth ward Friday of brain disease.

Uhe unity club holds its opening social next Monday evening.

Barney Morrison is serving twenty days in jail for drunkenness.

The infant child of Phillip H. Stimpson died Monday, aged four days.

Dr. Dell has recieved $75 for a four months old colt, from Chauncey Orcutt.

The Delta Epsilon society in the high school debates the tariff question to-night.

Judge Frank Emerick, formerly of this city, is now a candidate for the legislature.

The funeral of the late John Sweet will be held at two o'clock to-morrow at the Baptist church.

The school of music has an incseased number of pupils and Prof. Ssanley is proving a popular instructor.

The Two Sams are having a rushing trade in their new store, which is one of the very finest in the state.

Dr. A. C. Nichols issues a neat little monthly called the Ann Arbor Dental Journal, devoted to dental topics.

Over 200,000 bushels of onions have been raised in the Pittsfield onion beds this year. The market was overstocked.

Charles S. Ashley, formerly of this city, has an interesting article in the Popular Science Monthly on tariff robbery.

Godfrey Luick threshed 1,020 bushels of wheat in nine and a half hours for Russel Porker, of Dexter, last Monday. A pretty good record, that.

Henry G. Wanty, formerly of this city, has sold the Manistee Democrat, which he has been making a lively paper for the past few months.

The republicans were addressed by Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, of New York City, Tuesday evening. It was a good sized audience which greeted him.

The registration of voters will take place in Ann Arbor town on Saturday, November 3d, at N. B- Coverts shop, between the hours of eight and five.

The trade and labor council meet at their hall to-morrow evening. All the members are urged to be present as business of importance will be transacted.

Miss E. Stella Bain, a young lady of nineteen, died Sunday on South Thayer street of consumption. Her remains were taken to Marion, Ohio, Monday for burial.

Andrew Campbell and Frederick J. Smith, of Ann Arbor, and Egbert T. Harper, of Lodi, have been drawn as traverse jurors in the U. S. circuit court at Detroit.

John N. Baily, editor of the Midland Sun, is about to engage in a series of joint debates on the tariff question in Midland county, with his newspaper rival in Midland.

The passenger train from the west which should have reached here at 7:50 yesterday morning was four hours late, owing to a wreck on the road in the western part of the state.

Rev. Dr. Wm. Ashmore will preach a sermon in the interest of foreign missions at the Baptist church next Sunday. Sunday evening a sermon will be delivered by Rev. J. A. Johnson.

Jeremiah Taylor died on South Main street Monday of congestion of the lungs, having reached the advanced age of 88 years, 2 months and 5 days. His remains were taken to Monroe county, N. Y., for interment.

Mrs. Lavina Brown, wife of the late William Brown of the fourth ward, died last Saturday of dropsy, aged seventy six years, one month and eleven days. The funeral was held Sunday afternoon from the Baptist church.

Mrs. Haviland, soprano; Mrs. Prof. Morris, contralto; Mr. Walter Taylor, of Earlton Opera Co., tenor; and Mr. Hugo P. Geisler, Law '90, bass, comprise the excellent Episcopal quartette. The Glee Club have also secured Mr. Geisler.

The Toledo, Ann Arbor and North Michigan railroad company will open the Saginaw Division for freight business next week, making a direct line between Ann Arbor and the Saginaws. Reserve your orders for the new line. A. J. Paisley Agt.

The amount of fine money raised by the county treasurer during the year was $202. Of this amount $79 was recieved from the Ann Arbor justices, $71 from Ypsilanti, $20 from Dexter, $5 from Milan, $2 from Chelsea and $25 from the county clerk.

The Courier can concoct more misstatements for its editorial notes than any paper we ever saw. It doesn't distinguish between fact and imagination. We are sorry to make this statement for outside of politics the editors of that paper would not so demean themselves.

Willard Stearns and P. G. Sukey addressed a good meeting in Lodi Wednesday afternoon. Mr. Sukey spoke in German, made an eloquent, logical and convincing speech, and greatly pleased his auditors. Mr. Sukey is a valuable addition to our local speakers.

The Detroit Tribune this week took its agency away from Yale. Mr. Yale paid for the list of subscribers and the Tribune attempts to get them without paying him for them. As a consequence many of its former readers are now taking the Chicago Tribune or the Free Press.

The democrats of Pittsfield held a rousing meeting at Mill's school house, Tuesday evening, which was largely attended. M. J. Lehman made a long and able tariff argument and P. McKernan entertained the audience with a very pleasing speech. The democrats of Pittsfield are doing excellent work and it is understood they have a surprise in store for the big democratic mass meeting here week after next.

One day last week three burglars attempted to rob the residence of Comstock F. Hill, of Lodi. They entered the house by a kitchen window after moving the gates from the yard fence so as to have quick exit. They awakened Mr. and Mrs. Hill and Mrs. Hill noticed three men in the kitchen door with dark lanterns. Mr. Hill grabbed his revolver but when he got to the kitchen the robbers had disappeared. It was supposed they were prepared to open the safe in the house,

Marriage Licenses.

Issued by County Clerk Howlett during the week.

Harry Cook	Treat,	27
Clara C. Kimes	Ypsilanti,	23
John F. Schaible	Manchester,	29
Cora Lehman	Manchester,	24
James Douglas	Sharon,	46
Nelly Bullard	Jackson	26
Herman Price	Lima,	26
Minnie Dancer	Sylvan	18
W. P. Holmes	Salem,	41
Antonett Berbach	Salem	29
Herman Baur	Detroit,	24
Mary Allmendinger	Ann Arbor,	22

Sheep Clothed a la Allen.

EDITOR ARGUS:—I wish to ask your readers if they have noticed what a stunner Capt. Allen gave a gentleman in his audience at Britton, while discussing the tariff question on wool. I noticed in the course of his argument a voice from the audience asks, "what is the matter with raw material."

Capt. Allen—"Do you call wool raw material?"

A voice—"Of course it is raw material."

Capt. Allen—"Well, my friend you are not a farmer and do not know anything about it or about the labor it costs. I have already proved it is not raw material. Why the people of Michigan have paid millions of dollars to improve their wool, and what has been the result?"

Well, what has been the result? Why, the Capt. has our flocks all clothed with manufactured fleeces. Hence he must have abided with the flocks until he has seen what he really believes to be *raw material*. Now it is no more than fair that he tells us farmers how it looks. These arguments all go to prove that we ought to send him to congress—that's so—he's so knowing. But, gentlemen, he must come to our views of raw material before I can support him for even a corporation fiddler.

TOWNSMAN.

YPSILANTI, Oct., 15.

QUEER PEOPLE.

This is the title of the latest and by all odds the most charming book for little people we have ever seen. Its fables, or stories, are delightful, but the illustrations are something immense.

The author, Palmer Cox, is a new star in the juvenile firmament, but he shines with unique brilliancy. His charming fables rival those of the world famed Æsop, and he far outshines that celebrated literary comet by his inimitable illustrations. He dresses up his birds, animals, insects, giants, fairies, goblins, etc., in grotesque style and makes them reason, talk, dance, and cut up all sorts of the oddest pranks imaginsble, affording infinite delight, as well as excelient instruction to the young. The issue of his book "Queer People" has brought a perfect ovation of praise from the brightest men in the land. For instance, Gen. Clinton B. Fisk says: "It has set my children wild with delight," and Col. Russell H. Conwell. the famous lecturer, says: "Don't send me another such a book, for I can't get my children to bed."

The famous statesman diplomat, and wit, Sunset Cox, says: The Kweer Kapers are simply incomparable," while the distinguished theologian, Dr. Howard Crosby says: they have the facination that belongs to Æsop and Uncle Remus," and the venerable poet, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, writes: "I am sorry I have not a nursery full of little folks, to enjoy its pictures and stories.

Æsop's fables are enjoyed by old and young and are quoted by the greatest orators and surely these equally charming stories, so profusely, exquisitely illustrated will charm young and old for generations to come.

The sale of this book will surely be enormous. It is published by the well known house of Hubbard Bro. Phila., Chicago, and Kansas City, to whom any persons desiring an angency should apply.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

NOTICE is hereby given that I will pay no debts contracted by my son, Andrew Schiappicasse. Antonia Schiappicasse.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholsomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multidude of low test, short weight of alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall Street, New York.

20 Per Cent. Off.

One Hundred Pairs

—OF—

LADIE'S FINE SAMPLE SHOES!

—IN—

Sizes, 3 and 3 1-2.

WIDTHS, B AND C.

—AT—

GOODSPEED'S,

Your Shoe Dealer.

Grand Opera House

ONE NIGHT ONLY.

Saturday, October 20.

The Funniest Show on Earth.

THE FAMOUS

CORNER GROCERY!

— AS PLAYED —

280 TIMES IN N. Y. CITY,

—AND—

FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN,

Introducing the natural Irish Comedian,

JOHN D. GRIFFIN,

And a complete Comedy Company together with the

Corner Grocery's

$10,000 Challenge

Band and Orchestra

Regular Prices, 35, 50, and 75c.

Sale of Seats at Wahr's Book Store.

REPUBLICANS. - DEMOCRATS.

Now is the time to read the great questions of the day. Note the following important works:

Taussig's	Tariff History of the United States.
Cossa	Taxation, its Principle and Methods.
Ely	The Labor Movement in America.
Ely	Problems of To-Day.
Ely	Taxation in American Cities.
Stanwood	History of Presidential Elections.
Cox	Free Land and Free Trade.
Taussig's	Protection to Young Industries.
Johnston	American Politics.
Adams	Public Debts.
Lunt	Economic Science.
Schurtz	Honest Money and Labor.
The	President's Message, 1887.

Any of the above Books can be had at the Bookstore of

GEO. WAHR,

where also may be found the largest stock of Standard and Miscellaneous Books, Fine Stationery, Etc. Any work published in this country or abroad, obtained speedily and reasonably. We invite Book-Lovers to examine our large stock.

GEO. WAHR.

CIDER. INMAN'S PERFECT PRESERVATIVE.

A thoroughly tested and wholesome preparation for arresting fermentation, enabling one to have rich, sparkling cider the year around. Has been on the market six years, and is indorsed by thousands who have used it. It thoroughly clarifies, and imparts no foreign taste. Put up in boxes designed for 32 and 50-gall. packages, retailing at 35 and 50 cts. Sold by dealers, or sent by mail on receipt of price. **INMAN BRO'S,** PHARMACISTS, Akron, O.

WATCHES!

Diamond Inset Watches,
Diamond Pins,
Diamond Earrings,
Diamond Studs,
Diamond Collar Buttons,
Diamond Rings,
GOLD HEADED CANES,
AND ALL THE
Latest Novelties
—IN—

Jewelry,

CAN BE FOUND AT

Wm. Arnold's!

He aims to keep the Best Assortment of Goods for Presents. Solid and Plated Silverware in Great Variety, at ARNOLD'S.

36 S. Main St., Ann Arbor.

FOR BIG INDUCEMENTS IN FURNITURE

CALL AT

MARTIN HALLER'S

ESTABLISHMENT,

52 South Main and 4 1-2 West Liberty Streets.

A Splendid New Line in Antique Oak Bed Room Sets, just arrived, at prices to suit the closest buyer; also, Walnut and Cherry Sets. Parlor Suits (own make) covered with plush of various colors, Frames of the latest designs. Easy chairs, patent and fancy workers, Reception chairs, Rattan goods in great variety. Book cases, Desks and Cabinets made of cherry and quartered oak. Plushes, Tapestry, Damask, Velour, Etc., from which any desired piece of Parlor Furniture can be made up. A fine line of Lace Curtains and Draperies, Poles and Fixtures. Soliciting your kind patronage.

Respectfully, MARTIN HALLER.

Estate of Luther L. James and Thomas S. James.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY of WASHTENAW, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate Office in the city of Ann Arbor, on Thursday, the 11th day of October in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight.

Present, William D. Harriman, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Luther L. James and Thomas S. James, Minors.

Henry C. Gregory and Clara C. James the Guardians of said wards come into court and represent that they are now prepared to render their annual account as such Guardian.

Thereupon, it is ordered that Saturday the 27th day of October instant, at ten o'clock in the forenoon be assigned for examining and allowing such account and that the next of kin of said ward and all other persons interested in said estate are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be holden at the probate office in the city of Ann Arbor in said county, and show cause, if any there be, why the said account should not be allowed: And it is further ordered that said Guardian give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said account and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Ann Arbor ARGUS, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county two successive weeks previous to said day of hearing. WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN,

(a true copy) Judge of Probate

WM. G. DOTY, Probate Register

Estate of Alma B. Brown.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY of Washtenaw, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, on Thursday the eleventh day of October in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight.

Present, William D. Harriman, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Alma B. Brown, deceased.

Densmore Cramer the administrator of said estate comes into court and represents that he is now prepared to render his final account as such Administrator.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Saturday, the third day of November next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for examining and allowing such account and that the heirs-at-law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be holden at the Probate Office, in the City of Ann Arbor, in said County, and show cause if any there be, why the said account should not be allowed. And it is further ordered, that said Administrator give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said account and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the ANN ARBOR ARGUS, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN.

(A TRUE COPY) Judge of Probate.

WILLIAM G. DOTY, Probate Register,

Estate of Christina Ukele.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY of Washtenaw, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, on Monday, the 24th day of September, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty eight.

Present, Wm. D. Harriman, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the Estate of Christina Ukele, deceased.

Frederick Maehle executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, comes into court and represents that he is now prepared to render his final account as such executor.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Tuesday, the 23d day of October next at ten o'clock in the forenoon be assigned for examining and allowing such account, and that the devisees, legatees and heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be holden at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, in said county and show cause, if any there be why the said account should not be allowed. And it is further ordered that said executor give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said account and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the ANN ARBOR ARGUS a newspaper printed and circulating in said county three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN,

(A true copy.) Judge of Probate

WILLIAM G. DOTY, Probate Register.

Commissioners' Notice.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW. The undersigned having been appointed by the Probate Court for said County, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Alice M. Risdon, late of said County, deceased, hereby give notice that six months from date are allowed, by order of said Probate Court for Creditors to present their claims against the estate of said deceased, and that they will meet at the office of Zina P. King, in the City of Ann Arbor, in said County, on Monday, the 10th day of December and on Monday, the 11th day of March next, at ten o'clock A. M. of each of said days, to receive, examine and adjust said claims.

Dated, September 10th, 1888.

ZINA P. KING,
CHARLES H. RICHMOND,
Commissioners.

Estate of Henry W. Ellsworth.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY of Washtenaw, ss.

At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw holden at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, on Monday, the eighth day of October in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight.

Present, William D. Harriman, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Henry W. Ellsworth, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of William H. Ellsworth, praying that Administration of said estate may be granted to himself or some other suitable person.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the fifth day of November next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be holden at the Probate Office, in the city of Ann Arbor, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted: And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the ANN ARBOR ARGUS, a newspaper printed and circulated in said County, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN,

(A true copy.) Judge of Probate.

Wm. G. Doty, Probate Register

Commissioners' Notice.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW. The undersigned having been appointed by the Probate Court for said County, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Christian Walker, late of said County deceased, hereby give notice that six months from date are allowed, by order of said Probate Court, for creditors to present their claims against the estate of said deceased, and that they will meet at the store of Leonhard Gruner, in the city of Ann Arbor, in said County, on Wednesday the ninth day of January, and on Tuesday the ninth day of April next, at ten o'clock A. M. of each of said days, to receive, examine and adjust said claims.

Dated October 9th, 1888.

LEONHARD GRUNER.
HENRY PAUL,
Commissioners.

Estate of Elias J. Johnson

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY of Washtenaw, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate Office, in the City of Ann Arbor, on Tuesday, the 16th day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight.

Present, William D. Harriman, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Elias J. Johnson, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition, duly verified of Charles H. Richmond, praying that administration of said estate may be granted to Elihu B. Pond or some other suitable person.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the 12th day of November next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate are required to appear at a session of said court then to be holden at the Probate office in the city of Ann Arbor, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted: And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the ANN ARBOR ARGUS, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN

A true copy.] Judge of Probate.

WM. G. DOTY, Probate Register

C. H. St. Clair & Sons,

MANUFACTURERS OF

School and Church

FURNITURE

Opera House Chairs and

WIND-MILLS.

ANY ARTICLE MADE TO ORDER

No. 33 N. Fourth Street

ANN ARBOR, MICH.

It don't pay to run after other brands, for in the end wise housekeepers settle down to the use of SANTA CLAUS SOAP. If your grocer hasn't Santa Claus Soap, he'll get it for you.

MADE ONLY BY

N. K. FAIRBANK & CO., Chicago, Ill.

IT WILL PAY YOU TO READ THIS

A COMPLETE STOCK OF EVERYTHING IN THE LINE OF

FURNITURE,

Carpets, Oil-Cloths, Rugs and Mattings, Lace and Heavy Curtains, Draperies, Window Shades and Rollers at

KOCH & HENNE'S

Big Bargains in Antique Chamber Suits from $15.00 up. We have the largest assortment of Upholstered Furniture ever shown in Washtenaw County. A new line of Folding Beds. People furnishing student's rooms should not fail to call on us for Student's Tables, Chairs, Book-Shelves, Writing Desks, Etc. Many of these are our own make and we can save you money on them. The prettiest patterns and newest colorings in

CARPETS AND RUGS

Ever shown in the city, call and see them. Ordered work and repairing in Furniture and Upholstery. Undertaking promptly attended to. Look at our Sixteenth Century and Silver Grey Finished Tables and Writing Desks.

KOCH & HENNE, N o.56 & 58 outh Main St., Ann Arbor, Mich.

MANN BROS.

DEALERS IN

DRUGS AND DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES

We put forth our best efforts to merit the trade which our patrons bestow on us. PRESCRIPTIONS always receive our personal attention and private formula are prepared with equal care. Our stock of TRUSSES is the largest in the city and we can fit you accurately. Try us.

BROWNE & SHARPE'S

HAIR AND HORSE CLIPPERS

AT LIST PRICES.

39 S. Main St., Ann Arbor, Mich.

RINSEY & SEABOLT'S

BAKERY, GROCERY

AND

FLOUR AND FEED STORE.

We keep constantly on hand

BREAD, CRACKERS, CAKES, &c.

For Wholesale or Retail Trade.

We shall also keep a supply of

OSBORNE'S

GOLD DUST FLOUR.

J. M. Swift & Co.'s Best White Wheat Flour, Rye Flour, Buckwheat Flour, Corn Meal, Feed, &c., &c., &c.,

At Wholesale and Retail. A general stock of

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS

constantly on hand, which will be sold on as reasonable terms as at any other house in the city.

☞Cash paid for Butter, Eggs, and Country Produce generally.

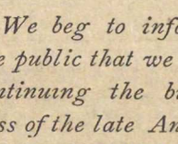
☞Goods Deliveredto any part of the city without extra charge. Rinsey & Seabolt.

We beg to inform the public that we are continuing the business of the late Anton Eisele, and will cheerfully furnish prices for all kinds of Cemetery Work in Granite, Marble and Sand Stone; also Building Work and Flag Stone Walks. We hope, with square dealing and reasonable prices, to merit a share of your patronage.

Eisele's Marble and Granite Works,

Ann Arbor, - Mich.

"CHICAGO TRUSS."



New Spiral Spring Truss. Hard Rubber Pad; Light, Clean, Durable Cool, Cheap. Approved by the highest Medical Authority. Worn day and night by an Infant a week old or an Adult 80 years. Easily adjusted. It meets all forms of Scrotal, Fermoral, Inguinal and Umbilical Hernia, in both Infants and Adults. Satisfaction guaranteed in all cases. Any desirable pressure obtained. Our Ladies Umbilical Truss is a grand success. If your druggist does not keep this Truss, enclose stamps and address

CHICAGO TRUSS COMPANY

122 E. RANDOLPH STREET.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Office same place. T. Y. KAYNE, Manager

Sold by Ann Arbor Druggists.

FRESCO PAINTING.

A SPECIALTY AT

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ANN ARBOR.

Chicago's Daily Riot.

No Postponement on Account of the Weather.

CARS STONED BY A HOWLING MOB

The New Carmen Beaten, and the Police Arrive Just in Time to Catch Nobody—Warlike Talk Still Going on and Everything Uncertain—Powderly's Opinion of Barry: He Never Will Be Missed—Brakemen in Convention.

CHICAGO, Oct. 17.—There was a lively riot last night about 6:30 o'clock at North Halsted and North avenue. Four cars, the first three manned by new men, were following each other closely down Halsted street. At the corner of North avenue they were stopped by a barricade of heavy wagons, ash boxes, beer kegs, sewer pipes and stones. The street was crowded with people returning from work, and in a moment the cars were surrounded by a howling, jeering mob. Stones crashed through the windows of the cars, and the passengers quickly deserted the cars and joined those in the street. The force of eight police who were escorting the cars were unable to do anything with the mob, and the new men on the first three cars were roughly handled. The crowd then turned their attention to the fourth car, when the driver and conductor called out that they were union men. "You're all right then," howled the crowd, and in a moment the car was dragged from the track and around the obstructions by a score of willing hands, and sent on its way unmolested. In the meantime the police had sent for reinforcements, and, upon their arrival, the streets were quickly cleared. The new men, however, refused to resume their positions on the cars, which were left standing on the street for an hour. Several men were clubbed by the police in restoring order, but only two arrests were made, the prisoners being small boys who were trying to roll a stone on to the track.

It only needed this incident to show that the strike on the north side is far from being satisfactorily settled.

Otherwise the day passed without trouble, though there were mutterings of a probable storm all along the lines among the old men. The Garfield avenue cars were run all day and into the night—for the first time since the strike—by the new men, there being policemen on each car, and a new departure was also taken in the grip cars, those running down Wells street being manned by new men. This further angered the old hands, who were laid off to make the vacant places, but no disorder occurred. The second grip sent out ran into an open switch at Wells and Illinois and broke the grip. It was asserted that the switch was opened maliciously. Another car about 11 a. m. manned by a new gripman, in going through the tunnel got into difficulty that stopped the cable until night. The new man did not loosen his grip going down the grade and the slack of the cable not being taken up by the counter weight at the engine house, coiled round the grip and the cable broke. The old hands who had their cars stopped in the tunnel took pains to remind the passengers who had to walk the remainder of the way to the business center—four or five blocks—that the "scabs" did it. An exactly similar accident occurred more than two months ago, in which the results came near being serious, a car being overturned and the passengers tumbled out promiscuously, several of them carrying home bruises as their share of the experience.

Attorney Furthman, who is in the employ of the company, when asked why the old Wells street men had been replaced by new men, replied: "New men would have run the Wells street cars yesterday had we been given sufficient police protection. The old men may object, but they have no right to do so, as we are acting strictly in accordance with our agreement of Sunday, as the short-hand notes of the conference will show. At that conference Mr. Yerkes told the men he would under no circumstances discharge the men who had come to his assistance when he was in trouble. 'I have work for 588 steady men,' he said, '200 of whom I have already hired, and who will be given steady work. This leaves steady work for 388 men. There are, however, 538 of you, and in order that all of you may have work the length of time each of 388 men would work must be shortened in order to accommodate the extra 200 old men.'"

"Now, this," continued Mr. Furthmann, "simply means that the work of 388 men is to be divided among 538 men. In regard to the 200 new men now hired, a list of them has been made and is now in the mayor's hands. Whenever one of the new men leaves of his own accord and unmolested, his place is to be filled by an old man; but if he leaves because he has been induced either by purchase or intimidation, his place will be filled by another new man. We intend, you see, to offer no premium on intimidation, so that the old men will gain nothing by driving the new men away. If this doesn't suit them and they strike, I can't help it, that's all."

All the talk yesterday was of a decidedly warlike tone, and although there is some difference in opinion among the west side men as to whether they should again strike in order to aid the north siders, the sentiment of the latter is practically unanimous that, whether the new men are retained or not, all the old men must be taken back, even if it takes another strike to do it. The committee which was appointed to call upon President Yerkes failed, for some reason, to visit that gentleman, but an all-night meeting was in session last night.

POWDERLY AND BARRY.

The Former Calls the Latter a Crank and Bids Him Godspeed.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 17.—When General Master Workman Powderly was asked last night if he had read the dispatch from Toronto, which said that T. B. Barry, who resigned from the general executive board of the Knights of Labor, had announced that he was forming a new society, he said: "If Mr. Barry will form a new organization and take into it all the other cranks and schemers and malcontents who have been aiming to injure the order and interfere with its progress, and at the same time take them out of the knights, I bid him Godspeed. He will be doing us a great favor, and at the same time will not be doing himself any harm."

Railway Brakemen in Council.

COLUMBUS, O., Oct. 16.—The fifth annual convention of the Brotherhood of Railway Brakemen began its session here last evening, with 800 delegates present. Grand Master S. E. Wilkinson, of Peoria, Ills., presided. Grand Master Wilkinson delivered the annual address, and Hon. W. S. Cappeller talked to the convention on the relations of employers and employes. Eugene V. Debbs, grand secretary of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, spoke concerning capital and labor, discouraging strikes and urging arbitration. The evening session closed with a humorous speech from Charles F. Porter, of New Orleans, known as the dude brakeman.

LAST OF THE LETTERS.

Judge Thurman Accepts the Democratic Nomination for Vice-President.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, Oct. 15.—The letter of Judge Thurman accepting the Democratic nomination for vice-president is given below in full:

GENTLEMEN: In obedience to custom, I send you this formal acceptance of my nomination for the office of vice president of the United States, made by the national convention of the Democratic party at St. Louis. When you did me the honor to call upon me at Columbus and officially notify me of my nomination, I expressed to you my sense of obligation to the convention, and stated that, although I had not sought the nomination, I did not feel at liberty, under the circumstances, to decline it. I thought then, as I now think, that whatever I could properly do to promote the re-election of President Cleveland I ought to do. His administration has been marked by such integrity, good sense, manly courage, and exalted patriotism, that a just appreciation of these high qualities seems to call for his re-election. I am also strongly impressed with the belief that his re-election would powerfully tend to strengthen that feeling of fraternity among the American people that is so essential to their welfare, peace, and happiness, and to the perpetuity of the Union and of our free institutions.

I approve the platform of the St. Louis convention, and I can not too strongly express my dissent from the heretical teachings of the monopolists that the welfare of a people can be promoted by a system of exorbitant taxation for in excess of the wants of the government. The idea that a people can be enriched by heavy and unnecessary taxation, that a man's condition can be improved by taxing him on all he wears, on all his wife and children wear, on all his tools and implements of industry is an obvious absurdity.

To fill the vaults of the treasury with an idle surplus for which the government has no legitimate use, and to thereby deprive the people of currency needed for their business and daily wants, and to create a powerful and dangerous stimulus to extravagance and corruption in the expenditures of the government, seems to me to be a policy at variance with every sound principle of government and political economy.

The necessity of reducing taxation to prevent such an accumulation of surplus revenue and the consequent depletion of the circulating medium is so apparent that no party dares to deny it, but when we come to consider the modes by which the reduction may be made we find a wide antagonism between our party and the monopolistic leaders of our political opponents. We seek to reduce taxes upon the necessaries of life. our opponents seek to increase them. We say, give to the masses of the people cheap and good clothing, cheap blankets, cheap tools and cheap lumber. The Republicans by their platform, and their leaders in the senate by their proposed bill, say increase the taxes on clothing and blankets, and thereby increase their cost; maintain a high duty on the tools of the farmer and mechanic and upon lumber, which they need for the construction of their modest dwellings, shops and barns, and thereby prevent their obtaining these necessaries at reasonable prices. Can any sensible man doubt as to where he should stand in this controversy? Can any well-informed man be deceived by the false pretense that a system so unreasonable and unjust is for the benefit of laboring men?

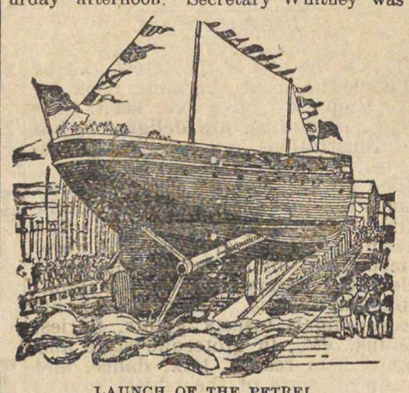
Much is said about competition of American laborers with the pauper labor of Europe; but does not every man who looks around him see and know that an immense majority of the laborers in America are not in what are called the protected industries? and as to those who are employed in such industries is it not undeniable that the duties proposed by the Democratic measure called the Mills bill far exceed the difference between American and European wages, and therefore, if it were admitted that our workingmen can be protected by tariffs against cheaper labor, they would be fully protected and more than protected by that bill? Does not every well-informed man know that the increase in price of home manufactures produced by a high tariff does not go into the pockets of the laboring men, but only tends to swell the profits of others?

It appears to me that if the policy of the Democratic party is plainly presented, all must understand that we seek to make the cost of living less, and at the same time increase the share of the laboring man in the benefits of national prosperity and growth. I am very respectfully, your obedient servant. ALLEN G. THURMAN.

LAUNCH OF THE PETREL.

Between 4,000 and 5,000 People Witness the Event at Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 13.—Between 4,000 and 5,000 people witnessed the launching of the new bunboat Petrel at the ship yards of the Columbian Iron works at Locust Point Saturday afternoon. Secretary Whitney was



LAUNCH OF THE PETREL.

represented by Rear Admiral Rodgers. There were also present Commodore Schley, Commodore Terry, Naval Constructor Nixon, Naval Constructor Hichman, Rear Admiral Franklin and many other naval officers. The Petrel started from the ways at 2:09 p. m., being christened by Miss Virginia Schley, daughter of Commodore Schley, breaking a bottle of champagne over her bow. The Petrel glided into the Patapsco gracefully amid tooting of whistles of many tugs and excursion boats.

"HELD UP" THE WRONG TRAIN.

Failure of an Attempt to Rob a Pay-Car in Dakota.

DEADWOOD, D. T., Oct. 13.—About 8 o'clock Friday morning a dastardly attempt at train-robbery was made in Reno gulch, on the Black Hills & Fort Pierre railroad. The road is owned and operated by the Homestake Mining company, which employes a large number of men at wood-chopping at Brownsville, the terminus of the road, distant about twenty miles from Lead City.

Friday was the regular pay-day at Brownsville and it was generally known that Paymaster Reemer would go out with $15,000 to liquidate the September pay-rolls. The robbers, aware of this, had planned to wreck the train, slaughter the crew, capture the boodle, and escape. To carry this out the fish plates had been removed and the rails spiked, so that the engine dropped down on the ties and the coach was also derailed. Fortunately the train was not running at a very rapid rate. By reversing the lever the engineer quickly brought it to a standstill.

As it stopped three masked men rose up in the brush and commanded "Hands up," and before the order could be obeyed opened fire. The fire was returned at once by Paymaster Reemer, who, armed with a Winchester, managed to bring down two of the three desperadoes. One of them, Charles Clark, was shot in the ear. He crawled off in the underbrush to die. The other, John Wilson, was wounded in the head and in the left side. He is now in jail here, but will likely die. The third man, Charles Johnson, was unhurt. He rushed to his horse and got away.

Big Decrease in the Surplus.

WASHINGTON CITY, Oct. 17.—The surplus in the treasury at the close of business yesterday was $73,586,756, against $88,000,000 last Saturday, a decrease within the past two days of $15,000,000.

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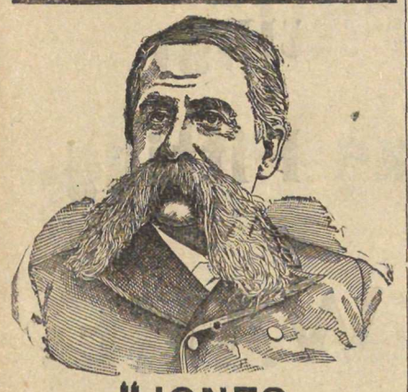

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THE WASHINGTON WIRE.

TELEGRAPHIC TICKS OF CONGRESSIONAL DOINGS.

Bills and Resolutions Introduced into Both Branches of the National Legislature and the Action Taken by the Law-Makers Thereon—A Summary of the Week's Work in Congress.

WASHINGTON CITY, Oct. 11.—In the senate yesterday Hale presented the report of the select committee on the operation of the civil service law under the present administration. Briefly stated, the report declares that the law has been practically nullified; that the condition of affairs is as diametrically opposite to the president's promises as could be imagined, and that about all the evils which civil service reformers complained of exist now. It is suggested, also, that the president's contribution of $10,000 to the Democratic campaign fund was a direct violation of the law. The statements are fortified with the evidence taken by the committee. The minority report is yet to be presented. A resolution for an inquiry into the complaint that the Union Pacific bridge at Omaha is an obstruction to navigation was passed; also a resolution to inquire whether American cattle can not be transported through Canada without the present quarantine delay. The bill to pay the widow of the late Chief Justice Waite $8,745 was passed; also the house bill for the relief and civilization of the Chippewa Indians in Minnesota. Bate then spoke on the tariff, defending the Mills bill, and the senate, after a short executive session, adjourned.

A point of order was raised in the house against the passage of the bill to perfect the electoral count bill, and a motion to reconsider entered, which led to "no quorum" filibustering. The speaker said the bill could be acted upon when reported as enrolled for the speaker's signature. The point against the bill was "no quorum." The report on the deficiency bill was agreed to, action on several bills was defeated by the "no quorum" objection, and the house adjourned to Friday.

WASHINGTON CITY, Oct. 12.—The senate yesterday passed the bill appropriating $50,000 to enforce the Chinese exclusion act. Mitchell made a speech in favor of one-cent-an-ounce postage. The tariff debate was then proceeded with, Cullom and Platt speaking in favor of the senate bill. At 4:40 p. m. the senate adjourned.

WASHINGTON CITY, Oct. 13.—The senate yesterday attended to some routine business, and then continued the discussion on the tariff bill. Allison, in answer to a question by Dolph, stated that in the bill coal slack or culm was put on the free list, but that was one of the mistakes of the bill, and the committee would move to amend by restoring it to the dutiable list. Call then spoke in opposition to the bill. Hawley spoke briefly for the bill, stating that it was the best first draft of a tariff bill he had ever seen, but congress could not dispose of it this session, and he wanted to go home, and was going. Reagan said he would not agree to vote either for the house or senate bill on every clause. Conference reports on the Fourth of July claims bill and the bill to retire Gen. Pleasanton were agreed to. A resolution to investigate the arrears of work in the land office was adopted. The senate held a short executive session, and then adjourned till Monday.

The house attendance was very small, and half a dozen leaves of absence were granted, one of them being to Cheadle of Indiana, who expressed a "desire to visit my constituents." The conference report on the Fourth of July claims bill was agreed to, as was the report of the Stahlenecker investigating committee. Joint resolutions were passed to print the first and second annual reports of the labor commissioner. A long discussion took place on the senate Nicaragua canal bill, but no action was taken. The bill to retire Gen. Pleasanton was agreed, too, and then, after some "no quorum" filibustering, the house adjourned to Monday.

WASHINGTON CITY, Oct. 16.—The president's vetoes of the bills giving pensions to Mrs. Sarah Woodside and Mary R. Richards were read in the senate yesterday and Blair made a speech against the vetoes, bringing up the case of Mary Ann Dougherty, whose bill was vetoed because the president said she had no claim. Blair in the course of his remarks declared the president was an "infamous libeller," while Cockerell characterized Blair's documents as "trash and bosh." The first Tuesday in December was set apart for consideration of the Pacific railway funding bill. The joint resolution authorizing the executive departments to make exhibits at the Paris exposition of 1889 was passed. Brown presented the petition of the W. C. T. U. of Georgia, asking the repeal of the internal revenue laws. Brown spoke in favor of adjournment, and Allison said congress could not adjourn until the general deficiency bill had been signed. Vest delivered a speech on the tariff question, and the senate adjourned.

In the house E. B. Taylor objected to the consideration of the resolution relative to a conference to inquire into the best means of suppressing yellow fever. He said no more legislation should be enacted at this session. Wheeler offered a resolution pledging the Democrats to continue their efforts for tariff reduction, declaring the senate tariff bill constructed in the interests of monopoly, and that it should be discussed in the house. A bill was introduced giving a bounty of 160 acres of land to veterans of the war of the rebellion or their heirs; also granting pensions to veterans who are disabled or have reached 65 years of age. Oates offered a resolution for adjournment sine die, Oct 17. Dougherty withdrew his point of no quorum against the passage of the electoral college bill, and the passage thereof was clinched. The house then adjourned.

WASHINGTON CITY, Oct. 17.—The senate yesterday put in the time talking tariff, Cockrell opening with a speech against the senate bill, in which he quoted speeches of Allison and Wilson of Iowa in opposition to high protection. Cockrell filed a letter from the commissioner of internal revenue which said the removal of the duty on alcohol used in the arts would lead to extensive frauds, to which Allison replied that England and Germany had not found it that way. Spooner spoke next, giving reports from English sources in opposition to free trade After a brief executive session the senate adjourned.

The house agreed to the bill authorizing a bridge across the Mississippi at LaCrosse, Wis. An appropriation for the printing of 50,000 copies of the report of the bureau of animal industry was passed. The Oates adjournment resolution came up, and Oates offered an amendment making the date Oct. 18. The house refused to consider it, and postponed it for the day. An attempt to call up the bill to settle the accounts of laborers under the eight hour law was defeated. Oates said that he had failed in his effort to get the house to adjourn, and he would like to adjourn himself. He asked leave of absence for the remainder of the session, which was granted, as was also a similar request of Lanham of Texas. The house then, at 1:10, adjourned.

It is rumored that negotiations for an alliance of the Northern Pacific and Wisconsin Central are on foot.

THE PAINS OF FEAR.

THE EXQUISITE TORTURE ENDURED BY THE TIMID WOMAN.

The Night Has Its Terrors and the Day Its Dangers—Mothers Who Make Their Motherhood a Long Drawn Agony. Peril Everywhere.

Think what that poor, dear, timid woman undergoes who nightly looks under her bed for the burglar she believes to be secreted there, who goes round the house after the servants are abed to see that all is safe, and that no ticket of leave man is profiting by his liberty to do her harm With what a sense of dread she locks the doors of those dark, underground places into which she dares not peer Ghosts and robbers—she turns the key on both with a quick throb and trembling hand, then beats a retreat with ever the same feeling of nameless terror, the same sensation of being followed by some vague horror, which she has not the courage to turn round and confront. Night after night this torment is renewed, as unfailingly as that which the old hag inflicted on the merchant Abudah.

If the night has its terrors so has the day its dangers. Such a person as this in the country dies a thousand deaths in quick succession, and the one is as unnecessary as the other. A tramp loitering on the highway means robbery first and assassination after. A few harmless cows going home to be milked, and driven by a child, are as dangerous as a stampede of buffalos, heads down and tails aloft. Cattle in a field, however well worn the public way across, make that field taboo; for is not each dull, slow, grazing ox, each mild eyed "milky mother of the herd," each tangle polled yearling calf, as dangerous as a wild bull, "man mad," and to be approached only with caution and in force? That distant, barking collie; that restless, neighing horse prancing up to the gap in the hedge, through which he thrusts his sociably inquisitive nose, that wayside encampment of traveling gypsies—all the circumstances of the country are so many causes of fear to the timid pedestrian, beating along the public road for a constitutional, and taking no pleasure in what she sees.

In a carriage she fares no better. Up hill she is sure the horses will jib; down hill they will slip and fall, or the pole will break, and then heaven have mercy on her soul! On the plain road, put to a sharp trot they will run away; indeed, they are running away If they whisk their tails they are about to kick; if they cock their ears they are sure to shy She screams at the smallest difference between them and their driver; and when they have to meet another carriage, or pass a lumbering cart, she pinches her companion black and blue in the spasm of her fear

The torment of fear is hard to bear when it is centered on one's self. What is it when it spreads itself abroad and includes others—the beloved—in its meshes? For the beloved, indeed, is no security. Every railway journey includes a smash; every sea voyage is a foregone shipwreck; if an epidemic touches the outside fringes of the district, it is sure to make a leap into the home where the dear ones live. The smallest cold is bronchitis; and when the little people cough they have whooping cough, no less.

Some mothers make their motherhood a long drawn agony by the fears with which they encompass their young Is the nurse a quarter of an hour beyond her usual time? Straightway the grave is opened and the cherished and adored lie therein stark and cold Wild wanderings to and fro, wild surmises as to what can have happened, angry rejection of any commonplace explanation as to a longer walk than usual, a longer session under the trees than was calculated on, passionate tears of frantic despair, passionate outbursts of as frantic wrath; when lo! the nurse comes quietly up to the house door with her charge as fresh as a flower and as gay as a lark, and that voluntary descent into Hades proves itself as futile as it was unnecessary

These fears accompany a mother of this uneasy kind all through life. When her boys go to school she is sure they will be mauled by the bigger ruffians of their class, maimed for life in the playground, overworked, underfed, put into damp sheets and morally corrupted She suffers more than they from the dire necessities of learning, and wishes that there was a royal road to knowledge where her darlings could bowl along at railroad speed, with never a hill to climb nor a valley wherein to descend. She thinks the masters cruel and the curriculum inhuman, and wonders how so much can be expected from such young brains and growing bodies.

All through life it is the same cry of evil. The fortunes of war take her sons here and there, and the mother frets over the possibilities of disaster, as if that possible event were proven fact and chance had no side alley for escape. And when it comes to matrimony the whole thing is renewed under another name; for surely was there never the girl born who was a fit wife for the son of such a mother, while the finest man extant makes but a poor kind of a care taker for her daughter! So she perverts the great gift of love and the divine glory of maternity into a scourge, and not a blessing, and weeps behind her mantle of self made mourning because she has not the courage to believe nor the common sense to hope.—The Forum.

CHAMPIONS AT THE BAT.

First Game Between the League and American Association for Supremacy.

CHICAGO, Oct. 15.—The Chicago team returned home Monday morning, done with the league championship season and ready for their winter's trip to Australia. The league season closes with the teams in the following positions:

League.	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
New York	131	84	47	.641
Chicago	135	77	58	.570
Philadelphia	130	69	61	.530
Boston	134	70	64	.522
Detroit	131	68	63	.519
Pittsburg	135	66	69	.488
Indianapolis	135	50	85	.370
Washington	133	48	85	.360

NEW YORK, Oct. 17.—The first game of the world's championship series between the New Yorks and St. Louis Browns was played yesterday, and resulted in a victory for the League champions. The score:

New York	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	*—2
St. Louis	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0—1

Disastrous Fire at Winona, Minn.

WINONA, Minn., Oct. 15.—The postoffice block, occupied by A. McNeib & Co., wholesale stationers, the Western Union Telegraph, the Masonic Temple rs, and others was burned Saturday night. The McNeis property adjoining, a three-story brick building, was also destroyed The losses will aggregate $75,000. The contents of the postoffice were removed. Help was telegraphed for to LaCrosse, but countermanded.

Five Girls Charged with Arson.

ADRIAN, Mich., Oct. 13.—At the session of the circuit court Friday morning five girls from the Industrial home were arraigned, charged with arson, the offense consisting of an attempt to burn Creswell cottage on the 30th of September. The girls, Clara Rice, Minnie Dulais, Minnie Conklin, Mary Panyard, and Maude Bagley, all plead guilty. The court gave the culprits a week in which to get their parents and friends here to speak for them, and will pass sentence next Friday.

SHORTAGE IN THE WHEAT CROP.

The Average Yield in Wheat Growing States as Compared with 1887.

CHICAGO, Oct. 15.—The following crop summary will appear in this week's edition of The Farmers' Review: The shortage in the wheat crop of 1888 is due not only to decreased acreage, but also to damage from various causes, such as frost, winter killing, rust, chinch-bugs, and drought. The following estimates of the crop in the principal wheat growing states are based on the acreage planted in those states as estimated by the department of agriculture and the average yield as reported by The Farmers' Review correspondent:

Kentucky—14,490,252 bushels, against 11,113,000 bushels in 1887.

Ohio—28,277,796 bushels, against 35,895,000.

Indiana—3,148,635 bushels, against 37,828,000.

Illinois—29,828,626 bushels, against 36,861,000.

Iowa—25,393,281 bushels, against 26,837,000.

Missouri—23,120,130 bushels, against 27,744,000.

Kansas—13,549,932 bushels, against 7,607,000.

Nebraska—20,280,260 bushels, against 16,585,000.

Michigan—21,997,800 bushels, against 21,672,000.

Wisconsin—12,555,257 bushels, against 13,663,000.

Minnesota—21,237,317 bushels, against 36,299,000.

Dakota—33,954,607 bushels, against 52,406,000.

Total for the eleven states and Dakota, 282,840,352 bushels

Allowing for the decrease in the area planted in the southern and eastern states reported by the department of agriculture and for an acreage in the western states and territories not mentioned above, and assuming that the yield per acre will be equal to that of last year, we estimate that the crop in the said states and territories to be 136,158,020 bushels, which added to the total in the above eleven states and Dakota would make a total of 418,998,372 bushels this year, against 456,329,000 bushels last year.

A HUNDRED YEARS A HERO!

How Seth Warner Won a Wife and Became Famous.

Colonel Seth Warner, of Vermont, the famous hero of the Revolutionary war, was a leading fighter for the Hampshire grants.

These titles were disputed by the State of New York and its authorities obtained an edict of the King of England in their favor. The settlers were stung by the supposed injustice. This state of things brought Colonel Seth Warner to the front. With Athan Allen and others he actively opposed every effort of the New York state authorities to enforce posession, and finally he with Allen and others, were outlawed and a price put on their heads!

To circumvent New York, it was necessary that some one should go into that state and gain required information. Col. Warner, assuming for safety the name of "Dr. Howard," undertook this perilous and romantic journey.

While on his way home he stopped at a country inn, where an old gentleman and daughter were storm-bound. The father fell ill and the daughter called upon Col. Warner, who, with his wide knowledge of Simple remedies, successfully treated the "old man," and he finally won this devoted woman for a wife.

Such incidents were not uncommon in those years. When the doctor was not easily reached, months of sickness, and even life were often saved by some unprofessional friend versed in the use of simple herbs and roots. The health of early settlers and their powers of endurance convince us that such medicines did only good and left no poison in the blood to work as much injury to the system as would the disease itself.

In time of peace the Colonel was in constant demand for his knowledge of simple remedies and their power over disease. But it was left to another of his name to the present age to give to the public what was then used with such positive success.

Warner for over a hundred years has shared with Ethan Allen the administration of the American people.

Colonel Seth Warner belongs to a family of wide distinction; no less than eight members thereof won fame in the regular practice of medicine.

Looking to the adoption by the people of this generation of the old time simple remedies, his direct decendent, H. H. Warner, the well known proprietor of Warner's safe cure, for many years has been experimenting with old time roots and herbs formulae and, research having been finally rewarded with success, he gives the world the result. These recipes and formulae in other days accomplished great things because they were purely vegetable and combined simply as to cure the disease indicated, without injury to the system. In harmony with their old time character, we learn that he proposes to call them Warner's Log Cabin remedies, using as a trade-mark an old-fashioned American log cabin. We understand that he intends to put forth a "sarsaparilla," for the blood, the sarsaparilla itself being but one of a number of simple and effective elements; "Log Cabin hops and buchu," a general stomach tonic and invigorator; "Log Cabin cough and consumption remedy," "Warner's Log Cabin hair tonic;" a preparation for that universal disease catarrh, called "Log Cabin rose cream; "Warner's Log Cabin plasters;" and "Warner's Log Cabin liver pills." which are to be used in connection with the other remedies, or independently as required.

Warner's safe remedies are already standards of the most pronounced scientific value in all parts of the world, and we have no doubt the Log Cabin remedies, for the diseases they are intended to cure, will be of equal merit, for Mr. Warner has the reputation of connecting his name with no preparation that is not meritorious.

TRY IT YOURSELF.

"It is of no use to argue the question, Philip, I am neither stubborn nor opinionated, I have simply had a lesson that will last a lifetime."

"Look here Jack! you are like some old bachelor that has been jilted by one woman and goes about declaring all women are false."

"Not at all! my brother Charley died of Bright's disease brought on by using one of these so called 'blood purifiers' — the kind you see attractively advertised in every nook and corner. It contains iodide of potassium, a drug useful in extreme cases when cautiously given under a doctor's supervision, but death dealing to all who take it in quantity. If *your* brother had died under such circumstances, you would hate patent medicines as I do."

"I do dislike the name of that mis called 'blood purifier," for I have heard a first class physician say it is the cause of half the cases of Bright's disease in the country, and it is strange the proprietors have not been prosecuted for selling it. But I was recommending Vinegar Bitters and that does not contain any mineral, narcotic or other hurtful drug."

"Oh, nobody supposes that old woman's remedy will hurt anybody; the question is will it cure anything? I'd as soon think of taking some of my grandmother's herb tea."

"You would be better off, Jack, if you had some of that tea to tone up your system now, instead of taking a glass of brandy to make you sleep one night and perhaps a bottle of beer the next."

"Is this a temperance lecture, Phil?"

"No, it is a Vinegar Bitters lecture. I've taken the medicine more or less for fifteen years, and look the world over, you will not find a healthier man than I am."

"What is all this nonsense about old style and new style Vinegar Bitters; are they different.

"Yes, the old style looks like coffee with milk in, the new style like coffee without milk. The man who made the old style for twenty years—a practical chemist—made a milder, pleasanter preparation, adding to it here, and taking from it there, until he produced, my wife says, the finest medicine ever made. It cured her of constipation, and it cures the children of hives and all the little ailments they ever have. If my wife thinks they have worms, she doses them with old style. We always have both kinds in the house, and together, they keep the doctor away."

"And you insist that the proof of the pudding—"

"Is in the eating—precisely. Jack, get a bottle of the old style Vinegar Bitters—men, I think, prefer old style usually—try it, and you will then be like an old bachelor, who, after railing against women for years, falls in love with a good woman at last. You will say there are good and bad patent medicines, but Vinegar Bitters is the best of the lot."

"All right, Phil, to please you, I'll try it and report results."

Only Temperance Bitters Known.

VINEGAR BITTERS
VEGETABLE — FREE FROM — ALCOHOL
PURELY — DR. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA —
EUREKA
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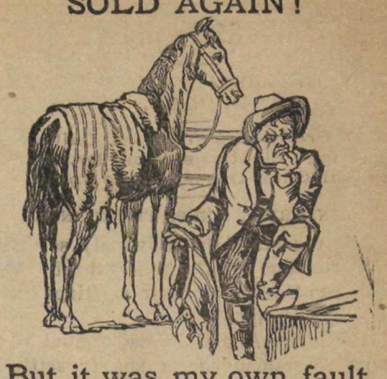

But it was my own fault.

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The 5/A Extra Test Horse Blanket combines in a remarkable manner warmth, strength and beauty. Ask your dealer for either the 5/A Extra Test, or one of the following 5/A Horse Blankets:

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Has Five Miles of Warp Threads.

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Strongest Horse Blanket Made.

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Just the thing for Out-Door Use.

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Something New, Very Strong.

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FOR THE LADIES.

Ladies will find this a Perfect Remedy for Female Troubles, such as Painful and Suppressed Menstruation, Sick Headache, and also for beautifying the Complexion and Eradicating Pimples and Blotches and other Skin Diseases.

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Everyone should have a package in their home and never be without it.

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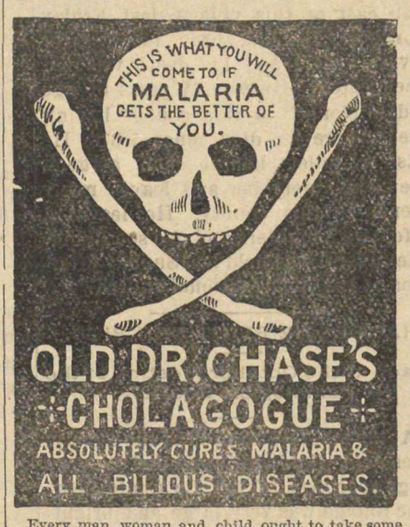

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CHOLAGOGUE

every Spring, and have not missed a day's work since 1869. POSITIVELY, this medicine WILL CURE

MALARIA, BILIOUSNESS, FEVER AND AGUE,

Aches in the bones that Spring brings to one-half the people. For sale at Drug stores; if not, send $1.00 for a bottle. CHASE MEDICINE CO., Detroit, Mich. FARRAND, WILLIAMS & Co. Wholesale Agts

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UNIVERSITY NEWS.

THE UNIVERSITY NOT TO BE DIVIDED.

New Professors—The Art Gallery—College Elections—What Dr. Maclean Said—Other College Notes.

ANN ARBOR KEEPS THE CLINIC.

The regents of the university settled the question of the removal of the clinic to Detroit at their meeting last Friday evening.

President Angell in his annual report recommended its speedy settlement as it would be better for the internal harmony and prosperity of the medical department. The removal would make the expense greater to both students and faculty, it would require additions to be made to the faculty and would cause the university to be called upon for larger expenditures.

The same argument as used to cause the removal of the clinics to Detroit could be used to move a part of the homœpathic and dental departments there and this would be a dangerous disintegration of life and a calumitous diffusion of force. The students would lose the advantages of the university library and university life. The Detroit hospitals are not much larger than ours and a Detroit practitioner in his annual address to the state medical society said there is no hospital in Detroit which is properly equipped or which has money enough to pay its running expenses witnout financial embarrassment. The president recommended that the state erect a commodious hospital in this city to which could be brought those who are county charges. The regents adopted a resolution offered by Regent Willetts, "that it is neither practicable nor desirable to remove any part of the medical department to Detroit and it is the settled policy of the board that the university be maintained in entirety at Ann Arbor." Regent Fields of Detroit was the only regent to oppose the adoption of the resolution which settles the fact that the university clinics remain here.

NEW FACULTY MEMBERS.

The regents in executive session last Friday appointed Dr. J. N. Martin to the chair of Obstetrics made vacant by Dr. Dunster's death, for the coming semester, at a salary of $2,000 per annum. The appointment of Albert A. Steinley as professor of music at a salary of $1200 was confirmed, as was that of Dr. N. S. Hoff as assistant professor of practical dentistry at a salary of $1200. Fred N. Scott was made assistant librarian at $900 salary, Dr. W. A. Campbell, assistant professor of anatomy at $500 salary. The following assistants were appointed: Histology and microscopy, H. C. Conklin, $300; organic chemistry, Moses Gomberg $192; physiological chemistry, J. V. Ricker $192; qualitative analysis, Chas. P. Beckwith $250; pharmacy, Junius D. Schlotterbeck $192; surgery, John F. Abbott $100; Dr. G. H. Chaffen was made an assistant at $100 salary. Dr. Campbell was also made curator of the medical museum at a $100 per annum.

The junior literary class has elected Hudson Sheldon, president; Miss Penny, vice-president; O D. Vandersluis secretary and Mr. Millman, treasurer.

Prof. B. M. Thompson has issued a little pamphlet, entitled an "Outline of a Suit in Equity," for the use of the senior law class.

DR. MACLEAN STIRRED UP.

The action of the regents regarding the clinic again brings Dr. Maclean to the front and the Detroit Evening Journal quotes him as saying:

"I shall not give up yet, because I believe the inherent merits of the cause will carry it through successfully, notwithstanding the action which the board took Friday night. The regents have never given this matter fair consideration. They have suffered our arguments, but they have done so, as it were, under protest. The board is under the influence of persons at Ann Arbor, whose petty interests cause them to oppose the extension. These persons think that something is to be taken from Ann Arbor. They cannot see that the change would be a real benefit to the town as well as to the state at large. But the profession and I think the people of Michigan favor the scheme, and the public opinion will soon compel the regents to fairly investigate. And when once investigated I have no fear of the result. The fallacious and sophisticated arguments of President Angell and the others will not bear the light of reason. They can't stand."

THE NEED OF AN ART GALLERY.

President Angell favorably called attention of the regents to the pressing need of an art gallery, when he referred to the large and valuable pieces of the Roger's collection of statuary not yet unpacked because the university has no place to put them. The state has been presented by an eminent sculptor of whose name and fame America is well proud, with statuary estimated in value to be worth $250,000. She ought to be able at least to provide shelter for such a gift and facilities for so arranging the statuary that it might aid in educating that love of art that is inherent in civilized mankind.

The prohibition club will erect a Fiske pole.

The masterpiece course is taken by fifty students.

The spring vacation will be three weeks later than formerly.

Dr. Arndt has been granted leave of absence for the second semester.

The freshman and sophomore game of foot ball occurs to-morrow afternoon.

A reception was given to Prof. Steinley at Hobart hall, last evening.

A quarter of the students in the literary department last year were young ladies.

The freshmen class last Saturday elected Mr. VanInwegon, foot ball captain.

There are fifty-eight high schools whose graduates are admitted to the University on diploma.

The Chronicle met the cut in the price of the Argonaut by coming down to seventy-five cents a year.

No university in this country is carried on with so little money in proportion to its size as the University of Michigan.

The university library contains 67,759 volumns, 13,892 pamphlets. There were 5,361 volumns and 1,278 pamphlets added during the past year, a large number of which were gifts to the university

The rugby association last Saturday elected J. E. Duffy, president; O. K. Button, vice-president; Will Ball, secretary; J. D. Armstrong, treasurer and Wilkinson, Ducharme and Hinchman, directors.

The christian association has been called upon to fill a few vacancies in its officers this year, W. A. Nichols has been elected treasurer, Mrs. A. E. Jenning, corresponding secretary, G. M. Walker, librarian and Prof. G. S. Morris, a member of the board of trustees.

The game of foot ball between the freshman and junior medics was indecisive each winning a goal. The third goal will be played to-morrow. The first goal was won by the juniors in quick order and the second was won by the freshmen after a long and hotly contested fight.

The prohibition club has elected C. V. Nafe, president; W. A. Nichols, G. E. McIlwain, Wm. Blincoe, M. Johnson, C. S. Buttolph Jessie Moore, R. H. Stevens, and Mark Bullock well, vice-presidents, E. B Conrad, recording secretary and treasurer and Mr. Mehle, corresponding secretary.

Chelsea.

Hay is scarce and very high here.

Some farmers are yet sowing rye.

Political rallies are of daily occurrence.

Corn is not turning out as well as was expected.

tariff question. It did the republican cause more harm than good.

James Leach and wife left for their home at Paw Paw last Tuesday.

Corn, potatoes and oats bring 25 to 27 cents per bushel in this market.

The frame to the Congregational parsonage has loomed up this week.

Three car loads of barley were shipped from here this week to Detroit.

H. S. Holmes & Co., have shipped out their wool this week, some five car loads.

George E. Clark has moved to Kalamazoo. He is foreman of a section gang there.

The three apple evaporators in town are now running till midnight and doing a large business.

E. P. Downer and wife, of Fowlerville, were here last Sunday attending the funeral of their brother.

Large quantities of apples have been packed here this week and $1 per barrel has been paid for sound fruit.

Very little wheat has been taken in this week at $1 to $1.05. The farmers have been busy with apples and corn husking and are confident that wheat will be worth more money later.

Mrs. Matilda Fletcher spoke at the town hall Wednesday night to a good audience for the republicans. It was the old bloody shirt story and many contradictions and absurdities on the

There was a republican rally at Sylvan Center Tuesday night addressed by A. J. Sawyer and John F. Lawrence. It was well attended but nobody has been reported converted to their faith.

Darwin Downer died at his residence just east of this village last Friday morning. He had been helpless for several years and his death was not unexpected. He was 74 years of age and a pioneer in this county having lived where he died, since 1837 He was a quiet honest man a good friend and neighbor and leaves many friends in this county. He leaves a wife, two daughters and one son living. The funeral was held last Sunday afternoon at the congregational church.

HANDSOME FRUIT EXHIBITS.

Made at the October Meeting of the Pomological Society.

At the monthly meeting of the society, President Baldwin exhibited a very large specimen of the Le Conte pear. The foliage was very large and bright, showing a very healthy wood, not in the least injured by the late frosts. If this pear ripens in our climate it will stay like the Kieffer, which it resembles, surpassing the latter in size. Both are of Mongolian origin.

The undersigned exhibited Sheldon, Secil, Louise Bonne, Superfine, Mount Vernon, Duchesse, D'Anjon, Bosc, Kieffer and Nelis pears.

The Ann Arbor Preserve and Pickling Company exhibited Peach Jelly in neat blue and white glass jars. All who tasted it pronounced it very good Its positive peach character was marked in comparison with the cheap jellies that contain everything but the fruit, indicated on the labels. This company could not get enough peaches here and imported a load from St, Louis, Mo., at the rate of $1.35 per bushel. Miss Sarah Fletcher superintended the canning and jellying. She is so well-known in this community that her name is a guarantee for first-class work, and scrupulous neatness in putting up fruit. The company put up quite an amount of fruit from this vicinity. It is very strange that their exhibit at the County Fair, which was the largest, passed unnoticed by the judges and superintendents of that department.

The fruit exhibit at our last County Fair was discussed. It was a grand success, but the fruit, especially grapes, became unsightly by the dust in the fruit hall. A committee, consisting of E. Baur, W. F. Bird and J. Ganzhorn was appointed to recommend to the Agricultural and Horticultural Society a new floor for the fruit hall and general better arrangements; also a change in the premium list on fruits. It was asserted that some exhibitors of fruit collect their exhibits from the neighborhood, and the same canned goods have appeared for years. It was recommended that in future the superintendent of that department should ask exhibitors whether they themselves have grown these fruits.

Mr. J. Austin Scott thought that the premiums on farm, garden and orchard produce were too small He considered these departments the most important. A first premium of fifty cents on wheat and of one dollar on largest and best display of grapes was out of place. Mr. J. J. Parshall moved that the original subscription list for the fruit factory bonus be put in the hands of Mr. E. B. Pond for collection. The motion was carried. Those that shipped by the fruit car are, requested to pay a penny per bushel to the treasurer of this society, which had considerable work to do to bring about cheaper transportation

EMIL BAUR, Cor. Sec.

How's This.

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

E. H. Van Hoesen, Cashier, Toledo National Bank, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucus surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Old Bachelor—"Do you know, Miss Singlesome, that when one finds a four-leaved clover it is a sure sign that the finder will be married within a year?" Young Lady—"No, I have always supposed that finding a four-leaved clover was an omen of good luck."

Do you suffer with catarrh? You can be cured if you take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier. Sold by all druggists.

Choice apple jelly and apple butte made at the Ann Arbor Fruit Work will now be found for sale at the grocers'. If your grocer does not sell them,

Farmers can exchange apples for jelly on favorable terms. We also pay cash

ALMENDINGER & SCHEIDNER.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruise 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

Harvest Excursions.

The Michigan Central R.R. Co. will on Tuesday, Aug 21st, Sept. 11th, and 25th., Oct. 9th, and 23rd, 1888, sell round trip tickets at one first class fare to points in Ala., Ark., Col., Dak., Indian Territory, Iowa, Kan., La., Minn., Miss., Mont., Neb., New Mexico, Tenn., Texas and Wyoming.

Tickets good for 30 days. For further information please call at M. C. ticket office. H. W. Hayes, Agent.

Cocoons of well-fed silk-worms often reel 1,000 yards, and reliable accounts are given of a cocoon yielding 1,295 yards, or a fibre three-fourths of a mile in length.

Don't Experiment.

You cannot afford to waste time in experimenting when your lungs are in danger. Consumption always seems, at first, only a cold. Do not permit any dealer to impose upon you with some cheap, imitation of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, but be sure you get the genuine. Because he can make more profit he may tell you he has something just as good, or just the same. Don't be deceived, but insist upon getting Dr. King's New Discovery, which is guaranteed to give relief in all Throat, Lung and Chest affections. Trial bottle free at Eberbach & Son's drug store. Large bottles, $1.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

-CURE-

BILIOUSNESS, SICK HEADACHE
HEARTBURN, LIVER INDIGESTION
DYSPEPSIA, COMPLAINT, JAUNDICE

Your BLOOD Purified,

BY USING THE GENUINE

DR. C. McLANE'S

CELEBRATED

LIVER PILLS!

PREPARED ONLY BY

FLEMING BROS., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Beware of COUNTERFEITS made in St. Louis.

Housekeeper's Turn!

—AT—

MACK & SCHMID'S,

—FOR—

MONEY SAVING PURCHASES.

600 yards Turkey Red Table Damask, all in remnants, at ½ price.

3 dozen pairs of 10-4 Grey Blankets at $1.00 a pair. This is all we can get of this kind.

6 dozen pairs of White 10-4 Blankets, also at $1.00 a pair.

3 dozen pairs all-wool heavy Scarlet Blankets at $4.25 a pair.

2 dozen all-linen Table Spreads, 3 yards long, with a border on all sides, at $1.20 each.

50 6-4 jute Table Covers, came yesterday, in all colors, which we will run at $1.00 each.

3000 yards best Standard Prints, in various colors and designs, at 6 cents per yard.

2000 yards good prints at 5 cents per yard.

1000 yards new prints at 3½ cent per yard. A big line of Furniture Calicos at 6 cents per yard.

25 of the elegant long nap Seal Plush Sacques, in the new cut, 40 inches long, will arrive to-morrow morning, and which we will run at $19.75 each, for 2 weeks only. This is a genuine surpriser. Others sell them at $25.00 each. Also, the same Sacque, 38 inches long, for $18.75 each.

BUT ONLY FOR TWO WEEKS.

Call for our $9.00 Taroma, an elegant cloth, Newmarket, with the new style Cape and Sleeves. Look over our many bargain displays on our counters.

MACK & SCHMID.

JOIN THE MAJORITY!!

—AND—

Buy Business Suits for Men,

Buy Dress Suits for Men,

Buy School Suits for Boys,

Buy Nobby Suits for Children

----OF----

A. L. NOBLE,

AT THE

STAR CLOTHING HOUSE.

SPECIAL VALUES IN UNDERWEAR. We buy largely by the case at case prices.

WE STUDY TO PLEASE.

SCHUH & MUEHLIG,

DEALERS IN

Hardware,

Plumbing,

Steam Fitting,

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MANUFACTURERS

TIN & COPPER WARE.

Garland Stoves and Ranges!

Have no Equal, and are sold as cheap as other Stoves.

Schuh & Muehlig,

31 S. Main and No 1-2 Washington Street, Ann Arbor, Michigan.