

Entered at the Post-office, in Ann Arbor, Mich., as second-class matter.

BEAKES & MORTON, Proprietors.

TERMS—\$1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

An editor named Halford, of Indianapolis, is to be Harrison's private secretary. This is not the Halford of the Ann Arbor Daily News fame.

The women of this country have invented and patented over 2,000 articles. Last year 188 patents were granted them. The first patent given to a woman in this country was in 1809 for straw weaving.

PERSONAL

- Ernest Carter has returned to Ann Arbor. Mrs. W. G. Doty is visiting in Manchester. Miss Bertie Bliss spent Thanksgiving in Detroit.

UNIVERSITY.

A good many are taking boxing lessons. The Glee Club will probably sing in Chicago in the spring. The annual Sophomore hop occurs Friday evening, December 14.

NO END OF FUN.

HOW THE NORWICH, CONN., BOYS CELEBRATE THANKSGIVING.

They Go About the Town Gathering Barrels, and Then After the Turkey Is Eaten What a Thanksgiving Bonfire They Have.



OAST turkey and fixin's! Thew! Take a run round New England and ask all the boys you meet what they think of it.

When you come to Norwich—that quaint Connecticut town—what will the boys tell you there? "Roast turkey and 'fixin's," you will say, and the boys will look at you and grin.

As early as the first day of October the Norwich boy begins to make plans for Thanksgiving day, and his first and central fancy turns to barrels.

An evil spirit seems to possess it. If a boy passes it in the soberest style in the world, if he so much as casts one coqueting sidelong glance that way, instantly the barrel begins to dance and rattle, and if no one is watching and the youngster rubs up against it, it gives a sudden hop, topples over on its side and scurries away.

Perhaps he is curious enough to try and find out. But the Norwich boy is up to snuff.

"Say, sonny, the stranger asks, 'what's up?' Where are you going with all these barrels?"

And with a whoop the whole company are off, kicking the whirling things swiftly into the darkness of a side street.

The work of collecting the booty is marked from the opening of the campaign to its finish by thorough discipline and organization and a hearty respect for the rights of each squad.

Suppose they had to do this. How they would growl. The custom of burning bonfires on Thanksgiving night is peculiar to this town, and its origin is lost in the obscurity of early colonial tradition.

But the Massachusetts rite differs importantly from the Norwich spirit in that brush was burned instead of barrel stacks. There is nothing unique about brush bonfires, which were common among the ancient Britons and Scots, but a barrel fire is an elaborate and startling creation, a product of the juvenile genius of ancient Norwich.

To make a lofty and successful barrel bonfire demands native tact, talent and constructive abilities. The first thing to do is to get the pole about which the barrels are to be strung like giant beads, and this usually is cut and peeled a few days before the forthcoming ceremony.

The barrels are quickly lugged about the pole, and then comes the hard and delicate task of lifting it into the dug hole which has already been prepared for it.

While it is true that I intend to remove to Hastings on or before Jan 1st, 1889, yet I shall finish up the business of my clients here just the same, and shall do business in the courts just the same, all except justice's court, but do not wish to take any more cases in justice court after that date.

about the rim of the hole is shoveled in and tamped solidly down, and the boys and spectators walk off six rods and inspect the structure. Next cans of kerosene are emptied over the bottom barrels; shavings, saturated with oil, are piled inside; a few parting pats and shakes bring refractory barrels into position, and make the funnel straight and symmetrical, and then everything is ready for the evening fun.

And what fun! The boys can hardly wait in patience for the coming of dusk. But it comes at just the right time.

It comes after the turkey is eaten. You know it's turkey first and barrels afterward. Poor fun it would be to watch a bonfire on an empty stomach.

Instantly there is a flash as the oiled kindlings catch the flame; a great volume of dense black smoke belches up; then a magificent gush of fire that reddens the whole hillside and the faces of the excited company wells up the tall column, and the conflagration is off. The combustion is furious, and the pillar of roaring flames, sparks and whirling smoke is a miniature cyclone on fire.



THE match has been applied before the splendid pyre sinks from its soaring height a mass of shattered black embers, and the lurid brightness of the hillside gives place instantly to impenetrable darkness.

The Norwich girls have a similar though tamer kind of sport with which to taper off the day's pleasures. As fashion forbids them to roll barrels and burn stacks, they collect spoils instead, which they string on wires, arranging them in fanciful designs, squares, circles, pyramids and names, saturate the creations with oil or turpentine, and meet at the house of the leader of the band and burn them.

It's great, isn't it?

A Cold Day.

The New York Daily News says of the "Cold Day" company which plays in the grand opera house here next Wednesday evening:

The presentation of "A Cold Day" at the Fourteenth Street Theatre last night was witnessed by an unusually large audience, and, judging by the continuous and uproarious laughter, the piece is a success.

All persons indebted to the estate of Moses Rogers, will please call immediately and settle their accounts with Katie J. Rogers, Executrix, at the old place of business, on Detroit St., in order to close the estate.

Peck's Bad Boy.

It will be played at the opera house to-night by the Atkinson Comedy Co.

If it is possible to cram more hearty genuine fun into a play than has been crammed into "Peck's Bad Boy," the feat is certainly yet to be performed.

It is a fact beyond doubt and time has proven it, that the Two Sams are leaders in their line, throughout this country: Nothing passes their notice. Everything of a public nature they embrace, even the weather has effect upon their quick perception of things and as it is now close on to December and the weather not being favorable for the Heavy Clothing trade, they, as will be seen by an advertisement in this paper, are making some immense reductions in Overcoats, Suits, Hats, Caps, Pants, etc.

FINE DRESS SUITS AT A. L. NOBLE'S. In this line we already excel. Elegant Suits, \$10.00, \$15.00 and \$18.00. Prince Alberts, \$20.00 to \$35.00, Silk Faced and Silk Lined.

IF YOU WISH TO Purchase a second hand bicycle, you will find that the majority of wheels for sale are not COLUMBIAS. Riders of Columbia bicycles seldom wish to sell their wheels, Columbians are easily and cheaply repaired and will bring more when offered for sale second hand than any other make.



One 52 inch "Volunteer Columbia" new, a big bargain, \$90.00

C. W. WAGNER, Agent for Columbia Bicycles, 21 South Main St., ANN ARBOR.

FOR SALE—Handsomely fitted, weight 900 pounds, four years old, perfectly kind and gentle. Inquire of A. A. Fruhauf, 78 North Pontiac street, Ann Arbor, Mich. 46-49

FOR SALE! One hundred acres of choice land for sale, eighty acres improved, good building, good orchard and two good wells on the farm. Soil is a gravelly loam.

CONVASSERS WANTED—for elegant new Christmas and holiday books, to take orders for the same in Ann Arbor, Dexter, Chelsea, Grass Lake, Jackson, Hanover, Ypsilanti, Sable and Manchester. Address or call at No. 23 South State street, Ann Arbor, Mich., at 12 o'clock noon, to-morrow or any day next week. Quick sales and large profits guaranteed.

\$10 Reward—Lost at Zachman's meat market on Detroit street or between there and the Arlington House, a roll of money containing one 20 and two 10 dollar bills. The finder will receive \$10 on return of the same to the Argus office. 46-48

NOTICE—I hereby give notice that I will prosecute any saloon-keeper harboring or selling my son Andrew Schiappacasse any intoxicating liquor. TONY SCHIAPPACASSE, November 19, 1888.

DRESS MAKING. No. 41 Wall street, fifth ward. Mrs. H. Graves. 45-47

TEN DOLLARS REWARD—Lost on Monday on either Huron, Main, Washington or Fourth streets, three bills amounting to \$40. The finder will receive \$10 reward on bringing the money to this office.

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. 37-1.

FOR SALE—New house of eight rooms 48 Miller Ave. Inquire of Wm. Gerstner, No. 3 Detroit street. 37-1.

FOR RENT—Several houses located in different parts of the city. One large house especially adapted for keeping rooms and boarders. Apply to Hudson T. Merton. 37-1

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

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

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 PLANOS, in Excellent Condition.—Apply at the Argus Office

WANTED—A good young man at Rosey's billiard rooms.

WANTED—Everybody to use Furnum's Patent Champion Weather Strips for doors and windows. They are the best in the world. Will save you their cost in wood and coal in one winter, protect you from cold drafts and they will become your house. They are permanent and a sure protection against all storms. No spring triggers or circle rooms. None equal. None can excel. Orders left at C. Eberbach's or No. 12 Lawrence street will receive prompt attention.

FINE DRESS SUITS AT A. L. NOBLE'S. In this line we already excel. Elegant Suits, \$10.00, \$15.00 and \$18.00. Prince Alberts, \$20.00 to \$35.00, Silk Faced and Silk Lined. Gentlemen when interviewing the County Clerk on the subject of Marriage License should visit our store at the same time. Sign of the Red Star.

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. Slid and Plated Silverware in Great Variety, at ARNOLD'S. 36 S. MAIN ST., ANN ARBOR.

Antique Oak, Cherry and Walnut BED-ROOM SUITES. In a large variety. NEW DESIGNS with Round Beveled French Mirrors. The finest suites ever shown.

In Low Priced Suites I Have a Stock That Cannot be Exceeded. FANCY CHAIRS, In Oak, Cherry, Solid Mahogany

And Rattan covered with Delour, Damask, Silk, Plush and Tapestry. Parlor Suites, Parlor Cabinets, Desks, Pedestals and Stands. In Endless Variety. Curtains, Draperies and Curtain Goods. Your inspection of my stock is respectfully solicited, Martin Maller. 52 S. Main & 4 W. Liberty Streets.

These Leading Stoves ARE FOR SALE AT THE LOWEST PRICES BY GROSSMANN & SCHLENKER DEALERS IN GENERAL HARDWARE AND HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS. No. 7 W. LIBERTY ST., ANN ARBOR.

DIAMOND TEA. DIAMOND MEDICINE COMPANY, 77 STATE ST., DETROIT, MICH. COMPOSED ENTIRELY OF HERBS A General Blood Purifier. Positively Cures Liver and Kidney Complaints, Constipation, Rheumatism, Scrofula, Dropsy, Biliousness, Malaria, Diabetes and all Diseases Arising from Impure Blood. FOR THE LADIES. Ladies will find this a Perfect Remedy for Female Troubles, such as Painsful and Suppressed Menstruation, Sick Headache, and also for beautifying the Complexion and Eradicating Pimples and Blisters and other Skin Diseases. NOTICE OUR GUARANTEE. We say to all try it and be convinced, the same as we have convinced others, and if it does not do just as represented, return the package and have your money refunded.

For sale by all Druggists or authorized Canvassing Agents, at 25c., 50c., and \$1.00 per Package, or mailed on receipt of price, by the Diamond Medicine Co., 77 STATE ST., DETROIT, MICH. Everyone should have a package in their home and never be without it. Agents Wanted in all Localities. Extra Inducements.

GIVE AWAY

February 1st, 1889

INDIA INK PORTRAIT

The Portrait will be 22x27 inches with six inch bronze and plush frame of any person you may choose...

\$25 SUIT of CLOTHES

Will be given to the second best guesser. The suit is to be chosen from the immense stock of our popular clothiers...

A WALTHAM SILVER WATCH

This Watch is warranted a reliable time-keeper by J. C. & W. W. Watts, who are known as a reliable jewelry firm...

STEEL ENGRAVINGS

Appropriately framed, will be given to the next three guessers to have their choice in the order of their guesses.

HOW WE DO IT.

Two thousand numbers have been put in a box, six of them drawn by County Treasurer Fred. Belser, blindfolded...

The Ann Arbor Argus

Has grown rapidly in circulation because it has given all the home news, fully, completely and in an interesting manner...

Thanksgiving Morning in the "Jousting Family."



"Dar, Binlee Jousting! Didn't I tole yer all Jong you dun feed dat turkey too much veg' table diet?" - Harper's Weekly.

HAIL, THANKSGIVING DAY.

Hail, hail, Thanksgiving day! Welcome to saints and sinners; Welcome to all both great and small...

HOW HE GOT IN.

A THANKSGIVING STORY OF A BOY IN REAL LIFE.

The 15-year-old boy in real life went into meditative musing on Thanksgiving morning. Opulence had shunned him and indigence had stuck closer to a brother...

"If I were only a boy in a story," he said, "I should have a fine time today. No matter how poor and hungry I might be..."



"IF I WERE A BOY IN A STORY."

"Even the women and girls in Thanksgiving stories have some consideration shown them. Frequently people are real good to them..."

"Seriously and honestly, if I could get the ears of people who intend to come into this world, I would urge them to go into stories instead..."

Sofar away in storyland were his thoughts that he did not notice where he was until he was aroused from his reverie by the sound of angry voices...

back and forth between the two disputants. Suddenly a pistol shot rang out, the woman fell with blood flowing from her breast...

"Real life has its sudden turns as well as romance," he thought as he ran, keeping the shaggy head of the murderer well in sight...



THE BOY FOLLOWED.

Woman who was shot died and the boy's evidence convinced her murderer. The officials concerned took an interest in him, praised him as a sharp fellow...

The boy is a rich man now and sits down to a Thanksgiving feast fit for a king. He traces his luck and his success straight back to the hour when he got into a Thanksgiving story.

THANKSGIVING DAY IN THE ARMY.

How It Was Spent in 1863-A Stubborn Mule and a Hardtack Dinner.

"Fall in! Fall in! This meant another hard day's march; harder perhaps than any we had had in this more than usually hard campaign..."

"The experiment resulted, disastrously for the mule. They pulled him over the center, and down he went on his side and was dragged through the mud and ice for several rods..."

"About 3 o'clock in the afternoon we marched along the south side of a hill and bivouacked for the night. It was Thanksgiving day, and as we stood around our camp fire, for which we had been obliged to cut and carry wood in our arms half a mile..."

"Thanksgiving Like All Gaul. Like All Gaul, Thanksgiving may be divided into three parts—the Thanksgiving of worship, the Thanksgiving of feasting and the Thanksgiving of amusement..."

A Suggestion. Thanksgiving day means much in the larger sense, and it were well for the country if we added to our present happy domestic and churchly custom of observing it some distinctly public ceremonial that would associate more directly our well being with the thought of the nation's work and mission...

Chant of the Thanksgiving Glutton. I never had a sweet gazelle To glad me with its soft black eye— But I would love it passing well Baked in a rich and crusty pie...

KIT GRALE.

By JAMES T. McKAY.

[Copyright.]

Hilbry harbor—a little old house by the water side. Sunset, the 1st of June. He sat in the open door, looking out. Before him lay the reach of quiet water...

She came through and leaned over his chair; laughed and chatted to him with a loving air; smoothed back his grizzled locks with a caressing touch. When he grew brighter she told him her plans for the future...



"Promise me, father."

"Promise me, father," she finished, her face flushed with eagerness; "promise me you'll try. For my sake, father, for my sake!"

He got up and leaned against the door post. He looked away across the western hills to the matchless glory of the sunset clouds. The rich, deep glow fell full upon his face...

Grate took the morning boat, Kit watching him off and wishing him safe back. He missed her cheery voice and smile when he was gone; he was feeble yet, in mind and body...

"It ain't no use," he muttered. "They're all gone now—all gone. There was George went first on that cursed reef, an' that was hard enough, God knows. I wish I'd a drowned along of him that night..."

He leaned against a wall a while in gloomy abstraction. But after a little he started up with a changed expression, put his hand vaguely to his head, then muttered again, as one who suddenly recovers a broken thread of memory:

"Yes, yes, I forgot. I remember now. No—not all gone, not all. That's what I said to Kit. An' Kit, she said, wouldn't I try for her sake. Ay, Kit, I've you left, anyway; an' you're worth any man's working for, late or early. Yes, yes, I promise an' I will—for your sake, Kit, for your sake!"

then, took the cigar from his mouth, and said: "Ah, John! it's you, is it? How do you do?" He got up, put the pen between his teeth, and offered his hand...

"No, I don't want no advice, I want money." "Oh, money, eh? Well, let's hear," said Wyckel.

"I'll tell you how 'tis," Grate went on. "Ye know I was in a many year now a runnin' packet 'tween Hilbry an' town. I started in a little sloop, the Lapwing, forty-seven ton, in '89. We got along pretty well, an' I laid by enough in five year to sell out an' buy the Fish. You know the Fish, Mr. Wyckel...

"Well, I will, sir, fast as I can. But ye might gim me a little time, Mr. Wyckel, for old times' sake. Well, as I was a-sayin', we kep' the Fish a-goin' pretty tight through the season, year an' year, an' never heard but we give good satisfaction—tried to, anyway. We was misfortunate some years—brought on a venture sometimes and lost, or the Fish would carry away somethin' in a blow...

"Well, ye see, that couldn't last forever. One week I come home an' there wasn't no more money at the bank. But I wouldn't stop even then. We had passed the Drendnought on our way up, an' Delevan an' his crew chaffed us as they went by and give three cheers for the Dyin' Fish. I couldn't stan' that, no how. I swore I'd take freight for the next day she loaded, an' I did. I borrowed what I could from the farmers an' took a full load that day anyway. Delevan laughed on the other side of his mouth that night—ha, ha!

"But that was my last trip. I couldn't borrow no more money—couldn't pay what I had borrowed. They come down on me; got a 'tachment on to the Fish, an' sold me out. She went for a song, poor thing! to Ben Egerley, of Northaven, and after sheriff, constable and lawyers—no offense, Mr. Wyckel—had got all they could lay their hands on, there was just enough to pay the loan, an' ten dollars an' a quarter to me. Well, I don't exactly remember just what happened since; I been a little wild, I think, for some time—a little wrong, you know. I wouldn't a cared so if it hadn't been for the Fish. I'd got so used to her ways, ye see, sir; I come to feel to her like she was alive—like she was human. I ain't so young as I was once, Mr. Wyckel, an' it's hard work rowin' up stream when ye've got so far down. If it wasn't for Kit, sir, I think I'd a gone an' drowned myself when they sold the Fish. Ye see, I wasn't just right in my head. But my Kit's the best girl, sir, an' the handsomest. She never give me one hard word for all my crazy folly. 'Father,' she says, 'we're misfortunate, but we musn't give in. You've had hard times, father,' she says, 'but you must keep a good heart. We must bear up an' try again. You'll try, father, won't you,' says Kit, 'for my sake?' An' I promised her I would, sir, an' God help me, I will!

"An' that's what I've come about today, sir. I don't know how 'tis, but somehow I can't bear to think of goin' on the water under another man, after bein' master so long in the Fish. However there's a bit of land on Kessel Point that a cousin of ours left to Kit some years ago. We'd try an' sell off part of it to start on the rest with the money, but Kit she promised that she'd never sell it as long as she lived. So I've come to ask you, sir, to lend us five hundred to start with. We'll give you a mortgage on the place, an' I think we can pay you the interest regular, an' clear it all off in three years. Kit an' me made some calculations 'long of the crops, an' I'm pretty sure we can promise that safe enough. I've brought the deeds of the place so you can see it's all clear."

The lawyer took the papers, examined them carefully, and said: "This is all straight, I believe, John. I know the farm, I think—the old Hilbryton place, isn't it, on the harbor side of the neck?" "Yes; that's it," Grate answered. "You'll be easy on us in the terms, Mr. Wyckel, for the sake of old times?" "I'll make it right," said Wyckel. "You know these things must be done according to rule and custom."

He stopped into the outer office and spoke to one of the clerks: "Mr. Marshall, will you take a mortgage and fill it out according to this deed? take a blank with interest, assessment and insurance clauses. And make it twenty days' default, at 7 per cent.—for five hundred at three years." Abraham Wyckel knew perfectly well that rule and custom made a mortgage from thirty to sixty days' default; but his rule and custom was to get all he could and give as little as the law would let him. Once he had been an impulsive, generous boy. Now he was a hard man, and none the less for the mask of urbanity which he commonly wore. Through years and years of perpetual reference to the letter of the law—years of familiarity with, and constant use of, its inevitable errors and omissions, whereby it may be, and daily is, warped from the support of simplest justice—the habit had grown upon him of measuring all questions of right and wrong by code...

and statute, and, in business transactions, of using the same, either by an extreme construction or technical evasion, and always in the most strictly legal form, in such a manner as to give him the best of the bargain.

ing him of her strength in his weakness, cheering him with her happy smile, that never faded, his return home, though often the heart behind it was faint for fear.

there, heavy and lowering. It fretted Kit ceaselessly, wearily. She had troubles of her own, too. A thunder storm killed her geese in the shell. But the old sow, made a breakfast two or three times of a brood of chickens.

brother, and he says it'll be some time before they can sell us out, and we can pay it off at any time before. We must hope for the best, father. You know you promised me you'd try; for my sake, father, for my sake!

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!

A MAN UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY, WILL OBTAIN MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF THE GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE.

SAGINAW DIVISION. Going North. STATIONS. Going South. Toledo, Ann Arbor and North Michigan Railway.



"Will you go, you brute!" "Will you go, you brute?" she said. Her face was white now. Almost in despair before, the fellow's insults drove her wild.

Children Cry For PITCHER'S CASTORIA A Practically Perfect Preparation for Children's Complaints

THE "FAULTED LODGE."

HOW THANKSGIVING DAY MADE A MINER HAPPY.

"A gloomy Thanksgiving—gloomy for a fact." Such was the muttered and moody soliloquy of Arthur Baldwin...

The cold wind swept down Right Hand gulch, as the miners call that branch of Clear Creek canyon...



A GLOOMY THANKSGIVING. mured, "Gloomy, gloomy, indeed—not like the old days on the blue Miami."

For eight years Arthur Baldwin had toiled and schemed and planned. As a mere boy he had served in the war for the Union...

At length, with three partners, he made what they called "the boss location." Of course they had all the sanguine miner's reasons for so believing...

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds...



THE LITTLE SCHOOLMARM. "no loved and was beloved again." Returning from the war at the age of 21...

Returning from the war at the age of 21, all the ardor of his nature found vent in an attachment to a maiden four years his junior...

Weariness at length prevailed over melancholy. He leaned back in his ruder chair and slept and dreamed...

He was at the bottom of their deepest mining shaft—a hundred and twenty feet deep—and every foot of the rocky wall represented many days of toil...

His partners had decided to celebrate the day by letting off a big blast in the "breast" of the mine...

The wondrous wealth of his dream was not realized. But the newly opened lode soon gave him enough to satisfy reasonable desires...

Commissioners' Notice. STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW...

Commissioners' Notice. STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW...

Commissioners' Notice. STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW...

Commissioners' Notice. STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW...

Commissioners' Notice. STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW...

Commissioners' Notice. STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW...

Estate of John George Danner, STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW...

Commissioners' Notice. STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW...

Estate of Gauss, Minors. STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW...

Estate of Ella M. Brush. STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW...

Estate of Royce Minors. STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW...

Estate of Lutz Minors. STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW...

Estate of John B. Dow. STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW...

Estate of Cynthia Masten. STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW...

Estate of Erhardt Stollsteimer. STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW...

Reduced! Reduced! DRESS-GOODS. To Prices Ann Arbor Has Never Seen Before. Everybody Should Come In and Examine Our Fresh BARGAINS. New Line of Stamped Goods for the Holiday Trade.

Our Store is Filled with all the Latest Novelties of the Season. MACK & SCHMID.

THE HOLIDAYS are ADVANCING AND WE ARE PREPARED TO FURNISH YOU ALL WITH USEFUL and ORNAMENTAL PRESENTS FOR YOUR FRIENDS AND RELATIVES.

Our Imported Baskets and Willow-ware are very fine and will be sold at rock bottom prices. We have a very fine lot of Brass Goods, Brass Basels, Brass Stands, with Mexican onyx top, a fine brass Piano Lamp, etc., etc.

RATTAN CHAIRS AND ROCKERS IN THE VERY LATEST DESIGNS. Elegant fancy plush covered chairs. A full line of Smyrna Rugs just arrived especially for the holiday trade...

WE HAVE SOLD SEVERAL OF THE WELCH FOLDING BEDS, Which we exhibited at the fair this fall. Everybody is surprised to get so complete an article for the price we ask for them.

FURNITURE, CARPETS AND CURTAINS. Undertaking Promptly Attended to. KOCH & HENNE, No. 56 & 58 South Main St., Ann Arbor, Mich.

J. HALLER, Has a Fine Assortment of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry, Silver Ware AND OPTICAL GOODS!

Special Attention Paid to Repairing. See his Stock Before Purchasing any Jewelry. 46 SOUTH MAIN STREET, ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN.

Estate of Erhardt Stollsteimer. STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW...

Estate of Susannah Johnson. STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW...

Estate of Erhardt Stollsteimer. STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW...

Estate of Erhardt Stollsteimer. STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW...