

In thinking of possible candidates for president in 1892, it would be well to keep in mind Governors Pattison, of Pennsylvania, and Russell, of Massachusetts.

JUDGE NEWTON'S name is being quite generally and favorably mentioned in connection with the supreme court judgeship this spring. This is as it should be.

THE U. S. census bureau estimates that the wealth of this country has increased \$26,000,000, 000 since 1880. This is an average of some \$1500 for every family in the country.

IN answer to a number of queries the ARGUS desires to say that at the coming spring election the method of voting will be the same as last fall, as it is a general election.

COL. Victor C. DeLand has been posing as a Patron of Industry of the first water. But evidently he is a died in the wool republican and one of the rankest partisans in the state.

COUNTY.

Bridgewater wants a blacksmith. The Stockbridge council want no more card playing in that village.

Otto Jarrendt paid \$1,800 for the Gordon homestead in Saline village.

Hugh McNally had a leg torn at Whitmore Lake, while working in the ice shute.

A presbyterian social will be held at Mrs. Cobb's, in Saline, to-morrow afternoon.

Fred C. Wood, of Lodi, sold six yearling ram lambs to Mr. Bissell, week before last, for \$500.

The Oakland Excelsior, of South Lyon, has prospered so that it has had to move to new quarters.

The Milan leader is nine years old. Long may it journey down the path of time and few may its libel suits be.

The Sentinel says that the Ann Arbor & Ypsilanti street railroad "is the biggest thing that ever struck Ypsilanti."

town treasurers in Washtenaw did well. Henry Pryor fell from the railroad bridge to the ice on the mill pond at Hamburg, the other day, striking on his back and being rendered unconscious.

Philo Rich and son were thrown from their carriage in Saline recently, while driving a lively span of colts. Mr. Rich had two fractured ribs as a natural consequence of his contact with a fence.

Editor Emmert, of the Chelsea Standard, is a great temperance advocate, and yet he said in the last issue of his paper "Pack my box with five dozen liquor jugs."

Who's got the Key? An Old-Time Actor and Manager. Few men there are living to-day who have been identified with the American stage for so long a period as the veteran actor and manager, John A. Ellsler, at present a member of the company supporting his talented daughter, Effie, who appears at the Grand Opera house next Wednesday evening.

Who's got the Key? Nothing is more soothing for burns or scalds than to put the white of an egg over the injured place. It is easily procured and is more cooling than sweet oil and cotton.

Who's got the Key? I have used Ayer's Pills for the past 30 years, and I am satisfied I should not be alive to-day if it had not been for them.

Who's got the Key? Crookphiz (who is going to a masquerade and a little short of ready cash)—Say, is my face good for a costume and masque?

Who's got the Key? To the question, Which is your favorite poem? There may be a great variety of answers; but when asked, which is your favorite blood-purifier? there can be only one reply—Ayer's Sarsaparilla, because it is the purest, safest, and most economical.

Who's got the Key? ANN ARBOR MARKET REPORT. PRICES PAID BY MERCHANTS. ANN ARBOR, Feb. 17, 1891.

Skating Then and Now. The opening of the skating season this winter revealed a curious fact. Very few of the girls of a certain age, those just blossoming into young womanhood, knew how to skate, and there was a like deficiency in the boys of the same set.

"Hardly degenerating, but the popular taste has changed very greatly. People of late years seek the theatre for amusement chiefly. They want to laugh, and the result is, that comic opera, burlesque and the skits that are called farce comedies, are the drawing cards.

Go and do likewise. If your whiskers are grizzled and unbecoming use Buckingham's Dye and they will look as when you were younger.

Mysterious Disappearance! Rev. J. W. Meyer is here from Chicago, in search of his brother S. L. Meyer, who mysteriously disappeared from Evanston Ill., Jan. 27 and from Ann Arbor, Mich., Feb. 6, 91. He had been in poor health and suffered from periodic absentmindedness—due to concussion of the brain.

Tiny, little, sugar-coated granules, are what Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Laxative are. The best Liver Pills ever invented; active; yet mild in operation; cure sick and bilious headaches. One a dose.

Nothing is more soothing for burns or scalds than to put the white of an egg over the injured place. It is easily procured and is more cooling than sweet oil and cotton.

I have used Ayer's Pills for the past 30 years, and I am satisfied I should not be alive to-day if it had not been for them.

Crookphiz (who is going to a masquerade and a little short of ready cash)—Say, is my face good for a costume and masque?

Costumer (after a survey of his customer)—I dont think it would do for a costume, but it will do very well for the masque.

To the question, Which is your favorite poem? There may be a great variety of answers; but when asked, which is your favorite blood-purifier? there can be only one reply—Ayer's Sarsaparilla, because it is the purest, safest, and most economical.

ANN ARBOR MARKET REPORT

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Apples, Beef, Butter, Eggs, etc.

Skating Then and Now. The opening of the skating season this winter revealed a curious fact. Very few of the girls of a certain age, those just blossoming into young womanhood, knew how to skate, and there was a like deficiency in the boys of the same set.

FORT WAYNE Oil Cake Meal! Oil Extracted by Pressure. Superior to any other. BEST STOCK FOOD KNOWN.

SALT. LUMP SALT For Cattle and Horses. Saginaw and Syracuse. Fine Barrel Salt. Diamond Crystal. Fine Dairy Salt. FOR SALE AT Rogers' - Agricultural - Warehouse

W. F. LODHOLZ IS OFFERING BARGAINS Groceries and Provisions. FIRST-CLASS GOODS A SPECIALTY.

New Teas at 25, 30, 40, and 50c per pound. Kettles, porcelain lined, free with 1 pound Baking Powder at 50 cents.

W. F. LODHOLZ, 4 and 6 Broadway. GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

W. BAKER & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa from which the excess of oil has been removed, is Absolutely Pure and it is Soluble.

No Chemicals are used in its preparation. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar.

Sold by Grocers everywhere. W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

BAUMGARDNER'S MARBLE AND GRANITE WORKS Dealer in American and Imported Granites and all kinds of Cemetery Work.

FREE! OUR NEW GOLD WATCH FREE! Watch in the world. Perfect timekeeper. Warranted heavy.

FREE! OUR NEW GOLD WATCH FREE! Watch in the world. Perfect timekeeper. Warranted heavy.

Odd End Sale in Pants Here is Your Chance of the Season! We have selected all the Men's odd Pants which are cut a little smaller than the prevailing style.

Remember this price does not pay for the cost of the goods—We have plenty of them but at that price they will go fast.

Thursday, Friday AND Saturday ODD AND END PANT SALE. THE TWO SAM'S L. BLITZ. BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

ATTORNEYS. D. CRAMER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, ANN ARBOR, MICH. SEWARD CRAMER, Clerk and business partner.

ELIHU B. POND, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. Ad Notary Public Conveyancing done and REAL ESTATE bought and sold on commission.

DENTISTS. A. C. NICHOLS, DENTIST. Late of Nichols Bros. Over Adams's Bazaar.

D. A. MAC LACHLAN, M. D. Diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.

M. H. E. BUELL, MODISTE. MAKES FINE COSTUMES, TAYLOR SUITS.

TONY SCHIAPPACASSE, NO. 5, N. MAIN STREET. FRUITS, NUTS and CONFECTIONERY

C. W. VOGEL, ANN STREET. CHOICEST CUTS OF STEAKS.

MARTIN & FISCHER, PROPRIETORS OF THE WESTERN BREWERY, ANN ARBOR, MICH.

WM. HERZ, NO. 4 W. WASHINGTON ST. HOUSE, SIGN, ORNAMENTAL and FRESCO PAINTER.

DR. L. D. WHITE, CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN. Has removed to 204 Trumbull Avenue, Detroit.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL "The Niagara Falls Route."

TIME TABLE (REVISED) NOV. 30, 1890. EASTWARD. STATIONS: Buffalo, Detroit, Ann Arbor, etc.

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

Toledo, Ann Arbor and North Michigan Railway.

Time Table going into effect, Monday, Nov. 25. Going North. STATIONS: Toledo, Ann Arbor, etc.

Saginaw Division.

Going North. STATIONS: Saginaw, etc.

FREDERICK KRAUSE, AUCTIONEER. Will attend to all sales on short notice at reasonable charges.

The Brook's Song.
Through all the drifted snows
That fill the woodland nook,
In hissing music flows
The dark, unlit brook.
While winding swift along
Upon its icy way,
Its song is but the song
It sang in rosy May.
Ah, happy brook, to sing,
While winter days depart,
The melody of spring
That ripples in its heart!
—R. K. Munkittrick in Harper's Weekly.

He Finished the Prayer.
The Rev. W. H. Holmes, of the Methodist church of South Evanston, was notified while conducting prayer meeting Tuesday night that a burglar was ransacking the parsonage next door, but he did not let it disturb his devotions.

He had left his 5-year-old son alone in the house, and the boy was lying on a sofa when he saw a strange man enter. He maintained his presence of mind and pretended to be asleep until the man had passed out of the room and gone upstairs. Then he jumped up and ran to the church.
Mr. Holmes was in the middle of a prayer when he was startled by the exclamation:
"Papa, there's a strange man in the house!"

The minister hesitated for a moment and then calmly finished the prayer, betraying no sign of excitement. Mrs. Holmes, however, hurried out of the church, followed by three young men of the congregation. They hastened to the house, but the thief evidently saw them coming, for he departed by the back door as they entered the front. The young men gave chase, however, and overtook him, but failed to hold him. He broke away from them after a struggle and succeeded in making his escape. The party then returned to the prayer meeting and continued the service.

The thief was interrupted before he had secured anything of value, although he had gone through some of the drawers of a bureau that contained many valuable articles.—Chicago Tribune.

Druggists Who Disagree.
A correspondent of a St. Petersburg contemporary has published the results of an inquiry he made into druggists' charges, and by so doing he has caused fear and trembling among the apothecaries of the city, who dread some government order on the subject. The inquiring individual presented to fifty-nine different apothecaries a prescription for a solution of boracic acid 1,000 grammes in quantity and 3 per cent. in strength. For this he was charged various prices from thirty kopecks up to a ruble (100 kopecks), and even up to one ruble seventy-six kopecks. And he made the solution at home for about two or three kopecks. This was bad, but worse follows. There was as great variety in strength as in cost, for out of fifty-nine druggists there were eight different ways of reading 3 per cent. In the 1,000 grammes of water there was anything from half an ounce to three ounces of boracic acid.—London News.

Because Willie Went Skating.
Parental solicitude is natural and proper, but it has its ridiculous phases. It wasn't very long ago since Willie went skating. His mother was filled with apprehension, and spent about half the day standing in the front door to see whether he was coming home stiff and cold on a shutter or otherwise. His sister waded through the snow to tell his father, and the old gentleman got his feet wet standing on the edge of the pond trying to make his son hear his command to come home. Nobody but Willie had an appetite for the evening meal. His mother now looks after the hired girl a little when she can leave her room; his father has such a cold in his head that he cannot talk, and his sister has such a cough that she is afraid to leave the house, and when any of them wants any medicine Willie goes out and buys it.—Washington Post.

Where Bill Sikes Put Oliver Twist.
In Chertsey, writes a correspondent, is a house which, if rumor says true, is of immense interest to readers of Dickens, and it is for sale. It is believed to be that into which Bill Sikes put Oliver Twist for burglarious purposes. The house is a good one, and ought to fetch a good price apart from its value of association. If any one of a philanthropic disposition and a keen admirer of Dickens were mindful to erect yet another memorial to his genius, a purchase and endowment of this house as the home for destitute boys would be in every way suitable.—London Star.

Time They Were Tapped.
Mr. Francis Davis purchased a pair of boots twenty-two years ago to be worn at his wedding which are now in good preservation and are good for further service. They have been in use for party wear during the entire time, and this week were improved by the addition of a pair of taps.—Gloucester Times.

Rudyard Kipling is coming to this country in the spring to enjoy a hunting tour in the west before he goes to India, where he expects to spend much of his time during the next few years. Mr. Kipling's father is a clever artist, and has prepared a series of elaborate illustrations for his son's book.

Blankets are loaned to the poor during the winter months, free of cost, by a kind hearted citizen of Brunswick, Germany. They are stamped, to prevent them from being sold or pawned, and they are returned at the close of the cold weather.

It is proposed making engines of aluminum to develop thirty-four horse power, to be used for directing the movements of a French war balloon of 3,000 cubic meters capacity, experiments with which are to be made in April next.

The Weimar Society for the Circulation of Good Literature has distributed since last March 300,000 copies of wholesome tales and novels. At the same time it has increased its membership to 5,000 and has laid by \$10,000.

IN THE NEXT CAGE.

How a Showman for a Side Show Amused Himself in the Postoffice.
In a hilarious mood a tall man with a theatrical makeup entered the postoffice. It was early morning and the corridors were almost deserted. As he slowly passed through the building on the ground floor he gave evidence that he was or had been a showman for the side show of a circus. There was mischief in his eye as he glanced toward a window behind which a clerk sat.

"In this cage," he exclaimed in deep, sonorous tones, as if addressing an audience of curious and expectant people, "you will find that melancholy beast the laughing hyena. This animal roams about the prairies in the night, and there he laughs and laughs and laughs, but what on earth he is laughing at nobody has been able to find out.
"Pass along, pass along, but do not press against the ropes. You have ample time to view all the curiosities before the great show begins."
Scores of clerks, attracted by the unusual noise, hurried to the little windows and poked out their heads. This pleased the tall man immensely and he laughed immoderately.
"In the next cage," resumed the orator as he proceeded on his way, "is the far famed Rocky Mountain goat, which leaps from peak to peak and skips from crag to crag, ever and anon uttering that plaintive cry, 'Baa! baa!'"

Then another head was thrust out of an opening, and the tall man, with a sweeping wave of the hand said, "Thank you, sir; that will do."
"In the next cage," continued the mirthful man, "you will perceive the gigantic rocodillo, who, when he eats, eats seventeen different kinds of food, always concluding his repast by devouring a bale of hay.
"Thank you, thank you, sir; you are behaving nicely, nicely."
"Pass along, pass along, ladies and gents; but bear in mind and remember you have ample, ample time to see all the curiosities before the show in the great pavilion opens."
Gradually the tall humorist made his way around the corridors, his voice losing none of its volume or strength. Meanwhile the commotion in the postoffice department was increasing. Every window was occupied by one or more clerks, with bulging eyes and necks craned to catch a glimpse of the daring, practical joker. Everybody had a chance to see him, for he did not deny himself to anybody. This is what one group heard as he came into view:
"In the next cage are the mighty boa constrictors, whose bite is worse than death and whose strength is crushing. In the smaller cages on the right are other rare reptiles brought from remote tropical regions, where one day they lived and flourished. Twice a year these snakes shed their skins. They feed upon birds, frogs and guinea pigs."
By that time the loungers in the building were enjoying the sport highly, but how the clerks felt is not known.

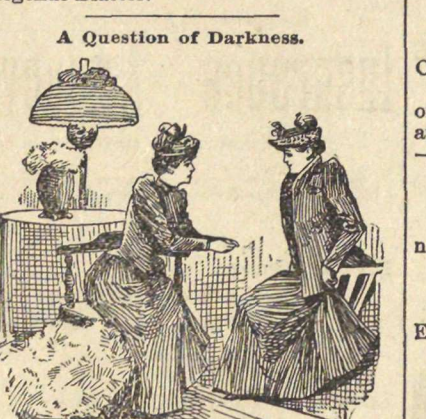
As the stranger neared the last door at the upper end of the Broadway side he turned toward another "cage" and exclaimed:
"In the next cage you will see Old Tom feeding the Polar bear his daily meal of broken ice. This ice is expressly imported by us from the arctic regions at enormous expense and!"
At that moment the watchman made his presence known, and the joker was forced to cease joking; but as he went out of the door he fired his shot, which was evidently intended to hit the watchman:
"Little Jocko will now ascend the ladder, turning a complete somersault at each and every round."
Then the swinging doors closed behind him and he was lost to view.—New York Herald.

What to Do.
"Boys," excitedly exclaimed the managing editor, rushing into the local room of a Chicago morning paper late one night in 1888, "here's the chance of your life to distinguish yourselves—forty men and women burned to death in an asylum fire in D.— Want two of you to go there on a special train and cover the thing as completely as possible until we get a relief down to you."
The only men on duty at that hour were a couple of recent arrivals from "Lunnon." They were whirled down to the train and put on a special car. Away went the train through the night to the scene of the disaster.
"I say, Cholley," No. 1 broke out after a short interval of silence, "did you hear him say he expected us to distinguish ourselves? Wonder what he intends to do by us when we get back?"
"I heard one of the boys, don't ye know, saying that the health of the editor wasn't good. They may want a successor to him."
While they pursued this interesting topic the train pursued its course, and two hours later the young Englishmen, after much consultation, started toward Chicago a telegram reading like this: "Dear Mr. Editor: We are here. What shall we do?"
The answer came back shortly, "Find out where the fire is hottest and jump in."
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

The Opportunity Seized.
The bashful young man was looking at a painting representing an arctic landscape. "Isn't it strange, Miss Ida," he said, "that they harness the reindeer?"
"No," she answered dreamily. "People can harness the lightning, dear. * * * This is so sudden, so unexpected, Horace, I * * * well, ask papa."
—Chicago Tribune.

Ebb and Flow.
Three successive telegrams from a young man staying at Monaco to his anxious mamma who has sent him there for his health. "Send me some money. Have lost my pocketbook." "No need of money. Have found pocketbook." "Send money. Pocketbook found, but nothing in it."
—Fliegende Blatter.

A Question of Darkness.
Ethel—I think I ought to tell you, Edith, that I met your fiance in a dark hallway last night and he kissed me.
Edith—Indeed! The hallway must have been very dark.—Munsey's Weekly.



Ethel—I think I ought to tell you, Edith, that I met your fiance in a dark hallway last night and he kissed me.
Edith—Indeed! The hallway must have been very dark.—Munsey's Weekly.

A St. Louis Charity.

A meek eyed, mild spoken man dropped around to the hotel in St. Louis one evening last fall, and as fast as he came to any one whom he had sized up as "safe" he said:
"It is a case of charity—a noble charity—but we are opposed to anything like a subscription. The widow wouldn't have it that way, you know. We have therefore arranged for a ten round 'go' between the Missouri Terror and the St. Louis Chain Lightning. Comes off at 10 o'clock—admission \$1. It's for blood, and the money goes to the widow of the best dog handler in the United States."
It seemed a sort of duty to go around with the crowd and pay the admission fee. The affair was to come off in a barn, and when the principals entered the ring there were sixty-two of us dollar men present. They shook hands, "put up" in good shape, and the knowing ones predicted a hot time. At the first punch the Terror made, however, the other fell down, seemingly unconscious, and after working over him for five minutes the meek eyed man stood up and said:
"Gents, I am sorry to inform you that Chain Lightning is a dead man. He has evidently died of heart failure, and under the adverse circumstances the fight cannot go on. I'll have to send for the police."
Of course everybody made a hustle to get away, only too anxious to escape arrest and detention, and the barn was emptied in thirty seconds. Next day, as I was going down the river on a steambot, I heard two men in the stateroom next to mine disputing.
"Well, make it an even divide," said one.
"Of course it's even," replied the other. "Bill worked in the crowd, you played dead on 'em, and I had the rig there to get us off. Purty slick game, but you died too soon. You ought to have waited until I got in on one you."
—New York Sun.

He Knew.
A little Capitol hill girl had been to a museum of magic in New York, and was telling her mother about a wonderful half a woman she saw there.
"She was swinging in a swing, and moving her hands and opening and shutting her eyes and bowing and smiling, and there was only half of her," said the child miraculously.
"And did she talk?" asked the mother.
"Of course," interrupted the father from behind his newspaper; "she wouldn't be half a woman if she didn't."
—Washington Star.

He Laughs Best Who Laughs Last.
I

II

III

George's Original Copy Book.
One of George Washington's copy books has been found at Mount Vernon. It shows that when George dropped a splotch of ink in the middle of the page he licked it down toward the right hand corner instead of up to the left. This made a black comet darting upward instead of one shooting down. George was always different from other boys.—Norristown Herald.

The Absorbing Aborigine.
"Then," said Mr. Tenderfoot thrillingly, describing his western adventures, "the Indians stole upon us!"
"And what did they do?" breathlessly asked a friend.
"Then they gradually stole everything else!"—New York Herald.

Gratifying Success.
Footlytes—Was your performance of Othello in Chicago a success?
Stager—Yes, a brilliant one. I got plenty of applause, and at the end of the play the audience insisted on calling for the author.—New York Sun.

A Negative Fault.
Father—Whose fault is it that you are not nearer the head of the class?
Son—It's the fault of the other fellows.
Father—How is that?
Son—Cause they're smarter'n I be.—Epoch.

Two Gems.
With pain the dog who last July
Was clipped in manner quite au fait,
Finds that his hair is still too spare
To keep the winter wind away.
—Washington Post.

The teacher whacked the boy one day,
Who disobeyed the rule;
The scholars did not laugh nor play,
To see that lamm in school.
—Harvard Lampoon.

REAL ESTATE

TO INVESTORS AND HOMESEEEKERS.

The University of Michigan have purchased ten acres of land opposite

HAMILTON, ROSE AND SHEEHAN'S

ADDITION

TO THE CITY OF ANN ARBOR,

On South State Street. A new Gymnasium will be built on this ground.

We believe Ann Arbor is the best city in Michigan in which to live. The educational advantages here are unsurpassed. The streets are broad and well kept. Ann Arbor has a low rate of taxation. It has the best system of water works in the west. Our addition is just

5 BLOCKS FROM THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

It has a front of one hundred rods on State street, the best residence street in the city. Its location is unsurpassed for health and convenience. The levels taken by our engineer, Geo. W. Sanborn, show the lowest point on our addition to be higher than Main street in front of the Savings Bank. The slope of the ground is such, that the drainage is perfect, having a fall of from six to ten feet. We have laid six inch drain pipe across our land. We have filed our plat and have given eight and one-half acres for a park. We have paid fifty dollars for a handsome and attractive plan for a Park. Work has been commenced on the streets and Park.

Seven New Houses Already Contracted For

to be built upon our addition this year. New sidewalks have been laid, 1100 (eleven hundred) shade trees have been planted upon the streets and Park. Two professors in the University have already purchased lots in this addition and will soon build good houses on their lots. All the lots have an alley sixteen feet wide in the rear. We have made the

PRICE OF LOTS VERY LOW.

If you buy a lot we believe you will double your money in three years' time. The investment is as safe as a savings bank and the gain in value much more rapid. Ten new houses will be built on South State Street this year.

We will sell lots for cash. We will sell lots on time payments. We will sell lots to parties who wish to build houses at once and will help them to furnish money to build. Fifty thousand dollars in new buildings on State Street this year.

BUY A LOT. MONEY MADE.

Payments may be made by the week, by the month or by the year to suit purchasers. Call at Sheehan's Store or at Hamilton Block to see the plat. We have the Park Plans. We desire those intending to purchase lots to examine them. The new buildings on State street this year will amount to Fifty Thousand Dollars.

INVESTIGATE WHAT WE HAVE

then judge for yourselves. This is better than a Loan and Investment Association. YOUR MONEY IS KEPT AT HOME. Look over our Addition and investigate for yourselves.

Two New Houses, with modern improvements, to Rent. Apoy to

HAMILTON, ROSE & SHEEHAN.