

The Ann Arbor Argus.

BEAKES & HAMMOND, PROPRIETORS.

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TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1894.

A farmers' institute is to be held in Morrice on February 20 and 21. The programme of the same announce that Governor Rich will deliver an address before the institute on "Our State Government."

The action of County Clerk May, of Detroit, in leaving the tally sheets and book containing the transcribed records of the votes on the constitutional amendments of 1891 and 1893 where they could be gotten at so easily by any one who might be interested in their destruction, was, to say the least, extremely careless.

In dealing with the rascals who conceived the crimes of 1891 and 1893 whereby the constitution of this state was debauched by the insertion therein of amendments which were never ordered by the people, there should be no respect shown to any on account of his prominence or political affiliations.

If Attorney General Ellis is responsible for these frauds or either of them, or if he aided and abetted the same in any manner, he should receive the full benefit of the penalty provided for such offenses.

On the other hand, if Messrs. Jochim, Hambitzer and Berry or any others, are shown to be responsible for the crime of falsifying the returns of 1893, they should not be shielded from the penalty provided for their offense because of the position they hold or because they have a "pull."

It should make no difference who the men are or what party label they wear. Whoever the conspirators are, they must be taught that it is not healthy to override the will of the people in Michigan.

The good name of the state demands that they be brought to justice and that no guilty man be allowed to escape. If the authors of the shameful act, which has dishonored the state, are allowed to slip through the meshes of justice, it will indicate that the people of Michigan are but fit subjects for the contemptuous treatment which their servants have heaped upon them.

THEY MUST BE CONVICTED.

The latest developments in the amendments scandal at Lansing indicate that the conspirators who succeeded so easily in defeating the will of the people and placing a foul blot upon the fundamental law

of the state, are prepared to resort to the most daring and desperate measures to escape the consequences of their criminal acts. In the light of the villany committed in the Downey House, at Lansing, last Thursday night, those who have been charitably inclined and willing to believe that nothing more serious than a stupendous blunder had been committed, must now join the ranks of those who have from the first held that we have here in our midst one of the blackest political conspiracies that has disgraced American politics.

No one can for a moment believe that men guilty of nothing more than an unwitting error in footing election returns, would think of resorting to such a desperate act as burglary to hide their blunder. The irresistible conclusion is that the persons responsible for the false returns entered into a bold conspiracy to overthrow the expressed will of the people; and that they will not now hesitate to commit even more dastardly crimes in order to destroy the evidence of their guilt.

The possibility that these conspirators may be in the very household of the guardians of the state's most sacred interests, and that they have violated their official oaths and betrayed the public confidence, has roused the people to such a pitch as to make their detection all the more certain. Public sentiment demands of the legal and judicial machinery of the state that no possible effort be spared to run these men to earth.

There is no mistaking the temper of the people in the matter and they will tolerate nothing short of the speedy discovery and conviction of the men who brought this disgrace upon the state. It matters not to what party these men belong or how high they may be in the party councils, they must be brought to justice, and when convicted given the extreme penalty of the law.

They must be taught that it is no light offense to override the will of the people in Michigan.

Not Available. A certain "funny man," whose name is familiar to those who read the comic papers of the day, was making a deposit of some checks at his bank when the receiving teller remarked:

"Oh, well, Mr. B—, I suppose the hard times don't affect men of your profession? People must have poetry, I take it."

"Yes," said Mr. B— cheerfully. "We poets thrive in hard times or easy times."

"I presume so," continued the teller. "It must be a pretty good business. I imagine that a poem of yours must be good for a hundred dollars anywhere you please to offer it."

"Ye-e-e-s," said Mr. B— thoughtfully. "Oh, of course, of course," he added. Two days later he went into the bank again and handed a deposit slip to the teller. It read thus:

Cash..... \$14 80
Checks..... 36 10
Four poems..... 400 00
Total..... \$450 90
But Mr. B—'s bankbook showed a deposit of only \$50.00.—Philadelphia Times.

Diplomatic. "Well, the cook's gone at last, John," said Mrs. B.
"Good. You must have had more courage than I gave you credit for to discharge her."

"I didn't do it. She discharged herself. I flattered her so about her cooking that she thought she was too good to stay in the country, and off she went."—Harper's Bazar.

Adrian Press Washmenawisms. Ypsilanti's colored minstrels, who recently escaped from Milan, will brave fate with another exhibition tonight.

Nearly 100 conversions are reported at Azalia as the result of a recent revival. The Azalians were never so well prepared for a cyclone as now.

The Saline botany class is now digesting "esculent succulents," and can already distinguish a turnip from a radish without a microscope, just by the taste.

Carrie S. Bugg, of Lodi, declares that her husband, Henry Bugg, is a humbug, being cruel and negligent of her support. She asks the divorce court to step on him.

A chunk of copper ore, weighing 6,400 pounds, has been received at the university. It will be alloyed in the usual manner, and used to braze the cheeks of law students.

Piles of skunk skins deposited on the walks of Manchester, have set the olfactories of Matt Blosser in such a state of indignation that it requires two men to hold his nose.

Jordan Begole, of Stony Creek, is engaged in manufacturing wooden spectacle cases. They are probably designed to inclose the leather specs of high tariff editors in Washtenaw county.

Chelsea now has a guitar club. The village cats listen with mournful interest, not knowing how soon they may be called on to render up what in them is, for the cause of music, notably that of the E-string.

The \$1.25 wheat promised us under Cleveland doesn't materialize, does it?—Ann Arbor Courier.

No, the protection placed on it by the McKinley tariff, didn't work. And say!—where is that "50-cent wool?"

There were forty-seven applications for divorce in the Washtenaw court last year. The county clerk is obliged to send out a soliciting agent to keep the divorce calendar from beating the marriage license business.

"City Clerk Miller," says the Ann Arbor democrat, "has found nearly 100 unrecorded deeds among old papers in his office." There is something grand and beautiful in the sublime trust of providence, shown by these unrecorded papers.

The contestants in the sixth annual oratorical prize fight at the Normal have gone into training, and at the still and solemn hour, when graveyards stretch can be heard the grinding gutturals of heavy tragedy, proceeding from the dens of the gladiators. 'Blood!

R. J. West, near Sylvan, says he has slaughtered and utilized the flesh, hide and bones of eighty-five superannuated horses.—Chelsea correspondent Argus.

Does this account for the Sylvanite boast of enjoying the choicest cuts of steak in the county?

We actually believe that one good, noble young woman and pretty as a picture, has more influence than 99 men.—Ann Arbor Democrat.

How much better, then, it is to be surrounded by one "good, noble young, woman as pretty as a picture" than by ninety-nine men.

Rev. Napoleon Smith is the overwhelming name of a gentleman who is to render the "Miff Tree" at Milan, this evening. He also gives a voice imitation of the cornet, which is said to out-cornet the cornet itself. He should be suppressed, lest at any time he raise the dead, by counterfeiting a blast from Gabriel.

The dress stay business at Ypsilanti has been pinched so closely by competition that the factory there will put in a pinking machine which will do the work of forty girls. This will not throw the girls out of business. They can become typewriters and take the places of young men. The young men—well, they can tramp.

One of our readers wants to know if it is the proper thing for the S. C. A. to have ExGov. Luce lecture to them on farming on Sunday morning. We should say why not? It is one of God's own vocations. The best on earth.—Ann Arbor Courier.

Heartless Relatives. Mistress—Did you learn how Mrs. Upton was?
Servant—Please, mum, I pulled at the doorbell half an hour and couldn't make anybody hear. I think the bell had been muffled.
Mistress—The idea! How is the poor invalid to know that her friends are anxious about her if her heartless relatives have muffled the doorbell?—New York Weekly.

The Courier states that John A. McDonald, the "heavy weight" of the two John's comedy company was a former resident of Ann Arbor, and now weighs 541 pounds. It is said that conductors collect one fare of him, on one side, and then go around and extort another fare on the other side. Hardly fair, but then—

The agricultural college, in a bulletin, calling attention to celery interests, mentions the little "negro bug" that attacked the Tecumseh celery last season, and says he can be driven off by the use of offensive odors. The Press desires, then to recommend Ypsilanti mineral water. Douse the plants with it and you cooper the "nigger bug."

Let us see, it was Grover who coined the sentence, "My Policy." Certainly it was.—Ann Arbor Register.

Certainly it wasn't; but we would not be severe on the editor. No man can walk a cold floor, nights, with a new baby, and keep the correct run of political history. The author of "My Policy" was Andrew Johnson, a republican president.

In placing his damages at \$1,000, Gebhardt Hummel, in bringing suit in the Washtenaw circuit court against George Guenther, for assault and battery, sets forth in his declaration that defendant assailed him "with swords, staves, ropes, fists, knuckles, stone, weapons, hands and feet," and yet Guenther claims that when the scrap closed he wasn't fairly wound up, otherwise the spectators would have seen "a fight as was a fight."

The Farmers' and Merchants bank of Milan, sues Edward K. Chase on two notes, amounting to \$47. A stiff array of eminent counsel on both sides, gladiated the judicial arena. Chase set up the startling accusation that the bank shorted his deposit \$24 on its books and raised the checks he drew, one of them being raised from \$2 to \$62, and others for smaller sums. But a jury said this astonishing allegation was "no go" and gave judgment against Chase.

Whatever may be thought of the merits of the case at issue, no one can fail to be impressed with the magnificent size and sublime grandeur of the gall, perpetrated by attorney H. Waldron, of Ann Arbor, who stood up in court the other day and submitted a motion to set aside a verdict for the compound reason that the jurors had been bribed by the defense, and that by connivance between the court and opposing counsel, a motion different from that agreed upon, had been entered on the record. When the court remarked that "if this was true, the court and everybody except the plaintiff's lawyer ought to be in jail," Waldron coolly replied, "I think so, too." All present shaded their eyes expecting the offender to be struck with judicial lightning; but the court calmly answered, "Your motion is denied."

Under contract with the Choral Union of Ann Arbor, one, DePachman, appeared there last week and held a disturbance with the piano. Of his performance, the critique of the U. of M. Daily says: In every delicacy of touch, every variety of shading, and every intricacy of harmonic form, he thrills and enraptures his auditors. * * He is a phenomenon of absolute technic, the incarnation bravourea, the embodiment of virtuosity. Not ethical delicacy alone is at his command, but with perfect technique there are glittering passages, surging arpeggios, scintillating staccatos and furiously fast octave runs. Shades of the nodding harpist of Brutus, the vibrating vertebra of blind Boone, and the dazzling nimbus of the red-headed Paddy Screw-eye!—what a player that DePachman must have been! We had heard of him as a phosphorescent monster of musical mutations, bristling all over like a porcupine, with crotchets and quavers, (pronounced fee-nollys) nocturnal etudes, faint furiosos and tempestuous dulcets; but when it comes to "ethical delicacy, surging arpeggios, scintillating staccatos and furiously fast octave runs," it is evident that DePachman must have been a bad cat. It is just possible that some of the brilliant fox-fire effects which the U. of M. musaccio, thought he saw, were caused by somebody having slipped an overripe mackerel in his coat pocket. Critiques may be imposed upon.

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CUT THIS OUT



Scientist—What do you suppose is the cause of the cyclones and tornadoes being so strong out here?
Citizen—Waal, stranger, I reckon it's because they take so much exercise.—Puck.

Community of Interest. Some are short, and some are tall, And some are 'twixt and 'tween; But nearly all, big or small, Are after the long green.—New York Sun.

