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AN ELOPER'S FATE.

Ninety Days in the Washtenaw County Jail for Larceny.

A LITTLE GIRL STRANGLES TO DEATH.

A Noted Series of Lectures—The Burns' Anniversary Celebration—Fire in Ann Arbor—A Magazine Reader's Recollections.

New Census.

The legislature of 1893, by Act 178, made provision for the taking of a state census this year. Municipal authorities of incorporated cities and township boards are required to appoint enumerators, and it is made the duty of city and township clerks to transmit to the secretary of state, before the 20th of May, a list of all such appointees. These enumerators are to receive a compensation of \$2.50 a day for ten hours' work. The results of their work are sent to the office of the secretary of state for compilation. The compilation of these returns will be a work of vast magnitude, since the statistics required by the law are quite complete.

Strangled to Death.

A very sad death of a little girl occurred in Augusta, Sunday afternoon. Little Elsie Johnson, the three year old daughter of William A. Johnson had just returned from Sunday school at Willis. Her mother cut her off a small piece of raw beefsteak and she ran with it to her father, requesting him to read to her out of her Sunday school paper. While he was reading to her, the little girl attempted to swallow the meat whole and commenced to strangle. Slapping upon the back did no good. The father then attempted to pull the meat out of her mouth but was unable to do so. Within two minutes the little girl was dead.

The Early Sunday Morning Fire.

While our citizens were quietly sleeping during the wee small hours of Sunday morning, our fire department was fighting a fire which gained considerable headway in the building on West Huron street, occupied by the Ann Arbor Manufacturing Co., better known as the Union Shade Pull Co. The building is owned by Robert Hunter. The fire was discovered at about two o'clock, in the roof of the building and is supposed to have caught from either a defective chimney or a hot pipe. After a hard fight, during which one line of hose which extended over the Ann Arbor railroad track was twice cut, the firemen succeeded in extinguishing the flames. The loss on the building is \$600. The loss on the stock, although considerable, has not yet been estimated. There was \$400 insurance on the building and \$2,600 insurance on the stock.

Rev. Dr. Holland's Lectures.

Rev. Dr. Robert Holland, of St. Louis, Mo., who has been delivering the lectures this year on the Slocum foundation before the Hobart Guild, has shown himself a pulpit orator of the very highest order. It is rarely that one comes to Ann Arbor, where so many good lecturers are heard more thoroughly capable of interesting the auditor in an abstruse subject. His deepest thoughts are illuminated with scintillations of wit, his imagery is perfect, his diction complete and his mastery of the subject, profound. Those who heard his sermon Sunday morning pronounce it one of the greatest pulpit efforts ever delivered in Ann Arbor. His two remaining lectures here will be delivered in Harris hall tonight and Thursday night and everyone is invited to hear him. There is no charge for admission, the Slocum endowment paying all expenses. The lectures will be published in book form.

Bound Over for Attempted Murder.

Tom Jones, the colored Ypsilanti man who shot Deputy Sheriff Peterson, was arraigned before Justice Pend, Saturday, on the charge of attempted murder and assault with intent to do great bodily harm less than murder. F. J. Riggs appeared to defend him. He waived examination and was bound over to the circuit court. His bail was fixed at \$2,000, which he could not furnish. He and his brother Irving will come before Justice Pond tomorrow on

the charge of burglary from the store of Bowdish & Matteson. It is probable that their counsel will ask for an examination.

It has come out that William Jones, the one who shot Deputy Sheriff Smith, and committed suicide last Wednesday night, took his own life the night before his birthday. He was born on the same day of the year that George Washington was born on. How different his life and ending!

A Result of Magazine Reading.

Mr. S. D. Allen, of East Washington street, was recently reading an article in the New England magazine on building stone and granite. The article was illustrated by the cuts of various buildings, among them being the new Erie County Savings Bank, of Buffalo, N. Y., which cost half a million dollars. This recalled the fact to Mr. Allen's mind that thirty-eight years ago, when a resident of Buffalo, N. Y., he had an account with this bank. He wrote to the bank to know how his account stood. They replied that there awaited him there the sum of \$23.73. Mr. Allen hunted up his old bank book which showed that on May 8, 1863, he had on deposit a balance of \$4.60. On that date the book also showed an additional deposit of \$200, with no record of anything checked out of it. He wrote them that he had no recollection of drawing out any of the \$200 and wished to see the vouchers. Yesterday Mr. Allen received, through the State Savings bank \$23.73, the \$4.60 and interest, but has not yet received the \$200 or the vouchers for it. That amount yet remains in question.

The End of an Elopement.

The prospective groom in the Waterloo elopement case, the particulars of which were given in last Tuesday's Argus, is now serving a ninety days' sentence in the Washtenaw county jail. He didn't get that sentence for running off with the girl. Justice Lehman, of Chelsea, gave it to him for petty larceny. He was charged with stealing \$2.50 in money and a silver watch from his employer, George Runciman, of Lyndon township. The hero of the elopement escapade is named William Rothman. While Mr. Runciman, who is town treasurer of Lyndon, was attending a church social, Rothman ransacked everything in the house, going through the trunks and bureaus, and even went through the carpet rags. He then betook himself away, leaving in his room twenty letters from the young girl with whom he eloped. It will be remembered that the eloping couple walked to Stockbridge on a Saturday, reaching there too late to catch a train for Jackson, where they proposed to take out a marriage license, and registered at a hotel as man and wife, staying until Sunday afternoon, when the girl's father arrived and carried her home by main strength. Young love will have a chance to cool during Rothman's ninety days' stay at the county jail.

An Interesting Meeting of the Woman's League.

The Woman's league held their usual monthly meeting on Saturday, Feb. 24, at McMillan hall.

Miss King, professor of history, of the Ypsilanti Normal school, gave a most interesting paper on the "Fettered Soul." She described Vedder's picture of the Sleeping Psyche fettered with silken bands, and compared these fetters to the "circumstances" which girls and women so often make as an excuse for inactivity. She said, were Psyche but to awake, she could see how easily she might free herself, and she called upon the girls to open their eyes and to recognize that these very circumstances which they deplored were as nothing. Habit, rather than circumstances, makes the character and knowledge should free habit by giving ideas. Girls can find in their homes, no matter how limited, a field for their work, and all the great questions of sociology and economics can be better worked out in them than elsewhere.

Mrs. Angell then gave a very satisfactory talk on the "Duties of Hostess and Guest." She advised all who entertain, never to attempt to do more than is consistent with their usual mode of living and to always remember that a guest is most sensitive to any nervousness on the part of the hostess. A guest should always bear in mind that she is invited to entertain as well as to be entertained, and that her duty is to help her hostess. After Mrs. Angell had finished her remarks she requested that questions should be

asked her. Amongst these were some concerning answers to invitations. She felt that no invitation should go unanswered. Such invitations as are written demand a like written response and such as are on cards, for less formal affairs, require cards in return unless the recipient accepts by attending.

A social gathering in the lower hall completed this very profitable and pleasant meeting.

Calidonian Society Meet.

The Burns anniversary entertainment given last Thursday evening at the home of Mr. Robert Campbell, under the auspices of the Calidonian society of Ann Arbor, was a decided success. There were about seventy-five people present, and the program presented was one of the most delightfully pleasant and charming of the kind that we have had the pleasure of listening to in many a day. Beautiful programs were printed and handed round, bearing upon the first page an excellent electrotype portrait of the famous Scot in whose honor the entertainment was given, and these words:

"From scenes like these auld Scotia's grandeur springs,
Which makes her loved at home, revered abroad;
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
An honest man's the noblest work of God."

Dr. D. A. MacLachlan, president of the society, gave a very entertaining talk upon the life of Robert Burns. Having traveled over Scotland and visited the localities rendered famous by the footsteps of Scotia's greatest poet, the Doctor was able to make his subject doubly interesting. This, the opening address, was followed by a song, "We'd better bide a wee," by Miss Elizabeth Campbell, which was finely rendered. This in turn was followed by the song, "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," by Mr. William Phillips. This song was rendered in such an unassuming but masterful manner as to captivate all present.

Mr. Robert Phillips was then announced to give a reading, "The Cotter's Saturday Night." He did not read the poem, however, but recited it. His rendition of the selection was unique, much of it being given in the Scottish dialect. Miss Lucy K. Cole followed with the song, "Cam' ye by Athol." The next number was a reading, "Address to a Mouse," by Mrs. Dr. Wm. A. Campbell. It was given in fine style. Then Miss Emma G. McAllister sang "John Anderson, my Jo."

Hon. W. D. Harriman then gave an address on the "Genius and Character of Burns." It was a scholarly and finely prepared address, containing something of the spirit of the hero worshiper. Miss Elizabeth A. Campbell sang "Scotch Lassie Jean."

Mr. Andrew Campbell read "Hallowe'en." He read it in the very dialect of Burns and in a most inimitable manner. Mr. Campbell was born within a few miles of the home of Burns, and spent his early life there. He was trained in the same phase of the Scottish speech and hence was able to make his reading of Hallowe'en decidedly realistic. After this reading Mr. William Phillips sang "Jessie's Dream." There is always something decidedly pathetic and fascinating about this song since it carries one back in mind to the stirring scenes connected with the closing events of the famous siege of Lucknow. The song was finely rendered.

"Burns and his Religion" was the subject of an address by Mrs. Eliza R. Sunderland. This was an excellent address and seemed to us to give an accurate idea of the opinions generally held on the subject. Miss Lucy K. Cole then rendered the song, "Jock o' Hazeldean." It was good.

Prof. Lawrence A. McLouth presented a paper entitled "Criticism of Burns' Poetry." This was an admirable paper and showed the author to be thoroughly conversant with Burns' poetry and just withal we think in his criticisms.

At the close of this paper Misses Cole and McAllister sang a duet entitled, "O, wert thou in the cauld blast." The programme closed with the song, "Auld Lang Syne," in which all joined. Those who conceived the programme did themselves proud. It was thoroughly enjoyed by all present and everybody felt that it was good to be there.

Homage to Washington.

Once more the birth of the "Father of our Country" has been duly observed at the U. of M. The

laws evidently realized that the perpetuation of Washington's memory was sacredly entrusted to them, and they proceeded to make the most of their trust.

The stage was decorated in a very artistic manner. Everything was conducted in a spirit of patriotic devotion. The laws and lits had their usual scrimmage and exchanges of "complimentary yells." At 2:45, Dean Knowlton introduced Congressman, J. P. Dolliver, who held the close attention of his large audience for over an hour. Mr. Dolliver is a forcible speaker, uses very choice language and always has a humorous story at his tongue's end to forcibly illustrate his point. The address was something out of the usual fashion of "Birthday Oration" and was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

The speaker prefaced his theme by holding up the moral character of Washington as the one by which the progress of civilization is reckoned. He then introduced his subject, "Public Virtue in Relation to Politics." The nineteenth century is a century of experimental knowledge which has put more wisdom into politics than any other age in history. It is the century that has put in slavery the masters of the world.

Let us recall to mind why we call our country great. Yet with all our greatness, there are giant evils abroad in our land. What is the available remedy for the moral evils that afflict American society? The monster of monsters of these evils is licentiousness. To its cause may be traced many awful tragedies. Here is a Gogatha not yet redeemed by the blood of any savior. Side by side with the social evils, stands drunkenness, which is degrading American civilization.

What is the relation of morality to secular politics? Its first relation is to the law and next to the administration of law. The speaker paid a high compliment to the legal profession and showed how our independence was due to a question of law: "Taxation without Representation." Many among the immortal legions of patriots were lawyers. Washington was not a lawyer, but he was a good client. Law has been one of the conservative forces since the foundation of our government. Most evils are such as escape the eyes of the law. Let the law be exalted.

But society must look above the law for the remedy for our evils. Some see in education the panacea for all our ills. But the experiment has been tried again and again. Behold the decline and degradation of Greece with all her refinement and culture! Rome had her Augustan Age! Nine tenths of all calamities come from men of high intelligence. All honor to the school house and University. May they multiply until demagogues tremble. But they cannot solve this problem.

The Christian gospel is the ark and safeguard of our civilization. Reaction has set in against criticism which undermines faith. Free thinking, if clear thinking, will never lead to atheism. Without religion, patriotism is of no avail.

George Washington was never more right than when he declared that without religion and morality, government is impossible. Let the government neglect that doctrine that man is no more responsible for his character than for his height, and it is manufacturing bomb-shells more dangerous than those of Haymarket fame.

Escapes from vice lies in the faithful application in every day life of the principles of Christ's gospel. Let every man realize that this world is God's and that every one is his brother.

At the conclusion of Mr. Dolliver's remarks, the University Glee and Banjo clubs enlivened the occasion with some of their delightful music.

The School of Dancing.

The Thursday evening and Saturday morning classes at Granger's academy are for gentlemen (beginners). The Saturday afternoon class, from 2 to 3:45, is for juveniles. The class from 4 to 5:45, Saturday afternoon, is for ladies (beginners and advanced). The Tuesday and Saturday evening classes are for intermediate and advanced pupils (adults exclusively). Granger's academy can be rented for private parties, etc. We reserve the right to reject any application we think best. No. 6 Maynard street is not a public hall.

Ripans Tabules banish pain.
Ripans Tabules cure scrofula.

Cleaning up.

We have been having a general "clean up" in our stock the past month. In Pianos we have a few more odd ones yet to go.

Epecially

Two Boardman & Gray brand new Uprights—one each Walnut and Mahogany—three pedals, latest styles and improvements. We do not intend to carry this make of instrument and will sell them TWENTY per cent below regular spot cash price. Everyone knows that the "matchless" Boardman & Gray is first class in every respect. We mean just what we say about closing them out. Here are TWO bargains for some one.

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TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1894.

The statute passed by the legislature of 1893, requiring barber shops to close on Sunday is declared by the Supreme Court to be good law.

Last week's dispatches from all parts of the country show an increase in business, in the number of men employed and in the hours of labor where "short time" was the rule.

Last week the Supreme Court knocked out the "Jag Cure" law, one of the foolishlest and most absurd laws ever placed on the statute books of this state. Peace to the ashes of another of the monstrosities of the dollar buck legislature.

The state of New York occupies the proud position of being free from debt, and her governor says the regular state tax levy can be abolished, the inheritance tax furnishing sufficient revenue to meet all expenses. Why would it not be well for Michigan to raise at least a portion of her revenue from this source? It is one of the easiest and most effective methods of taxing personal property.

No one, except possibly those directly interested, would object to a change in the Wilson bill increasing the tax on whiskey from \$1.00 to \$1.20 per gallon and the placing of a tax on beer, but this should not be done at the expense of the free list. If any change in the free list is to be made, it should be in the direction of enlargement rather than contraction.

It will not be a surprise should the Senate place a small duty—say one cent a pound—on sugar. Such a duty would be almost wholly a revenue duty, and would yield to the treasury more than thirty millions of dollars. Such a tax would not be oppressive, and if it becomes necessary in order to raise a sufficient revenue for the needs of the government, much can be said in its favor. Any effort by the Senate, however, to substitute this tax on sugar for the income tax would arouse universal opposition. No tax on any kind of consumption must be substituted for the income tax.

The most pressing need of the hour is action by the senate on the Wilson tariff bill. It is now nearly a month since the bill went to the senate and it is not yet out of the hands of the finance committee. It is an outrage on the business interests of the country to continue this needless delay another hour. The country should know, and at once, on what basis the business of the coming season is to be done. If there was any probability of the senate tinkering, resulting in any improvement of the bill, it would be different, but according to all reports there is none. The delay is not the result of an honest effort to improve the bill, but is caused by the desire of a few protection democrats to secure a continuance of government pap to their special interests. The bill should be reported at once and either passed or rejected.

Every day that passes marks an advance in public sentiment in favor of the income tax. The masses are slowly awakening to a realization of the fact that the struggle over this measure is a fight of the masses against privileged classes, an effort to compel those long accustomed to the benefits of class legislation to "put up" for the support of government in proportion to the benefits received. They are coming to un-

derstand that while there is no injustice done their more fortunate fellows by the imposition of this tax, every dollar of revenue collected from the great fortunes of the wealthy diminishes by just that much their own burdens. The people are in earnest in this matter, and had they now the opportunity of expressing their wishes by means of the ballot, they would unquestionably serve notice on the "millionaire club" sitting at Washington that they must keep hands off this feature of the Wilson tariff bill.

Rumors came from Washintogn to the effect that certain democratic senators are desirous of having a duty placed on wool for the purpose of appeasing the wool men. This is a manifestation of the same insidious, dickering, log rolling spirit that has dominated all republican tariff "tinkering" during the past thirty years. It is a conspiracy on the part of a few lingering protection democrats, in view of the narrow majority in the senate, to fleece the public once more for the benefit of special interests. Free wool is one of the best features of the new tariff bill, and it is to be hoped that the House, which is directly representative of the people's wishes will decline most emphatically to recede from its position on the question at the dictation of the undemocratic Senate. If all the "herding" interests that are clamoring for a continuance of protective duties on their special products are to have their selfish demands honored, it would be quite as well to leave the McKinley act in force with all its iniquitous provisions. But the plain duty of the Senate is to leave wool where the House put it, on the free list.

Gen. A. P. Martin, of Boston, one of the largest manufacturers of boots and shoes in the United States, sees no terrors in the Wilson bill for either labor or manufacturers. He does not believe that the admission of raw materials free will reduce the price of labor, but that it will tend to increase that price by opening the markets of the world to the various industries as it has to the shoe and leather trade, by reason of cheap raw materials. He claims that the removal of the duty on hides enabled the boot and shoe manufactures to extend their markets to Central and South America and to compete with England, France and Germany, and he sees no reason why the same system applied to other industries will not enable them to extend their markets in the same way and to compete with foreign manufacturers the world over. Why should this be thought a thing incredible? We have a population teeming with push and energy and business tact; we have the skilled labor and and all the necessary capital for carrying on business of any magnitude; our inventive genius has furnished us with the most improved machinery in the world; we have all the resources, in fact, to enable us to engage successfully in the widest competition. Cheaper raw material, therefore, means an equally good product at less cost, and a consequent extension of our markets and increased production. There is nothing in these results which need reduce the price of labor. Workingmen have nothing to fear from the passage of the Wilson bill.

IN THE NET.

The grand jury that has been sitting at Mason for several weeks, investigating the frauds in connection with the salaries amendments of '91 and '93, finished its labors last Friday and found true bills against ten persons. To all appearances its work has been conscientiously and honestly done, but how well and how judiciously, can only be determined after those against whom they have lodged indictments have answered to the charges in court. The evidence that reached the public from time to time against several of those indicted, was such as to lead to the expectation of their being held, but that certain others were found in the drag net was a surprise. So far as the public is informed the evidence against some of these is of the

most flimsy character, still the presumption is that the grand jury had sufficient reason for its action. These men are not guilty, however, until proven so and it is perhaps better for those who are innocent to have the opportunity of establishing the same in court than to be dismissed with the suspicion of the public resting upon them.

It is to be hoped that the grand jury have in their net the persons responsible for the infamy brought upon the fair name of Michigan. The crime committed was one of the most dastardly in the annals of popular government in this country. It struck at the very foundation of popular institutions. It was a cold blooded, premeditated purpose to override the will of the people, and it merits the severest penalty. Those who conceived and carried into effect this crime against the people should be dealt with in such a way as to serve as a warning to those who would follow in their footsteps in the future. Their fate should convince all conspirators against the ballot that the people of Michigan intend to vote their convictions without fear or favor and to have their votes counted and returned as deposited.

SAME OLD GAME.

If reports sent out from Washington are to be relied upon, there is a deliberate attempt on the part of certain McKinleyized democratic senators to play the same old game that has disgraced republican tariff legislation for many years. These senators seem to be far less concerned about getting the requisite revenue for the expenses of the government economically administered, than about taking care of certain private interests. There seems to be no division among the majority of the finance committee as to the best method of raising revenue, but a vulgar squabble by a few democratic senators outside the committee to have the Wilson bill revised in the interest of private and corporate greed. While all this would be seemly enough in a republican senate conceiving its duty to be to frame a tariff law for the raising of private revenue, it is a shame and a disgrace in a democratic senate pledged to a revision of the tariff in the interest of public revenue only.

A duty on sugar would be a purely revenue duty and may be defended, therefore, but we submit that there is no valid revenue reason why coal should be taxed for this purpose. Last year under the McKinley act which carries a duty of 75 cents per ton on coal, there was imported into this country 1,108,061 tons upon which a duty of \$831,045.75 was collected. From these facts it is apparent at a glance, that the representatives of the coal interests in the senate are not fighting for the retention of this duty because of the revenue derived therefrom, but solely for the benefit of the pocket of the coal barons. Then, again, the senators who are carried in the pockets or at the toe of the boots of the coal mine owners, are said to be willing to accept a cut of 25 cents in the present rate of duty, and this only serves to make the evidence conclusive, that they are not contending for a retention of the duty for revenue purposes, but purely for private gain. Coal is a crude material the same as iron and wool and the same reasons which apply in favor of free iron and wool are equally applicable in the case of coal. To make an exception, therefore, in favor of one of these articles would be a piece of rank favoritism and entirely indefensible.

It is not surprising, perhaps, that these coal "herring" senators in view of their long intimacy with the contaminating influences of republican tariff principles have become inured to some extent with their dishonest practices, but they are nevertheless false to their party pledges and inexcusable for the delay they are causing in the advancement of the tariff bill.

Christian Endeavor Union.

On account of the State Convention at Detroit, March 21 and 22, the T. A. A. & N. M. R'y will sell excursion tickets March 20 and 21, limited for return to March 23, at one and one-third fare for the round trip.

Too Willing.
"Dear me," he whispered, "do you think if I married you your father would ever forgive us?"
"I'm sure he would, dear," she asserted softly.
"And would he give us a house of our own?"
"I know he would, dearest."
"And would he give us enough to live beautifully on?"
"I'm sure of it, Harry."
"And would he take me into the firm?"
"Certainly he would."
"And let me run the business to suit myself?"
"Of course he would, darling."
She snuggled to his bosom, but he put her aside coldly.
"I can never marry you," he said hoarsely. "Your father is too willing to get you off his hands."—Tit-Bits.

Going Into the Hands of a Receiver.



—Truth.

A Lesson In Greek.

The teacher reads to the pupils a chapter of Greek history, but is obliged to hide the bad boys from time to time.
"Before the battle of Thermopylae began the Persian kings sent a messenger to the Lacedaemonians to the effect that—(Jones, put up your top in school!—to the effect that they should surrender their—(umbrellas, Tommy Jones, should be stood up in the corner. Remember that next time!—should surrender their weapons. The proud answer of the Grecian general was—(Brown, sit a little to one side, so I can see what mischief Billy Robinson is up to—yes)—the answer of the Greeks was, 'Come and take them.'
"When the Greeks were told that the number of the enemy was so great that their arrows darkened the sun, Leonidas replied contemptuously—(really, Sammy Peterby, I shall have to punish you if you don't stop looking around and grinning like a demented baboon!—Leonidas replied contemptuously, 'All the better, for then we will fight in the shade.' Four days afterward the Persians made the attack. A traitorous Greek of the name of—(Alf Thompson, you stay after school, and I'll see if I can cure you of whispering!—of the name of Ephialtes showed the Persians a secret pass in the mountains, and presently there arose among the Spartans the delightful cry of—(who threw that spit ball?)"—Texas Sitings.

A Trifle Mixed.

In one of our country churches the curate had to give out two notices, the first of which was about baptisms, and the latter referred to a new hymnbook. Owing to an accident he reversed the order and read as follows:
"I am requested to announce that the new hymnbook will be used for the first time in this church on Sunday next, and I am also requested to call attention to the delay which often takes place in bringing children to be baptized. They should be brought on the earliest day possible. This is particularly pressed on mothers who have young infants."
"And for the information of those who have none," added the rector in gentle, kindly tones, and who, being slightly deaf, had not heard what had been previously said, "and for the information of those who have none I may state, if wished, they can be obtained on application in the vestry immediately after service today—limp ones, 50 cents each; with stiff backs, \$1.50."—Vogue.

Overworking the Principle.

Wickwire—I have given up that homeopathic doctor I had and have gone back to the old school.
Yabsley—What was the matter?
Wickwire—He's a crank. My aunt has a cataract developing in her left eye, and he recommended her to go to a water cure establishment.—Indianapolis Journal.

Expelling a Refractory Scholar.

"You boys are very quiet out there in that barn," called out Willie's mother suspiciously.
"Yes'm," responded Willie, opening the back door and gently urging out into the alley a large yellow dog with a tin can tied to its tail. "We're playin Sunday school!"—Chicago Tribune.

Every Mother Knows It.

Mr. Dinwiddie—I see that Mrs. Gladstone has written an article on children in which she says they need change.
Mrs. Dinwiddie—Don't I know that? Don't they come to me two or three times a day and ask for a nickel or a dime?—Pittsburg Chronicle.

A Dubious Compliment.

He—I should be glad to hear that you enjoyed my novel.
She—Why, I was fairly in ecstasy when I reached the last pages.—Chicago Record.

A Mean Man.

A close landlord up town raised the rent of one of his houses because the walls had bulged out and therefore made the house larger.—Philadelphia Record.

Good Night.

"Good night," he said to her: "good night." Her tiny fingers holding tight.
While round her waist he placed an arm, As if to shield the maid from harm.
"Good night!"—he said it o'er and o'er And each time took just one kiss more.
Time past them flew with rapid flight, But still he staid and said "Good night."
The wind blew cold across the wold While he to her his love reftold And said "Good night" from time to time, With kisses sandwiched in between.
His overcoat was thick with rime When Luna rose to view the scene.
The gaunt trees shivered in the breeze, The maiden thought her nose would freeze And pleading looks upon him cast, But there he stood and faced the blast.
Pneumonia's dangers scolding, And when he said "Good night" at last, And from the maiden's vision pass'd, It should have been "Good morning."
—New York Press.

THE KING OF THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS,

So says the old college song. But the Islands are no longer Cannibal, and no longer have a King or Queen, but are a Free Republic in Mid-Ocean.

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No. 3. February 27, 1894.

Argus Coupon.

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The Price of Silver

is lower than ever and Sterling Silverware in proportion. Look at our **SOLID STERLING SILVER TEASPOON**, \$4.50 \$5.00 and \$5.50 per set (1/2 doz.) plain or fancy patterns. \$6.00, \$6.50 and \$7.00 for a very fine hand engraved pattern, per set (1/2 doz.)

Coffee, Table, Dessert, Olive and Sugar Spoons at reduced rates. **COME AND SEE FOR YOURSELVES.**

A handsome new style **SETH THOMAS EIGHT DAY CLOCK**, with Cathedral gong, half-hour strike, for \$7.00. Special Price.

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WM. ARNOLD, Jeweler,

36 S. Main St., - Ann Arbor.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

Ice is nine inches thick.

The sleighing is badly whipped.

The school of music shows a gain in the number of students this semester.

There is very little stir in local politics and the city election is only five weeks off.

The Harugari Maennerchor give a concert in A. O. U. W. hall on Thursday evening.

The Ann Arbor Light Infantry give an inspection hop at the armory tomorrow night.

The Ann Arbor Rifles cleared about \$170 by their annual masked ball and carnival.

Rev. Mr. Coburn will preach next Sunday evening on "The Dance Weighed in Silver Balances."

The laying of the main sewer pipe is finished. Who said that the main sewer wouldn't be finished this winter?

Albert Hoelscher, the noted flute player will assist the Ann Arbor Banjo and Guitar club in their concert, March 29.

Ex-Alderman Ernest Rehberg has a twelve pound boy whose birthday anniversary is on the same day as that of George Washington.

Heinzmann & Laubengayer have got back their good well of water which was drained by the sewer, by sinking the well ten feet lower.

Don't fail to see the Hawaiian Views offered by the Argus for one coupon and ten cents. Those who have secured them speak very highly of them.

St. Patrick's day will be celebrated in this city with a banquet at the rink, when Col. John Atkinson will respond to the toast, "The Day We Celebrate."

The Baby's church at the M. E. services Sunday mornings still continues to be a feature of the services. Miss Boynton will have charge of the babies next Sunday.

The Ladies' society, of Bethlehem church, meets at the residence of Miss August DeFries, corner of William street and Fourth avenue South, Thursday afternoon.

A Washington dispatch of Saturday says "Capt. Kempf, of Chelsea, member of Gov. Rich's staff, and William Burtless and A. F. Freeman are guests of Congressman Gorman."

A. L. Noble left this morning for New York to purchase a fine lot of spring goods. His son Harold accompanied him as far as Buffalo where he will stay until his father returns home.

Last Friday night was the coldest of the season. The thermometer at the Observatory registered seven degrees below zero. Various other thermometers registered from four to fifteen degrees below.

Rev. Mr. Wetmore filled the pulpit of the Presbyterian church last Sunday, during the absence of the pastor, Rev. Mr. Gelston who preached in the Fort Street Presbyterian church, of Detroit.

Tonight at eight o'clock in Harris hall, Dr. Holland will lecture on "Midsummer Nights' Dream," and on Thursday evening at 8 in Harris hall, he will deliver her seventh and last lecture on "Immortality."

The Washtenaw Pomological society has annually set apart its March meeting for the discussion of the Improvement of Roads. This year ex-Senator Thomas M. Palmer, of Detroit, and Capt. E. P. Allen, of Ypsilanti, will address the society on this subject at the meeting on March 10. The meeting has been postponed to that date to permit them to be present.

Rev. Dr. Gillespie, of New York City, will speak in the Presbyterian church next Sunday evening in the interest of the Board of Missions of the Presbyterian church, of which board he is a member.

Remember that the Argus is a dollar a year only when paid in advance. It costs you \$1.25 a year if it is not paid in advance. The label on the paper shows you the date to which your subscription is paid.

During the discourse at the Presbyterian church, last Sunday evening, a bat flew through the audience room. After trying his wings and gazing at the people assembled, like the ground hog, he sought his hole again.

E. C. Burdick, of the Burdick & Wood Co., has invented an inexpensive fire alarm system, which is attracting considerable attention. If it works as it promises to, the fire alarm system for Ann Arbor is solved.

The Ladies' Aid society, of the M. E. church, will hold their monthly social in the church parlors next Thursday evening. Tea will be served at 6:30 o'clock, and strangers will be cordially welcomed.

Rev. J. W. Bashford, D. D., president of the Ohio Wesleyan University will lecture here during March in the Wesleyan Guild lecture course. He will be followed in April by President Henry Wade Rogers, of the Northwestern University.

There are only five persons confined in the county jail. There were six yesterday morning, but Pierce, who was confined on the charge of taking wheat from the Sober estate, paid up and was released.

At the meeting of the Michigan Gas association, held in Grand Rapids last week, Henry W. Douglas, of this city, read a paper on the effect of electric currents on gas and water pipes. Sedgwick Dean was elected a vice-president of the association.

How many of our readers will send us in new trial subscriptions to the Argus this week, three months for 25 cents, in other words 26 papers for 25 cents? Several hundreds of our readers have neighbors who will take advantage of this offer if it is brought to their attention.

The Lyra society are diligently practicing Pinafore, which will be given at the opera house two evenings in April. The chorus is very promising, while the soloists are said to be first-class. In fact this operetta bids fair to greatly eclipse anything ever attempted here by local talent.

"Midsummer Nights' Dream" is the topic of Rev. Dr. Holland at Harris hall this evening. On Thursday evening he will conclude his lectures, the subject for the evening being "Immortality." These lectures are proving very interesting and crowded houses should greet him on both evenings.

Rev. Mr. Coburn had an overflowing audience last Sunday evening when he preached on the subject of the "Theater Weighed in Silver Balances." He exhibited considerable research in the history of theatres and said that the great actors themselves deprecated theatre going.

The Rev. Dr. Holland delivered two masterly lectures (the 4th and 5th in the Slocum course for 1893-94) in St. Andrew's church on Sunday. At the morning service his theme was "The Art of Living." He showed that the true art of life is to "seize the present" and make it manifest the life of the indwelling Christ. In the evening he spoke on "The Divine Man," showing how God-mankind is at the core of all morality.

Mr. Lyons, the secretary of the Students' Volunteer Movement in Missions, addressed a crowded union meeting of the Young People's Christian societies in the Presbyterian church, last Sunday evening, and proved an interesting speaker. He used figures and said that there were 13,000,000 Christians in the United States and if each one of them would pay one cent a day for missions, they could support 40,000 missionaries.

Now that the time for harvesting ice is here, it should be remembered by those doing the cutting that there is a provision of law relating to the matter. By reference to Howell's Statutes, sec. 9, 119, it will be seen that it is a misdemeanor punishable by a fine of not more than three months or both, in the discretion of the court, for any person engaged in procuring ice in any of the streams or lakes of this state to fail to erect or place suitable danger signals at or near the place where the ice is being cut.

PERSONAL.

Miss Grant, of Detroit, is visiting Mrs. M. A. Lukins.

Wilfred Eames went to Kalamazoo on business, yesterday.

Mrs. W. D. Adams returned from a visit to Jackson, Saturday.

R. F. Fellows, of Sharon, called at the Argus office last week.

Lew H. Clement returned from Northern Michigan, Saturday.

Mrs. W. S. Fowler, of Detroit, is visiting her father, Adam D. Seyler.

Miss Mamie Blair, of Mansfield, Ohio, is visiting Dr. V. D. Garwood.

J. D. Ryan left Monday afternoon on a pleasure trip to California.

Mrs. Guy L. Kiefer, of Detroit, has been visiting friends in the city.

Miss Caroline Feldhauser, of Chicago, is visiting her father, William Feldhauser.

Prof. J. C. Knowlton attended a banquet of the Zeta Psi, in Detroit, Friday evening.

Hanson Sessions, of Durango, Col., is visiting his mother, Mrs. Hanson Sessions.

James Clements was in the city yesterday and Sunday. He has gone to Bay City.

Mrs. Gilbert S. Pitkin and daughter, Alice, of Petrolia, are visiting Mrs. Julia A. Pitkin.

Mrs. J. N. Bartlett, of Pemberville, Ohio, is visiting her sister, Mrs. O. L. Robinson.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Cough, of Pullman Ill., have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Greenwood.

Misses Bertha Feiner, Emilie Marske and Lee Cowan visited the Detroit schools, Friday.

John R. Miner left Saturday for Interlachen, Florida, to join his wife at their winter cottage.

Mrs. A. M. Clark and Miss Clark, of Sioux Falls, S. D., were visiting friends in the city last week.

Dr. Clarence Miner, of Ottawa, Ill., has returned home after a visit with his father, John R. Miner.

Eli S. Manly, W. F. Lodholz and Nelson Garlinghouse spent Washington's birthday at Zukey lake.

Mrs. Dr. Hartley has returned from Milwaukee. Her daughter, Mrs. H. J. Killilea, accompanied her.

B. J. Crookston and William Arnold, jr., leave this evening on a trip to California, by way of New Orleans.

UNIVERSITY NOTES.

The graduate club held a very pleasant meeting at the residence of Prof. B. M. Thompson Thursday night. Between fifty and sixty were present. "Methods of Note Taking" was discussed by Profs. Scott, Taylor and Reighard. The faculty was also represented by Profs. Adams, Stanley and Johnson and Mr. Dow.

President Lyons, of the senior lit class, has had under consideration for some time the appointment of the several committees on the senior reception. The make-up of the committees is now determined on and is announced as follows: Reception: George T. Tremble, chairman; Miss Mary Duffy, Miss June Carpenter, Miss Jessica M. McIntyre, Miss Marion Patton, Lloyd J. Wentworth, Andrew J. Purdy, A. J. Ladd, James A. Ross. Arrangements: Daniel B. Luten, chairman; George J. Cadwell, W. B. Canfield, Herman H. Eymen, W. W. Wedemeyer, R. F. Hall. Invitations: E. J. Ottaway, chairman; Miss Winifred A. Higbee, Miss Lou E. La Tourette, Robert E. Jones, J. B. Overton.

Adrian Press Washtenawisms. There are all sorts of free advertising dodges. The village of Plymouth has contrived to be sued for \$20,000 about her water works.

"Too much taffy is apt to produce an overflow of the gall," remarks the Ann Arbor Courier. How sweetly the Courier excuses its malady.

The Press having advised dousing Ypsilanti mineral water on celery to drive off the "nigger bug" the Commercial in fiendish gutters exclaims: "Ah, that's what Belleville is after, ain't it, with her rival smell—trying to beat us out of that little bit of business?"

Muscular contention at Chelsea is a thing so rare that the Herald mentions as an "incident" and "a lively scrap," a little gymnastic exercise, wherein all that happened was the demolition of a nose, by the party of the first party, and the concaving of a stomach by the second party.

Another phantom opera house has arisen at Ypsilanti, and the hypnotized vision of the enthusiast, already sees the ghost of Hamlet

spooking among the scenery and disappearing beneath the stage. "Hi—old mole! Dost thou dig so fast?" Speed the day, however, when Ypsilanti will again have a real "flesh and blood" opera house.

Two "flying roll" females struck the town Tuesday, and held services upon the street in the evening. One is said to be the "wife" of Prince Michael, who is doing work for the state, at Jackson prison.—Dundee Reporter.

These were they, undoubtedly, whose anguished prayers went up answerless at Ann Arbor, for the editors of the Argus.

Say! It wasn't true, what the Adrian Press said about Mr. Lieser editing both the Democrat and the Register?—Ypsilanti Commercial.

No, probably not a word of truth in it. The Commercial erred in supposing the Press ever made such a "two-faced Janus" of him. It was some other wicked paper that said it.

A stone knife, eight inches long, was last week taken from an Ann Arbor sewer excavation, and is of great interest to students of anthropology. By this rude implement of surgery, used by the early professors of the university, we are enabled to measure the scientific progress of the age. Some who have examined it, think the knife was used merely for skinning game; but even this view is not at war with modern clinical practice.

It is a serious, and even dangerous thing to neglect the social amenities in Ann Arbor, Solomon Zebbs, a colored gentleman, solicited of J. F. Stilson the loan of a chew of tobacco. Stilson, however, seems to have "a bad taste in his mouth" that day, and the accommodation was withheld, whereupon Zebbs whacked him over the head with his fist, and also tried to cut out his "chop" with a knife.

An 18 year old Waterloo girl told her parents she would go to the postoffice; but instead, she went off with a "fast male," and the couple walked sixteen miles to Stockbridge, registered as husband and wife, and remained over night. The parents got hold of the girl the next day and took her home by force. She professed that the flight was for the purpose of marriage, but the fine scheme ended in a Waterloo.

Opposite Tolbert's lumber yard the water in the spring of the year would back up and cover the low ground. John Nowland recollects the time when a boy, he with others caught many large pickerel at this place. The street has been filled up over seven feet for a long distance.—Washtenaw Daily Times.

Those fish were undoubtedly the ancestors of the degenerate specimens that a few months ago were subsisting on the kerosene oil in the waterworks reservoir.

Friday's Concert.

The New York Philharmonic club was welcomed Friday evening by a large and demonstrative audience. The numbers by the club were well received and were rendered in a most artistic manner. The time was perfect, the playing being more of the nocturnal than of the heroic character. The playing by the quartette was not proportionately so good as that of the entire club.

The solo playing was on the whole very good except that some of the selections were more of a character to display the execution of the player than for the entertainment of the listener. Mr. Chas. Barth's violoncello solo "Tarentella," was well executed. Mr. Sol. Marcossan, first violin, is an artist of the first class, with whom Mr. Zietz studied abroad. The most pleasing of the soloists was Mr. Eugene Weiner, under whom the Philharmonic Club is now passing its sixteenth year. After his two selections in the second part he responded to an encore unaccompanied.

Miss Marion S. Weed from her first number was heartily welcomed. She possesses a pleasing voice of fair range and good quality. The encore to her first piece was "Little Donis," sung here a short time ago by Emma Juch and later by Madame Nordica. Her last numbers were heartily applauded.

The applause of the audience was indiscriminate and irritating to the club, which however readily responded.

The next number in the lecture course will be Hon. J. J. Ingalls, March 9. The postponed lecture of Rev. Gonsaulus, which should have been given Jan. 19th, will be given March 23rd. The subject of the lecture will be "Puritanism," and not as announced, "Savonarola."

Ripans Tabules: pleasant laxative
Ripans Tabules prolong life.
Ripans Tabules are of great value.
Ripans Tabules: a family remedy.

Minstrels Next Attraction.

The famous Barlow Bros.' Minstrels seem to be rapidly winning their way to popular favor wherever they appear. They give one performance in the Grand Opera House, Saturday March 3d.

From among their many press notices we clip the following from the Denver, Colo. Journal:

"The largest house of the season greeted the Barlow Bros.' Minstrels at the Tabor Grand Opera House last night and the entertainment gave general satisfaction. The 'first part' was the finest ever seen here in point of costumes and stage draperies, and presented a scene of oriental magnificence. Silks, satins, plushes and diamonds were there in elegant profusion and the familiar opera house scenery was completely hidden from view. The music was first-class, and the vocalists would rank among the best ever heard anywhere. The marvelous Brothers Kenard were indeed wonderful, and 'Scott' substantiated his title, 'King of Novelty Wonders.' But Barlow Brothers themselves made the hit of the evening and were given a friendly greeting as soon as they made their appearance on the stage. They have lost none of their old-time sprightliness, and are justly entitled to the high reputation which they have for years enjoyed."

Seats now on sale at Watts' Jewellery store.

World's Fair on Fire.

It is like burning up money to pay high prices for furniture, when you can buy it at Great Sale, next door to Weinmann's Market, at prices that will astonish you. Springs \$1.20, Mattresses \$1.35, Oak Chairs 85c, Rockers \$1.35, Rugs, Carpets, &c., &c.

THAT CRUSHING WEIGHT.

The Case of One Who Was Saved by a Dumpling.

They knew not that glittering, baleful eyes watched them from the outer darkness.

"Come, Francois, let us eat."

"Very well, Angele."

The lights shed a soft glow over the table. They were happy.

"Have a dumpling, Francois. I made them myself."

In his heart love battled with discretion.

"Thank you, Angele. I don't care if I do."

Love had triumphed.

"Adieu, Francois. Return soon."

"I will, Angele. Adieu."

He gazed for a moment into her dark brown eyes.

"Do you love me, Angele?"

"More than all else, Francois."

With a quick, mad kiss he was gone.

"Can it be," he murmured, "that she knows what I suffer for her?"

Anguish was written upon his brow.

"Weight, crushing weight."

He pressed his hand convulsively against his breast.

"Oh, Angele, if you only knew. Perhaps—but, no, I cannot but believe her. She loves me surely."

A shadow pursued him. He recked not of danger.

Suddenly a dark figure stood in his path.

"Aha, Francois!"

"Pietre, my rival!"

There was a gleam of steel, a curse, a groan.

"I hate you, Francois. Die!"

A body upon the stones, still as in death.

Glittering, baleful eyes glared at the upturned face.

"Revenge is sweet."

A shadow flitted away.

In the hospital ward a man lay in pain.

Doctors stood about in groups and whispered.

"Will he die?"

They shook their heads.

"Ah, no. He will live. The dagger was directed straight for the heart, but it struck the stomach and was deflected. It was very strange."

The light shed a soft glow over the table. They were happy.

"Francois!"

"Angele!"

"Tell me again what was the charm that saved your life."

Radiant, she awaited his answer.

"It was the charm, Angele, of thy love."

She nestled in his arms.

He thought of the doubts which assailed him on that awful night and shuddered.—Truth.

A Sensitive Point.

The Widow Grangely had an important case in court. She knew that if she should win her condition thereafter would be one of financial ease, and she had accordingly employed the most effective lawyer in the county. When the case came to trial, the shrewd lawyer saw that his road to success lay through the emotions of the jury.

"Gentlemen," said he, "look at this poor woman. Is she not enough to excite the pity of any beholder? Decrepitude has not spared her, and age is fast spreading its blight upon her once fair face. She!"

"You stop right where you are!" exclaimed the widow. "I need the money that might come out of this case, but I'll be hanged if you shall stand up there and call me old."

The lawyer hastened to her side and said, "Why, madam, I must talk that way or lose the case."

"I don't care if you do have to talk that way, you shan't. I'd rather lose the whole thing than be called old. I am just as good looking as I ever was, and I want you to understand that fact. Decrepitude, indeed! I'll bet I could gather you up and throw you over a 100 rail fence right now. If you want to talk about the law there is in the case, go ahead, but if you call me old again we'll fight, that's all."—Arkansas Traveler.

A Virginia Reel.



Art Note.

Would Be Purchaser—How much for this picture?

Artist—The price is \$5,000.

Would Be Purchaser—Why, man alive, you expect to be paid for your work as if you had been dead 400 or 500 years!—Texas Siftings.

No Fear of Circumstantial Evidence.

Brown—I hear they're going to repeal the laws making attempts at suicide criminal.

Jones—Well, that doesn't interest me much.

Brown—No? I thought it would make your mind easier when you shave yourself.—Puck.

The Last Word.

Misses—You must really break off that dreadful habit, Babette, of always wanting to have the last word.

Maid—But how am I to know, ma'am, that you have nothing more to say?—Figaro.

She Smiled.

She smiled when he spoke to her.

She smiled when they talked.

She smiled when he rode with her.

She smiled when they walked.

She smiled when he knelt mean while.

But, when asked to wed,

She smiled her prettiest smile.

And then shook her head.

—Fallo.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE

ONE NIGHT ONLY.

Saturday, March 3, '94

America's Leading Minstrel Organization.

BARLOW BROTHERS' MAMMOTH MINSTRELS
Direct from the California Theatre, San Francisco, California.

30-CELEBRATED ARTISTS-30

Gorgeous Costumes and Stage Settings. Eminent Comedians. Famous Singers. Champion Dancers. European Novelties. Their Own

SOLO BAND AND ORCHESTRA!

Last Minstrel Show of the Season.

PRICES: Reserved Seats, 75c. Admission—Parquette and first row in Parquette Circle, 75c. Parquette Circle back of first row, 50c. Gallery, 35c.
Reserved seats on sale at Watts' Jewelry Store.

LOUIS ROHDE, Coal and Wood

Lehigh Valley Coal, \$6.50 per ton.

Beech and Maple Blocks, \$2.20 a cord.

Beech and Maple, 4 feet, \$5.00 a cord.

Main Office—36 E. Huron Street.

Yards—50 West Huron Street.

THE MOST USEFUL MAGAZINE

to the business man, the lawyer, the physician, the clergyman, the teacher, the politician, and, in short, to every one who is interested in affairs which concern the American public, and who wishes to keep fully abreast of the times, is

THE

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

COUNTY AND VICINITY.

Dundee sports a poker room.
Dundee has organized a Silver League.

Dexter will have a banjo and guitar club.

South Lyon holds a village election March 12.

The ice houses at Whitmore Lake on being filled.

The Eastern Star, of Tecumseh, has a membership of 160.

The Plymouth firemen made \$85 out of a minstrel entertainment.

Mrs. John Rooney, formerly of Scio, died in Detroit, last week.

A hundred conversions are the result of the revival meetings at Britton.

Someone has been mutilating the tombstones in the Plymouth cemetery.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Lenfestey, of Dexter, will remove to Los Angeles, California.

Mrs. Harriet Benton died in Salem February 27, leaving a husband and an only son.

George W. Phelps, of Dexter, has purchased a handsome pair of seal brown horses.

At the last meeting of the Dexter council, bills amounting to \$255.07 were allowed.

Dexter will present a picture of the town clock to Mrs. Dexter, who presented the clock.

Capt. E. P. Allen has already been engaged to deliver the decoration day address at Blissfield.

Real estate on Ann Arbor street, Plymouth, is booming. The name of the street accounts for it.

A meeting was held at Worden, Saturday evening for the purpose of starting a good templars lodge.

Mrs. Sutton, of Northfield, has received the \$1,000 insurance held by her husband in the K. O. T. M.

Mrs. Peter Krell died at her home six miles southeast of Grass Lake, February 18, aged sixty-two years.

Jacob Rudell, of Freedom, will rent his farm the coming season and work at his trade. He is a painter.

The South Lyon Excelsior is thirteen years of age, and as lively as any healthy youngster in his teens.

Sebastian Gehring, of Freedom, has returned home from a visit of a month with friends in Ionia county.

William McCoy, of Ypsilanti, made the county \$3 richer by getting into a fight. He was fined that amount by Justice Beach, Friday.

George and Will Scripser, of Unadilla, spent a full week fishing. They lost a ten pound ax in the water and caught a four-pound fish.

Members of the Manchester gun club had a shoot on their grounds last Thursday. There is no danger as yet, however, except it be from random shots.

Miss Ethel Hines died of consumption in Grass Lake, February 17, after an illness of seven months. Her remains will be taken to Manchester for burial.

The Tecumseh Masonic temple is a go. Arrangements are now about complete for building in the spring. All the money except \$150 has been raised.

The dancers of Manchester talk of getting themselves into condition during lent for the enjoyment of a masquerade ball as soon as the lenten season is over.

John Kensler, of Manchester, can hello with the rest of manhood now, and womanhood also, if his wife is willing, having connected his store with the state telephone line.

A car called Florida recently passed along the Jackson branch of the Lake Shore road, stopping at the various stations. It was fitted up with an exhibit of the fruits of that state.

The Old Folks' concert in the Salem Congregational church drew an audience of 400. Not all of them were old folks. Neither were the 400 quite as "upish" as New York's "400."

Grass Lake wants a fire bell. Nothing less than an ear-splitting bell will satisfy the inordinate craving of Editor Carlton for something to break the monotony of life in Grass Lake.

Holden DuBois and Arthur Biggs found fault with an item that an Unadilla correspondent wrote. They thrashed the correspondent and were given thirty days in jail to repent.

Rev. Mr. North, of Unadilla had a donation the other day. He realized \$24 in cash and about the same amount in produce at the highest market value. The people realized dead loads of fun.

A correspondent of the Plymouth Mail claims that there is a fine new building in that village where boys are encouraged to fight, as high as five cents being put up for a prize to the victor.

The real estate belonging to the late Adam Kress, of Freedom, will be sold by the administrator, Paul Kress, on Tuesday, March 6th. Sale will be held at the premises and will begin at 10 o'clock.

On Wednesday, March 14, the stock, farming tools, etc., of Jacob Laver, who lives on the first farm east of the Bethel church, Freedom, will be sold at auction. A. C. Aylesworth, auctioneer.

The stock of dry goods belonging to Geo. H. Kempf, of Chelsea, has been sold to Holmes & Dancer, of Stockbridge, who will move it to that place. This leaves Chelsea with but two dry goods stores.

According to H. W. Stevens, of Tecumseh, 76 tramps have been housed in the village last month. This rather looks as though Tecumseh editors and printers were experiencing a hard winter.

According to the Manchester Enterprise, Postmaster Case of that city sold more stamps during the month of January, 1894, than during the same month last year. His box rents have also increased. Must be our neighbor as taking on a boom.

The Busy Fairies of Grass Lake held a meeting at Mrs. Henry Hobart's recently, and are said to have performed a heap of hard manual labor. We never supposed the work of fairies was hard.—Ann Arbor Argus. You should see them made in at lunch time.—Grass Lake News.

Alverson Drury, pioneer, died in Ypsilanti last Friday, aged seventy-four years. He was born in Wayne county, N. Y., and removed to this county forty-five years ago. After years of farming, he settled in Ypsilanti thirteen years ago. A wife and six children survive him.

Lloyd L. Lewis, of Plymouth, has invented a fire escape by which from two to six persons can reach the ground from a sixth story in two minutes. A brake allows them to come down as slowly as they please. The fellows who are left ought to have some way of hurrying the first load up.

Th. Adrian college yell is as follows: "Hic, haic, r-rah r-ru, hic, haic, u-rah, u-ree, a-uh, rah, rah, rah, Adrian, Michigan, rah, rah, rah." It is a question now whether that student who was translated at Adrian last fall was killed in the game of football or by being struck with that college yell.

Twelve pound babies are the craze at Tecumseh. Mrs. Hub Stout began it by presenting her husband with a 12 pound boy, whereupon Mrs. Hugh Agner, not to be outdone by her neighbor, tickled her husband by presenting him a girl baby which just exactly counterbalanced Hugh's boy. They are a mighty fine pair.

Last Wednesday's Adrian Times stated that Percy Bills, one of Tecumseh's sterling citizens, was in the city celebrating his 71st birthday. Friend Bills must have painted things pretty red to have aged like that. We did not suppose that even Adrian's "Oh be joyful" would cause a man to grow old in that fashion.

Henry Franklin, an old soldier, has been missing since Friday, February 9th, and nothing has been heard from him since. He left Chelsea about 10 o'clock that evening for his home in Sylvan, and that was the last that was seen of him. Many are of the opinion that his remains are beneath the snow that has fallen since that time.—Chelsea Standard.

It may be of interest to those of our citizens who are anxious for the future of our village to learn that Howell, by giving a bonus of \$5,000, secures a factory for the manufacture of waterproof rubber goods. That's the way they do it. "Nothing venture, nothing have." See?—Dexter News. Howell simply retained a manufacturer who threatened to go elsewhere. He has lived in Howell for years.

A Grass Lake pig was short-lived. It had six legs, and was so ashamed of the extra pair of hind legs which grew out of its right side that it gave up the ghost soon after birth. If that pig had only summoned up a little courage and gotten over its youthful timidity it could have got six feet in the trough and made the republican officeholder turn green with envy. The pig was the property of Lemuel Dwell.

A forty acres of land owned by Gersham Lyons has been returned for taxes and sold under the new law. As Mr. Lyons holds a tax receipt for the taxes for which it has been sold, he is not borrowing a great deal of trouble.—Stockbridge Sun. Mr. Lyons had better get over that feeling of security. He should have produced that tax receipt before the sale, when he had "this day in court." According to the recent supreme court decision if he doesn't redeem that tax title at once he loses his property. That "day in court" knocks out that tax receipt.

Cashier Newkirk's latest additions to his museum are a "Hard Times Token" of Jackson's time, a pair of jack rabbits' ears six inches long, from Charles Thompson, of Lima, Montana, and an old Smith & Wesson revolver which has killed its man, from turnkey Pat McCabe, of Ann Arbor. The latter was given him while visiting the county jail for the first time, Saturday, concerning which visit Mr. Newkirk says: "The people of Washtenaw are to be congratulated upon the condition of their county prison. It is kept as neat as a pin; the cells are in first-class condition, and Turnkey McCabe takes just pride in showing his friends around his well-kept domicile."—Dexter News.

He Knew the Game.

Deacon Heavyweight—And so you are going to leave us, parson?

Rev. Mr. Thankful—Yes. I have had a call to another parish, where, by the way, the salary is considerably larger. I am sorry to leave my flock, but I must obey the call.

Deacon Heavyweight (dryly)—Waal, it may be what you call a call, but it seems to me a good deal more like a raise.—Life.

An Irreverent Imperturbation.

"Did you notice how long Dr. Steenthly's sermon was last Sunday?"

"Yes. I think I know why he made it so."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. The offerings in the contribution box were very small, and he may have taken that method of reminding them that they were getting a good deal more than they paid for."—Washington Star.

A Coward.

"Have you had your new house insured, Mrs. Dwight?"

"Yes."

"Your husband is afraid of fire, then?"

"Mercy, yes! He will leave the house any time before he will make one."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Her Three Meals Made One.

Mrs. Boardman—Science tells us that a man would do very well on one meal a day instead of the three we all take.

Mr. Jiggers (the star boarder)—And I perceive, madam, that you are in thorough sympathy with science.—Chicago Record.

A Common Effort.

"Do you think," said Willie Washington, "that it actually hurts a man to be hit with one of Cupid's arrows?"

"No," replied Belle Pepperton. "As a rule he merely becomes senseless for a time."—Washington Star.

His Course.

"Now," said the medical professor, "if a man were brought to you, Mr. Hawkins, suffering from an unmistakable case of smallpox, what would you do?"

"I'd light out," said Hawkins.—Harper's Bazar.

Science and Philosophy.

"When something is very difficult to understand," said the distinguished professor of biology, "it is called science; when it is impossible, it is called philosophy."—San Francisco Argonaut.

FAILED!

Failed! "Ah, yes, poor fellow!" you say, "Nothing from life he seemed to gain. His was truly a losing fight."

And all too soon the cruel night Closed around—beat him down. He was slain!"

"Yes, failed," you say.

Failed! But I tell you—tell you nay! 'Twas a noble fight he fought and well—

With courage held high and brow clear, No skulking idly in the rear, And if vanquished 'twere fighting—fighting he fell.

No failure, I say.

And look you. What call you success? The poor plaudits of some few men? A palace reared from the cold—

A red heap of this earth dug gold? A cathedral crypt? And then— Well, what then?

Why, only a guess.

And I say again: Count you the cost. Of this bridge? To what is it nailed? What are its bulwarks piled high—these you cross to your City of Ease?

Man! I tell you 'tis built on the failed—The fighters who lost.

And he—scorn or pity as you will— 'Twas in fording that stream he fell. For freedom, for man, for the right! Was his cry in the heat of the fight, And for these and for you, rang his knell, Then "failed," say you still?

Dry shod reach your promised land now On his failure—on those the world railed— They, the stuff of whom heroes are. Who saw its light gleam from valleys afar And fought for it—died for it—failed.

No failure, I vow.

—New York Ledger.

A BRAGGART IN LOVE.

The women had gone to the drawing room, and we had finished first cigars, when the conversation struck on matrimony. We were all married men, explaining how it happened. The other guests had told in turn their little story in the free confidence one easily feels at the end of a perfect dinner. I had related my romance, and we now turned to our host.

"Narlin, how did you win your wife?"

"It's a long story—began on hunting pass in the Arizona desert, crossed the water and ended in Colorado. Light fresh cigars. No, I'll take Mexican. Butler, bring the champagne—green for me, if you please."

I think it was the summer of 1886, Geronimo was not yet taken, and we had been chasing in our turn until, for lack of backs and feet, our horses were lagging in the race, and we were set to watch water holes in the San Simon, so polluted with alkali and arsenic a sensible savage would have shunned it, as my dyspepsia, which dates from that campaign, tells me I failed to do.

Somehow the Geronimo campaign reminded me of a fox chase—the Indian scouts keeping their noses close to the scent, like dogs, too slow to force the bush into the open, while the various troops, like hunters in different wind, held and lost the place which promised first at the finish. If you know Arizona at all, you will recall how sharp and rocky are the crests of the divides. Being lines of most resistance in this land of deep erosion, they retain the sharp, jagged profile often seen in the snow ice of mountain drifts as it disappears in early summer. Below these scoops lie a colony of rounded foothills receding and growing less until they end in broken boulder mesa, which, with numerous arroyos, fades into the soft, level adobe plain and blends as unsuspected as the canvas walls of a cyclorama join the rocks and logs in the pit below you.

The Indians preferred these sharp crests, which were for them both watch towers and impregnable bastions. Occasionally they would strike across the valley, kill a rancher and steal fresh ponies, and some troop would cut in and crowd them in the open till they took the next divide and met some barrier that balked the pursuers and forced on them a detour, while some other troop, through accident of locality, would tack and take the chosen place on the trail, giving for a few days its dust to the other pursuing columns. It was a weary stern chase, performed under burning skies of cloudless blue in a thirsty land of heat intolerable. And it was best expressed by our lieutenant, who on being informed by a certain captain of "Nubian Horse" that he was after Geronimo replied, "Yes, captain, a long way after." It was like cutting cards for an ace or calling the turn at roulette or faro to tell which one of some 25 troops would be in at the death.

We had had our little spurt, had brushed them off the divide and for three days led in the open across the valley to the Sierra Madre, where fresher horseflesh cut in from our right and took from us the place of honor and left us, foot sore and back sore and winded, at the base of the mountains, where we were ordered a day's march back into the valley near the border to guard water holes of the San Simon in the sullen month of August. The nights were getting bearable, but the day heat still held on with the stubborn insistence of a southern summer. Our camp was not happy—the water was bad, our shelter halves, but little thicker than cheese-cloth, proved leaky sunshades, and we re-enforced them with our saddle blankets. We had no amusement except to growl, wish we were in the chase and wonder whose blooming intellect had squatted us down upon Gila monsters and sand flies to watch water so foul neither soil nor sun would drink it.

The local sports of the cantonment were disgusted. A week before they were giving odds, 10 to 3, on us in the race and now used pool checks to light cigarettes from the candles about the cook fire. There was not a drop of anything in camp. The tobacco was running low. The only pack of cards was a "monte layout" our packer had scraped from horse hide with a piece of broken glass.

Something was going to happen, for the strain was telling on men's nerves. The weather was too hot for camp idleness, and we were near the "line." I was first sergeant of L troop then, and next to a coward or a thief I think I loathed a deserter. We were near the

border of Mexico where one must not cross, but where smuggling is permitted and vice possible.

The men were getting irritable—I knew the signs; the tension was reaching snapping point. I had been thinking of it all day. That evening John Leighton and I were working under the orderly fly at the "records"—were posting Vaughn and Murray's "finals" in the clothing and descriptive books.

Vaughn was a corporal and Murray our blacksmith, who had been killed the week before on the day we pushed the Apaches off the divide. We were crowding them too closely in the lower pass, when a few bucks slipped off into the canyon and nipped our pack train in rear. We had to quit pressing in front to save our train. It was a clever bit of work, and five bucks did it, killing two men for us, losing us our game just as we were bagging it.

Leighton was company clerk, a talented, handsome fellow—had served out in India. He had a cheering freshness and facility of expression and spoke with the quick, falling inflection and directness of the English in speech one so quickly learns to love. He was mechanically ruling double red ink lines in a book where a life's account of services had been credited and closed, much as a bankbook is ruled when a statement is rendered from a balance struck. The words "died" or "deserted" placed in red ink in the small space below showed the cause of closing for service abruptly terminated. The usual remark was "Discharged by expiration term of service" in black ink.

"Sergeant, and whose will be the next bloody 'D'?" asked Leighton, without a ring of feeling.

"There'll be plenty of 'em if this blooming heat continues and we remain in this camp," I replied.

"And do you suppose the devil will ever want a transcript from Murray's court martial record?" Murray had been an excellent troop blacksmith, but a most constant drunkard, so his record was a full one.

"If he does, Murray won't draw brimstone liquor for a year," I replied.

"The lad will be none the worst for that, for surely here he had a most consuming thirst."

We were working at this official funeral in the sultry summer night by the unsteady light of lantern candles and were not feeling impressed or reverent. Leighton was in his undershirt, open at his handsome brown throat. As he leaned over the books at work a locket from his bosom fell the slack of its gold chain and struck the desk.

I noticed it, and he took it off, handing it to me with indifference. He had opened the locket, revealing the portrait, which was that of a fresh young girl—one of those sweet English faces whose charm is complexion and expression of confidence complete. The eyes arrested you—pathetic, soft brown eyes, so tender they seemed to reproach, and as you changed your point of view of the miniature followed you with their full, warm light. I have seen such affectionate light only in the brown eyes of faithful dogs watching those they love.

Seeing my more than casual notice of the portrait, Leighton added: "It's an old story, not worth the telling. I don't know why I keep it."

He spoke with the same absent interest we were feeling over this work for the dead. It struck me as peculiar that in a romance accomplished there should be no trace either of bitterness or remorse, only weary indifference. I was so quickly fascinated by the face that Leighton's manner annoyed me, and I did not ask him for the story. Possibly overhear makes men irritable, for somehow I resented this careless fellow wearing about him a face like that with less interest than he wore his spurs. I did not then, notice the resemblance of the face to Leighton's.

I stopped abruptly and thought of desertion, changing the conversation to this subject of my day's musing.

"Leighton, something's got to be done to relieve the pressure. I know the lieutenant would like to do so. He feels the pulse of this camp and knows the symptoms. But what can he do—his orders to remain here are imperative, and he can't 'pass' us across the line."

"Hunting leave," laughed Leighton. "Hunting leave, then, let it be," I replied, "with no questions asked as to the game or preserve, though I can tell what yours will be, you young devil! Tomorrow make out a hunting pass for six."

Leighton was humming a catchy service ballad that had appeared in London music halls the year before and did not reply.

Next morning I presented with the report four days' hunting pass for six men. The lieutenant dipped his pen in the ink and held it in contemplation for a moment above the place for signature, looking thoughtfully across the level plain. Then with quick decision, "I wish, sergeant, you and Leighton would take hunting pass and let no complications arise." He signed the pass, adding our names to the text.

The following evening found us all in Correlitos. After dinner, while smoking fragrant Vuelta Abajo of the "Zona Libre," I strolled through the narrow streets of this old Spanish town watching the wealth of a western sunset, where the afterglow was fast fading. High above the mountain tops lay great billows of russet flame, with crests like the mane of a wind fanned prairie fire. Lower in the madre spread the pure deep purple of southern twilight, while from the foothills came the soft evening breeze born after the heat of day. Even sounds fell on the ear so gently you thought that before reaching you they must have loitered to bathe in the aequia and caught some of its murmur.

On the plaza I passed two groups of comrades, one seeking solace in brandy, the other fortune in roulette, pleasant pastimes that might lead to "complications" while money lasted and would bear light watching.

I walked on to the Jardin de Oro, a

small public park, where serenaders are inspired and listeners stroll or seat themselves on benches or the grass.

Only those who have suffered the heat and glare of a campaign in the desert can form any idea of the physical luxury of green trees and of water. I was seated listening to the soft Indian Spanish as it fell about me in slow chatter. From afar it mingled with the murmur of the fountain.

What a contrast this scene to the hot camp I had just left, where were heard only the whirr of the rattlesnake or the insistent cooing of the lonely turtle dove—mournful sounds which seem to add to the vibrant heat. Above the mountains lay a zone of troubled white, from which the moon had now risen into the full, upper blue, causing the leaves overhead to cast shadows in arabesque on the grass at my feet, where as the night breeze stirred the foliage it wove marvelous figures in trefoil and tracery for fancy to play with as with those made by flames in a grate. Now it was the lines of a gothic window seen in an old cathedral and almost forgotten and now on grander scale the design of delicate drawn work recalled from my lady's chamber.

Leighton was there, a mantilla beside him. I could only half see the revealed oval of the face, but the figure was slight and pretty, for I caught its graceful outline later when they passed me.

Next evening at a baile Leighton presented me to Panchita. Together they were dancing, he and his pretty animal, with eyes for him alone. In the desert so rapid is love's kindling, so quick and full its flame, no charred or half burned brands are here left on love's altar. All is consumed, and what survives must spring, phoenixlike, from fire or else descend from heaven.

After the danza ended Leighton was standing in shirt sleeves near Panchita, with the collar of his jersey open at the throat—a trick of his that made me suspect he had seen service in the navy. As he leaned over her Panchita's eye caught sight of the locket chain, and he removed the locket, opened it and handed it to her, this time not indifferently, but with all the pride of prized conquest.

I was watching Panchita closely as she gazed fascinated by the portrait and saw her tremble. Only as I read her face then by what I now know can I tell how well it expressed all that hopelessness of loss which comes with the abandonment of things loved or desired. For an instant her eyes showed the rage a child's sometimes feels for an inanimate object when that object has hurt it. And I thought she would break the locket. Then the woman conquered, and she smiled as she returned it.

"Ella es muy hermosa, señor!"

From that moment her abandonment toward Leighton was complete. Her gayety and grace became exquisite, while a look from him would lead her.

"Oh, you eastern dervish of hearts!" I exclaimed to myself as Panchita left him and skipped to get a handful of cascarones and then returned, crushing the pretty tinsel spangles in a shower over his brown head and throat. She flitted about him with the grace of a bird, and her eyes never left him. She was becoming intoxicated with her own movements, her cheeks were flushed with bright fever spots, and her eyes shone like stars. On and on they danced, seeing only each other, and she looked as if she could dance forever.

At length Leighton proposed they go, and she obeyed his wish as if hypnotized or impelled to do it, and ignoring her duenna they left together.

The next week I ruled Leighton's official epitaph in the L troop records thus: "Deserted from hunting pass Aug. 18, 1886."

You see, the case was an awkward one. The night of the baile he had been stabbed in the park. I found his body there, and my comrades were about to string up Morales, Panchita's local admirer, for the stabbing when I stopped them.

"Hold on, boys," I said. "Remember I promised the lieutenant no 'complications.'"

So Leighton became officially a "deserter," and I kept my word.

Besides, I doubt if stringing up would have been fair to Morales, for when I found Leighton's body the locket was lying on the ground beside it. The clasp was open, and the portrait blood stained and mutilated, as if by the point of a dagger.

I think Leighton half knew what he was doing when he flaunted that portrait at Panchita—he was a careless devil and loved danger in a way to win any woman's heart. But you see, it was his first affair in this land, and he was mistaken in his temper.

How could I let his record remain so? Well, what could I do? Besides, Leighton was not his right name, as I found out afterward when reading his home letters to get his relatives' address. His name was Jack Langhorn, and that locket the rascal showed me contained a portrait of his youngest sister. I found that out in writing to his family, whom I told that Langhorn was killed by the Apaches in the fight at Chirachuca pass—that occurred two weeks before his death.

Three years later Jack's sister came to the States, where I met her in Colorado the year after I left the service and made the strike at Hargua Hala. She is Mrs. Narlin now, and you met her at dinner. But remember she knows only half the story of her portrait, and Jack Langhorn was killed by the Apaches. Let us join the ladies.—C. Overton in San Francisco Argonaut.

She Was On.

The Husband (at the end of the fourth act)—I guess I will stop into the lobby and stretch my legs while the curtain is down, Jane. You've no objection, have you?

The Wife—Not the least in the world, my dear, and, come to think of it, I guess I will stretch mine too. We'll go together.—New York Press.

THE CAMEL.

He Is a Pigheaded, Obstinate, Unsociable and Unmanageable Brute.

Camels are not like horses. If a horse does not want to do anything, we make him. If a camel does not want to do anything, he leaves it undone. No amount of coaxing, no amount of cruelty, will make him budge. He has the determination of a mule combined with the strength of an elephant. A camel is one of those aggravating brutes which will drive a hot tempered man to distraction. Nothing will persuade him to listen to reason. He will oppose your will with a passive resistance that is absolutely unconquerable.

The only way to treat a camel is to humor it if you cannot humbug him. They will often lie down if you load them with the proverbial last straw, and you might beat them to death or offer up all the pleasures of paradise before they would get up. They are pigheaded beasts. Sometimes when they have quite a light load they turn nasty and throw themselves to the ground. But although they are obstinate they are not cute, and an Arab, by pretending to submit, can generally get the better of the stubborn beasts. The drivers will ostentatiously remove three or four packages from the load, and the animal, with an inward chuckle of satisfaction, rises at once without perceiving that the parcels have meanwhile been returned to their former place. As he flatters himself he has shirked some of his duty he swings away with a light heart, gratified beyond measure, like a spoiled child, at having his own way.

The camel is an unsociable beast. He is also habitually dull, except when he is sniffing the salt air of the desert. When he is treading the sands, with the burning sun on his back and the boundless waste before him, he feels himself at home. The immense heat makes him bubble over with pleasure and fills his frame with a sublime intoxication. It has been stated on the best authority that he can go nine days without water. And if you had ever seen a camel drink when he does get a chance of quenching his thirst you would not be surprised at this. They have been known to put away 7½ gallons at a time.—Ashton Reporter.

A Chinese Lottery Den.

Entering a Chinese lottery den, one sees on the walls a large representation of a lottery ticket beautifully engrossed, and also large slips of paper, each slip containing one of the 80