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We have placed on sale

One Hundred and Fifty

## Children's KNEE PANT SUITS

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These are splendid values at the regular price

We wish to impress upon your mind that we do not resort to the deceiving method of marking up our goods, but give you this discount from their actual worth.

We have also placed on sale

20 DOZEN of SUSPENDERS

At two pairs for twenty-five cents.

Our bargains in Children's Suits are unequalled.

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35 SOUTH MAIN STREET

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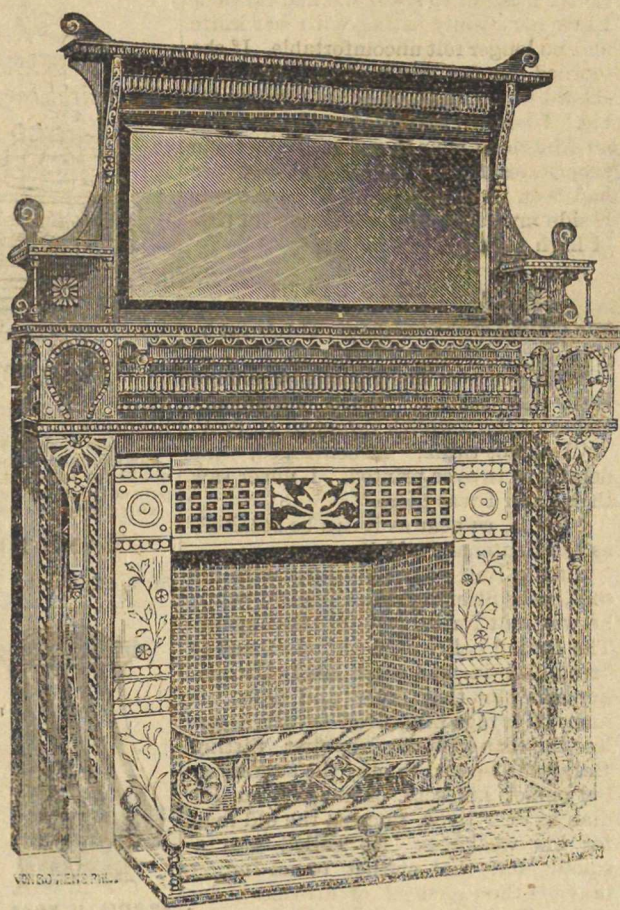
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## CALL AND SEE IT.

## ARGUS OFFICE,

Opera House Block,

ANN ARBOR, MICH.

## A NEW ELIXIR.

Dr. Vaughan Thinks that He has Discovered It.

## A SERIOUS ACCIDENT WITH GASOLINE.

Death of H. D. Bennett. — Omnibus Scoop. — Sent to the Asylum. —

Death of an Old Resident.

—An Incipient Blaze.

Died of Heart Disease.

Enoch E. Davis, of West Huron street, died Thursday night of heart disease and dropsy, after an illness of long duration. His age was 69 years. The funeral took place on Sunday at the residence and the burial in Dexter township.

Adjudged Insane.

Nate Pierce, after medical examination, has been adjudged a fit candidate for an insane asylum, by Judge Babbitt. Drs. Kapp and Morton made the examination. The unfortunate man has for some time cherished a grudge against himself and has several times attempted suicide—in one instance by stabbing himself in the arm and at another by swallowing a dose of laudanum while being taken to the jail. It is hoped that his case is not so bad but that by proper treatment he may be induced to live on better terms with himself.

Hackmen Hauled In.

"All aboard for the Justice office," shouted Marshal Banfield, yesterday morning as he made an omnibus scoop of hackmen, charged with violating the ordinance defining where they shall attack the public at the depots. Before Justice Pond, Hackman Allen admitted that he had crossed the dead line and paid a fine of \$3. John Butler, George Olp and Frank O'Neil denied the soft impeachment and will fight "till from their bones the flesh be hacked," being hackmen. Trial today. Before Justice Bennett, John Loney and Henry Smith exhibited the same grim defiance to the lash of the law and will have a trial on the 19th.

Nearly Burned to Death.

On Saturday evening at about half past five o'clock Mary Schleyer attempted, while the gasoline was burning, to fill the tank of a gasoline stove, at the residence of Mrs. Medaris on William street. The gasoline quickly caught fire and soon enveloped the girl in flames. She had the presence of mind to rush out of the house to where Mrs. Medaris was sprinkling the lawn in front of the house, and Mrs. Medaris turned the hose on her and extinguished the flames, but not until she had been terribly burned about the back and ankles. Late in the evening, she was removed on a couch to her home on West Second street, where she is resting quietly.

They Must Prove It.

On invitation of the Marshal, Martin Vogel, yesterday, dropped into Justice Pond's office, to inform the squire that the charge against him of keeping his saloon open last Sunday was not true. Mr. Vogel stated that, owing to a disabled wrist he was unable to cleanse the cuspidors in his place, and Sunday being hot the old soldiers and other debris rendered the combined atmosphere too salubrious for the health of himself and family who reside upstairs. He therefore asked his bartender to dispose of the nose-gay and cologne the cuspidors, and this was the work he was engaged in when the marshal saw him. He denies selling liquor and gave bonds to answer in the circuit court.

Stiffing Disease Germs.

One of the functions of brimstone—in this world—is to preserve human life by destroying disease germs. The janitress of the 4th ward school building knew this and Friday night set some of it going in the building to choke up the lungs of possible scarlet fever germs which might be lingering in the upper rooms. It was after dark and the Gehennal fires leaping high above the pots of brimstone, suggested to a passer by the imminent danger of an addition to his taxes, for a new schoolhouse; and cracking the lash to his beast, he sped to the engine house. The boys and machines were at the school building immediately, when the janitress came forward and expressed her entire

confidence in her own ability to control the fire. The department, including the short-lipped bulldog, tendered her a vote of confidence and returned to headquarters.

An Albion Breath.

A large, elegant fly had just slipped up and broken its neck on the forehead of Justice Pond, yesterday, when Charles Tuller, of Albion, was escorted into the magisterial presence. Charles was found about two o'clock in the morning by Officer Collins snoring quietly in the ditch, and on being aroused muttered, "I shzay, ole feller, lez go to'n nuther hotel. Thish blank hotel leaksh." It is probable that but for part of a bottle of whiskey found in his pocket, Mr. Tuller of Albion, would have taken his death a-cold; and yet there are those who decry the merits of whiskey and seek to suppress the traffic, notably Mr. Dickie, late of Albion, where, almost in the blessed shadow of the college, hallowed with the doctrines of the prohibition party Mr. Tuller alleges that he obtained the fluid, which saved his life. Got it Sunday, too, and came to Ann Arbor on a night train to enjoy it. Lacking eight penal dollars the sheriff has his body.

Death of H. D. Bennett.

The many friends of H. D. Bennett were much touched by the news received yesterday, that their old friend and fellow citizen had died in Pasadena, Cal., June 29. Some weeks ago it was learned that he was seriously ill, and therefore the tidings of his death did not come unexpected, but none the less was the shock felt.

Henry D. Bennett was born in Stephenton, Rensselaer county, New York, March 12, 1818. In his sixteenth year he commenced to teach school. In the fall of 1843 he moved to Michigan, settling in Ann Arbor, where he was in the mercantile business until 1851, when he was appointed postmaster. This office he filled eight years. In 1869 he was appointed secretary and steward of the University of Michigan, filling the office for thirteen years. In the year 1886 he moved to Pasadena, California, where he has resided since. He leaves a widow and one son, Henry S. Bennett. The deceased was a staunch democrat in politics, an upright business man, and very amiable in disposition, making life-long friends of all who came in contact with him in business or socially. Few, if any, men had more friends than Mr. Bennett. They are not alone confined to Ann Arbor, but thousands of former students scattered throughout the world will feel the loss of Mr. Bennett.

He Will Cut a Figure.

The republican county convention to choose delegates to the state convention will be held in the court house, next Tuesday, when it will be determined whether the "horny handed" granger of Elba or the potato farmer of Detroit is the favorite with Washtenaw county republicans. Bliss, of Saginaw, does not appear to be immensely "in it" in this community. The literary aestheticism of Athens and its Ypsilanti suburb are very much "stuck" on the elegant diction and faultless grammatical construction of the sentences of Detroit's own and only Pingree, who fortunately struck the educational firmament on the heels of the waned star of Texas—Tom Ochiltree—and raised the fallen standard of pure English, to where she belongs. True, there are some members of the republican party who, while admiring the potato farmer's scholasticism, repudiate him as a mouthy meddling marplot in matters out of his proper concern; a pestiferous political parvenue and spurious interloper, and a guerilla in the councils of the party, and they exclaim as did King Henry of Beckett: "Will no one deliver us from this low-born priest?" But the tragedy of Beckett will never be repeated in the case of Pingree, without its bloody revenge. Pingree is not without admirers and strong backers. The element that is with him is a positive force. His great grand stand play in the affairs of the strike has had its effect, and it will be felt in the conventions and probably in that of the Washtenaw republicans next Tuesday. If Hazen Potato Pingree is slaughtered in the temple of his party, his ghost, like that of Hamlet, will be heard, beneath the stage, calling for revenge and muttering to his followers, "Swear!" The republicans are in a bad plight. They cannot afford to load up with Pingree; neither can they afford to unload him.

Dr. Vaughan's Experiments.

The following interesting information is gleaned from the report sent out by the state board of health at its last meeting:

"For a few years past Prof. Vaughan, of the state board of health, has been engaged in some very important experiments in the state laboratory of hygiene at the University. These experiments relate to subjects of very great importance to the public welfare. One purpose is to accomplish the end which at one time it was thought had been reached by Dr. Koch, namely, the preparation of a substance which can be introduced into the body and which shall antagonize germs of disease such as those of consumption. Prof. Vaughan is now able to prepare a substance which there is reason to believe may be similar to the one normally used by the body in battling with the germs of disease. His experiments are not yet conclusive as to the usefulness of this substance for the cure of disease, but they tend to prove that by its use immunity to the contraction of germ disease is enhanced. The substance consists of the nuclei of cells, and since it is probable that the spleen is the organ in the body which takes the most active part in battling with germs of disease, he has given special attention to the preparation of 'nuclein' made from the cells of the spleen."

"Prof. Vaughan has presented this subject before the medical societies in this country, and he now goes to the international congress of hygiene which meets in September, this year, in Budapest, Hungary, where he expects to meet the scientists engaged in this and other lines of scientific work, who will be there from every civilized country. From the discussions which will there take place, he expects to gain much knowledge which will enable him to continue and extend his exceedingly important work. He goes as a delegate from the Michigan state board of health, and the board expects Prof. Vaughan to contribute, for the welfare of humanity, fully as much information as he will receive. This is not Prof. Vaughan's first trip across the ocean. His first one was some years ago for the purpose of studying bacteriology in the laboratory of Prof. Koch. Three years ago he attended the international congress of hygiene, which then met in London, England. His present trip is regarded as of much greater importance in connection with public health work."

O, Rats!

There struck the city last week, a singular character named Sam King, who is by profession a rat-catcher, in which line he has achieved a reputation national in extent.

Sam was here for the purpose of contracting to lure to their deaths, the rats of Ann Arbor—not, of course, including democ-rats. Sam struck the Central mills with this offer: He would undertake in a single night to capture 100 rats in the institution or, failing of that number, forfeit all compensation. If he bagged the hundred, he was to receive \$25.00. The Central government considered the proposition and declined it, feeling that the price of a bushel of wheat for two rats was high; that in these piping times of depression, it would be cheaper to catch the rats by the ordinary process and have a dentist pull their teeth.

King claims to be a rat charmer, his method being to plant himself at night in the infested quarter, armed with a bag, a "bulls-eye" lantern and some sort of black art allurements by which the rats are induced to come from their holes. He flashes the lantern around, with a kind of incantation like "see-saw, mag-a-ree-jaw," or words to that effect, and straightway come the rodents from their retreats, and without the slightest apparent mental reservation or evasion whatever, run to him, purring and rubbing their bodies against his shins, seemingly very anxious to be caught. Then he simply picks them up, places them in a bag and there are your rats! The secret of his art King will protect with his life, not even divulging it in low breath to his mother-in-law. He was in Detroit lately, and caught three hundred rats in one night, at the Russell house, of which exploit the Detroit papers gave a marvelous account.

The rat-king is now gone from Ann Arbor, but may return, and will willingly rat-ify any honorable bargain. It is hinted that there is fraud in his method; that he has provided himself with a large number of rubber rats containing automatic machinery, by which they jump from their concealment toward him, and being fitted with some electrically operated phonographs, whine and squeal, just like natural rats, by these devices grossly deceiving the unwary, to their great damage. The Argus, however, puts its foot down on the rat slander—it aint reasonable—and suggests to King that he endeavor to strike a job in the state house at Lansing and try to bag the rats of the re-

publican administration that have "looted" the treasury till it is nearly bankrupt.

Council Meeting.

The city council held a lengthy meeting last night. Considerable time was devoted to the annual question of sidewalk grade on Washenaw avenue in front of the property of Mr. Coon. Professor Hinsdale appeared in behalf of those property owners who desire to have the grade changed. He presented his subject in an able manner, but found himself confronted by a larger task evidently than he had bargained for when he invited questions on the part of members of the council. Geo. W. Bullis appeared for those who desired the grade left as at present. The petition was finally referred to the sidewalk committee.

The city engineer presented complete drawings and specifications for the construction of the lateral sewers, which plans and specifications were referred to the sewer committee. Time prevents our giving an outline of the plans. The engineer's salary while engaged in the construction of the sewer was fixed at one hundred dollars per month.

The city clerk reported the receipt of the opinion of the railroad commissioner relating to the overhead bridge controversy between the city of Ann Arbor and Michigan Central company. This question was argued before the commissioner, on July 6th, by J. A. Bogle and E. B. Norris, counsel for the city, and R. A. Montgomery, for the railroad company. The commissioner holds that he has no power to pass on the validity of contracts; that he can neither set aside nor enforce any contract existing between railroad companies or between railroad companies and corporations; but the statute makes it his duty to look after the general safety of the traveling public, and to require all defects in tracks, railroad bridges and crossings to be repaired when such defects, in his opinion, endanger the safety of the traveling public.

In accordance with the principles above stated, the commissioner gives notice to the Michigan Central railroad company that the said bridge is unsafe for public travel and in need of repair, and the same notice to the city.

A petition signed by James L. Babcock and a large number of others relating to the intersection of William street by the tracks of the Toledo, Ann Arbor & North Michigan railway was presented to the council. The petitioners represent that on account of the peculiar location of the tracks and the formation of the surface of the ground about the crossing and the approaches thereto, an overhead bridge is necessary to insure the safety of people passing there. The petitioners allege that the railroad company stands ready to build so much of said bridge as extends over their property and they therefore request the council to join the railroad company in constructing said bridge. The petition was referred to the street committee. After the transaction of some further minor business and considerable discussion of various matters the council adjourned.

Civil Service Examination.

The regular semi-annual examination for the grades of clerk and carrier in the city post-office will be held on Saturday, August 11, 1894, commencing at 9 o'clock a. m.

Only citizens of the United States can be examined. The age limitations are as follows: For carrier, not under 21 nor over 40; for all other positions, not under 18 years. No application will be accepted for this examination unless filed with the undersigned in complete form, on the proper blank, before the hour of closing business on July 23, 1894.

The Civil Service Commission takes this opportunity of stating that the examinations are open to all reputable citizens who may desire to enter the postal service, without regard to their political affiliations. All such citizens, whether democrats or republicans, or neither, are invited to apply. They shall be examined, graded and certified with entire impartiality, and wholly without regard to their political views, or to any consideration save their efficiency, as shown by the grades they obtain in the examination. For application blanks, full instructions and information relative to the duties and salaries of the different positions, apply at the post-office to

ED. I. TAYLOR,  
Secretary, Board of Examiners.



## The Ann Arbor Argus.

BEAKES &amp; HAMMOND, PROPRIETORS.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY  
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Subscriptions not paid in advance \$1.25 a year.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY.

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



TUESDAY, JULY 17, 1894.

### DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

Senator (Long Term)—  
EDWIN F. UHL.  
Senator (Short Term)—  
JOHN STRONG.  
Governor—  
SPENCER O. FISHER.  
Lieutenant-Governor—  
MILTON F. JORDAN.  
Secretary of State—  
LEWIS F. IRELAND.  
State Treasurer—  
OTTO KARSTE.  
Auditor-General—  
FRANK H. GILL.  
Attorney-General—  
JAMES D. O'HARA.  
Commissioner State Land Office—  
PETER MULVANEY.  
Superintendent of Public Instruction—  
ALBERT E. JENNINGS.  
Member State Board of Education—  
MICHAEL DEVEREAUX.

It is said that Prendergast objected to being hung on the 13th, owing to his absurd notion about the ill luck of No. 13. The sheriff, however, went right ahead and hung Prendergast on that day, just to show him how foolish was the old tradition.

Crankism, that is sane enough to plot, plan and scheme to take life, is sane enough to hang. The stretching of hemp by Prendergast will materially check the "mania" some people have for going insane. Let every anarchist of his stripe dance on the air.

Two brilliant spots discovered on the planet Mars are construed by scientists as a signal of the Marzarine inhabitants to those of our earth. The shifting character of these luminous spots suggests to Mr. Peters that they are moving torch light processions of populists.

The universal praise bestowed upon President Cleveland by men and journals of all parties for the wisdom and firmness which he displayed in promptly suppressing the incipient rebellion in Chicago again bears witness to the grand qualities of the man and to his eminent fitness for the highest trust and greatest responsibility of the nation. The people made no mistake when they elected Grover Cleveland.—Pontiac Post.

The strike at Chicago is about over, but the "bill of exceptions" which the city and Cook county will have to meet later has not yet been made up. But that the losses resulting from the destruction of property by the mob will have to be made good there can be no question. Every laboring man of Chicago who owns a home or has any property, as well as all other sympathizers with and abettors of Debs in his mad undertaking will have to go down in their pockets to meet this tax levy, and for what? Echo answers what.

The Evening News has had its special correspondent at Pullman for some time to write the full history of that place. Mr. Fitzgibbon has written several letters, and they make interesting reading. In one, he refers to the way Pullman ran the politics of the place, in the interest of the republican party, which he supported enthusiastically. We commend this letter to the Times and those papers which are trying to make political capital out of the strike. It is refreshing reading. We wish not to give the strike any political prominence, but we cannot forbear remarking in answer to the Times article charging the strike to democratic rule, that we are proud to know that Pullman is a typical republican and his wealth is one of the results of typical republican protective legislation. There's a big lesson in this for every working man in the land. Will they heed it?—Adrian Press.

When the bill to repeal the former income tax law was before the senate on June 22, 1870, Senator John Sherman said: "Here we have in New York, Mr. Astor with an income of millions, derived from real estate, accumulated year after year by the mere family pride of accumulation, and we have alongside of him a poor man receiving \$1,000 a year. What is the discrimination of the law in that case? It is altogether against the poor man. Everything that he consumes we tax, and yet we are afraid to tax the income of Mr. Astor. Is there any justice in it? Why, sir, the income tax is the only one that tends to equalize the burdens between the rich and the poor." The repeal of the tax was also opposed by Senator Morrill, of Vermont. Geo. S. Boutwell, secretary of the treasury, and David A. Wells, commissioner of internal revenue, were in favor of the tax and desired that it should be made a part of the permanent revenue system of the country. This tax was much more onerous than the one carried by the present bill. The repeal bill finally passed the senate and house by a mere majority, and this at a time when the membership of congress was three-fourths republican. Of course the change of front by the republicans on this issue may be honest, but the language they and their ally, Hill, indulge in is not. The arguments used by Senator Sherman in 1870 are more applicable as capital and income increase, and all the reasons in favor of an income tax urged by the leading republican statesman of that day are equally applicable now. The characterization of the income tax provision of the present revenue bill, therefore, as populist and in the nature of class legislation, is mere floundering and falsehood.

### DUTY OF THE HOUSE.

The conference committee of the senate and house is still wrestling with the monstrosity passed by the senate and called a tariff reform bill. About all that can be said in favor of the bill from the standpoint of tariff reform is that it is an improvement on the McKinley act. But it is no such measure as the country ordered and demands. The bill which was sent to the senate was more conservative than the country expected, but it contained a goodly measure of relief from unjust tariff taxes and was based upon a principle. The principle has been eliminated and the promised relief from onerous protective duties largely dissipated by the emasculated senate bill. The free list has been mangled and largely destroyed. Coal and iron have been taken therefrom and placed on the dutiable list in violation of party pledges. Wool remains on the free list, but on woolsens the rates have been increased to such an extent that the consumer will not be benefited thereby. The rates on chemicals have also been increased making the cost of manufacturing greater. Duties on iron and steel have been lowered but still remain prohibitive, while the surrender to the sugar trust smells to heaven. The bill still contains the income tax provision but in a weakened form.

The duty of the house in the premises is plain. It should stand stiffly by the principal features of its own measure. That there is a disposition to do this becomes more apparent with each day. News comes from Washington also that the president is back of the house in its opposition to the vicious protectionism of the senate bill and that the only reason for his silence upon the question is the fear of being charged with unwarranted executive interference. The house should stand by the people in this contest for a satisfactory measure of tariff reform.

### WISE ACTION.

The older and more conservative labor organizations of the country did wisely in refusing to share with President Debs the responsibility for the colossal blunder, if not crime, which he inaugurated. Had he pursued the part of wisdom and advised with these orders before

undertaking the foolish enterprise which he declared would tie up all the railroads of the country, it is probable that the strike would never have been ordered. It would seem that a man of ordinary judgment and discretion would have foreseen the necessity of united action in such an undertaking, if the results sought were to be obtained. But over-weening confidence in his ability to succeed without their help, or egotistic desire for all the glory of the undertaking, if it was successful, prevented such a course. The responsibility should therefore rest where it belongs. Besides there was nothing for these organizations to gain by entering the strike and assuming responsibility therefor, while there was everything to lose. They had no grievances to redress and they would therefore have lost the sympathy of the general public, which is of inestimable value to all labor organizations, by entering upon a course that would have inflicted wide-spread ruin upon the business of the country without possible advantage to anybody. It is well for the cause of labor and for the business interests of the country that wise councils have prevailed. Discretion and sound conservative judgment are as essential to the interests of labor organizations as to all others.

### A BEAUTIFUL HORSE THIEF.

She Is May Colvin, an Ozark Girl of 18, and as Pretty as a Picture.

The female department of the penitentiary undoubtedly furnishes the most depraved types of humanity. Primarily the partiality of courts and juries for women characterizes every judicial system of civilization, and so it must be a depraved and dangerous woman indeed whom a jury of Americans will sentence to penal servitude.

Decidedly the most unique personality of the female population of the prison is May Colvin. May is only 18 years old and is a rustic beauty. Dress her in the gorgeous paraphernalia of Lillian Russell and she would be a more brilliant beauty than that stage celebrity. She has great blue eyes and a mass of touselled blond hair of Titian tint. Her form is luscious—well rounded and plump—and her cheeks are red with the vigorous life of the Ozarks, whence she came. Her mouth is one that an impressionable artist would go wild over, with its cherry red lips of sensuous curves, the whole forming the most perfect Cupid's bow. And, withal, May is a horse thief and doesn't deny it. Certainly the confinement in the penitentiary has brought out her native beauty, that must have been blurred or obscured by her exposure to all sorts of rough weather while fleeing over the plains and mountains of the southwest from the officers or else no jury could have ever been induced to give her a term in prison, especially for so common and plebeian an offense as stealing horses.

But May is not only a horse thief, but a jail breaker as well by her own confession. Her feat in breaking from the jail at Girard, Kan., where she was confined about two years ago for horse stealing, her escape to Jasper county, Mo., and her subsequent capture there and prosecution on an old charge will be recalled by the readers of newspapers.

"Well, I have no hard luck story to tell," was the way May greeted the Republic representative. "They made no mistake in my case. Nearly everybody else in here is innocent, according to their own statement, but I'm not. I'm here for horse stealing.

"When I heard you were here and wanted to see me, I thought you were an officer from Girard, Kan., and wanted to take me back there for breaking out of jail. I'm glad you are not, but I guess they'll come for me as soon as my term is out here, which will be in about 14 months if I behave myself. I've been a pretty good girl since I've been here. The reason for it, I guess, is that I haven't had a chance to be bad. However, I've so managed to break the rules as to be put in the dark room two or three times. But I'm going to behave myself from now on so I can get the benefit of the three-fourths rule.

"I don't know why I've turned out so bad unless it is that it was just born in me. My mother is a good woman, only 35 years old now, a member of the Methodist church and has been married three times. She raised me right, and my father, who is a dentist, was always kind and indulgent to me. I went to the public schools in Webb City until I was 16, and then the devilment began to crop out in me. I don't know why either.

"Nobody ever taught me any wrong. I'm not like other women, either, in blaming my downfall on any man."—St. Louis Republic.

### A Careful Father.

"Look here," said the parent to the schoolteacher, "I see that one of the lines in my boy's copybook is, 'Less haste, more speed.'"

"Yes."

"And here's another that reads, 'The longest way round is the shortest way home.'"

"Yes."

"Well, I want it stopped. I don't want those moldy proverbs festooned around his intellect. I'm educating him for business, not the United States senate."—Washington Star.

## A BRIG IN THE DESERT

SURPRISING DISCOVERY OF A TRAVELER IN DEATH VALLEY.

A Man Constructed and Fitted Up a Vessel on a Sandy Waste Because He Wants to Be Ready When the Water Rises, as He Firmly Believes It Will.

"One of the queerest and most surprising sights I ever saw in all my wanderings over the wilds of this country," said E. C. Traver, a well known prospector and civil engineer, a few days ago, "was a newly constructed brig lying on the floor of Death valley. And it is there yet, so that anybody can see it. "When I first saw it, I was almost paralyzed. I could not believe my eyes and thought I must have passed through some mental lapse and was not in Death valley at all. But, after gazing at the strange object a few minutes and then looking around me and seeing the wastes of burning sands and feeling the hot breath of the desert wind, I knew that everything about me was most realistically real.

"It was by the merest chance that I ran across the vessel," said Mr. Traver, "because had I been a few feet farther south I would never have seen it. You see, I had been working on the eastern side of the valley for several weeks without success and concluded to go to Mount Darwin, where I would at least be sure of expenses. I was crossing the valley at the northern end, which is quite narrow, but about the lowest spot on the earth's surface. I am not exactly certain, but I think that where the vessel is it is about 200 feet below sea level.

"After the first surprise had worn off I began to figure out how the craft came there. That the vessel was a relic of a past age never entered my head for a moment, because it was constructed on perfectly modern lines and the wood had a yellow appearance, indicating that it had not been cut very long. I am something of a sailor myself, and the first glance told me that it was the work of some modern shipbuilder, but that only made the mystery greater.

"Going close, I made a careful examination of my strange find. It proved to be a perfect brig of about 400 tons, that had never been in water. Everything about it was of the best style of workmanship and showed plainly that the builder had put forth his best efforts. The keel was laid flat on the sand and the starboard side placed up against a small reef of rocks. The port side was supported in the usual manner.

"Climbing onto the deck by a small rope ladder, I found everything ship-shape. The decks were as clean and white as a man-of-war's, and every rope was in place. Entering the cabin, I found everything neat and clean and several bunks with bedding ready to sleep in. Such a thing, however, would have been impossible, as the heat was simply unbearable, and I had to go to the door, gasping for breath, before I had completed my investigation. The more I looked the more mystified I became. It was plain the brig had been built where she was, but by whom and for what?

"I spent the whole afternoon climbing over the vessel. I went into the rigging and looked over the surrounding country, but could see no sign of a human being. When night came on, I concluded to camp near by, but had no sooner got fixed comfortably when a voice from somewhere called 'Good evening!' You may be sure I jumped, as my nerves were feeling a little weak through my strange afternoon's experience.

"There was no need to be alarmed, though, for a good natured looking man, with gray hair and beard, was smiling at me. Of course I at once concluded that he knew something about the brig. I was right, and in a few moments he explained the whole thing to me and also showed to what ends a foolish idea will drive a man.

"He said that his name was Frederick Evans, that he was a ship builder by trade and one of the California pioneers of '49. He had never made a big strike, but had always kept prospecting, and when the water rose in Salton lake a few years ago he was at work in the mountains around Death valley. It was then that he got it into his head that the water would eventually reach that locality, and he was determined to have the first vessel to float in the new sea.

"Evans was not a poor man, but had money enough to hire a couple of men to help him lay the keel of the vessel, put in the masts and do the other heavy work. At first the work was pushed rapidly, but when the water commenced to recede Evans took things easily and did all the work himself, because he thought the water would not come again for a year. He has been disappointed every year since, but still thinks that Death valley will become a sea, and he is ready for it.

"I was well treated by Evans," said Mr. Traver in concluding. "He took me to his abode, which was a deep cave a few feet from the brig, with a delightful temperature. I staid with him two days and found him a well educated man and very interesting, but when I left him his last words were, 'When the water rises, I will be ready for it.'"—San Francisco Call.

### Monuments to Women.

Hitherto in France Joan of Arc has been almost the only woman to mount upon a marble pedestal, but the privilege is being extended. At Vitres a statue is being raised to Mme. de Sevigne, and at Valenciennes a similar honor is in store for Mlle. Duchenois. Apropos of these facts a French writer observes, "Woman being, even in marble, so much more decorative than ourselves, one can only rejoice over the advent of feminine statues."

### His Opposite.

She—They say that persons of opposite qualities make the happiest marriages.

He—That's why I am looking for a girl with money.—Tit-Bits.

### BERLIN MANNERS.

Customs That Proved Rather Mortifying to Two American Girls.

Two young girls were made miserable by an unwritten law which laid me low not long ago, writes a lady correspondent in Berlin. They were calling upon German women, and as they entered the room they saw that the least comfortable seat was the sofa, where they naturally seated themselves. One after another of the older women surveyed them until they became intensely uncomfortable, not knowing what dire accident could possibly have befallen them. At last the hostess rose majestically, saying:

"Young ladies, will you be so kind as to get up and give your seats to these older ladies?"

The poor things were crushed. My own encounter with the sofa regulation was funnier than it was crushing. I went to a musicale given by a countess. Two daughters of titled houses had been jocular in their overtures, and I was having a beautiful time watching little differences of manner and wondering if all young women were expected to courtesy and kiss the hands of married women, as my vis-a-vis was doing. As the evening wore on I concluded what well bred people were, after all, the same everywhere. When supper was announced, there was a slight confusion in the placing of the guests, and I found myself in a smaller room with a few others, among them the most important woman of the assembly. The table had been drawn to a sofa, and there is where I made my mistake. My new friend, the countess' daughter, motioned me to the sofa, which seemed the best solution of the entanglement into which our hostess had led us in a moment of flurry, for a German does not approach the ease and surety of an American hostess. At the same time the woman of importance took a seat on the sofa also. As she apparently spoke neither English nor French, and as I had not been here long enough to have acquired fluency in German, her attempt at a conversation was soon given up.

When our hostess came to see if we were all happy, our lady of importance asked who I was, and on receiving a whispered reply sat up very straight and threw herself back on the sofa, exclaiming, "Ah mais c'est trop!" I was seized with a horrible fear that my hostess had told her that I was an American reporter, and I was intensely uncomfortable in spite of my companion's friendliness. After that the great lady was very stiff, and I fear I was even stiffer. Looking again to see if she had fainted, I saw her calmly eating with her knife and no longer felt uncomfortable. If she scorned me for any reason, I certainly should be ashamed of her at my own table. I learned several days later from an American woman versed in German proprieties that my unpardonable offense had been in presuming to sit on the sofa beside my lady without a European title of high rank to back me up.

### SITTING BULL'S DEATH.

The Killing of the Chief Brought About by His Son's Taunt.

"Did you ever know just how Sitting Bull was killed?" asked Lieutenant Baker of the Twelfth infantry, U. S. A.

"I do not think," he continued, "the details were ever printed. I never saw them, and I was there."

I tell it, as near as it can be recalled, as the lieutenant told it.

Sitting Bull was at his shack with his sons, near Standing Rock agency, when he was sent for to come into the agency. The Indian police were commissioned to bring him in, and when an Indian policeman gets that order and finds his man he brings him, dead or alive, unless the man gets the drop first. Sitting Bull was disposed to obey the summons, but one of his sons, as haughty an Indian as ever lived, taunted the old man for his weakness. He called him a squaw, and that epithet to an Indian brave is the cap sheaf of all that is derisive. The old man weakened under the boy's taunts, and the Indian police did the rest. Sitting Bull was all that his admirers claimed for him. When he fell, the boy who had taunted him crawled under the bunk where the old man had slept. He was there when Shavehead, an Indian from the agency, came in. He heard the story. He liked Sitting Bull, and when he was told that the boy had taunted his father and was the cause of his death Shavehead said the boy deserved death, and he was dragged out from under the bed and killed. These details Lieutenant Baker says he never saw in print.—Chicago Herald.

### Quickly Arranged.

Foreign terms are apt to occasion confusion in the minds of those who are ignorant of their meaning, because, as one old lady who thought mirabile meant a "rough, noisy crowd o' folks," said, "They don't scussly ever stand fer what they'd order, jeding by the sound!"

A western man wished to file a paper for his partner and himself in the circuit court and affixed to the firm signature the words "per se."

"I reckon that won't do," said the partner, whose education was somewhat more extensive. "'Per se' is sing'ler and means jest you, and ther's two of us."

"Oh, all right! I can fix that easy enough," responded the other easily. "Gimme the eraser."

The article in question was passed to him, and after some scratching and re-writing he shoved the document over to his partner with a smile of triumph. It was signed, "Green & Wilson, per 2 c's."—Youth's Companion.

The Abbe de Marolles, in one of his latest works, calculated that he had printed 133,124 verses, and yet the public had not sense enough to appreciate him as a poet.

Spain has over 400 islands in the eastern seas, mostly comprised in the Philippines and Moluccas.

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**BRIEF HISTORY OF KENNEDY, DETROIT, MICH.**



## WASHTENAWISMS

The Sill egg vat at Milan will hold 240,000 eggs.

The forces, lately engaged in dispersing the Coxey army encamped near Ypsilanti, talk of forming a veteran's union.

Dexter has re-elected F. W. Smith to a third term of the school directorate. When they get a good man in a trap over there, they don't let him go.

The Ypsilanti Rod and Gun club will shoot, every Tuesday afternoon. The Ann Arbor trap shooters are invited to go over and have some of it.

The Manchester Enterprise does not want anyone to break his neck picking cherries, but wishes the victim to report it at the office, should it happen.

Come war, famine, pestilence, lightning, tempest or sudden death, the Chelsea fair will take place October 9th, 10th and 11th. The flat has gone forth.

The village tax roll of Saline is now open to the worship and admiration of citizens with a surplus. Those without a surplus had better get one within the next 30 days.

Ed. Dieterle, of Bridgewater, by falling from a load of hay last week, settled an uncertainty in his mind concerning the velocity of a falling body. His ribs are slowly mending.

At the Chelsea school meeting it was voted to add the teaching of the rudiments of vocal music to the work of the school. W. F. Riemenschneider and W. J. Knapp were elected trustees.

Over in Chelsea the ladies are talking about the way to a man's heart being through his stomach. Several old back numbers in the community are waiting for the female stomach plow.

What some of the farmers around Wampers lost in harvesting on the 4th they quite made up on the following Sunday, not forgetting to remember the Sabbath day and keep it full of holes.

Clematis lodge, Daughters of Rebecca, of Milan, has been provided with the following officers: N. G., Mrs. D. Whaley, V. G., Mrs. N. Whaley, secretary, Mrs. E. Bray, treasurer, Mrs. W. Lewis.

Prof. F. R. Gorton, of the Physical Science department of the Normal, recently crossed the border into Ridgeway and secured the heart and hand of Miss Jennie H. Osgood. So much for Physical science.

At the Belleville school meeting some young men who were not on the tax list but are owners of some personal property, swore in their votes. Thereupon arose a dispute which it is said the courts may settle.

While Joseph Reidle, of Bridgewater, was reasoning with a balky binder last week, the deuced knotted went off and drove the needle entirely through his hand. How little confidence can be placed in human nature.

In acknowledging a visit from Editor Smithe, of the Ypsilanti Commercial, last week, the Argus accidentally credited him to the Ypsilantian. We hasten to repair the injury and hope to escape a libel suit from both papers.

Manchester is about to have a half day's sport to consist of bicycle races, ball game, etc. Clinton and Tecumseh are aching for a rub with Manchester and there is a cheerful disposition to give the border ruffians their stomachs full.

Dr. Henry D. Heller, a Saline dentist of prominence, died unexpectedly at Northville last Tuesday. He attended church the previous Sunday, and was thought to be improving from an illness for which he was taking treatment.

This remarkable advertisement appears in Wayne Tidings: "Go to Henry Loss for twine. You can buy 100 pounds pure Manila for \$9." For twine read twine. The Tidings' types played tricks. But Mr. Loss' business felt the impetus of printers' ink.

As yet not a single rattlesnake bite is reported from the huckleberry bushes of Manchester. This is thought to be due to the experience last season of an old rattler with 22 links on his tail, who snagged the calf of a cork-legged woman and gave a toothless report of it to his family.

The Dexter council is too busy keeping the flies off its corporate nose to hire a man with a hammer to drive down the nails in the sidewalks, and "the saint who enjoys the communion of heaven, and sinner who dares remain unforgiven," alike stumble and ope their soles.

The Ypsilantian is engaged in kicking the kickers who object to good government and the suppression of vice and immortality within the gates of the city; and it brands all such as "the allies of the saloon and of the house of ill fame." Mighty tough town—that Ypsilanti.

The Ypsilanti water well, which, like a cow in hot weather, seemed to be "going dry," has suddenly "come to its milk" and delivers a greater flow than ever. The process was simple. They spliced the bottom of the hole about three feet and the rush of water to the vacuum forced new channels in the sand stratum.

Gen. Elmer W. Bowen, of the First Brigade, M. N. G., is a postal clerk, and was on his run through Delray when the Wabash fireman and engineer were assaulted. He would have given a year's salary for fifteen minutes' command of a bayonet charge at that time. As it was, the only weapons he possessed were tie sacks and his tongue.

Dexter's "big drunk" on the Fourth was a great success. We understand that, notwithstanding the promises that the saloons would be closed on that day, they were wide open and did a land office business.—Chelsea Herald. The editor of the Herald seems determined never to forgive himself for not being in Dexter on the 4th of July.

Rev. C. S. Bullock, of Saline, is the inventor of an electric heater, which produces a temperature of great torridity. Theology, like the tariff, is likely never to be settled. Just as the people had become fairly used to the doctrine of the new revision, along comes this Saline preacher with his electric heater. What has been gained by the closing of the "Iron-works" if Elder Bullock's invention prevails.

In the base ball contest at Ypsilanti, last week between the barebone and belly-blubber nines the former won in a score of 29 to 27. It was amusing to witness the fats fumble the ball and flap their lungs during the game. They put up a good fight, but the "slivers" were too much for them.

Rev. Dan Shier, the well-known Methodist fisherman, will soon lecture at Manchester. Subject: "Beyond the Rockies." If the elder sticks to his subject, an interesting lecture is in store for Manchester; but some brother should sit beside Rev. Shier and pinch his leg when he wanders from the Rockies to rock bass.

While the famous phat-and-lean base ball game was going on at Ypsilanti, a jury were sitting on Minnie Hazel, charged with keeping a gilded establishment for the downfall of defenceless men. That the jury was long out and failed to agree shows that base ball hasn't the hold on the affections of the public that it once had.

Dr. Conklin, of Manchester, one evening last week started in to give his young son and another small boy a lesson in base ball. He said he used to be a regular roarer at ball when he was a boy, and he could show 'em all about it. Then he went and stood behind him, who let go at the ball with his bat. Had he hit it, it would still be chasing Gale's comet; but the blow got home on the doctor's smelling apparatus, and he now has as large, fine looking nose as any there is in Manchester, and has abandoned the role of instructor.

How is this? We meet men almost every day seeking help for harvest work, and at the same time men apparently in good bodily health sitting on the iron railings near the Huron and Congress street crossing.—Ypsilantian. Any consumptive can ride a reaper, but it requires vitality and endurance to sit on a blistering hot railing all day and run this government. The men who know just what to do in the hour of a great crisis, are often the very persons whom some newspapers, in their savage ignorance, jump upon with both feet.

The floral locomotive in the Central depot garden at Ypsilanti is "fearfully and wonderfully made." We quote the Ypsilantian: "The boiler and wheels are composed of Alternanthera rosea nana, the bell, of Alternanthera aurea nana, the headlight, pistons and cab windows, of Echeveria secunda, the cab, of Alternanthera versi color, which with Sedum variegatum, forms the cowcatcher. The top of the cab is Arenaria fendleri, and all vacancies are filled with Sedum variegatum." The perpetration of these names on employees, by the company, would justify a renewal of the strike on the Central.

The Adrian Press relates a funny experience of Revenue Collector Schmid, of Manchester, who recently called at a house and on knocking, received the tart admonition from the lady inside that he would certainly be well spanked, unless he went away immediately. But Schmid had been so often spanked when a kid that he remained untrifled and walking in, was met with a profusion of apologies. "Really," said the lady, "I thought it was that rascally boy of mine." With revenue collectors it is different in different places. In some places they get off without a spanking and in others they are shot.

## River Raisin.

T. P. Anlls and lady left here yesterday for Denver, Colorado, after a four-months visit to Mrs. Watson and F. Randall.

Adolph Hanke came home from Indianapolis and gave his parents, sister and brother a four-days visit.

## A CHINESE PUZZLE.

What Will the Treasury Department Do With the 3,000 Unregistered Orientals?

A question that is causing the treasury department considerable bother just now is what to do with unregistered Chinamen. According to the official report made by Commissioner Miller, 107,000 had complied with the extended Geary law and registered. Official estimates place the number of Chinese in this country at 110,000, so that it would appear that there are now in the United States 3,000 unregistered Chinese, every one of whom, according to the law, must be sent out of the country.

There is no money appropriated for the purpose, and as it costs fully \$75 per head to send Chinamen back to China from the United States the aggregate amount required for the purpose will be quite large. In the meantime, under circular instructions sent out by the treasury, any citizen can appear before a United States commissioner and make complaint against an unregistered Chinaman, and United States marshals and customs officers are by law directed to do so. Secretary Carlisle and Attorney General Olney have the vexed question under consideration and will probably make some official announcement on the subject shortly.—Washington Post.

## A Messenger Boy's Scheme.

A discharged messenger boy in Cleveland did a land office business by writing telegrams and addressing them "collect" to well known guests at hotels. The clerks would receive them and pay charges, but exposure has come. A theatrical manager received a message reading: "Why did you not answer my last telegram? Mother and the rest of us are all well." For this he paid 46 cents. Another man, a bachelor, paid 39 cents for a message reading: "Baby has cut a new tooth and is doing well. Mary." The Western Union company has refunded a number of these payments and is investigating the case.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## English Army Sheets.

A resolution was recently introduced in the house of commons of the British parliament by Mr. Hanbury to provide each private soldier with a pair of clean sheets fortnightly instead of monthly. To this Mr. Campbell-Bannerman seriously protested upon the ground that it would involve an increased expenditure of £10,000 a year. He thought that the money might be spent to the greater advantage and comfort of the soldier in other ways.

## THE DEAD ANT QUEEN

SHE HAD LIVED FOURTEEN YEARS AND HAD MANY COURTIER.

A Touching Scene at the House of Sir John Lubbock—What Would Seem Trivial to the Lay Mind a Serious Matter to the Naturalist—Interesting Facts About Ants.

The waste of life in an ordinary formicary is great. Multitudes are continually perishing beneath the careless tread of human beings and cattle. A man or woman can hardly walk the garden without destroying many lives of busy creatures intent upon errands of their daily life. Birds pick them up as a delicate morsel. Toads and serpents are fond of a menu of living ants, and other creatures prey upon them. Therefore it becomes necessary to recruit the community day by day, and the number of recruits must exceed the daily waste if the social power of the family is not to be diminished. No wonder, therefore, that the fertile queen is a person of such consequence and is so carefully guarded. But it may be asked, Is she able to meet such demands upon her fecundity? Quite so. The number of eggs which an ordinary queen can lay in any one season amounts to many thousands, and the possible capacity of a single queen no doubt reaches scores of thousands of fertile eggs.

I was permitted to note the touching interest which focuses upon the queen of a formicary while visiting Sir John Lubbock one summer morning at his home in London. This distinguished naturalist had succeeded in preserving two ant queens to a marvelous age, one of these having reached the vast antiquity of 14 years. This longevity was due to the careful protection extended by Sir John and his attendants, for it is true of emmet herds as well as of domestic animals that they thrive under human protection. As I greeted Sir John on the morning referred to, in response to an invitation to breakfast with him and some of his friends, I inquired at once about the health of his ancient queen.

"Alas, doctor!" he cried, "I have sad news to tell you. My old queen is dead!"

"Dead!" I exclaimed. "This is sad news indeed. When did she die?"

"Only last night," was the response, "and I have not yet told my wife about it, for I dare say she will feel as badly over the loss as myself."

Perhaps this may seem trivial to the ordinary lay mind, but to Sir John Lubbock and the writer it was a serious matter, for it ended one of the most interesting experiments as to the prolonged life of invertebrate creatures that the world has ever known.

"May I see the queen?" I asked.

"Yes, she is, just here in the adjoining room."

Turning aside from the waiting company of distinguished persons who were to sit down with us at breakfast, we went to see the dead queen. She lay in one of the chambers, as I have described them, resting on her back, with her six legs turned upward and bent in the rigor of death. A crowd of courtiers surrounded her. Some were licking her, as though in loving care of her toilet. One would nip an antenna and another a leg, and by various other solicitations sought to arouse her. Alas, there was no response! It was curious and touching as well to watch their methods.

"They have not yet accepted the fact," said Sir John, "that their queen is really dead. Indeed I doubt if they are fully persuaded thereof. They have been surrounding her thus and trying to get some response from her ever since she died."

So we left the royal deathroom. Whether this interesting creature was taken by its kindly guardian and placed in a collector's bottle, or upon an entomological pin, or left for interment at the hands of her devoted courtiers, I never learned. But no one who witnessed that scene could doubt the strong interest and affection with which the venerable queen ant was regarded by her subjects.

Speaking of interment, it may not be amiss to say that ants have a curious habit of carrying the dead of their own community from the confines of the formicary, depositing them together in a convenient spot outside the bounds. So far as I have observed, they do not treat the carcass of an alien ant in this way, but appear to show this mark of respect to those of their own community alone. This is the basis of the popular notion that ants have cemeteries for the burial of their brotherhood. I have verified the fact to the extent above stated, and the point opens an interesting field for larger and more active study by some enterprising lover of emmet life.

It has been said that the ant egg when dropped by the queen is seized by one of the attendants and carried away to the nurses. These receive it and place it in one of the chambers along with others of its kind. In a little while the egg becomes a little white worm, or larva, with a greedy appetite for sweets. It is as helpless as a human baby and as dependent upon the care of adults. That care is not wanting. One can hardly fail to notice also the common characteristic of maternal fondness in dealing with these baby ants. The nurses shift the little ones back and forth, from one position to another, as far as at least as a human being can judge, without having bettered the matter in the least. Seemingly they have only indulged the fancy of a mother to move about her baby just to gratify her own affections. They even appear to me at times to take the little things up and dandle them, after the fashion of a young mother and her first infant. However, all this may be but "anthropomorphism," a state of mind from which the observer of social insects can scarcely ever wholly escape.—Rev. H. C. McCook in Northwestern Christian Advocate.

If time is money, why can't a man pay his barber with the time he spends waiting for his turn?

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