

WASHTENAWISMS.

D. W. Potter, of Willis, is suffering from an ulcer that obscures the sight of one eye. Mrs. Frank Wiard, of Ypsilanti town, was recently severely bitten by a no-account dog. Rev. S. Calkins, of South Lyon, has been engaged for a series of semi-monthly sermons at Salem. The costly horse owned by Mr. Bell, of Ypsilanti, has been snatched from the grave by the skill of Dr. Kestell. It is thought that the lower rooms of the Ypsilanti school building will be ready for use by the opening of the next school year. James Huedler, of Chelsea, suffered a sunstroke in his onion field, last week. He refused to stay struck, however, and is around as usual. Mrs. J. M. Whitaker, of Chelsea, while visiting some friends last Wednesday, was stricken with paralysis. There is no hope for her recovery. Mrs. Burke Spencer, of Ypsilanti, recently arrived home from San Francisco, having ridden from Ogden to Chicago, with the train under soldier guard, after a tie-up of 17 days. Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Kelley, of Ypsilanti town, having lived together 15 years, without either of them applying for a divorce, were rewarded last week with a set of dishes and the presence of a crowd of friends. Why should the republicans of the state deprive Detroit of the valuable services of Pingree by nominating him for Governor? 'Twould be cruel, and the republicans are never that.—Ypsilanti. This is purely "ironlike." The Sentinel attacks the Ypsilanti "Law and Order League" writer, who alleges great good to Ypsilanti by reason of its existence, the sum of which, not in words, but in meaning is, that the "Law and Order League" writer is an internal, dodgasted—that is to say, his theory is not supported by sufficient proof. Mr. T. W. Boatwright has just finished putting in a big job for D. L. Quirk on his farms at Belleville, a regular system of water works, containing four Star wind mills, eight 20-barrel tanks, four large elevated tanks, and four Hoosier hydrants, and about 2,000 feet of 1-inch galvanized pipe.—Ypsilanti Commercial. James F. Burke, ex-president of the republican University league, late a visitor in Ann Arbor in Pingree's interest, was last seen at Ypsilanti, just before "the tie-up" of Farmer Platt, and it is probable that his hide now ornaments the gable end of Farmer Rich's barn. Such are some of the mutations of life. A base ball is on exhibition in an Ypsilanti show window, which the Ypsilanti states will be presented to the Atlantis club "when they win a game." The ball is an elegant one and will make a capital present if the carpet bugs can be kept from gnawing the stitches for a year or two, or till the game is won. It is reported that Farmer Platt, of Pittsfield, who was bound and gagged by Rich highwaymen and left in the sun behind the political cowshed on the day of the republican county convention, has cut his bonds, got hold of a proxy and today will show up in war paint, with a whoop and a tomahawk, at the state convention. Following is the Ypsilanti Commercial's experience with a newly invented squash bug: "The animal seems indifferent to hellebore, paris green and all the medicaments we have tried on him. When the Argus comes we're going to read him a few columns and see how he likes that. P. S.—We shan't need the Argus—kerosene fixes the bug. Particular P. S.—It also fixes the squash!" The Commercial will hereafter let strange gods alone and keep on with the Argus. A round stone as big as a baby's head, wrapped in a stout sack, with the neck twisted for a handle, has been found by the Sentinel's "devil," at Ypsilanti, and regarding it, the editor says: "Who made the slung-shot, and for whom it was intended, is of course unknown." While the Argus has no information on this subject, it is nevertheless aware that Capt. Allen is endeavoring by every fair means to "down" his congressional competitors. It also knows, that something suddenly struck Hon. Joe T. Jacobs last week. Shed poker in Chelsea, received a serious set-back recently. A select gang of youngsters were in the habit of pushing the game in a secluded shed. On entering their accustomed haunt the other day, they were saluted with a smell that would tickle the nose of a man with a polypus. When the hidden bouquet "called," the boys they "laid down their hand" and fled, "dead" sure that a human body was concealed there. It turned out that some patent fertilizer had been stored there and the poker crowd would now feel honored by anyone who would kick them. The Argus is pleased to note that S. P. Ballard, poet and obituarist, of Willis, is recovering from his latest misfortune. Mr. Ballard is a gentleman whose constitution has endured great strain, and it is a wonder that he lives today. In addition to the tax laid upon his emotional endurance, in the production of rarefied poetry and mortality sketches, he has been hooked, by a bull, and smashed in the hip, by a reckless cyclist who knocked him into a limp and paralytic ruin, from which he is slowly recovering. It would seem that neither the bull nor the brutal bicycle rider appreciated Mr. Ballard's talent as they should, or the misfortunes cited would never have overtaken him. E. L. Champlain, familiarly known as "Old Cham," made an observation Tuesday. As about twenty delegates were going to the depot, they stopped and drank of the cooling beverage from a well next to a saloon. Champ noticed the close proximity of the saloon, and said "proof that this is a republican convention: not one has gone in there," pointing to the place where "cool lager" is dispensed.—Ypsilanti. Yes, the saloonist said, he had trusted that crowd as long as he proposed to on their promises to pay up when the "home market" briskened up things. It was a sad sight to see almost half a convention blacklisted, and drinking water and spitting cotton, just outside the portal of "Paradise lost."

Washington Beeman, aged 78 years, during fifty of which he was a resident of Waterloo, died July 18. "One cannot always judge a man by the clothes he wears," remarks the Manchester Enterprise. No; take for example the Hottentot! The solid cares of office, lately flopped Postmaster Costello, of Dexter, on his back; but he managed to turn his assallant and was on top at date of last dispatch. It has been so dry lately that the fish caught at Whitmore lake shake the dust off themselves when pulled out of the water. Some people will no doubt think this is not a lie, but it is. While working a large drop press at the Chelsea stove works last week, a belt broke and a heavy stamp fell crushing the right hand of Peter Esterle, and causing the loss of three fingers. Scenic artists are at work painting curtains and wings for Arbeiter hall, Manchester, and the work done is good enough to warrant the painter exemption from the character of leading man in a real tragedy. After taking "a header" from the top of a cherry tree last week, Mrs. Lyman Hadley remarked as she arose, that other engagements would prevent her from gathering any more of the fruit this season. It is figured out at Ypsilanti that if the waterworks there furnish the rated capacity of two million gallons per day, each of the one thousand consumers receives sixty barrels per day. Somebody must be drunk. An experience social at St. John's church at Ypsilanti, Thursday evening, netted \$100. Fr. Goldrick, of Northfield, whose pleasing vocal talent adds to the request for his services, was present and sang a number of his favorite selections. Dr. R. S. Armstrong of Chelsea, having lived to split a century in two exactly where a dude parts hair, was visited one day last week by 150 people who gave him a gold headed cane and asked him how it felt to be half a hundred years old. A botanical dispute has arisen between the Chelsea Herald and the Ypsilanti Commercial, the Herald claiming that the weed is a Russian thistle and the Commercial asserting that it is merely wild lettuce. Stop it, gentlemen. Lettuce have peace. The editor of the Stockbridge Era, now walks with his chin high, shoulders thrown back and a confident heir about him; which stimulates the Chelsea Standard to remark: "That haughty way he has of carrying himself will be changed ere long. We know how it is. Have been there." The Ypsilanti Commercial sees nothing singular about a white red squirrel mentioned by the Argus as having been captured in Monroe county and adds: "We once saw some green white black berries that were red." The attention of the "Law and Order League" is invited to this editorial confession. John Laidlow, the Michigan Central gardner, at Ypsilanti, is ill and confined to his house. When the Argus saw in the Commercial the scientific names of the flowers, out of which the poor gentleman must construct the floral locomotive, it sighed and said, the man could not choose but fall ill. Some boys were recently arrested at Dexter, and one of them is reported to have said, to the marshal: "You wont hear me sing again unless it is in church." The marshal, it has just been discovered is a gitted evangelist, and why in Tophet he hasn't let himself out on this line before, is what surprises his converts. The product of the creamery is below that of last year. Chas. Sandford is running it in accordance with the demands and prices. The product now is about 1,800 pounds per week. From every ton of cream they allow for getting 90 pounds of butter, thus 20 tons of cream are handled weekly by the two teams.—Manchester Enterprise. A peregrinating ink merchant, without license, was rushed before the city clerk of Ypsi, last week, and sat upon a fly paper. When he had settled with the clerk, he arose and departed, taking the fly paper with him. He would have been arrested for larceny, but the authorities were unable to make a complete suit stick as only the pantaloons were involved. George J. Lomas, of Webster, died last Friday morning aged 73 years. Death was due to paralysis. Mr. Lomas' death was preceded seven weeks, by that of his wife. Thus the aged couple "rest from their labors," and in death scarcely were they divided. Mr. Lomas was born in Nottingham, England. In an early date he ran a locomotive on the Albany & Schenectady railroad, and helped build the first locomotive that ran on the Michigan Central. During the war he was engaged in building locomotives in Centralia, Ill. He was much respected, and leaves a son and six daughters. It is said that a party of Ypsilanti-ans, who recently camped at Base lake, are missing. It appears that the mosquitoes there are of Titanic size, and a swarm of them assailed the company, who fought bravely till much blood had been shed, when at the command of their leader, "To your tents, O Israel," they fled to their canvas fort. Horrors! Through this tent pierced the spears of the enemy, as a needle pierces sail cloth; and to save their lives, the party grasped the mosquitoes by their bills, when they at once arose and flew away with the tent and its occupants. Our informant was an eye-witness who wore a boiler-iron undershirt and a steel helmet. At a recent hammock party in Ypsilanti, the prize went to a gent from New York. May be that is right! Perhaps he is, as the ladies voted him, the best entertainer in the crowd. If so, the Argus will slide off from its low tariff platform and go in for rigid protection to home industries. We, here in Michigan, may not be well up in the brilliant conversationalisms of the East, but we do very well at such plain jobs as catching comets, negotiating Chinese treaties, teaching the occult sciences, handling jurisprudence, and problems of inter-state commerce, etc., and we are "lightning" on raising corn and depriving thrifty hogs of their vitals, in butchering time; but the progressive hammock industry needs protection.

About half of Ypsilanti's taxes still remain out of the treasury. A trotting matinee for Saline is talked of, to take place in September. During a late thunder-storm, lightning rent a large oak that stood by the barn of John Gates, of Saline, and also gave Gates a jar. The Manchester band will attend the Michigan-Ohio band tournament at Coldwater in August. This is no mere "blow," but business. A large straw stack near the barn of Ira Webster, of Saline, was burned by lightning last week. The heavy rainfall alone saved the barn. A horse owned by John Merker, of Sylvan, has scored a vacation and a bad wound in a fore foot. He was a barbed wire fence inspector. The traitorous beast driven by Hiram Fisk, of Ypsilanti, kicked him in the leg last week; then ran away and rounded up the job by tumbling him out and spraining his wrist. John Cook says that the item in last week's Standard in reference to his having sold some property to Charles Davis is a base fabrication.—Chelsea Standard. "Another campaign lie nailed!" Superior Grange band is mobilizing its energies for the fairs and the fall campaign. The tuba is accredited with sufficient energy to crack a pot-ash kettle, and all the band is in good musical repute. Otto Dulac, of Unadilla, fell from a scaffold in A. C. Collins' barn recently and broke several of his ribs loose from the spinal column, which will undoubtedly render him a cripple for life.—Chelsea Herald. The Ypsilanti north side Congress street men crushed the south siders at base ball last Thursday, 20 to 7. Thus, twice within thirty-four years, has been affirmatively settled the question, "Can the northerners fight?" It is said,—and the Argus is straining every nerve to believe it,—that but for the tank umpiring of that ridiculous man, Wilcox, of Plymouth, the Atlantis would have won, last week. As it was, the Atlantis were only 11 behind. Ypsilanti has a new industry. Steam dyeing works have been established there. To the undertakers and tomb stone makers the name of the works was at first a delightful phonetic, but the "e" in dyeing knocked them out and they looked "grave." An Ypsilanti whose sole offense was his inability to manage his own digestion was fined \$1 and costs, last Friday. He had eaten some rye bread and drank a glass of lemonade, which, fermenting, produced an alcoholic infraction of the law. They notice a little thing like that in Ypsilanti. J. M. Murphy, a hired man working for O. A. Vaughn, near Dexter, not feeling well, after unloading a load of wheat, went to the house and lay down, but soon arose, moved toward toward the door and fell backward to the floor, dying in half an hour. Supposed to have been overcome by heat. George G. Nissly, owner of the celebrated Saline poultry farm, tired of raising blooded chickens to fat his neighbors' cats, went gunning last week after losing about 150 young tows, and is now prepared to furnish fiddle strings as long as the internal economy of some forty felines holds out. He shot to kill. Frank L. Gaines and George A. Coeup, foreman and laborer, employed by Keepers & Wynkoop, walked from Denton's to catch a fast Central train for Detroit. The engineer, thinking he recognized the men who fired into his train recently, had the men arrested at Detroit. Now they ask \$10,000 damages. Whatever else may be said of Mayor Seymour, there is no doubt but he intends to be mayor in deed as well as in name.—Ypsilanti Sentinel. Bright, Wade Hampton, when the republicans tried to count him out of the governorship in 1877, said: "The people of the state of South Carolina have elected me governor, and by all the gods I'll be governor!" And he was. The Dexter Leader did think that it would chop off a number of delinquent subscribers last week, sure, but has allowed them another week's grace, after which, failing to come to the nucleus, the editor says he will cut them off and publish an obituary of each. Well, they don't deserve another week; still, in mercy, give them a little show; for it is horrible to see a delinquent subscriber die and drop into a well, where roasting devils roar and yell, chained to a stake. Rev. Mr. Brown, pastor of the colored Baptist church of Ypsilanti, has relinquished his job. At this season of the year it requires a strong ministerial arm to keep the colored Ypsilanti from falling away from theology and devoting most of his talent to a structural analysis of the watermelon. Rev. Wm. Johnson, however, who is accredited with remarkable disciplinary ability, is said to be able to do that thing, and has assumed the pastorate. A meeting of the Ypsilanti Athletic Association was held last week and the following committees were appointed to investigate the matter of cost and formulate a general plan of association: Rev. Fr. Kennedy, chairman, E. H. Hinckley, W. L. Pack, F. W. Green and Charles M. Hemphill. The meeting adjourned subject to a call. The mortality table of athletic associations shows the average life to be about one year. After that period the property of the concern is for sale "at your own price." When the local editors of the Ann Arbor papers get short of news, they stick in this item. "It is said that the bondholders and stockholders of the street railway have arrived at an understanding and that cars will soon be running on our streets.—Chelsea Standard. It is with this sort of ingratitude that the Standard editor repays the kindness he has received in this town. When, a few weeks ago he was here and monkeyed with a cloud burst till he had 'nt a dry rag on him, he was allowed to come in the Argus office and drip, was given a friction bath with the office towel and received various other Good Samaritan benefits. This is his return! We cannot say that his conduct has ruptured the relations of the two towns; but it is a hard strain.

WHAT TO GET

In buying a War Book.

- GET one that is a complete history, written with access to the Official Records and not one consisting of brief accounts of detached events. GET one written in popular style for the people by authors of acknowledged literary ability and not one full of military technicalities understood only by military men. GET one illustrated by artists of national reputation, who were on the spot when the events occurred. GET 32 pages at the price others charge for 16 pages. GET one with pages 16 1/2 x 11 1/2 instead of those much smaller. It costs no more.

Harper's Pictorial History OF THE CIVIL WAR.



CAVALRY CHARGE AT COLD HARBOR.

Each part 32 pages. Every page 16 1/2 x 11 1/2 inches. Over 1000 illustrations published in Harper's Weekly during the war. The complete text as published by Harper & Bros., written by Alfred H. Guernsey and Henry M. Alden, editors of Harper's Monthly, assisted by Richard Grant White, President Garfield, Gen'l Joseph E. Johnston and others, with access to the official records. Illustrated by Nast, Forbes, Eytinge and others.

26 Parts Only. EACH PART 10 CENTS.

CUT THIS OUT



Argus Coupon. Harper's Pictorial History of the Civil War. (IN 26 PARTS.) PART II. This Coupon and 10 cents entitles you to one Part. Bring or send to Ann Arbor Argus, Ann Arbor, Mich. Opera House Block.

Ripans Tabules banish pain. Ripans Tabules; pleasant laxative Ripans Tabules cure scrofula.