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THE VOICE OF MUSIC.

"Away, away! Thou speakest to me of things which in all my endless life I have not found, and shall not find!"—JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

I see no form, no angel dread and fair,
No rainbow-plumed seraph; no divine
And awful spirit cleaves the starlit air:
If it be God Himself, there is no sign,

Only from out the silence void and deep
A voice bursts like a flow'r of heavenly growth,
And stirs my trembling spirit from its sleep,
My shuddering senses from their dreaming sloth—

A voice so sweet, so wondrous sweet, it falls
Like odours won from Eden on my soul.
Like rays of golden light upon the walls
Of flesh, which, by its magic, crumbling, roll,

Apart to let strange splendours on my sight—
Quick flames, and diamond stars, and marvellous hues
A moment caught, then vanishing in light
Which with its living warmth all space imbues

But louder, grander, soars that bodiless voice,
In prophet-raptures of mysterious fire,
A thrilling burden of "Lament!" "Rejoice!"
Destroying sense and raising wild desire.

Away, away, although I do thee wrong!
For, like a withered leaf, my life is driven
Upon the irresistible sounds which throng
Eternity with thoughts of hell and heaven.

Away, away! Thou speakest in a tongue
I cannot make mine own. Speechless and blind,
I cower the torrent of bright sounds among—
I have not found their meaning, nor can find.

A thousand mingling doubts and memories,
A thousand burning new emotions, fill
My soul, which, feebly fluttering, cannot rise.
Thou found'st me sad, and leav'st me sadder still!

Back to thy birthplace, wheresoe'er it be,
Sweet voice, dread voice, and let me breathe again!
Die, li-g'ring echoes! Shall eternity
Itself, unrushed, God's uttered thought sustain?

—Shirley Wynne.

THE DOOR WITHOUT A LOCK.

It was during our honeymoon and in mid-winter—cold, bleak and dismal, as are many honeymoons in midsummer—that the incident occurred which I am about to relate, and that my wife nor I will ever forget as long as we live.

It happened fifty years ago, when coaches ran and post-chaises were the fashion, and when railways for passengers were talked of, but were yet only looming mystically in the rift of light that was dawning broadly on the horizon of science.

We had been married in New York, and were traveling north to visit some wealthy relatives from whom I had expectations, who dwelt on the far side of Edinburgh and who had invited us to spend our Christmas under their hospitable roof. It was a wild district that we had to pass through, and the journey would take several days to accomplish—over moor and fell and barren and waste land; sometimes by rugged roads where the wheel-tracks were either indentations eight or ten inches deep or else were altogether hidden under vast wind-blown snow-drifts, and as often as not covered hedge and ditch, and lay piled up beyond in endless miniature mountain-ranges. With jaded cattle and tired postboys, we managed to reach Alnwick late on a Thursday evening, putting up at the Percy Arms there for the night.

How glad we were! and how cozy it was inside that respectable hostelry! With drawn curtains and good blazing fire, with wax-lights burning, and excellent juicy broiled steak and onions, fried potatoes and pint of rare old sherry on the table before us, we began to think that things might have been worse. And when the mince pies came, followed by Welsh-rabbit and hot whisky-punch, we were quite sure there was nothing better in the whole world than being cramped up all the livelong day in a stuffy rattling old chase, with draughty doors and breath-steamed windows, excepting the getting out of it to eat a capital well-cooked dinner in a snug, warm room, with the object of one's fervent passion sitting close to one's elbow, ready to be embraced on the very smallest provocation or at the most feebly expressed desire.

The following morning rose brightly, I remember. The air was certainly a trifle keen and sharp, but the snow crushed crisply under foot, while the sun shone and glittered on the hard, white ground and glistened dazzingly with many prismatic hues as I trudged gaily down the main street to the fine bridge that spanned the ice-blocked river to take a look at the ancient Gothic borderland castle which in the good old times of feud and petty incursive warfare used fo fortify and defend the town.

By 10 o'clock we were ready to be off. The heavy, jingling cumbrous, yellow chariot stood at the inn-door, with luggage strapped on securely behind and with my wife's (I was fond of talking about "my wife" in those halcyon days of matrimony) imperial on the top. Waiters, boots' hostler, all had been satisfactorily feed, neither had I omitted to chuck "Mary," the chambermaid (a remarkably pretty creature, I recollect), slyly under the chin, while "madam" was being obsequiously bowed into her carriage by a landlord and landlady and was settling herself comfortably amid her furs and other paraphernalia inside. Up went the steps, bang went the door, whips cracked, the horses obligingly caracoled feebly in order, I presume, to impart a "je ne sais quoi" of style to our equipage; and behold we had once more started and at a pace, too, that for a brace of seconds could not have been under twelve miles an hour.

By slow degrees the day wore gradually away. We had halted the horses many times and changed them once or twice. But notwithstanding these exciting performances, the monotony of the journey was becoming prodigiously burdensome, and, heartily sick of the expedition, we were both longing for the moment when we should espy the hamlet that was a marginal landmark of our kinsman's estate and would be to us the welcome harbinger announcing our speedy release from the ramshackle blundering old coach.

Meanwhile the sky had grown overcast—ominous heavy gray masses of cloud were gathering around and hung low in the heavens, while great flakes of falling snow bespattered the window panes thickly. Darkness was increasing perceptibly and rapidly. The wind howled with a dreary wail and soughed audibly through the leafless hedges and bare, gaunt branches as we slowly advanced along the desolate, deserted, trackless road.

Notwithstanding all our efforts to keep cheerful, we had unconsciously subsided into a dead silence, and our depression seemed to augment with each shuffling stride of the weary, overdriven steeds in front.

We had left Cockburnspath nearly two hours ago, and should be now sighting Haddington. I put down the window and looked anxiously ahead, but all was one great foggy blank. I could discern nothing for the drifting snow, that nearly blinded me. Suddenly the carriage gave a tremendous lurch and we came to a full stop.

"Merciful powers! what is the matter?" shrieked my wife, jumping up and fumbling at the carriage door handle, while she fell to weeping and reciting her prayers.

"Now sit down, Amanda, and don't be a fool."

"Please, zur, we canna foind the rawd," bawled the postboy from the back of the nearest side wheeler, "Urr" (meaning the road) "'ave left us, an' we be naw on zum koind o' earth. We canna be far fra' 'Addington, but aw canna tell for zartin zure."

"Well, don't sit there like a couple of stone images. Hang it all, men! get off your horses and lead them and pull up at the first house you come to, no matter what it is. Stop! I had better walk at the head of the off-side leader myself."

Hastily embracing my Amanda, who by this time was choking herself with sobs in her corner of the chariot, overcome by the cruel heartlessness of her Alfred and the brutal inclemency of the elements, I left her to get out over her emotional tendencies as best she could and descended to take command of the desponding couple of idiots who had parted with the little wit they had ever been blessed with at the same moment that they had missed their way.

Ugh! how cold it was and getting dark as pitch! The sleet pelted piteously in our faces, driven by the fierce blast of the north, as we plodded forward like a funeral procession, hearing nothing but the whistling of the icy wind and the tramp of feet and hoofs in the ever-deepening snow. At length, in the far distance, as it seemed to us, a little to our left, looking like a rekindled spark in the embers of an expiring fire, we could dimly perceive a faint glimmer of light.

"Make for that point there to the left," I shouted, pointing eagerly to where the welcome gleam was shining, urging on at the same time with voice and rein, the wretched quadruped that I was trying to steer safely over the slippery, uneven ground and to turn in the direction I indicated.

"O Alfred, my love," screamed Amanda, hanging half out of the carriage window, "are you not coming back to me? I'm so unhappy and so dreadfully alarmed, and it is so cold inside all alone!"

"Put up the glass, then, and hold your tongue, Amanda," rejoined her love. "We see a light close at hand, and shall soon be under shelter."

"O darling, are you sure 'tis a house and not a highwayman? Ah! ah! There! there! there he is and he's pointing his pistol at me!" screeched my wife.

It was only a stump of a tree; but anyhow it had the effect of silencing the timid fair one, who instantly retreated and promptly pulled down all the carriage blinds on surveying this harrowing object, and who remained speechless and in close retirement for the rest of her evening drive.

Presently, after another quarter of a mile of this forced march, accompanied by muffled curses on our bad luck, and mutterings of a very uncomplimentary nature addressed to the horses and their ancestry, a low one-storied pothouse sort of a place stalked suddenly into view. The light of one of the two upper windows flitted about agitatedly as we knocked loudly and incessantly with the butt-end of the whips on the door, but for a couple of minutes without other result than the one noted. Then it was opened cautiously by a rough-looking, shock-headed youth of nineteen or twenty, who peered curiously out into the misty darkness under his sandy shaggy eyebrows with keen observant gaze.

"Wha's yer will?" he asked, without, however, making way for admission across the threshold.

"My good fellow we are benighted travelers seeking supper and shelter for the night," I answered. "You shall be well paid; so let us in at once, without more ado."

"Hoo mony are ye?" was the next question that issued from the lips of this growling Cerebus

"Four, all told, but one is a lady," I replied.

"Ugh! aw maun jeest ga' an' consult wi' tha mither," said the youth; and suiting the action to the word he departed, clapping-to the door, leaving us staring with blank dismay into each other's faces and shivering outside in the piercing cold. Fortunately we had not to wait, our grim host soon reappearing on the scene.

"Aw can cum in, all on ye, an' aw can stable yer cattle in the bairn an' ye will," he said, motioning us at the same time to enter.

Clinging closely to me, Amanda alighted from the clumsy vehicle, and we followed our uncouth conductor into a poor bare kitchen that reeked horibly of tobacco and peat smoke. Bearing aloft in his hand an empty black bottle in which was a lighted candle, that flared and glittered wildly with much greasy besprinkling in the fitful gusts of wind that blew freely through the rudely built tenement and moaned drearily through the room, he placed it in the centre of a small round table, while he set to work to stir into a blaze the well-nigh burnt-out square lumps of turf that still smouldered on the hearth. All this time no symptom or sign of a woman's presence was anywhere visible. Everything felt strange, weird and "uncanny," and I did not half relish the quarters that chance had thus fortuitously imposed.

An odd thumping sound, succeeded by a noise of a heavy weight being dragged across the floor, could be distinctly heard overhead.

"What is happening up stairs?" I asked, eyeing my landlord pro tem suspiciously.

"Aw dinna knaw, so aw canna say," he replied. "Maybe it's tha mither arranging tha room for tha leddy. Yer maun sleep 'ere yersel, for we hae but jeest one appartment wi' a bed in it, an' tha drovers maun hae to litter dune wi' the beauties i' the bairn. Aw canna 'elp it; we be vera puir folk," he added, apologetically.

Hardly had he finished speaking when an old woman entered the kitchen. Big raw-boned and masculine in appearance, she was nevertheless scrupulously clean, and wore a white apron and a large wide-bordered cap tied neatly under her chin with a huge black bow. Courtesying humbly, she came up to where my wife was sittiug.

"Will na ye tak off ye hat, mi leddy?" she said, proffering to assist Amanda to disencumber herself of some of her many wraps. Then turning towards the man whom from the likeness we quickly discovered was her son, "Ga, Jamie laddie, an' cut ane twa raishes o' bacon fra aff the soide by tha washhoose door, and yer'll find sum eggs o' tha mornin's layin' in tha stoup crock in tha cellar."

Bustling about, the dame soon established a sort of feeling of comfort around as only a woman can.

A cloth was spread, and knives and forks and crockery were produced; a kettle boiled on the fire, a second candle was lit, and in another ten minutes a smoking dish of fried eggs and bacon, flanked by a loaf of home-made bread, was placed before us, together with a bottle of good whisky, which the hot water, with sugar and a slice of lemon, speedily converted into hot toddy—than which there is nothing better for warming and cheering the spirits, restoring the equanimity or composing the nerves.

From the tiny warehouse at the back we could hear the postboy's "gaffawing" loudly over some of Jamie's jokes, which seemed entirely to their liking and his own. Pushing aside the table and lighting my pipe, I settled myself comfortably for the evening on one side of the blazing hearth, while Aman da, having fetched her reticule, faced me on the other, and proceeded to tat with a nimble dexterity that was mightily pleasing to behold. We were beginning to feel placidly content, and I was just nodding off into a delicious doze, after picturing many quaint fantasies, and imaging gnomes and giants and castles and armies in the red fire glow, little dreaming of the gruesome night that was in store for us.

"Tha bed up stairs is quite clane an' straight whenever the leddy ma' wish to retire," said our hostess, coming into the room. "I'm afeered ye'll na lie vera weel off tha night," she continued, "but it's tha maisl aw can do for ye."

"Thank you," said Amanda sweatly. "I am quite sure we shall be very comfortable."

"Aweel, an' indeed, and I hope that ye will. Dinnah fash yerself wi' tidying up; aw'll cum an' do it a' for ye if ye're so moinded; an' dinna gae speering into ta carner closet—it be jest fule a' things a' my ain that a put there when Jamie told me ye're war cummin." And wishing us both "guid night," she vanished into the back regions, to where Jamie was with "tha droving bairns," as she called them.

"What a very kind, civil, obliging person she is," remarked my wife after the old woman had left us. "How fortunate we were in discovering this nice cottage." (Poor soul, she was so easily pleased in those days.) "Hark how the wind blows! What a night to be sure!"

"Amanda, my pet, I think you had better go to bed," said I, interrupting her soliloquy. "We have to start early to-morrow morning, and I am sure you must be tired. I will follow you in a few minutes, so lon't dawdle, that's a dear."

Lighting a candle I handed it to my wife, who received it blushingly and tripped coyly away with it up stairs.

I remained yet a while ruminating and pondering over many things, while the light waxed low and at length sputtered out altogether. How long I sat thus in the growing darkness I know not, for I must have fallen asleep. It could not have been many minutes, however, for the fire was fast decaying when unconsciousness crept upon, and was not yet dead when I was recalled to the things of this world by the most piercing shriek that ever rang in mortal ears—a shriek so intensely wild and prolonged that it scarcely seemed human. It was accompanied by a heavy thud, as of something very bulky and massive falling, that shook the foundation of the crazy little house as if an earthquake were sapping the earth's strata. I started up in an agony of fear and groped my way instantly to the latched door. Before I could reach it another wailing shriek vibrated through the miserable dwelling, this time more faintly, as if the sound proceeded from some stifling thro at in which suffocation was doing its deadly work.

Thrilled with a supernatural terror, I blundered up the steep ladder-like stairs, and in far less time than it takes to tell was in the room whence the dismal, awe-inspiring cries proceeded. It was the room where we were to have slept. All was dark, save the pale light of the moon that was struggling to cast fitful rays from behind the storm-driven clouds that sped hurriedly in broken dense masses across the turbulent tempest-tossed sky.

Lying prone upon the floor, immediately in front of a wide-open cupboard-door, was a great sprawling motionless white heap, that stirred not at my approach, only a faint groan from beneath it announcing that it was not entirely lifeless.

With a silent horror that prevented me from calling aloud, I moved towards it, and the hideous sight that met my fear-stricken eyes well nigh curdled the blood in my veins.

Face downwards, stretched at full length, with its arms slightly extended, wrapped in a winding sheet, lay the corpse of a man, while underneath it, with her poor upturned face as white as that of her loathsome companion, whose cold, bloodless lips seemed glued to her death-like cheeks in close embrace, was my dear child-wife Amanda. In one hand she still held the battered metal candlestick, from which the candle had dropped and been extinguished in the fall, while the other, with outspread fingers, grasped the shoulder of the ghastly thing and seemed as if in the act of trying to repel and avert the festering spectre-object from pillowing itself on her gentle bosom in its forward swoop from its impromptu charnel-house to bury under its fetid corruption my darling's prostrate form.

Summoning all my strength of resolution and presence of mind, I yelled madly for help, while I struggled to free my unhappy Amanda from the touch of the horrible shape that was crushing with its death-weight the breath out of her body.

Suddenly I saw as in a dream four blanched, staring, terror-fraught faces huddled together in the door-way. "Jamie" at the back of the little group, clutching in his shaking, boney fist a lighted lantern, that he held high over the other three heads, whereby a lurid glare was thrown into the dismal garret and helped to render more distinct the features of the dead and the living.

His mother stood in front wringing her hands and making unceasing doleful moans. In a frenzy of nervous apprehension and nearly petrified with horror, I managed to beckon to the woman to come forward. She came and assisted me to extricate and release my swooning wife from the oppressive incubus of the corpse, and to place her gently and tenderly on the trunkle bed in the middle of the room—while the three men lifted and carried down stairs the poor lifeless body, the innocent cause of this direful catastrophe.

All through the watches of that terrible night until the gray dawn was streaking the east, I sat by the bedside of my darling, endeavoring by every known means to restore vitality to her inanimate form, but all was in vain. The catalepsy into which she had fallen defied all human skill. The weary hours wore on, and yet there came no change in this hideous mockery and counterfeit of death, until I dared gaze on her no longer, lest the ghastly semblance should imperceptibly transform itself into immutable reality.

Haunted by a sickening distrust that increased as the seconds flew, and filled with nervous fears that unmanned and nearly maddened me, I felt at last that were I to remain another instant in the murderous hovel my senses would likewise desert me. Hastily, therefore collecting together all the rugs, cloaks and furs, I swathed them about my dear Amanda, and raising her in my arms carried the precious burden to the carriage, where I deposited it beside me. Then ordering the horses to be put to without a moment's delay, I determined at all risks to make for the nearest town where efficient medical assistance could be procured, and where my beloved invalid could rest in security, surrounded by all that professional skill and affectionate care could devise, until assured convalescence would enable us to journey homewards.

Just as we were on the point of leaving the ill-starred, wretched house, the woman, whose cupidity and sordid avarice was the cause of the fatal calamity, came to me with cringing manner and whining voice, and on her knees, in the most abject strain, implored my pardon for all that had occurred. The facts were these:

It appeared that four days previously her husband had died, and was to be buried two days hence. She and her son were miserably poor, and the expenses of the coming funeral did not diminish the prospect of starvation during the hard winter time. The chances of putting money into their pockets were far and few between, and our casual demand for a night's board and lodging was a temptation she could not find courage to resist. Jamie, therefore, was told to keep us in play down stairs, while the widow, with superhuman strength and an insensibility to decency (letting alone feeling) past all all imagination, contrived to drag the corpse from the bed, across the floor to the cupboard to shove it inside and prop it upright within the dark recess, and shutting to the door, merely latched it, for lock there was none, trusting then to Providence and good fortune that neither of us would think of looking into the interior of this Bluebeard's chamber.

Would that they had so befriended her! But alas! as we know too well, it was fated to be otherwise.

Amanda, always of a nervous temperament and vivid imagination, never slept in a strange room without previously investigating all the dark corners and prying into all the closets. Poor dear woman! I do not think she has ever attempted to gratify her curiosity in that way since that fatal night.

For weeks she hovered between life and death, and did not rally from the terrible shock, but lay in a semi-conscious condition, sometimes better, sometimes worse; and for months she remained a prey to the most violent fits of hysterics, or else was afflicted with sudden bursts of wild animal spirits, that bordered dangerously near to mania. However, thank God! by dint of extreme care and patience and the most tender nursing that ever fell to human lot to receive, together with the best advice from the most eminent physcians of the day, she gradually recovered her former health and even balance of mind, and can now afford to look back on the dread event that so nearly bereft her of her reason, with unshuddering composure; but never to this date can I or any one prevail upon her, either by assurances of safety, or by entreaties or bribes, to inhabit any room or stay in any house where, to her knowledge, there is a door without a lock.—*From Time for November.*

A Bug Story.

A story about a curious bug is told by the Virginia City *Chronicle*. The insect was brought to the office of that paper by Mr. Henry Hunt who found it in his back yard. The *Chronicle* says: It is about the size of quarter of a dollar, and its peculiarity is that while it is shaped much like a turtle, it walks on only half of its legs at a time. It has six legs, three on a side. When it walks it balances itself on its edge, and moves along at a good pace on three legs. After walking in this way about a minute in flops over and walks on the other three legs. Sometimes it walks on its two fore legs, like a man in a circus walking on his hands. Dr. Hunt asserts that the bug can execute a hand-spring either backwards or forward, but while it was in this office it did not essay a feat so difficult. Its back is deep blue, spotted with gold and its belly is striped with red. When the bug walks on its forelegs it reminds one of a circus acrobat in spangles of many colors. While Mr. Hunt was exhibiting his bug Captain Sam, the Piute chief, came in with Charley of Silver City. Sam remarked, with a smile of superior knowledge: "Circus bug, you bet!" The Piute stretched a string between two tables, and the bug walked the tight-rope on edge and then hung down from it by his hind feet. The Piutes venerate the insect, and say that when it appears in the Fall with gold marks on its back it means plenty. Black spots signify death and white spots famine. Aside from the absurd superstions, the bug is certainly a wonderful thing and its antics vastly amusing. Mr. Hunt refused $10 for it this morning, offered by Tom Buckner.

Two grammarians were wrangling the other day, one contending that it was only proper to say, "My wages is high," while the other noisily insisted that the correct thing was, "My wages are high." Finally they stopped a day laborer and submitted the question to him. "Which do you say, 'Your wages is high, or, 'Your wages are high?' "Oh, off wid yer nonsense!" he said resuming his pick; "yer naythur ov ye right; me wages is low, bad luck to em.

THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.

Grave Questions Relative to the Coming Campaign.

Letter from the Secretary of the National Committee.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune.

SIR—On March 4, 1877, not many hours after the long struggle of the Presidential count had made Governor Hayes President and Zachariah Chandler had, by unremitting effort made good his assertion of Wednesday, November 8, 1876, that "Hayes had one hundred and eighty-five votes and is elected," several gentlemen, one of whom had that day visited the new President, called on Mr. Chandler and told him what they had learned; that an abandonment of the principles of the Republican party had been agreed upon, and that, to carry it out, the President was seeking a New England Cabinet Minister from political traitors and fossils, had decided to appoint as Postmatter-General a Southern Tilden Democratic rebel, who had denounced his election as fraudulent, and to place in the Interior Department as successor to Mr. Chandler a person offensive, in one way or the another, to nearly every wing and faction and shade of real Republicanism. After the narrator, in his vivid inimitable style, had given the astonishing intelligence, we listened eagerly for the explosion we thought sure to arise from the chargrined and indignant Secretary. But it did not come; he sat calm and speechless. Then some one said, "Mr. Chandler, have we been working for this?" Slowly removing his cigar from his mouth, he quietly replied, "No, we did not work for this; we worked to keep Tilden out!"

The spirit which animated Senator Chandler ought for the next year to control and direct all true Republicans. Whatever differences of opinion may arise as to men, we are sure to be all agreed upon principles; and when the Convention of 1880 has named its candidates, Republicans of all shades of opinion, sinking personal preferences, should unite in another earnest, enthusiastic and final struggle to keep the rebels out of control of the National Government.

With this evident duty before Republicans, in New York more than in any other State, it is much to be regretted that any should say we are willing to accept Stalwartism, but with it we are not willing to accept Conklingism! This means, if anything, that the Republican party should not be sustained in power if Senator Conkling is to remain one of its foremost leade s. What good reason can be given for this threat? Mr. Conkling is a Senator of transcendent ability and reflects great honor upon the Empire State. What Republican principle or measure has he failed to support, and when has he ceased to do his utmost on the Republican side? Let the vital contests of the late extra session testify. * * *

Upon what principle does a Republican hitherto opposed to Stalwartism now consent to accept it, but threaten to bolt if asked to take Conklingism with it? Of course he accepts Stalwartism because he has changed his opinions, and now finds it to be right. May he not also, if he further candidly investigates Conklingism, which was stalwart when he was not, find it to be commendable and accept it also? Or is he worried because Mr. Cornell has been elected Governor by the detection from Robinson of Tammany Hall and John Kelly? When did it become objectionable for the Republicans of New York City, numbering about one-third the voters, to profit by a division of the Democracy? Was it wrong for Abraham Lincoln to be elected President in 1860 by the Democratic split at Charleston; or was the victory tainted by suspicion that Mr. Lincoln was in complicity with the Breckinridge bolt which made his election certain?

May not all Republicans who talk as above indicated, thus foreshadowing an inclination to bolt in 1880 unless Senator Conkling and his friends voluntarily surrender their reasonable and legitimate influence in the counsels of the party, be fairly appealed to, to forego their prejudices and animosities, conform to party usages, fight out their differences at the caucuses and conventions, and abide by the decisions there formulated? The nomination of Charles Foster for Governor of Ohio by a majority of only six votes in a large convention obtained by the persistent, urgent interferance of an Administration publicly pledged not to use its official power to control nominating conventions, was eminently disagreeable to radical or stalwart Republicans, who yet supported him zealously and gave him his victory. Are these forbearances and sacrifices of personal feeling to be reciprocal, or are we to get the votes of the so-called reformers only when we yield everything to them, and to lose them whenever a nomination, though fairly and regularly made, does not happen to please their utopian fancies?

Appeals to New York Republicans for forbearance in personal preferences, for harmony and willing conformity to reasonable party usages, are by no means unnecessary in refernce to the Presidential election of 1880. With 138 solid Southern votes almost certain, and only Indiana and New York, with their fifty votes, to be secured, to give success to the Confederate Democracy, the Republicans have no easy path to victory. We can not reckon upon additional blunders and follies of our opponents. In March last I ventured to predict two results of the extra sessions; first, that President Hayes would act with the Republicans in resisting Democratic aggression, and second, that the Democrats in Congress would conduct themselves as if possessed of the devil, and would rush on to their own destruction. But such crazy recklessness and defiances of and outrages upon loyal Northern public sentiment can not longer be looked for from the Democratic leaders. The late unexpected Republican successes have astonished and sobered them. Presidential victory, which in their intoxication from easy power in Congress they then felt sure of, now seems doubtful, if not impossible. In their emergency they will change their Congressional tactics; in the coming session the struggle of last summer will not be resumed; there will be no more revolutionary attempts to withhold appropriations and starve the government; the election laws will not be interfered with; the United States Marshals will be paid; there will be no wiping out of war legislation; Confederate Generals will be sent to the rear or will roar as gently as sucking doves; professions of acquiesence in the results of the war and of devotion to the country and the Constitution and its amendments will be profusely made; in short, Democracy will put on its most plausible mask and again practice another humiliation of itself, and attempt another deception of the people, hoping by self-degredation and lying to grasp full National power, and wield it as wickedly as they did, when they obtained it later, the power of Congress.

Restraining themselves in Congress they will also endeavor to make a Presidential nomination that will delude the people and conceal their real purposes. If Mr. Tilden will permit them they are likely to nominate General Hancock, or the plausible and jesuitical Bayard, and, with great professions of patriotism, struggle furiously to carry New York as well as Indiana. Or what is more probable, they may nominate Mr. Tilden and canvass New York and the North for him as belonging to the loyal Northern wing of the party, uncontrolled by rebel leaders and untainted by rebel sympathies. Mr. Tilden's most ardent advocate, Mr. Montgomery Blair, has always charged the hostility of the Southern Democrats against Mr. Tilden, and his counting out by their consent and bargain, to his Unionism and devotion to loyal Northern ideas, and to his declared hostility to Southern claims. With Mr Tilden's power in New York he can unquestionably compel his own nomination if he chooses. Will he do this? To speak bluntly, he will be a coward and fool if he does not. Why should he not? He is the best representative of the Northern wing of his party, and why should he succumb to Southern rebels? They call him cowardly because he did not fight to inaugurate himself President when the count went against him and they were trading him off with the Hayes Administration. But Mr. Tilden did evince some little patriotism in refusing to bring on civil war, and preferring that the disputed count should be settled by peaceful and legal methods, as Mr. Manton Marble clearly shows in his Ark-and-Shechinah letter, which, even if it did cause the publication of the cipher telegrams, cleared Mr. Tilden from the Southern charge of cowardice.

Unless, then, Mr. Tilden's "natural force has abated," and he has "lost his grip," and proves himself the coward he has been charged with being, he will make himself the nominee of the Democratic party, and the Presidential battle will be fought with him as the Democratic leader. Can any of the 138 Southern Electoral votes be taken from him? Can Indiana be carried against him? Can New York, which gave him 30,000 majority in 1876, be carried against him in 1880? If New York and Indiana are to be lost to the Republicans, can we carry all the other Northern States and Florida, making 185 votes, as in 1876? These are the vital questions for Republicans to consider and solve.

Prudent and cautious politicians can not fail to admit that Republican victory in 1880 is probable only; not sure. The recent glorious triumphs, under radical principles, demanding the absolute protection of human rights everywhere under the flag, the abandonment of which for two years brought us almost to dissolution and destruction, have placed success within our reach. New York, New Jersey, Indiana and Massachusetts are the only doubtful Northern States. With forbearance, concession, harmony, full State conventions, and a wise and patriotic National Convention, whose decision about candidates shall be cheerfully submitted to by all, a Solid North can be interposed against "a Solid South and rebel rule," the dangers of which Governor Hayes so earnestly urged Republican speakers in 1876 to depict as arguments for his election. Without these conditions Mr. Tilden may yet be President. For myself I may say, that, while now, as in 1876, an ardent advocate of Mr. Blaine's nomination, having a second choice for Senator Conkling; conceiving the selection of Secretary Sherman, of Ohio, who publicly announces himself a candidate in a letter to a Democrat, and promises that if elected he will be controlled by Democrats, as utterly distasteful to me and believing that no emergency, unless caused by reckless rebel actions during the coming session, will exist to make the illustrious General of our victorious armies and distinguished ex-President, whom foreign peoples and his

LOWELL JOURNAL

JAS. W. HINE, EDITOR.

Lowell, Michigan, December, 10 1879.

Editorial Comment.

What has become of Bob Ingersoll's new party? Guess it's Bobbed out—the Col. is shouting for the stalwarts again.

It has been rumored in various quarters that Gen. M. S. Crosby of Grand Rapids will be brought forward as a candidate for Lieut. Governor. Mr. Crosby is a most worthy representative man and would honor any position that he might be called upon to occupy.

Ex-State Treasurer McCrery of Flint is also a candidate for Governor and will have a strong following. Col. McCrery is an able man and personally very popular. With so many excellent candidates in the field it will parade a good many to know which one to favor in the coming canvass.

Gen. L. W. Heath of Grand Rapids has been designated as a member of the Republican National Committee, in place of Senator Chandler, deceased. Mr. Heath is a zealous champion of the Republican cause and will be a useful member of that Committee. We congratulate him upon his preferment.

LITERARY NOTES.—The Atlantic Monthly is to contain more good things than ever, and is more inviting form. Beginning with the January number, it is to be printed from larger type on a page considerably larger than the former, and will be increased to 144 pages.

A new Serial Story by Mr. Howells, begins in the January number, and will run through six months or more. This is probably the most gratifying announcement that could be made to American magazine readers.

The fine life-size portrait of Dr. Holmes, which Messrs. Houghton, Osgood & Co. offer for a dollar to subscribers for the Atlantic, can hardly fail to have a very large circulation; certainly not, if the American people appreciate how much the wise and witty "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" has contributed to the brightest and most entertaining portion of American Literature.

Drive Slow.

The spirit of speculation seems to prevail at present about as much as it did during and just after the war. It is to be regretted that it is so for there is no safety in doing business on an illegitimate basis. The lessons of the past ought to serve to check this wild speculative spirit and teach men not to undertake to do a $20,000 business on $1,000 capital. If we want to bring on revulsions and panics and "hard times" and all the ills that speculation breeds, why, let everybody wade in, get up a "boom" on everything, and undertake to get wealthy in a month. But if we want good times and no revulsions or panics, let the people drive slow and keep their old buck-board right side up with care.

Let it Rest.

It is to be hoped that congress will do very little if any legislation on the currency question at this session. The time is not yet come. We are getting on very comfortably now, and there is no cause for immediate alarm because of the legal tender greenback or short silver dollar. A year or two longer neither of these will have half as many friends as they now have, and then legislation will easily remedy these defects in our financial system. Many who a year ago laughed at the idea that resumption could be accomplished and maintained are resuspicious now—the strongest kind. So a year or two hence, many who are stickers for the 85-cent silver dollar and for the legal tender quality of the greenback will see the wisdom of the President's recommendations on these points. But don't hurry this thing. Give the people time to think. It will come out all right—and give them time. We sincerely hope that congress will let the question entirely alone at this session, and do only such legislation as the present wants of the country demand.

Jimerax.

A plug hat is too often mistaken for a gentleman.

Lovers' quarrels are generally a sort of endearment candy pull, after all.

When a man has nothing to stand on but his dignity he'd better squat.

And let this be the epitaph of the Okolona editor—"Wasn't spoked half enough when a boy."

When a man is in want he soon gets so he can recognize most of his neighbors by their backs.

A Grand Rapids merchant wants us to announce that he has handsome looking lasses for sale.

And now the wheat man who sold "short" for next month's delivery is shouting "Wha—Jamaiky!"

Mince pie is one of the obstacles in the christian's pathway. But he generally manages to surmount it.

Young lady, learn to flop a griddle-cake as skillfully as your mother flops it and you shall not be forgotten when the bouquets are distributed.

About the first new fancied experiment a boy engages in is bending pins to put in another boy's seat. It too don't see the point you have probably felt it.

A philosopher says "everything produces after its kind." This is a slimmer idea of the old hen that has just hatched a lot of infant turkeys. And even the snake shakes his head as if in doubt.

Accidents will happen. Once in a great while a good looking lady gets into a private box in a theater but such an accident is seldom occurs that it isn't worth mentioning.

Angeline was caught tearing up her husband's old coat for carpet rags and when asked what she was doing, replied that she was fulfilling a spare—where is it says "as you would yet also do."

We like a man who is firm in his convictions but when a man is so firm in his convictions as to respect no opinions not his own he makes a better stranger than anything else—not excepting the ass.

There are peculiar people in this world who really have mistaken their conspicuous selfishness for profound piety. They act as though they thought heaven was made for their especial benefit and that nobody else ought to be allowed to enter therein. When a man tells you that you must think just as he thinks and act just as he does or you will pass right straight through purgatory without stopping, put him down as one of those peculiar people.

Near Neighbors.

Interviewed by sharp Scissors Lieut.

Saranac had a heedless rooster.

The cider mill has shut down for the season.

Tunis Peterson of South Boston, died on Thursday, after a long illness.

Geo. B. Wilson killed a couple of fine deer during his recent trip north.

A number of Campbell farmers have emigrated to Kansas during the past month.

Rev. A. R. Hicks, formerly a Baptist minister in this village, is practicing medicine at Bath.

The Ionia Light Guard will shoot Thanksgiving day.—Lowell Journal. Curious sort of a target.

Chas. Stevens that *enterprising* young man who sells the Bay City Crowbar, was arrested on Wednesday morning for stealing a whip from some Lowell parties. What better could be expected from a man in his avocation?

Dr. Gesler met with a painful accident on Sunday night. He had been to visit a patient some distance from town, and had started on his return home when the axle to his buggy broke letting one corner fall to the ground, throwing him out and frightening the horse which ran away. The Dr. was badly bruised about the head and face, but is fast recovering.

(Ionia Standard.)

Ionia will soon number a centennian among its citizens. The venerable father of Mrs. Dr. Forde will be one hundred years old next February.

Chaplain McCabe will deliver his inimitable lecture on "Life in The Libby Prison" in the M. E. Church on the evening of Dec. 19.

The National vainly appeals to the Greenbackers of the country to not let the irredeemable cause die out. It seems to be an instance where "coming events cast their shadows before."

Aaron Collier, who was arrested for adultery some time ago, managed to make his escape from Constable Johnson at McBride's Station, where he had to allowed to go in order to settle some private business matters. The guilty woman, Mrs. Overhaiser, with whom he had been criminally intimate, was watched and when she went to Grand Rapids Constable R. R. Covert followed her *incognito*. In this manner he shadowed her through several states into Kansas, where, as was expected, she met Collier. Covert arrested the latter, and he was waiting a requisition from Mich.—Truscott.

(Greenville Independent.)

It is reported that Wm. Guller has realized $4,000 on a Lendville mining investment.

The second annual meeting of the Northern Michigan Beekeepers Association will be held at Carson City, Montcalm County, Michigan, December 16th and 17th, 1879.

D. W. Day of Greenville has a land patent yet unrecorded that antedates the one mentioned last week over a year. It is dated Aug. 21, 1857, and was issued by President Martin VanBuren. It describes a tract of land in Macomb County where Mr. Day then lived.

G. H. Matthews, a lumberman living at Dickinson Lake, on his way from Stanton home on Monday evening, was waylayed and beaten into an insensible condition by two men and robbed of money he was carrying to pay his men. His horse and buggy and groceries with him are missing.

The report of County Treasurer Howarth, which we publish this week, shows that the liquor tax of Montcalm County paid into the county treasury is $6,445.80. Only $896.16 stands uncollected, and that simply because it is uncollectable.

A so-called "headless rooster" was on exhibition in Greenville last week. In fact, it was not a headless rooster. A large part of the head is gone, but a portion of the brain, the seat of vital force yet remains. This is not the only headless rooster now exhibiting at ten cents admission. The manufacture of such headless chickens is growing into some what of an industry barbarous to the animal and shocking to refined sensibilities.

State News.

R. C. Fisk, for several years the leading jeweler of Big Rapids, died Nov. 28, aged 41.

Though it is now over five weeks since the disappearance of H. P. Martin of Bay City, nothing has been heard of him.

Mrs. Hubbart, of Watertown, Lapeer county, aged 87 years, is the mother of 24 children, and what is still more curious she never has her third set of natural teeth.

In a case just tried in Saginaw it was held that the law for the protection of hotel keepers was repealed by the last legislature in a laughing attempt to repeal certain laws.

Two boys, William Lapoint and Edgar Russell, both escaped from the reform school at Lansing about four weeks ago, have been captured, one in Clinton county and the other in Montcalm.

Charles P. Russell, an old pioneer of Jackson county, who came there in 1832, died on the 5th, aged 69. He was the first child born in Jackson county, and leaves a wife, three sons and two daughters.

Mrs. Minnie Bell, the woman whose adulterous conduct with Rev. John Locker, of Tuscola county, resulted in sending the latter to Jackson for three years, is now residing in Dexter, N. Y., with her pa and ma.

Daniel Kelley is under arrest for assault with intent to kill Stephen Hall of Conway, Livingston county, whom he knocked down, fracturing his skull. Hall will probably recover. Kelley had threatened Hall's life before.

J. H. Neal left Detroit last spring for Chicago where he married about two months ago. The other day, before his honeymoon was fairly over, officers came over from Adrian, arrested him on charge of burning John S. Clark's barns, near that city, and he now lies in jail.

Calvin M. Young, living on a farm of 31 acres in Wheatfield, Ingham county, sold his personal effects at auction recently, vacated his farm and shipped, bearing a wife and three children in destitute circumstances. His property has been seized by the county officers and will be applied to the support of his family.

Another libel suit against a Michigan newspaper has had the bottom kicked out of it. It is the case of Sullivan vs. Shakespeare, of the Kalamazoo Daily Gazette. It has hung fire a long time, but a jury picked the flint a little and the old thing exploded. Verdict: "No cause for action."

Every newspaper in Michigan should urge upon every farmer the necessity of devoting a few hours this winter to making a careful statement of the acreage of his place, improved and unimproved, and the amount of crops he raised last year. The census taker will be around early in the spring of 1880, and it is hoped that every Michigan farmer will do his part toward making a full and complete statement of his crops, and he will want just these facts.

Mr. Anthony Rasier of New Boston was buried Nov. 28. From some circumstances two sons were led to watch the grave. After half the night was spent, it being cold, they went to a neighboring house and spent some time in getting warm. Returning to the cemetery they discovered two men filling up the grave. They fired on them and one of them was hit, but both succeeded in making their escape. The body was found near the fence, ready to be taken away.

Jacob Teeples, of Milford, the 84-year-old pioneer who burned up a barn on the family homestead which he had transferred to his son, is a grim old humorist. He never expressed any regret for the deed until he discovered that his own wooden mittens were consumed he quietly remarked that he was "d—d sorry."

It is reported that Charles Aikin, of near Albion, was walking home with $900 in his pocket a few nights ago, when he was accosted by a man who demanded his money or his life. Not caring to part with either, Aikin knocked the man down and thrashed him within an inch of two of his life. The neighbors were called and the badly beaten man was put under the care of a doctor.

DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL

WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD

Facts stated, duly vouched, proof, that it is the cheapest medicine ever made. Five drops cover the throat and breast with it, and the worst cold or cough is relieved. Use liberally, and have healthy chests. Fifty cents worth has cured an old standing cough. It positively cures catarrh, asthma and croup. Fifty cents worth has cured rheumatism, neuralgia, contracted cords and muscles, stiff joints, spinal difficulties, and pain and soreness in any part, no matter of how long standing. It is warranted to do what it says. It always does you good. Twenty-five cents worth has cured bad cases of chronic and bloody dysentery. One teaspoonful cures colic. It relieves in minutes. It will cure any case of piles that is possible to cure. Six or eight applications are warranted to cure any case of ulceration of the nostrils. Relief in ten minutes. Use it for gilled cheek and wound up, there is never the slightest discoloration of the skin. It stops the pain of a burn as soon as applied, and in a positive cure for chilblains, frosted feet, boils, warts, corns, bunions, felons, ringworm, tetter, salt rheum or head. Price 25 cents and $1.00. Trial size, 25 cents. FOSTER MILBURN & CO., Sole Proprs., Buffalo, N. Y.

Circulars free druggist for Mrs. Freeman's New Method of Treatment for Female Complaints. Sold by druggists everywhere. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, price 25 cents.

$1500 TO $3000 A YEAR, or $5 to $20 a day in your own locality. No risk whatever. Women do as well as men. Many make more than the amount named in this notice can fail to make money fast. Any one can do the work. You can make from 50 cts. to $2 an hour by devoting your evenings and spare hours to the business. It costs nothing to try the business. Reader, if you want to know what business will pay you best, address, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine, who will send you full particulars, which will show you how you can make money fast, and live at home. Remember it costs nothing to try the business. Many have made fortunes at the business. Business pleasant and entirely honorable. Reader, if you want to know all about the best paying business before the public, address us your address and we will send you full particulars, which we know you will see to be true and honorable. Inclose 10 cents to pay postage and put up your address. GEORGE STINSON & CO. Portland, Maine.

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H. S. & A. C. LACEY,
PATENT ATTORNEYS,
501 F Street, near Patent Office,
WASHINGTON, D.C.

NOTICE OF COMMISSIONERS ON CLAIMS State of Michigan, County of Kent, ss. Probate Court for said county.

At a session of said court, held at the Probate Office, in the City of Grand Rapids, on the 8th day of November, A. D. 1879.

The undersigned having been appointed by the Hon. Cyrus E. Perkins, Judge of Probate of said County, Commissioners on Claims in the matter of said estate, and six months from the twenty-third day of November, A. D. 1879, have been allowed by said Judge of Probate, to all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased, to present their claims to us for examination and adjustment.

Notice is hereby given that we will meet on Saturday the 23rd day of December, A. D. 1879, and on Saturday the 23rd day of March, A. D. 1880, at ten o'clock A. M. of each day, at the store of James R. Trask, in the township of Gaines, in said county, to receive and examine such claims. Dated Gaines, Nov. 29th, A. D. 1879.

JAMES R. TRASK,
SALEM F. KENNEDY, Commissioners.
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MORTGAGE SALE.—Notice is hereby given that default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage, whereby the power of sale therein has become operative, said mortgage made and executed by Cornelius Perkins, of Ada, Kent County, Mich., to Ira Cole, of Cascade and Phebe J. Speck, his wife, all of Kent County and State of Michigan, parties of the first part thereto, to Daniel Avery, of Greenville, County of Montcalm, State of Michigan, party of the second part thereto, bearing date the twenty-first day of December in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-one, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for the county of Kent, in the State of Michigan, on the 24th day of Dec. A. D. 1871, at 11 o'clock P. M. in Liber 34 of mortgages on Page 55. said mortgage was duly assigned by said Daniel Avery to one certain Frank P. King of Lowell, Kent County, Michigan, on the twenty-first day of Dec. A. D. 1874, which said assignment was recorded in the Register's office in Kent County, aforesaid, at 3 and 45 o'clock P. M. on the 15th day of August, A. D. 1876, in Liber 37 of Mortgages on page 91, upon which there is now claimed to be due, at the date of this notice, the sum of Three Thousand Eight Hundred and Eighty three dollars and twenty cents, principal and interest thereon; there having been default made in the payment of the same by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained and of the statute in such case made and provided, I shall sell the premises described in said mortgage, situated in said mortgage, or so much thereof as may be necessary, to pay the amount due on said mortgage, with the costs and charges of sale, at public vendue, at the Court House in the City of Grand Rapids, in said County, on the 22nd day of March, A. D. 1880, at ten o'clock A. M. at the east entrance of the Circuit Court rooms, court block so called, in said City of Grand Rapids, of which said premises, that being the building in which the Circuit Court for the county of Kent is holden; the land described in said mortgage or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said debt, interest and costs, is situated in said County, and is described in and accompanying said mortgage. Now therefore, notice is hereby given, that by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained and of the statute in such case made and provided, I shall sell the premises described, at sale of the land described therein and for that purpose, on Friday the 12th

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

MICHIGAN.

By a decision of the supreme court the school taxes of the city of Alpena, amounting to $25,000, are declared void.

A young man named Charley Stoltz, formerly a news agent on the Detroit and Bay City railroad, went to Leadville, Col., some time ago. A few days ago he got into trouble with a rough and shot him dead, and was in turn mobbed and hung. His mother resides at Rochester, Oakland county.

The following are the aggregate collections of internal revenue made and reported to the commissioner of internal revenue by the collectors of the designated districts in Michigan:

First, L. S. Trowbridge	$1,219,698
Third, H. B. Rowlson	190,913
Fourth S. S. Bailey	111,128
Sixth, C. V. DeLand	132,302

David Henry, a prominent citizen of Bailey, Muskegon county, while engaged milking November 26, was fatally kicked by a horse which stood in an adjoining stall.

As Congressman Willets was boarding the train at Monroe last week, a gang of pickpockets relieved him of three railroad tickets to Washington, which he had purchased for his family, and his pocketbook with all his money.

On Monday a three-year-old son of Mark N. Kelley, the well-known grain buyer at Metamora, got hold of a box of pills and ate so many that he died from the effects.

The machinery department of C. W. Thompson's extensive factory at Ovid burned Monday night. Loss about five thousand dollars, partially insured.

An unknown man lying on the track near Ada, was killed by the night express west on the Detroit, Grand Haven and Milwaukee road Tuesday night.

Tuesday morning a well-known laundryman of Ann Arbor, named Emil Cliff, made an attempt to commit suicide by taking a very large dose of laudanum, and died from the effects of it the same day. He was a Polish German, well educated, and about 45 years of age. He leaves a wife and several children. Inability to meet financial engagements is assigned as the cause.

One of the most important sales of mining property ever made on Lake Superior has just been made public. It is the purchase by the Pewabic Mining Company of a quarter section of land adjoining them for $275,000 cash. This is said to be the highest price ever paid for a piece of mining property in the Lake Superior copper district, and is a good omen of the better times at hand.

It appears that the unknown man, run over by the cars at Ada Tuesday, had first been shot and then thrown on the track. Wednesday his hat was found torn by shot ten rods from the point where his body lay, and the back of his head was shattered. Articles found on his person indicate that he was a sewing machine agent.

Gov. Croswell has appointed Norman Geddes of Adrian and Jacob S. Ferrand of Detroit to fill vacancies on the board of trustees of the insane asylum at Pontiac. The latter succeeds Senator Baldwin and the former Dr. John P. Wilson of Pontiac.

Died, at Pequaquswaming, Nov. 23 in the 70th year of his age, David King. The deceased, at the time of his death, was chief of the Chippewa Indians who inhabit the shores of L'Anse bay, the title having been conferred upon him at the death of the first chief Charles Benasha.

The Hon. Levi Bishop of Detroit is keeping a record of murders and attempts at murder in Michigan. The list foots up 91 from January 1 to December 1 of the present year, being nearly two a week on an average.

Warren Tirrill, aged 62, fell through the Michigan Southern Railroad bridge, crossing Grand River at Jackson, Wednesday, sustaining serious internal injuries.

The shipment of lumber and shingles from the opening of navigation to December 1 from the Saginaw river were the largest in the history of the trade, and were as follows: Lumber, 498,253,866; lath, 33,693,970; shingles, 229,552,500; staves, 4,318,731.

The salt inspection for the year ending November 30, shows gratifying results: The amount inspected in the last month was 239,185 barrels. The total amount for the year was 2,055,950 barrels, being the largest known in the history of salt manufacture in the State, the product in 1878 being, 1,855,884 barrels. Since 1873 the product has increased from 823,256 barrels to over two million barrels, as stated.

Mrs. Cameron, late Mrs. Capt. E. B. Ward, has bought 100,000,000 feet of standing pine of the Flint and Pere Marquette railroad company, to be cut at her mills in Ludington.

J. Mortimer Smith, a resident of Grand Rapids for the past forty years, died Thursday evening aged 70. He was the founder of the Village of Ravenna, Muskegon Co., and a prominent and wealthy citizen.

Joseph Napier, employed at Rust's camp, on Rifle River, was instantly killed Wednesday night by a falling tree. Deceased was about 25 years old and his relatives reside about sixty miles from Montreal.

John H. M. Dermott, engineer, was killed while introducing Thursday night by a train on the Grand Rapids and Indiana railroad inside the city limits of Grand Rapids, aged 45.

The Board of State Auditors Wednesday night awarded the contract for furnishing the State with stationery for the years 1880 and 1881 to A. Pichmond of Detroit.

Byron Paul, residing in the town of Locke, four miles northeast of Williamston, while examining a revolver Wednesday, met with instant death by its explosion. The ball entered his heart. He was a single man and much respected by those who knew him.

On Wednesday, November 12, Mrs. Martha A. Wilson left Sturgis on the 9.50 morning train for her home at Fife lake, Grand Traverse county, on the Grand Rapids and Indiana railroad. Previous to leaving she wrote her husband that she would stop at Kalamazoo and take the train to Allegan and visit a cousin living there, and return home in a short time. Since leaving Sturgis nothing has been seen of her by her anxious friends, who fear she has been foully dealt with.

John A. Spaulding, of Emmett has presented to the Battle Creek High School museum a noticeable curiosity, a puff-ball measuring five feet and one inch in circumference. It grew in one week in his door-yard, maturing about the 1st of October. Its weight is nothing to boast of, being only one and three-quarter pounds.

Charles Aiken, who resides two miles north of Albion, started from Albion homeward on Wednesday evening with $900 in his possession. When he was within a short distance of his home a man jumped from the road side and attempted to rob him, but Mr. Aiken seized a club and beat the would be highwayman with in an inch of his life. It proved to be a neighbor.

Frank B. Howard, aged 18 years, of Bellville, Ontario, deliberately suicided Friday afternoon, jumping into the lake from Lee's dock, at Oscoda. He had been unable to work because of ill health. It is supposed despondency was the cause of the act.

While a Canadian named Joseph Napier, aged about 25, employed at Rust's camp, near West Branch, Ogemaw county, was engaged in sawing on the 4th, he was struck by a falling tree and instantly killed. His skull was fractured and both legs broken. He came from near Montreal.

Thomas Green, a farmer residing in the Township of Lake, Huron county, accidentally shot himself through the breast Friday afternoon while in the act of climbing over the fence near his house after returning from hunting. He died in a few moments afterward.

The libel suit of Hervey Sullivan vs. J. A. Shakespeare, publisher of the Kalamazoo Gazette, for libel, with damages laid at $7,000, terminated Friday evening with a verdict of "no cause of action." Shakespeare was serenaded in the evening by his friends and congratulated upon the result of the suit.

Henry Schwartz, a well-known German resident of Adrian, was stricken with paralysis Friday and died Saturday morning, aged 47. He was formerly a popular engineer on the Michigan Southern Railroad, and figured prominently in the great strike some years ago. In 1878 he took the premium at the fat men's convention at Put-in-Bay.

Detroit in Brief.

There were 7 false alarms and 11 fires in Detroit during November, involving a loss of $6,965. The property damaged was insured for $34,000.

Robert Foley, a shipping clerk in the employ of the wholesale dry goods firm of Chas. Root & Co., 134 and 136 Jefferson avenue committed suicide in the sub-cellar of the store Monday afternoon by hanging. He was 44 years of age and unmarried.

During November there were 164 interments in Detroit, as follows: Woodmere cemetery, 26; Elmwood, 58; Mt. Elliott, 67, and the German Lutheran, 13.

Ex-Mayor Wm. W. Wheaton has commenced suit in the superior court against Luther Beecher for libel, fixing his damages at fifty thousand dollars. The alleged libel consists of a communication in a morning paper, published November 27.

The city has been divided into nineteen districts and is being systematically canvassed for subscriptions and contributions in aid of the poor in Ireland.

The State Central Republican Committee met in Detroit Thursday and elected James McMillan of this city chairman in place of Senator Chandler deceased, and Lewis W. Heath of Grand Rapids to fill the vacancy in the National Committee.

Thomas W. Davey, the well-known manager of the Detroit opera house, died at his residence 151 Cass street, about 7 o'clock Thursday evening, after a painful illness of over six months' duration.

Miss Lizzie Falk, a laundress in the Russell House, was instantly killed through her own negligence while descending on the hotel elevator Thursday afternoon.

A petition for the appointment of Max Chandler, Eugene Hale and Allan Sheldon administrators of the estate of the late Zachariah Chandler was filed in the probate court on Saturday and hearing was fixed for the 31st inst.

The funeral services of the late Manager Davy were held at Grace Church Sunday afternoon and were attended by many members of the theatrical profession from all parts of the country.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Capt. Andrew McKenzie, arrested for the murder of Andrew Russell on the barge Walton at Buffalo last Friday, has made a full confession of the crime. As was supposed at the time, Russell was in his bunk when the captain returned to the barge, and commenced to chaff the latter about his staying out with prostitutes, ending his remarks with a statement that the captain's daughter was also one, which so incensed the latter that a scuffle ensued, and Russell threatened to kill the captain with a hand-pick, whereupon the latter, as he stated, attempted to reach the rail, but finding his assailant closing upon him, picked up the tongs and dealt him a deadly blow on the head. McKenzie has a family in Detroit and Russell a family in St. Charles, Mich.

A special dispatch to the Denver Tribune of Tuesday says: "The White River Utes came into Los Pinos last Saturday, and went before the commission. A new plan of the examination of witnesses has been adopted, and a number allowed to enter the commission room at once. They all wear arms, though concealed. The members of commission and attaches all keep guns and revolvers near, that may be used on quick notice. Great distrust prevails on both sides, though both make an effort to appear at ease and to inspire confidence on the part of the other side. Henry Jim, Indian, who was the interpreter at the White River agency, testified Saturday. He knew nothing of the massacre at the agency, but was at Milk river, and knew that Jack and Colorow led the attack on Thornburgh.

A boiler in the Eau Claire, Wis., lumber company's planing mill exploded with terrific force at 4 o'clock Monday afternoon, killing the engineer Haskins, fireman Hosplin, and a teamster named Galligher.

The brig Westmoreland arrived at New York from Jacmel, St. Domingo, after a 40 days' passage. Terrific gales were encountered, in addition to the cyclone of November 19 and 20 when the vessel was short-handed, many of the crew having died from yellow fever. Only three men remained alive, and these three were sick. Capt. Packham says there were two vessels brought into Jacmel before he left, whose crews were lying dead on the decks from yellow fever.

The engineer at the Union shaft, at Virginia City, in changing the shift Tuesday morning ran the cage into the sheaves. Eighteen men were in the cage and on the skip beneath, nearly all of whom were more or less injured. One, T. O. McCarthy, has since died. Several others, it is feared, are fatally hurt. The engineer left immediately after the accident. A committee of miners are looking for him.

A fair was held Tuesday night at the Presbyterian church, corner of Broad and Oxford streets, Philadelphia, to defray the expenses of a new organ. Early next morning some decorations caught fire, and before the flames could be extinguished everything combustible, including the new organ, was destroyed, and nothing remained but the stone walls and steeple. The church cost $150,000 about 10 years ago.

The stables at Bow Park stock farm at Bradford, Ont., burned Tuesday night, together with a number of valuable prize cattle; loss, $30,000.

The steamer Labrador, From Europe on Thursday brought $1,120,000 in gold and silver, $475,000 gold.

Owing to the great demand for one cent bronze pieces, the Philadelphia mint turned out over 3,000,000 pieces of that denomination last month, and the demand still continues.

A Graeco Roman wrestling match in New York city Thursday evening, between the French wrestler Christol and the English champion Bibbey, resulted in the latter throwing Christol twice and ending the contest for the night.

The coal companies have agreed to a suspension of mining from December 24 to January 5, and the compact was signed in New York Thursday by the officers of all the companies except the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western. President Sloan of the latter company favors restriction but doubts if the company will be able to stop mining December 24.

A terrible accident took place in the grain and flour mill of Ellis Parkard, at Brockton, Mass., Friday night, in which C. A. Nourse, Dennis Lynch and Dennis Reardon lost their lives by suffocation. The men had been at work on the second floor of the building shovelling corn for the past two or three days, and at the time of the accident had transferred about 5,000 bushels from the elevator to the floor, where it lay in bulk. Suddenly without the slightest warning, the timber and flooring gave way and the men were precipitated about 20 feet into the cellar and buried deeply by 3,000 bushels of corn which fell upon them.

Since the 1st of January 28,558 German immigrants landed at Castle Garden, against 21,506 in the corresponding period last year.

The house committee on banking and currency have agreed upon a bill requiring national banks to keep 50 per cent. of their reserve in coin. This will release $47,000,000 of greenbacks, and absorb that amount of coin. It is one of the many schemes to utilize the silver dollar.

A special from San Antonio, Texas, says that a well founded rumor is prevalent there that a party of 25 Mexicans had raided McMillen's stock ranche on the Rio Grande. The people on the ranche were tied to trees while the premises were robbed of money and valuables. A large number of horses and mules were driven off by the marauders.

Jack finished his testimony before the Indian commission at Los Pinos, Friday, and the commission delivered its ultimatum. It is the surrender of 11 Indians, to be held for trial on charge of murdering Agent Meeker and the employes. Douglas is included among the number. Ouray asked for time, and was allowed 48 hours. If he succeeds in forming a coalition with Jack and Colorow he will probably be able to carry out the demands of the commission. The Indians engaged in the fight with Thornburgh are not included in the list. A council of Indians was held at Ouray's Friday night.

The man who stole Secretary Sherman's report and sold it to the newspapers has been discharged from the government printing office.

The Chicago Commercial Club, an organization composed of the principal business men of Chicago, gave their annual banquet Saturday evening at the Grand Pacific Hotel. It was an unusually noteworthy affair, on account of the large number of distinguished guests from abroad. Among the number were Gen. Grant, the Hon. J. B. Long, Governor, and the Hon. Alex. H. Rice, ex-Governor of Massachusetts; John W. Chandler, president of the Boston board of trade, Governor Begley of Detroit and many others.

Saturday afternoon 13 participants in the management and office of the Louisiana State lottery company in New York were arrested and the books, tickets and other paraphernalia of the business seized.

The Philadelphia mint will coin ten million dollars this month, mainly in eagles and half-eagles.

The steamship Britannic from Europe, Saturday, brought one million two hundred thousand dollars in American gold coin and British gold bars.

The governor of Tennessee has issued a proclamation convening the legislature on December 16, to amend an act to enable Memphis to place herself into a sanitary condition, to prevent the recurrence of the yellow fever.

PERSONAL.

C. E. Wheeler, secretary of the Freedman's Relief Association, having resigned, Mrs. Laura Haviland of Adrian, Michigan, has been elected to fill the vacancy.

A special from Berlin says that Prince Gortschakoff had an interview with the Emperor William Monday.

The Hon. Samuel Reber, St. Louis, was found dead in bed at the Burnet house, Cincinnati, Tuesday afternoon.

The remains of Gen. Jeff. C. Davis who died in Chicago Sunday, reached Indianapolis Tuesday, and were conveyed to the residence of Mrs. Morrison, sister of Mrs. Davis. During the afternoon the body was removed to the court house and lay in state until the departure of the evening train for Memphis, Ind., where the funeral took place Wednesday.

The seventieth anniversary of the birthday of Oliver Wendell Holmes was commemorated at Boston Wednesday by a breakfast and reception, attended by a large number of essayists, poets and writers of distinction, among them Emerson and Longfellow.

Postmaster Edmunds, of Washington, formerly of Michigan, is lying very ill of Bright's disease, and his recovery is despaired of.

Sir William Boxell, the eminent painter, co-director of the Royal Academy, is dead, aged 79 years.

George Crawley a distinguished engineer and London railway conductor, was killed on board the New York packet off Frontera, Mexico, by being accidentally thrown into the hold.

At noon, Saturday, the enveloping wrappings of the Lincoln Emancipation group were stripped away by representatives of the city government, and then they returned to Faneuil hall, where the dedication services were held. Chief of these were Whittier's poem, written for the occasion, and an address by the mayor. The the poem was read by a colored boy of one of the Boston schools.

Max Maretzek, manager and director of the Maretzek English opera company, now performing at the grand opera house in St. Louis, has been missing since Thursday morning.

CONGRESS.

Dec. 1.—The senate at noon was called to order by Vice President Wheeler, and prayer was offered by the chaplain.

Messrs. Anthony (Rep., R. I.) and Bayard (Dem., Del.) were appointed a committee to join a similar committee of the house, to wait upon the President and inform him that both houses of congress were ready to receive any communication he might choose to make. After a short recess the committee reported that they had waited on the President, and very soon afterwards the President's message was received and read. The reading was concluded at 3:10 p. m.

Mr. Ferry (Rep. Mich.) then rose and said that the sorrowful official duty devolved upon him of announcing to the senate the death of his late colleague, Zachariah Chandler. As a mark of respect to the senator, present at the last adjournment and absent now forever more, he moved that the senate do now adjourn. Carried.

Speaker Randall called the house to order at noon. The roll called showed 322 members present, 56 absent. The newly elected members from California, Iowa and New York took the iron-clad oath.

The reading of the President's message consumed an hour and a half, and then on motion of Mr. Wood (Dem., N. Y.) the message and accompanying documents were referred to the committee of the whole and ordered printed.

Dec. 2.—In the Senate Mr. Gordon introduced a resolution pledging the protection of the Government to any company for the construction of an interoceanic canal at Nicaragua. Referred to the committee on commerce.

Mr. Burnside (Rep., R. I.) called up his resolution of last session reaffirming the Monroe doctrine in connection with the proposed Darien canal, and made a speech thereon. He said that practically the question was whether the canal should be built under the protection of this or a foreign government.

Mr. Eaton (Dem., Conn.) introduced a bill to protect life and property, and to prevent accidents and delays of mails on railroads and steamboats operated under the jurisdiction of the United States. Referred.

In the House Mr. Mills (Dem., La.) offered a resolution on the inter-oceanic canal identical with that offered by Senator Gordon in the Senate. Referred.

Mr. Thompson (Dem., Ky.) introduced a private claim bill which he desired to have referred to the committee on judiciary. This was objected to by Mr. Conger (Rep., Mich.) who thought that, as the bill was a war claim, it should go to the committee on war claims, and he made that motion. The motion was agreed to, yeas 114, nays 111, and the bill was referred to the committe on war claims.

A number of bills were introduced and referred, and the House adjourned.

Dec. 3.—In the senate Mr. Ferry (Rep. Mich.) presented the credentials of Henry P. Baldwin and the new senator was sworn into office.

Mr. Wallace, (Dem. Pa.) offered a resolution continuing for the present session the standing and select committees appointed at the last session, with but two changes, viz.: Mr. Ferry (Rep. Mich.) to take the place of Mr. Chandler on the committee on naval affairs, and Mr. Baldwin (Rep. Mich.) to take the place of Mr. Chandler on the committee on commerce. Adopted.

In the House Mr. Hunton (Dem., Va) offered a resolution calling on the Secretary of State for a copy of the correspondence between the State Department and J. S. Mosby relative to the consulship at Hong Kong. Adopted.

Mr. Garfield (Rep., O.) introduced a bill to facilitate the refunding of the national debt. Referred. It provides that all existing provisions of law authorizing the refunding of the national debt shall apply to any United States bonds bearing a higher rate of interest than 4 per cent. which may hereafter become redeemable, and it authorizes the secretary of the treasury to exchange directly at par 4 per cent. bonds of the description authorized by the act of July 14, 1870, for any such bonds.

Dec. 4.—In the Senate. Mr. Davis (Dem., W. Va.) offered a resolution calling on the secretary of the treasury for a tabulated statement showing the total amount paid out in each fiscal year from 1866 to 1879, inclusive, for claims growing out of the late war. Laid on the table and ordered printed.

Mr. Carpenter offered a resolution declaring that resumption, the circulation of gold, silver and greenbacks as lawful money and the expectation that the finances would not be disturbed by precipitate legislation had been followed by revived industry and general prosperity; that the successful conduct of business depended on a stable financial policy; and that, therefore, in the opinion of the senate, any legislation during the present session materially changing the existing system of finances would be inexpedient.

In the house, Mr. Aiken (Dem., S. C.) presented the petition of the national grange and patrons of husbandry asking for the enactment of such laws as will relieve the country from the unlawful exactions of transportation companies engaged in inter-state commerce. Referred.

The house went into committee of the whole for the purpose of distributing the President's message, and, when the committee rose, adjourned.

POLITICAL.

The election in New Orleans Tuesday passed off quietly. A very light vote was polled. The "ring ticket" in this parish was generally elected. Special dispatches to the New Orleans Democrat from all telegraph stations in the State show heavy Democratic gains. Those reports, giving estimated majorities in 11 country parishes, claim a Democratic gain of twelve thousand compared with the Democratic count of 1876. The same parishes gave Hayes one thousand six hundred majority.

FOREIGN.

The vineyards of Malaga, covering an area of 29,660 hectares, have been attacked by phylloxera. The pest is increasing in Gerona and Catalonia.

The Chemnitz (Saxony) Tageblatt states that an explosion of fire damp occurred in a mine in that district Monday evening, and it is feared from 70 to 80 persons perished. The recovery of the corpses of the victims is actively proceeding.

Another dastardly attempt has been made to assassinate the Emperor of Russia by placing dynamite under a railroad track over which his train was to pass enroute for Moscow. The Czar arrived safely, however, at 11 Monday night and the explosion occurred on the passage of the baggage train half an hour afterward. One luggage van was blown to pieces and seven were thrown off the rails, but nobody was injured.

The weather is very cold in Great Britain and on the continent. Dispatches from Rome and Madrid report heavy snow falls.

Accounts from Egypt state that the government is actively completing preparations for war with Abyssinia. The war office at Cairo and the harbor of Suez, where the troops are to embark, are very animated. If hostilities are resumed the Egyptian forces will be divided into two armies, offensive and defensive, the former to be composed of 8,000 men and the latter of 12,000.

During the recent heavy cyclone in the bay of Bengal a storm wave swept over Monkishkhat island, drowning several hundred persons.

A Montana Heroine.

Zoe Morceau is a girl of 17, of mixed blood, beautiful and bold and a daring rider. On Tuesday of last week, she performed a remarkable exploit. While out looking up some of her father's missing ponies, she encountered a monster rattlesnake, a warning from which caused her horse suddenly to shy, nearly dismounting her. Getting command of her animal, she reigned up a short distance from the reptile, which, angered at the intrusion, coiled itself ready for battle. Cool and collected, the girl, swinging her lariat, hit it a sharp blow. Maddened, the snake several times struck at her.

Dextrously swinging her supple cord again, she "noosed" the reared head of the snake, and wheeling about, bore rapidly off for home, dragging her prize after her. It was undoubtedly the liveliest "snaking" ever done in Montana. Arriving at the house, her father and several cow-boys stepped out to greet her, and to them she proudly exhibited the monster, its life now extinct. Its length by actual measurement was ascertained to be seven feet and eight inches, and its girth at the largest part, sixteen inches. The rattles numbered twenty-nine complete ones, and a "button." This string of rattles was sent into Helena, and in compliance with an order accompanying it, an expert jeweller has for several days been forming the most unique necklace probably ever made in this, or any other country.—*Ex.*

Vanderbilt's Big Sale.

The basis of speculation in Wall street, Friday of last week, was the alliance effected on Wednesday between the Vanderbilt and Gould systems of railroads by Mr. Vanderbilt's sale of 250,000 shares of New York Central stock to a syndicate composed of the Gould clique and several banking houses. The total capital stock of the New York Central Railway Company is close to 900,000 shares, of which it was believed that the Vanderbilt family owned 500,000. The sale of 250,000, therefore deprive them of their control of the road, and places them in the power of their business enemies. While the general terms of the contract entered into by Wm. H. Vanderbilt on the one side and Jay Gould, Cyrus W. Field, Russell Sage, Wm. L. Scott, Drexel, Morgan & Co., E. D. Morgan & Co., L. Von Hoffmann & Co., and other houses on the other were obtainable on Wednesday night, a more definite knowledge of them was obtained from one of the syndicate Friday. The syndicate is to take the 150,000 shares that they have purchased outright in five monthly installments of 30,000 shares each. Payment is to be made in cash, and not in Government bonds, as was generally understood at first. The price was 120 per cent., the aggregate sum paid being given in round numbers at $25,000,000, being undoubtedly the largest transaction of the kind on record.

The immediate effect of this immense sale was to unsettle the whole stock market and speculation ran as high as on the famous "Black Friday." One hundred thousand shares of Erie were hurled upon the market at once, and large blocks of other railroad stock changed hands rapidly, the consequence being as usual a rich harvest for Gould and his clique and a merciless fleecing of small operators. Whether Vanderbilt still controls the Central and its connections, or whether he is now liable to be ousted by the stockholders who are bitterly opposed to him, is still an open question. It is generally understood, however, that one effect of the recent transactions has been a consolidation of the heretofore competing lines controlled by Vanderbilt and Gould respectively. Practically the New York Central & Hudson River, Canada Southern, Michigan Central, Lake Shore, Wabash, and St. Louis, Kansas City & Northern roads are consolidated into a single corporation, by the side of which every other monopoly looks like a pigmy. The holders of Wabash stock are guaranteed interest on their investment, which was made at trifling figures. An effort was made by the Wabash party to obtain a representation of two in the Central directory, and in the official statement issued by Drexel, Morgan & Co. on Wednesday two were named. A concession was made, however, late in the day, and the admission of one, Mr. Field, was agreed upon. Mr. J. Pierrepont Morgan, who, with Mr. Field, was elected to succeed Messrs. Burrill and Harker, will represent the foreign holders.

Referring to this new combination the Chicago *Times* says: Notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, the *Times* is in possession of indubitable evidence of a traffic alliance, between the New York Central and Wabash systems of railway, this compact being the result of the colossal sale of Central stock by the Vanderbilts. The details have all been agreed upon for the establishment and operation of a new freight line over the two systems of road. The new line will be composed of 6,000 cars, to be contributed in equal quotas by the Red Hoosac Tunnel, and Canada Southern fast freight lines. These 6,000 cars, which, by the way are to be built expressly for the purpose, will be operated under the joint management of the three freight lines named above, and not by any new organization. The cars will be operated exclusively over the New York Central and Wabash systems. At the same time a large number of freight cars are being constructed for use on the Lake Shore railway. This certainly looks as if the Central and the Wabash are to be operated for a mutual purpose.

Average Crops.

The Department of Agriculture at Washington has gathered statistics showing the average production of this country for the past ten years, by the year, and the figures are enormous; bushels and values as follows:

	Bushels.	Value.
Corn	1,098,950,450	$526,211,602
Wheat	273,881,746	301,481,540
Rye	18,016,030	15,091,207
Oats	291,056,679	156,810,592
Barley	30,608,029	25,385,459
Buckwheat	10,958,070	9,204,801
Hay, tons	35,000,000	500,000,000
Cotton, bales	4,000,000	260,000,000
Total average value per year		$1,795,175,201

The aggregate value of the products for ten years is over fifteen billions of dollars, about one-half of the total valuation of the property of the whole country by the census of 1870. The improved lands are over 200,000,000 acres. Thus it appears that the average annual product for ten years of improved lands has been about $7 50 per acre. The beef product this year is estimated at $270,000,000; the pork product at $250,000,000; cotton $270,000,000; corn $410,000,000; wheat $410,000,000. It is estimated on the best data afforded that the increase of cereals this year average of the past ten years is about 28 per cent. Thus our readers are enabled to see the importance to the country and world of the great pursuits in which they are employed.

The Parisian name for shirring is *coulisse*, while the English term for the same kind of ornamentation is gauged, gathered, or drawn.

The enormous sale of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup has had the effect of bringing out numerous similar remedies; but the people are not so easily induced to make a trial of the new article, when they value the old and reliable one.—Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

The Proof of the Pudding is in the Eating.

Grocerymen and storekeepers pay 3 to 5 cents a pound extra for butter made with Gilt-Edge Butter Maker. It increases production 6 to 10 per cent.; reduces labor of churning one-half; gives a rich golden color the year round. Sold by druggists, grocers and general storekeepers. Send stamp for "Hints to Butter-Makers." Address, Butter Improvement Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERAR, 189 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y. eow

THE OLD RELIABLE.—Book-keepers, Clerk and Business Assistants wanted. C. G. Swensberg, Principal and proprietor of the Grand Rapids Business College and Practical Training School, says that the calls upon him for competent help in the various lines of business exceed the supply. Young men will naturally seek an institution whose graduates are in constant demand.

FOR CONGRESS.—The fame of the average Congressman is of such short lived duration that it seems hardly worth while now to pay $20,000 for an election. Who wants the nomination in our district? for there is nothing equal to Henry's Carbolic Salve for the cure of all sores, wounds, cuts and skin diseases. Beware of counterfeits.

Nothing is so pitiable as a man without an appetite. It can be restored by Reed's Gilt Edge Tonic. Try it.

If a cough disturbs your sleep, take a dose of Piso's Cure for Consumption. So say all who have tried it.

And I pray dat de Lord take me, till I tried "Sellers' Cough Syrup," and I's nebber coughed since. How's dat for high, boss?

The People's Paper!

The wide-spread popularity of

The Detroit Evening News

is attested by its steady daily circulation of over 22,000 copies. **The News** was never better supplied with telegraphic intelligence or more complete market reports than now. It is sent by mail to any address at the rate of $5 a year, postage included.

THE ECHO FOR 1880.

The ECHO, the **Best and Cheapest** weekly newspaper in the State, is published by the proprietors of The Evening News, and is now entering upon its second year. In clubs of four or more it can be had for the small sum of 75 cents a year.

Three Months Free!

Subscribers for **The Echo** for 1880 will have the paper sent for the remainder of this year free. All postmasters are agents, or subscribers may address

THE EVENING NEWS, Detroit, Mich

THE WORLD FOR 1880,

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