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STATE NEWS NOTES.

A CHAPTER OF THE DOINGS OF MICHIGANDERS.

The Michigan State Grange Convention—Population of the State by Census of '94—U. S. Marshals and County Officers at Dagger Points at Allegan.

The State Grange.

The twenty-second annual meeting of the State Grange was held at Lansing. Worthy Master George B. Horton looked upon the agricultural conditions as unpromising and said the problem must be studied of bringing the expenses of government and home down to a level to the ability of the masses to pay. County granges were advised and joint action with other northwestern state granges in the form of a pool to secure trade contracts with manufacturers and bring them nearer the consumer. More stringent pure food laws were demanded and grange mutual fire insurance companies urged. He claimed that agricultural interests had been neglected in matters of legislation and farm products and farm lands had declined ruinously. A revision of the tax laws was declared to be necessary, as farm lands pay a far greater rate in proportion to their earning capacity than money or corporate property. The ladies of the grange held a public reception in the executive parlors. The grange has 11,000 members in Michigan.

The following officers were elected: Master, Geo. B. Horton, Fruit Ridge; overseer, M. T Cole, Palmyra; lecturer, Jason Broadman, Paw Paw; steward, Geo. L. Carlisle, Kalkaska; assistant steward, J. H. Martin, Grand Rapids; lady assistant, Mrs. J. H. Martin; chaplain, Mrs. Mary Mayo, Battle Creek; treasurer, E. A. Strong, Vicksburg; secretary, Miss Jennie Buell, Ann Arbor.

Michigan's Population.

Secretary of State Washington Gardner has issued an interesting bulletin of the population of Michigan according to the state census of last June. The state has 2,241,454 inhabitants, an increase since 1890 of 147,565. The increase of population since 1890 in 61 cities of the state was 11.93 per cent, while outside of these cities the increase was 4.24 per cent. There are now 70 incorporated cities in Michigan with a total population of 821,033 or 37 per cent of the total population of the state.

Not counting Isle Royal, which is attached to Houghton for judicial purposes, the present census shows 20 counties in the state with less population than in 1890.

Of the total population of the incorporated cities of the state, 551,363 or 67.16 per cent, are native and 269,647 or 32.84 per cent foreign born. The proportion of native to foreign born population in the incorporated cities is gradually increasing. Approximately more than five-eighths of the native inhabitants in the state live in the country, and less than three-eighths in the cities, while of the foreign birth nearly five-eighths live in the cities and three-eighths in the country. The total population of the incorporated villages in the state is 260,145, of which 211,506 are native.

HERE'S RARE FUN.

Uncle Sam's Officials and Allegan County Sheriff's Force in a Hot Fight.

Deputy U. S. Marshal O'Donnell of Grand Rapids, arrested Deputy Sheriffs Ezra Town and Wilfred Roselle, of Allegan county, for selling liquor without a government license. They were brought before U. S. Commissioner Thew and they were acquitted. Before O'Donnell could leave the court room several deputies jumped upon him and arrested him on the charge of false imprisonment. O'Donnell gave them a stiff fight before he was handcuffed. The crowd thought there was going to be a shooting affair and piled out of the room in a panic.

O'Donnell was released on $1,000 bail and the next day U. S. Marshal Pratt, with two deputies arrested Sheriff Stratton and Deputies Wing, Roselle, Brown, Jones, Stockdale and Nash, all of Allegan county, for interfering with a U. S. officer in the discharge of his duty. They were taken to Grand Rapids and after a preliminary hearing were released on bail.

Columbian Organ Dedicated at Ann Arbor.

The dedication exercises of the Columbian organ (or the Frieze memorial organ, as it henceforth will be known) occurred in University hall, at Ann Arbor, and the occasion was one which will long be remembered by the friends of Michigan's great educational institution. There was a generous attendance, and the greater part of the $7,500 needed to pay what is still due on the instrument was raised. The magnificent instrument was built by Farrand & Votey, of Detroit, for the World's Columbian Exposition two years ago, and was recently purchased for the University of Michigan. The placing of a grand organ in this hall was the thought of Prof. Frieze, first president of the University Musical society.

Beat His Wife to Death, Then Suicided.

The most bloody crime in the history of Manistee occurred when Casmir Herner murdered his wife by pounding and choking her to death. He then made preparations for his own death. He dressed himself in his best suit of clothes, put on his regalia and read his Bible as it lay open before him on a brilliantly lighted table of candles. With his beads in one hand and a 32-calibre revolver in the other, he shot himself through the right temple. He never moved from his chair. It is supposed that in a fit of anger he killed his wife, as they did not live happily. He tried to poison her twice before.

Big K. T. Reception to M. E. G. M. McCurdy.

Knights Templar of Detroit commandery may well be proud of the reception that they tendered to the chief of all Knights Templar of the United States, Most Eminent Grand Master McCurdy, of Corunna, and Right Eminent Commander of Michigan Charles H. Pomeroy, of Saginaw, at Detroit. At least 1,000 persons took part in the affair and it was a success from every standpoint. Many of the most prominent and best known men of Detroit and the state were present. The armory of the Light Infantry was never more beautifully decorated.

A new military company has been organized at Traverse City, which will be known as the Traverse City Light Guards.

At Owosso Bishop Gillespie formally pronounced sentence of deposition upon Rev. Joseph St. John, the erring Saginaw rector.

The municipal commission at Lansing will recommend that no village of less than 3,000 people be allowed to incorporate as a city.

Stanley Barnard, a traveling man, while hunting at Flushing, accidentally shot himself in the right hand and arm, which he is liable to lose.

Port Huron ladies are agitating the subject of having the legislature change the city charter so as to allow them to vote at school elections.

Michigan's Vote Canvassed.

The state board of canvassers, met at the office of the secretary of state at Lansing to canvass the vote cast at the recent election, and declared the result. The vote on governor shows that a total of 416,828 votes were cast for this officer this year, while in 1892 it was 468,560: a falling off of 51,732 votes. The total vote received by governor Rich this year was 237,215, an increase of 15,057 over his vote in 1892. Fisher's vote of 130,823 this year was 74,405 less than were cast for Judge Morse, who was the Democratic candidate two years ago. The Populist vote increased 8,585 over 1892, and the Prohibition vote decreased 1,989. Gov. Rich had a plurality of 106,392 and a clear majority over all of 57,605.

MICHIGAN HAPPENINGS.

Coldwater is to have a big stove factory.

George Fuller was accidentally shot at Boyne City, and cannot live.

John A. Hardy, of Saginaw, fell from a brewery roof and will probably die.

Ed. Divine, of St. Helen, got 90 days at Ionia for selling liquor without license.

Lack of snow has caused a suspension of logging operations near Cadillac.

Elliott Van Natter, near Otisville, hunter, by an accidental discharge, loses his left foot.

Capt. Matteson, a well-known resident of Traverse City, dropped dead while milking his cow.

Sault Ste. Marie young men have organized an athletic club and engaged a Detroit man as instructor.

The new Traverse City Light Guards will endeavor to join the state troops as soon as a vacancy occurs.

A. Biggitt, an employe in Sand's camp, near Lake City, had his skull crushed, dying half an hour later.

Lars Johnson, a Swede farmer, was discovered hanging by the neck in an old stable at Mancelona. Suicide.

Kalamazoo society belles—about 50 of 'em—are going to do the living pictures act for sweet charity's sake.

Geo. E. Breck, prominent lawyer and business man, died at Paw Paw of brain trouble produced by overwork.

O. F. Munson, principal of Hesperia's schools, fell downstairs. He is paralyzed and will probably not recover.

Branch county prosecuting attorney hadn't a single criminal warrant in a month, and wings are in great demand at Coldwater.

Whittaker, Washtenaw county, is torn with speculative excitement by the discovery of surface oil in a well in course of drilling.

J. H. Bascome and H. Lyler got into a dispute at Boyne Falls. Bascome struck Lyler with an ax, breaking the bones in Lyler's face.

The legality of the Antrim county local option law will be tested at the present term of court, and the interest in the case is growing warm.

Coldwater is to have a large stove manufactory, operated by B. S. Tibbitts. Work will begin soon on the buildings, which will be 23x60 feet.

A deaf mute, the daughter of Edward Fry, was killed by being run over by a train at Yale. Her head and limbs were completely separated from her body.

Eugene Keasey, victim of Robert Webster's fury, near South Haven, may not lose his sight, after all. He can see out of one eye, and the other may be saved.

The bakers of Port Huron for some time past have been cutting the price of bread, and finally they held a meeting and agreed to reduce the price to 2½ cents per loaf.

Samuel Allen, aged 72, of Saginaw, while working on the F. & P. M. railroad fell through a hatchway at Ludington, and struck on his head. He died almost instantly.

President Cleveland nominated Thomas O'Hara, of Berrien Springs, as consul at San Juan del Norte, Nicaragua. He was formerly judge in the Allegan-Berrien district.

The schools, Sunday schools and churches in Tekonsha township, Calhoun county, have been closed and all public meetings prohibited to prevent the spread of diphtheria.

The Charlevoix fishermen hauled in 777,005 pounds of fish the past season. About 100 men are employed. Charlevoix is one of the most important fishing stations on Lake Michigan.

Postmaster Geo. W. Jones, of Otsego Lake, shot and killed himself. It is supposed to have been an accident. Jones had been having trouble over an alleged shortage in his accounts.

The state board of agriculture wants $44,750 for new buildings, etc., at the Agricultural college, including $17,500 for dairy buildings, $4,000 for a stock barn, $15,000 for repairs and $8,000 for students' labor.

Since the Muskegon common council ordered City Attorney Brown to take steps in the case of John Kuppenheimer, the defaulting clerk of the board of public works, he has skipped and left his family without money.

Tuscola county claims that in the tax apportionment of 1869 an error was made by which the county paid $56,000 more than their share of the state taxes, and now the state board of auditors have been asked to refund the amount.

John Blau and Fred Radner of Calumet, held up and robbed an Italian girl of $101. It was pay day at the mines and over $200,000 was paid out to employes. The girl was on her way home with her father's and another man's money when robbed.

Wexford county is blessed with vast forests of birch of every known variety. All kinds are now valuable to furniture manufacturers, and as a result white birch, which until recently was scarcely saleable at all, is now in brisk demand at good prices.

Olaf Olson, of Muskegon, and John Cliffman, of Rothbury, Oceana county, were pounced upon by Peter and William Vanderberg, who claimed Cliffman owed them $5. They knocked Cliffman down, kicked him and nearly killed him. Cliffman is fatally injured.

Margaret Ross has commenced proceedings at Bay City for a divorce from her husband, Isaac Ross, a farmer, after having lived with him for 50 years and borne him 14 children. Mrs. Ross is 70 years old, and her husband two years her senior. She alleges cruelty.

Frank Notton, the labor agitator who was the principal cause of last summer's strike in the upper peninsula mines, has been released from a six months' imprisonment without a trial. Notton will bring suit at Ironwood against S. S. Curry, the mine owner who caused his imprisonment, for $20,000 damages for his lost liberty.

Charles King, the one-armed drayman of Port Huron, who was accused of smuggling celluloid and discharged, will bring a damage suit against Chief of Police Stoddard for $10,000. King claims that he was locked up when there was no charge against him and before any warrant had been issued.

The Squire-Dingee pickle company, of Benton Harbor, will soon commence the erection of two big buildings at Bangor. They will contract with farmers thereabouts to plant cucumbers on 2,000 acres of land. The factory plant will be removed from near Chicago, because of the lack of pure water.

A CHRISTMAS IDYL.

Little Blossom thrust her tiny dimpled hands into the great china rose jar, and shook out a gust of summery fragrance, though outside the winter wind was raging wildly, and piling the fleecy snow into deep snow drifts.

"Don't spill the pot-pourri, my pet!" murmured a sweet, sad voice.

It was Blossom's sister, blue-eyed Mabel, who sat sewing by a dim light and a dying fire—sewing furtively on a white dress for a cheap doll hidden under her apron, for to-morrow would be Christmas, and the poor gift must go into Blossom's little red stocking hanging yonder with that pathetic darn in the tiny heel.

They were alone in the world, these two, and Mabel was fighting the battle of life for both, with a brave heart but failing hope, for alas! encumbered with the care of the 4-year-old child, there was so little she could do to keep the grim wolf of poverty away from the door.

Only two years ago they had been the petted daughters of a rich merchant, but failing in business, he had died of the shock, and his delicate wife had soon followed him to the grave.

Everything was sold to satisfy the clamorous creditors.

Of all the splendors and luxuries of their old home nothing remained to the orphans but the beautiful china vase of pot-pourri of which Arthur and Mabel had gathered the roses that summer when they were betrothed.

"DON'T SPILL THE POT-POURRI, MY PET."

That was almost three years ago; now, and to-night, as the wild winter winds shrieked through the leafless trees, and the blinding snow whirled along the lonely streets, little Blossom stirred the rose leaves in the old china jar, and with the summery gust of spicy perfume, old memories rose to flood tide in Mabel's tortured heart.

Where was Arthur now when his beautiful young love was so lonely and friendless in the cruel world, her slight form too thinly clad for the wintry cold, her cheek too wan from lack of food? Was he dead, or false?

Alas, they had quarreled bitterly, the headstrong young lovers.

But as Mabel wept so heart-brokenly now, she thought less of their bitter quarrel and more of their love and happiness that golden summer when they had gathered the roses to fill the china jar, and kissed each other so often beneath the bending foliage. Later on, in winter weather, they had quarreled, because Mabel was displeased at Arthur's flirting with a cold coquette. So the sweet idyl of love came to a sudden end, and Arthur devoted himself to the girls that Mabel despised the most. She did not seem to care, although she favored none of her other suitors, but smiled on all alike. Her mamma did not allow her to take refuge, like Arthur, in reckless flirting.

"A young girl should be as pure as a white rosebud. The virgin dew of innocence should not be brushed from her heart by idle flirtations. Let her keep her love looks and her heart smiles for her husband," said the wise matron.

And therein lay the gist of the lover's quarrel.

Arthur had flirted and Mabel had taken him to task.

He was so handsome and so rich that women kept angling for him even after his engagement was announced, and his easy masculine vanity soon drew him into a coquette's toils. He looked love into her wooing eyes and kissed her hand because she tempted him. He knew he was in the wrong, but he waxed angry at Mabel's naive lectures.

"Mamma says a male flirt is even more despicable than a female one, and that a truly noble man will not stoop to pain a woman's heart merely to gratify his silly vanity. And an engaged man is almost the same as a married man. Mamma says he has no right——"

But her timid arguments were interrupted by Arthur's angry retort:

"See here, Mabel, you're beginning to quote my mother-in-law to me too soon, and I tell you plainly I won't stand it now, nor after I'm married, either."

"You can never marry me unless you change your fickle ways!" flashed Mabel, indignantly, and Arthur, not to be outdone, replied:

"Very well, Miss Miller. I can soon find another sweetheart as pretty as you are, and perhaps not so jealous!"

Mabel's blue eyes flashed with anger, and tossing her beautiful golden head, she threw his diamond ring disdainfully at his feet. Arthur picked it up with a reproachful glance from his large, dark eyes, bowed scornfully, and went away. After that they never spoke as they passed by.

But, in spite of their outward pride and alienation, they had loved too tenderly and truly to change at heart, and each cherished a secret hope of reconciliation. She thought that Arthur would repent and own his fault; he believed that Mabel would repent and call him back.

But in one brief month her father died, and the heart-broken wife quickly followed her husband to the better land.

Mabel and little Blossom were left all alone in the cold world. Riches took wings, and friends forsook the orphans. With a few dollars, and the old china rose-jar, they removed to a humble room they had rented in the cottage of a poor widow. There, for a little while, Mabel half hoped for Arthur's coming. Surely, if he had ever loved her, he would throw pride to the winds and come to her now, when she was so poor, and sad, and wretched.

But the long months came and went without a sign from Arthur, and it was more than two years now since their angry parting. She seldom went out, she did not read the newspapers—she was too busy and too poor—so she did not even know what had become of her old love. He might be dead or married—married to that sweetheart he had boasted "he could find, as pretty as Mabel and not so jealous."

Mabel had tried—oh, so hard!—to put fickle Arthur out of her thoughts, but, alas, when Blossom's restless fingers would stir the pot-pourri into perfume, the ghost of that dead summer and that lost love would come out from the withered rose leaves and pull at Mabel's heart-strings with relentless hands.

While Mabel wept on her folded hands, the restless little Blossom, ever intent on childish mischief, came and leaned against her knee, abstracted the tiny silver thimble from her finger, and trotted back to dabble in the rose leaves again until she was presently put to bed after drowsily murmuring her baby prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

Then Mabel knelt to pray also, and to her nightly petition she added, as often before: "God bless Arthur, wherever he may be, and give him a happy life. Amen!"

* * * * * *

The joyous Christmas morning dawned with dazzling sunshine on the bright, new fallen snow, and Blossom was very happy with the new doll and sugar plums in her red stocking, but for sweet Mabel there was no Christmas token, although in former years the festal season had showered her with gifts. With deft fingers she prepared their simple breakfast of tea and toast, and just as they finished eating their laundress entered.

She was a sunny tempered old negro woman, once Blossom's loving nurse, and since then she had insisted on doing their small wash, charging only a nominal sum, such as she knew Mabel could afford to pay.

Blossom laughed with delight over the big yellow orange Mammy gave her, then the old woman opened her neat basket and brought out the snowy garments so daintily laundered, explaining volubly:

"Miss Mabel, honey, dese yere white ap'orns uv Blossom's done wared so threadbar', dat I tored a snag in one sleeve, honey. I's mighty sorry, but I cudden' help it to sabe my life, de muslin is so ole and thin. But, darlin', you git yo' needle right off an' fix it afore Blossom puts hit on, 'cause you know ef she spy dat leetle snag, she gwine to poke her sassy leetle thumb in it shore, and tyar dat hole heap bigger in a minnit! Ah, you spilt little precious," apostrophizing Blossom. "You needn't shake dem yaller curls at me, 'cause you knows dat yo' ole brack Mammy is tellin' de gospel truth on you. You always was a-doing of some mischief ebber sence you was born, dough you do looky like a hebbenly angel wid dem big blue eyes an' dimply cheeks!" and she gathered the cherub to her broad bosom in a loving hug while Mabel sought diligently in her little work-basket for her missing thimble.

"It is not here. How strange, for I had it late last night," she said. Then, a sudden memory came over her. She added anxiously: "Blossom, you had sister's thimble last night. You took it from my finger. Get it for me now that I may mend your pretty white apron."

Blossom trotted from corner to corner with a puckered brow of grave perplexity and her rosy thumb in her mouth, sure sign of perturbation. Mabel and Mammy joined in the search diligently, but all in vain.

"Oh, dear! the little mischief, she is always losing some of my things," sighed Mabel, impatiently.

Blossom, with her most cherubic air of innocence, was thinking deeply, and to some purpose this time, for suddenly, with a shout of joy like an infantile Columbus discovering a new America, she rushed to the rose-jar.

"Indat—eysing in dere!" she lisped joyfully, and boldly overturned the pot-pourri upon the floor.

Oh, the flood of sweetness, the summer-time perfume in the wintry air as the spices and withered roses poured in reckless waste upon the warm carpet! A cry of dismay rose from Mabel's lips, but Mammy and Blossom were already

"MY PRECIOUS MABEL."

on their knees scattering the fragrant mass and bringing to light all the lost treasures.

And suddenly Mabel saw in Mammy's fat black hand a square, cream-tinted envelope, sealed with pale-blue wax, and on the back her own name in Arthur's writing: Miss Mabel Langley Miller.

"Oh, my Lor' Almighty, dat lost letter! Dis whar she done hid it, dat little mischief!" the old woman was half sobbing when Mabel caught it from her hand.

She thought at first that it was one of Arthur's old love letters, but suddenly she saw that the seal was unbroken, and cried, tremblingly: "Mammy, Mammy, how came this here? When—how——" her voice broke in a sob, and the old woman whimpered:

"Tain't nothin' important, is it, Miss Mabel, honey? 'cause, how, maybe I've been wrong that I never tole you 'bout it sooner. Dot letter—I'd know it ag'in anywhares—kem to our house the day of poo' mar's fun'el, darlin', and I jes' lay it down in you' room a-tendin' to gib it ter you bimeby when you come up stairs from crying ober de corpse. 'Peared lak I jest turned round and dat letter was gone. Blossom, she was a-stanin' close to de fire, an' I 'thought she done took en burn it up. I be feared you'd be mad 'bout it, so I neber telled you; and when de nigger kem dat ebenin' for de answer, I telled him that wasn't none. Oh, dat little mischief: she done hid it in de rose-jar all da time!"

"Oh, Mammy, Mammy, you've wrecked my life! I'll never forgive you—never, never!" wailed Mabel, as she broke the seal of the dear letter whose secret the old rose-jar had kept those two long weary years.

And under date of two years ago, Arthur had written in a passion of love and remorse and tenderness:

"My Darling Mabel: I was in the wrong, from first to last. Will you forgive me, and make up our dreadful quarrel?

"I have never been happy one moment since we parted. I will never flirt again if you will take me back again, my darling.

"My heart aches for you in your loss and sorrow, my own sweet love, but I will love you enough to make up for everything when once you are my darling wife. Blossom shall be my little sister. Send me one word, my Mabel, to put me out of my misery and bid me come to you! Your ARTHUR."

She turned on the old black woman, her blue eyes haggard with despair.

"The letter was from Arthur, to make up our quarrel," she cried. "You knew all about it, then, how we loved each other and how we parted. But now it is too late, forever too late!" and she fell sobbing, with her lovely face against the withered roses of that golden summer when she and Arthur had been happy together.

So black Mammy, with a sob of dismay, rushed from the room, and Blossom crouched over the scattered pot pourri in round eyed amazement.

Mabel alternately kissed and wept over the letter all day long, but in the early gloaming she heard a manly footstep inside the room.

"Miss Mabel, honey, I done fetch him back to you, darlin'," sobbed a voice outside the door, and the girl sprang to her feet in bewilderment.

A pair of tender arms clasped her to a warm, manly breast, dark, glorious eyes beamed love into her own, fond lips clung yearningly to hers, and Arthur Earle breathed, with deep emotion:

"My precious Mabel, we must forgive Mammy and Blossom their share in our long separation, for we both have suffered so deeply that our reunion is all the more sweet and thrilling! No more sadness and loneliness for us, Mabel, darling. This is the most joyous Christmas of my life, and to-morrow you shall be my worshiped bride!"

GEORGE PLAYED HOOKEY.

And Now He Learns That Santa Claus Will Boycott Him.

deer editur—i am the most miserablest boy wat is alive. lo the world 2 me is al a blank. on wensda i dident feel like gone 2 scool. an i askid ma if i 'good sta hoim. ma gave me her reglar lectur a bote i otter haiv a chance 2 go 2 scool an lern somethin b cause when she wos a girl she didant haiv no chance 2 lern. cass thay didant haiv no free scools then. n. b.—but if she i shud tel mar 2 day she dont no ani thing his payrents cood colect his in orange moni in time 2 maik crismus presents. but i maid up mi mind not 2 go 2 scool and way. wats the matter with playin hookey, hay? i sed 2 mi self, coss if i sed it out loud ma wood here me. so wen scool time cum i tuk mi litel dait an went out. but i dident go 2 scool. an i dident no ware to go. it was orful cold. i dident dare go in 2 the vilage an luk in the crismus winders coss bongs mite see me. so i cood onli go out in the woods an wait 4 time 2 go hoim. i got

THIS IS ME PLAYIN HOOKY.

so cold i most fride and mi face felt like it was frozen. an how i wisht i had gone 2 scool and not plade hooky. then a man cum a long an wanted 2 no wat i was hangin a round 4; en i sed i dident no. an the man sed i had better moiv on or he wood arrest me 4 a suspicious caracter. so i moved on. i kept on movin on til i cum near the scool, an wen i saw the boys comin out i started hoim.

i rushed in the house like i always do wen i cum hoim from scool an put mi slait on the table. ma luked at me knowin like. i got a merit in scool 2 da 4 bein gud, i sed, coss thay wos sumthin insaid of me wat kept sayin, gorgie, ma is on 2 u. she knows u aint been 2 scool. an then ma sed, u yung raskil u no u wosent 2 scool 2 da. an i sed, ma du u want me 2 chop sum wood. an ma sed, no, but i want 2 no wy u dident go 2 scool 2 da. bil jonson wos here with a note from the teecher sayin that u wosent 2 scool. i didant no wat 2 say so i dident say nothin, but ma sed she wood fix me 4 playin hooky. She sed she was gone 2 tel sandy cloos not to give ani presents. wen pa cum hoim he wiped me, an wen i went to scool next da the teecher wiped me. no, litel boys, don't pla hooky. it ain't no gud. coss u wont get no crismus presents an yure pa wil wip u. gorgie.

True to the Cause.

Hungry Higgins—Wot's dis? You been buyin' socks?

Weary Watkins—Oh, dat's all right. I ain't goin' to wear 'em. I just bought 'em to hang up fer Christmas.

Christmas Gifts on Orange Trees.

Hans Christian Andersen has given a pretty sketch of a Christmas eve he spent in Rome sixty years ago with a party of Northmen—Swedes, Norwegians and Danes—who found themselves far away at the time of the home gathering. They celebrated the festival in the Villa Borghese, amid a beautiful grove of pines. Finding that a fir tree, which they had wished for their Christmas tree, was there too valuable a treasure, they procured two large orange trees, sawn from the roots and glowing with the golden fruit. The party consisted of about thirty Scandinavians, seven of whom were ladies. Thorwaldsen and Bystrom were among the company. The ladies wore wreaths of roses; the gentlemen wreaths of ivy. When the Christmas gifts were distributed a silver cup, with the inscription, "Christmas Eve in Rome, in 1833," fell to Andersen—a love token from the three nations represented.

In all receipts for cooking requiring a leavening agent the ROYAL BAKING POWDER, because it is an absolutely pure cream of tartar powder and of 33 per cent. greater leavening strength than other powders, will give the best results. It will make the food lighter, sweeter, of finer flavor and more wholesome.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

Some men join a church with no better motive than others rob a bank.

If men had to be judged by one another nobody could ever get to heaven.

The quickest way for a man to find out what others think of him is to run for office.

Don't do anything to-day that you would n't want to be found doing on the judgment day.

It is not what you put into your pocket, but what you take out that will make you rich.

Happiness consists in a virtuous and honest life, in being content with a competency of outward things, and in using them temperately.

Jagwell—What makes that hen in your back yard cackle so loud? Wiggins—Oh, they've just laid a corner-stone across the street, and she's trying to make the neighbors think she did it.

A LOST CHILD FOUND.

By a Hindu Adept's Mysterious Powers, After Eighteen Years.

They called her "Dixy," she knew no other name. She had been reared a waif by the community in which she lived, having been found one day at the door of a poor family. Her clothes were rich, around her neck was a tiny chain of gold with a little locket in which was a picture of a beautiful woman.

Dixy worshiped this picture. She had reached the age of womanhood now and was employed as a servant in the family of a rich man. One day there came to the door of her mistress a circular which told of the wonderful powers of Zemindar, an occult from India. She would see this man; would she ever know who she was? As she stood at the door of this strange man's office her heart almost failed her. But at last she sat in the room of the seer with his dreaming eyes looking into the past.

He said: "I find a magnificent home, a mother in anger takes her child from the arms of its nurse, upon this nurse's face is a look of hatred and revenge. Again, I see that the cruel nurse bends over the cradle of the sleeping child, she lifts it in her arms and is gone. She travels far away to a distant city, leaves her on the door-step of a poor man's house. The child grows to womanhood, a waif, and you are the child."

No longer could Dixy restrain herself. "My parents, where are they? Do they live? Oh! who are they?"

"At Charleston you are their only child and they have long mourned you as dead; their name is Morton; go to them at once, you have a locket and you are the image of your mother, they will know you."

A few days later the following letter was received:

ZEMINDAR,
28 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Dear Sir:—God be praised for the powers you possess and through them we are happy in the return of a long-lost daughter; she, with us, will ever pray for Zemindar.
MRS. M. MORTON,
Charleston, S. C.

This noted seer, Zemindar, will foretell correctly all personal affairs—Health, Business, Love and Marriage.
Full particulars by mail. Address,
ZEMINDAR,
No. 28 Fourth Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

Cupid isn't a dealer in second-hand goods.

Catarrh Can Not Be Cured

With LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they can not reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, price 75c.
Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

It is the safeguard of a citizen to be a citizen.

FOR COLDS, COUGH, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS and Sore Throat use Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, and get the genuine.

How many men put their best business judgment into their political acts?

Quinsy troubled me for twenty years. Since I started using Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, I have not had an attack. The oil cures sore throat at once. Mrs. Letta Conrad, Standish, Mich., Oct. 24, '83

There is no such thing as goodness to man until he knows for himself the goodness of God.

At Bennett, Byron Fisher, aged 21 and single, placed a Winchester on the table, pulled the trigger with a stick and sent a bullet through his heart. He was a school teacher.

Many people wear long faces because they are afraid they wouldn't be considered religious if they didn't.

Would you ride on a railroad that uses no danger signals? That cough is a signal of danger! The safest cure is Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Sold by all dealers on a guarantee of satisfaction.

Experience is the only commodity invariably sold on a "no credit" basis.

Farming and Stock Raising in Nebraska

A pamphlet containing valuable information about Nebraska, northwestern Kansas and eastern Colorado, with a sectional map of that country, will be sent free on application to P. S. Eustis, General Passenger Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

Going to California?

The Burlington route is the only railway running "personally conducted" excursions via Denver to Colorado Springs, Salt Lake, Ogden, Sacramento, San Francisco, Stockton, Merced, Fresno, Bakersfield and Los Angeles at the lowest rates. Pullman tourist sleeping car through without change.

Leave Chicago every Wednesday. Write or call on T. A. Grady, excursion manager, 211 Clark street, Chicago.

Mrs. Rufus Allen, of Otsego, was frightfully burned. She tipped a gasoline stove over and the fluid exploded burning the clothing from her body.

Common sense is most uncommon.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. The original and only genuine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Cold Sores, &c. C. G. Clark Co., N. Haven, Ct.

Aim high and expect to hit the mark.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve." Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

Lying is not always an acquired habit.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth, Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.

It is a long head that knows no turning.

Piso's Cure is the medicine to break up children's Coughs and Colds.—Mrs. M. G. Blunt, Sprague, Wash., March 8, 1894.

Woman will take advantage of an opportunity, and man will take the opportunity.

My physician said I could not live. my liver out of order; frequently vomited greenish mucus; skin yellow, small dry humors on face, stomach would not retain food. Burdock Blood Bitters cured me.—Mrs. Adelaide O'Brien, 372 Exchange St., Buffalo N.Y.

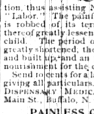
"Well, sir," said the vivacious lady to the artist who was painting her portrait, "you haven't finished already, have you? Or, has the hour expired?" "Neither, madam," replied the artist. "I am waiting for an opportunity of seeing how your chin looks when in repose."

The Modern Mother

Has found that her little ones are improved more by the pleasant laxative, Syrup of Figs, when in need of the laxative effect of a gentle remedy than by any other, and that it is more acceptable to them. Children enjoy it and it benefits them. The true remedy, Syrup of Figs, is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

Mrs. Ahmen Corner (in a whisper, as the collection is being taken)—Who is the man in the next aisle with the basket? Isn't it wonderful how he seems to be able to make everybody contribute? Ahmen Corner—Not so very wonderful. He used to be a ward man on the New York police force.

DO YOU EXPECT
To Become a Mother?

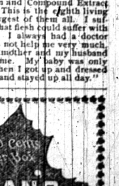


If so, then permit us to say that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is indeed, a true "Mother's Friend," FOR IT MAKES Childbirth Easy by preparing the system for parturition, thus assisting Nature and shortening "Labor." The painful ordeal of childbirth is robbed of its terrors, and the dangers thereof greatly lessened, to both mother and child. The period of confinement is also greatly shortened, the mother strengthened and built up, and an abundant secretion of nourishment for the child promoted.

Send 10 cents for a large book (168 pages), giving all particulars. Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

PAINLESS CHILDBIRTH.

Mrs. FRED HUNT, of *Glenville, N. Y.*, says: "I read about Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription being so good for a woman with child, so I got two bottles last September, and December 13th I had a twelve pound baby girl. When I was confined *I was not sick in any way*. I did not suffer any pain, and when the child was born I walked into another room and went to bed. I keep your Extract of Smart-Weed on hand all the time. It was very cold weather and our room was very cold but I did not take any cold, and never had any after-pain or any other pain. It was all due to God and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and Compound Extract of Smart-Weed. This is the eighth living child and the largest of them all. I suffered everything that flesh could suffer with the other babies. I always had a doctor and then he could not help me very much, but this time my mother and my husband were alone with me. My baby was only seven days old when I got up and dressed and left my room and stayed up all day."



MRS. HUNT.

50 Cents Per Box.
DOAN'S
KIDNEY PILLS
TRADE MARK.

BACKACHE.

Perhaps you don't know that BACKACHE and LAME BACK come from disorder of the KIDNEYS. We give you two points; ninety per cent. of Backache is due to improper working of the kidneys. Doan's Kidney Pills are sure cure for all Kidney Complaints. This assertion can be backed by strongest testimony. Fifty cents will prove it to you. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N.Y., Sole Agents for the United States.

Price, 50 cents per box, or six boxes for $2.50. Sent by mail on receipt of price. For sale by all dealers.

W. N. U. D.—XII—51.

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OF PAINS RHEUMATIC, NEURALGIC, LUMBAGIC AND SCIATIC.