

THE MIDDLEVILLE SUN.

VOLUME 28, NO. 32.

MIDDLEVILLE, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1896.

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K. O. T. M. meetings held on Friday eve each week. Members of Order are invited to visit us when in the village. R. K.—J. D. DIETRICH. C.—J. A. CALDWELL.

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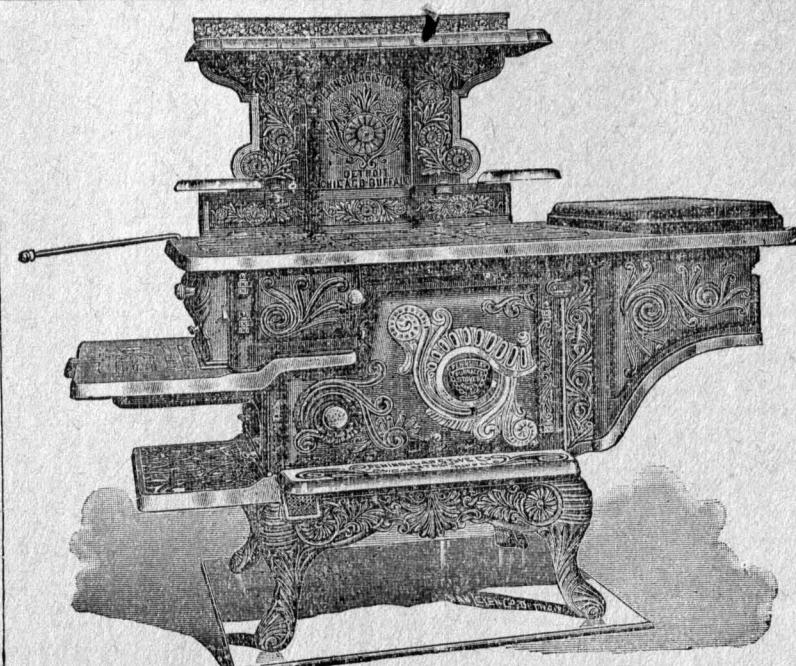
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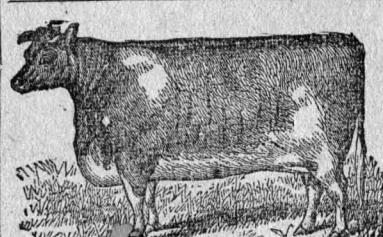
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NEIGHBORHOOD NOTES.

CALEDONIA CULLINGS.

Dan Good, who has been spending several weeks with relatives in this vicinity left Monday morning for Pittsburgh, Pa.

Mrs. J. H. Donaldson and children of Grand Rapids are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Bechtel.

Miss May Wisner of Whitneyville visited friends in the village a few days during the week.

Claud Barber has gone to Lansing to spend a month visiting relatives.

Mrs. L. Clemens and daughter, Ollie, who have been visiting relatives here have left for Ontario, Canada, where they will visit friends.

W. Heintzman and wife of Grand Rapids are spending the week with Mrs. Heintzman's parents, A. Bechtel and wife.

W. T. Hardy and son, Stanley, are visiting relatives in Sparta this week.

Mrs. J. W. Steffee of Vermontville is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Sheik and other relatives here.

R. Bruton of Princeton, Ill., visited his brother, Patrick, a few days this week. Mr. Bruton is a dealer in live stock.

Rev. J. L. Goshert officiated at a wedding and also a funeral in Grand Rapids Wednesday.

Mrs. John Stauffer of Wayland visited Geo. Wilson and wife this week.

Mrs. Luyten gave another of her interesting lectures to the ladies Friday evening.

DUNCAN LAKE.

The frequent showers we are receiving make good times for "hired men and ducks."

Allan Bechtel and Smith Clark attended the Mennonite camp meeting in Bowne on Sunday.

Mrs. Crumbback from near your village and a lady from Canada visited Mrs. D. Bechtel last week.

Chas. Pike is in Wayland today on business.

Conrad Gillett of Irving is doing some carpenter work for Chas. Pike.

Messrs. Schuyler White and Will Carveth accompanied by Misses Jennie Adgate and Flora Jackler were the guests of T. A. Adgate last Tuesday evening.

Mr. Thaler and daughter, Mrs. Steeby, visited Mr. Andler's people Sunday, Mrs. Steeby remaining during the week.

Dill Benjamin and John Kepkey are baling hay in this vicinity.

Some from this place took in the excursion to Grand Rapids today.

E. P. Carpenter lost a fine cow last week.

EAST CALEDONIA.

Mr. and Mrs. Teeple of Paris visited at Henry Peet's Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Helsel and children of Caledonia were calling at Frank Rathbun's Sunday.

Geo. Baker spent Sunday and Monday in Grand Rapids.

Some from this place attended camp meeting at Clarksville Sunday and reported a large crowd.

Chas. Carpenter and W. H. LyBarker are painting at W. H. Devine's of Caledonia.

Mr. C. Parks of Grand Rapids spent Sunday with his nephew, Arthur Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Hughs of Bowne spent Sunday at D. H. McWhinney's and Mrs. McWhinney returned home with them to spend a few days.

Mr. M. Teeple and wife of Freeport Sunday with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Schrader.

A. E. Dutcher was on the sick list last week.

IRVING INKLINGS.

The Aid society will be entertained by Mrs. Hewitt Friday of this week.

Services at Congregational church next Sunday afternoon will be conducted by Mr. Jess Cobb.

"The Conquest of Temptation," Eph. vii:10-18 is the subject for Endeavor next Sunday evening; leader, Alma Strong.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Cordes of Grand Rapids returned home Monday after spending several weeks with B. Travis and family.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hendershott are visiting their son, Grant, and family at Grand Rapids this week.

Mrs. Pierson, Grace and Lyn are visiting her people near Kalamazoo.

Mrs. Lewis Baldwin visited Yankee Springs friends this week.

The Pleasant Hill ball team played with the Irving boys last week Wednesday. The result was 22 to 6 in favor of Irving.

Mrs. Douglas has been entertaining her sister and husband from Vermont

Mrs. Mary Johnson is with her sister, Mrs. Elmer Ingram, of Hastings.

D. E. Poff has a position in the Star Roller Mills, Grand Rapids.

The Epworth League of this place will picnic at Thornapple lake Saturday of this week.

FREEPORT FLASHES.

From the Herald.

Cash Vanderlip and Ray Griffith, of Campbell, took in the sports at Vermontville, Saturday, and won \$7 each in the foot races. Cash won first prize in the one mile and 2d in the 100 yard races; Ray won 2d in the mile and 1st in the 100 yard races.

Mesdames Geo. Buehler and S. Ekerl were arraigned in justice Riker's court, Friday, and being convicted were fined \$30 cash or 30 days in jail.

Chas. E. Powell and Mrs. Ella Cadwallader, both of Hastings, were united in marriage Tuesday by Justice E. H. Sisson of this place.

NORTH IRVING.

Those gentle showers, but my! how it makes us shudder when we think of the damage done so near us.

Mrs. Cobb is still confined to the house most of the time.

Mrs. Charles Morris has a sister visiting her at present.

Most of the farmers have their oats drawn, some in quite good condition, while others were almost worthless.

Miss Haines of Saugatuck is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Cobb, at present.

Miss Nora Matthews of Grand Rapids and Miss Dora Arhart were calling on friends here Sunday.

Mr. Z. Moore and Ben Travis, together with their wives, started the first of the week for a visit among friends between here and Indiana, the latter being the terminus. They purpose to drive and fully enjoy their vacation.

Mr. Quigley's people are entertaining company at present, Mr. and Mrs. Dubois.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Smith will give a box social at their house Friday evening for the benefit of the pastor.

League Sunday evening led by Wm. Mitchell.

The rain storm two weeks ago happily (?) detained some of our young men all night. "Thusly," "We won't go home till morning."

Frank Roberts and wife attended church at Hastings Sunday morning.

Some say that debate at Hastings the other night was for gold and some for silver; so, how are we that didn't hear it to know, anyway?

Miss Whittimore of Rutland visited Ella Ingram recently.

The church-yard presents a more pleasing appearance since the weeds have been mown.

Lots of folks went to Hastings Saturday to learn how to vote. Ha! ha!

LEIGHTON LOCALS.

Mrs. Mason and daughter, Hattie, of Hopkins were guests at Jas. Clark's last Wednesday and Thursday.

Mrs. Jas. Clark and sons visited relatives in Moline last week.

Miss Ethel Johnson was the guest of relatives in Irving last week.

Quite a number from here attended the Epworth League program at your town Sunday evening and pronounced it fine.

A. C. Jones was the guest of relatives in Litchfield over Sunday.

S. J. Weber has a very sick horse.

Mr. W. G. Gordon of Taylorsville, Ill., is visiting with his wife and son at H. Barrell's.

John Finkbeiner is having an addition built on to his house.

Mrs. Geo. Johnson and children expect to return to their home in St. Joseph, Tuesday.

Mrs. S. G. Webster of Lansing was visiting relatives here last week.

Miss Susie Michele has gone as a delegate from the Y. P. A. of this place to

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

Strange force, concealed in some forgotten song,
That dost past hopes and dreams of love recall;
And as the notes harmonious rise and fall,
Canst bring to me in light both clear and strong,
The forms of dear ones who have slept years long;
Whom I thought dead, but now they live once more,
And at thy call come smiling as of yore!
O, tell me that the flight of time was wrong;
That all life's sparkling hopes again are bright,
And these dark years between were but a dream!
Lay not thy harp aside, or cruel night,
The child of day's bright hopes, shall o'er me steal,
And this best moment but a vision seem,
While I again life's bitter woe must feel.—Boston Journal.

A BRAKEMAN'S STORY

It was so quiet outside that when the long freight train would come to a standstill with an abrupt, awkward jerk we could almost hear the big, drifting flakes as they fell. Not a breath of air was stirring and the big, round moon filtered down through the snowstorm with a white, softened light that revealed near-by objects in a strange, ghostly sort of a way. The soft-coal fire that spluttered fitfully in the old-fashioned cast iron upright stove lacked cheer enough to break the spell of the outside air. Without knowing precisely why, we sat mostly in silence or muttered an occasional monosyllabic observation as to how soon we might reach Jersey City. We were four hours behind time and somewhere back of us we knew was the West Shore express. Likewise behind time and endeavoring to make up something of its lost run.

Sitting in the little red caboose in the rear of the big freight train, rumbling along through a blind fog of snow with a flying express at our heels gave an uncanny sensation that I, for one, did not relish in the least. The drummer who had boarded the train at Newburg sat morosely on a pile of grips, which afforded him a softer seat than the hard, wooden benches strung along the sides of the car. A couple of shippers anxiously discussed the prospects for getting their stock to market without having them half frozen to death.

At the entrance of Joe, the brakeman, however, the glum little party seemed to thaw at once. He swung down off the roof of the last box car and in through the door in a cheery, wholesome sort of fashion that warmed us at once.

"Joe," said one of the shippers, "are we going to reach Jersey City before Christmas?"

"Isn't this good enough for you to live in? How'd you like to be out brakeman to-night?"

"Taint no snap, that's a fact," the shippers assented.

"No, you bet it ain't," said Joe, decisively. "But this ain't a patching to what it is sometimes."

Something in the manner in which Joe carefully filled his cob pipe, took a bit of stick from the floor, poked it into the fire and lit his pipe slowly and thoughtfully, indicated that a story was coming.

"Strange," said Joe at last, with a ruminant look into the fire and a long, steady pull at his pipe, "somehow to-night reminds me of the day before Christmas two years ago. That was when we brought Johnny Haines home. Guess you must a known Johnny," he added, turning to the shippers.

"Nope. Heard of him. Go on, Joe. What was the story?"

"Not much of a one," Joe replied deprecatingly. "Just a brakeman's yarn, only it's a little out of the common run. The first day I ever saw Johnny Haines I thought he was about the handsomest lad I ever set eyes on. He came up on No. 6 on her first trip. We used to meet often up and down the road and got to know each other pretty well. He was one of these lads with a fresh, pink and white complexion and a jolly laugh that made you warm up to him at once. He was straight and strong, and when he used to stand jauntily on top of the car, the train going forty miles an hour and not seeming to think it was moving at all, there wasn't a girl along the road that hadn't a smile for him as he went by. The lad was anxious to stick and worked hard, and, as he kept his mouth shut pretty close, it was a long time before we found out anything about who he was. He had little ways about him that made us think once in a while that he hadn't been brought up to work, and his hands at first were as soft and white as a girl's. One of the fellows told us a story of how Johnny belonged to a good family, but got kicked out for some reason or other, but we always thought he made it up, and, in fact, we never did find out his story until that night. I mean the night we took him home."

Joe stopped, pulled vigorously at his pipe for a few minutes, blinked rather suspiciously several times, and finally the rather husky voice went on:

"It seems that the lad's name wasn't Haines at all. He took that to conceal his own. His first name really was Johnny, though, and, as that was what everybody called him, the last didn't seem to make so much difference. When he first came on the road he was a little past 20, and his open, boyish ways made some of the fellows guy him and want to play tricks on him at first. But it didn't take them long to find out that he had plenty of mettle. A gang of us were laying around the Albany roundhouse one day, waiting for a train to be made up, when 'Bill' Lawson began to nag him and see if he couldn't get a fight out of him. It seems they had some

trouble down the road, and when 'Bill' had offered to fight Johnny had refused. He tried to keep out of Bill's way, but when 'Bill' said he was afraid, Johnny turned and walked squarely up to him and said quietly: 'You take that back.' I never knew just how it was done, but 'Bill' made some sort of a feint, and the next moment the big, hulking lubber was lying on the ground. 'Bill' didn't seem to know what hit him. But he went at Johnny with such a savage look that a lad without genuine pluck would have turned feather. But when 'Bill' lay sprawling on the ground a second time we found out that Johnny was a scientific boxer. There was an ugly gleam in 'Bill's' eye when he got up, and as he got close up to Johnny all of a sudden he flourished a big jackknife he always carried. How he got it out of his pocket I never could tell. He made a lunge, but Johnny dodged cleverly and the knife just grazed his face. He was on 'Bill' quicker than it takes to tell it, choking the life out of him. We started to separate them, but when we found that Johnny had 'Bill' so that he could not do any damage with the knife we let them fight it out. 'Bill' finally held up his hand for mercy and then Johnny let him up. After we got them cooled off Johnny made 'Bill' shake hands, and, though he didn't show it then, I think afterward 'Bill' came to think as much of him as the rest of us.

"Up the road not very far from Albany there is a pretty little farm that runs down to the river, and right at the corner of it was a water tank. It happened that on this farm there was a dark eyed little girl who was the idol of all the boys along the road. She wouldn't flirt with us, but she used often to come down to the water tank and get little packages which the engineer, who was a friend of the family, used to bring down from Albany. She was plump and peachy, with dark eyebrows and long lashes, and under them the prettiest pair of eyes I ever saw. There wasn't one of us who wouldn't have married her quick if she'd had us. But she was sort o' reserved and shy and none of us had nerve enough to make love to her. All except Johnny. All the girls smiled on Johnny and he smiled on them. He didn't have to see the lass twice before he was head over heels in love with her and it wasn't very long before he made her know all about it. To woo was to win with Johnny, and regular as his train passed the farm Jenny—that was the little dame's name—was always there to meet him. We used to chaff Johnny a good deal over the matter, but we couldn't get much out of him. Somehow, through the engineer or somebody, though, we found out that Johnny was going to marry the girl if he could get his father to consent. He couldn't very well marry on the salaray he was getting as a raw brakeman.

"Things ran along through the summer and into the fall, and we noticed that Johnny had got very quiet and reserved like, and was evidently brooding over something. At last we found out that Johnny had been promised a raise, and that along about the holidays he was to be made a passenger brakeman, and then he was doing to get married. There wasn't one of us that wasn't glad of it, or who envied him his good luck. The fall stretched way into the winter, I remember, and my, wasn't it beautiful weather! You'd stand up on top of a car, and as the train wound along the river shore mile after mile, just drinking in the air and view. Braking is a hard life, with lots of danger and pretty slim pay. But those days we'd forget all about the hardships and everything else. Johnny was on the same train with me and happy as a lark, thinking how he would marry and go up to Albany and stay. I used to notice, though, that the morning I saw him first. It seems that Johnny had been brought up, like most boys, to have all the money he wanted. He got wild and in with a fast gang, and, to try to curb him, his father, who was a wealthy banker, got him a place in a store as cashier. Johnny's allowance wasn't enough, and he made it up out of the cash drawer. When it was discovered his father made up the amount, and then sent Johnny adrift. He never spoke to him afterward, and when Johnny, after a year's good service on the road, appealed to him for money enough to get married on the old man returned the letter. I found it in Johnny's coat pocket the morning we took him home."

"I led him over to where the boy lay, but he didn't want to see him. He looked very hard at the little girl who sat there sobbing, and said, slowly, 'Is this—Jenny?' And then he took her very quietly in his arms and kissed her.

"I went to the funeral the next day. That was the day before Christmas. The old man's hair had turned white, and his face was as lined and rigid as though he was mounting a scaffold. He was twenty years older than the morning I saw him first. It seems that Johnny had been brought up, like most boys, to have all the money he wanted. He got wild and in with a fast gang, and, to try to curb him, his father, who was a wealthy banker, got him a place in a store as cashier. Johnny's allowance wasn't enough, and he made it up out of the cash drawer. When it was discovered his father made up the amount, and then sent Johnny adrift. He never spoke to him afterward, and when Johnny, after a year's good service on the road, appealed to him for money enough to get married on the old man returned the letter. I found it in Johnny's coat pocket the morning we took him home."

"Such weather couldn't last, though, and when the end came, it came with a squal. The thermometer dropped forty degrees, and a cold, driving rain had set in in the afternoon turned toward night into a drifting, blinding snow. We had a big train that night, and with the snow and the sleet and the cold it gave us no end of trouble. She parted three or four times going not more than twenty miles, and it was cold, dangerous work slipping along the top setting brakes or getting down to make couplings. The wind howled and whistled and the snow cut your face like going through a hedge. It was dark and the lanterns didn't show plain through the snow, and everything seemed to go wrong. Several times we thought we were stalled in the drifts, but we'd uncouple and send the engine and two or three cars through the drift, and then back up and take the rest of the train through. We wanted to get through to Albany, for the next day was a lay off, and two days after that came Christmas.

"Johnny and I fought like beavers against the cold, and, I tell you, it was ticklish work. I felt more anxious about Johnny than I did about myself, for I was old at the business and he was new, and I know how easy it was for sudden jerk to send a man flying down between the wheels. But Johnny wouldn't listen. He said he wasn't afraid, and just then the whistle sounded 'down brakes.' We were sitting in the caboose, shivering around a dirty little fire. I had frozen three of my fingers, and I thought my ears were frosty, too. You see the storm came so sudden we didn't have time to get on any mittens, and the mittens were pretty thin.

"Well, we climbed out, and Johnny ran on ahead, saying that he was all right and he'd take the front. The cars on top were as slippery as glass, and we had almost to creep along from one car to another to keep from fall-

ing off, for she was running at a good pace, and the snow on the tracks made the cars lurch and swing. I looked up and through the snow and the dark I recognized the landmark, and knew we were nearing the water tank, where Johnny's girl lived. Just at that moment the train gave a frightful jerk and I saw the engine go rearing in air, and about a hundred feet ahead I saw a lantern swing wildly in the air and go down. I went flat on the car and hung there for dear life. We stopped in ten or twenty yards and I swung off the car like mad. 'Great God,' I thought, 'if that was Johnny!'

"Something made me feel that he had gone under the wheels, and when I crawled ahead a few cars there I found him, lying all white and still. He was too much stunned to say a word. We picked him up and started to carry him to the house—where Jenny lived. I saw that the wheels had gone over both legs—over one near the thigh and the other below the knee. My, but he was a game lad, for all the torture of carrying him up the hill couldn't wring a word from him. We knocked at the door and said one of the boys had got hurt—that the engine had jumped the track. A white little face came to the door and looked at us a moment, and then as soon as she saw me and my face Jenny shrieked out, 'It's Johnny!' But she didn't faint or cry, nor say another word. We just carried him in and put him on the bed and she took charge of him. One of the boys rode over to get a doctor, but when he came he saw at once that it was no use. It was only a question of how long Johnny could survive the shock. He lay there very quietly, and finally when the doctor's examination was finished, he said: 'Is there any show, old man?'

"I couldn't reply, but he knew as I turned my head away what the answer was. Johnny was quiet for a moment, and then pulling Jenny's hand with his own weakly, he said in a husky voice: 'Little girl, I want to go home.' And that he insisted an all the rest of the night. We didn't think that he'd be alive by morning. But he was, and we decided to put him on the morning express. The wrecking train had thrown the engine out of the road and cleared the track, and when the express came down we flagged her and took Johnny aboard. All Jenny would tell us was that his father lived in New York. But she gave the conductor an address for a wire.

"We didn't think that he would last the journey, and about half way down he suddenly clutched Jenny's hand hard and then lay back still. The little girl threw herself upon him sobbing as if her heart would break, but it didn't do any good. Poor Johnny was gone."

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"I went to the funeral the next day. That was the day before Christmas. The old man's hair had turned white, and his face was as lined and rigid as though he was mounting a scaffold. He was twenty years older than the morning I saw him first. It seems that Johnny had been brought up, like most boys, to have all the money he wanted. He got wild and in with a fast gang, and, to try to curb him, his father, who was a wealthy banker, got him a place in a store as cashier. Johnny's allowance wasn't enough, and he made it up out of the cash drawer. When it was discovered his father made up the amount, and then sent Johnny adrift. He never spoke to him afterward, and when Johnny, after a year's good service on the road, appealed to him for money enough to get married on the old man returned the letter. I found it in Johnny's coat pocket the morning we took him home."

"Such weather couldn't last, though, and when the end came, it came with a squal. The thermometer dropped forty degrees, and a cold, driving rain had set in in the afternoon turned toward night into a drifting, blinding snow. We had a big train that night, and with the snow and the sleet and the cold it gave us no end of trouble. She parted three or four times going not more than twenty miles, and it was cold, dangerous work slipping along the top setting brakes or getting down to make couplings. The wind howled and whistled and the snow cut your face like going through a hedge. It was dark and the lanterns didn't show plain through the snow, and everything seemed to go wrong. Several times we thought we were stalled in the drifts, but we'd uncouple and send the engine and two or three cars through the drift, and then back up and take the rest of the train through. We wanted to get through to Albany, for the next day was a lay off, and two days after that came Christmas.

"Johnny and I fought like beavers against the cold, and, I tell you, it was ticklish work. I felt more anxious about Johnny than I did about myself, for I was old at the business and he was new, and I know how easy it was for sudden jerk to send a man flying down between the wheels. But Johnny wouldn't listen. He said he wasn't afraid, and just then the whistle sounded 'down brakes.' We were sitting in the caboose, shivering around a dirty little fire. I had frozen three of my fingers, and I thought my ears were frosty, too. You see the storm came so sudden we didn't have time to get on any mittens, and the mittens were pretty thin.

"Well, we climbed out, and Johnny ran on ahead, saying that he was all right and he'd take the front. The cars on top were as slippery as glass, and we had almost to creep along from one car to another to keep from fall-

NEWS OF OUR STATE.

ITEMS OF INTEREST TO MICHIGANERS.

Cheboygan Lumber Fire Entails Loss of \$110,000—Barroda Saloon Wiped Out of Existence—Large Increase in Amount of State Cash on Hand.

Big Lumber Fire.

Only twelve piles of lumber remain of a stock of 5,000,000 feet of the finest lumber in northern Michigan that was piled on the Whitehall mill docks at Cheboygan Saturday morning. Fire from the smoke stack of the mill set fire to a lath pile at noon, and in a few moments the docks were in flames. The mill is beyond the water works, and mill pumps and fire tugs were all there to fight the fire. The mill was saved, but the docks were burned to the water's edge. The tug Major Dana had a narrow escape, getting aground in the slips between piles and was only saved by heroic exertions. The lumber was owned by Monroe, Boyce & Co. and Ward Brothers, Grand Haven; Theodore Hine, Bay City, and Swift Bros., Monroe. Boyce & Co. held their lumber at \$22 per m., and their loss will be fully \$110,000, on which there is between \$60,000 and \$70,000 insurance. Most of it is written from Grand Haven, Mich. That written here is as follows: Home, Palatin, American, Fire, North British, Western, Continental, \$2,500 each; Niagara, \$1,500; Fire Association, \$1,500.

Finances of the State.

The report of State Treasurer Wilkinson for the year ending June 30 last shows a large increase in the amount of cash on hand over the report of the previous year. The increased balance is due to the heavy tax levy of last December. The cash balance at the close of business June 30 was \$12,422,43, which is divided among the several funds as follows:

General fund	\$450,537 24
Specific tax fund	300,026 54
Agricultural college interest	33,594 86
Normal school interest	2,227 93
Primary school interest	6,923 33
University interest	27,476 94
Sundry deposits	13,768 50
St. Mary's canal	68,927 12
One year ago the general fund was drawn down \$128,000, but there is now \$450,537 21 in place of the deficiency.	
The bonded indebtedness still remains at \$10,922 80.	
The trust funds which have been expended and which are now represented by a debt are as follows:	
Agricultural college	\$547,278 90
Normal school	65,865 12
Primary school (7 per cent)	3,800,248 00
Primary school (5 per cent)	824,814 02
University	528,496 59
Total	\$5,766,702 72

The total receipts of all funds for the year were \$5,256,059 37 and disbursements \$4,634,054 73. The receipts of the general fund were \$4,220,143 58 and disbursements \$3,769,606 37.

The specific tax fund receipts for the year are given:

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WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

The influence of women upon the civilization of the world, could never be measured.

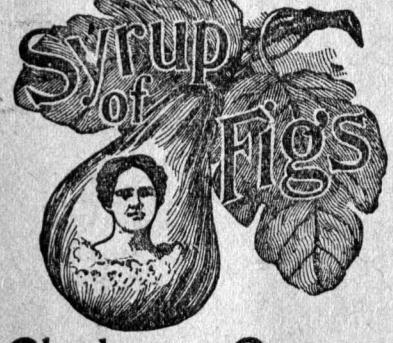
Because of her, thrones have been established and destroyed. The flash of her eye, the touch of her hand, and we have the marvelous power of women, glorious in the possession of perfect physical health.

Lydia E. Pinkham, by her wonderful discovery of the "Vegetable Compound," has done much to place this great power in the hands of women.

She has lifted thousands and thousands out of the misery brought by displacement of the womb, and all the evils that follow diseases of the uterus.

The "Vegetable Compound" restores natural cheerfulness, destroys despondency, cures backache, strengthens the muscles, restores the womb to its normal condition, and you are changed from a physical wreck to the joy of your home and friends.

By the way—the leading druggists tell us that the demand for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is simply beyond their power of understanding, and what is best of all, it does the work and cures where the best physicians utterly fail.



Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

In the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.



Dr. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFYING. Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases, and every blemish and defect. It has stood the test of 15 years, and is so well known and tried to be sure it is properly made. Accept Dr. T. F. Gouraud's similar name, Dr. L. A. Sayre's said to be a "miracle" for a patient." As you ladies will use them, Dr. T. F. Gouraud's Cream is the least harmful of all the skin preparations. Price \$1.00 for all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers in the United States, Canada and Europe. F. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones Street, N. Y.

THE MIDDLE SOUTH.

A handsomely illustrated 16-page Monthly Journal describing the development of the Middle South, the nation's paradise. Price 50cts per year. Send 25cts at once, and we will send you the first number. "The Middle South," for one year, price 50cts; or if you secure four subsribers, we will send you \$1.00 we will send you paper one year free of charge. Address Middle South Pub. Co., Somerville, Tenn.

PATENTS. TRADE-MARKS.

Examination and advice as to Patentability of inventions. Send for INVENTOR'S GUIDE, or HOW TO GET A PATENT. PATRICK O'FARRELL, Washington, D. C.

PENSIONS, PATENTS, CLAIMS.

JOHN W. MORRIS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Late Principal Examiner U. S. Patent Office.

3 yrs. in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty. since

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BASE BALL

Is the popular game, so is

ARMSTRONG'S

The popular place to buy

BASE BALLS,
BASE BALL BATS,
BASE BALL MASKS,
BASE BALL MITTS,

League Balls guaranteed to play nine
innings.

ICE-CREAM SODA

With best Pure Fruit Juices.

I make
PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES

A Specialty.

J. W. ARMSTRONG,
West Side Druggist.

SHARPSTEEN....

23-27 MONROE STREET.
(Wonderly Blk.)

THE LEADING GALLERY IN
Grand Rapids, elegantly appointed
furnished with the very latest and
most approved apparatus, back-
grounds and scenic effects for
making the newest styles and most
artistic....

PHOTOGRAPHS

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MINETTE TO LIFE SIZE.

The best Finished, Posed and Lighted
Photographs in Grand Rapids.

No Better Made Anywhere.

See our new Enamel, Carbon
and Platinum Finish.

OPEN SUNDAYS....

Durable.

There's almost no wear out to the



They're built to stand constant
wear and rough handling.

Quick Bakers,
Superior Cookers,
Powerful Heaters.

Made in a great variety of styles
A written guarantee with every
one.

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FRANK D. PRATT,
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The Chicago Daily Tribune and Mid-
dleville SUN to Jan. 1, '97, only \$2.00.
Buy crepe, tissue and all other kinds
of paper at the News Stand.

THE MIDDLEVILLE SUN

J. W. SAUNDERS, Publisher.

Entered at the Middleville, Mich., Postoffice
as second-class matter.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1896.

When politicians talk of relegating the tariff issue to the rear in this campaign, just call their attention to the following editorial from Farm and Home, a paper that has nearly a half million farmer subscribers, speaking of the condition of farmers at this time:

"There is room for much needed amelioration. Does this not lie in the building up of the home market and the increase of the purchasing power of the industrial classes? Certainly there is not a market on earth that will pay as much for our farm produce as our home market. Instead of exporting wheat at a loss and importing hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of sugar, wool, hides and other stuff, isn't it far wiser to grow this produce on our American farms, if necessary raising less wheat to do it? This policy also saves ocean freight charges both ways on our exports and imports carried in foreign bottoms. Give us the American market, anyhow. A tariff high enough to stop the deficit and to yield sufficient revenue to economically administer the government would be sufficient. If adjusted to foster the production of such produce as is now imported instead of being designed mainly to benefit manufacturing industries. All the political parties can be forced into this position on the tariff if the farmers unitedly demand it. And farmers, irrespective of party, unitedly demand a chance to supply the American market with everything it consumes that can be grown in the United States. That's a plank they all stand on."

If there is lacking anything to convince the American people of the disastrous effects of three and a half years of democratic management of National affairs, as administered by the Cleveland autocracy, it is a glance at the monthly Treasury statement of the public debt. We recommend a careful perusal of it to voters at this time. This statement, just issued from the Treasury department, shows a net increase in the public debt, less cash in the Treasury, during July of \$10,857,258.30.

The interest-bearing debt increased \$360. The non-interest bearing debt decreased \$416,726, and cash in the Treasury, decreased \$11,273,624.30.

The balances of the several classes of debt at the close of business July 31 were: Interest-bearing debt, \$847,364,250; debt on which interest has ceased since maturity, \$1,633,640.26; debt bearing no interest, \$373,315,094.14; total, \$1,222,312,984.40.

The certificates and Treasury notes offset by an equal amount of cash in the Treasury outstanding at the end of the month were \$555,212,973, an increase of \$8,102,000.

The total cash in the Treasury was \$851,863,747.37; the gold reserve was \$100,000,000; net cash balance, \$156,158,427.40.

This is an object lesson in democratic finances worthy of consideration. At the commencement of the Cleveland administration the great question was "How to dispose of the large surplus of cash in the Treasury." The question that has been agitating Mr. Cleveland and his aids is, "How to preserve the Treasury from bankruptcy." They have answered it by issuing interest-bearing bonds to the amount of about five hundred million dollars.

LATE LITERARY NEWS.

The Review of Reviews for August, while largely given over to the issues of the Presidential campaign, finds space for the treatment of other important topics. Besides the character sketch of Mr. Bryan, the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, the Review has illustrated articles on Harriet Beecher Stowe and Dr. Barnardo, the father of "Nobody's Children." There is the usual elaborate resume of the current magazines; and the departments of "The Progress of the World," "Record of Current Events," and "Current History in Caricature" answer the typical American demand for what is up to date and "live." For sale at the News Stand.

A Magazine's Short-Story Number. Seldom is so much delightful fiction presented in a single issue of a magazine as is invitingly arrayed in the short-story issue (August) of The Ladies' Home Journal. The midsummer Journal covers a wide range of topics and is exceptionally attractive. One dollar a year, ten cents per copy, at the News Stand.

The Arena.

The August Arena contains the first of a series of "Bibliographies of Literature, Dealing with Vital, Social and Economic Problems," which will fill a want long felt by students of social and economic problems. This first Bibliography deals with the Land and the Land Question, and is carefully compiled by Thos. E. Will, A. M., professor of Political Economy in the Agricultural State College of Kansas.

"Boys will be boys," but you can't afford to lose any of them. Be ready for the green apple season by having De Wit's Colic & Cholera Cure in the house. Dr. Nelson Abbott.

SCHOOL COLUMN.

[Edited by Flora J. Beadle, Commer.]

THE TEACHERS' INSTITUTE AND READING CIRCLE.

It is expected that our Institute this year will be the best in interest, enthusiasm and attendance ever held in the county. Prof. McKenney of Olivet, assisted by a lady kindergartner, and one other able instructor will conduct the same. Circulars from the State Department announcing the Institute and the line of work have already been mailed to the qualified teachers. There is no doubt as to the value of a good, live institute. Experience proves that, as a rule, the most successful, alert, progressive teachers are those who avail themselves of the work given at such meetings. The work will comprise professional and academic training, and will be divided into sections, and the instructors will conduct classes for the purpose of reviewing, and illustrating methods of instruction. Every wide-awake teacher, and would-be teacher will be present at the first session (commencing at 10 o'clock a. m., Monday, Aug. 10) and will arrange to attend every session. The Institute Certificates of Membership granted to those who attend, will be recognized by the county examining board, and should be recognized by school officers in the employment of teachers. We expect the district officers to inquire of the next applicant for their respective schools, "Did you attend the Institute? Are you awake to everything that will forward the cause of education?" District schools want only such teachers as can heartily answer "Yes" to the above questions. They need such teachers and they will have them. No school board should employ a teacher who hasn't interest enough in education to attend educational meetings.

The experience of several years has justified the hopes that were entertained for the State Teachers' Reading Circle, and the prospect for the future is highly encouraging. The course has given a stimulus to professional study, and has added greatly to the general culture and efficiency of the teachers, who have taken up the work. All teachers in the state are eligible to membership, and the course is especially recommended to those who are preparing to teach. No fee is charged. The only requirement made of members is, that under the direction of the commissioner they pursue diligently the course of reading as outlined by the board of managers. The Reading Circle year begins and ends with the teachers' institute.

In various states, Michigan included, the official recognition of this course of study is such that the questions for the examination of teachers upon their professional work (Theory and Art) are based wholly or largely upon the Reading Circle course. The professional book adopted for the coming year is exceptionally well adapted to such use, and no teacher can well afford to miss the opportunity of studying and discussing it.

As the law now stands boards may renew, without examination, the certificates of such teachers as make an average of at least 85 per cent. in the two preceding examinations and who engage continuously in teaching. The law says *may not shall*. This favor will be extended only to such teachers as attend the institutes and associations, Reading Circle work, and otherwise show a professional pride and spirit.

Others have no right to expect it. A brief outline of the work for the coming year will be given in next week's paper.

Since 1878 there have been nine epidemics of dysentery in different parts of the country in which Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhea Remedy was used with perfect success. Dysentery, when epidemic, is almost as severe and dangerous as Asiatic cholera. Heretofore the best efforts of the most skilled physicians have failed to check its ravages, this remedy, however, has cured the most malignant cases, both of children and adults, and under the most trying conditions, which proves it to be the best medicine in the world for bowel complaints. For sale by J. W. Armstrong, druggist.

The American Protective Tariff League has just issued a new, revised and enlarged edition of that famous document "American Tariffs from Plymouth Rock to McKinley." This document comprises ninety-six pages and has been incorporated in the speeches of Hon. J. H. Gallinger, Senator from New Hampshire. It is known as Document No. 52 and will be sent to any address for ten cents. Address W. F. Wakeman, General Secretary, 135 West Twenty-third Street, New York.

The old soldiers and sailors of Allegan county will meet in annual reunion at Allegan August 18, 19 and 20.

MARVELOUS RESULTS.

From a letter written by Rev. J. Gundersen, of Dimondale, Mich., we are permitted to make this extract: "I have no hesitation in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery, as the results were almost marvelous in the case of my wife. While I was pastor of the Baptist Church at Rives Junction she was brought down with Pneumonia succeeding La Grippe. Terrible paroxysms of coughing would last hours with little interruption and it seemed as if she could not survive them. A friend recommended Dr. King's New Discovery; it was quick in its work and highly satisfactory in results." Trial bottles free at J. W. Armstrong's drug store. Regular size 50c. and \$1.00. I

Don't trifle away time when you have cholera morbus or diarrhoea. Fight them in the beginning with De Wit's Colic and Cholera Cure. You don't have to wait for results, they are instantaneous, and it leaves the bowels in healthy condition. Dr. Nelson Abbott.

First Workman—"Business is pickin' up I heard the boss say he'd got two orders to fill."

Second Workman—"That so? Then it's time to strike again."

ELECTRIC BITTERS.

Electric Bitters is a medicine suited for any season, but perhaps more generally needed, when the languid exhausted feeling prevails, when the liver is torpid and sluggish and the need of a tonic and terative is felt. A prompt use of this medicine has often averted long and perhaps fatal bilious fevers. No medicine will act more surely in counteracting and freeing the system from the malarial poison. Headache, indigestion, constipation, dizziness yield to Electric Bitters. 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle at J. W. Armstrong's drug store.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Name and Residence.	Age.
Charles E. Powell, Hastings city; Ella	22-35
Cadwallader, same.....	22-35
Frank Johnson, Hastings city; Maud	52-37
Lester, same.....	52-37
David O. Rickey, Grand Rapids; Louisa	32-23
K. Doeder, Hastings city.....	32-23
Alfred P. Trumbull, Hastings city; Mary	68-63
E. Stinchcomb, same.....	68-63

THE DOCTORS EXTEND THEIR TIME.

Services for three months free. A staff of eminent physicians and surgeons from the British Medical Institute of Detroit have opened a permanent office in Grand Rapids, in the Widdicombe Building, 34 Monroe Street. All invalids who call upon them before Sept. 1st will receive services for three months free of charge. This will not only include consultation, examination and advice, but also all surgical operations. Under no consideration will remuneration in any form be accepted for any services rendered; therefore the most humble in circumstances can avail themselves of the most expert medical skill and without cost.

The object in pursuing this course is to become rapidly and personally acquainted with the sick and afflicted. The doctors treat all forms of chronic diseases, but will not accept incurable cases. If, upon examination, you are found incurable, you will be kindly and frankly told so, also advised against spending money for useless treatment. Male and female weakness, catarrh and catarrhal deafness, also all diseases of the rectum, are positively cured by their new treatment.

Office Hours: 9 a. m. till 8 p. m. Sundays, 10 a. m. till 2 p. m.

DR. HALE, Physicians
32tf DR. BROWN, in Charge.

Mortgage Sale.

Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage executed by Henry F. Ingram and Elizabeth, his wife, to George Guest, bearing date December sixth, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-four, and for the sum of one thousand dollars, for the payment of debts in and for Barry county, Michigan, on the fourteenth day of December last, at half past four o'clock in the afternoon, in liber tory of mortgages, on page twenty-six, upon which said mortgage and the debt secured therein and thereby by the terms of said mortgage, that if any interest should be due and unpaid on said mortgage for thirty days thereafter, then both principal and interest shall forthwith become due and collectable at the option of the party of the second part and the said party of the second part having by virtue of his option, declared the whole amount, so long as it remains at one thousand three hundred and twenty-five dollars (\$1,325), by reason of said option and declaration, and also an attorney fee of thirty-five dollars, stipulated and agreed in the said mortgage, to be paid as often as any proceedings shall be necessary to foreclose said mortgage, in addition to all other legal costs, by which default the power of sale in said mortgage contained, has become operative; and whereas, no suit or proceeding has been instituted at law or in equity to recover the debt secured to be paid by the said mortgage, and the debt contained in the same is now due and said mortgage, by reason of said option and declaration, and also an attorney fee of thirty-five dollars, stipulated and agreed in the said mortgage, to be paid as often as any proceedings shall be necessary to foreclose said mortgage, in addition to all other legal costs, by which default the power of sale in said mortgage contained, has become operative; and whereas, no suit or proceeding has been instituted at law or in equity to recover the debt secured to be paid by the said mortgage, and the debt contained in the same is now due and said mortgage, by reason of said option and declaration, and also an attorney fee of thirty-five dollars, stipulated and agreed in the said mortgage, to be paid as often as any proceedings shall be necessary to foreclose said mortgage, in addition to all other legal costs, by which default the power of sale in said mortgage contained, has become operative; 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and whereas, no suit or proceeding has been instituted

THE MIDDLEVILLE SUN

J. W. SAUNDERS, Publisher.

MIDDLEVILLE, MICHIGAN.

GIRL'S GREAT NERVE.

PREVENTS ROBBERS FROM FLING A SAFE.

Incident Occur in a Chicago Cemetery—Brazilian City Is Glad to Greet American Manufacturers—Dreadful Fate of Two Colorado Prospectors.

Girl Foils a Raid.

Pretty Dora Mueller, whose beauty is more than matched by her bravery, shut a vault door in the faces of three desperate Chicago footpads Friday afternoon, thus preventing them from getting a large amount of money belonging to the Concordia Cemetery Company, and not even a pistol pressed against her temple could induce her to reopen the iron depository. She suffered severely for her display of courage, for before the thieves went away, baffled and mad with rage at baying their plans thwarted by a girl, one of them struck her a cruel blow on the head with a sandbag, felling her to the floor, where she lay unconscious until help arrived. The scene of these dramatic happenings, which took place in the broad light of day and while two funerals were being conducted within a stone's throw, was the little office at the gate of the Concordia burying ground. Though the home of the dead, the cemetery was full of life and bustle. Beside the two funeral corteges, there were inside scores of men working under the directions of a landscape gardener.

LOST IN COLORADO DESERT.

Two Men on a Prospecting Tour Are Supposed to Have Perished.

Edward M. Clark and Harry Sanford, who started to drive across the Colorado desert from Banning, Cal., to Yuma, Ariz., six weeks ago, have undoubtedly been lost in the desert. They went on a mining and prospecting tour along the Colorado river, and were "grub staked" by James Coyle, the Pomona hotel proprietor. Coyle heard from Clark from Banning, and eight days later from Volcano Springs. From this place Clark wrote that their sufferings on the desert had been fearful. They were almost out of provisions, but were pushing on to Yuma, eighty miles distant. Thursday night a prospector named Higgins sent word that he found two bodies answering the description of Clark and Sanford on the desert twenty-five miles from Volcano Springs. The bodies were decomposed, but the clothing was identified, and two miles distant a dead horse was found with a wagon, answering the description of their vehicle.

OUR MANUFACTURERS IN RIO.

Accorded a Royal Welcome in South America Where They Are Touring.

The party of American manufacturers, which sailed from New York on July 1, via Southampton and London, to visit the Argentine Republic, Uruguay and Brazil, arrived at Rio de Janeiro on board the royal mail steamship Danube. The United States legation had been advised of their coming, and the minister, Thomas L. Thompson, accompanied by his family, went on board the Danube to welcome the party. Minister Thompson had notified the Brazilian government of the expected visit, and when the Danube touched at the ports of Pernambuco on July and Bahia on July 25, the party was received by the port authorities and representatives of the Federal government. The United States consuls formed a part of the welcoming party.

RELIC OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

An Eight-Dollar Bill of Continental Days Comes to Light.

Mrs. C. A. Stuart, of Atchison, Kan., who is one of the few living descendants of the George Washington family, has an \$8 bill of the Virginia money of the continental period. The following is a copy of the bill, which was once owned by George Washington: "Eight Spanish milled dollars, or their value in gold or silver, to be given in exchange for this bill at the treasury of Virginia, pursuant to act of assembly, passed Oct. 20, 1777." The bill is signed by John Dixon and James Wray, and has on it the coat of arms of Virginia, with the words, "Sic Semper Tyrannis."

National League Standing.

Following is the standing of the clubs of the National Baseball League:

W. L.	Cincinnati	61	29	Philadelphia	39	45
Baltimore	55	27	Brooklyn	38	46	
Cleveland	55	30	Washington	34	46	
Chicago	52	38	New York	34	49	
Pittsburg	46	39	St. Louis	27	58	
Boston	44	39	Louisville	21	60	

Standing of Western League.

Following is the standing of the clubs in the Western League:

W. L.	Indianapolis	50	31	Detroit	44	33
St. Paul	51	32	Milwaukee	41	48	
Minneapolis	49	35	G'nd Rapids	31	53	
Kansas City	46	37	Columbus	27	61	

Protection Takes a Back Seat.

A Washington dispatch says: Every day's report at the headquarters of the Republican Congressional Committee shows that the predominance of the financial issue in this campaign is not abating. Not only are there few calls for tariff literature, but in several instances sagacious party leaders have specially requested that no tariff material be put into their States.

Demand His Release.

The United States has demanded the release of George W. Aguirre, the American citizen suspected of being a spy, who is under arrest in Havana.

By a Woman Scorned.

William Hawkins, of Chicago, is dying, the victim of the woman who says he has wronged her. Friday afternoon he was met at Clark and Van Buren streets by Nellie English and her brother John. The brother and sister fired four shots at their enemy, and every shot took effect.

Explosion of Fireworks.

A dispatch from Vienna says that the explosion of a fireworks factory at Fuenfkirchen has resulted in the death of five persons, the injuring of eighty others, and the wrecking of the town hall.

CONSULS' HEADS DROPPING.

State Department Calling for Resignations of United States Consuls.

The State Department has recently been giving much attention to the conduct of the United States consuls, and in consequence it has been found necessary to call for resignations in the cases of a few of these officers. The chief of the consular bureau, Mr. Chilton, has made a close personal inspection of the consulates in Mexico and at present he is engaged in a similar investigation of the affairs of the Canadian consulates. In the case of the Mexican consulates the effect of his work was the removal of several consular officers. The Canadian tour has already resulted in the demand for the resignation of United States Consul Thatcher at Windsor, Ont. Henry C. Smith, consul at Santos in Brazil, has also been invited to give up his commission, and other changes may be expected. In all these cases the department has declined to publish the reasons for making changes, contenting itself with the simple statement that the resignations have been requested for the good of the service, but it is understood the reasons do not go beyond such matters as inattention to duty, incorrect personal habits, and failure to observe the spirit of the consular regulations.

INDIANS ARE RESTIVE.

Fear that Cheyennes and Arapahoes May Cause Trouble.

The Cheyenne and Arapaho Indians near Wichita, Kan., are becoming restive and trouble is feared. Sixty Ute and Pueblo Indians from Western Colorado have stirred up a commotion at the reservation by introducing the "corn dance," similar to the ghost dance, which causes the Indians to become wildly excited. The visiting Indians evaded Indian Agent Woodson and for two days gave their new dance in a secluded spot against his orders. Woodson finally corralled the Colorado Indians and sent them home. For teaching them the new dance, the Cheyenne and Arapahoes gave the visiting braves a fine herd of ponies recently purchased for the Indians for use in cultivating their farms.

5,000 TROOPS ANNIHILATED.

Chinese Army Sent Against the Moslem Rebels Is Wiped Out.

Five thousand Chinese troops sent to Lanchou to suppress the Mahometan rebels seem to have been annihilated, the steamer Empress of India reports, although better provisioned and equipped. All are either killed or missing. The rebels are now mad for blood, slaying all in authority, killing and pillaging on their raids through the country. Eight thousand more troops will be sent, but it is thought they will be killed off like the rest. It is said that it will take an army of 50,000 to subdue the savage Mahomets.

Sick and Frightened Excursionists.

A sudden fall in the temperature Sunday night at 6:30 o'clock precipitated a violent wind and rain storm on Lake Michigan off St. Joseph. The steamer City of Chicago caught the full force of the gale, and for a few moments the passengers became panicky and difficult to control. Several women fainted from fright and exhaustion, and most of the voyagers became seasick. The waves played high up the boat's side and the vessel pitched to and fro like a piece of driftwood. The passengers rushed out of the staterooms and lower decks to the upper decks and pressed close to the railing in intense fear. The officers of the boat remonstrated with the crowd, and with the aid of a brass band succeeded in restoring order. Meantime a coterie of college boys on the upper deck made merry singing college songs and "passing" the nauseated victims down the line to the tune of "Peace, Peace to the Weary." In the course of an hour the storm subsided and the passengers began to recover from their fright and seasickness. The college boys, some of whom were students in the University of Chicago, were joined in their work of courage-saving by a party of cyclers from the Lake and Chicago Cycling Clubs. Many of the passengers brought baskets of peaches with them from St. Joseph and the peaches were badly bruised in the gale, while baskets being collapsed during the rush to the upper decks.

No Respite for Oscar Wilde.

Sir Matthew White Ridley, the British home secretary, has refused to remit the sentence imposed on Oscar Wilde, as a petition recently presented to him requested him to do on the ground that Wilde's health was bad. It is the general opinion that any further effort to secure Wilde's release will be as fruitless as those made in the past. Wilde was sentenced in May, 1895, to two years' imprisonment at hard labor.

Pacific Cable to Be Laid.

Sir Donald Smith and Sir Mackenzie Bowell, the Canadian commissioners, have been in London to consult as to the advisability of a new cable from Canada in the Pacific ocean. Sir Mackenzie Bowell said: "I feel pretty certain that the cable will be laid. I believe that the appropriation will be made next fall. The subject was thoroughly discussed and the wisdom of the scheme was forced upon the minds of the commissioners."

Loss Exceeds a Million.

The Harland & Wolff and Workman & Clarke shipbuilding shops and their constituents, at Belfast, have been almost wiped out by fire. The conflagration started in the establishment of Harland & Wolff, and spread to that of the Workman & Clarke company. The yards alone were damaged to the amount of \$1,500,000.

Buried by Falling Walls.

Eleven men were hurt by falling walls while cleaning up the wreckage of the Diamond Match Company's building in Chicago. At least a score were buried in the debris. All of the men escaped alive, but several received severe cuts and bruises.

Child Scalded to Death.

At Wapakoneta, O., while the 3-year-old child of Night Marshall Dierich was playing with the neighbors' children it fell into a wash boiler filled with boiling water and was scalded so badly that it died in great agony.

Falls from an "L" Train.

Miss Denia Reiten was hurled from the platform of the Chicago Lake street elevated railroad, and plunging to the ground below, sustained injuries which are expected to prove fatal.

Seizure of Silk Goods.

Silk goods to the value of \$4,000 were taken from Jacob Pelziger and family shortly after the arrival of the steamship Spruce, in New York.

WILL TEST THE ORDER

LAKE SHORE ROAD WILL CARRY ITS OWN MAIL.

Matter of Vital Interest to the Managers—Thos. Wadsworth Heads the Indiana Populist Ticket—Steamship Colombia Was Lost in the Fog.

Federal Power Questioned.

The railroad people propose to test the right of Postmaster General Wilson to prohibit them from carrying their own and the letters of other roads. The Lake Shore railroad will make a test. Its superintendent has issued an order to all of the road's employees to carry mail pertaining to the business of the road, and letters for other roads relating to joint business affairs. Maj. Stuart of the Chicago postal inspection department, to whom the enforcement of the postal laws falls, said that he had not heard of any agreement to test the law, but if the Lake Shore desired to make a test of it the government would be very apt to accommodate it by prosecuting the violators. "If the Lake Shore violates the law and it comes to my knowledge," said the inspector, "I will make a report on the case to the Postmaster General and do whatever he instructs."

FULL TICKET NAMED.

Indiana Populists Raise Their Standard and Join the General Melee.

The State convention of Populists of Indiana at Indianapolis adopted a platform almost identical with the St. Louis utterances. The ticket nominated is as follows: Governor, Thomas Wadsworth, Daviess County; Lieutenant Governor, A. P. Hanna, Montgomery; State Auditor, N. M. Jennings, Johnston; Secretary of State, S. M. Holcomb, Gibson; State Treasurer, F. S. Robinson, Putnam; Attorney General, D. H. Fernandes, Madison; Supreme Court Reporter, I. N. Force, Martin; Statistician, J. S. McKeever, Clark; Superintendent Public Instruction, J. B. Freeman, Howard. The faction that favored the endorsement of the Democratic ticket gave as a reason that the Populist party would not be able to maintain a State committee, or even pay the secretary. They argued that the great majority of the Populists are in favor of free silver and when the Democrats have declared for it and have a prospect of success it would be folly to carry on a Populist campaign.

Bewildered by Whistles.

An investigation into the wreck of the Pacific Mail steamship Colombia has been commenced before Captain W. S. Birmingham, United States supervising inspector for the San Francisco district. The officers were unanimous in declaring that the night was foggy and that a bewildering series of fog whistles disguised the source of real danger until the vessel was upon the rocks and beyond all help.

Little Ones Were Starving.

A sad case of destitution was brought to light by the finding of five starving children in a hay loft near Elizabeth, N. J. The father, Charles Hopkins, is a driver, but out of work, and the mother is in Morris Plains asylum, driven insane by worry and lack of food. The children were taken to the almshouse, where they were clothed and fed.

Moreland Sent to Prison.

Major William C. Moreland, ex-city attorney of Pittsburgh, convicted of the embezzlement of city funds, was sentenced to pay a fine of \$26,900 and undergo three years' imprisonment in the Riverside penitentiary. His assistant, W. H. House, was fined \$1,000 and is to serve two years in the penitentiary.

Fifteen Lives Were Lost.

Tales of death and devastation from the awful storm which swept over Western Pennsylvania continue to pour in. Four more drownings are reported and another victim of the Sugar Grove accident is not expected to survive. This will make the death list fifteen, including seven drowned at Cecil.

Now It Paralyzes Them.

Paralysis, brought on by riding a bicycle with drop handlebars, prostrated Frederick Gallagher, of Morristown, N. J., one of the best wheelmen there. He started on a trip to Green Pond, twenty miles distant, and was overcome on the way and fell from his wheel.

Joshua Levering's Idea.

Joshua Levering was officially notified of his nomination for the Presidency of the United States by the Prohibition party. Mr. Levering approves of the platform adopted by his party, and thinks sound-money Democrats should vote the Prohibition ticket.

M. C. Morris in Jail.

M. C. Morris, financial secretary of the Knights and Ladies of the Fireside, has been arrested at Atchison, Kan., for alleged shortage in his accounts, at the instance of officials of the Supreme Lodge. The shortage, according to the books, is \$180.

Commits Double Murder.

Jim O'Darragh, of Carlton, Minn., shot and killed William Caffery and wife, after a dispute over money. After the murder O'Darragh went to a saloon and boasted of his action and began a game of cards, defying the authorities. He was arrested and is in jail.

Drowned While Fording.

William Rose, a gardener, aged 50 years, was drowned near Boston, Pa., at 5 o'clock Tuesday morning while attempting to ford Long run. His body was recovered in the Ohio River three hours later, at Avalon, twenty-eight miles from Boston.

No News of Pearce Atkinson.

The state department has no information to give that will throw light on the fate of Pearce Atkinson, the young Chicagoan who is believed to have perished a few days ago near Havana fighting for the cause of Cuban freedom.

Grain and Stock Destroyed.

Four large flood gates at Buckeye lake, near Newark, O., were opened to prevent the lake from overflowing its banks. The water rushed out, flooding 500 acres, washing away fields of grain and killing fifty sheep.

Saves His Neck.

John Coleman, who was sentenced to be hanged at Dardanelle, Ark., for the murder of his wife and another woman, will now serve a life term, by order of Gov. Clarke.

JAPAN SUMS UP HER TRADE.

Nearly One-Third of Its Exports Are Sent to the United States.

Consul General McIvor at Kanagawa has forwarded to the State Department tables showing the foreign trade of Japan for 1895. In these tables the Japanese silver yen has been taken as equivalent to 51 cents, this being its mean value during that year. The total value of exports was \$85,033,662, and of imports \$65,922,895. Of this amount the United States is credited with \$27,554,764 for exports and \$4,730,943 for imports. The customs duties collected were, for exports, \$1,159,281; imports, \$2,161,803; miscellaneous, \$88,045, making a total of \$3,409,135. During the year 1,863 steamers and 1,005 sailing vessels entered the ports of Japan from foreign countries; of these, 95 were American, 98 British and 371 German. Forty-nine American steamers and sailing vessels were engaged in the coastwise trade of Japan as against 761 British, 104 French and 181 German. Japan exported \$1,423,895 gold and \$12,499,970 silver bullion. She imported bullion to the value of \$525,255 in gold and \$2,470,508 in silver.

REMARKABLE PRESENCE OF MIND.

Boy Falls From a Train and Hugs the Ground Till the Cars Pass.

At Dayton, Ky., Friday afternoon a thrilling sight was witnessed by a score of people. Leo Dify, the 11-year-old son of August Dify, was riding on the top of a freight car of a train. Suddenly the little fellow lost his balance and fell to the track, right under the car. Leo stretched himself out between the swiftly turning wheels and hugged the ground as closely as he could. Perfectly motionless he lay until every car of the long train had passed over him. His presence of mind saved his life.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE GOSPEL OF GOOD CHEER FOR THE SORROWING.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Draws Vivid Pictures of the Lengthening Shadows of Life—When Time Ends and Eternity Begins—The Light of Christ.

At the Close of Day.

Dr. Talmage's subject this week lights up the sorrows of this life and sounds the gospel of good cheer for all who will receive it. His text was Luke xxi., 29, "Abide with us, for it is toward evening."

Two villagers, having concluded their errand in Jerusalem, have started out at the city gate and are on their way to Emmaus, the place of their residence. They go with a sad heart. Jesus, who had been their admiration and their joy, had been basely massacred and entombed. As with sad face and broken heart they pass on their way, a stranger accosts them. They tell him their anxieties and bitterness of soul. He in turn talks to them, mightily expounding the Scriptures. He throws over them the fascination of intelligent conversation. They forget the time and notice not the objects they pass and before they are aware have come up in front of their house. They pause before the entrance and attempt to persuade the stranger to tarry with them. They press upon him their sorrows. Night is coming on, and he may meet a prowling wild beast or be obliged to lie unsheltered from the dew. He cannot go much farther now. Why not stop there and continue their pleasant conversation? They take him by the arm and they insist upon his coming in, addressing him in the words, "Abide with us, for it is toward evening."

The candles are lighted, the table is spread, pleasant socialities are enkindled. They rejoice in the presence of the stranger guest. He asks a blessing upon the bread they eat, and he hands a piece of it to each. Suddenly and with overwhelming power the thought flashes upon the astonished people—it is the Lord! And as they sit in breathless wonder, looking upon the resurrected body of Jesus, he vanished. The interview ended. He was gone.

The Bright Day.

With many of us it is a bright, sunshiny day of prosperity. There is not a cloud in the sky, not a leaf rustling in the forest, no chill in the air. But we cannot expect all this to last. He is not an intelligent man who expects perpetual daylight of joy. The sun will set after awhile near the horizon. The shadows will lengthen. While I speak, many of us stand in the very hour described in the text, "for it is toward evening." The request of the text is appropriate for some before me. For with them it is toward the evening of old age. They have passed the meridian of life. They are sometimes startled to think how old they are. They do not, however, like to have others remark upon it. If others suggest their approximation toward venerable appearance, they say, "Why, I'm not so old after all." They do, indeed, notice that they cannot lift quite so much as once. They cannot read quite so well without spectacles. They cannot so easily recover from a cough or any occasional ailment. They have lost their taste for merriment. They are surprised at the quick passage of the year. They say that it only seems a little while ago that they were boys. They are going a little down hill. There is something in their health, something in their vision, something in their walk, something in their changing associations, something above, something beneath, something within, to remind them that it is toward evening.

Soothing the Soul.
Trouble is an apothecary that mixes a great many drafts, bitter and sour and nauseous, and you must drink some one of them. Trouble puts up a great many packs, and you must carry some one of them. There is no sandal so thick and well adjusted but some thorn will strike through it. There is no sound so sweet but the undertaker's screwdriver grates through it. In this swift shuttle of the human heart some of the threads must break. The journey from Jerusalem to Emmaus will soon be ended. Our Bible, our common sense, our observation, reiterate in tones that we cannot mistake and ought not to disregard. It is toward evening.

Oh, then, for Jesus to abide with us. He sweetens the cup. He extracts the thorn. He wipes the tear. He hushes the tempest. He soothes the soul that flies to him for shelter. Let the night swoop and the euroclydon cross the sea. Let the thunders roar. Soon all will be well. Christ in the ship to soothe his friends. Christ on the sea to stop its tumult. Christ in the grave to scatter the darkness. Christ in the heavens to lead the way. Blessed all such. His arms will enclose them, his grace comfort them, his light cheer them, his sacrifice free them, his glory enchant them. If earthly estate takes wings, he will be an incorruptible treasure. If friends die, he will be their resurrection. Standing with us in the morning of our joy and in the noonday of our prosperity, he will not forsake us when the lustre has faded and it is toward evening.

Listen to Paul's battle shout with misfortune. Hark to mounting Latimer's fire song. Look at the glory that has left the dungeon and filled the earth and heavens with the crash of the falling manacles of despotism. And then look at those who have tried to cure themselves by human prescriptions, attempting to heal gangrene with a patch of court plaster and to stop the plague of dying empires with the quackery of earthly wisdom. Nothing can speak peace to the soul, nothing can unstrap our crushing burdens, nothing can overcome our spiritual foes, nothing can open our eyes to see the surrounding horses and chariots of salvation that fill all the mountains, but the voice and command of him who stopped one night at Emmaus.

The words of the text are pertinent to us all, from the fact that we are nearing the evening of death. I have heard it said that we ought to live as though each moment were to be our last. I do not believe that theory. As far as preparation is concerned we ought always to be ready, but we cannot always be thinking of death, for we have duties in life that demand our attention. When a man is selling goods, it is his business to think of the bargain he is making. When a man is pleading in the courts, it is his duty to think of the interests of his clients. When a clerk is adding up his accounts, it is his duty to keep his mind upon the column of figures. He who fills up his life with thoughts of death is far from being the highest style of Christian. I knew a man who used often to say at night, "I wish I might die before morning!" He became an infidel.

From Darkness to Light.

But there are times when we can and ought to give ourselves to the contemplation of that solemn moment when to the soul time ends and eternity begins. We must go through that one pass. There is no roundabout way, no bypath, no circuitous route. Die we must, and it will be to us a shameful occurrence or a time of admirable behavior. Our friends may stretch out their hands to keep us back, but no imploration on their part can hinder us. They might offer large retainers, but death would not take the fee. The breath will fail, and the eyes will close.

One of the forts of France was attacked, and the outworks were taken before night. The besieging army lay down, thinking there was but little to do in the morning, and that the soldiery in the fort could be easily made to surrender. But during the night, through a back stairs, they escaped into the country. In the

morning the besieging army sprang upon the battlements, but found that their prey was gone. So, when we are assaulted in temptation, there is always some secret stair by which we might get off. God will not allow us to be tempted above what we are able, but with every temptation will bring a way of escape that we may be able to bear it.

The prayer of the text is appropriate for all who are anticipating sorrow. The greatest folly that ever grew on this planet is the tendency to borrow trouble. But there are times when approaching sorrow is so evident that we need to be making special preparation for its coming.

One of your children has lately become a favorite. The cry of that child strikes deeper into the heart than the cry of the others. You think more about it. You give it more attention, not because it is any more of a treasure than the others, but because it is becoming frail. There is something in the cheek, in the eye and in the walk that makes you quite sure that the leaves of the flower are going to be scattered. The utmost nursing and medical attendance are ineffectual. The pulse becomes feeble, the complexion lighter, the step weaker, the laugh fainter. No more romping for that one through hall and parlor. The nursery is darkened by an approaching calamity. The heart feels with mournful anticipation that the sun is going down. Night speeds on. It is toward evening.

You have long rejoiced in the care of a mother. You have done everything to make her last days happy. You have run with quick feet to wait upon her every want. Her presence has been a perpetual blessing in the household. But the fruit gatherers are looking wistfully at that tree. Her soul is ripe for heaven. The gates are ready to flash open for her entrance. But your soul sinks at the thought of separation. You cannot bear to think that soon you will be called to take the last look at that face which from the first hour has looked upon you with affection unchangeable. But you see that life is ebbing and the grave will soon hide her from your sight. You sit quiet. Yet feel heavy hearted. The light is fading from the sky. The air is chill. It is toward evening.

You had a considerable estate and felt independent. In five minutes on one fair balance sheet you could see just how you stood in the world. But there came complications. Something that you imagined impossible happened. The best friend you had proved a traitor to your interests. A sudden crash of national misfortunes prostrated your credit. You may to-day be going on in business, but you feel anxious about where you are standing and fear that the next turning of the wheel will bring you prostrate. You foresee what you consider certain defalcation. You think of the anguish of telling your friends you are not worth a dollar. You know not how you will ever bring your children home from school. You wonder how you will stand the selling of your library or the moving into a plainer house. The misfortunes of life have accumulated. No motion. No throng. No life. Still, it is toward evening.

Sunset.
Trouble is an apothecary that mixes a great many drafts, bitter and sour and nauseous, and you must drink some one of them. Trouble puts up a great many packs, and you must carry some one of them. There is no sandal so thick and well adjusted but some thorn will strike through it. There is no sound so sweet but the undertaker's screwdriver grates through it. In this swift shuttle of the human heart some of the threads must break. The journey from Jerusalem to Emmaus will soon be ended. Our Bible, our common sense, our observation, reiterate in tones that we cannot mistake and ought not to disregard. It is toward evening.

Soothing the Soul.
So death comes to the disciple. What if the sun of life is about to set? Jesus is the day spring from on high; the perpetual morning of every ransomed spirit. What if the darkness comes? Jesus is the light of the world and of heaven. What though this earthly house does crumble? Jesus has prepared a house of many mansions. Jesus is the anchor that always holds. Jesus is the light that is never eclipsed. Jesus is the fountain that is never exhausted. Jesus is the evening star, hung up amid the gloom of the gathering night!

You are almost through with the abuse and blackbaiting of enemies. They will call you no more by evil names. Your good deeds will no longer be misinterpreted nor your honor fished. The troubles of earth will end in the felicities! Toward evening! The bereavements of earth will soon be lifted. You will not much longer stand pourng your grief in the tomb, like Rachel weeping for her children or David mourning for Absalom. Broken hearts bound up. Wounds healed. Tears wiped away. Sorrows terminated. No more sounding of the dead march. Toward evening! Death will come, sweet as slumber to the eyelids of the babe, as full rations to a starving soldier, as evening hours to the exhausted workman. The sky will take on its sunset glow, every cloud a fire, every lake a glassy mirror, the forests transfigured, delicate mists climbing the air. Your friends will announce it; your pulses will beat it; your joys will ring it; your lips will whisper it. "Toward evening!"

Curious Shoes.
The Portuguese shoes has wooden sole and heel, with a vamp made of patent leather fancifully showing the flesh side of the skin. The Persian footgear is a raised shoe, and is often a foot high. It is made of light wood, richly inlaid, with a strap extending over the instep. The Muscovite shoe is hand-woven, on a wooden frame, and but little attention is paid to the shape of the foot. Leather is sometimes used, but the sandal is generally made of silk cordage and woolen cloth.

The Siamese shoe has the form of an ancient canoe, with a gondola bow and an open toe. The sole is made of wood and the upper of inlaid wood and cloth, and the exterior is elaborately ornamented in colors with gold and silver. The sandal worn by the Egyptians is composed of a sole made by sticking together three thicknesses of leather. This is held to the foot by passing a band across the instep. The sandal is beautifully stitched with thread of different colors.

Confederate Uniforms.
Though the regulation uniforms of the Confederate army were gray, the close of the war found nearly all of the men and some of the officers wearing homespun of various colors, or, at least, of various shades of gray. So-called "butternut" suits were greatly in vogue, while regiments being thus uniformed. Some of the uniform cloth was got from England on blockade-runners; some was made at the woolen mills scattered here and there through the South, and a great deal was the product of hand looms, worked by the women of the South. There was a "cadet gray" cloth, very fine and soft, which was made at the Crenshaw woolen factory in Richmond.

Confederate Uniforms.

But there are times when we can and ought to give ourselves to the contemplation of that solemn moment when to the soul time ends and eternity begins. We must go through that one pass. There is no roundabout way, no bypath, no circuitous route. Die we must, and it will be to us a shameful occurrence or a time of admirable behavior. Our friends may stretch out their hands to keep us back, but no imploration on their part can hinder us. They might offer large retainers, but death would not take the fee. The breath will fail, and the eyes will close.

Every joy which comes to us is only to strengthen us for some greater labor that is to succeed.—Fichte.

and the heart will stop. You may hang the couch with gorgeous tapestry, but what does death care for beautiful curtains? You may hang the room with the finest works of art, but what does death care for pictures? You may fill the house with the wailings of widowhood and orphane—does death mind weeping?

This ought not to be a depressing theme. Who wants to live here forever? The world has always treated me well, and every day I feel less and less like scolding and complaining. But yet I would not want to make this my eternal residence. I love to watch the clouds and bathe my soul in the blue sea of heaven. But I expect when the firmament is rolled away as a scroll to see a new heaven, grander, higher and more glorious. You ought to be willing to exchange your body that has headaches and sideaches and weaknesses innumerable, that limps with the stone bruise, or festers with the thorn, or flames on the funeral pyre of fevers, for an incorruptible body and an eye that blinks not before the jasper gates and the great white throne. But between that and this there is an hour about which no man should be reckless or foolhardy. I doubt not your courage, but I tell you that you will want something better than a strong arm, a good aim and a trusty sword when you come to your last battle. You will need a better robe than any you have in your wardrobe to keep you warm in that place.

Circumstances do not make so much difference. It may be a bright day when you push off from the planet, or it may be a dark night and while the owl is hooting from the forest. It may be spring, and your soul may go out among the blossoms, apple orchards swinging their boughs in the way. It may be winter and the earth in a snow shroud. It may be autumn, and the forests set on fire by the retreating year, dead nature laid out in state. It may be with your wife's hand in your hand or you may be in a strange hotel with a servant faithful to the last. It may be in the rail train, shot off the switch and tumbling in long reverberation down the embankment—crash, crash! I know not the time. I know not the mode. But the days of our life are being subtracted away and we shall come down to the time when we have but ten days left, then nine days, then eight days, then seven days, six days, five days, four days, three days, two days, one day. Then hours—three hours, two hours, one hour. Then only minutes left—five minutes, four minutes, three minutes, two minutes, one minute. Then only seconds left—four seconds, three seconds, two seconds, one second. Gone! The chapter of life ends! The book closed! The pulses at rest. The feet through with the journey! The hands closed from all work. No word on the lips. No breath in the nostrils. Hair combed back to lie undisheveled by any human hands. The muscles still. The nerves still. The lungs still. The tongue still. All still. You might put the stethoscope to the breast and hear no sound. You might put a speaking trumpet to the ear, but you could not wake the deafness. No motion. No throng. No life. Still, it is toward evening.

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MORE BEEF AND LESS DIGNITY.

What the Hungry Houston Man Sought in a Boarding-House.

As the snake reporter was wending his way homeward he was approached by a very gaunt, hungry-looking man, with wild eyes and emaciated face.

"Can you tell me, sir," he inquired, "where I can find in Houston a family of low-born scrubs?"

"I don't exactly understand," said the reporter.

"Let me tell you how it is," said the emaciated man. "I came to Houston a month ago and hunted up a boarding house, as I could not afford to live at a hotel. I found a nice, aristocratic-looking place that suited me and went inside. The landlady came in the parlor, and she was a very stately lady with a Roman nose. I asked the price of board, and she said: 'Eighty dollars per month.' I fell against the door jamb and she said:

"'You seem surprised, sir. You will please remember that I am the widow of Governor Riddle, of Virginia. My family is very highly connected; give you board as a favor; I never consider money as an equivalent to advantage of my society. Will you have a room with a door in it?'

"I'll call again," I said, and got out of the house somehow.

"I went to some more boarding-houses.

"The next lady said she was descended from Aaron Burr on one side and Captain Kidd on the other. She was using the Captain Kidd side in her business. She wanted to charge me 60 cents an hour for board and lodging. I traveled around all over Houston and found nine widows of supreme court judges, twelve relics of governors and generals and twenty-two ruins left by happy departed colonels, professors and majors, who put fancy figures on the benefit of their society and carried victuals as a side line. I finally grew desperately hungry and engaged a week's board at a nice stylish mansion in the Third ward. The lady who kept it was tall and imposing. She kept one hand lying across her wrist and the other held a prayerbook and a pair of icehocks. She said she was an aunt of Davy Crockett and was still in mourning for him. Her family was one of the first in Texas. It was then supper time and I went in to supper. Supper was from 6:50 to 7 and consisted of baker's bread, prayer and cold slaw. I was so fatigued that I begged to be shown to my room immediately after the meal.

"I took the candle, went into the rooms he showed me and locked the door quickly. The room was furnished in imitation of the Alamo. The walls and floor were bare and the bed was something like a monument, only harder. After midnight I felt somehow as if I had fallen into a prickly pear bush, and jumped up and lit the candle. I looked into the bed and exclaimed:

"Thermopylae had her messenger of defeat, but the Alamo had a thousand."

"I slipped out of the door and left the house.

"Now, my dear sir, I am not wealthy, and I cannot afford to pay for high lineage and moldy ancestors with my board. Corned beef goes further with me than a coronet, and when I am cold a coat of arms does not warm me. I am desperately hungry, and I hate everybody who can trace their ancestors further back than the late Confederate reunion. I want to find a boarding-house whose proprietress was left while an infant in a basket at a livery stable, whose father was an unnatural dago from the Fifth ward and whose grandfather was never placed upon the map. I want to strike a low-down, scrubby piebald, sans-culotte outfit that never heard of finger bowls or grace before meals, but who can get up a mess of hot corn bread and Irish stew at regular market quotations. Is there any such place in Houston?"

The snake reporter shook his head sadly. "I never heard of any," he said. "The boarding-houses here are run by ladies who do not take boarders to make a living; they are all trying to get better rating at Bradstreet's than Hetty Green's."

"Then," said the emaciated man, desperately, "I will shake you for a long toddy."—Washington Post.

USE JAXON SOAP

It loosens and separates the dirt, making washing easy, but does not injure the fabric.

We carry a full and complete line of

STAPLE

FANCY GROCERIES.

Fine

TEAS, COFFEES AND CANNED GOODS.

Cigars Tobacco and Confectionery. Also Mason

Fruit Jars All Sizes.

Yours truly,

A. M. GARDNER.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL

"The Niagara Falls Route."

Taking Effect September 5, 1895.

EASTWARD BOUND.

STATIONS.	Det	Exp	N Y	Ngt	Fr't
	am	pm	pm	pm	pm
Grand Rapids lv.	7:00	1:00	6:00	11:00	2:10
Middleville	7:35	1:37	6:35	12:35	3:35
Hastings	7:52	1:59	6:57	12:45	3:58
Jackson Ar.	8:50	3:50	9:00	3:40	5:29
Detroit Ar.	12:20	6:00	11:15	7:10	...
	pm	pm	pm	pm	pm

WESTWARD BOUND.

STATIONS.	Pac	Spl	M'11	G R	Fr't
	am	pm	pm	pm	pm
Grand Rapids Ar.	5:00	6:40	6:45	10:20	4:05
Middleville	3:57	5:58	12:55	9:38	2:15
Hastings	3:20	5:49	10:40	9:19	1:03
Jackson Lv.	12:01	3:50	8:45	7:30	7:10
Detroit Lv.	8:45	2:00	6:30	4:35	...
	pm	pm	pm	pm	pm

Grand Rapids & Indiana Railroad.

Schedule in effect June 22, 1895.

Leave		Arrive		
NORTHERN DIVISION	Going	From	North	
Trav. City, Pet'ky & Mack	+ 4:00 am	10:00 pm		
Trav. City, Pet'ky & Mack	+ 7:45 am	5:15 pm		
Chamberlain	+ 2:00 pm	9:10 pm		
Cadillac	+ 5:25 pm	11:10 pm		
Petoskey and Mackinaw	+ 11:00 pm	5:30 am		
Train leaving at 4:00 a. m. is a solid westbound train with day coaches and sleeping cars to Petoskey and Mackinaw. Train leaving at 2:00 p. m. is a solid train with day coaches and Wagner buffet parlor car to Petoskey, Bay View and Harbor Springs. Train leaving at 11:00 p. m. has sleeping cars to Petoskey and Mackinaw.				
Leave	Arrive			
SOUTHERN DIVISION	Going	From	South	
Cincinnati	+ 7:45 am	4:00 pm		
Pet'ky Wayne	+ 8:00 pm	1:45 am		
Kalamazoo	+ 4:00 pm	9:15 am		
Cincinnati	+ 10:15 pm	3:50 am		
7:35 a. m. train has parlor car to Cincinnati. 19:15 p. m. train has sleeping cars to Cincinnati, Indianapolis and Louisville.				
MUSKEGON TRAINS.				
GOING WEST.				
Lv Gd Rpd 17:25 am +1:00 pm +5:40 pm +9:00 am				
Ar Muskegon 8:30 am 2:10 pm 7:35 pm 10:25 am				
Lv Muskegon (Steamer) 7:45 pm				
Ar Milwaukee (Steamer) 4:00 pm				
GOING EAST.				
Lv Muskegon 8:00 pm				
Lv Muskegon 8:30 pm				
Lv Gd Rpd 8:20 am 12:35 pm 5:20 pm 7:55 pm				
Steamer leaves Muskegon, Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Leaves Milwaukee, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.				
**ENTERTAINMENT. **DAILY. **Sunday only.				
A. ALMQVIST, C. L. LOCKWOOD, Ticket Agent, Gen'l Pass'r and Union Station.				

A. P. T. L.

The American Protective Tariff League is a national organization advocating "Protection to American Labor and Industry" as explained by its constitution, as follows:

"The object of this League shall be to protect American labor by a tariff on imports, which shall adequately secure American industrial products against the competition of foreign labor."

There are no personal or private profits in connection with the organization and it is sustained by memberships, contributions and the distribution of its publications.

FIRST: Correspondence is solicited regarding "Membership" and "Official Correspondents." SECOND: We need and welcome contributions, whether small or large, to our cause.

THIRD: Publish a large line of documents on the Tariff question. Com- mitted to any address for 50 cents.

FOURTH: SUN answering ad- d in its columns will be held Sept. 30 to Oct. 2.

Fine Stationery at the News Stand. *

THE MIDDLEVILLE SUN

THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1895.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

There will be preaching and Sunday school services at Streeter's landing, Gun lake, on Sunday. Rev. W. A. Biss will deliver the sermon.

There will be no services at the Baptist church Sunday, as the pastor is spending a couple of weeks at Gun lake. He will hold services in the hall at Streeter's landing, on Sunday.

Congregational church, H. Appleton, pastor. Services 10:30 a. m., 7:30 p. m. Services will be conducted by Mr. Jesse W. Cobb. Sabbath school at the close of morning service. Junior C. E., 4 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E., 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting, Thursday, 7:30 p. m. A special invitation to all.

The whole system is drained and undermined by indolent sores. De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve speeds healing. It is the best pile cure known. Dr. Nelson Abbott.

CONUNDRUM SOCIAL.

Are you good at guessing? Then attend the conundrum social at Ed Morgan's, 14 miles west of Parmelee, Tuesday evening, Aug. 11, for the benefit of the M. E. church.

CONG'L AID SOCIETY.

The Congregational Aid society will meet in church parlors Friday p. m., Aug. 7. Tea served from 5 to 7 by the following ladies: Mrs. A. Clark, Mrs. R. M. Johnson, Mrs. W. K. Liebler, Mrs. A. A. Matteson, Mrs. C. McQueen, Mrs. J. McQueen and Mrs. Lee Moore. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

M. E. AID SOCIETY.

The ladies of the M. E. society will hold a picnic supper at the parsonage Friday, August 14. Proceeds to go to our pastor. Let all come and have a good time.

PERSONAL.

FREE—64-page medical reference book to any person afflicted with any special chronic disease peculiar to their sex. Address the leading physicians and surgeons of the United States. Dr. Hathaway & Co., 21-52 Dearborn street, Chicago.

CAMPAIGN SONG BOOKS FOR 1895.

We have just received from the music publishing house of The S. Bradward's Sons Co., 151 Wabash Ave., Chicago, copies of the "True Blue Republican" and the "Red Hot Democratic" Campaign Song Books for 1895. They are not cheap word editions, but contain solos, duets, mixed and male quartets, and are especially arranged for campaign clubs. They are sold at the low price of 10 cents each, or \$1.00 per dozen. Leave orders at the Middleville News Stand.

RESUMED CONTROL.

C. H. Appleton, who is acknowledged to be one of the best instructors in commercial branches in Grand Rapids, has reassumed control of the Appleton Business College, which is located in the Barnhart block, at the corner of Louis and North Ionia streets. The Times cannot too strongly urge students to see Mr. Appleton. His terms are reasonable and his course of instruction, perfect.—G. R. Times.

Six weeks ago I suffered with a very severe cold; was almost unable to speak. My friends all advised me to consult a physician. Noticing Chamberlain's Cough Remedy advertised in the St. Paul Volks Zeitung I procured a bottle, and after taking it a short while was entirely well. I now heartily recommend this remedy to anyone suffering with a cold. WM. KEIL, 678 Selby Ave., St. Paul, Minn. For sale by J. W. Armstrong, druggist.

ONE-HALF RATE AUGUST 10TH.

On account of Buffalo Bill's Wild West and congress of rough riders of the world the Michigan Central will sell tickets to Grand Rapids August 10 at rate of one fare for round trip, good to return on date of sale only.

294 J. E. GOOLE, Local Agent.

Many a day's work is lost by sick headache, caused by indigestion and stomach troubles. De Witt's Little Early Risers are the most effectual pill for overcoming such difficulties. Dr. Nelson Abbott.

The Plainwell fair takes place this year Sept. 15-18.

Theories of cure may be discussed at length by physicians, but the sufferers want quick relief; and One Minute Cough Cure will give it to them. A safe cure for children. It is "the only harmless remedy that produces immediate results." Dr. Nelson Abbott.

Mrs. Wm. Lane of Olivet, was, on Monday burned so she will probably die of her injuries, the result of kindling fire with coal oil. Her husband was also badly burned while tearing the burning clothing of his wife.

If you have ever seen a little child in the agony of summer complaint, you can realize the danger of the trouble and appreciate the value of instantaneous relief always afforded by DeWitt's Cough and Cholera Cure. For dysentery and diarrhoea it is a reliable remedy. We could not afford to recommend this as a cure unless it were a cure. Dr. Nelson Abbott.

SUN readers can save money by leaving their subscriptions to other papers and magazines at this office.

The Caledonia fair will be held Sept. 30 to Oct. 2.

Fine Stationery at the News Stand. *

DOCTOR SUPPLANTS MINISTER.

The Confidential Intimate and Adviser of Country People.

It is now the country doctor, not the confidential intimate and adviser of the people, says the Boston Transcript. He alone is who now knows the antecedents of men and women, the history of their families, their inherited qualities, their record of trials and temptations, the skeletons in their closets. The clergyman, however able, has usually been for a year or two only in his parish; he has not yet got really behind the scenes; he knows nothing of the hereditary traits, the traditional obstacles. He has not the key to men's struggles; with the utmost official deference he is left in a great degree outside of their lives. They do not turn to him, after all, as they do to the family physician who assisted some of them into the world, who tided the perplexed household through that long siege of fevers, who remembers grandfather in his prime and knew the long tragedy of Aunt Eunice's desolate life. Even the sympathetic stranger soon finds out to whom he must go to learn the socialities and traditions of the community; certainly not to the clergyman, who is apt to be but of yesterday. Fortunately this position of confidence into which the country physician is now lifted is in itself a liberal education; he learns to prescribe for the sick soul as for the invalid body. Perhaps he does it as well, on the whole, as his predecessor, the clergyman, did before him; but it is nevertheless an essential change of dynasty, and every added breaking up of a strong and prosperous clerical influence makes the transformation more noticeable. In place of the country solicitor, the Tulkington of the English novels—the man who held in his strong box the mysteries of every family—we had for a long time in New England the semi-official class of country ministers. Now, with the multiplication of sects and the abbreviation of pastorates, the minister practically abdicates and the physician takes his place as the confidential adviser of the community at large.

WHERE THEY COULD FIND HIM.

An actor recently found himself stranded in a western city without even the wherewithal to purchase a meal. He went to the landlord and offered to entertain the guests with recitations if he could be supplied with a square meal. This was agreed to by the landlord, and the actor man was ushered into the parlor where the guests were assembled. He gave several readings in clever style, but did not seem to catch on, and bowing himself out told the landlord of his failure to please. The latter, being a good-natured guy, told him he should have his meal notwithstanding his failure, and he was escorted to the dining-room. Feeling a great deal better after a good, square meal, he again entered the parlor and said to the guests:

"Ladies and gentlemen, as I failed to please you with my recitations, I will now try a little legerdemain. Would any one here like to see the devil?"

"Yes," was the answer from all.

"Then go to h—l," said the actor, and he bowed himself out.

AUSTRALIA THE TRAMP'S PARADISE.

A correspondent says that Australia is a paradise for tramps. They comprise about one-quarter of the population, and spend their life traveling from one little colony or station, as it is called, to another. The name sun-downer is applied to them for the reason that the sun's setting is a signal for their coming. The stations being so far apart—twenty or thirty miles, or even more—the people have not the heart to send them adrift to the bush to go hungry for the night, and they are recognized as a necessary evil. The well-to-do farmers have usually a "travelers' hut," and regular rations are served out to these wayfarers, a pound of the inevitable mutton, a panini or dipper of flour, the water bag refilled and a bunk for the night.

THE COUNTRY'S YOUNGEST COLONEL.

Harry Mulligan of Louisville, Ky., is the youngest colonel in this country. He is twelve years old. His father, "Tom" Mulligan, owns the hotel at which Governor Bradley of Kentucky was a guest during his remarkable campaign.

"There is the next governor of Kentucky," said the boy one day to a guest in the corridor, pointing out Colonel Bradley.

"All right, Harry," said Colonel Bradley, hearing the remark, "if your prophecy comes true I'll appoint you a colonel on my staff."

Gov. Bradley did not forget his promise. After his inauguration he made out a commission to Colonel Harry