

# THE MIDDLEVILLE SUN.

VOLUME 28, NO. 39.

MIDDLEVILLE, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1896.

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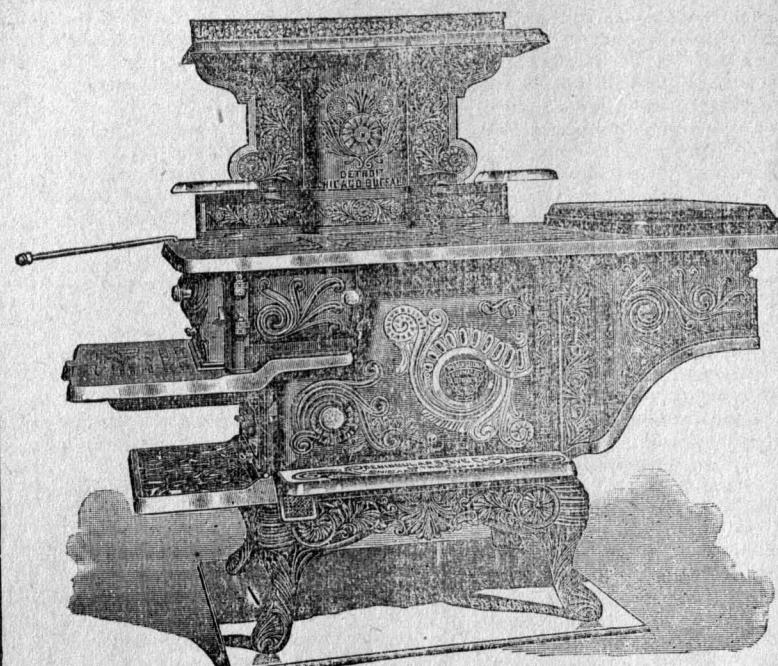
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FOR  
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National Honor,  
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Weekly Tribune,

The Leading National Republican Family Newspaper,

Will make a vigorous and relentless fight through the Presidential campaign, for principles which will bring prosperity to the entire country.

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Respectfully,

GARDNER & SONS.

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## NEIGHBORHOOD NOTES.

BOWEN'S MILLS.

In remembrance of Mrs. Bert Armstrong.

THE DEATH-BED.

We watched her breathing through the night.

Her breathing soft and low.

As in her breast the wave of life

Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently seemed to speak.

So slowly moved about.

As we had lent her half our powers

To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears.

Our fears our hopes belied—

We thought her dying when she slept,

And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad

And chill with early showers.

Her quiet eyelids closed—she had

Another morn than ours.

There is no death! What seems so is

transition.

This life of mortal breath

Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,

Whose portal we call death.

In loving remembrance of Jennie Armstrong, wife of Bert Armstrong, died Sept. 20, aged 23 years, 9 months and 7 days.

A precious one from us has gone,

A voice we loved is stilled;

A place is vacant in our home.

Which never can be filled.

God in his wisdom has recalled

The boon his love had given;

And though the body moulder here,

The soul is safe in heaven.

BOWNE BUDGET.

Mrs. E. Watkins and daughter of Traverse City are visiting Mr. J. L. Godfrey and family.

Mr. E. Smith of Grand Rapids is visiting his brother, Mr. H. L. Smith, and family.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Salsbury of Grand Rapids are visiting the former's parents of this place.

Wilber Smith is attending school at Lowell.

The diphtheria is raging in West Bowne.

Mrs. E. Lowe and two sons, Scott and Will, were the guests of H. L. Smith and family Sunday eve.

Mr. W. H. Watts is having his house put on a foundation.

Mr. and Mrs. Perkins are entertaining company from Chicago.

Lowell fair this week.

CALEDONIA CULLINGS.

Mrs. Maggie Shouthelm and mother of Cleveland, Ohio, are visiting at J. Amon's.

Aaron Kraft of Ont. is visiting relatives here.

Miss Lizzie Brower has returned from a visit of several weeks' duration in Indiana.

John and Andrew Menzies of Kalamazoo came up on their wheels Saturday and spent a few days visiting relatives in this vicinity.

Mrs. Jacob Meyers died Sunday after a long and painful illness. The funeral was held Tuesday in the Evangelical church.

Mrs. Dr. Beckwith died Friday. Funeral was held Sunday and the remains taken to Wayland for interment.

Mrs. U. S. Schooley of Fennville is visiting her mother, Mrs. Menno Rosenberg, and family.

W. T. Hardy left Tuesday morning for Jamestown, N. Y., on a business trip. He expects to return the latter part of the week.

Nathaniel Graybiel of Ont. is visiting his brother, Dr. A. G. Graybiel.

George Menold of Douglas Sundaled in the village.

C. Noffke has gone to Ann Arbor for treatment.

Seth Gray lost a valuable Jersey cow Tuesday.

Rev. A. Eby has been assigned to the Sunfield charge by the U. B. conference.

D. M. Witmer of the Grand Rapids School Furniture Co. has taken an order for pews and fixtures for the new M. E. church at Freeport, also seats for the Israel Beck school district No. 6 Irving.

Mrs. Patrick Parker of Middleville spent the fore part of the week with her daughter, Mrs. Alva Crossman.

Born to Mrs. Eva Lockwood and husband, Tuesday, a two pound girl.

J. O. Seibert was called home from New York to attend the funeral of his mother, Mrs. Jacob Meyer of Caledonia Station, which took place Tuesday at 2 p. m. Mrs. Meyer died Sunday morning after an illness of nearly one year.

The second district legislative convention was held at Lowell Tuesday. W. C. Warner, chairman, called the convention to order and called H. G. Holt of Cascade to the chair to act as temporary chairman. On motion W. S. Stevens was elected temporary secretary. Committee on credentials represented all townships represented. The temporary organization was made permanent. Ten minutes was the limit for presentation speeches. Candidates

were presented as follows: Ada, Hiram A. Rhodes; Bowne, William H. Watts.

Byron, Ernest A. Lillie; Caledonia, J.

W. Shisler; Wyoming, John W. Cooper.

First informal ballot—Whole number

of votes cast, 31; necessary to choose,

16; J. W. Shisler, 18; John W. Cooper,

4; Hiram A. Rhodes, 4; William H.

Watts, 1; Ernest A. Lillie, 4. On motion

of W. S. Stevens the ballot was

made formal and the nomination of J.

W. Shisler was made unanimous. Mr.

Shisler is one of our most influential

citizens, residing on a well tilled farm

just south of the village and his large

circle of friends hope and expect his

election by a large majority.

EAST CALEDONIA.

Mrs. Teeple and Miss Carrie Schrader are visiting friends in Grand Rapids.

Miss Daisy Dowling of Middleville, visiting Gertie Baker last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Smith spent

Sunday with their niece, Mrs. Leon

Bass of Middleville.

William Fristis of Pioneer, Ohio, is

the guest of his niece, Mrs. Della Peet.

## BUTTERFLIES.

Out in the churchyard the grass grew deep, Where the peaceful dead were lying; Over their quiet and holy sleep The butterflies white were flying, And one little child was playing there. In the churchyard, sunny and still; He'd wandered away, in his innocent play.

From the little white house on the hill, "Butterflies, butterflies!" cried the child, As he played on the grassy sod, "You're the souls of the little dead children here. Flitting up to God."

Out in the churchyard a place new-made, Waits for the innocent dead; Still, for the dear little sleeper, there Waited his quiet bed.

"And a long farewell they say over him, With kisses on lip and brow; And, with flowers sweet at head and feet, He goes from his mother now. Butterflies flutter above her head, As she kneels on the grassy sod, And the little white soul of her precious one Flitters away to God.

—Ladies' Home Journal.

## UNDER FALSE COLORS

Under the ice of Cape Gris Nez two vessels were hove to within fifty yards of each other. Boats were coming and going between them, and on the quarter deck of the larger vessel seven dejected-looking English sailors were drawn up under a guard of marines.

From the main-tops of both flaunted the tricolor of France, with this ominous difference: that on the smaller vessel it surmounted the union jack of England.

The brigantine Firefly was in the hands of the French. The lumbering old coaster, bound from London to Chichester harbor, with a general cargo, had been blown off her course by contrary winds to the wrong side of the channel; the forty-two gun frigate Alceste had pounced upon her, and now her skipper, Jacob Dempster, was reluctantly giving an account of himself on the frigate's quarter deck.

"Ha! say you that?" exclaimed the French captain, who spoke English well. "Your ship is of Bosham, in the harbor of Chichester? Know you the manor house at Bosham, owned, but not inhabited, by one Squire Bullard?"

"I do—seeing as I live within 100 yards of it," replied the rugged old mariner, sullenly.

"Certain French officers are residing there? Prisoners of war on parole?"

"They were, when I left for London, three weeks back."

Captain Fournier of the Alceste turned and addressed himself with much gesticulation and excitement to a group of his officers, who stood a few paces in the rear. The captured skipper fell back and spoke with his companions in misfortune.

"There's something in the wind, lads; the Mounseer captain has been making kind inquiries about the prisoners at the manor house," he growled.

Captain Fournier, having finished his consultation, again came forward.

"M. Dempster," he said, "my brother, the Lieutenant Camille Fournier, is one of the prisoners living at the manor house of Bosham. He cannot attempt to escape himself because of his parole, but that makes no reason why I should not release him by force. I propose to put a hundred of my men in the Firefly, which as a ship of Bosham will not be suspected till too late for prevention, and run in and effect my purpose."

Jacob Dempster laughed sourly. "I'd like to see you try it," he replied. "Don't you know that Bosham lies six miles from the sea? You'd be stuck on a mud bank before you'd done a mile of the creek."

"It is you who will pilot us, my friend—in return for your liberty," he said. "My men will remain below for concealment, while you and your crew work the vessel, as though in due course returning home."

"What—me steer a pack of Frenchmen up Bosham creek to the doors of my native village? I'll see you in Davy Jones' locker first!"

A murmur of approval came from the prisoners behind him, but Fournier, a cynical, cruel-looking man, merely smiled. "I have so far omitted to state the alternative," he said. "If neither you nor any member of your crew will steer the brigantine up the creek I will hang you all at the yard arm within five minutes."

There was a moment's dead silence, and the old skipper turned and faced his crew.

"What say you, my lads?" he asked quietly. "I'm for hanging."

A lip or two among the married men twitched as they thought of wives and little ones, but the answer was unanimous. "We're with you, Jacob."

Not quite, however, as it proved. One voice among the Firefly's company was silent, and all eyes turned on the tall, blue-eyed young fellow in the center of the line in amazement. Was Greg Applegarth, of all men, going to turn traitor?

The French captain, whose quick eye had already singled him out as a dissident, put the question point blank:

"You, there, are not so foolish as these others—you will steer the brigantine to Bosham?"

Avoiding the withering glance shot at him by old Jacob, the young man raised his head for a second and answered:

"Yes, I'll pilot her up the creek—if so be as you'll spare my mates' lives as well as mine."

"Yes, certainly—unless they attempt to thwart me," said Fournier, contemptuously. "Mind this, though," he thundered, changing to sudden fury. "If by the act of any one of you my plan fails I will not only hang you all, but I will burn every house in the village. It is a secluded spot, far from garrisons, I see by the map, and many things would happen before help could arrive."

Having selected 100 of his best men,

under a proper complement of officers, Captain Fournier sent them aboard the Firefly, and followed with Greg, for he meant to lead the enterprise in person, leaving the Alceste in charge of his first lieutenant.

As soon as the transfer was complete and a rendezvous appointed with the frigate the French flag was hauled down on the Firefly and she stood across for the English coast. Greg Applegarth was permitted to remain on deck, but Jacob Dempster and the rest of his crew were thrust into the hold, where they passed their time in cursing their comrade's treachery.

That the traitor should be Greg Applegarth was the most astonishing fact of all—especially to old Jacob, who was aware of certain tender passages between the smart young sailor and his own wayward daughter Peggy.

The prisoners of war were permitted by the Government to rent the manor house and live there as they pleased, provided they kept to the stipulations of their parole, which demanded that they should make no attempt to escape or go farther than two miles from their dwelling.

Camille Fournier, the brother of the captain of the Alceste, had early contrived to scrape an acquaintance with Peggy Dempster, and the vivacious village beauty had been flattered into allowing a warmer flirtation than she had perhaps intended.

Peggy was leaning over her father's garden gate one evening, saying good-night to the French officer, who was too much engrossed to notice that Greg Applegarth was coming up the road.

"Would that my captivity could endure forever," Camille said. "How shall I ever tear myself from your sweet presence, Mistress Peggy, when I return to France?"

"There is a way out of that difficulty; you might ask me to come, too," replied the thoughtless girl.

"I will bear that in mind," said Camille, not suspecting, in his vanity, that the words were meant for other ears than his.

Greg Applegarth had referred to this incident only the day before the capture of the Firefly, and had expressed a bitter hatred of all Frenchmen in general and of Lieutenant Camille Fournier in particular.

And now here he was, to Jacob's amazement, assisting not only the nation, but the individual, to defy his own country and to land an armed force on her shores.

Questioned by Captain Fournier as to his reasons for not following their example, he replied with a grin that he was not so fond of his country as to want to die for her when there was a plain way out.

The Firefly was captured on a Saturday, and it was not till dawn was breaking on Sunday that Greg was called on to act as pilot, when the brigantine was rounding Selsey Bill. As the vessel was now in the fair way for Portsmouth and British cruisers swarmed like wasps about the entrance of their nest, the French seamen lay concealed below, except half a dozen dressed in garments taken from the English sailors' stock. Captain Fournier, pistol in hand, stood close to Greg, alert for the first sign of treachery.

Before running for Hayling Island to make the entrance of the creek he found it necessary to execute several maneuvers which took a good deal of time, explaining the necessity of them by the numerous shallows he had to avoid.

When at length he put the helm up and stood boldly into the creek on the half flood the wind swerved from behind, but presently a sharp bend in the narrow passage made the sails useless and the boats were ordered out to tow.

The brigantine emerged from the narrow gut of the winding creek into the broader waters at the village just as the bells of Bosham church ceased ringing for morning service.

The French captain was burning with suppressed excitement.

"Where is the manor house where my brother lives?" he asked, as Greg gave the wheel a turn and brought the Firefly round.

"There, yonder—back of the church," was the reply. "I've fetched you up right opposite to it—as near as I dare go. You'd best anchor here."

The French captain gave the necessary orders, and at once set about making his dispositions for landing his entire force, except a sufficient guard for the prisoners.

Though the landing entailed several journeys in the Firefly's boats, it was rapidly effected, and with Fournier at its head the party started for the manor house under Greg's guidance.

Only a hundred yards of marshy pasture land lay between the creek and the moat, but the young sailor lad led the Frenchmen a long slant up the meadows and back again before finally approaching their goal. The captain looked at him once or twice suspiciously.

"You don't want your men stuck in the mud," said Greg, and he pointed convincingly to a quagmire they were passing.

After half an hour's wandering to and fro in the meadows he led the party up to the bridge over the moat, and they entered the grounds of the manor house from the rear. As they filed round to the front, a group of men who were sitting under a tree on the lawn started on seeing the familiar uniform. A minute later Captain Fournier had embraced his brother and explained the situation.

The prisoners of war were in an ecstasy of delight at the prospect of, as one of them facetiously put it, being "brutally dragged from their parole," but on the captain proposing an immediate return to the boats, Camille waved his hand gayly in depreciation.

"Wait a brief time, my brother," he laughed. "The little god Cupid demands it, and we are quite safe from

opposition here. There are not twenty able-bodied Britons in the place. Most of them are in church, and they are all unarmed."

"Ah, ah! you have been amusing yourself," said the captain. "Well, hasten and say your adieu to the fair one, for I am anxious to be gone."

"It is not a matter of farewell, nothing so dismal," replied the younger brother, complacently twirling his mustache. "The fair one is ready to accompany me whenever I take my departure, but unfortunately she is in church, and likely to remain there for another hour. I have heard that the priest of Bosham is a cleric of long wind."

"Write the lady a note, asking her on some excuse to leave the church," he said. "I have with me an English sailor who shall deliver it."

Camille scribbled a few lines on a leaf in his pocket book, folded it and handed it to his brother, who called Greg to him.

"You know this lady by sight?" he asked, pointing to the superscription.

The young sailor's face was as steady as a rock as he answered in the affirmative.

"Take it to her in the church, then, and return yourself immediately. If you do not return I will march my men to the church and fire upon the people," said Fournier.

Greg disappeared in the shrubbery which adjoined the church.

Pushing open the door, he removed his cap and tiptoed reverently up the aisle toward the chancel, where Peggy Dempster was seated with the choir.

But without approaching the choir Greg ran quickly up the pulpit steps. Mr. Gillyflower turned upon him angrily, but on hearing the words which were rapidly whispered in his ear the vicar looked first startled, then shrewdly intelligent. His communication finished, Greg left the church as quickly as he had entered, with Camille Fournier's note still in his pocket, and without once looking at Peggy.

On the manor house lawn, where the French seamen made a picturesque group under the trees, Greg's return was hailed with acclamation by the officers—by the two Fourniers especially.

"What did she do when you gave her the note?" asked Camille eagerly.

"She just did nothing," was the uninterested reply.

"You see, my dear Camille, she has changed her mind," said the captain. "Come, let us be off out of this."

"What matter so long as I gain my purpose?" retorted the lieutenant brutally. "No, take the others and sail away if you please. As for me, nothing will move me unless I can take the fair Mlle. Dempster."

And now here he was, to Jacob's amazement, assisting not only the nation, but the individual, to defy his own country and to land an armed force on her shores.

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The French captain gave the necessary orders, and at once set about making his dispositions for landing his entire force, except a sufficient guard for the prisoners.

For a moment the brave lad's life trembled in the balance. Then, with a bitter oath, the captain put up his pistol and the Frenchmen were plainly audible.

"Peste upon the fellow," muttered the captain, telling off twenty men to accompany him and his brother into the church.

Greg, who had followed closely at his elbow, plucking him by the sleeve, said, quietly:

"It will be a long time before you see France again, captain. See there!" And, leading him to the churchyard wall, he pointed mockingly at the Firefly. The brigantine lay high and dry on the mud at her anchorage, and would not float again for ten hours at least.

For a moment the brave lad's life trembled in the balance. Then, with a bitter oath, the captain put up his pistol and the Frenchmen were plainly audible.

"If you do the folk no harm you'll be made comfortable, I expect," said Greg, with a grin, for he had foreseen that, with retreat cut off, Fournier would dare no excesses. "You see, I remember how the tide would serve to-day and timed so as to peg you in at church time. I knew Peggy would be there with the choir, and that that spark would never move without trying to take her along. I allowed that by when the people came out the vessel would be hard and fast, but it was you who gave me the chance to tip the person and hint to let 'em have an extra dose and send word to the volunteers from Chichester. Till you gave me that note I was getting anxious lest the brigantine find enough water after all. Parson must be about winded by now, but there are the drums of the volunteers. There's 400 of them, so you won't be disgraced by receiving 'em civilly."

The college man makes in many ways a college out of a high school. He preaches, or has it done, a baccalaureate at commencement. He calls his classes freshman, sophomore, junior, senior. They must organize and have class presidents, and, above all, class colors and class school yell. They have foot-ball teams and oratorical contests.

Are they not soon to don the cap and gown at graduation? I do not mean to say that these things are bad, but to point out a natural tendency of the college man in managing a public school.

Of course the normal school graduate tends to make parallel mistakes along the opposite side of the foregoings; but I am not considering those now. They lie in the direction of over-consciousness of method in instruction, over-regulation in management.—Arnold Tompkins, in Indiana School Journal.

And Peggy said: "It would have been nice of you to have given me that note, nicely. You were never that foolish as to think I would have gone with him."

—Tid-Bits.

## EDUCATIONAL COLUMN

### NOTES ABOUT SCHOOLS AND THEIR MANAGEMENT.

The College Graduates as Teacher in the Public School—Instructions Telling How to Make Relief Maps—What to Teach Children.

#### Which Succeeds Best?

It is a current question whether the college graduate or the normal school graduate succeeds best in school work. The difference between them arises in the larger scholarship of one set over against the professional training of the other. Each has its respective advantage, and also its respective shortcoming. The logical conclusion is that every teacher must have the liberal scholarship of the one and the professional training of the other—should be a graduate of both schools. One of the most pleasing and hopeful signs in the educational growth of Indiana is the large number who take both the normal and university course.

But it is not my purpose to speak of this matter in general, but to call attention to the conspicuous defect of the college graduate for public school work.

This defect is that of failing to take account of the psychological, or chronological factor in education. He has been absorbed in the logic of the subject for its own sake, and when he comes to teach it the only factor in the process which he is accustomed to consider is the subject itself. He teaches as he was taught. If he began his work in zoology with the microscope and protoplasm, it must begin thus to whatever grade of pupils it is taught, notwithstanding that the child naturally and necessarily begins with the external facts of color and form and parts, in action and habits of the animal. A scientist of the State once insisted that for the child to study the color, forms and external structure of leaves, as was being done in the schools, was worse than a waste of time.

He held that a child should begin with the inner, the vital principle of the leaf, by microscopic study, and thus construct logically the botany of the leaf.

Yet, up to the time of entering school, mother nature had taken an opposite course with the child. An eminent teacher of botany in a university, said recently that his students do not teach botany well in the public school, because they take the order which he pursued with them to the proper order to pursue with pupils in the grades and in the high school. This university professor differs from the one referred to above, in having considered the child's order of learning in addition to the subject matter to be learned.

Everywhere the logical order of the subject has been forced upon pupils; so that just now there is a general and heroic effort

## A REMARKABLE CASE.

Mrs. Mary Noren, Wife of a Well-known Farmer Near Valparaiso, Brought Back to Health and Strength by a Popular Remedy—Her Statement of the Cure.

From the Star, Valparaiso, Ind.

The attention of the Star having been called to several cases of radical cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, it was determined to investigate some of the more notable of these cases, with view to disseminating exact information on the subject and benefiting others who were suffering. Prominent among those who had experienced benefits from the use of this remedy was mentioned Mrs. Mary Noren, wife of John Noren, a prosperous farmer, living northeast of Valparaiso, Ind., and to her a reporter was accordingly dispatched.

Mrs. Noren was found busily engaged in household duties, but she found time to detail her experience, and was willing and even anxious that the benefits she had felt should be told for the benefit of those who had suffered as she did.

"I had been ill since girlhood with a complication of complaints," said Mrs. Noren, "never so much as to be confined long in bed, but I suffered intense misery. My chief trouble was with my stomach. I felt a constant gnawing pain that was at times almost distracting, and which had been diagnosed by different physicians as dyspepsia and sympathetic derangement dependent on the condition of the generative organs—I had pains in the back, sometimes so great as to make me unable to work, and frequent bilious attacks. I also suffered greatly from constipation, from which I never could find permanent relief. Then these symptoms were aggravated by rheumatic pains between the shoulder blades, which were most excruciating in damp cold weather. After my marriage, about five years ago, and when my baby was born, the trouble seemed to increase, and I was frequently so sick that I could not do my household work. I tried different physicians and used numerous remedies, but all in vain, until one day last fall I happened to read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. My husband got three boxes from Mr. C. D. Rushton, the druggist, and I began to use them. From the first I began to feel relief, and before three boxes were gone I was nearly well. The constipation was cured and the other troubles were so much relieved that I felt better than I had felt for years. As I continued in the use of the pills I grew better and strong, my appetite was more natural, and my flesh was restored until I am in the condition you see me now."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of the grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness, either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Without solar fire we could have no atmospheric vapor, without vapor no clouds, without clouds no snow and without snow no glaciers. Curious, then, as the conclusion may be, the cold ice of the Alps has its origin in the heat of the sun.

Dr. George B. Haggart thinks that birds eat poke berries in preference to other kinds when they wish to cut down their weight so as to fly well. Some of the anti-fat remedies contain poke berry juice.

## A WOMAN'S STORY.

It Should Be of Interest to Every Thinking Woman.

Women who reason well know that no male physician can understandingly treat the complaint known as "female diseases," for no man ever experienced them.

This, Lydia E. Pinkham taught them twenty years ago, when she discovered in her Vegetable Compound the only successful cure for all those ailments peculiar to the sex. Many women have a fatal faith in their physician, and not till they can suffer no longer, will they think and act for themselves.

The following testimony is straight to the point, and represents the experience of hundreds of thousands of now grateful women: "For six years I was a great sufferer from those internal weaknesses so prevalent among our sex. After having received treatment from four physicians of our city, and finding no relief whatever, I concluded to try Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it has proved a boon to me. It can truly be called a 'Saviour of Women'—Mrs. B. A. PERHAM, Waynesboro, Pa.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL R.R. CENTRAL  
Double Daily Service

ST. LOUIS FROM CHICAGO

NEW DAY TRAIN

DAYLIGHT SPECIAL

Lv Chicago 10:35 am Ar St. Louis 7:04 pm

Free Reclining Chair Cars. Pullman Buffet Parlor Cars.

POPULAR

THE DIAMOND SPECIAL

NIGHT TRAIN

Lv Chicago 9:30 pm Ar St. Louis 7:24 am

Free Reclining Chair Cars. Pullman Buffet Open and Compartment Sleeping Cars. See that your ticket is obtained of your local ticket agent.

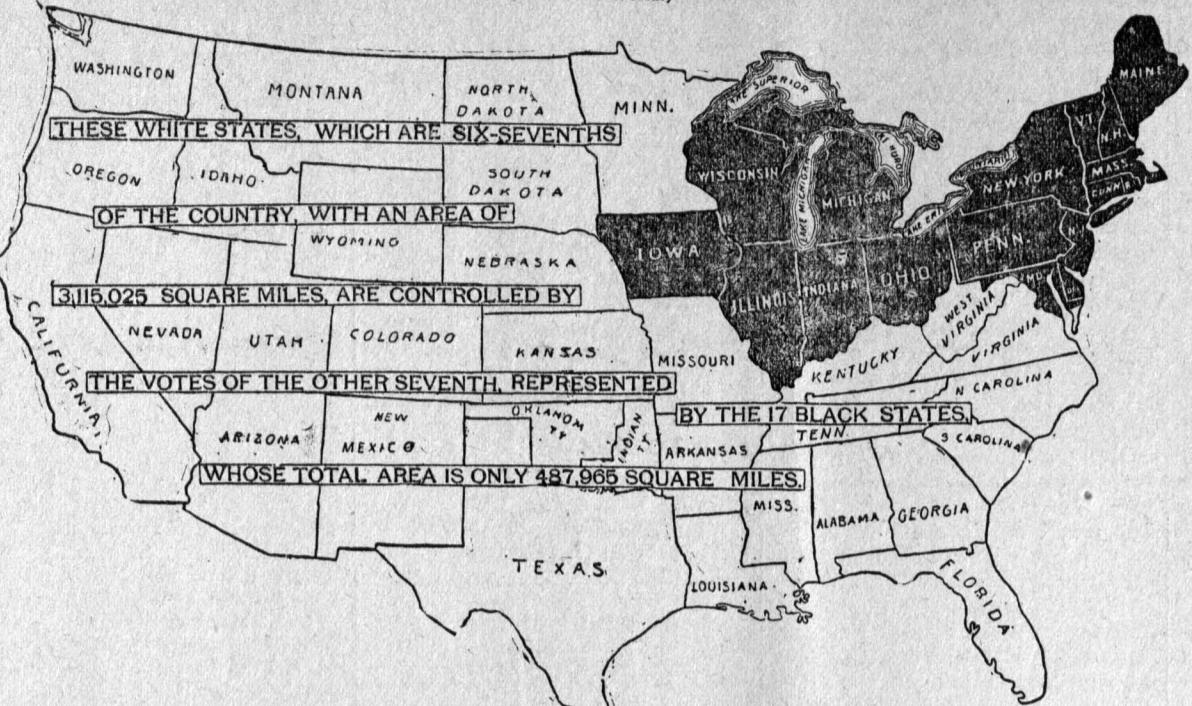
READS VIA THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL R.R.

It can be obtained of your local ticket agent.

A. H. HANSON, G. P. A. Ill. Cent. R. R. Chicago, Ill.

## OBJECT LESSON IN AMERICAN POLITICS.

Seventeen States, Representing Less than One-seventh of the Area of the United States, Contain Enough Voters to Decide the Presidential Election. (New York World.)



# THE MIDDLEVILLE SUN

J. W. SAUNDERS, Publisher,

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

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1896.

## SCHOOL COLUMN.

[Edited by Flora J. Bendle, Comr.]

### CHILD STUDY (Third Paper).

In last week's paper we made the assertion that a *description* of a condition is sometimes taken for an *explanation*. The mind of the teacher spontaneously desires an understanding of the cause, but accepts a *general* general description of a condition as always erroneous, to a greater or less degree, as a satisfactory citation of the immediate cause. The supposed cause, being so indefinite, cannot be directly attacked by the teacher and hence the occasion for the feeling of powerlessness which is often experienced before very needful cases.

For "stupidity" and "stubbornness," in many cases one would better have substituted "poor hearing"; and for "weakness of mind," "poor eyesight" or "defective vision." Defective senses, disturbed circulation, decreased vitality from sickness, loss of sleep, over-work or lack of nourishment greatly affect power and efficiency of attention to school-room duties. Teachers need ability to inquire into the possible and probable causes and conditions that operate in opposition to rightful educative influences. They should learn to counteract wrong tendencies and avoid evil consequences.

Teachers should first learn to determine the leading characteristics, mental, moral and physical, of the children under his care. As a child's mental is largely influenced by his physical, it is important that some attention be directed to the study of temperament. In this study one must of necessity notice certain mental characteristics, determined by outward manifestations. It is a rare thing to find a person or a child of a pure temperament. They are of all grades and qualities, and no two alike. It is only necessary to determine what qualities belong to each child. To do this a teacher must be patient, honest and observing. Study the child intelligently, teachers, and you will be surprised at the facility with which, in a little while, you can determine each child's nature. Take time. Study yourself.

C. O. Hoyt gives the following helpful suggestions:

1. Pupils that are much alike should not be put together; rather, place a nervous pupil by the side of a bilious or lymphatic temperament.

2. Better not scold at all; but if you do, do not scold the nervous pupil.

3. Ask the most questions of the lymphatic temperament.

4. Be collected, cool and firm with the nervous, sanguine pupil. When you say "No" stick to it.

5. Study the motive of the apparent stubborn pupil. *Lead* rather than *drive*. If you are nervous yourself, be careful of your treatment of the apparently stubborn lymphatic boy or girl.

6. Nervous-sanguine pupils are easily excited. In questioning be careful how you manage them. Give them time to think.

7. Correct the nervous pupil privately.

8. The bilious-lymphatic-nervous children require careful treatment. Gain confidence. Talk with them alone, do not threaten, manage them yourself.

9. Ascertain what home influences have been at work around the child and endeavor to correct the influences, if bad, or to assist, if good.

10. A nervous pupil will move about. You must be considerate, mild and cautious in his management.

11. The lymphatic pupil is slow. Hurry him all you can.

12. The stubborn pupil is an annoyance. Don't notice it and as soon as he finds that you do not, he will stop being obstinate.

13. The sanguine pupil likes life and gayety. Do not repress him; he will cheer you up.

14. Secure the friendship of the bilious temperament and you will have a good friend.

15. When you have determined bad traits in a child, endeavor to correct them; thus you may change his temperament.

The Department of Public Instruction has issued a "Michigan Manual of Child Study" which teachers and parents may have for the asking. Address H. R. Pattengill, Lansing, Mich.

It is hoped that this manual may call more careful attention to the subject and serve as a guide for future work, to our earnest educators.

They are so little you hardly know you are taking them. They cause no griping, yet they act quickly and most thoroughly. Such are the famous little pills known as DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Small in size, great in results. Dr. Nelson Abbott.

Edward Seng of Lake Harbor, brought to town thirty quarts of a second crop of raspberries and will have more ready for next week. This is something phenomenal in western Michigan fruit raising.

From all accounts Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is a Godsend to the afflicted. There is no advertisement about this; we feel just like saying it. The Democrat, Carrollton, Ky. For sale by J. W. Armstrong, druggist. 364

EDITOR MIDDLEVILLE SUN:

Please be so kind as to publish the following letter to my friends:

As seldom a day goes by but what someone asks me how I stand politically, I desire to make this statement in order that I may be understood correctly by my friends, to whom I have been quoted incorrectly and unjustly.

I have not been a voter at many national elections, but I have always been a believer in tariff and reciprocity and I am to this day. At local elections I have always divided my vote among the boys who were seeking office. I have studied the monetary question to the best of my ability; I have read everything I could get hold of upon the silver question; I have oftentimes enraged intelligent people in conversation upon these questions, that I may learn, and yet I fail to see where bimetallism, independent or international, will increase my wages as a R. R. employee, or enable any wage earner to obtain a particle more of the necessities of life. I shall continue to study this great question until election day and then, if thoroughly decided, I will vote as intelligently as I may be able.

I am not interested in my neighbors' political views, as politics is out of my line of business, and if a friend of mine should look upon a question in a different light than I, he is yet a friend. I am surprised to learn in my short comings in life that politics cut such a figure with some men as it does, in private life. I am a lover of humanity; I was educated in that light; one man is as good as another as long as he does right by his fellowmen. There are other things in this life for people to strive after than gold or silver; friends are far greater to me than either. I am making Middleville my home because I love her people.

J. E. GOOLE.

MANCHESTER, England, Sept. 7, '96.

Mr. Saunders:

DEAR SIR—My last to you finished up to Edinburgh. After a week in Glasgow we went by the Caledonia R. R. to Edinburgh, a road equipped in the most complete style in all its departments. The cars are as long as ours on all the roads and divided up in compartments and 1st 2d and 3d class, the first is upholstered in elegant style and so on down. Passing through various conditions of country, but largely pasture, and the oat crop was yet quite green and badly lodged, which causes bad harvesting; some I saw reaping with the sickle both in Scotland and England. Arriving in Edinburgh, put up at the Alexandra hotel, Princess street, opposite the castle. Our first visit was to the palace and abbey of Holyrood, the palace of Queen Mary which was founded by King David the first, and where Queen Mary and Lord Arlny were married and where he was murdered, and many other things in connection with that historic building; hence the mountain adjoining called Arthur Seat some 500 feet above sea level. The next was the castle whose history is much associated with Margaret, the beautiful queen of Malcom the 3d; visited the armory but time could admit only a casual look at all the equipments there. In there are commissioned officers to wait upon visitors to show and explain the different apartments. There is always a company of soldiers there and some were at drill taking their first lessons; suffice it to say it is worthy of more time than we could spend; and the great old cannon that only fired one shot doing great execution at the time of the invasion of Edinburgh by the English is still well preserved.

Our next was out eight miles to Roplin castle and chapel. It was founded by St. Clare earl of Orkney; an old structure and the different niches are of exceedingly fine design and carving, and it is kept in fine condition; in the chapel worship is held regularly. In reaching the castle we pass through part of Lord Roplin's estate, kept in fine style. I mention an instance of its fertility that was told me: Some tenant that paid five pounds per acre per year and sold grass on the ground to another party at twenty pounds, had cut three crops and the fourth would soon be fit to cut again; such is the condition of the land's fertility. I had traveled that road when a boy going to Edinburgh but time works changes. The Pentland hills we pass and in that vicinity are extensive paraffine mines that have been very profitable to their owners, oat crop, just harvesting fine crops of turnips, but mostly to pasture.

The next we visited the great piece of engineering and enterprise called the Forth bridge nine miles out. Six coaches are on the route daily carrying sight-seers. The bridge is built across the Firth of Forth. Connecting Fifeshire with Edinburghshire there is only the railroad bridge which is one mile and three-fourths long and 300 feet high from tide water and any vessels from Leith harbor to the ocean can pass under. It is a grand enterprise. I met a gentleman in this city who was a school boy with me and about of the same age. When we had viewed many of the most important places, we then took cars for Broughton in Peebles shire where I lived from five years until leaving for America. Rooms had been engaged before leaving Manchester. All that seemed natural was the land and streams. No person knew me and only

two who were there in my time, one of them was absent and the other is 92 years of age, on being informed who I was I received a hearty shake. We were highly complimented and entertained. Our two lady companions and a young gentleman climbed a hill which must be some 60 yards above the stream near by, which was quite a ways up; can view the surroundings for many miles. We had conveyance to Stobo cemetery where many of my ancestors on my mother's side are buried, distant eight miles. We took R. R. for Peebles where my brother and I were born, as fine and clean a little town as can be seen on the banks of the far-famed Tweed, which has become a great resort for wealthy visitors from Edinburgh, etc. We visited the cemetery and graves of my father, mother and sister, called on some old people who had a well preserved memory of the Robertsons; also called at the place where I was born which has become a palace of grandeur and its surroundings. The owner, on learning the object of our visit, received us with the greatest kindness and showed us all around and wished us to partake of the best his house could afford, but almost train time, to return to our lodgings, so we had to bid farewell to that dear old place and parties were waiting for us to accept invites to tea, etc.

Another outing there was up the tweed ten miles to where there is under construction a great reservoir to procure supply of water for the city of Edinburgh from the tributaries of the tweed up in the mountains and constructing a railroad to carry materials for the same from Broughton on the Caledonia R. R. The piping is three feet in diameter and will be forty miles from inlet to the city. The hills are all sheep pasture and largely covered with the beautiful heather which is now in full bloom. Farming now has become a gentleman's life, all grazing sheep mostly; the working is not much need now nothing but shepherds to see to the sheep.

This will finish my account at present, with good wishes for all inquiring friends, and on Saturday, the 12th of September, I will bid farewell to my dear brother and family and many friends and sail in the Lucania at 2 p.m. for New York and, after visiting with relatives a few days, will start for home contented with my trip, having had a very pleasant time, though the weather has been dull with much rain.

With respects I remain as ever

J. A. ROBERTSON.

EQUALIZATION.

The state board of equalization has finished its work. The valuation of the counties in southwestern Michigan is as follows: Allegan, \$15,500,000; Barry, \$14,000,000; Berrien, \$18,000,000; Branch, \$19,000,000; Calhoun, \$29,000,000; Cass, \$15,000,000; Eaton, \$19,000,000; Hillsdale, \$21,000,000; Kalamazoo, \$26,000,000; St. Joseph, \$17,500,000; Van Buren, \$14,500,000. Kalamazoo county was reduced \$500,000; Hillsdale, \$1,000,000; Barry, \$1,000,000; Allegan, \$500,000; Branch, \$1,000,000; Calhoun, \$1,000,000; St. Joseph, \$2,500; Van Buren, \$500,000.

WON'T YOU GIVE YOUR LOVE TO ME?

We have just received a copy of the above-named beautiful song with a splendid waltz chorus. It is now being sung in all prominent theatres in New York, Boston and Philadelphia. The following are the words of the chorus: Won't you give your love to me and take my heart? Ever to abide with yours alone, sweetheart? There to dwell through all eternity— Darling, won't you give your love, your love to me?

Price 40 cents per copy. All readers of our paper will receive a copy at half price by sending 20 cents in silver or postage stamps to The Union Mutual Music Co., 265 Sixth Avenue, New York.

REDUCED RATES TO FAIRS.

Barry County Agricultural Society at Hastings Sept. 22 to 25, limit for return Sept. 26.

Eaton County Agricultural Society at Charlotte Sept. 29 to Oct. 2, limit for return Oct. 3.

Caledonia Union at Caledonia Sept. 30 to Oct. 2, limit for return Oct. 3.

J. E. GOOLE, Local Agent.

At the second district legislative convention, held at Hamilton, H. F. Buskirk of Wayland, was nominated by acclamation. Mr. Buskirk is a general gentleman and will ably represent the district at Lansing.

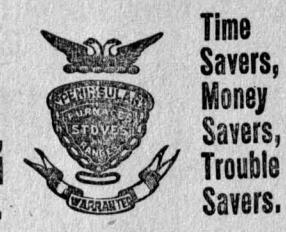
In a recent letter to the manufacturers Mr. W. F. Benjamin, editor of the Spectator, Rushford, N. Y., says: "It may be a pleasure to you to know of the high esteem in which Chamberlain's medicines are held by the people of your own state, where they must be best known. An aunt of mine, who resides at Dexter, Iowa, was about to visit me a few years since, and before leaving home wrote me, asking if they were sold here, stating if they were not she would bring a quantity with her, as she did not like to be without them." The medicines referred to are Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, famous for its cures of colds and croup; Chamberlain's Pain Balm for rheumatism, lame back, pain in the side and chest, and Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhea Remedy for bowel complaints. These medicines have been in constant use in Iowa for almost a quarter of a century. The people have learned that they are articles of great worth and merit, and unequalled by any other. They are for sale here by J. W. Armstrong, druggist.

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# A Written Guarantee

goes with them.

Quick Bakers, Superior Cookers, Powerful Heaters.



FOR COAL AND LUMBER Go to J. R. COOK.



Persons having Fat Stock to sell will please leave word at the market.

Bring your Dressed Veal and Poultry to this market. Poultry must be full dressed.

C. CLEVER.

# NEW GOODS NEW

New Stock of

Watches and Jewelry, New Silverware, New Clocks, (All kinds), Five New Patterns in Crockery, New Glassware, Everything New, Nice and Clean.

Come Everybody

Don't Forget Your Money.

M. F. DOWLING,

The Old Reliable Jewelry House.

**Cresco**

A BOON

FOR THE

LADIES.

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# CLOTHING!

We have decided to close out every suit in the store, and in order to make them go quick for cash we will make a great sacrifice on them.

Men's \$12, \$13 and \$15 suits now.....\$10.00  
Men's \$10 suits now.....\$7.50  
Men's \$8 suits now.....\$5.75 to \$6.25  
Good \$5 suits now.....\$3.75

Boys' and Youths' suits at cost and below.

If you are in need of **SHOES**

We have what you want.

Styles and Prices to Suit all.

Yours for square dealing,

**JOHN SCHONDELMAYER.**

**MY WAGON SHOP**

Is now located next door to Coats & Burr's blacksmith shop. For

**SLEIGH AND WAGON REPAIRS**

And general wood work give me a call.

**GEORGE SANFORD.**

**IF YOU THINK OF BUYING A**

**Lumber : Wagon,**

**CALL AND SEE OUR**

**Extra Easy Running**

**First-Class Wagon.**

**WE ARE SELLING AT BOTTOM**

**PRICES.**

**Blacksmithing and Woodworking at Reasonable Rates.**

**DIETRICH & BRISTOW,**

East Main St., Middleville.



**THE GOLD STANDARD**

Holds in our jewelry establishment, which is headquarters for elegant articles. Gold reigns here just as silver does, over the display of dazzy and beauty of the day, play dazzles and delights every eye. Hence our confidence in the verdict of 'Inspection' as an assurance of purchase. Come and see what will please you so much that you must have it. Our assortment of ladies' and gentlemen's gold watches and chains is a triumph. For the best watch at the lowest price come to me.

**C. E. STOKOE.**

Call at....

**F. MEISSNER'S**

FOR

**FRESH BAKED GOODS,**  
**AND CONFECTIONERY**

**LUNCHEONS**  
**AT ALL HOURS.**

Open Sunday from 8 to 12 a. m.

**HORSE-SHOING A SPECIALTY**

At C. Schondelmayer's.

*Shop on West Main Street.*

*Watering Trough Corner.*

**For Wagon and General Repairing, call on**

**C. L. JOHNSON.**  
At C. Schondelmayer's.

**A Cheap Sale**

On Pants, Suits and Overcoats  
Made to Order.

Pants from \$3.50 up.

Suits from \$15.00 up.

Overcoats as low as \$18.00.

Well made and good fit assured.

**S. B. LINSKI,** Merchant Tailor

Jaxon pure baking powder leavens best. The **SUN** to Jan. 1, '97, only 25 cents. Mrs. R. T. French was in the Rapids, Tuesday.

C. W. Tewksbury has moved into the Jacox house.

Goods up to date; prices down to zero. Liuski, the merchant tailor.

Shirley Smith of Hastings was the guest of H. M. Rich Friday and Saturday.

W. Scoville and family have moved into the McNeal house on Grand Rapids-st.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Combs were in Grand Rapids Monday.

D. M. Witmer of Caledonia was in the village on business this a. m.

E. D. Matteson returned Monday from a few days' visit in Nashville.

Dr. W. O. Sylvester of Nashville was in the village Friday and Saturday.

Miss L. Dorff of Grand Rapids is the guest of her sister, Mrs. S. B. Linski.

Walter German and B. L. Johnson expect to wheel to Lansing next Sunday.

Henry Hooker and family entertained Mr. and Mrs. Hiram French last Sunday.

H. B. Hanlon goes to Bay Mills today to accept a position in a drug store.

Mesdames Armstrong and Jordan are spending the day with Caledonia friends.

Mrs. M. C. Griswold of Lowell is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Combs.

Mrs. H. Montjoy of Allegan is spending a few weeks with her sister, Mrs. T. E. Garrett.

Mrs. Henry Simonds of Rochester, N. Y., is the guest of her sister, Mrs. W. E. DeGolia.

Mrs. P. S. Griffith of Grand Rapids, is the guest of her brothers, A. M. and M. F. Dowling.

Frank Janes of this village and Earl Marshall of Moline have gone to Albion to attend college.

Thomas Sullivan and H. F. Peckham of Freeport, were registered at the St. James, Friday.

Miss Annie Dupee of Grand Rapids was the guest of J. W. Willard and family the past week.

Dr. A. Hanlon was in Albion Monday where he accompanied his daughter, Mabel, to the college.

Mr. J. W. Willard and family Sunday with the latter's father, John Swegles, of North Irving.

Miss Della Bixler returns to her home today after a few week's visit with her uncle, Chas. Bixler, and wife.

John Carveth of Grand Rapids was in the village Saturday on business; the usual amount of politics was mixed in.

Henry Swegles and wife of Grand Ledge were the guests of their niece, Mrs. Katie Willard northwest of the village.

Township Clerk George L. Matteson expects to leave Monday for Toccoa, Georgia, where he will engage in the photograph business.

The latest novelty in paper weights is manufactured by the Keeler Brass Co., in the form of an alligator about six inches in length.

Rev. F. N. Janes has been in attendance at conference held at Lansing. His many friends will be pleased to learn that he is to remain with us during the coming year.

B. L. Johnson, Walter German and Neal Patterson went to Grand Rapids, Sunday, on their wheels. The latter, after taking three bad headers, decided to return on the train.

Aaron Clark was in Lowell, Tuesday, in attendance at the second district representative convention and made the nomination speech of J. W. Shisler, the successful candidate.

Mrs. William Ackerson, Clara and Dick attended Mrs. Beckwith's funeral east of Caledonia, Sunday; also called on their old neighbors and schoolmates, Mr. Finkbeiner's people.

**CURE FOR HEADACHE.**

As a remedy for all forms of headache Electric Bitters has proved to be the very best. It effects a permanent cure and the most dreaded habitual sick headaches yield to its influence. We urge all who are afflicted to procure a bottle, and give this remedy a fair trial.

In case of habitual constipation Electric Bitters cures by giving the needed tone to the bowels, and few cases long resist the use of this medicine. Try it once. Large bottles only fifty cents at Armstrong's drug store.

## PERSONAL POINTS.

J. R. Cook Sunday in Sturgis.

Mrs. Willard is entertaining company from Grand Rapids.

Rev. H. Appleton is spending a couple of days in Clarksville.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Combs were in Grand Rapids Monday.

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**Middleville Markets.**

Wheat (white).....55

Rye.....24

Corn, per bu. ....20

Oats.....12

Clover Seed.....5 00

Timothy.....1 75

Flour (roller).....2 00

Bran per ton.....8 00

Middlings.....10 00

Butter.....13

Eggs.....12

Chickens (full dressed).....7

Chickens (spring).....8

Beef (dressed).....4 5

Veal.....5 6

Hogs (dressed).....4 00

Hogs (live).....2 75 3 00

Lard.....6

Tallow.....3 4

Hides.....15 30

Peats.....7 00 8 00

Hay (timothy).....5 00 6 00

Wood (dry maple).....1 50

Oil (retail).....10 10

Gasoline.....10

Salt.....8 00

Lime per bbl.....8 00

Land Plaster.....4 25

Potatoes.....20 25

## WE ARE READY FOR YOU

With a full line of nice, bright, up-to-date goods for the fall trade. Our stock of harness, both in heavy and light is complete. Our line of blankets and robes is always greater than any other in the country, and in the line of Horse Furnishing goods we are

## THE ACKNOWLEDGED LEADERS.

Our prices we guarantee to be the lowest. For the men we are making a new novelty in the way of

## LEATHER SUSPENDERS.

# THE MIDDLEVILLE SUN

J. W. SAUNDERS, Publisher.

MIDDLEVILLE, MICHIGAN.

## A SALOON BLOWN UP

MANY LIVES ENDANGERED AT SARDINIA, OHIO.

Town Rent with Dissension Over the Local Option Question—Buildings Unroofed and Orchards Stripped by a Pennsylvania Storm.

### Dynamite Wrecks a Saloon.

A few minutes after 4 o'clock Friday morning there took place at Sardinia, Ohio, a terrific explosion, which was at first supposed to be an earthquake. Screams were heard coming from the residence of Mrs. Mary Weisbrodt, and investigation revealed that her house was in ruins. The explosion was caused by a heavy charge of dynamite placed in the building for the purpose of ridding the town of the saloon which has been conducted by Mrs. Weisbrodt since the death of her husband, two years ago. The building was occupied by two families, the members of which were asleep. That all were not killed is little short of a miracle. With the exception of a few slight injuries to Florence Weisbrodt, a son of the owner of the property, all escaped unharmed. The saloon has been complained of by certain members of the community ever since it was started, and threats of blowing it up were frequently made. The temperance people have made efforts to call a special election and vote on local option, but were always unsuccessful.

### DEVASTATED BY STORMS.

Eastern Pennsylvania Suffers Severely—Buildings and Orchards Ruined.

The storm of wind, hail and rain which swept over the eastern part of Pennsylvania Thursday night was the most severe that has visited the section in a long time. Scores of buildings were unroofed, some of them utterly ruined, thousands of panes of window-glass and many sky-lights were shattered, while the apple and other late crops were almost destroyed. The storm was most severe in Chester, Montgomery, Berks, Lehigh and Lycoming Counties. In the vicinity of Hatfield, Montgomery County, about thirty houses and barns were unroofed. Two gristmills owned by George Snyder were totally wrecked, together with his dwelling. Reports received from Shenandoah state that all the apple orchards in the Catawissa Valley have been stripped of fruit. Three thousand panes of glass were broken. The large greenhouses of J. L. Dalton, at Bloomsburg, were damaged to the extent of \$3,000, and several houses were unroofed. In Williamsport and vicinity great damage was done. George Weikel, a farmer, was killed by lightning while at work in his cornfield. A portion of the Williamsport rolling-mill was blown down. The country surrounding Reading suffered considerably. Many houses and barns were badly damaged.

### MR. SEWALL TALKS.

Says the Talk About His Withdrawal and Lack of Harmony is Nonsense.

Mr. Sewall, the free silver Democratic candidate for Vice President, said, Friday, at Bath, Me.: "There is absolutely nothing to this talk about my withdrawal. The thing is absurd. I shall not retire under any circumstances. As for the statement that Senator Gorman or any of the Democratic managers desire me to retire or that the party leaders are bringing influence to bear on me for that purpose, it is pure falsehood. On the contrary, all the pressure on me has been the other way. Of course I will not retire. There could be no surer way of making Mr. Bryan's defeat certain, and our opponents understand it very well. Those who discuss the question of my retirement don't know the man they are talking about. There is absolute harmony in the Democratic party. I am in constant correspondence with the leaders, and they are in perfect accord. I see very clearly that Mr. Bryan may be elected and that I may not be, but a change in the ticket now is out of the question."

### National League Standing.

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

|                       |                          |
|-----------------------|--------------------------|
| W. L.                 | W. L.                    |
| Baltimore . . . 88    | 37 New York . . . 61     |
| Cleveland . . . 76    | 45 Philadelphia . . . 60 |
| Indianapolis . . . 75 | 52 Milwaukee . . . 59    |
| Cincinnati . . . 75   | 48 Brooklyn . . . 56     |
| Chicago . . . 70      | 56 Washington . . . 54   |
| Boston . . . 69       | 56 St. Louis . . . 37    |
| Pittsburg . . . 64    | 60 Louisville . . . 35   |

### Standing of Western League.

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

|                       |                          |
|-----------------------|--------------------------|
| W. L.                 | W. L.                    |
| Minneapolis . . . 84  | 42 Kansas City . . . 68  |
| Baltimore . . . 88    | 37 New York . . . 61     |
| Cleveland . . . 76    | 45 Philadelphia . . . 60 |
| Indianapolis . . . 74 | 52 Milwaukee . . . 59    |
| Cincinnati . . . 75   | 48 Brooklyn . . . 56     |
| Chicago . . . 70      | 56 Washington . . . 54   |
| Boston . . . 69       | 56 St. Louis . . . 37    |
| Pittsburg . . . 64    | 60 Louisville . . . 35   |

### Big Warship in Peril.

The big battleship Texas, of the United States navy, went hard aground Wednesday off Goat Island, near Newport, R. I. The Leviathan was absolutely helpless and at the mercy of the wind. If a storm had arisen before she was released the chances are she would have been beaten to pieces. This magnificent bit of naval architecture, which cost the people of the United States something like \$3,000,000, was subject to the caprice of the weather until the tide came in Thursday, when tugs hauled her back into deep water.

### Goes to St. Louis.

The date and place of the national meeting of the campaign clubs organized under the auspices of the silver party have been changed. The meeting was originally called at Chicago, but it will be held at St. Louis Oct. 3.

### New South Dakota Creamery.

A creamery in which nearly every farmer in Charles Mix County, South Dakota, will be interested is to be established at Castalia within the next few days. It is the outcome of the difficulty the farming population of the county has found in disposing of its dairy products.

### Li's High-Priced Tea.

Li Hung Chang has presented Gen. Ranger, Assistant Secretary Rockhill and Mrs. Carlisle with elegant rolls of silk and chests of tea valued at \$24 a pound.

### MOTORS FOR CANALBOATS.

Scheme for Cheapening Freight Rates from Northwest to Liverpool.

The negotiations for the sale of the Erie Canal electric franchise to an English syndicate will result in the installation of a complete system of electric traction within a short time. What has interested English capital in this enterprise is the possibility of shipping grain from the Northwest direct to Liverpool by an all-water route and effecting a great saving in time and freight charges. Only one transfer will be required, and that will be in New York harbor, without the necessity of elevator storage. The saving will be not only in high railroad freight charges, if the grain is brought to New York by rail, but on the old water route of elevator charges at Buffalo and slow haulage by mules through the canal with more elevator charges at New York. The use of electricity to run canalboats is but part of the extensive plan to cheapen rates from the West to the East and then to Europe. It contemplates a direct service from Chicago and Duluth by the use of steel canalboats after the type of the six that were built last year in Cleveland and made one trip to New York. With the aid of floating elevators the canalboats can be unloaded into ocean steamers in the harbor without the necessity of storage. This was the plan that New York capitalists had in mind when they secured as a gift the franchise that Englishmen are to pay \$3,000,000 for. They did not get very far along before they met the all-powerful opposition of the New York Central Railroad Company and the allied trunk lines that monopolize the traffic into New York and have been steadily ruining the canal. A few figures tell the story. In 1885 the canal carried 69,000,000 bushels of wheat from Buffalo to New York; last year it carried only 14,000,000.

### SUES HER HUSBAND AND SON.

Aged Mrs. Cavanagh's Story of Most Unnatural Conduct.

Through the filing of a suit in the Superior Court at San Francisco a story which would seem almost incredible came to light. The plaintiff is Mrs. Elizabeth Cavanagh, an aged woman who owns considerable property, and she designated as the defendants her son Robert and her husband, Morris Cavanagh. She charged them with having conspired to rob her and caused her to be held a prisoner for four long months in a local private insane asylum. Years ago Mrs. Cavanagh took in washing. She saved her money and invested it in the then Mission-Sand Wastes. When the city grew and her property became valuable she was in comfortable circumstances. Then, to add to her prosperity, she recently won quite a sum in a lottery. After this stroke of good fortune her troubles began. Her husband refused to work and her son induced her to execute a deed of trust placing all her property in his hands. He and his father, she says, then took her forcibly from the house one night and conveyed her to an asylum.

### Will Take the Stump.

Senator Henry M. Teller, of Colorado, and Senator Fred Dubois, of Montana, the leaders of the silver bolt at the St. Louis Republican convention, are to stump Illinois, Indiana, Michigan and Minnesota. This plan was determined upon at a long conference held Saturday night with Chairman Richardson at the national silver headquarters. The itinerary has not yet been completed. The plan to have the bolting silver Republicans begin the first vigorous fighting in the north Middle States is considered the most important step in campaign preparations yet taken by the national campaign committee. It is a recognition by the silver leaders of the importance of these States in deciding the issue. "Teller and Dubois are the heaviest guns of the silver battery," said a well-known silver leader.

"The very fact that they are Republicans makes it particularly fitting they should be selected to win over the vote of the doubtful Republican States. They have a reputation for sincerity and will not be met with the feelings of animosity which would greet a Democrat before a Republican audience."

### Dun & Co.'s Report.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade says:

"Better prospects and relief from monetary anxiety do not yet bring larger demands for finished products, though large buying of pig iron, wool, leather, hides, cotton, and other materials continue to show a growing business and that a general movement upward in prices will come with the replenishment of dealers' stocks this fall. Most prices are extremely low, so that nothing more than ordinary demand would advance them. But bank failures at New Orleans cause temporary hesitation, crop returns indicate disappointment in some cotton and some spring wheat States, prices of corn and oats make it unprofitable to sell at present, the number of manufacturing works and mines in operation does not gain but rather decreases, reductions of wages are somewhat numerous, occasionally resisted by strikes, and all these conditions diminish for time the buying power of the people."

### Cleveland and Carlisle Speak.

President Cleveland and Secretary Carlisle were invited to be present at Louisville, Saturday, at the notification of Palmer and Buckner of their nomination. Both the President and the Secretary were unable to attend, but each telephoned his regrets, and assurance of their co-operation to further the interests of the nominees.

### Cattle Scourge in Queensland.

Dr. J. Sidney Hunt, an eminent physician of Queensland, has been sent to the United States by the Queensland Government to investigate and find the remedy for Texas fever, as it is known in the southern part of the United States, which has broken out among the cattle on the big ranches in Northern Queensland.

### Shot the Leaders.

Among the leaders in the Philippine Islands conspiracy who were shot Monday at Cavite, in the Island of Luzon, were two merchants worth a million pesos (about \$200,000), the governor of the prison and several doctors and chemists.

### Cotton Mills Shut Down.

Saturday the Nashville cotton mills shut down for six weeks. The present high price of cotton is assigned as the cause. The mills have been running with a short force and the shut-down throws 200 hands out of employment. The full force is 1,000.

### Must Not Increase Freight Rates.

The railroad commission of Alabama refused the petition of some railroad companies to allow a small increase in freight rates. The commission answered that the low price of all commodities required them to decline the request.

**Lip's High-Priced Tea.**

Li Hung Chang has presented Gen. Ranger, Assistant Secretary Rockhill and Mrs. Carlisle with elegant rolls of silk and chests of tea valued at \$24 a pound.

## WON'T CUT HIS HAIR

### LETTER-CARRIER PUZZLES HIS SUPERIOR OFFICER.

Postmaster-General May Have to Be Called in to Decide the Knotty Question at Oakland, Cal.—American Board of Missions Out of Debt.

### Baare's Locks Cause Trouble.

Postmaster J. J. White, of Oakland, Cal., has been called upon to decide one of the weightiest questions so far submitted to him in his official capacity. He has searched through the postal laws, but has been unable to find a regulation to fit the case, and now he is seriously considering the propriety of submitting the matter to the department at Washington. The question is whether Lyman P. Baare, a letter carrier, can be compelled to have his hair cut. Baare's wind beguiling locks have been the cause of numerous complaints from ladies and gentlemen who have come in contact with the eccentric young man. Being a pianist, Baare two years ago decided to let his hair grow, with the idea of emulating Padewski. So conspicuous did Mr. Baare and his flowing locks become to the people of Oakland that the young man became involved in a street fight with a youth who whistled "Johnny, Get Your Hair Cut" as the letter carrier passed by. In order to soothe the lacerated feelings of the public, Postmaster White placed Baare on the night shift. This move only made matters worse, for after scarifying a doctor and several women more complaints were lodged. Baare positively refused to have his locks shorn and Postmaster White is sitting up nights considering the situation.

### SPAIN NOW YIELDS.

#### Torturing Monarchy Afraid of Incurring Uncle Sam's Wrath.

The Spanish Government has yielded to the demands of the United States for a trial by a civil court of the Competitor prisoners. Authentic information to this effect has reached the State Department unofficially, and the formal announcement is expected in the next mail from Minister Taylor, in Madrid. The Spanish Government reached this conclusion some time ago, but has delayed the formal announcement of its decision until after the Cortes adjourned, in order to escape criticism from that body for making concessions to the United States. While expecting this decision, the authorities have become very impatient of late over the long delay on the part of the Spanish Ministry in complying with the demands for a fair trial of the Competitor prisoners, who have been in prison under a death sentence imposed by a drum-head court-martial for nearly five months. Petitions have been pouring in on the State Department from all quarters, urging prompt action in behalf of these men. Despairing of favorable action on the request for a civil trial, some of these petitioners urged that an appeal be made to the Spanish Ministry for the pardon of the men.

### AMERICAN BOARD OUT OF DEBT.

#### Generous Gifts and Economy Shown in Financial Statement.

The financial statement of the American Board of Missions shows that for the first time since Aug. 31, 1892, it has been able to close its business year without a debt. The churches and individuals of the board's constituency have not only rallied generously to remove the debt, but have contributed to overcome a considerable shrinkage in legacies. Retirement on mission fields and extreme economy in administration have been necessary. The total receipts have been \$743,104, and the total expenditures, \$627,969, leaving a balance of \$115,135. Deducting from this the debt of a year ago, a balance is left in the treasury of \$502. The regular donations were \$426,730. The donations for special objects were \$43,989, and legacies, \$116,988. The total receipts from all sources were \$743,104. In addition to the above and aside from all receipts for the work of the board, \$130,035.96 has been forwarded for Armenian relief, and more than \$80,000 for Armenians in Turkey from Armenian friends and relatives in this country.

### One Is Killed.

One man was killed and three others were perhaps fatally injured by the falling of a pile of brick at the site of the old Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago. The accident was caused by the caving in of one of the old brick foundations of the hotel, against which had been piled tons of loose bricks. A large number of workers were at work near the wall, when suddenly, with a crash that was heard a block away, it gave way and buried four of the men.

### Omaha Bank Closed.

The Midland State Bank of Omaha, Neb., closed its doors Wednesday and requested the banking board to take charge. The officers stated that the bank was closed because the depositors had been withdrawing their accounts for the purpose of hoarding. The bank was a small affair.

### Fatal Fire at Milwaukee.

At Milwaukee two men and twenty-five horses lost their lives Monday morning in a fire which partially destroyed Albert Manger's livery stable. An unknown man burned so badly he cannot recover and was taken out about fifteen minutes after the firemen reached the scene.

### Jail Delivery at Pierre.

A wholesale jail delivery took place at Pierre, S. D., Sunday night. Arthur Lee, confined on a charge of horse stealing; Sam Davis and George Hart, on charge of burglary, and Carl Engelbrecht, on charge of grand larceny, are now at large.

### Killed by a Skyrocket.

James H. Turner, a retired New York truckman, 46 years old, died in the Eastern District Hospital, Williamsburg, Wednesday, after several hours of intense suffering from injuries sustained by being struck with a giant sky rocket.

### Russian Railroad Opens.

The railroad across Siberia is in working order from St. Petersburg to a point beyond Krasnoyarsk, when the arrival of the first train from European Russia the other day was the subject of much public rejoicing.

### Weyler to Command in Person.

It is reported that Gen. Weyler will begin the winter campaign in Cuba by taking command in person of the Spanish army in Pinar del Rio as soon as the new reinforcements arrive on the island.

### Must Not Increase Freight Rates.

The railroad commission of Alabama refused the petition of some railroad companies to allow a small increase in freight rates. The commission answered that the low price of all commodities required them to decline the request.

### CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

#### Pilfering Porter Caused Chicago Banks to Lose Large Remittances.

For fifteen months the Chicago post office has been deluged with complaints from banks and individuals that the Canadian mails have been tampered with and that thousands of letters have never reached their destination. Large and small remittances have been lost and the inconvenience and loss to the Chicago banks and their customers has been such that it had come to a point where the Canadian banks had to use other carrying channels and individuals were warned against using the mails in sending money. All this, it is hoped, will stop now, owing to the untiring diligence of Inspector J. E. Stuart of the Postoffice Department and J. J. Larmour, postoffice inspector, who Tuesday recorded one of the most important captures of their long service. Major Stuart received the following telegram at midnight Monday from Detroit, which is next to the closing chapter of the fifteen months' search: "Inspector James E. Stuart, Chicago: I arrested the Canadian mail thief Monday night and he is now in jail. I saw him rip a pouch open, take out a package of mail containing forty-three letters, all for Chicago, sew up the pouch and place the letters in his box. The man's name is Harry Laraway, a Canadian, who now lives in Detroit and is a depot porter at the Union depot. J. J. Larmour, Postoffice Inspector."

### TRAGEDY OF THE OCEAN.

#### Italian Eark Wrecked, the Captain and Mate Committing Suicide.

The Italian bark Monte Tabor, from Trapani for Boston, with a cargo of salt, was wrecked on Peaked Hill bar, off Highland Light, Mass. To escape death by drowning, it is presumed, Capt. Delcassa committed suicide by shooting, and his example of self-destruction was followed by the mate, who cut his throat with a razor. Four of the crew of ten, all of whom were swept overboard, were drowned. The remaining six reached shore on the vessel's deckhouse, which was the largest portion left from the vessel a short time after she struck. The sailors who reached land are all foreigners and speak very little English.

### Queen and Czar Marked.

London dispatch: London is thoroughly startled over the disclosures following the arrest of the Irish invincibles, P. J

## TALMAGE'S SERMON.

### HE PREACHES UPON A RAPTOROUS OUTLOOK.

**He Says It Should Stir the World to Gladness—Arbitrations Better than Battle—Rays of Dawn in the Day of Progress.**

#### The Day Is at Hand.

If the clarion note of this sermon delivered at the national capital could sound through Christendom, it would give everything good a new start. Dr. Talmage's text was Romans xiii, 12, "The day is at hand."

Back from the mountains, and the sea-side, and the springs, and the farmhouse, your cheeks bronzed and your spirits lighted, I hail you home again with the words of Gehazi to the Shunammite: "Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with the child?" On some faces I see the mark of recent grief, but all along the track of tears I see the story of resurrection and reunion when all tears are dried, the deep plowing of the keel, followed by the flash of the phosphorescence. Now that I have asked you in regard to your welfare, you naturally ask how I am. Very well, thank you. Whether it was the bracing air of the mountains, or a bath in the surf of Long Island beach, or whether it is the joy of standing in this great group of warm-hearted friends, or whether it is a new appreciation of the goodness of God, I cannot tell. I simply know I am happy. It was said that John Moffatt, the great Methodist preacher, occasionally got fast in his sermon, and to extricate himself would cry, "Hallelujah!" I am in no such predicament to-day, but I am full of the same rhapsodic ejaculation.

Starting out this morning on a new ecclesiastical year, I want to give you the keynote of my next twelve months' ministry. I want to set it to the tunes of "Antiphon," "Ariel" and "Coronation." I want to put a new trumpet stop into my sermons. We do wrong if we allow our personal sorrows to interfere with the glorious fact that the kingdom is coming. We are wicked if we allow apprehension of national disaster to put down our faith in God and in the mission of our American people. The God who hath been on the side of this nation since the Fourth of July, 1776, will see to it that this nation shall not commit suicide on Nov. 3, 1896. By the time the unparalleled harvests of this summer get down to the seaboard we shall be standing in a sunburst of national prosperity that will paralyze the pessimists who by their evil prophecies are blaspheming the God who hath blessed this nation as he hath blessed no other.

#### Notes of Gladness.

In all our Christian work you and I want more of the element of gladness. No man had a right to say that Christ never laughed. Do you suppose that he was glum at the wedding in Cana of Galilee? Do you suppose that Christ was unresponsive when the children clambered over his knee and shoulder at his own invitation? Do you suppose that the evangelist meant nothing when he said of Christ, "He rejoiced in spirit"? Do you believe that the divine Christ, who pours all the waters over the rocks at Vernal Falls, Yosemite, does not believe in the sparkle and glisten and tumultuous joy and rushing raptures of human life? I believe not only that the morning laughs, and that the mountains laugh, and that the seas laugh, and that the cascades laugh, but that Christ laughed. Moreover, take a laugh and a tear into an alembic and assay them, and you will often find as much of the pure gold of religion in a laugh as in a tear. Deep spiritual joy always shows itself in facial illumination. John Wesley said he was sure of a good religious impression being produced because of what he calls the great gladness he saw among the people. Godless merriment is blasphemy anywhere, but expression of Christian joy is appropriate everywhere.

Moreover, the outlook of the world ought to stir us to gladness. Astronomers disturbed many people by telling them that there was danger of stellar collision. We were told by these astronomers that there are worlds coming very near together, and that we shall have plagues and wars and tumults and perhaps the world's destruction. Do not be scared. If you have ever stood at a railroad center where ten or twenty or thirty rail tracks cross each other and seen that by the movement of the switch one or two inches the train shoots this way and that without colliding, then you may understand how fifty worlds may come within an inch of disaster and that inch be as good as a million miles. If a human switch tender can shoot the trains this way and that without harm, cannot the hand that for thousands of years has upheld the universe keep our little world out of harm's way? Christian geologists tell us that this world was millions of years in building. Well, now, I do not think God would take millions of years to build a house which was to last only 6,000 years. There is nothing in the world or outside the world, terrestrial or astronomical, to excite dismay. I wish that some stout gospel breeze might scatter all the malaria of human foreboding. The sun rose this morning at about 3 o'clock, and I think that is just about the hour in the world's history. "The day is at hand."

#### Victory for Peace.

The first ray of dawn I see in the gradual substitution of diplomatic skill for human butchery. Within the last twenty-five years there have been international differences which would have brought a shock of arms in any other day, but which were peacefully adjusted, the pen taking the place of the sword. The Venezuelan controversy in any other age of the world would have brought shock of arms, but now is being so quietly adjusted that no one knows just how it is being settled.

The Alabama question in any other age of the world would have caused war between the United States and England. How was it settled? By men-of-war off the Narrows or off the Mersey? By the gulf stream of the ocean crossed by a gulf stream of human blood? By the pathway of nations incarnadined? No. A few wise men go into a quiet room at Geneva, talk the matter over and telegraph to Washington and to London, "All settled." Peace, peace! England pays to the United States the amount awarded—pays really more than she ought to have paid. But still, all that Alabama broil is settled—settled forever. Arbitration instead of battle.

So the Samoan controversy in any other age would have brought Germany and the United States into bloody collision. But all is settled. Arbitration instead of battle.

France will never again, I think,

through the peccadillo of an ambassador, bring on battle with other nations. She sees that God, in punishment at Sedan, blotted out the French empire, and the only aspirant for that throne who has any right of expectation dies in a war that has not even the dignity of being respectable. What is the leaf that England would like to tear out of her history? The Zulu war. Down with the sword and up with the treaty!

We in this country might better have settled our sectional difficulties by arbitration than by the trial of the sword. Philanthropy said to the north, "Pay down a certain amount of money for the purchase of the slaves, and let all those born after a certain time be born free." Philanthropy at the same time said to the South, "You sell the slaves and get rid of this great national contest and trouble." The North replied, "I won't pay a cent." The South replied, "I won't sell." War, war! A million dead men, and a national debt which might have ground this nation to powder! Why did we not let William H. Seward of New York and Alexander H. Stephens of Georgia go out and spend a few days under the trees on the banks of the Potomac and talk the matter over and settle it, as settle it they could, rather than the North pay in cost of war \$4,700,000,000 and the South pay \$4,750,000,000, the destroying angel leaving the firstborn dead in so many houses all the way from the Penobscot to the Alabama? Ye aged men whose sons fell in the strife, do you not think that would have been better? Oh, yes! We have come to believe, I think, in this country that arbitration is better than battle.

#### Too Dear a Price.

I may be mistaken, but I hope that the last war between Christian nations is ended. Barbarians may mix their war paint and Chinese and Japanese go into wholesale massacres and Afghan and Zulu hurl poisoned arrows, but I think Christian nations have gradually learned that war is disaster to victor as well as vanquished, and that almost anything bought by blood is bought at too dear a price. I wish to God this nation might be a model of willingness for arbitration. No need of killing another Indian. No need of sacrificing any more brave Gen. Custers. Stop exasperating the red man, and there will be no more arrows shot out from the ambuscades. A general of the United States army in high repute throughout this land, and who perhaps had been in more Indian wars than any other officer, and who had been wounded again and again in behalf of our Government in battle against the Indians, told me that all the wars that had ever occurred between Indians and white men had been provoked by white men, and that there was no exception to the rule. While we are arbitrating with Christian nations let us toward barbarians carry ourselves in a manner unprovocative of contest.

Let me put myself in their place: I inherit a large estate, and the waters are rich with fish, and the woods are songful with birds, and my cornfields are silken and golden. Here is my sister's grave. Out yonder under the large tree my father died. An invader comes and proposes to drive me off and take possession of my property. He crowds me back, he crowds me on, and crowds me into a closer corner, until after awhile I say: "Stand back! Don't crowd me any more, or I'll strike. What right have you to come here and drive me off my premises? I got this farm from my father, and he got it from his father. What right have you to come here and molest me?" You blandly say: "Oh, I know more than you do. I belong to a higher civilization. I cut my hair shorter than you do. I could put this ground to a great deal better use than you do."

And you keep crowding me back and crowding me on into a closer corner and closer corner, until one day I look around upon my suffering family, and, fired by their hardships, I hew you in twain. Forthwith all the world comes to your realm to pronounce eulogium, comes to my execution to anathematize me. You are the hero. I am the culprit. Behold the United States Government and the North American Indian! The red man has stood more wrongs than I would, or you. We would have struck sooner, deeper. That which is right in defense of a Washington home is right in defense of a home on top of the Sierra Nevada. Before this dwindling race dies completely out I wish that this generation might by common justice atone for the inhumanity of its predecessors. In the day of God's judgment I would rather be a blood smeared Modoc than a swindling United States officer on an Indian reservation. One was a barbarian and a savage, and never pretended to be anything but a barbarian and a savage. The other pretended to be representative of a Christian nation. Notwithstanding all this the general disgust with war and the substitution of diplomatic skill for the glittering edge of keen steel is a sign unmistakable that "the day is at hand."

#### The World's Nearness.

I find another ray of dawn in the compression of the world's distances. What a slow, snail-like, almost impossible thing would have been the world's rectification with 1,400,000,000 of population and no facile means of communication, but now, through telegraphy for the ear and telephonic intimacy for the eye and through steamboating and railroading the 25,000 miles of the world's circumference are shriveling up into insignificant brevity. Hong Kong is nearer to New York than a few years ago New Haven was; Bombay, Moscow, Madras, Melbourne within speaking distance. Purchase a telegraphic chart, and by the blue lines see the telegraphs of the land and by the red lines the cables under the ocean. You see what opportunity this is going to give for the final movements of Christianity.

A fortress may be months or years in building, but after it is constructed it may do all its work in twenty minutes. Christianity has been planting its batteries for nineteen centuries and may go on in the work through other centuries, but when those batteries are thoroughly planted, those fortresses are fully built, they may all do their work in twenty-four hours. The world sometimes derides the church for slowness of movement. Is science any quicker? Did it not take science 5,652 years to find out so simple a thing as the circulation of the human blood? With the earth and the sky full of electricity, science took 5,800 years before it even guessed that there was any practical use that might be made of this subtle and mighty element. When good men take possession of all these scientific forces and all these agencies of invention, I do not know that the redemption of the world will be more than the work of half a day. Do we not read the queen's speech at the proroguing of parliament the day before in London? If that be so, is it anything marvelous to believe that in twenty-four hours a divine communication can reach the whole earth? Suppose Christ should descend on the nations—many ex-

pect that Christ will come among the nations personally; suppose that to-morrow morning the Son of God from a hovering cloud should descend upon these cities. Would not that fact be known all the world over in twenty-four hours? Suppose he should present his gospel in a few words, saying: "I am the Son of God. I came to pardon all your sins and to heal all your sorrow. To prove that I am a supernatural being I have just descended from the clouds. Do you believe me, and do you believe me now?" Why, all the telegraph stations of the earth would be crowded as none of them were ever crowded just after a shipwreck.

I tell you all these things to show you it is not among the impossibilities or even the improbabilities that Christ will conquer the whole earth, and do it instantaneously when the time comes. There are foretokens in the air. Something great is going to happen. I do not think that Jupiter is going to run us down or that the axle of the world is going to break, but I mean something great for the world's blessing and not for the world's damage is going to happen. I think the world has had it hard enough. Enough the famines and plagues. Enough the Asiatic cholera. Enough the wars. Enough the shipwrecks. Enough the confusions. I think our world could stand right well a procession of prosperities and triumphs. Better be on the lookout. Better have your observatories open toward the heavens and the lenses of your most powerful telescopes well polished. Better have all your Leyden jars ready for some new pulsation of mighty influence. Better have new fonts of type in your printing offices to set up some astounding good news. Better have some new banner that has never been carried ready for sudden processions. Better have the bells in your church towers well hung and rope within reach, that you may ring out the marriage of the King's Son. Cleanse all your court houses, for the Judge of all the earth may appear. Let all your legislative halls be gilded, for the Great Lawgiver may be about to come. Drive off the drones of despotism all the occupants, for the King of heaven and earth may be about to reign. The darkness of the night is blooming and whitening into the light of morning cloud and the lilies reddening into the roses of stronger day—fit garlands, whether white or red, for him on whose head are many crowns. "The day is at hand."

#### Rays of Dawn.

One more ray of the dawn I see in facts chronological and mathematical. Come now, do not let us do another stroke of work until we have settled one matter.

What is going to be the final issue of this great contest between sin and righteousness? Which is going to prove himself the stronger, God or Diabolus? Is this world going to be all garden or all desert?

Now, let us have that matter settled. If we believe Isaiah and Hosea and Micah and Malachi and John and Peter and Paul and the Lord himself, we believe that it is going to be all garden. But let us have it settled. Let us know whether we are working on toward a success or toward a dead failure. If there is a child in your house sick and you are sure he is going to get well, you sympathize with present pains, but the foreboding is gone. If you are in a cyclone off the Florida coast and the captain assures you the vessel is stanch and the winds are changing for a better quarter, and he is sure he will bring you safe into the harbor, you patiently submit to present distress with the thought of safe arrival. Now I want to know whether we are coming on toward dismay, darkness and defeat or toward light and blessedness. You and I believe the latter, and if every year we spend is one year subtracted from the world's woe, and every event that passes, whether bright or dark, brings us one event nearer a happy consummation, and by all that is inexorable in chronology and mathematics I commend you to good cheer and courage. If there is anything in arithmetic, if you subtract two from five and leave three, then by every rolling sun we are coming on toward a magnificent terminus. Then every winter passed is one severity less for our poor world. Then every summer gone by brings us nearer unfading arborescence. Put your algebra down on the top of your Bible and rejoice.

If it is nearer morning at 3 o'clock than it is at 2', if it is nearer morning at 4 o'clock than it is at 3, then we are nearer the dawn of the world's deliverance. God's clock seems to go very slowly, but the pendulum swings, and the hands move, and it will yet strike noon. The sun and the moon stood still once. They will never stand still again until they stop forever. If you believe arithmetic as well as your Bible, you must believe we are nearer the dawn. "The day is at hand."

#### In the Sunlight.

Beloved people, I preach this sermon because I want you to toil with the sunlight in your faces. I want you old men to understand before you die that all the work you did for God while yet your ear was alert and your foot fleet is going to be counted up in the final victories. I want all these younger people to understand that when they toil for God they always win the day; that all prayers are answered and all Christian work is in some way effectual, and that the tide is setting in the right direction, and that all heaven is on our side—saintly, cherubic, archangelic, omnipotent, chariot and throne, doxology and procession, principalities and dominion, he who hath the moon under his feet, and all the armies of heaven on white horses.

Brother, brother, all I am afraid of is not that Christ will lose the battle, but that you and I will not get into it quick enough to do something worthy of our blood bought immortality. On, Christ, how shall I meet thee, thou of the scarred brow, and the scarred back, and the scarred hand, and the scarred foot, and the scarred breast, if I have no scars or wounds gotten in thy service? It shall not be so. I step out to-day in front of the battle. Come on, ye foes of God, I dare you to combat. Come on, with pens dipped in malignancy. Come on, with tongues forked and viperine. Come on, with types soaked in the scum of the eternal pit. I defy you! Come on; I bare my brow; I uncover my heart. Strike! I cannot see my Lord until I have been hurt for Christ. If we do not suffer with him on earth, we cannot be glorified with him in heaven. Take good heart. On, on! See, the skies have brightened. See, the hour is about to come! Pick out all the cheeriest of the anthems. Let the orchestra string their best instruments. "The night is far spent; the day is at hand."

Laws are not made like lime twigs or nets, to catch everything that toucheth them; but rather like sea marks, to guide from shipwreck the ignorant passenger.

## MICHIGAN MATTERS.

### NEWS OF THE WEEK CONCISELY CONDENSED.

**State Has Given Homes to Many Bona Fide Settlers—Why a Lansing Girl Ran Away to Muskegon—Johnson of Lapeer, Sentenced to Fourteen Years**

#### Kind Mother Michigan.

Land Commissioner French reports that on June 30, 1895, the State owned 423,889.53 acres of land. There were forfeited to the State during the year \$36,014 acres of part paid land; 5,016.28 swamp homestead land; deeded to the State under Sec. 127, Act 206 laws of 1893, 211,823.10 acres and 1,213.37 deeded in settlement of the Bois Blanc State road matter, making 642,778.59 in all. The total number of acres sold during the year was 14,988.16; number of acres of swamp land licensed, 6,207.19; entered as homestead land, 40,125.49; total number of acres held for sale and homesteaded June 30, 1896, 581,457.75 acres. The number of acres disposed of during the year is as follows: Primary school, 7,877.07 acres; \$25,968.47 paid, \$5,039.81 due; agricultural college, 1,938.21 acres, \$12,122.76 paid, \$3,509.48 due; swamp, 4,295.43 acres, \$5,138.84 paid, \$799.08 due; salt spring, 40 acres, \$80 paid, \$80 due; university, 40 acres, \$240 paid, \$240 due; patented to homesteaders, 797.45 acres; total, 14,988.16 acres, \$43,540.07 paid, \$9,688.35 due. The receipts of the State land office for principal, interest and penalty received on sales made in former years amounted to \$88,247.03. Seventy-seven townships in 22 counties of the State have taken advantage of the 1893 statute in accordance with which lands delinquent for taxes are bid off to the State for a consecutive period of more than three years, have been examined, upon request of the township boards, and the expenses of such examinations have been paid by the State. A complete list of the lands has been prepared and printed from time to time to send out on application, in order that those seeking homes need be to the expense only of selecting the lands they wanted and the payment of the required 10 cents per acre down. No real estate tax is required to be paid during the five years the land is held under homestead certificate, and the small payment of 10 cents per acre for each year of the homestead term gives the settler a farm and a home with little expenditure of time and effort.

#### Indictments Likely to Drop.

Michigan has in all probability seen the last of the cases instituted against the eleven persons, including State officials and clerks, who were indicted by the Grand Jury for the alleged salaries amendment frauds of 1891 and 1893, when the returns of the vote cast on the proposition to amend the Constitution so as to increase the salaries of State officers were said to have been falsified so as to show a favorable majority. The only persons ever tried were ex-Secretary of State Joachim and ex-Attorney General Ellis. The jury in each case disagreed, politics forming an important feature of the trials, the defense claiming persecution on the part of political enemies. Prosecutor Gardner did not give notice of the cases for trial at the present term of court, and as he will retire from office Jan. 1 this neglect is taken to foreshadow his purpose to discontinue all the cases.

#### Given Fourteen Years.

At Lapeer William H. Johnson, of Columbiaville, was sentenced by Judge Smith to fourteen years at hard labor in State's prison for robbing and chloroforming Mrs. Deline, a widow, aged about 78 years. Ms. Deline was bound, gagged and chloroformed, and the house then ransacked, and she was left in this condition during the cold night and part of the next day. Her sufferings were terrible until found by the neighbors. Isaac Snow, a pal of Johnson's, who is now serving time in prison, confessed to having committed the crime and implicated Johnson, who also confessed upon arrest. Judge Smith also sentenced Walter Lamphere to one year at Jackson for burglary. William F. Baker, who confessed having broken into Vincent & Son's store, was given one year at the same place, and Harry Powell, aged 13, was sent to the industrial school until he is 17.

#### She Was Locked Out.

The parents of Miss Jennie Fitzgerald, of Lansing, were rendered half wild Monday night by the disappearance of their daughter, and one of their messages about the State located her at Muskegon. She was found by Chief of Police Stirling. She had been staying with some friends, and states she left home because her mother locked her out. She says she has a girl friend whom her mother warned her against, and because she went to a political meeting Monday night and remained out after 10 o'clock she was locked out. The young woman and her mother did a lot of long distance telephoning, and a reconciliation was effected by wire. She went home in the morning.

#### Short State Items.

As the result of a milk war, you can get milk for 2½ cents a quart in Inlay City.

Ann Arbor women made a great effort to elect one of their number school inspector, but were overwhelmed by an avalanche of votes.

Inlay City is to have a new fair building, to cost \$550, and to be ready for the fair the first week of October, though the contract has just been let.

A queer freak of an electric storm in Kalkaska County, Saturday night, was to kill a hen hovering a brood of chicks, leaving the chicks uninjured.

The Saginaw and Bay City interurban railroad has bought fifty-eight acres of ground at Cheboygan, which it proposes to turn into a pleasure park.

The fight against locating a saloon at the entrance to the Muskegon fair grounds was decided against the saloon, which will be opened in another place instead.



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PURITY  
SUPERIOR  
STRENGTH  
MODERATE  
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We carry a full and complete line of

STAPLE

FANCY  
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TEAS, COFFEES AND  
CANNED GOODS,

Cigars Tobacco and Confectionery. Also Mason

Fruit Jars All Sizes.

Yours truly,

A. M. GARDNER.



AN OLDTIME THOUGHT

Recalls the past, that limitless ocean of experience touches much, and certainly experience has never demonstrated anything more clearly than the advantage of watching for opportunities. It doesn't take a sharp eye to discover something in our stock of merchandise because it's packed full to overflowing with articles it's a sacrifice of your interests not to buy. We can only offer chances; buyers must do the talking.

SALT SCHOOL SUPPLIES  
OIL GASOLINE PORK  
JEWELRY

PLOWS AND REPAIRS FOR ALL KINDS  
MACHINERY OIL, PAINT, ETC.  
EXTRA FINE DEAL ON TEA, DRUGS, HOSIERY

New stock of all kinds of Sewing Materials

and Repairing for the especial

convenience of the

Public.

All goods delivered free within the corporation. Yours Respectfully,

B. A. ALMY.

Also LIVERY AND FEED STABLES

Good Rigs at Reasonable Prices.

Thos. Hammond, Mgr.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL  
"The Niagara Falls Route."  
Taking Effect June 21, 1896.

EASTWARD BOUND.

| STATIONS.    | Det   | Exp  | N.Y.  | Ngt   | Fr't |
|--------------|-------|------|-------|-------|------|
| Exp          | Dly   | Exp  | Exp   | Exp   | Exp  |
| Grand Rapids | 7:20  | 1:00 | 1:00  | 1:00  | 1:00 |
| Middleville  | 7:20  | 1:00 | 6:25  | 12:15 | 8:45 |
| Hastings     | 7:52  | 5:50 | 6:57  | 12:40 | 9:50 |
| Jackson Ar.  | 9:30  | 2:50 | 9:00  | 3:40  | 5:20 |
| Detroit Ar.  | 12:20 | 6:00 | 11:15 | 7:10  | ...  |
|              |       | p.m. | p.m.  | p.m.  | p.m. |

WESTWARD BOUND.

| STATIONS.        | Pac  | Spl  | M'H   | G'R  | Fr't |
|------------------|------|------|-------|------|------|
| Exp              | Dly  | Exp  | Exp   | Exp  | Exp  |
| Grand Rapids Ar. | 5:30 | 6:00 | 1:40  | 1:20 | 4:00 |
| Middleville      | 4:35 | 5:58 | 12:55 | 9:20 | 5:15 |
| Hastings         | 4:05 | 5:45 | 12:55 | 9:10 | 5:05 |
| Jackson Lv.      | 1:00 | 3:50 | 10:35 | 7:30 | 7:10 |
| Detroit Lv.      | 8:45 | 2:00 | 7:15  | 4:45 | ...  |
|                  |      | p.m. | p.m.  | p.m. | p.m. |

Grand Rapids & Indiana Railroad.

Schedule in effect Sept. 6, 1895.

| NORTHERN DIVISION                 | Leave      | Arrive     |
|-----------------------------------|------------|------------|
| Going                             | From       | North      |
| Tray City, Pet'y & Harbor Springs | 7:45 a.m.  | 10:00 p.m. |
| Tray City, Pet'y & Harbor Springs | 2:00 p.m.  | 5:15 p.m.  |
| Calidonia                         | 5:23 p.m.  | 11:10 a.m. |
| Petoskey and Mackinaw             | 11:30 p.m. | 5:30 a.m.  |

Train leaving at 7:45 a.m. has parlor car to Petoskey and Mackinaw. Train leaving at 2:00 p.m. is a solid train with day coaches and parlor car to Petoskey, Bay City and Harbor Springs. Train leaving at 11:30 p.m. has sleeping cars to Petoskey and Mackinaw.

MUSKEGON TRAINS.

| GOING WEST  |
|---|
| Ar. 64 Rps 4:25 a.m. 11:00 p.m. 4:40 p.m. 8:00 a.m. |
| Ar. Muskegon 5:00 a.m. 7:00 p.m. 10:25 a.m.         |
| Ar. Muskegon (Steamer) 7:45 a.m. 4:00 p.m.          |

GOING EAST

| GOING EAST  |
|---|
| Ar. Milwaukee 6:30 a.m. 11:30 a.m. 12:30 p.m. 4:20 p.m. 7:30 p.m.                                       |
| Ar. Milwaukee 9:20 a.m. 12:35 p.m. 2:00 p.m. 7:35 p.m.  |
| Steamer leaves Muskegon Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Leaves Milwaukee, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. |

Except Sunday. \*Daily. Sunday only.

A. ALMQVIST, C. L. ROCKWOOD,  
Ticket Agent. Gen'l Pass'r and  
Ticket Agent. Union Station.

THE MIDDLEVILLE SUN  
THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1896.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Caledonia fair next week.

Silver rally Monday evening.

Eaton county fair Sept. 29 to Oct. 2.

The 10th semi-annual Barry Co. C. E. convention will be held in the Congregational church of this village Oct. 2 and 3.

A special invitation is extended to all persons not members of other Sunday schools to attend the Congregational school on Sunday. See special program in this column.

Reading club will meet with Mrs. French Sept. 30. Readers, Miss Pratt and Mrs. French; questions, Mrs. Hendrick; spelling mistress, Mrs. Dietrich; critic, Mrs. Johnson; author, Mrs. Mary Livermore.

Baptist church, Walter A. Biss, pastor. Services at 10:30 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Sunday school at the close of morning service. Junior B. Y. P. U., 3:30 p.m. Senior B. Y. P. U., 6:30 p.m. Conquest meeting. Subject, "Japan." Leader, Pastor Walter A. Biss. Prayer meeting, Thursday, 7:30 p.m.

Congregational church, H. Appleton, pastor. Services 10:30 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Subject for the morning, "The Everlasting Gospel." Subject for evening, "Distinctions and Destinies," Rally service in the Sabbath school at close of morning service. See special program. Junior C. E., 4 p.m. Y. P. S. C. E., 6:30 p.m. Teachers' meeting Monday, 7 p.m. Prayer meeting, Thursday, 7 p.m. A cordial welcome to all.

CONGREGATIONAL S. S.

Program for Sunday, Sept. 27:

| Song—1.....   | School                 |
|---|------------------------|
| Prayer.....   | Mrs. F. A. Colvin      |
| Song—18.....  | School                 |
| Responsive Reading—Opening Exercises.....   | School                 |
| Song—9.....   | School                 |
| Review of Quarter's Lessons (15 minutes).....   | Rev. H. Appleton       |
| Song—21.....  | School                 |
| Collection—"The Lord loveth a cheerful giver." Each one present is urged to give a special collection on this occasion..... | School                 |
| Song—24.....  | School                 |
| Recitation.....   | Clare Mattason         |
| Recitation.....   | Raymond Barnes         |
| Recitation (German).....  | Winnie Dando           |
| Song.....   | Anna and Ursula Linski |
| Recitation.....   | Mary Pratt             |
| Recitation.....   | Frankie Barnes         |
| Recitation.....   | Daisy Dowling          |
| Song—6.....   | School                 |
| Close with C. E. Mizpah.  |                        |

THIS GIRL WANTED A WHEEL.

But the Colored Frames Suggested Matching a Suit.

She was a pretty girl and when she entered the bicycle store she wore a pleased, innocent expression as she gazed round at the machines with the gentle air of one who has found a new chamber of horrors or curiosities, says the New York Herald.

The salesman was unsuspecting and smiled his best.

"I want to buy a bicycle, please," she said casually, in the same tone she would have used to buy a spool of thread. This unbusinesslike method of hers left him gasping—if he had been wise he would have dragged out his pencil and order book and said: "Yes'm. What number, please? It will be put up tomorrow," and finished the sale on the spot. But he was not wise. He scrambled to get back on the beaten path of sales methods. "Do you ride?" he asked, as she waited sweetly.

"Oh, no," she answered, "I just thought today it would be nice, so I came after the wheel."

"Do you want a drop frame or a diamond?" he ventured, mildly.

The pretty girl looked puzzled. "I didn't say anything about diamonds," she corrected, a trifle severely. "And I should think a frame that dropped would be convenient—can't you fasten them up?"

The salesman coughed softly and scowled at the man in the gallery who was sympathizing dramatically with him. "We can fix it for you," he murmured. "No," as he observed her eye light on a dark-blue wheel, "that wouldn't do for you. The gear is too high."

"Why don't you let it down, then?" she asked, interestedly. "Where is it? I don't see it."

The salesman retired behind a pile of sheltering machines and had it out with himself. When he emerged he led two wheels and talked black in the face, explaining their excellencies and differences.

She had sat looking politely at him all this time, and when he stopped to recover breath she smiled courteously. "How there's no use of your telling me any more, because it might just as well be Sanscrit. I can't see a bit of difference in wheels—they all look alike to me as do boats. Why do they have so many different names?"

The salesman looked into her deep-blue eyes and calmed his turbulent mind. "I really don't know," he said. "It seems to be a fad of the manufacturers."

"And I suppose it gives some one employment, thinking up names," she put in charitably.

The salesman grew desperate and fingered his pencil. "Which one shall I send up?" he asked, as a gentle reminder.

She was plunged in thought. "I had no idea they painted them in so many different colors," she said, half to herself. "I'll have to think it over. You see, I haven't decided what I'll get for a bicycle suit, and, of course the wheel must match it. I'll let you know."

She floated out.

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

HON. HENRY B. RUSSELL'S LIVES  
OF MCKINLEY AND HOBART.

It is the object of this book to give a clear, impartial, authentic, and complete history of the public career and private lives of William McKinley and Garret A. Hobart from boyhood to the present date; to record facts, incidents, anecdotes, stories, and experiences that will reveal the true character of the men and enable us to see them exactly as they are.

It tells of the humble circumstances of McKinley's early days, of his life as a boy, of his years of unremitting toil, of his life as a country schoolmaster, of his splendid war record with his manifold thrilling experiences, of his career as a law student and country attorney, how he came to enter political life, of his achievements in Congress, of the momentous events that have transpired since, and the prominent part he took in them; of his record as Governor; of his marriage, his home life, and so forth. In short, it is the most complete and exhaustive record of his life and work that can possibly be written, for much of it was penned by his own hand. He supplied abundant material to the author, and gave him access to important data and facts that have not been supplied to any other writer.

This is not only the best but it is the cheapest campaign book extant. It gives more matter of better quality, and very much finer engravings than any other, is more handsomely printed, on better paper, more durably bound, and is sold for very much less money than any other book purporting to be "just as good" as this. We believe that one million copies will be sold, because this is the people's edition, authorized by McKinley himself, and its price—one dollar and upwards—brings it within the reach of all. Its high quality and its low price mark an epoch in the history of subscription books. There is no Life of the Candidates "as good as" or as low in price as Hon. Henry B. Russell's.

Its author is distinguished as one of the most brilliant journalists of our day. As a personal friend of both candidates, it was natural that he should be chosen as their biographer.

The illustrations are mainly from photographs supplied by McKinley himself and by members of his family. They are beautiful specimens of the engraver's skill.

We do not know when 546 pages have given us more genuine pleasure. If we speak warmly of the book, it is because it richly deserves it. It is sold only by agents, and is meeting with an enormous sale. Agents who introduce a work like this ought to be cordially welcomed. We believe that the best way to keep out poor books is by introducing good ones, and a better one than this has never been brought to our notice. It is a high-class book, richly illustrated, and sold at a marvelously low price. Put it into your homes. It will be read over and over again by old and young, with pleasure and lasting profit.

The work is published by the old and well-known firm of A. D. Worthington & Co., Hartford, Conn., who want agents everywhere for it, and whose imprint is sufficient guarantee of the excellence of the volume.

A hacking cough is not only annoying to others, but is dangerous to the person who has it. One Minute Cough Cure will quickly put an end to it. Dr. Nelson Abbott.

The Fifth district convention of the W. R. C. will be held at Plainwell, October 8.

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is an antiseptic, soothing and healing application for burns, scalds, cuts, bruises, etc., and cures piles like magic. It instantly stops pain. Dr. Nelson Abbott.

THE VALUE OF WIDE TIRES.

In a test made by Prof. G. W. Barnard of the Missouri agricultural college on blue grass sward, where a Baldwin recording dynamometer was used, it was shown that a load of 3,248 pounds could be drawn as easily on 3 inch tires as 2,000 pounds could be drawn on a wagon with 14-inch tires.

What further proof is needed of the value of wide tires over narrow tires?

Farm Implement News.

Many lives of usefulness have been cut short by neglect to break up an ordinary cold. Pneumonia, bronchitis and even consumption can be averted by the prompt use of One Minute Cough Cure. Dr. Nelson Abbott.

Charles Babbitt, a well known Dorr man, was tried before Justice Hale at Dorr Tuesday on the charge of violating the fish laws by spearing in Green Lake. Assistant Attorney General Chase conducted the prosecution and Babbitt was convicted, paying fine and costs amounting to \$65. Babbitt was arrested on complaint of Deputy Game Warden Brewster.—G. R. Herald.

BUCKLIN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. W. Armstrong.

Charles Fisher, the farmer boy who was arrested near Ceylon, Barry county, on the charge of burglarizing the Ceylon postoffice and held to the grand jury, was released from jail Monday, the father and another man signing the \$500 bail bond.—G. R. Herald.

CARPENTER-KILMER.

On Wednesday evening, September 23, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Myron Kilmer at Duncan Lake was the scene of a happy event in the marriage of their eldest daughter, Ada, to Mr. Benjamin Carpenter of St. Mary's, Ohio. At 7:30 o'clock the wedding march was played by the skillful fingers of Miss Allie Gaskill, and the bridal party descended the stairway lead by Mr. Allan Bechtel as groomsman, and Miss Lizzie Brumm of Nashville, as bridesmaid, who led the way to the southeast corner of the parlor, followed by the contracting parties, who stood under an arch of green, decorated with flowers. Rev. B. Moore performed the ceremony in a short, but impressive manner.

Shortly after the usual congratulations the company of about eighty

## REAL MONEY.

It is evident to every candid, thoughtful mind that there are two great forces or agencies at work among mankind, as the leading ones, in an acceptable progress to higher plains of joy and prosperity. The one is a *pure religion*, and the other is **REAL money**. These are what the masses of mankind desire, but do they always get them?

It is the universal order in nature that man, in his disciplinary course comes into possession of both, through a system of training devised and presided over by a competent and never-failing teacher, our Creator and Heavenly Father. If man will accept and practice the teachings and counsel of "Jesus of Nazareth," to "seek first the kingdom of God and its righteousness," real and unchanging money will become unmistakably apparent. Now such is the command of Almighty God, that man must and shall personally and positively acquire both the genuine and counterfeit. The counterfeit brings loss and confusion, the true, gain, order and contentment. Man must know both in order to know either. Hence, *man a creature of education*, while a scholar never knows positively the whole book, until it has been thoroughly considered.

Until he is thoroughly posted, he is liable to think and determine right the reverse tomorrow of what occupies his mind today. Knowing such to be the fact, we do well to be governed by true charity or love towards each other, respecting differences of opinion, correctly calculating that in due time we shall all see and agree, and rejoice together.

HURRAH BOYS, A FIGHT! A FIGHT!!  
Two *metal gods*! Behold the sight!  
With *ballots* marshaling for a fight,  
Each one the other to subdue,  
By hook, or by crook; either will do.  
The "gold god" wears the "British  
crown,"  
And views "free silver" with a frown,  
Saying you FOOL; the earth is MINE:  
Do well. *Submit* without a whine.  
Rothchilds, Wall street and bankers all,

Fall into line whene'er I call,  
And for their services and care  
They get from ME, the "lion's share."  
Mankind has always WORSHIPPED me  
And sought beneath my care to be,  
For I do meet evry demand,  
At home, or in a foreign land.  
Take off your hat and make a bow  
Or instigate a *hellish row*,  
That will when 'lection time is o'er,  
Find you pounded, lame and sore.  
Your place is trotting up behind,  
With *ruling NEVER*, in your mind;  
Except as "change" of handy form,  
Where you can do the smallest harm.  
Don't bring us both into disgrace  
By wishing with ME an *equal place*.  
I've scored a day's march as you see,  
So *vantage*, ground belongs to me,  
And you be sure I'll firmly hold,  
*You*; as to me *forever SOLD*.  
The second place you now may fill,  
Subject to my *future will*.  
The "silver god" with wrathful mien.  
It's former *power* to regain,  
Stands up; to face the "golden god"  
And sets at naught its ruling nod.  
You "golden god" of *HELLISH greed*  
I'll meet and down you: yes indeed.  
And teach you next November day,  
I'll accept nothing, but "*fair play*."  
Your name and mine were spelled the  
same,\*  
Until you played that *hellish game*,  
Through *humankind of traitorous mould*,  
Declared the *standard ONLY gold*.  
I might aspire to be *your BOSS*,  
And thus create an immense loss,  
To your soulless *faithful few*  
Whose love of self never says you,  
Only when you shall want a *tool*†  
With which to "kill" the common fool.  
You know 'twas never fairly done,  
To make me *give* "sixteen to one."  
I gave an *inch*, you took an *ell*  
And set on fire a *very hell*.  
Well, hell it is: and I'm your man,  
Now then *whip me if you can*.  
Come "pop's," come "prob's," come  
"silver gray";  
United we can win the day,  
And bury Shylock with his gold  
Where 'tis said, *it's never COLD*.  
Come "copper god" put in your say,  
Just see how you have *SHRANK away*,  
And though you do your value hold  
You're made the *drudge*‡ of "BRITISH  
GOLD."  
Now tariff low, or tariff high;  
"Tis plain, is all right in your "eye";  
For the *consumer* pays the *SHOT*,  
Whether at *home* or *foreign* bought.  
*Attention*; now, ye toiling hoards  
*Ballots* must be our conquering swords,  
And until the decisive day  
We'll *buy* and *lie*, just as we may.  
(OVER)

Then when the "gold bugs" camp is found,  
We'll fight them on their chosen ground.

We'll ransack hell the same as THEY For means and ways, to steal the day. We would be honest if we could And live with gold in blissful mood, But "golden rules" we cannot trust, And so must give back *thrust* for *thrust*. They can agree and as one man Carry out a chosen plan.

Now if we cannot do the same Our fate is sealed; we lose the game. The "gold god" laughs while silver scowls,

And threateningly sends forth its growls, For has not it as much the right, The home and nation's hopes to blight, By GAMBLING<sup>2</sup> with the "people's pence" And at the laborers' expense. O, Protection: you spoiled child You drive the parties crazy wild, You advertise the "nation SOLD," To Johnny Bull, for "BRITISH GOLD"; Or through a bargain lately made, Sold, gone. By the way of "FREE TRADE"

O, America! Hast thou a den Of devils, in the form of men, Who "Arnold" like for "BRITISH gold," Have "fair America's" labor sold? Sold into bondage, toil and pain, To give to *Shylock*, o'er the main? "Queen of the world," "child of the skies," Art thou among the so-called wise, To give consent to traitorous man The sale of thyself o'er again? Take down those *titles* from thy brow And put instead, the *lion's PAW*. A debt for unborn babes to pay, A drain on life by night and day, A ball and chain of *money* made, A silver hilt, a golden BLADE, A bond or note that pays no *tax*, A politician, soft as *WAX*. What else does "freedom's soil" grow That devils only dare to sow. But hark! An angel voice we hear; Saying to Labor, cheer, boy, CHEER. Look! Read over *Shylock's* ground, ALL metals "WEIGHED, and WANTING," found;

So far as metals can produce A general and wide spread abuse. The "ship of state" can managed be, By gold or silver, one to THREE:|| When once the people grant, the GAME, Through "tit or tat," 'twill be the same. "Intrinsic worth" and metal "base," "Sound money" and "good for its face," The cunning *Shylock* heralds loud And laughing, leads the *silly* crowd. 'Tis said there is no room to spare, Where women *wrestle* by the hair;

So, 'tis not strange that metals fight And pound each other left and right, When each aspires to take the lead Only, to satisfy its greed.

In times of greatest need you fled||

TREACHEROUS METALS EVERY TIME; Therefore curses on your head, Through coming age and every clime. Cursed be your memory left behind To earth's remotest day,

Because you did on mortals bind A blinding, damning sway;

That drove the laborer to despair And his *employer* to curse and swear. Fight on, fight on, you "metal gods," Until you're both beneath the sods,

Your desolating power gone And FIAT MONEY; left alone.

Don't those men know who scorn "fiat," That METALS, help them to get FAT, And in a way that's ever bad And making labor crazy mad? Now "FIAT BILLS," no promise bear, Nor for the metals have a care.

The GOVERNMENT STAMP makes it all RIGHT

And always gladdens, labor's sight. "Shylock" will live and "boodle flow," And *lobby money* be the "GO," In dealings between man and man But BETWEEN NATIONS, never can. From east to west, from pole to pole While age on age unceasing roll, THE MONEY OF THE WORLD SHALL BE; The people's choice, not ONE to three. They'll say what silly fools were they, (Our fathers of a former day)

To let the *few* their money hold Of TREACHEROUS silver and of gold. Two more *facts* and then I'm done, No nation 'neath yon glorious sun, That then shall owe outside itself A debt; demanding *worldly pelf*. No "Shylock" then with sordid soul, Shall the people's wealth control. For "Freedom's sons" shall understand, How in "FINANCE," to command Their "medium"; in trade or sale That shall in no way change or fail. The *fool* has spoke, the *fool* has heard; Now dare you criticise each word, And show through reason and common sense

FIAT WON'T REIGN, THREE GENERATIONS hence.

PHIAT'S PHOOL,  
Sillytown,  
Crazy Co.,  
(State of) Nonsense.

\*M-o-n-e-y.

†A traitor, ignorant or otherwise.

‡DAILY USE while gold lies sleeping, principally in the vaults of the Bank of England.

§Notice the transactions of the nation's late bond sales.

||1865, three GOVERNMENT PROMISES for one GOLD dollar.

||'61 and '62.