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100



HORSESHOEING
A SPECIALIST

THE OWOSSO PRESS.

WILL SHE MARRY?

There were only seven of us, all girls, in the dear old parsonage at Wrayburn, where papa had lived for thirty years. Under the daisies in the pretty country churchyard dear mamma had slept since Kate was a wee baby, and Aunt Jane had come to care for the motherless children of her brother as soon as the calamity fell upon him.

We are a rosy-cheeked, healthy set of girls, rather good-looking, Nell being our beauty, and I the only invalid. I am a cripple, but I am not going to bother you with my story, excepting as my observations are recorded.

It was in the spring, and my sisters and Aunt Jane were very busy with housework. I was in my room knitting; papa was wandering about, disconsolate at the invasion of his study, and consequent interruption of his literary work, when the murmur of voices from the porch floated up to me, and I mentally exclaimed:

"Dear me! Chris is proposing to Nell again."

"And nobody ever will, or ever can love you as I do," Chris was saying.

Then Nell's voice struck in,—

"There, that window fairly dazzles you! Who says I can't clean glass?"

Oh! I beg your pardon, Chris. No, of course."

"But, Nell, do listen to me!"

"Chris, did you ask me to marry you when I was in my cradle? I am sure you have asked me once a week ever since. I won't you know, or ought to know, by this time. Why can't you ask somebody else, just for variety?"

"I am sure any of the other girls will make a much better wife than I will; that is," said Nell, with a sudden spasm of loyalty for the rest of us, "if any of them would take you."

"How can I care for anyone else when my whole heart has been yours all my life?" said Chris, disconsolately.

"It is cruel to trifle so with true and honest love."

"Don't be an idiot!" said Nell, sharply.

"I told you that you were a horrid boy, and I would never marry you, when you used to steal apples to present to me, and I never, never told you anything else, did I?"

"No," sighed Chris.

"Then why don't you let me alone?"

Here Aunt Jane, her head tied up in a manner that defies description, came upon the scene, saying,—

"Oh, here's Chris! Chris, do run over to Smith's and get me a paper of carpet tacks!"

Chris departed.

Presently Smith's boy brought the carpet tacks, and Nell was left alone for the remainder of that day, as far as Chris was concerned. The next day the cleaning went forward briskly, but it was still early in the morning when Nell came to my room equipped for a walk.

"Any letters?" she asked carelessly.

"I am going down the street."

"None," I said; "I did not think you could be spared."

"Aunt Jane is rather grumpy about it," said Nell, adjusting a coquettish wreath of apple-blossoms upon her hat.

"But I want to get the smell of soap-studs out of my nose. I may stop at Gilmore's; have you any message?"

"Only my love to Mrs. Gilmore."

Now, Mrs. Gilmore was the mother of Mrs. Gilmore's adorer, Christopher Nelson Gilmore, and the families had been intimate for years. Still, for Nell to take the middle of house-cleaning week to call on Mrs. Gilmore was a little out of order.

She flitted away, her sunny curls dancing in the soft May breeze, and I, putting two and two together, remembered that Chris had not been in the house for twenty-four hours. Vainly I tried to recall a similar interval when he was in Wrayburn. School, college, he was a business man out of the village, but his home hours were always fairly divided between his mother's house and ours.

Something must be the matter! I thought of all possible and impossible catastrophes, till I was not surprised to see Nell coming in at the gate in a subdued frame of mind, apparent upon her pretty face. She came directly to me, as they all do, even Aunt Jane and papa, in emergencies.

"Belle," she said, in a low, grave tone, "Chris has gone to Cape Town."

"Gone!" I cried. "Why, he was here yesterday."

"He went to London yesterday afternoon, and he has gone to visit his uncle, the one who offered him a business opening some time ago. Chris did not want a business opening out of the village, but his home hours were always fairly divided between his mother's house and ours."

"Sincerely your fault, dear," I said, my heart aching for the piteous strain in the sweet voice, the pain in the bright eyes. "You were right to refuse to marry a man you do not love, and I am sure Chris will find a wife and return."

But Nell only grew whiter, and went slowly to her own room. After that, in all the family lamentations for Chris, so many years a sort of adopted brother, in our midst, Nell never spoke of him.

The next winter, Meg, our eldest, was married; and, as if matrimony was a contagion, Jane followed her example; then Maud, Lizzie, and even Kate, the baby, left the prettiest, sweetest of all, had offers in abundance, spent two winters in London visiting Meg, and, by all accounts, supplanting hearts by the scores, but coming back to be the life and brightness of our home.

There was one old maid in every family, she said, and when I suggested my utmost distress for the position, she smiled softly and said: "Mr. Brooks says you are the household pet, so please let us hear no more of it."

"But I don't want to be an old maid," I said.

"Then, she said severely, 'will you be taking nonsense?' Aunt Jane, who was sitting near me, said:

"To have luck needs little wit."

earnest about a single life, but, after all, she was only twenty-four, and looked seventeen.

But, one day, who should walk into the parsonage parlor, as coolly as if he had left it the day before, but Chris. We were all there as he came in, but before he had spoken to Aunt Jane I saw that Nell had vanished.

Did Chris see her run out of the door as he entered the front window? I think he did. There was a subdued twinkle in his eyes as he inquired for my infirmities, not at all consistent with his words of sympathy. Presently Nell came in, with a quiet smile of greeting, and a perfect composure of manner, but Chris was a match for her.

It was as good as a play to watch those two, so completely did they ignore that he was a discarded lover who had been sent away by her cruelty. They conversed easily and gracefully—Christopher's African experiences, varied by descriptions of the family weddings, the new homes, the brothers-in-law, the children, and a thousand other details, in which our caller expressed the greatest interest.

After that he dropped in as of old, making himself agreeable and useful to every one in the house, especially tender, as he ever had been, to me. Indeed, I found myself wondering sometimes if he was going to take Nell's mocking advice, and all the others being appropriated, offer himself to the poor cripple.

He took me for long drives in his mother's pony-carriage, and was always ready to hear of Nell's conquests, showing no jealousy, but a great deal of amusement, over her coquetties.

"She was a born coquette!" he said once; "and yet nobody can call Nell once. It has been a matter of course for her to be admired ever since she could run alone."

"She is our beauty now, as of old," I answered; and Chris assented cordially.

"I have seen no face so winsome since I left home," he said; but he spoke with the frank admiration of a brother, and gave no token of a love sick swain.

Had he outlived his love, I wondered, and came home to prove to Nell that her days of tyranny were over? I think Nell suspected that he had.

Always even-tempered, Nell became fitful and capricious; bright and laughing when Chris was with us, often silent, and sometimes gloomy when she thought herself unnoticed. She lost her color, and I caught her more than once rubbing her cheeks when going down-stairs to see Chris; and she was snappish and deeply repentant thereafter a dozen times a day.

"What ails Nell?" Aunt Jane asked me, anxious for her darling. "She eats nothing, Belle, and I am sure does not sleep well. I wonder if it would do her any good to spend a few weeks with our Kate?"

Nell, on being consulted, caught eagerly at the suggestion, and hurried her wardrobe into a trunk, as if answering a sudden life or death summons. She made no farewells, but all stars with surprise.

"Elinor was always impulsive," papa said.

And Aunt Jane answered,—

"But bless me, I didn't mean to drive the child out of the house!"

Chris said nothing, but I was certainly convinced of the reality of his whippers, so ferociously were they pulled all the evening. But the next day Mrs. Gilmore sent over a wee note of dire distress. Chris had been thrown from his horse, and the doctors feared some spinal injury. Aunt Jane went over at once, and came back with an exceedingly grave face.

"He is badly hurt—entirely unconscious," she said.

If Nell's departure was sudden, her return was not less so.

"Did you take off your hat at Kate's?" I inquired, with mild sarcasm.

But I regretted it when Nell's arm stole around my neck, and a face wet with tears was pressed against my own.

"Will he die?" she whispered. "Oh, Belle, what shall I do if he dies?"

Then, as if ashamed of letting even my loving eyes read her secret, she rushed away and locked herself in her room. Such restless misery followed that my heart ached for her. She made Aunt Jane spend nearly all her time at Mrs. Gilmore's, and undertook the housekeeping herself, letting papa miss nothing of his sister's care. But she seemed to live in a sort of breathless expectation of the news from Chris.

When I went to see him, such were the disheartening tidings day after day, until there came one dreadful night of agonized watching, and Chris changed for the better.

Convalescence was slow and tedious; but one day, when we were all in the drawing-room, there was a soft rush across the room, on the porch, down the garden, and a joyous ring in Nell's voice, crying,—

"Oh, Chris—dear Chris—are you really here once more?"

Then I saw him leaning one hand on her shoulder, one on his cane, as he came feebly up the path, pale, thin and weak, but Chris restored to us after all our anxiety.

Spring came round once more, and Nell and Aunt Jane busied themselves with the usual extra housework. Once more voices floated up to me from the porch.

"You were cleaning those windows when I went away, Nell."

"Please, Chris, don't!" Nell pleaded.

"Don't repeat the offence for which I was banished, Nell! But I must, darling. It is for the last time."

"Hush!" I whispered at this crisis, as Aunt Jane entered my room. "Chris is proposing to Nell."

"Well," said my aunt, "that is an old story."

"But she has accepted him," I said exultantly, as faintly stole up to me.

"Yes, dear Chris, I know now you are the only man I could ever love."

"Ahem!" said Aunt Jane. "You and I, Belle, will be the old maids of the family, after all."

To have luck needs little wit."

A Lonely Death.

It was here in Detroit at one of the city hospitals that I saw the saddest funeral ceremony I ever witnessed.

It was that of a woman who had literally died by inches. Poverty, sorrow, and sickness had been her constant companions for years, and when at last on a hospital bed she drew her last breath it seemed as if there could be nothing left to feel the pang of dissolution—nothing but skin and bone.

She had been well cared for in her last sickness by those who gave their time and service to the work of charity, but it is doubtful if she knew it. Her mind lived in the past, and she murmured in delirium of a happy home, and seemed to be always care-stung a little child. Now she would talk to it in a sweet mother-tongue, using the fond, endearing language of love to call it to her again; she seemed to dread some terrible fate for it, and besought God to save it, even to take it away from the evil to come. Always it was the child that was present with her, so that pain was naught—the child that she continually addressed as "Darling Emma," and she died with that name on her lips.

This was all there was of the dead woman's history. The pall of a dark past had fallen upon her. It was only known that the child about whom she had raved and prayed was still alive, and somewhere in the city. But so far all search had failed to find her.

The brief funeral ceremonies—at the expense of the city, for her's was a pauper burial—were held in the large parlor of the hospital. A young clergyman who had just entered upon his work, the assistants of the hospital, the undertaker, hat in hand, and one or two strangers, were all who were present.

The dead woman lay in a highly varnished pine coffin, from which the metal shells were already falling in a shower of tawdry splendor, so imperfectly were they fastened on. Her face was composed and peaceful. Life and death had done their worst—the battle was now over.

In the chill and the silence the voice of the young minister, cultured and tuneful, sounded like a strain of music. All heads bowed as he recited:

I am the resurrection and the life.

There was a scream—a wail of heart-rending grief—and the service was interrupted, as a woman, young and haggard, rushed into the room and threw herself on the coffin; she was dressed gaily in silk attire. A long feather dangled from a gaudy hat—everything about her bespoke death sadder than the coffin.

"Mother, mother," she moaned, "why did you not let me know? Oh, I would have come to you and worked my fingers to the bone to save you! Oh, mother, mother! come back to me just to say that you forgive me. Mother, it is your own little Emma! Do you hear me? It is Emma! Oh, my God! I am too late! She will never speak to me again!"

Pitying friends drew the frenzied woman away. In a moment she had dashed them aside, and, leaning again over the dead mother she pressed her lips once—twice—thrice to the cold lips of the dead. Then she clasped her hands and lifted her eyes to heaven, while her lips seemed to be reciting a vow. The wintry sun shone out at that moment from the western sky, and touched with golden finger the sad, sad scene of death in life, and life in death, and the minister resumed the service where he had been interrupted.

I am the resurrection and the life.

—Detroit Free Press.

"Dot Vhas All."

"I relief I vhas shwindled vonce more," he said to the Sergeant at the Central Station yesterday as he was asked to take a chair and report his errand.

"How?"

"Well, I vhas in my place apoudt two hours ago vhent two strangers vhaik in, and one of 'em says to me:

"Shake, I hat a bet on you. I know you vhas a great mant to haf confidence in human nature, and I bet \$2, eafen oap, dot you vill lend me feety cent."

"Well, I dunno. I nefer see him before, but if somepody bet \$2 on me I doan't like him to lose it, und maypo he also vlike what he wins."

"And you let him have it?"

"Well, I haf some confidence in human nature. He vhaiks off mit my feety cent, und my vwife says I vhas der piggest fool in Detroit."

"And what do you want of me?"

"I like to know if you pelief like my vwife?"

"Yes, sir, I do! You vill never see your money again."

"My son Carl says I petter soak my head. I like to know if you think dot vhay?"

"I do."

"Und my brudder-law says I make a fine lunatic asylum all by myself. Vhas he correct?"

"No."

"Well, dot vhas all. If I vhas right I get madt und clean oudt der shanty. If I vhas wrong I go home und keep still until my headt vhas soaked enough to lose my confidence in human nature. Dot vhas all—good-day." —Detroit Free Press.

It is said that in one of our country churches not a thousand miles off, at the conclusion of the services, the pastor offered a prayer so lengthy that a part of his congregation became so much worried they quietly left the house, while others did not behave as they should. The preacher on getting off his knees, discovered that most of his congregation had disappeared, resolved on presenting the crowd for misbehavior to the proper authorities, whereupon the officers of the church were called upon to assist in the work. One of the officers on being approached upon the subject declared that he would have nothing to do with it at the same time remarking that people had rights as well as their preacher, and really he thought they all had a right to get up. —Columbia (Ga.) Sentinel.

A Remarkable Escape.

Mrs. Mary A. Bailey, of Tunkhannock Pa., was afflicted with Asthma and Bronchitis, during which time the best physicians could give no relief. Her life was despaired of, until in last October she procured a Bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery, when immediate relief was felt, and by continuing its use for a short time she was completely cured, gaining in flesh 50 lbs. in a few months. Free Trial Bottles of this certain cure of all Asthma and Lung Diseases at Chem Bro's Drug Store. Large Bottles \$1.00. Sold by all druggists.

Wachtel, the tenor, has lost his voice and returns to Vienna where he will enjoy life.

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HORACE FAIRBROTHER.

Rockingham, N. H., July 15, 1882.

Group. — A Mother's Tribute.

"While in the country last winter my little boy, three years old, was taken ill with croup. It seemed as if he would die from strangulation. One of the family suggested the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, a bottle of which was always kept in the house. This was tried in small and frequent doses, and to our delight in less than half an hour the little patient was breathing easily. The doctor said that the CHERRY PECTORAL had saved my darling's life. Can you wonder at our gratitude? Sincerely yours,

Mrs. EMMA GEDNEY.

120 West 129th St., New York, May 10, 1882.

"I have used AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL in my family for several years, and do not hesitate to pronounce it the most effective remedy for coughs and colds we have ever tried."

Lake Crystal, Minn., March 15, 1882.

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Byhalis, Minn., April 5, 1882.

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Flaxville, Texas, April 22, 1882.

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Owosso, Mich.
Wednesday, February 11, 1885.

Dou M. Dickinson, of Detroit, is mentioned as a possible member of President Cleveland's Cabinet.

Yesterday was the time for the re-assembling of the Legislature, after the weeks adjournment, but the snow blockade prevented members from returning.

The President-Elect Consulting with Representative Democrats.

President-elect Cleveland last week went to New York and held receptions at the Victoria Hotel several days, for the purpose of conferring with representative Democrats from all parts of the Union—presumably with reference to the formation of his Cabinet, but it is known all around that the knowledge of the composition of that Cabinet is as far off as before. Nearly every state in the Union was represented by leading Democrats, each state being accorded a separate interview. The visitors seemed pleased and satisfied with their reception.

Mr. Cleveland spent Sunday and Sunday night with Samuel J. Tilden, at Greystone, near Yonkers, and proceeded to Albany on Monday morning. It is understood he will now devote himself to the preparation of his inaugural message.

Surprise Cabinets.

Nobody yet seems to know much about the new Cabinet, but such uncertainty is not unprecedented.

Frank Pierce first offered the New York place in his Cabinet to Gen. Dix. The latter, however, was not to be frightened, and declined. Dix then offered the New York seat to Gov. Marcy, who became Secretary of State. Gen. Dix waited a long time for the French mission, meanwhile watching the key-hole of the sub-treasury in this city.

No one knew who would fill some important places in the Cabinet of Mr. Lincoln till the last moment. Mr. Chase had been elected Senator from Ohio. He went to the Capitol, was sworn in as Senator, and was in his seat when the package from the White House appointing him Secretary of the Treasury was opened before his eyes. Though he and Mr. Lincoln had been at Willard's Hotel several days, they had not exchanged a word about the treasury.

The public had been waiting for the announcement of Gen. Grant's first Cabinet list. It grew quite impatient. When the names were posted on the bulletin board in this city, the list was laughed at as a hoax. Nevertheless it was precisely correct. Mr. Borie, who was in Washington, was so astonished at seeing his name in the list as Secretary of the Navy that he jumped on the train and started for his home in Philadelphia. [Washington Letter.]

Where Colored Men Get Office.

Editor McGerr, of the Philadelphia Times, finds a great many more colored officials in the South than in the North. He finds colored Democratic members of the South Carolina Legislature, "nominated and elected mainly by white votes," and colored policemen in Mobile and New Orleans. We have also seen them in Charleston. He moralizes thus: "Pennsylvania and Philadelphia, where the black voters hold the balance of power in both city and State, could not elect a colored man to the Legislature, or to any honorable or lucrative office in the strongest Republican district. But South Carolina Democrats elect him to office, with all the lingering prejudices of the faction of master and slave."—[Boston Herald.]

One of Our Navy-Posts.

I hear some very good stories about the Norfolk navy-yard and its commandant, whose predilection for live stock is the subject of many good jokes among naval men. I was told by a young "sea dog," not long since, "that the yard had been converted into a rural paradise." Hogs, cows, chickens, and turkeys roamed at large among the awful implements of war. A small island near the yard is devoted to agriculture, and all the vegetables for the officers' mess are grown on this piece of public domain. Praise-worthy economy, isn't it? It is a standing joke that the commandant is feeding up his hundred or more turkeys for the purpose of mounting the marines and drilling them in cavalry practice.

The funniest thing of all happened a few weeks ago. Two of his cows got loose one dark night and started out for a bark. They took it into their bovine heads to run a race along the main avenue of the yard. A sentry stationed about the middle of the avenue heard the noise, and with his mind full of general feelings and bloody massacres, hastily called out, "halt," but the cows drew nearer to him. His knees began to knock together and his hair to stand on end. He wildly shrieked for the corporal of the guard. The whole force rushed out and with great difficulty captured the breakers of the peace. When the cows were brought to bay, the men didn't know whether to laugh or weep. They did a little of both and were satisfied. I tell you the navy-yard is a very well supported rural paradise. [Washington Capital.]

Bellicose Congressmen.

The scrimmage in the House of Representatives early on Saturday morning, February 9, 1885, was an exciting affair as seen from the reporters' gallery. It was inaugurated by Keitt, of South Carolina, who rushed belligerently at Grow, of Pennsylvania, when he received—pot from Grow, however—a blow that knocked him down. A dozen Southern men at once left their seats and rushed to the spot, while as many anti-Lecompton men came to the rescue. Foremost came Mr. Potter, of Wisconsin, a very athletic, compact man, who bounded into the center of the excited group, striking right and left with tremendous vigor. Washburne, of Illinois, and his brother of Wisconsin, also were prominent, and for a minute or two it seemed as though we were to have a Kilkeny fight on a magnificent scale. Barksdale had hold of Grow, when Potter struck him a severe blow, supposing that he was hurting that gentleman. Barksdale, turning around and supposing it was Elihu Washburne who struck him, dropped Grow and struck out at the gentleman from Illinois. Cadwallader Washburne, perceiving the attack upon his brother, also made a dash at Mr. Barksdale, and seized him by the hair, apparently for the purpose of drawing him into a scuffle, and pummeling him to greater satisfaction. It is to be regretted that Mr. Barksdale's wife came off in Cadwallader's left hand, and his right fist expended itself with tremendous force against the unresisting air. This ludicrous incident unquestionably did much toward restoring good nature subsequently, and its effect was heightened not a little by the fact that in the excitement of the occasion Barksdale restored his wig wrong side foremost.

The Speaker yelled and rapped for order, without effect. The Sergeant-at-Arms stalked to the scene of battle, mace in hand, but his "American eagle" had no more effect than the Speaker's gavel. Owen Lovejoy and Lamar, of Mississippi, were passing each other at one point—each probably trying to persuade the other to be still. Mr. Mott, the gray-haired Quaker Representative from Ohio, was seen going here and there in the crowd. Davis, of Mississippi, got a severe, but accidental, blow from Mr. Grow, and various gentlemen sustained slight bruises and scratches. A Virginia Representative, who thought Montgomery, of Pennsylvania, was about to "pitch in," laid his hand upon his arm to restrain him, and was peremptorily ordered to desist or be knocked down. Mr. Canine of Pennsylvania caught up a long, slender spittoon, with which to "spray" whoever might seem to do him wrong, but, fortunately, did not get far enough into the excited crowd to find an appropriate subject for his vengeance, and all over the hall everybody was excited for the time.

Fortunately, it did not last long, and no weapons were openly displayed. When order was restored, several gentlemen were found to present an excessively tumbled and disordered appearance, but there remained little else to recall the excitement. Gentlemen of opposite parties crossed over to each other to explain their pacific dispositions, and that they got into a fight where their only purpose was to prevent a fight. Mutual explanations and a hearty laugh at the ludicrous points of the drama were followed by quiet and a return to business.—[Ben. Parley Tuore's Recollections.]

The Middlemen.

Thirty years ago a young man who had acquired experience, knowledge, and reputation, and perhaps saved a couple of hundred in the employment of a considerable mercantile or manufacturing firm, would stand on his own account as a broker or other business intermediary, transacting the actual sales and purchases, mastering and conducting the details which his employers could afford to neglect, doing in his department the work of a score or more of different firms, needing little capital but the confidence of his original employers and those with whom he had been brought into contact in their service. Commerce could afford liberal commissions; shrewdness, foresight and diligence secured a minor but valuable share of the profits made in the long roundabout passage between the original producer and the ultimate consumer. Nowadays the steps are much fewer; one intermediary after another has been suppressed. The manufacturer buys his materials, not perhaps from the actual producer, but from his factor. Orders are sent direct by telegraph, commissions are comparatively few and scanty, and the brokers who yet remain are compelled to secure business by services which only considerable capital can afford. The business of large, and even long-established firms is seriously reduced, the smaller, one after another have disappeared or been absorbed; and the opportunities for new men with no capital but brains and character are yearly more and more contracted. The professions are crowded, competition is keen, in many cases reduced their remuneration, generally divided the business among a greater number; and even where the loads of a profession make as much or more money than ever the juniors are compelled to wait longer and work harder and longer.—[Macmillan's Magazine.]

A commercial traveler started out to call on a boot and shoe dealer in a town in Michigan, but found the store closed and the man sitting across the street on a pile of lumber. "Why, what does this mean?" asked the traveler. "Vhell, dot shor was glosed oop," was the reply. "What has happened?" "Vhell, I put a shattel-mortgage on der shoock, and I assign to my brudder, and I git a note und secure it for \$500, und I haf a fire und don't get some insurance, und der shorif walk in und I walk out und I suppose it thus und you galls commercial depression."—[Wall Street News.]

Covetousness is never satisfied till its mouth is filled with earth.

THE PLANETS.

Their Origin, Growth and Death Described by Prof. Proctor.

Prof. Richard A. Proctor lectured in Concert Hall, Academy of Music, on "The Planets." He compared the different bodies in the solar system to the trees in a forest—some like the sapling, young, others of mature growth, others, again, old, and others still withered and dead. These things followed just as in any other evolution. This earth is in its middle life, doing what it was intended to do. The stages of a planet's life were given from the time when it was formed by the gathering together of the fragments until its death. The first stage is that of intense heat, and the greater part of the time the planet would be a mass of vapor, the orb being lustrous and glowing, giving out intense heat. Later it would lose heat and the greater part of it would become liquid, afterwards becoming solid. The earth while in its first stage, had probably a diameter of 10,000 or 12,000 miles, instead of 8,000 as at present. In the earlier stages the volcanic and other disturbances were much greater than now. The globe gradually became cool enough for life, and life would begin. There is evidence that the earth is ten millions of years old, but it is difficult to say what is the age of a planet when life on it begins. Sir Isaac Newton believed that the waters of the ocean were being gradually absorbed by the earth. The waters of the sea were being diminished in this way, but in what degree cannot be said. They are absorbed to the thickness of a sheet of paper in one year, to the thickness of an inch in one hundred years, in ten millions of years (a mere second in time) ten thousand feet in time all the water would be gone, and in a long period the air itself would become so thin that it would not support life. Planets, like other bodies, cool slower as they are of greater bulk. If the earth cooled in ten million years, then it would take Jupiter seventy million years to cool. Thus the large planets are yet in their youth or first stage, while the small planets are in their advanced age. Thus the moon shows old age while Jupiter is yet a baby. The larger ones have the characteristics of youth, and the smaller ones old age.

Illustrations of these things were shown on the screen. The sun shows better than any of the others the vaporous or first stage. Being the largest, the sun is the youngest of all the solar system, as regards advancement in life. The tornadoes of the sun move about one hundred miles per second. All the tumults of earth combined would not equal the noises of one mile of the sun's surface. The great disturbances of Jupiter were compared with those of the sun. Jupiter is still glowing and too hot for life. Saturn was also said not to be the abode of life.

The condition of planets less than the earth was considered. Mars shows division of surface into land and water. Masses of snow are seen, which grow larger in winter and smaller in summer. This has been the case every season for two hundred years—the time which has elapsed since their discovery. Oceanic and air currents are also observed. The reduction of the seas indicates age.

The moon is so old as to be in planetary death, though evidences of her fiery youth are yet to be seen in the mouths of her extinct craters. She is not too cold nor too hot to support life, but the seas are all absorbed, and there is no air, or it is so thin that no creature known in this world could live in it. There is no water, and the moon is dead. Pictures of the moon were thrown on the screen, showing her death and desolation. Myriads of extinct volcanoes were shown.—[Baltimore Sun.]

Mental Corruptions.

Ignorance is voluntary misfortune. Some wits in jest are fools in earnest.

Bare walls make gadding housewives. The lass with many wooers fares the worse.

One of the sublimest things in this world is the plain truth. More hope for a fool than for one wise in his own conceit.

How happy he whose foot fits the shoe which fortune gave him.

Confidence in another man's virtue is no slight evidence of a man's own.

Animals are such agreeable friends! They ask no questions; they pass no criticisms.

A head properly constituted can accommodate itself to whatever pillows the vicissitudes of fortune may place under it.

It is more disgraceful to mistrust one's friends than to be deceived by them; our mistrust justifies the deceit of others.

Remember the wheel is always in motion, and the spoke which is uppermost will soon be under; therefore mix trembling with all your joy.

Every adjuration of love, every oath of fondness, always contains this mental reservation: "As long as what you are now."

Use makes practice easy; and practice begets custom, and a habit of things, to facilitate that thou couldst not conceive attainable at the first undertaking.

Kind looks, kind words, kind acts and warm handshakes—these are secondary means of grace when men are in trouble and are fighting their unseen battles.

Married couples resemble a pair of shears, so joined that they cannot be separated, often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing any one who comes between them.

He that has the luck leads the bride to church.

Age makes many a man whiter, but not better.

WIT AND HUMOR.

The blonde is not in fashion, and the brunette has come again. Blonder must dye.—[Providence News.]

Professor Young has discovered some new wrinkles on the face of the planet Venus. No doubt she is growing old. Mr. Tarwin did said, man was comeder monkey out. Offer did was deroriginal of man, der monk was ondiddled to hafe my sympathy.—[Carl Pretzel.]

A Tombstone, A. T., reporter said of the troupe at the Opera House: "Last night's performance will be repeated to-night, with an entire change of programme."

A Kentucky teacher writes to ask whether it is "the Duty of a teacher to whip a pupil hard a Nuff to cut the blad out or Nott."—[New York Telegram.]

Instructor (examining geometrical figures on the board)—"I don't understand these constructions." Student—"Very well; I'll see you after recitation and explain them to you."

In a cemetery in France one reads: "Here lies Gabrielle, my adored wife. She was an angel. Never shall I be consoled for her loss." On the same stone: "Here lies Henrietta, my second wife. She was also an angel."

Delmonico said: "Very few people understand how to cook water. We should think the best way would be to boil it. Still some people may prefer it roasted or fried. It's purely a matter of taste."—[Philadelphia Call.]

"Pa," asked the small boy, "why do they call the first piece the organ plays in church the 'voluntary'?" "Because, my son," replied the old gentleman, "the organist runs his hands over the keys, and the organ goes wherever it pleases."

"Oh dear," she sighed, as her husband bade her good-by in the sleeping car. "This night travel is so tedious, and the hours are so long." "Don't be discouraged," he said, "you are on a fast train and the night will slip by very rapidly."

"The smallest gnat could instruct our best aeronauts," says a religious writer. If this is true why do our ablest aeronauts, on going to bed in the mosquito season, bathe themselves in pen-nyroyal and coal-oil to keep off these useful insects?

A Southern exchange, noting the society announcement that "the correct young man this Winter will not be a dude, but will be stately and intellectual looking," argues that newspaper men are going more than usual into society this Winter.

Eulalia (sentimentally)—Oh, no! I have no desire for great wealth. I should be happy, very happy, as the wife of a noble bread-winner. George (practically)—And I should be happy, very happy, as the husband of a good bread-maker. She concluded to learn.

When a stupid servant girl laid her flapjacks on the chair and sat down on the red-hot stove, absent-mindedly, she rose immediately, without waiting to be told, and her intellectual faculties had evidently been quickened—it made her as smart as a weasel ever afterward.

"You are very late sending your evening mail out," said an editor to his daughter, when he came home at 2 in the morning and met a timid, shrinking young man between the front door and the street. "What all?" answered the thoughtful girl. "Charles Henry is now a morning edition."

A muddy street always exposes the man who is in love. The fellows with contrived smiles are apt to stop at the crossings and look around a bit, but the man who is completely gone with the tender passion passes right along, even if there are a dozen girls picking their way across.—[Pittsburg Chronicle.]

Several school-girls were discussing their future vocations. One of them was going to be an artist, another a poetess, etc. "And what are you going to be?" one of them asked a little girl, who had not said anything. "I've made up my mind that I'll be a rich widow when I grow up," was the demure reply.

If you call for beans or hash, the waiter will sing out your order so that it will cause every eye to center upon you; and should you indulge in roast Turkey and cranberry sauce, he will walk up to the other end of the room and give your order in a voice so small that it can hardly be distinguished in the kitchen, and nobody knows that you are a swell for once, but he expects his fare all the same.

The Chinese have a hard row to hoe. They are barred out of every other country, and now France wants to drive them out of China.

FOR RENT.—The Ashery with a new dwelling house on the premises, nearly opposite the brewery. Apply to CHARLES GABRIEL, Agent.

OWOSSO CITY MARKETS.

COMMERCE MARKET.	
Patent Roller Flour Golden Eagle 50 lb	85.00
Roller Straight 50 lb	8.00
Standard	4.00
Fine Blended Meal, 50 lb	2.50
Corn Meal	2.00
Feed 100 lb	1.25
Feed 50 lb	.75
Wheat No. 1	75.00
Chickens	75.00
Corn	40
Oatmeal	30
Onions	20
Pointless new	50.00
White Beans	35.00
Apples, Green 50 lb	30.00
Butter	10.00
Butter, creamery	10.00
Cheese, dairy	12.00
Eggs, fresh	14
Lard	14
Honey	14
Bees wax	30.00
Tallow	20
Hay 50 lb	1.00
Dried Hops	5.00
Hides green	12.00
Hides dry	10.00

DETROIT.
Live Stock—Cattle—Wormwood, 50.00; 50.00; 50.00.
Sheep 50.00. Milch Cows 50.00.

BIG SUCCESS
OF
J. L. HUDSON,
THE
Detroit: Clothier's
Opening in Owosso.
HE IS STILL HERE
SELLING THE
BANKRUPT STOCK
OF
CLOTHING,
Hats, Caps,
AND
MEN'S FURNISHINGS,
OF WAIT & SEHM, BIG RAPIDS.
IMMENSE BARGAINS.
COME AND SEE 'EM.

Main Street, Hoyt's Old Stand.
All Goods Marked in Plain
Figures. Strictly One Price.THE FAMOUS
SMASH SALE.CLOSING
OUT

Our entire stock of Gents' Furnishing Goods

AT
1/2 1/2 PRICE 1/2 1/2TO MAKE ROOM FOR OTHER DEPARTMENTS.
White Shirts at 75 cents, formerly \$1.25; 4 ply Linen Collars, two for 25 cents, old price 25 cents for one; Linen Cuffs at 25 cents a pair, staple price 40 cents; Seamless Half Hose 15 to 25 cents a pair, less than cost. In Neck Ties we can suit all; prices ranging from 10 cents to 25 cents. Scarlet Underwear at 50 cents, cheap at \$1. Overalls and Work Shirts at any price. Men's Sox, a silver quarter buys a dozen pair.

DO NOT FAIL

To examine carefully the rare bargains on our

"Mistake Table"

We GUARANTEE every article sold from the table to be less than one-half our former price. Remember it pays to trade at

THE FAMOUS

SIGN OF THE BLUE FRONT.

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NATIONAL BANK OF OWOSSO.

OFFICERS:
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Collections made and remitted for promptly on day of payment.
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LODGE DIRECTORY.

OWOSSO CHAPTER NO. 59, I. O. O. F.
 Regular Convocation first Friday of each month.

OWOSSO LODGE NO. 11, F. & A. M.
 Communications on Wednesday evening next before the full moon of each month.

OWOSSO LODGE NO. 8, I. O. O. F.
 Once a week on Friday evenings.

ORIENTAL ENCAMPMENT NO. 99, I. O. O. F.
 Meetings on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings of each month, in their hall, north-east corner of Main and Washington streets, 2d story.

W. O. T. U.—Meeting every Wednesday afternoon at half-past two, at the Club Parlor, Opera Hall Block.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY CARDS of not more than three lines, inserted in this paper for \$3.00 per year.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

B. H. STRABLE, Manufacturer of and dealer in Boots and Shoes. Washington St., Owosso.

L. STUBBS, Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes, and dealer in Leather, Hides, etc. Particular attention given to custom work. Main Street West, Owosso.

ATTORNEYS.

G. H. LYON, Attorney and Counsellor at Law. Office over M. L. Stewart & Co's Bank, Washington Street, Owosso, Mich.

JAMES W. TURNER, J. J. TURNER, **TURNER & TURNER**, Attorneys at Law. Special attention paid to collections. Office Main Street, in the Osborn Block, Owosso.

EUGENE R. HUTCHINS, Attorney at Law. Office over First National Bank, Owosso.

S. F. SMITH, Attorney and Counsellor at Law. Office over M. L. Stewart & Co's Bank, Washington and Main streets, Owosso, Mich.

B. F. TAYLOR, Justice of the Peace and Attorney at Law. Office over the express office corner of Washington and Main streets. Collections made; conveying and other legal papers executed. All business entrusted to him will secure prompt attention.

ALBERT CHANDLER, Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Chancery. Office over post office, Corunna, Mich. x1451

DENTISTRY.

H. B. Peterson, DENTIST, Washington Street, Owosso.

H. B. HADLEY, DENTIST.

Office over Stewart & Co's Bank, Owosso, Mich. x1451

GEORGE H. BEDFORD, Carriage and Sign Painter.

Carriages, Brooms and Wagon painted and repaired. FINEST STYLE. Exchange St. Owosso, Mich.

DR. BALL'S Antiparasitic Compound.

PREVENTS AND CURES Diphtheria and Scarlet Fever.

Prevents sickness from all Malarial causes as surely as food prevents hunger.

Price, 25 cents by mail. Sold by all Druggists.

A. R. BALL, M. D., Corunna, Mich.

OAKSIDE SCHOOL, OWOSSO, MICH.

Mrs. L. E. GOULD'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL. RE-OPENS MONDAY, SEPT. 1st. SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

PRINTING EVERY DESCRIPTION.

DONE AT THE Press Steam Printing Office.

Owosso Weekly Press

40 Cents for Three Mos.

75 Cents for Six Mos.

\$1.50 for One Year

The Owosso Press.

Wednesday, February 11, 1885.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

DETROIT, GRAND HAVEN & MILWAUKEE RAILROAD.
 TRAINS LEAVE OWOSSO AS FOLLOWS:

GOING EAST:
 Detroit Express, 8:30 a. m. Mail, 1:45 p. m. Evening Express, 6:30 p. m. Atlantic Express, 1:30 a. m.

GOING WEST:
 Mixed, 6:00 a. m. Morning Express, 10:00 a. m. Mail, 1:45 p. m. Grand Rapids Express, 7:30 p. m. Night Express, 1:30 a. m. Mixed arrives at 10:45 a. m. Wagner Sleepers on night trains. Parlor Day Car on Mail east and west.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD.
 TRAINS LEAVE OWOSSO AS FOLLOWS:

GOING SOUTH:
 Mail, 9:05 a. m. Bay City and Mackinaw Express, 7:05 p. m.

GOING NORTH:
 Jackson Express, 8:50 a. m. Chicago Express, 7:05 p. m. Way Freight, 8:30 a. m.

OWOSSO POSTOFFICE.

Daily Mail arrives and closes until further notice as follows:

EAST VIA D. G. H. & M. R. R.
 Close—1:45 P. M. Arrive—2:45 P. M.
 Close—6:20 P. M. Arrive—10:45 A. M.

WEST VIA D. G. H. & M. R. R.
 Close—1:45 P. M. Arrive—2:45 P. M.
 Close—6:20 P. M. Arrive—10:45 A. M.

NORTH VIA J. L. & S. R. R.
 Close—6:00 A. M. Arrive—9:50 A. M.
 Close—6:30 P. M. Arrive—7:10 P. M.

SOUTH.
 Close—8:20 A. M. Arrive—10:45 A. M.
 Close—6:30 P. M. Arrive—7:40 P. M.

N. BALL, Postmaster.

WEATHER RECORD.

For the week ending Wednesday, Feb. 11, 1885.

THURSDAY.....-15°
 FRIDAY.....-20°
 SATURDAY.....-20°
 SUNDAY.....-20°
 MONDAY.....-40°
 TUESDAY.....-10°
 WEDNESDAY MORNING.....-10°

CITY AND COUNTY.

—St. Valentine's Day, next Saturday.

—A fine son at Mr. Jerome J. Davis's last Sunday evening.

—The weather: note the run below zero in our weather record.

—Ash-Wednesday, the first day of Lent, next Wednesday, Feb. 18.

—Tuesday, Feb. 17th, the great Carnival day and Mardi Gras festivities.

—Saturday morning: A fine boy at James F. Carson's, Owosso township.

—"Footing it" is the only way of getting into town to-day. No team can get through.

—"Trains stuck in the snow" is the word that comes from all directions this morning, Feb. 11, 1885.

—The M. E. church Sunday School library has a large lot of new books. A new catalogue numbers 241.

—Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Knill, of Flint, drove over to Owosso Sunday and returned on Monday morning.

—That phiz is the trade mark of the famous. What do you think of the resemblance? See "Famous smash sale."

—The remains of Mrs. Ruddock, who died last Saturday, in West Owosso, were placed in Oakhill cemetery vault yesterday.

—Last Friday evening the Misses Black gave the first Progressive euchre party for their friend, Miss Gussie Knill, of Flint.

—Owosso Lodge No. 48, A. O. U. W., will give a basket social at Odd Fellows Hall on Tuesday evening, Feb. 17. A pleasant time is anticipated.

—The marriage of J. F. Bilhimer to Florence M., eldest daughter of N. B. Aiken, of Caledonia, will take place at the Aiken residence to-day (Feb. 11) at 2 o'clock p. m., Rev. W. L. Farnum, of Flint, performing the ceremony.

—Hon. Jerome W. Turner last Saturday took household possession of his new house on "the Hill." We fancy old Abner's "Gute's Hill" romance will get frozen out of him by the time he has weathered the distance between his place and town until spring.

—Mrs. Jas. Osburn left for Kalamazoo Monday, to serve as one of the Board of visitors to the Michigan Female Seminary at that place, to which position she was appointed by the Superintendent of Public Instruction. She fell a victim to the blockade at Jackson.

—With regard to advertising unclaimed letters at the postoffice, we are assured by our P. O. officials that no letters are ever advertised until they have been offered to the person or family bearing the name of the superscription, and when, on examination, such persons or families decide that the letters do not belong to them, and after due diligence no owner can be found for them, they only fill the requirements of the law by advertising the letters.

FOR THE INAUGURATION.—The D. G. H. & M. road are selling tickets to Washington for the inauguration of President Cleveland, at \$17.40 from Owosso, the sale to last until March 3, and the tickets good to return by until March 10.

Advertised Letters.

Letters advertised at the Owosso P. O. for the week ending Feb. 7, 1885:

Geo. Gool, Charles Hulbert, Hubert Leyder, Miss Kate Murphy, Tom Brown, Edward Evans, Mrs. U. N. Phelps, John Price.

Drop—Christopher Shoultz, E. N. Hunter, Wm. Marshall, Mr. E. Gramer, care of Charles Binko, John Price.

Persons calling for the above letters will please say they are advertised.

NATHANIEL BALL, P. M.

Death of Frank Knill.

Just as we go to press we learn that Miss Gussie Knill, at Mr. R. G. Black's, this morning received a dispatch from her parents at Flint, announcing the death of her cousin, Frank Knill, at St. Louis, Mo., where he was clerk in the Southern Hotel. No particulars of the sad occurrence.

Y. M. P. A.—The Young Married People's Association will give their annual social Hop and Banquet at Opera House, on Tuesday evening, Feb. 17, the ladies to dress in calico. These married people have rare times at their social hops—with quadrilles and dances with which they are all familiar—and the coming one, being on Carnival Day, will probably be made a real Carnival in enjoyment, as preceding the sober season of Lent.

—On account of the snow blockade our news plates from Chicago fail us this week, and we are obliged to go to press without them.

—Lawrence & Son are never outdone in supplying the market with "things in season." Now they are looking after the needs of the tables of all good observers of the penitential season of Lent. See their new advertisement of fish—a fine variety and superb quality. With such toothsome supplies of the finny tribe, even Lenten restrictions cannot be a very abstemious cross.

—In the hurdle race at the rink last Thursday evening, Fred Knapp won the first prize, \$2, and Fred Shaw, second, \$1. Saturday evening, Miss Bertha Wesener took the jar of candy, she having guessed the nearest the exact number of pieces in the jar. The rink is becoming very popular under its new management.

—The Mayor and a branch of the Common Council are getting no nearer together very fast, as will be seen by two articles in this paper: "The Mayor's Veto," and "The Other Side of a Serious Question."

—The Mayflower (no Puritan Fathers significance) is the name of an exquisite article of Japan tea plucked in the May flower, cured by a "perfection process" imported by Messrs. Duff and Banister in the "Perfection Tea Can," sealed up in Japan, thus retaining, it is claimed, the very aroma of its native land. Messrs. D. & B. have favored us with a sample can of this "perfection tea," we have tried it and proved its delicious qualities. Try a can, follow strictly the "ten commandments" accompanying it, and you will have a delicate, delicious draught of that "cup that cheers but not inebriates."

—The parents of E. R. Hutchins, Esq., are spending the winter in New Orleans. The father, Mr. C. B. Hutchins, of Detroit Junction, has on exhibition at the Exposition an "arctic refrigerator car" which is attracting great attention, as working a revolution in the transportation of meats, fruits, and other perishable property. He also exhibits his patent car roof. We will give more description of these inventions next week.

Masque Ball at Hartwellville.

Invitations are out for a grand masque ball at Hartwellville, on Tuesday evening, Feb. 24. The names of the committee are sufficient guaranty of good management and a grand time. They are: Beach Van Liew, Rudolph Colby, Clarence Edgerton, Morris Southard, F. C. Greenman, Robert Wilcox, Jr., John Welch, Jr., Walter Strong, John Emmet, the last two from Bancroft. The music will be by Decker's full orchestra, of this city, ladies are to take their lunch baskets, and the bill will be 50 cents a couple, whether dancers or spectators masked or not. Those Hartwellvillians know how to have a good time if any body understands it, and a good, jolly time may be looked for.

—Mr. F. C. Greenman and wife, of Hartwellville, accompanied by Mrs. Ida Lyon, breasting the storm, started Monday, just at evening, for Hartwellville. They made about a mile out of town when they succumbed to the blockade—there was an unloading of the cutter, ladies standing nearly waist deep in snow while the gentleman reversed the direction of the horse and cutter, a slow plodding back to town, and Dr. Parkhill's house held the guests until the next day.

Later—They did not start yesterday, but this morning made another attempt, got out as far as the Vandewater place, could get no farther, turned around with the aid of a good Samaritan who came that way, and are back to Dr. Parkhill's, where Mr. Greenman says they shall stay until Sunday.

The Cheboygan Democrat announces the return of several Cheboyganers from New Orleans and they report the exposition a grand affair, superior to the Centennial at Philadelphia. They say good accommodations can be obtained for \$1.50 a day, by taking meals at a restaurant.

—Mercury 25° below zero this morning.

OLD SETTLERS.

Will take notice, that the regular annual winter meeting of the society will be held in the Court House at Corunna, on Saturday the 21st of February.

The meeting will assemble at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and from that time until noon will be devoted to the transaction of business. The afternoon will be given to social reunion, anecdotes, reminiscence, or whatever may make the Old Settlers happy. C. P. PARKHILL, President. A. HUGGINS, Secretary. 2t

Skating Rink To-Morrow Evening.

Prof. Frank Erd, the great Banjo, Guitar, Mandolin and Zepheone Soloist, the only double and trick banjo player and juggler on roller skates, will appear in his musical melange at the Owosso Roller Rink Thursday, Evening, Feb. 12. Prof. Erd is acknowledged by all, to give the finest exhibition of any one man on skates. His entertainment is interesting in every particular. Don't fail to see him.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Ladies, admission free.
 Use of Skates.....15 cents
 Owner of skates 5 cents for use of floor.
 Gents, admission.....10 cents
 Use of skates.....15 cents
 Owner of skates 5 cents for use of floor.

EVENING SESSION.

Ladies, admission.....10 cents
 Gents, admission.....10 cents
 Use of skates same as the afternoon.

—That little feed steamer at Hartshorne's is a "dandy." So says everybody who has seen it cook chicken in the finest kind of style in 60 minutes, wash the dirtiest clothes in half an hour, boil a barrel of water in 30 minutes, and cook feed done in from 25 to 40 minutes, by the watch, and when you come to realize that it has the capacity to do all these things at one and the same time, and with no more fuel than would be required to run an ordinary cooking stove, you may well be astonished.

Read the following business letter from one of our Bennington farmers who tried one and bought it:

PITTSBURG, Feb. 6, 1885.
 Gentlemen—I desire to say that the steamer purchased of your Mr. Pike Jan. 14th, is giving the very best satisfaction. I would not part with it for three times its cost if I could not get another. To Dairy-men it would seem to me to be almost indispensable. The only wonder now is that so simple yet so good a thing had not been thought of before. To any one having stock to care for, especially cows and hogs, I would say, buy a steamer by all means, you can't afford to do without it.

Yours respectfully,
 P. V. M. ROTSFORD.

Mayor Estey's Veto.

Following are the reasons given by Mayor Estey for vetoing the Council proceedings of Feb. 2, relative to a contract for building an engine house and council chamber:

The expenditure is an unreasonable and extravagant outlay far beyond the present needs of our city, and in my view a ring has been formed to accomplish our unreasonable ends, regardless of any justice, reason or common decency to honest tax payers or to your oath of office, as the proceedings show for themselves.

First—By being determined and expressing it by your vote to let the job to the highest bidder, by four hundred and fifty dollars, and after so doing before the veto previously made had been placed before you, you planned a secret meeting contrary to a former understanding and unknown to all the council opposed to the hall and against the Mayor's protest.

Then you voted for the committee on Public Buildings to let the job to construct the hall; which in my view was an illegal meeting, and that action of no legal effect.

The records of your meeting of January 19, show in particular no business done except pressing to gain your point and accomplish your sworn end.

Second—At the meeting of January 26, there was a petition in favor of the building of a city hall as per plans and specifications, signed by 104 citizens representing about one-tenth of present grand list after diligent labors of the aldermen themselves circulating petitions; there was also laid before you a meeting a petition of remonstrance against so extravagant an outlay, and praying that a reasonable and suitable building might be built to cover present needs, said petition signed by 207 humble tax payers said to represent 90 per cent. of the present tax roll; both petitions were referred to the committee on ways and means, and were never afterward reviewed by the committee; you so state Feb. 2d, at last council meeting, when you submitted the contract made with Barnett for constructing the hall for \$5,000 and vote to accept the contract, as the records show, in place of advertising for bids in a proper and legal way for public work; all of this laid mentioned, before the report of the committee on ways and means had been made on either petition, which in my view is an outrage and insult to honest tax payers that signed these petitions.

Petitions of such magnitude as these signed by honest, candid-minded men deserve reasonable consideration and honest treatment.

A summary of all these facts fully substantiates in my mind, that a desire to accomplish your unreasonable and unjust end, regardless of the views of the great majority of our citizens, is too great a wrong to receive my sanction.

I pray you in all future business during the period of the present council to consider your actions well, and try to serve the greater majority with wisdom and reasonable economy.

D. M. EREY, Mayor.

For a cup of tea of really delicate bouquet, taste Messrs. Duff & Banister's "Mayflower Tea."

The Other Side of a Serious Question.

Mr. Editor—

It is seldom, if ever before, I have asked permission for any space in your valuable columns. But just at the present time there are all kinds of stories afloat in regard to the action of a majority of the Aldermen in our Common Council in regard to the building of the proposed new engine house and council room, which I think in justice to them and to the tax payers of the city should be set right at once and forever.

Now, before undertaking this task, I have taken great pains to examine into the matter and see just what there was in it, and in the first place I will state that what statements I make in regard to this matter are taken directly from the record of the Common Council of the city of Owosso. For several years past at every incoming administration the Mayor in their inaugural have recommended the building of a new engine house and Council room as the one we now have has long been unsafe and unfit for use.

But the matter has been put off from time to time until at last the state of the present building has become really dangerous and it has become necessary to take some decisive steps in relation to the matter, so that at the council meeting of May 26, 1884, the following resolution was accepted and adopted, a full Board being present and every one of the eight aldermen voting for the same:

WHEREAS, the present city hall building is unsafe and unsuitable and insufficient for the uses of this city, therefore Resolved, That the Committee of this Council on Public Buildings be, and are hereby instructed to procure and report to the council at the next meeting thereof, plans, specifications and estimates of cost of construction for such repairs, additions and buildings as are required, to provide suitable rooms for the use of the Fire Department, a tower for drying hose, and a watch house and council room for the use of this city.

So that in pursuance of the above the Common Council at their meeting of June 25th, 1884, passed the following resolution, every Alderman being present and voting for the same (and was not even vetoed by the common Estey).

Resolved, By the Common Council of the city of Owosso, that the Committee on Public Buildings be, and are hereby instructed to tear down the building now used as a council room, and cause to be built a building 44x80 feet, two stories in height, the first floor to be finished suitable for the use of the Fire Department, the second floor to be used as a council room and such other rooms as the council may need, the whole to cost not to exceed five thousand dollars, said committee to advertise for bids and report plans and bids to the council for approval before accepting any bids.

At the same time the above resolution was passed, Mayor Estey told the Aldermen (I am credibly informed) that he was in favor of the resolution but would like to have the committee on Public Buildings wait a while before they advertised for bids, "for" he said, "my project is to get the people to put in a system of waterworks, and if they should see that the city contemplated building an engine house and council room it might hurt my project." The aldermen waited sufficiently long to see that at least nine-tenths of the tax payers were not in favor of putting in waterworks, and they were not in favor of the measure either, as they knew it would cost the city at least one hundred thousand dollars, and they knew that if the matter was left to a vote it would be killed.

Then the committee on Public Buildings advertised for bids, Estey, all the while trying to get them to wait longer, not because he thought that the building of an engine house would make too heavy a burden upon the city, but because he thought it would hurt his own pet project of putting in water works.

The plans and specifications of said engine house having been made in the mean time by Architect N. J. Gibbs, of St. Cloud, the committee recommended that the job be let to one Henry Robbins per the plans and specifications, which action of the Council the Mayor, upon the 49th day of January, 1885, vetoed.

The Council at its next regular meeting passed the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Committee on Public Buildings be, and are hereby authorized and empowered to contract in behalf of the city of Owosso, for the building and construction of an Engine House and Council Room at a price not exceeding the sum of \$5,500, said engine house to be built on the site of the city next adjoining provided, that no contract shall become operative until approved by this council.

About this time it was noticed that the Mayor had in some way influenced two of the aldermen, viz: Titcomb and Lewis, to stand with him as opposed to this measure, although both of them voted for the first two resolutions as the record shows.

Estey, seeing that there was no chance in the Council with a majority of the aldermen for his pet project of waterworks, began to work tooth and nail against the project of building the much needed engine house and Council Room, and headed a petition of remonstrance against the building of the same, and circulated it himself and hired several to circulate others. If the Mayor had done this honestly and in good part nothing would have been thought of it; but he not only obtained signers to the remonstrance through falsehood and fraud, but also hired others to do the same thing, and all because he could not see in the near future the hopes of his pet project of putting in waterworks fulfilled.

And to think that such men as Aldermen Lewis and Titcomb should in any way lend their services to keep the Mayor in such actions is just my comprehension, taking into consideration the fact of their both voting for the first two resolutions. The Aldermen, knowing that things had been misrepresented to those citizens who had signed the Remonstrance, headed a petition in favor of the same and Aldermen Keyte only passed the same around himself alone part of one afternoon and obtained 104 signatures, among whom were numbers who had signed the Remonstrance, and who stated to Ald. Keyte that "the reason they had signed the same was because they had had the

matter misrepresented to them." These petitions were presented to the Council at their next meeting and were referred to the Committee on Ways and Means, and at the same meeting the Committee on Public Buildings made the following report, which was accepted and adopted by all the Aldermen present excepting Lewis and Titcomb. Which action the Mayor has in very abusive language vetoed.

The Committee on Public Buildings would beg leave to make the following report: The lowest bid received for building engine house and council room was \$5,500, and we have set the contract for building the same to Floyd Barnett for the above amount, to be built according to plans and specifications drawn by architect Gibbs.

In view of all these facts and circumstances, if there is a tax payer in the city of Owosso who is satisfied with the kind of business Estey has been doing for the past few weeks, I would like to know who he is.

I have always noticed and I think my experience has been the experience of others, that the very men who pay the least taxes are the ones who are always grumbling about how high taxes are, and such men are not alone the curse of this city, but every city in the land. They are what we might call chronic grumblers, opposed to all and every improvement that is or may be advanced in such a place as this.

Now I assert, and I do so without fear of successful contradiction, that the city of Owosso is the most economical of its size in the west. We are to-day in the best condition financially of any city of our size in the state of Michigan, and as we will have a surplus of at least one thousand dollars in the City Treasury this year and it will only take \$4,000 more to be raised for building Engine House next year, those who pay taxes will, if they stop and think one moment see that upon that small amount they would hardly know the difference, and then we would have not only a building that would be an ornament to the city, but something that is very badly needed.

But on the other hand, if Estey was to have his way and we were to build the city at the present time for at least one hundred thousand dollars, I rather guess some of us would be apt to know the difference. I am one who is in favor of all proper improvements; I am in favor of building the proposed engine house and Council Room, but not in favor of water works at the present time. I think the action of Mayor Estey in the premises not only dishonorable but disgraceful and the doing of

THE OWOSSO PRESS.

Wednesday, February 11, 1908.

Probate Court.

Reported Especially for The Press.]

Estate of the late Russell Reed, petition filed for will. Hearing ordered for March 2nd, 10 a. m.
Estate of Sarah Ann Curtis, petition filed for hearing of will. Hearing March 2nd, 10 a. m.

Real Estate Transfers.

[Reported Especially for The Press.]

ANHEIM.

A. H. McNamee to Rose Davies, 1/2 of 1/2 sec 13, S. 25.

Andrew Service to Chas. A. Service, 70 acres sec 34, \$2,000.

CORUNNA.

Lyman Brandt to Isaac Miller, 1/2 lot 1 and 1/2, block 39, \$200.

BANCROFT.

M. V. Simonson to Chas. Simonson, part of lots 14 and 15, block 11, \$1,500.

Geo. A. Parker to John K. Banks, 1/2 lot 2, block 1, Parker's add., \$100.

MORRIS.

C. H. McKee to Wm. Courtney, lots 10 and 17, block 5, \$800.

OWOSSO TOWNSHIP.

Fred S. Morse to Chas. E. VanDoren, 1/2 sec 24, \$145.

Ja. ob A. Grow to Fred S. Morse, 1 acre sec 24, \$175.

M. L. Stewart to C. E. & P. Fuller, 1/2-100ths acres sec 24, \$250.

NEW HAVEN.

W. D. Turnbull to L. J. Smith, 40 acres sec 8, \$375.

VERNON.

Kelsey & McBride to John Smith, 40 acres sec 25, \$1,400.

HAZELTON.

Betta Hughes to James and Ida Moore, 40 acres sec 25, \$2,000.

"My dear," said a Mormon wife to her husband, "I should think that you would be ashamed of yourself, flirting with that Miss R. as you did to-day." "Flirting with her?" he replied in astonishment. "Why, we have been engaged for more than three months. It's all over town." "Oh, I beg your pardon," said the wife indignantly. "If you are engaged to her I suppose it is all right. When does the happy event occur?"—Argonaut.

The Pantagraph.

"It was thought the pantagraph would make any one an artist," said a commercial artist as he ran the tracer of the little machine over the outlines of a peculiarly shaped picture. "But I can tell you it hasn't. When it was first invented it was a novel idea to be able, say in a small photograph, to trace correctly the outlines to a mathematical certainty, life size, or any desired size, almost on another paper. In other words, to literally trace an enlarged silhouette from a small picture. It was a capital idea, but artists are born, not made."

"After the picture was enlarged, and all the outlines faithfully transferred, it was found that to fill in and give expression could not be done by anyone but an artist. The invention of the pantagraph created a sensation. Rapid artists went all over the United States giving lessons to classes and selling the instruments. Each pupil bought an instrument and a few boxes of crayon. Very few were ever known afterward to succeed in making a picture that resembled the original, much less to become artists."

"They are used now to trace maps and irregular mechanical drawings. See, I am enlarging the interior view of a Pullman palace car, and instead of using a rule to draw the perspective lines and get the seats an equal distance apart, I do it all in a short time with the pantagraph."—Auto Truck Mail and Express.

The Philadelphia Ledger is the most profitable newspaper proper in America. Its profits are \$450,000 a year. Childs bought the Ledger when it was losing \$1,000 a week.

The Evolution of the Skate.

Many a man of to-day can remember the long curled toe, steel runner imbedded in a solid piece of wood that formed the skate of his boyhood days. To the wood were attached the long straps and the screw in the heel that fastened the skate to the foot. This skate, too, was rattored, and the fellow that had a pair of "smooth bottoms" was the envy and wonder of all the other boys. The curly-toe gradually disappeared, the long straps gave place to the double toe-strap, and the heel-strap that with its harness rings always reminded one of a halter, took flight with the old wood-screw that used to be bored into the boot-heel. Other changes followed rapidly. Some bright skater concluded that better speed could be attained if less of the steel touched the ice, and the "rocker" skate made its appearance. Another happy thought knocked the toe-strap out in one round, and gave the steel clamps, tightened by means of a double screw and wrench, in place of them. A plate in the boot-heel, and knob on the skate, said "good-bye" to the heel-strap, and very shortly afterward clamps similar to those on the toe made the heel of the skate nearly perfect. A simple turn of the wrist connected the two sets of clamps with a lever, and the skate was made—*Milwaukee Globe*. [The *Globe* might have added that the process of evolution has to a very large extent done away with ice skates, and substituted rollers, which are now all the craze.]

Some Odd Incidents of Duelling.

One of the most singular features of duelling is that the lives of the combatants have not unfrequently been saved by a ruse carried on the person. The life of Broderick, of California, was once saved by the ball of his antagonist striking his watch, while he was the oratorical of Handel because the sword of his antagonist broke on his coat button. Two fighting Irishmen, McNally and Harrington, once fought, and the bullet of one was turned aside by the suspender buckle of the other, while the second bullet lodged in a paper of ginger nuts in the pocket of the first man. Another Irishman, fighting with Barrington had his life preserved by a brooch which he wore, in which the ball lodged, while Rochefort was spared for years to abuse his political enemies by the accident of having a 5-franc piece in his vest pocket. But perhaps the most singular result ever known in a duel was that achieved by two French gentlemen named Pierrot and Arlequin, who at the word fired together, and each succeeded in killing the other's second. "What an escape!" cried a spectator, though the seconds had both fallen dead. But it may be safely affirmed that the friends of the seconds did not look on the matter in this accommodating way, and much trouble ensued, though finally the whole affair was dropped, and no further fighting resulted from so unlucky a duel.—*The Field of Honor*.

If you want Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, or foot gear of any description, for the cold weather, call at B. H. STRAHLE'S Store, Washington Street, Owosso.

MORTGAGE SALE.

Default having been made in the condition of a certain mortgage, bearing date November 18th, 1878, executed by David Myers to Alice Everts, who is now Alice Everts and recorded November 18th, 1878 in the office of the Register of Deeds of Shiawassee County, Michigan, in liber 16, of mortgages, page 135; on which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice, four hundred dollars and twenty-five dollars attorney fee stipulated to be paid should any proceedings be instituted to recover any part of said mortgage, and no suit or proceedings at law or in equity having been instituted to recover any part of the debt secured by said mortgage, now therefore by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained and of the statute in such case made and provided, said mortgage will be foreclosed by sale of the mortgaged premises, and notice is hereby given that, on the second day of March, A. D. 1908, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the front door of the Court House in the city of Corunna, in said county of Shiawassee, there will be sold at public vendue to the highest bidder the premises in said mortgage described, viz: South half (1/2) north-east quarter (1/4) of south-west quarter (1/4), and the south half (1/2) of the north-west quarter (1/4) of the south-east quarter (1/4) of section thirty, in town eight north, range two east. Dated Nov. 25, 1907. J. R. M. TUCKER, ALICE EVERTS, Att'y for Mortgagee. 13-26 Mortgagee.

GREAT SLAUGHTER SALE!

FOR THE NEXT

30 DAYS 30

We will offer our entire stock of

Winert Suits,
Overcoats, and
Gents' Furnishing Goods,

AT PRICES

LOWER THAN THE LOWEST.

Those wishing to purchase

NEW and DESIRABLE GOODS

Should not fail to look us through before purchasing elsewhere.

Murray & Terbush

THE LIVE CLOTHIERS,

32 & 34 West Main Street,
Owosso, Mich.

Closing Out Sale
OF
Sleigh Bells,
Hand Sleds,
and Skates,
AT

FAUTH'S.
Washington St., Owosso.

FOR JEWELRY, SILVERWARE,

CLOCKS
LOOK AT

W. F. GUILLE'S,

212 Washington St., north, Owosso.

Coal!:-Coal!:-Coal!

WE WILL DELIVER FOR THE NEXT

60--Sixty Days--60

A SUPERIOR QUALITY OF

SCRANTON COAL
FOR SPOT CASH

Chestnut, - \$6.25 Per Ton
Stove, - \$6.25 "
No. 4, - \$6.50 "
Egg, - \$6.00 "

A charge of 25 cents extra, when carried in baskets, and in quantities less than one ton.

W. H. ANDRUS,
Washington Street, Owosso.

Stever Brothers & Williams,
OWOSSO,
STILL LEAD.

Headquarters for the county for all the leading tools sold to farmers. Also, carry the largest line in the county of

WAGONS AND CARRIAGES,
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Of the best manufacturers, all well known, which we offer at

Prices to Suit Everybody.
Wind Mills,
Pumps, Feed Cutters,

At LOWER PRICES
Than ever offered before.

We pay Highest Market Price for Grain, Clover Seed and Pork. We want all you have to offer. Call and see us.

We are sole agents for the county for Birdsell and Victor Clover Hullers.

STEVE BRO'S & WILLIAMS.

HERE I AM
WITH AS FINE
FALL AND WINTER
MILLINERY

As can be found in any large city.
Get my Prices, and do not miss the Bargains you can secure by an early examination of my Goods. All are at BOTTOM PRICES. Come and judge for yourselves.

MRS. C. L. HARRINGTON.
OWOSSO.

Owosso Lumber Yard!

SIX MILLION FEET

IN STOCK ON HAND, consisting of all varieties

HARD AND SOFT WOOD

AS THREE TIMES THE LARGEST STOCK ever held in Shiawassee County.

We have just bought THREE MILLION FEET OF DRY MILL RUN LUMBER at very low price, and are now receiving it at the rate of four cars per day. Must be

Sold for Cash at Low Prices.

Come and see me. J. E. WOODARD, 11-27

Key Wind Watches changed to Stem Winding, at Guile's. Call and learn the low rates. W. F. GUILLE

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Hats and Caps.

Ready Made Clothing.

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Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Beardsley's
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Notions, Fancy Goods, Gloves, Corsets, Hosiery, Hoop Skirts, Bustles, Neck Wear, Children and Infants' Dresses, Skirts, Sacks, Hoods, Leggings, &c.

Ladies' Muslin & Merino Underwear a Specialty

Also a full line of Zephyrs, Germantown and Knitting Yarns. The best and most complete stock of materials for Fancy Work ever brought to Owosso. Agency for Briggs Stamping Patterns.

For the HOLIDAYS

Stop and examine the ATTRACTIVE DISPLAY of
CHRISTMAS PRESENTS
AT

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Consisting of Diamonds, Ladies' and Gent's Gold and Silver Watches, Bracelets of all kinds, Jewelry of every description, Gold Pens from No. 1 to 10, Gold Picks and Pens, Fine Clocks, Solid and Silver Plated Ware, Gold Spectacles and Eye Glasses, all to be sold at LIVE AND TEN LIVE PRICES.

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