

Taking the Census.

There is no branch of the government that so accurately reflects the mind of its head as does the census office, says the Washington Post, and seldom has a work of a tenth of its magnitude been undertaken with so little restriction in discretionary power as that devolving upon the superintendent of the census. He is absolutely free in the selection of his assistants, whom he chooses with respect to their qualifications for the duties they are to perform, and his great work ends only when he shall say it is complete, and will involve an expenditure of not more than \$6,400,000, exclusive of the cost of printing, engraving, and binding, whereas the cost of the tenth census was restricted to \$3,000,000. The army of 40,000 employes will be in the field in June, 1890, every member doing exactly the same work at the same time, the active labor of enumeration being embraced within a few weeks. There is no other country that has ever undertaken so massive a census work, and the United States may easily be placed at the head of the nations of the world in the perfectness of its elaboration of this important function of the government. It is no exaggeration to state that the schedules of inquiries of any one of the fifty subjects of investigation embrace a number of inquiries of the schedules of most other countries, and especially does this comparison hold in the case of Great Britain.

The fact that the census of England is taken in a night has often been the subject of newspaper comment in this country, but when the character of this work is known it will be seen that there is nothing remarkable in the feat and that the results are in keeping with the time employed. The census of England involves merely a household schedule that can be answered in an evening by the head of a family and is left at the places of residence by police officers, who are employed to do this work by the British government, and who call for the lists the following morning. In this manner the census is, technically speaking, taken in a night. It would be folly to leave the schedule containing all the items of information required by the United States at the homes of the people to be answered, as in hardly one case in ten would even an attempt be made to answer it. Then the police forces of this country could not be called upon for this work, as their maintenance is here borne by the various cities, villages, and counties, whereas in England the general government pays half the expenses of all the police forces and controls them completely.

The house-to-house count of the inhabitants which will be pursued by the 40,000 enumerators on the first Monday of next June will be attended by an inquiry of the age, sex, nativity, race, physical condition, and all the facts relating to the people. For this purpose the country has been distributed into 175 census districts, for each of which there will be appointed a supervisor by the president next spring, whose duty it will be to subdivide his districts into what are called enumerators' districts. The salary paid the supervisors will be \$125 per month and in addition thereto \$1 for every 1,000 of the population of thickly settled districts and \$1.40 for sparsely settled districts.

These supervisors cannot be paid less than \$500, their average earnings probably amounting to about \$850, which includes an allowance for clerical services. The enumerators will be paid 2 cents for every inhabitant, the same for each birth and death reported, 20 cents for each farm, and 30 cents for establishments of productive industry recorded by them, to which is added 5 cents for every veteran of the late war whose name goes on their lists.

The law permits the superintendent, with the approval of the secretary of the interior, to withdraw certain schedules relating to special matters from the enumerators and commit the same to the charge of special agents employed by the superintendent for this purpose. These special agents are paid per diem and will be employed in 1890 as in 1880 collecting statistics of manufactures in all cities with a population exceeding 5,000 inhabitants throughout the country. In this manner the enumerators are relieved of some of the more important schedules of the lists and the vital work of the census facilitated.

Having subdivided his district the supervisor's duty is to nominate suitable persons for enumerators, whose appointment is made by the superintendent. These enumerators are allowed fifteen days in which to complete their work, when it is confined to cities and towns, and thirty days when it extends into rural districts. The schedules, when they are answered, are returned to the supervisor, who examines them and makes up the count in his district, then forwarding the same to Washington.

In 1880 the first schedules to be returned to this city were from Philadelphia, they being followed by the papers from Brooklyn.

Upon the receipt of these schedules the great work of tabulation begins, separate lists being made of all the branches of information which the census will show, such as race, nativity, etc.

Suffering Seals.

Seal fishing is one of the greatest industries of the Newfoundland coast, their skins bringing fabulous prices as articles of wearing apparel, while the oil is useful for many purposes.

The dwellers of the frozen north make clothing, boots, tents and even cooking utensils from the skin of seals, and use their oil and flesh for food.

These animals are among the most interesting of the animals that have their homes in the waters. They have great soft brown eyes that gaze at you with the innocent, wondering look one sees in the eyes of a calf, and long before commerce found use for the seal their intelligence and docility gave them a place in the folk lore of the north.

Scotland and the Scandinavian peoples gave birth to many charming legends, based on the belief that seals oftentimes transformed themselves into human shapes.

They are gentle creatures, easily domesticated and becoming very much attached to their human friends; they are also very easily trained, learning all the tricks that dogs perform.

It is said that when distressed the seal not only gives voice to its sorrow in plaintive cries, but that great tears will roll from its eyes.

The Newfoundland seal fisheries furnish over 700,000 skins to commerce annually, and Alaska about a third that number; and what is man's return for this revenue of money? Seals are cruelly killed. Off the Newfoundland coast they are skinned before life is extinct, despite their cries and writhings.

During the past spring over 500,000 of these poor creatures were captured and brought to Halifax and St. John, and all had been killed in a barbarously cruel manner. Such treatment merits the indignation of the whole civilized world, and it is a pity that the age does not still believe the old legends that would clothe the seals with power to return in other forms and to wreak vengeance on their persecutors; and yet it seems that a man who could take the skin and fat from a living animal while its moans bespeak its anguish and its great eyes plead for pity would not listen to any spirit or living creature, or to the small voice within.—New Orleans Picayune.

The Influence of Tobacco.

The "smoker's sore throat" is more easily induced by the use of cigars than the pipe. When once it is fully established it is quite incurable so long as the cause that excites it is allowed to continue.

The effects of tobacco on the spinal cord, and the cord of sympathetic ganglia are often pronounced. An injurious influence on the spinal cord and its nerves would be shown in the production of external insensibility, or in disturbed action of the muscles by convulsion or paralysis.

In the blood, the prolonged inhalation of tobacco produces changes very marked in character. The fluid is made thinner than is natural, and in extreme cases, pair. In such instances the deficient color of the blood is communicated to the body altogether, rendering the external surface yellowish, white, and pasty.

The nicotine plays a very important part on the motor fibers of the spinal nerves, and probably on the cord itself. It excites through these structures muscular agitation, followed by temporary suspension of action and paralysis. In like manner tobacco smoke has the property of acting on the sympathetic system of nerves exciting them to produce muscular spasm, followed by deficient power. It is from this cause that the organs of organic life are so irritable, sluggish, and powerless in confirmed smokers.—Dr. B. W. Richardson, in St. Louis Magazine.

Unwelcome Arrivals.

St. Peter—"Halt!"
New Spirit—"Can't I come in?"
St. Peter—"I'd rather you wouldn't. You are just out of college, and we don't want any advice about punning the universe."—New York Weekly.

Frenchified English.

Jinks—"Why do you call route, 'rowt'?" It is from the French, and the correct pronunciation is "rowt."
Blinks—"My deek-she-own-air gives both pro-none-she-a-she-owns."—New York Weekly.

The potato is said to be deteriorating, but it made many a mash in its better days.—Terre Haute Express.

Protection Against Flies.

The plague of flies touches a very tender spot—the pocketbook—for it causes animals to lose flesh, or at least to make less gain than they would otherwise. By affording protection to the animals, we save money as truly as we do by giving them comfortable shelter. The best protection for hogs is the wallow. Though cattle have tough hides, flies occasion them much discomfort, and it is humane and profitable to make a smudge. In some situations this is actually necessary at certain seasons. The animals soon learn to take advantage of the smoke. Horses suffer greatly from flies, on account of a tenderer skin and sensitive nervous organization. When we have them at work, their struggles against their tormentors are annoying to us. It is unpleasant to use animals kicking, biting, and stamping at flies. For farm teams the cheapest protection is leather nets. With reasonable care these will last for years. They should be cleaned and oiled at least once a month while they are in use, or the sweat of the animal will rapidly rot them. They increase the warmth of the animal as little as any efficient protection. Cotton nets are a good protection to the carriage horse, but are not strong enough for farm work. Those who cannot buy leather nets should get the coarsest gunny sacking. This, being very open does not much heat the animal. The cover should reach over the neck with pockets to cover the ears. These covers should be washed once a month while in use, and when they are put away at the end of fly time. Gnats infest the inside of horses' ears. Pure lard is a good protection, applied once a day. The deposit by the bot fly of its eggs under the jaw makes many horses unmanageable. A cloth can be tied to the bridle in such a way as to protect the jaw. The legs of horses require protection more than their bodies. Flies choose the legs, as the skin in these parts is thinner, and the blood vessels are nearer the surface. It is strange that we do not often see the legs of the animals protected, as the flies are not much disturbed by stamping. Leggings from old overalls or made from gunny sacks, are good material, and the man ashamed to drive a team so protected about his farm has more false pride than good sense. Leggings made like the leather nets for the body are, in the end, the cheapest and can be made by any harness maker.—American Agriculturist.

Instantaneous Photography.

"Instantaneous photography is a nuisance," said an artist, whose business is to draw cuts for the magazines and newspapers. "Before they began to take those blamed photographs all you had to do was to draw a horse so that it looked natural and life-like and the papers and the public were satisfied. Now, though, since that Philadelphia fellow printed his book, and especially since the Sun reprinted the cuts from it, nothing will do but that we must draw running horses just as they are, and not as they look. Of course the pictures don't look nearly so pretty, and the horses are as awkward and unnatural as donkeys, but they are accurate, and that is the craze just now. We have had to learn our animal drawing all over again and have to puzzle our brains by the hour over cuts of instantaneous photographs, trying to find some position that has at least a bit of grace and life in it. For my part I think it is ridiculous. Compare the magazine pictures of horses of a year or two ago with those Scribner's had last month and tell me if you don't think the old ones gave a better idea of the animals in motion. Imagine Ros. Bonheur's horses with their fore feet stuck out straight like ramrods, or think of Meisenson's troopers charging before Napoleon on horses that had all four legs doubled up under them at the same time!"

Whatever may be the opinion as to the justness of the artist's criticisms and complaints, says the New York Sun, there is no doubt that he is right on his facts. The horse pictures in the magazines nowadays nearly all show at least an effort to make the positions correspond with those shown by instantaneous photographs. The picture horse of the past is relegated to the circus poster and the bills of the racing associations.

A Shoe-Button in His Nose.

Mr. and Mrs. Murphy of Jamestown, O., came to Xenia a few days ago with their 9-year-old son Claude and called on a doctor to have the boy's nose examined, as one nostril had closed up and was becoming offensive in smell. The physician finally discovered a polypus growth some distance up the nostril, and cutting into it extracted a shoe-button, which had been imbedded there for more than five years, the fact having escaped the memory of the parents, it having given no trouble at first.

Ingenious California Girls.

For some time past it has been the custom of a number of young ladies employed in a dressmaking snoop to repair to the Capitol grounds at the noon hour to partake of their luncheon. They invariably sat beneath a large cedar tree, the wide branches of which afforded a generous shade. Several young men about town observed this fact, and almost daily they could be found shortly before 12 m. lounging under a tree not far distant from the one beneath which the young ladies sought shelter. This was of course annoying to the young ladies, and each of them has provided herself with a large parasol, all of which are open when the grounds are reached and placed around in a circle. This forms a perfect corral three or four feet in height, within which the young ladies can partake of their lunch and recline at ease, free from the prying eyes of the curious young men.—Sacramento Bee.

Exercises in Grammar.

In thirty-one words how many that can be grammatically inserted? Answer: Fourteen. He said that that that that man said was not that that that that man said; but that that that that man said, was that that that one man should not say. That reminds us of the following says and said: Mr. B., did you say, or did you not say, what I said? because C. said you said you never did say what I said you said. Now, if you did say that you did not say what I said you said, then what did you say?—America.

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Uncle Archie's Wife.

CHAPTER I.

"You will come to Mrs. Marshall's this afternoon, mother? Oh, yes, it will do you good to make the little effort! You have grown quite pale through shutting yourself in the house so long."

My mother shook her head at this appeal, as she had shaken it at so many similar appeals of mine within the past few days; but this time I thought I saw signs of yielding. Certainly she looked longingly over our pretty front garden and on to the sun-drenched high-road.

"I suppose you are right, and I ought to make the effort, Irene, my dear," she said, with a disconsolate sigh: "but I would rather hide myself away till I have somewhat recovered from this cruel shock. However, though your uncle Archie has not used us well, I have no wish to be unkind to him or Mrs. Gerrard; and, if we shut ourselves up, people, I suppose, would talk."

"They will do that in any case, mother. I do not suppose the Ludleigh folks have discussed anything for the past ten days but the Squire's extraordinary marriage; but of course it runs with us to give the gossip a good or ill natured turn."

"Then we will direct it into the right channel at once," answered mother, with a quick flush, and I am sure the consciousness of acting magnanimously more than half consoled her for the effort she was making and the disappointment she had endured.

Poor mother, she needed some consolation badly; for, though she had as a matter of fact, no real reason to complain of a total injustice, she had been startled out of a pleasant sense of security lately, and, as she observed, made to look "downright ridiculous in the eyes of all her friends." Uncle Archie—or Archibald Gerrard, Esq., of Ludleigh Hall to give him his more dignified title—was my father's eldest brother, and had been looked upon as a confirmed old bachelor—so my mother pathetically informed me—before I was born. When I had reached the mature age of nineteen he was a bachelor still, with apparently as little idea of entering the holy estate of matrimony as I had of entering a convent—which I was not very likely to do, for I became engaged to Dick Martineau just then.

Uncle Archie brought us to Ludleigh after my father's death, and established us, not, as mother rather expected he would, at the Hall, but at the pretty, old red-brick Queen Anne house in the High street, that had been tenanted by unmarried and widowed Gerrards for many generations.

"You will be more comfortable than at the Hall, Gertrude," he said, in the grave, kind, courteous way that was natural to the stately old gentleman; "and we can see as much of one another as we please. I should like to have Walter's little girl brought up under my own eyes; and yet I am too much of an old bachelor and absentee to have the Hall arranged for ladies' occupation now."

I was eight years old then, but I remember that scene of our home coming so well—how I perched on my uncle's knee and asked, with all the pettiness of a spoilt child—

"Why don't you like ladies at the Hall, Uncle Archie? Aren't there any pretty things for them to see there?"

"Very pretty things, Irene."

"And must not I see them some day soon?" I asked anxiously, and Uncle Archie smiled and patted my head.

"Assuredly you shall, little girl, as soon as your mother likes to bring you. No one has so much right to see them—no one shall take so much interest in the pretty things at Ludleigh Hall as you."

The last words were spoken more gravely, and, I fancy now, more to himself than to me; but naturally I only understood the superficial meaning of words then, and my juvenile curiosity was aroused.

"Why?" I asked earnestly—"because I am a good little girl, Uncle Archie?"

"Because you are my niece and the last of the Gerrards," he answered, with such a heavy sigh that mother, who had been sitting in the comfortable chimney-corner warming her slim white hands and listening to our conversation with an expression of infinite content on her face, suddenly intervened, and, calling me to her, told me, with unusual sharpness, not to tease my uncle any more.

"She does not tease me, Gertrude; and she may as well grow up to understand her responsibilities," said Uncle Archie simply. "As I told poor Walter, I wish he had left a son to succeed us both; but, as it is, I suppose some day little Irene will be the lady of the Hall."

My mother wiped away the tears that had risen in her eyes at the mention of her dead husband's name, and essayed a polite and plaintive protest against this speech.

"You may marry one day yourself, dear Archibald, and leave sons of your own to succeed you," she said.

But Uncle Archie waved the protest sternly aside; and, for the first and last time in my remembrance, an-

swered my pretty, gentle, and conciliatory mother with harsh abruptness.

"I shall never marry, Gertrude! Do not make such a suggestion again!" he exclaimed angrily; whereupon mother apologized with tears in her eyes, and promised never to repeat the offence.

From that time forward it came to be understood, not only by me, mother and me, but among all our Ludleigh friends, that I was my uncle's recognized heiress.

About the same time too I began to wonder about Uncle Archie, thinking that, with all the advantages fate had started him with, he had been rather a wasted and melancholy life. We did not see much of him at Ludleigh. The Hall was shut up for at least two-thirds of the year, while he wandered over the continent in a restless, aimless way that could have brought him but little enjoyment. Perhaps the very fact of my only catching stray glimpses of the man to whom I owed everything gave him more interest in my eyes, made me speculate and theorize about him as I should hardly have been inclined to do about a commonplace uncle seen every day. I never passed through the great Hall or wandered through the deserted park without thinking wistfully of the absent owner, who took so little pride in his present possession and would leave no son to succeed him when he died.

I imparted my thoughts on the subject to mother one day; but she did not sympathize with me at all—answered indeed quite crossly and impatiently.

"You are talking sentimental nonsense, Irene! If your dear uncle is satisfied with things as they are—and we may assume he is, seeing how soon he could alter them if he chose—if he is satisfied I am sure we may be."

"Yes; we may be," I answered rather angrily. Poor mother's worldliness was of the most innocent and childlike description; but somehow it jarred upon me just then. "Surely he would have been a happier man if he had married some years ago?"

"I cannot say, my dear—I was too happy a wife while your dear father lived to have one word to say against married life; but old maids and old bachelors have their own consolations, and I don't fancy they feel their loneliness so much as we think. Besides, everyone knows why your uncle did not marry."

"Indeed—I do not for one!" I cried, flushing with excitement. "Please tell me, mother. I knew there was some romantic reason."

"It is not very romantic, child, and I am sure you must have heard the story—or I thought you had, at any rate, but you were such a child when your father died—"

"But I am not a child now. Do tell me, mother, please."

"Well, when he was quite a young man, Archibald Gerrard was engaged to a very beautiful and fascinating girl—the orphan daughter of a Colonel Maxwell, an old friend of his father's. Your father was quite a lad at the time; but he has often told me that he never saw a man so frantically in love as Archie was. None of his people approved of the match; for the Maxwells were as poor as church mice, and Violet had little besides her beauty to recommend her; but that seems to have been something superlative, and of course Archie had only himself to please."

"Did papa like Miss Maxwell?" I asked, as mother paused with a reflective air, as though she were gathering the loose threads of her narrative together.

She shook her head.

"Not much, though he admired her beauty as everyone did; but, if he had no great love for her, he absolutely hated her mother, a cunning old Frenchwoman, whom he suspected from the first of making up and forcing her daughter into the marriage. 'Lookers-on see most of the game,' we are told, Irene; and your father's eyes were very shrewd and clear-sighted then. He said Violet's indifference to her adoring lover was so patent, despite all her efforts to conceal it, that he often longed, at all risks of offending him, to take his brother aside and beg him to see things as they really were before plunging into what bade fair to be a fatal marriage."

"But he never did?"

"No, he never did of course. What man in his place would have found courage to speak out such unpalatable truths? What man in Archie's would have listened to them? Your father just watched and waited for the coming of the day fixed for the wedding—waited with a sick and sore foreboding at his heart, for the two brothers loved each other dearly. It came at last; and then—"

"And then?" I cried eagerly, as mother paused, enjoying my wild curiosity and her own dramatic points.

"What happened then?"

"A catastrophe—a bit of melodrama—that set the county, and even people out of the county, talking for months. On the wedding morning, Archibald received a frantic note from Mrs. Maxwell entreating him to come over to the cottage in which she was then living. Your father went with him, feeling sure that the trial he had foreseen was at hand. It was well he did go; for when they reached the cottage

they found the old woman in hysterics. Violet had fled!"

"You mean she had run away with some one, mother?"

"With some one—yes. She had effected a most romantic escape through her bedroom window; for it seems that the wicked old woman, who had all the time been aware of her daughter's feelings, and kept her under lock and key upon her bridal eve, fearing, I suppose, what really happened, that the girl's courage would break down at the last."

"But she left some letter—she let them know where and with whom she had gone?" I asked, more interested in the runaway bride than in her mother's bald scheming.

"Yes. Your father said he pitied her almost as much as he did his wronged brother when he read that scrawled and blotted little note. He had thought her incapable of any strong feeling; but both pathos and passion were in the wild pleading words that seemed rung from a proud nature driven frantic by excess of misery. In brief, I told your uncle that she had fled with a man to whom she had been engaged before she ever came to Ludleigh—an officer in her father's regiment, and the only man she could ever love. 'You are rich and generous and good, and Frank has nothing; but I love him with my whole heart and soul!' she wrote. And your father said the old woman stamped her foot in impotent rage, and, with a wild, screaming laugh, cried—"

"She loves him, and that is worth all! The fool, the imbecile, the ingrate—to think that she should be a daughter of mine! It will make her so happy—it will last so long, this love for which she has cast away all—the love of a vaivien, of a beggar, of a gambler—yes, a gambler! Oh, I am almost consoled for the trick she has played on me when I think that her future is in Frank Egerton's hands! The life he will lead her—the way he will break her heart and humble her proud spirit!"

"There was something inhuman," continued mother—"something diabolical in the way the wicked old woman gloated over the suffering in store for her own child. Archibald turned away and walked into the garden. Your father stayed behind for a few moments, feeling, as he afterwards told me, that he could not go without speaking his mind."

"Be silent, for decency's sake, if for no other reason," he said sternly. "If he can bear in silence his pain and the cruel wrong that has been done him, surely shame should set a seal upon his lips!"

"She stared at him as only an infuriated French woman can stare, with an ineluctant defiance as insulting as a blow; then quite suddenly she walked to the door, looked out at Archie, standing motionless as a statue by the gate, and broke into a harsh scolding laugh."

"His loss? What is his loss to mine? I mock myself of it!" she cried, rapidly dropping more and more into her native idiom as her rage increased. "He is young and rich; I am old and poor. He has lost a girl whom he thinks pretty and adorable. Bah—he may console himself to-morrow—the world is full of pretty and adorable girls! But for me—where is the fine house I hoped to live in—where the fine fortune I hoped to share? Gone—out of the window with the imbecile who—"

"Your father walked out of the room, ashamed and a raid to listen any longer to such unnatural words; it was a relief even to join his brother though Archie in his agony could have been no pleasant companion just then."

"Poor Uncle Archie," I cried indignantly, as mother paused with a sigh; "I wonder the blow did not kill him!"

"Men do not die so easily as that, Irene."

"Then I wonder he did not kill Mr. Frank Egerton, or horsewhip or—do anything rather than sit down quietly under such an intolerable wrong." I persisted, with an inconsequent vehemence that made my mother smile.

"He did nothing, my dear—in the circumstances the wisest course to pursue, though I am afraid we cannot give poor Archie much credit for dignified self-restraint. He was very ill for some weeks; and then he went abroad, and even your father did not see him for many years—not till you were born indeed—then he appeared suddenly at the Parsonage one day, such an old, gray-headed, sober-looking man, I could hardly believe that he and Walter were brothers. He was very nice though, and my heart quite warmed to him when he took you in his arms and kissed you; I could not help thinking that, had things been different, he might have had children of his own here then; and I suppose a similar thought was in his own mind, for he turned to your father and said—"

"Your little ones must keep up the Gerrard name, Walter—you understand that, I hope."

"Your father began to make a hurried broken protest, which Archie quietly silenced; and it was after that, in answer to my puzzled questions, that I heard the story I have told you to-day."

TO BE CONTINUED.

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We are showing the largest and most attractive assortment of Plain and Fancy Dress Goods we have ever carried. Those who visit the Exposition cannot but admire our elegant display of

Fine Novelty Dress Patterns, Our Own Importation,

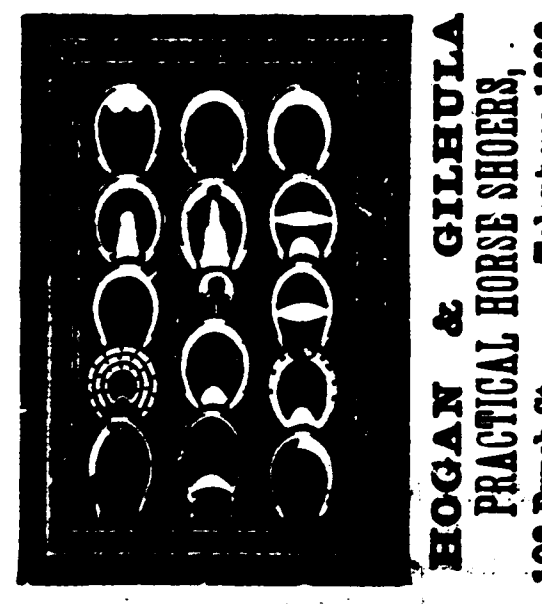
Giving but a faint idea of what our large and varied assortment consists, which we shall be pleased to show to all who favor us with a visit.

1889.

Outfitters. Man'frers.

ARMITAGE & MOYLAN, PRACTICAL HORSE SHOERS,

Finest Horse Shoeing Shop in Detroit.
Forging and Interfering a Specialty.
All diseases of the foot treated successfully.
Horses called for and returned without extra charge.
No. 85 & 87 Larned St., East,
Bet. Randolph & Brush Sts.
Telephone No. 1952.



HOGAN & GILHULA
PRACTICAL HORSE SHOERS,
108 Brush St., Telephone 1804.

Glances Here and There

As was expected the Exposition drew large crowds of visitors from neighboring states and cities this week, and streets, cars and boats were filled with citizens and their guests with one objective point in view—the Exposition. The light dress of the "summer girl" and swearing blazer of the "suburban dude," which emblazoned the streets during the summer, were conspicuously absent, but their whimsical wearers were all here in some other garb and all delighted with the city and the "show." Tuesday thousands of children of the city and vicinity thronged the buildings and grounds, and among the number were crowds of well-behaved, neatly-dressed, young Afro-Americans displaying as keen an interest in the exhibits as their white neighbors. One cute little girl, who spent the entire day there, saw nothing more attractive than the sweet little baby which with cradle and layette is exhibited by Madame Hude. The babe and its appointments thoroughly suited the little miss, and she insists that her papa shall not let the Exposition close without securing that baby or its duplicate to enliven their own home.

THE doubts aroused by the popular question, "Is Marriage a Failure?" are not disquieting the minds of Detroit eligibles, for if rumor is to be believed one-half, a cyclone of weddings will sweep over the city during the fall months completely devastating the ranks of single blessedness. Two prominent members of society have already fallen willing victims from the ranks, and there is every indication of "more and more to follow."

An enterprising citizen of London, England, advertises himself a thorough disciplinarian, and agrees to visit the homes of unruly young people and administer that punishment which their too tender-hearted parents neglect, to the disgust of their friends and detriment of their offspring. He warrants a sure cure of all bad habits after one or two visits, and charges but five shillings for his good work. When this excellent gentleman has successfully trained the young hopefuls of England, he will find a large field in Detroit and a long suffering public will guarantee his fees.

DETROIT has won the pennant; the weather is extremely cold for the season and the exposition is a newer attraction. All things combined has effected both players and attendance this week and probably explains why the score on Wednesday was 20 to 5 in favor of Buffalo. Then this can be born, however, since it is an assured thing that the pennant will wave in Detroit next season.

STANDING OF THE CLUBS.

	Won.	Lost.	Per ct.
Detroit.....	68	37	.648
Syracuse.....	63	44	.589
Rochester.....	58	48	.549
Toronto.....	52	50	.510
Toledo.....	52	51	.505
London.....	52	52	.500
Buffalo.....	40	64	.385
Milton.....	34	73	.318

GOOD ADVICE TO THE SOUTH.
Their Ears Are Stuffed With Cotton—They Will Not Hear.

St. Paul Pioneer Press: We believe that it was in the power of the people of those states, by a frank acceptance of the situation, a free concession of the rights granted to the Negro, and a kindly assumption of natural leadership, to have bound to them that affectionate and impulsive nature by bonds infinitely stronger than those that now unite the solid South. That opportunity has been lost. And still it might be possible for the South, if her leaders were wise enough, and manly enough to grasp the situation and accept it to accomplish this settlement and teach loyalty by the grant of justice. But the time is passed and the disposition of the Negro is being changed to one of brooding discontent and longing for reprisal, by a denial of rights that appears to him ever more and more atrocious and unendurable as he rises in the ranks of civilization. Once more let the South hear the warning. If there is ever to be an irreconcilable conflict in this country between the races, it will be because she has forced it; in an attempt that can never be successful, while man is man, to educate and civilize and cultivate a race, still denying to them openly the rights that are theirs in the sight of God and man.

THE PRESS RESPONSIBLE.
A Bad and Disgraceful State of Affairs.

Philadelphia Telegraph: Governor Gordon and the Georgia Legislature may sincerely and vigorously unite in trying to run down and punish the vigilants who have been scourging helpless colored men with bull-whips, but such outrages are nothing more than legitimate results of the bitter race hatred engendered by the extraordinary course of the leading journals of that State within the past month. The ignorant brutes who have been riding through the country wielding the lash upon helpless victims have been taught to believe that "white supremacy" must be maintained at all hazards, and they are only carrying out their part of the contract, according to their degraded ideas of good citizenship. The leading journals of the South have been sowing terrible seed lately, and they are sure to reap a harvest of disorder and blood. It is a sad and disgraceful state of affairs, and it grows worse all the time.

Purely Disinterested Advice.
Nashville American: The only thing that the South cares for in connection with the Negro exodus which certain Northern papers are waiving breath over, is that it is sorry for the Negro. The Negro is best off as he is, and, while the South can easily spare him, he should not, for his own good, rush into bad company.

"Tis a Feat to Fit the Feet."

SOLID FOOTWEAR.
Plaindealer Readers will find that it always pays to trade AT

J.V. LISEE & CO

"THE SHOEMEN,"
146 Woodward Avenue.

We carry complete lines and make the most pleasing prices in the city.

READ THIS!

Save Your Children.
The Enemies of Childhood.

The undersigned clips the following from the Detroit Commercial Advertiser:

This is my first visit at the "round table," and Villa's letter about worms in children is what brings me here. My child was so bad that he had spasms. I knew that worms were the source of the trouble, but a safe remedy I could not find. I tried everything I had heard of that I dared to, got worm medicine from every drug store in town, and nothing did any good until I tried Stekete's Worm Medicine. I have not much faith in patent medicines generally, but I had heard enough about Doctor Stekete, of Grand Rapids, to know that he was an honorable man and would not recommend a medicine unless it was all that he claimed it to be. I got the medicine, and it proved a perfect success. It is perfectly harmless, and no one need be afraid to give it to the most delicate child. It is not powerful enough to kill the worms; you get them alive and kicking. If you cannot get it of your druggist send to Doctor Stekete, Grand Rapids, Mich., for it.

Mrs. M. H. Jackson, Mich.
Ask for Stekete's Worm Destroyer.
GEO. G. STEKETEE,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

THIS IS RICHARDSON



BARGAIN WEEK
---IN---
BOOTS AND SHOES.

YOU WILL SAVE MONEY BY CALLING AT ONCE.

41 & 43 Monroe Avenue.

MARKET LUNCH ROOM,

JOHN J. PETERSON & P. D. DANCY,
Proprietors.

First Class Meals 15c and 25c.

No. 58 Cadillac Square,
OPPOSITE MARKET.

JAS. A. DOSTON.

BILLIARD
---AND---
POOL PARLOR.

34 MONROE AVE. Up-Stairs.

Detroit, Mich.

ENTRANCE ON FARMER STREET.

Advertise in THE PLAINDEALER.



SOME PUMPKINS

The Detroit Exposition is "some pumpkins," and they say the biggest pumpkin in the whole show is MABLEY & COMPANY'S display. This firm has erected cases at the intersection of the two

main aisles of the main building that cost over \$10,000 to build—each of them being elegant stores in themselves and each crowded with goods—Samples of the leading lines to be found in their 12 stores in the city, which everybody knows forms the largest retail establishment in the state of Michigan. Each of these 12 stores [62 departments] have been crowded full with CLOTHING, [Men's Boys' and Children's], MERCHANT TAILORING, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES, LADIES' and GENTS' FURNISHINGS, LADIES' SUITS, WRAPS, MILLINERY, FANCY GOODS, ART POTTERY, CROCKERY, GLASSWARE, PICTURES, BOOKS, TOYS, Etc., to meet the wants of everybody. Prices here are guaranteed to be 10 to 50 per cent. below those asked by smaller and exclusive dealers.

No one visiting Detroit should fail to wander through the leading Shopping Emporium of the state—to see the most celebrated commercial sight in Detroit, i. e.,

MABLEY & COMPANY'S
12 Stores—62 Departments—2 1/2 Acres Floor Surface.

THE Michigan Steam Laundry,

has removed to its new quarters,
104 RANDOLPH STREET,
between Congress and Larned streets, where they will be glad to see their friends as well as any new customer. Prices as always the lowest.

LOUIS LANG,
Proprietor.

BURNETT'S

SHAVING PARLOR
W. E. BURNETT having re-opened and re-fitted his barber shop at 52 Croghan street, desires the patronage of the general public. Competent workmen always in attendance. Give us a Call.

The patronage of Visitors to the city especially solicited.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WAYNE.
S. M. At a session of the Probate Court for said County of Wayne, held at the Probate Office, in the city of Detroit, on the twenty-seventh day of August, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine. Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate. In the Matter of the Estate of Lorenzo Hurst, deceased. On reading and filing the petition of Lewis Hurst, praying that administration of said estate may be granted to him. It is ordered that Tuesday, the first day of October, next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be a pointed for hearing said petition. And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in THE PLAINDEALER, a newspaper printed and circulated in said County of Wayne.
EDGAR O. DURFEE,
Judge of Probate.
(A true copy.)
HOMER A. FLINT,
Register.

FOR PORT HURON
AND WAY POINTS.
STAR-COLE LINE STEAMERS.
TWO TRIPS DAILY.
LEAVE FOOT OF GRISWOLD ST
Week Days at 9 a. m. and 1.30 p. m. Sundays at 9.30 a. m. and 2.30 p. m. city time. Returning arrives at 11.30 a. m. and 5 p. m.
C. F. BIELMAN, G. T. S.

BARGAINS IN PIANOS!

A small payment down and balance \$5 monthly buys any of the following Pianos and Organs:

Chickering	\$100.
Kimball	80.
Ideal	40.
Bennett and Rogers	50.
Small Upright	75.
F. A. Benjamin	125.
Erard Grand	175.
Grupe and Kindt	110.
Taylor and Farley	28.
Story and Camp	45.
Prescott	60.
Smith American	30.
Standard	25.
Piano Case Melodeons	10.

Any of the above will be taken back within one year on a new instrument and full price paid. Don't be without an instrument when you can get such bargains and on such easy payments. During this sale store open until 8 p. m. Don't forget the name and number.

CRINNELL BROS.' MUSIC STORE,
228 Woodward Ave., Detroit.
Agents for the celebrated Bohmer, Behring, Bradbury, Sterling and Wegman Pianos. Packard, United States and Sterling Organs.

H. RIDIGER. **G. N. REIMOLD**

R. AND R.

MERCHANT TAILORS.

194 Randolph Street.

White's Opera House Block.