Morning Telegram.

GRAND RAPIDS, AUG 6, 1885

MINOR MICHIGAN MATTERS.

Ionia council of the Royal Arcanum numbers over fifty members.

There are now over two hundred patients at the Battle Creek Sanitarium.

Over 600 bushels of huckleberries were shipped from Lawrence City last week.

The Lansing, Alma & Mt. Pleasant railroad grade is complete to Salt River.

The drill in St. Clair river has reached a depth of 36 feet, and is boring through clay.

The storm Monday night prostrated corn badly throughout a wide section of country hereabouts.

The Battle Creek Machinery Company recently shipped several of Boult's carvers and moulders to Australia.

The Muskegon Rifles propose giving a grand party the evening they are mustered into the State service.

Some one shot a beautiful snow white crane on the Black River near Port Huron last week. It will be mounted.

Congressman O'Donnell, of Jackson, has a cadetship at his disposal. It will be filled by competitive examination.

The high wind Sunday blew the steeple of the Congregational church at Battle Creek out of its position so that it leans badly.

The Congregational Society at Port Huron intend to make extensive repairs in their church if the wherewithal can be raised.

In July, Jacksonians used 51,464,080 gallons of water. Cold water is a great favorite in Jackson, according to the Citizen.

Russell Hill, of Clinton County, enjoys the distinction of having his wheat yield forty-four and three-fifths bushels to the acre.

Rev. Mr. Holt delivered a discourse before the convicts at Jackson Sunday morning, on Gen. Grant's character and influence.

Fifteen novices took the black veil Sunday at the convent of St. Francis, Detroit, and 14 young ladies were admitted to the noviate.

Thomas and Spafford Smith, two brothers, the former 86 years old and the latter 76, met recently in Coldwater for the first time in 70 years.

T. H. Preston, one of the most promising young business men of Ionia, died Monday morning of Typhoid fever, after an illness of two weeks.

A partial examination of the remains of Mrs. Ollmaire, whose alleged suicide was reported Saturday, fail to reveal poison. There are suspicions of foul play.

Ira E. Warren, late of Dearborn, has gone to Washington territory to engage in the stock raising business. He took $25,000 in cash along with him to start with.

The First Presbyterian church, of Detroit, has decided to send a $3,500 call to Rev. William A. Barr, late of Aurora, N. Y. Mr. Barr is 39 years old, and unmarried.

On 55 acres John Holden, whose farm is near Kalamazoo, had 1,690 bushels of wheat, 15 acres of which furnished 620 bushels. It was of the velvet chaff variety.

The *Sunday Morning Call*, of Battle Creek, has entered on its second year. There is no reason why it shouldn't live to be a hundred years old if its present excellence is maintained.

Col. Thos. P. Saylor, who was postmaster at East Saginaw until February, 1884, has been drawn on by the government for $6,441.79, a deficiency shown by an examination of his accounts.

S. A. Murphey, of Detroit, has closed a second contract to raise the sunken propeller "Quebec" for $17,500. The first contract made before the condition of the vessel was known, was for $7,200.

Charles McNamee, engaged in caulking pipes on the water works excavation at Ann Arbor, was buried under two tons of earth Tuesday morning. He was rescued before he was seriously injured.

A burglar stole $12 and a bunch of keys from Col. H. E. Baird's house at Battle Creek Saturday. Taking the keys he went down town, opened the back door of Baird's saloon and stole $3 from the money drawer, and left, taking the keys with him.

A little daughter of Major Jones, of Troy, Oakland County, during a heavy rain one day last week, was looking into the cistern, watching the water pour in from the eaves spout, when lightening struck the house and following the spout down struck the girl, pitching her head first into the cistern. The bath probably saved her life.

Among the changes in the tax law are: One year for redemption; sales to take place in October instead of May; duplicate sale certificates to be made out, one for the purchaser, the other to be sent to the Auditor General. No person can bring action for recovery of land after five years; and tax titles for 1882 will remain as a lien for two years.

Warden Massey, who has charge of the Dominion prison at Toronto, is involved in a dispute with conducting theologians, and has invited the wardens of the prisons at Jackson, Mich., Columbus, O., Sing Sing and Auburn, N. Y., to help him out out with advice and, possibly, arbitration. Warden H. F. Hatch departed last night for Toronto.—*Jackson Citizen.*

State Teachers' Institutes will be held at the following named places this week: Leland, Leelanaw county; Pinckney, Livengston county, and Grand Haven, Ottawa county. The appointments for next week are Benzonia, St. Joseph, Cheboygan, Lakeside, Muskegon county, and Pontiac. Those at St. Joseph and Pontiac will continue two weeks.

The Detroit News says the movement to organize a cavalry troop among the young bloods of Detroit's aristocracy, which was started some time ago, has fallen through. About 30 or 40 signatures were obtained to a paper pledging the signers to become charter members of a mounted company and to furnish their own horses; but many of the original movers in the scheme have since lost interest, and it has died of neglect.

The Detroit News says: Dr. H. Erichsen has received the names of 21 persons who express their willingness to unite with him in the formation of a cremation society in Detroit. The list includes C. Schulenburg, A. Wesseben, O. Hermann and Dr. C. R. Eggmann. It is proposed to place the annual dues at $5. Any member will be cremated upon his decease at the society's expense, if he leaves an expressed wish to that effect and if his relatives do not object. A meeting will soon be held to adopt a constitution and elect officers.

A TRAVELER'S TALE.

The Joke a Man Played Upon a Raw Country Lad.

An Alleged Corpse That Would Not Behave Himself With Propriety While Being Watched Preparatory to Burial.

[L. L. Lang, in Judge.]

"Did I ever tell you of the painful death of my old friend and customer, Slab, of Oshkosh? He came to his end by monkeying with an empty rifle, and in a very uncomfortable way. But, never mind that incident, I want to relate a yarn of his early business life. Slab succeeded in business a fellow well known in his part of the country as the rankest practical joker of the day. He tried his dickes on Slab, but that joke was the last he was ever known to attempt. You see, Slab came from the back country a very raw lad and engaged with Memoriam—that was the other fellow's name, I. N. Memoriam—to do the old gentleman's chores about his house, and to sweep out the shop. One day the old man told Slab that he wanted him to sit up and watch the body of a man who had been dead two days and who was laid out in an empty room above the store. Accordingly, at the appointed hour, which was somewhere near midnight, the old man's assistant took Slab up to the room, which was dimly lighted by a single candle, and, after charging him on no account to drop asleep, left him alone with the body, which was decently covered with a white sheet. Now, this body was no other than that appertaining to I. N. Memoriam, Esq., himself, and was as thoroughly alive as mine is now. Understand? Well, the boy took a chair, pulled a book out of his pocket, lit a clay pipe, and settled down comfortably for the night. Just before twelve a tremendous thunder storm came on with all the trimmings of lightning and wind. The candle flickered and threw fantastic shadows about the room. A tree just outside creaked in the wind, and a projecting branch tapped the window from time to time uncannily. Just as the town-clock struck twelve, the supposed corpse groaned heavily and raised his right arm stiffly above his head. The boy didn't faint or make a break for the door, as Memoriam expected. No, sir, he simply walked over and replaced the arm, just as if dead people were in the habit of going through such calisthenics regularly. Then the body reposed quietly until a flash of lightning threw a vivid blue glare in the room, when he groaned more heavily than before and raised both arms above his head. The lad, not a bit funked, remarking only that this was the darndest corpse he ever heard of, crossed over again and replaced the arms. Old Memorian was rather puzzled over all this, but concluded to try it again. Waiting until a sudden gust of wind had blown out the candle, he let loose an unearthly howl at the moment when a tremendous clap of thunder knocked all the milk in the neighborhood sour, and sat upright, with both arms extended wide. Slab was equal to the occasion. He laid his pipe carefully on the table, took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and went over to the body. Shaking his fist in the old man's face, he said:

"See here, stiff, so long as you act like a stiff I'll use you like a stiff, but I'm not bound to respect a dead man that monkeys as you have." So saying, he fetched him a clip under the right ear that made him yell, then taking him by the crop, he bounced him about the room vigorously.

"'Mercy,' wailed the corpse.

"'No mercy here,' replied Slab. 'I'll sweep the floor and calcimine the walls with you. When I get through there won't be a green spot left for Old Memoriam to take up in the morning, if he has all the benzine in town," lamming his head against the wall by way of emphasis.

"'Don't, O, don't. I am Memoriam. I'm not dead.'

"'You lie, you miserable stiff. Your name is Jack Saurrub and you've been dead two days.' And he took him around the waist and hove him into a far corner.

"Just then the assistant made his appearance, a lamp in his hand and a blank look in his pale face.

"'For heaven's sake, Slab, what have you been doing with the corpse,' he said as he threw the light on the face of the undertaker who had fainted under rough treatment.

"'Why, the golf darned old cuss fooled with me until I got tired, so I turned and gave him a rattling good licking,' explained Slab. 'I guess he'll stay dead now till he's planted.'"

"Gentlemen," sung out the porter, putting his head into the doorway at this point, "Gentlemen, dinner is ready in the dining car."

An Old Man's Fish Story.

[Milwaukee Wisconsin.]

Some of the reminiscences of the old settlers of Milwaukee are curious, to say the least. One of these has recently come to light. A veteran states that he was informed by Otis Hubbard, long since dead, who was one of the very of lost residents of Milwaukee, that in 1836 a gentleman came from the East to take up his residence here, who subsequently became honorably prominent as the President of the bank and of the Milwaukee Gas Light Company. He disembarked in the bay, as there was no pier in those days, and the river could not be entered. He was placed in the yawl of the steamer, and while passing to the shore he accident ly dropped his spectacles into the water, and the aforesaid Hubbard avers that in the course of the following spring a sturgeon was caught near the north point, and across the nose of the sturgeon was found the identical pair of spectacles. Such a story as this ought to be supported with a large number of affidavits.

Changing the View.

[Boston Journal.]

A minister at a recent wedding ceremony near being broken up right in the middle of the ceremony, and all by the bride, a pretty, fragile, young little thing and one of his favorite parishioners. She had insisted on the most right of the Episcopal church forms, and her Unitarian minister had hemmed and hawed. Imagine, then, his surprise as he dictated the lines, "Promising to love, honor, and obey," to have her distinctly alter her oath to "Promising to love, honor, and be gay," looking him directly in the face. He had some difficulty in control his inclination to laugh, and, not being prepared for the contingency, let it slip.

DR. AIKIN, 23 Ionia St., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH. Consult the reliable specialist. Cures Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, Impotency, Syphilis, Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Stricture, Varicocele, Hydrocele, Lost Manhood, Impure Blood, Skin and Kidney Diseases, Piles, Tapeworm, Fistula, Rectal Diseases, Diabetes, Bladder and Kidney Troubles, Sexual Debility, Impotency, Loss of Sexual Power, Nervous Prostration or Exhaustion, Dyspepsia, Heart Disease, Lung Disease, Female Diseases, Blood Poison, etc. Call, or write (enclose 4c. for reply) Confidential. Specialty Diseases of Men. Consultation Free. Office hours, 9 to 8 daily, 7 to 8 evenings, Sundays, 10 to 12 only.

"Near or far, apply, certain of the aid you need."

UNCLAIMED DRESS GOODS.

Materials Frequently Left With Dress-makers and Never Called for.

[Chicago News.]

An advertisement appeared a few days ago over the name of a dress-maker to the effect that all garments in her possession, the material for which had been left with her more than six months ago, would be sold within three days from the date of the notice unless the owners claimed their goods and paid for the making.

"So many persons have, for some reason, got into the way of bringing dress materials, and often handsome goods," she explained to a reporter, "getting measured for the fitting, and making appointments to return for the trying on of the garments I have had cut out from the material they have left in my keeping and then never showing up afterward that I've quite a stock of dresses on my hands. Therefore I determined upon the somewhat unusual scheme of advertising them for sale."

"Are the majority of dress-makers troubled in this way?"

"More than you would suppose. They generally notify the persons who own the goods personally if they have their addresses, and if they do not quietly dispose of the dresses to customers whom they will fit or alter them for their own wearing."

"How do you account for people buying goods, placing them with a dress-maker, and giving them up entirely?"

"I can't account for it. With few exceptions, those who do so are working women, often high-priced domestics. They, perhaps, have put out the last cent of some months' savings to get the material. One vicissitude or another may arise, and they find themselves unable to earn anything toward paying the dress-maker. Thus the time passes on, until the season for the goods is over or it has gone out of style, and they'd rather pay for having something else made up. Such people are invariably fickle in their fancies, too. What delights them one month finds no favor with them another. A servant girl who has left dress goods with a dress-maker for weeks is usually ashamed to come back and explain that she has had no money to pay her. She may have been discharged from her place or left it in a huff. She doesn't like to explain these things. The average domestic has little imagination and is, therefore, not fertile in making excuses.

"Occasionally some woman who is well situated, with apparently abundant means, will do the same thing. I have on hand now, and for sale, a skirt and drapery, the material of which was sent here by a Michigan avenue lady. She came in her carriage to see about its arrangement and to be measured for it. The skirt is of very expensive goods. I will show it to you," she said, going into an inner room and returning with a skirt of handsome black embossed satin, with drapery of a rough, stylish woolen stuff. "Now," she added, "the material for both the dress and drapery cost $3 per yard. The lady was very close in her bargain with me, and as I was desirous of securing her patronage I told her I would make it for $4.50. I asked her when she wanted it sent home, and she replied that she'd send a servant for it. I have never seen her since, and no one has ever called for the skirt. I sent my daughter to her residence twice with a request that she either send for it or give payment upon its delivery. She saw my daughter the first time herself, some three months ago, and told her that her mother must have a very limited patronage if she couldn't wait for her money till people sent after their garments. Another young married lady brought an elegant pale-blue and diamond-striped silk to be combined with claret-colored velvet for an evening dress. She was in the greatest haste for it, in order to wear it at a swell social event which occurred last fall. She urged me to make the greatest exertion to have it done in time. We rushed it through. She came and tried it on. It fitted her to perfection. Then she fancied it would be improved by a fall of lace across the front. She departed ostensibly to a leading dry-goods store to buy it. I have never seen her since. I sent the dress with the bill to her fashionable boarding place, but the bearer was told she was no longer there.

"I have had women bring materials and never return even to be measured, leaving addresses which I subsequently found to be fictitious. I don't pretend to account for these vagaries. But I'm going to be more careful hereafter when I take goods from. I fancy that more than one shoplifter makes some dress-maker the innocent recipient of stolen property."

BLACK AND WHITE ROMANCE.

The Remarkable Life History of a Southern Heiress Who Died the Wife of a Negro.

[Troy, N. Y., Special.]

Linked with the life of Frederick McKinney, a colored man who has just died at Amsterdam, is an interesting romance. Years ago he was a slave in the service of Oscar Bardwell, a Virginia planter, with a daughter whose every wish was gratified until it came to asking of her father his consent to her marriage with a young man of a neighboring and wealthy family. There had long been bitter feeling between the heads of the household, and time had not healed the breach. Bardwell, incensed over the thought of a union between his daughter and the son of his enemy, commanded the girl to renounce the young man. Unlike the modern heroine, the girl, instead of leaving the parental roof and fleeing with her lover, yielded obedience to her father's order. Not long afterwards Miss Bardwell brought into her father's presence McKinney, the colored slave, and, with all the fire that a revengeful act can inspire, exclaimed: "This is my husband." Bardwell drove them both from his home, and the comely white girl and her dark-skinned partner went out into the world. They settled in Troy several years ago, and here met a negro who was also formerly one of Bardwell's slaves and who furnishes the details of the strange union of the two lives. They afterward removed to Amsterdam, where, on a pauper's cot in the County Poorhouse, the once beautiful Miss Bardwell breathed her last at the age of sixty-one years. Although hers was not a marriage of love it is said to her credit that she acted through years of poverty and sore the part of a noble wife to her husband, to whom she bore several children. McKinney died in a cheerless shanty in an alley. From the day they left the Virginia plantation they had never heard from the rich father, and, although often menaced by want, never sought his association.

BAYNE JAS. BAYNE, Ground Floor GALLERY, No. 22 Fountain st., East work in the city, moderate prices. NO STAIRS TO CLIMB.

STEKETEE'S

BLOOD BITTERS,

For the Cure of

Malaria, Indigestion, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Impureness of the Blood.

It is one of the Best Remedies for Purifying the Blood known

These Bitters are not Whisky Bitters such as a large majority of Bitters are. My recipe for making these Bitters was first submitted for inspection to the HON. GREEN B. RAUM, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, at Washington, D. C., and the result of said inspection has given the undersigned, and all others, the right to sell these Bitters, anywhere and everywhere within the United States, without paying a special liquor tax therefor.

The Most Reliable Cure.

—FOR—

Scrofula, Diseases of the Skin, Weakness and Debility, Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Liver Complaint, Bloating, Indigestion, Costiveness and many other Diseases which arise from a bad state of the blood and digestive organs.

PURIFY YOUR BLOOD.

Too Good Not to Publish the Following Letter:

MANTON, Mich., June 24, 1885.

MR. GEO. G. STEKETEE—DEAR SIR:—For years I have been troubled with constipation or costiveness, dizziness and wandering of the mind. At times it seemed as though there were thousands of needles penetrating my arms, fingers and legs, with hot and cold flashes running all over me, bad breath and coated tongue. I have taken one bottle of your Steketee's Blood Bitters as you directed when I was at your place. I can say that it has done me more good than anything that I have ever found before. In fact I feel like a new man. No one should be without a bottle of Steketee's Blood Bitters.

M. VANDERCOOK.

STILL ANOTHER---WONDERFUL BUT TRUE.

BE SURE AND READ THE FOLLOWING LETTER:

MR. GEO. STEKETEE.—I wish publicly to say, that my husband's legs and feet, were so badly swollen that he could not wear anything on his feet; his feet also itched terribly, but thanks to the invention of your Blood Bitters, after he used one bottle he is so far better that he can again do his work, which he could not before using your Steketee's Blood Bitters.

MRS. SIENE DE VRIES. Township of Walker, Kent Co., Mich., July 21 1885.

Try a Bottle at 50 cents, Regular size, $1.50 or Three Bottles for $2.50.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR

STEKETEE'S

BLOOD BITTERS,

TAKE NOTHING ELSE,

GEO. G. STEKETEE,

SOLE PROPRIETOR.

P. S.---If your Druggist does not, or will not keep these Bitters on sale, then call at my place of business.

89 Monroe street, next to Morton House, Grand Rapids.

BUY A LOT! GOOD INVESTMENT!!

Best Bargains Ever Offered

LOTS FOR SALE!

Nicely Located on Leonard and Crosby Sts.,

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$150, $200 & $300!

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Secure a Home now. Save the Money paid for Rent. These Lots are Offered at a Great Sacrific for a Short Time and will Readly be worth Twice Their cost within a year.

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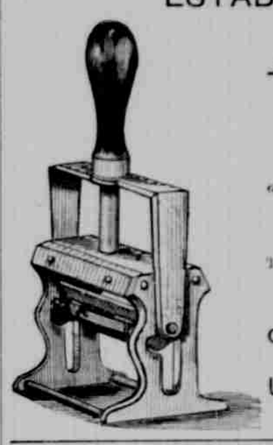

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NOTARY SEALS $3.00.

The best MASS PRESS, finely finished, noiseless, self inker, bank or business stamp, only $3.00.

COMPLETE DATERS FROM $1 TO $5.

Under Fourth Nat. Bank. 19 Lyon St.

ARTHUR WOOD, 37 WATERLOO STREET.

Great Slaughter

—OF—

Baby Carriages.

We have two hundred baby Carriages that must be closed out at some price before

JULY 15,

As we must have the money for them by that time.

If you are interested call and price ours before you buy as it will be to your advantage.

Our line is now complete and prices have never been so low.

S. TYROLER & CO.,

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Agents for Whitney's baby carriages.

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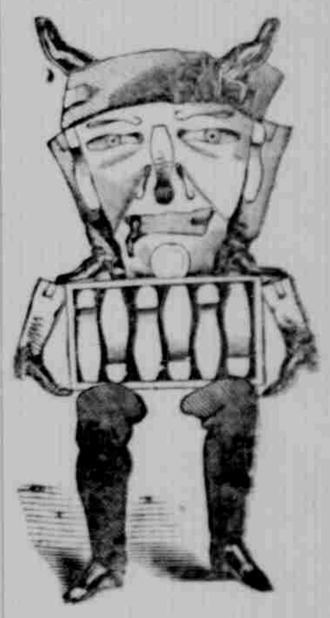
I have never been better prepared to meet your wants with such a



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A very fine Hand Sewed and Hand Turned French Kide, the best there is made and one dollar per pair less than sold in other cities. Also a fine line of Slippers and Walking Shoes, and a large assortment of Kid, and Goat Shoes, at bottom prices. Men's Congress Kid and Calf goods, that beats them all. Call and see.

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Macatawa Park. Why?

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In Michigan, and it only costs ONE DOLLAR for the Round Trip from Grand Rapids.