

"STEP LIVELY, PLEASE"

Swampy Scenes on the Great Brooklyn Bridge.

It had been my privilege, from time to time, to lay before the readers pictures of New York life, of our business methods, our manners (if any), our politics, our private characters and other things for which we hope to be usefully parodied hereafter.

I have stuck to the truth in the love of it, and shall not break my record in the simple narrative which follows. It portrays an everyday incident here.

We had been shopping, and when I took my hat at a cab driver on Park Row, opposite the Brooklyn bridge,



"MOVE OR PLEASE"

various fragile articles in parcels suspended from each of my fingers clashed together with a sound as of cymbals. At this the cab horse paused in the act of stepping on me, and opening his toothless jaws, emitted a wild neigh of astonishment and about a pint of green foam, which delicately mottled the surface of my new winter overcoat.

But the vast crowd of people rushing across the street carried me along, and I lost a portion of the cab driver's forceful and entertaining remarks. A great trench extended along the middle of the street. Some corporation was putting down something or slipping up something, I forget which, but I know it must have "put up something" first, or it wouldn't have got its franchise.

The trench was roofed with boards, except where holes were left for the workmen to come up when they wanted to and the rest of us to fall down when we didn't. Along this roof of boards horse cars dashed madly in both directions, so that the crowd was caught in a great pair of scissors, and why hundreds were not killed I know not, unless Providence interposed to save the railway corporation from suits for damages.

Before us yawned the bridge entrance, a dark gulf into which the immense throngs from all sides seemed to be drawn by a vast, unseen suction. To the right each vehicle as had been thrust through the press of traffic on the flow was plying their way through the narrow current of human beings.

Long lines had formed before the windows when tickets were sold. Maude was to purchase the tickets, because I could not make change with my left thumb, which was all I had at liberty. She took her place in one of the lines, but it moved so dreadfully slow that she shifted to another which moved more slowly yet, so she changed back again, losing about twenty feet each time.

"Oh, dear, we can get them much quicker upstairs," she said, abandoning the line. I ventured to remonstrate, but she had already got under her handbag, and I could only chase her. To get upstairs it was necessary to cross the roadway for vehicles. Maude did it in the feminine style. She bestowed one vicious dig upon a policeman who was in her way at all, and then, shifting her eyes, she dashed across the roadway and butted the fat policeman so violently that the impact of her head stopped the big tin-walsh in his waistcoat pocket. I might have laughed at his dismay had not a woman, lurching suddenly from the opposite side, struck me almost in the same place. Not having the resisting power of the big policeman's equatorial diameter, I was doubled up like a jack-knife, and in this attitude I slid under the stomach of a tall horse and joined Maude.

Then we ascended the stairs. It is a wonderfully impressive sight one sees as he goes along that broad line of hats crowded so close that they look like the black back of some great serpent writhing up the stairs and writhing through the covered passage. I have seen this penny-in-the-slot fellow, and it doesn't do to give them such a tempting mark as that which I have indicated. Then, too, a man has to keep his wits about him in such circumstances, that he may

successfully evade the woman who is always going up just ahead of him with a parasol sticking out behind her to the great peril of his eyes. Then there is that other woman who always drops a parcel just as you are swinging around the corner of the crowded passage. Sometimes you fall over her, and are stepped on, and she accuses you of being responsible for all the damage. Again, you are polite, and stoop to pick up her parcel, in which case she dives for it herself and you bump heads with her and are cursed by those behind you, and ridiculed by the others.

We worried through all these difficulties, and many more, and Maude made another attempt to secure tickets. The crowd was even greater here than below, and it was more impatient. The bridge train was in sight and we all eagerly to catch it. I was crowded into a corner and jammed farther and farther into it, till I could feel my slender form penetrating the cracks in the wall, and the thought came over me that they would have to wash me out of there with a mop. Presently I saw Maude cast up before the ticket window like a bit of wreckage on the Johnston flood. She had pennies in her hand. She counted them. There were but five, and the fare is three cents. Then she went for her pocket-book. It wasn't in her pocket. People behind her were howling for her to hurry up and get out of the way. She accused everybody in general of having picked her pocket, and then suddenly she remembered where it was.

"Howdy!" she screamed, "give me my pocket-book!" The crowd howled. Maude was pushed away from the window, and carried by the box in which the tickets have to be deposited. "Ticket!" yelled the man at the box. Maude endeavored to tell him her story. I did not want to see how he bore this affliction. I made a break for the ticket window. I inserted my unoccupied thumb into my pocket, and pulled out a coin. It was a penny. I thought it was a dime. Then I tried it again, and pulled out the same penny once more. I knew that there were eleven dimes and only one penny in that pocket, so relying on the theory of probabilities I let the



THEY WERE BUT FIVE PENNIES. penny slip back, and tried a third time. I knew by the feeling of the coin which came out that it must be the penny again, so I dropped it on the floor. It proved to be a dime. I stooped to pick it up, and a tall man carrying something which, from the nature of the impression it made when he dropped it on my head, I took to be a small cooking stove, fell over me, followed by his wife and three children. However, I recovered the dime, and succeeded in working my way up to the window. I laid down the dime with my thumb, and endeavored to pick up four cents change with the same member. Anybody who thinks he can do that, can get a good bet on with me at any time. Finally a kind-hearted gentleman picked them up for me, and, a few seconds later I found myself on the other side of the box, where, in a swirling eddy of the crowd, our family was reunited.

But it was now necessary to board the train. The surging sea of people bore us up another flight of steps, and we found ourselves upon the platform whence the trains start. Here policemen whose labors make those of Horatius and his companions, at that other bridge, seem like a Sunday school picnic, shouted: "Pass up forward! Plenty of room up forward!" We went up forward, not because we believed the police, but because we could not help it. The crowd was going that way, and that settled it. Presently a train was pushed up to the platform. The gates were opened. There was a mad rush, such as Hagedinger, late of Yale, never dreamed of in his most murderous moments. Directly in front of me was a woman. It wasn't Maude, for she was already inside. She has a faculty for going through crowds which is very valuable to her, and deleterious to others. But the woman in front of me appeared to be having a hard time. I tried to shield her from the crush. I bent my back and dug my heels into the platform, and it seemed as if several thousand pounds of dead weight lay on my shoulders. At last we were inside.

So we pushed one another about, and girls giggled and men opened newspapers in such a way as to hit somebody in the nose with each hand, and at last we reached the other side of the bridge. Then the gentlemen opened the gates and we all rushed pell-mell through them, while the policemen uttered their very best joke: "Step lively, please!" addressed to a crowd that was simply tearing its way along.

Ah! well; sometimes I think there are too many of us in these big cities. Sometimes I long for plenty of room. And then, again, I get into the spirit of the thing, and plunge gladly into these great crowds; push people about and get the same treatment in return; and rejoice that I am one of the throng here, where there is so much money to earn and so much more to owe; so much life in a day, and so few days, on the average, in a life.

HOWARD FIELDERS.

FAMILY GRAVEYARDS.

Lonesome Nights That Are to Be Seen on Southern Indiana Farms.

"There is no place like southern Indiana for graveyards," said a resident of Bloomfield, Ind., to a Chicago Globe man recently. "Now, that section including Greencastle, Monroe, Brown and Sullivan counties is a wonderful land to travel. It looks as though the old settlers of fifty years ago wanted each one to have a graveyard of his own. Every mile or two, often far from any roadway, totally inaccessible to wagons without laying waste the fences, you come upon little rock-walled or rail-bound inclosures containing the dead of one family. Father, mother and several children lie there, and none others.

"These places have long been forsaken and forgotten. Weeds flourish in profusion and hide the wind and rain-stained tombstones from view. Often with a companion I have entered one of those little inclosures, trampled and torn out the weeds and righted the five or six headstones that had fallen and buried even the inscribed virtues of the dead into the wormy earth. "These people had no country churchyard. No preacher except the visiting parson who came monthly on horseback. They had no funeral in the present sense of the word. Plain wooden boxes were used for coffins and often the sturdy youth of the family made the coffin for the dead parent or relative. These little spots were dear to those families. One can see that by the loving little inscriptions and decorations. When they were all dead no one remained to care for them and they fell into decay and ruin.

"They are lonesome sights, those little groups of white pillars. In the winter when the trees are bare and the grass dead, I have seen flocks of crows coming and circling about the clump of trees that usually cluster about those places. The bitter wind moans through the crackling branches and those crows wheel about and caw and croak until the world seems truly a place of sorrow and death."

MOUNTAINS IN THE ATLANTIC.

Their Tops Covered with Shells Miles Below the Surface.

Four years ago the British government sent out an expedition to map the bottom of the Atlantic ocean. The work is now about completed and a report has been issued. It shows that if the water were drained away the bed of the ocean would show a vast plain traversed near the center by a mountain range running parallel with the American coast. Another range, running almost at right angles to this, extends from Newfoundland to Ireland. In a general way these facts were known before, but it is now ascertained that the tops of these sea mountains are about two miles below the surface and that the basins, instead of being "unfathomed depths," are about four or one-half miles below the surface. Of course this is far enough, but one would a great deal rather know that the bottom is five miles down than to be told that its location has not been ascertained. The latter is so utterly hopeless. A curious fact regarding the mountains is that their tops are as white as though they lay in the region of perpetual snow. The reason for this, according to the Rochester Post-Express, is that the mountains are thickly covered with a species of pure white shells. The legends of the lost Atlantis are borne out by the finding of an elevated plateau, the shape and extent of which corresponds to the size of the lost Atlantis almost exactly."

HARD WORK NOT INJURIOUS.

With Good Habits Neither Brains Nor Body Can Be Hurt by Labor.

Dr. Fye Smith holds that there is no fear of the ordinary man using his brains too much for health and he does not believe that mental labor or honest work of any kind interferes with health or shortens life a day. He maintains that excessive eating is the abuse that tends to the injury of brain-workers more than any other cause.

Many active brain-workers have suddenly broken down, and fancied that it was due to brain fatigue, when, as a matter of fact, it was due to overstuffing of their stomachs. The furnace connected with the mental machine, being clogged up with ashes and carbon in various shapes and forms, and, as a result, disease came, and before the case was fully appreciated a demoralized condition of the nervous system was manifested, and the prostatic cause for the collapse was suppressed under the euphemistic "mental overwork."

Dr. Smith insists that if a man will take nutritious, digestible food, in judicious quantity, live and work regularly, and rest when fatigued, cultivating at the same time a philosophical habit, and keeping himself aloof from fret and annoyances, the chances are that he can work an indefinite length of time. He must, however, bear in mind that when weariness comes he must rest and not take stimulants and work upon false capital.

DOGS IN ANCIENT EGYPT.

Canaan Had a Very Easy Time in the Land of the Pharaohs.

In Egypt the dog was a friend and faithful servant, says Nature. He lived in the house with his master, followed him in his walks, attended the public ceremonies, sometimes free, at other times held in leash by a slave or a child, or in princely families by a favorite dwarf. At his meals he had his place marked under the benches of the guests.

The house dog was shaved, combed and washed. He was sometimes tamed with human, as if he were a woman. He wore fine collars on his neck, furnished sometimes with an earthenware clasp in the shape of a bell or flower. Children played with him, became attached to him, and the hero of one story, to whom his father had predicted at his birth that he would die of the bite of a dog, willingly confronted the threatening danger rather than be separated from the dog he had raised. He, of course, had a name to which he answered—Si-toza, the ferretor; Khaobent, the lamp or star; Soubon, the strong, and Nabel, the black.

He is seen with kings as well as with common persons. Ramses II. during the earlier years of his reign was always escorted by a female dog, which was called Anafennation, or "Brave as the Goddess Anafis." A pretty king of the eleventh dynasty, about 3800 B. C., had five dogs, which he so loved that he carried their names and engraved their portraits on his tomb. They were, indeed, blooded animals, whose names revealed their foreign origin. The finest of them was called Ahikaron, a faithful

transcription of the word abakour, by which the hunting dog is designated in many of the Berber districts.

GROWTH OF THE HAIR.

How It is Affected by Certain Kinds of Food—Diet Affects Its Length.

The influence of diet upon the growth of hair is the subject of a paper in which the writer says: Several cases of shedding of hair after influenza have confirmed my opinion that diet has much to do with the production and with the cure of symptomatic alopecia. Hair contains five per cent of sulphur, and its ash twenty per cent of silicon and ten per cent of iron and manganese. Solutions of beef, or rather part of it, starchy mixture, and even milk, which constitute the diet of patients with influenza and other fevers, cannot supply these elements, and atrophy at the roots and falling of hair result.

The color and strength of hair in young mammals is not attained so long as milk is the sole food. As to damage, iron has prompt influence. The foods which most abundantly contain the above named elements are the various albumenoids and the oat, the ash of that grain yielding twenty-two per cent of silicon. I have often found a dietary largely composed of oatmeal and brown bread greatly promote the growth of hair, especially when the baldness was preceded by constipation and sluggish capillary circulation. Those races of men who consume most wheat are the most hirsute.

Nothing to Fear. Foreigner—Scientists agree that climates are changing all over the globe. Is there not fear that the American climate may change for the worse? American (confidentially)—Oh, no. It couldn't.—Democrat's Magazine.

A Business Transaction.

Note Broker—Let me see, dear, what is the date of the wedding? His Finance—October 7, sweet. Note Broker—Ah, yes; and three days of grace will bring it to the 10th, love.—Judge.

Experience of an Ex-Champion.

Athletes and men who take ordinary outdoor exercise such as walking, running, bicycle riding, jumping, swimming, tennis, etc., are often the subjects of acute troubles. The experience of an ex-champion walker will be of interest to all who are afflicted. Harry Brooks writes: "No. 324 East 19th St., New York, April 2, 1888.—Numerous statements relative to the merits of different plasters having been brought to my attention, I take this opportunity to state that I have used Allcock's Porous Plaster for over twenty years and prefer them to any other kind. I would furthermore state that I was very sick with catarrh of the kidneys, and attribute my recovery entirely to Allcock's Porous Plaster."

Desired Information.

We desire to impress upon the minds of the public the superiority of the service offered by the Wisconsin Central Line. Chicago and Milwaukee and St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth and all points in the Northwest. Two fast trains leave Chicago daily for St. Paul, Minneapolis and Duluth with Pullman Vestibule Drawing Room Sleepers and Coaches of latest design. Dining Car service is unsurpassed. This public is invited to judge for itself. It is the only route to the Pacific Coast over which both Pullman Vestibule, first-class, and Pullman Tourist Cars are operated from Chicago via St. Paul without change.

Samplets giving valuable information can be obtained free upon application to your nearest ticket agent, or to James C. Pond, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Mothers and Daughters.

Over twelve years I was afflicted with a very serious female difficulty and for the last sixteen months was under treatment of three of the very best physicians that money could employ. Under their skillful treatment I gradually grew worse, until they decided they could render me no permanent relief. One Dr. Scribner, of Dullman's Great German Uterine Tonic, and after taking three bottles, I can say I am in better health than I have been for twenty years, and am now 60 years old, but feel as young as at 30.

June 2, 1919.

Mrs. S. E. CARPENTER, Lapeer, Mich., No. 73 Monroe street.

Are your children subject to cramp? If so, you should never be without a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is a certain cure for cramp, and has never been known to fail. If given freely as soon as the crampy cough appears it will prevent the attack. It is the only safe remedy with thousands of mothers who have crampy children, and never disappoints them. There is no danger in giving this Remedy in large and frequent doses, as it contains nothing injurious. 50 cent bottles for sale by J. J. Wurzburg, druggist, 58 Monroe street.

Don't Get Imposed Upon.

Is a good motto to follow in buying a medicine as well as in everything else. By the universal satisfaction it has given and by the many remarkable cures it has accomplished, Dullman's Great German Blood Purifier, Stomach and Kidney Cure has proven itself unequalled for building up and cleansing your system and for all diseases arising from impure blood. Do not experiment with an untried or untried article which you are told is as good, but be sure and get Dullman's All Druggists Keep it.

For sale at D. C. Scribner's drug store, No. 73 Monroe street.

"Royal Ruby" brand port wine sold by White & Brown, Fruit, Brok. & Schmidt, leading druggists, is the best, purest and cheapest. \$1.00 in quart bottles; pints 60 cents. Never sold in bulk. All druggists and doctors recommend it.

ROYAL WINE CO., Chicago.

Life Worth Living.

Not if you go through the world a dyspeptic. Dr. Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets are a positive cure for the worst forms of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Flatulency and Constipation. Guaranteed. Sold by White & White.



A Defective Link Weakens a Strong Chain.

The female organization is a series of links, so to speak. Note the nervous irritability of one, the restlessness of another, the inability to sleep, and perhaps secret suffering. It means that a link of a chain is weakened. Those ailments are promptly overcome by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; it conquers all those weaknesses and ailments so prevalent among our women.

DEAR FRIEND OF WOMEN.—I have derived so great benefit from the use of your Vegetable Compound that I recommend it in the strongest terms. I consider it superior to any other preparation for Female Complaints.—Mrs. E. A. BECK, 18 Willoughby Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Very Much Surprised. I have been afflicted with neuralgia for nearly two years, have tried physicians and all known remedies, but found no permanent relief until I tried a bottle of Dullman's Great German Lintment and it gave me instant and permanent relief. 25 cents per bottle. Signed, A. B. SMITH, Hamilton, Mich., April 11, 1891. For sale at D. C. Scribner's drug store.

Headache!

For earache, toothache, sore throat, swollen neck and the results of colds and inflammation, use Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, the great pain destroyer.

Don't become constipated. Take Beecham's Pills.

The greatest worm destroyer on earth is Dullman's Great German Worm Lozenges, only 25 cents per box. For sale at D. C. Scribner's drug store.

Buy Dullman's Great German 15 cent Liver Pills, forty in each package, at Scribner's.

Buy Dullman's Great German 15 cent Liver Pills, forty in each package, at Scribner's.

Buy Dullman's Great German 25 cent Cough Cure at D. C. Scribner's.

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HEADACHE! Of all forms, Neuralgia, Spasms, Pits, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Headaches, Migraine, Optic Nerve, Drunkenness, etc., are cured by DR. WILDS' RESTORATIVE NERVINE. It is a powerful and safe remedy for all nervous diseases. It does not contain opium or dangerous drugs. "I have been taking DR. WILDS' RESTORATIVE NERVINE for Epilepsy. From September to January almost using the Nervine I had at least 75 convulsions, and now after three months' use have no more attacks."—JOHN B. COLLIER, Boston, Mich. "I have been using DR. WILDS' RESTORATIVE NERVINE for about four months. It has brought me relief and cure. I have taken it for epilepsy, and after using it for one week have had no attacks."—HARD C. BRISTON, Hesterville, Pa. Fine book of great cures and trial bottles. At Druggists Everywhere, or address DR. WILDS' RESTORATIVE NERVINE, Eldhart, Ind.

KIRK'S DUSKY DIAMOND TAR SOAP. Healthful, Agreeable, Cleansing. Cures Chapped Hands, Wounds, Burns, etc. Removes and Prevents Dandruff. AMERICAN FAMILY SOAP. Best for General Household Use.

MAGIC LANTERNS AND STEREOPTICONS. For private and public use. A profitable business for a man of small means. Complete from \$1.00 upwards. Catalogue on application. BLACK & CO., Opticians, 115 Woodland Ave., Detroit, Mich.

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WASHBURN. Guitars, Mandolins & Zithers in various sizes and quality of tone are the best in the world. Warranted to wear in any climate. Sold by all fine music stores. Especially interested in the purchase of Washburn's guitars with the Washburn FREDERICKS.

SPROUL & MCGURRIN. Plumbing, Steam and Hot Water Heating. HOT AIR FURNACES. MANTELS, GRATES AND TILING, GAS AND ELECTRIC FIXTURES. ETC., ETC., ETC. For Estimates Home and other branches. Water and Sewer Connections. Sewer Pipes which kill all microbes and germs and make water also justly pure. Durable. Instantaneous Water Heaters, designed for Bath. Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Plumbers' Supplies.

Jacob Meyers. wishes to announce that he has reopened his LAKE ROAD LIVERY! AT 25 1/2 LAKE AVE., First class rigs can be had at a moderate price or by renting or leasing—\$4.00. Also for Sale Harnesses, Carriage, Buggies, etc. or will exchange for anything in my line. Also business done, day, week, or month.

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POWERS' GRAND OPERA HOUSE. WM. T. POWERS, Proprietor. WM. H. POWERS, Manager.

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The Great New York Success

WADES METROPOLITAN STARS

MISS PEARL MAY VANDERBILT, Musical Director. Miss Ida M. Goddard, Contralto Soloist and Pianist. Mr. Edward Bush, Jr., Tenorist and Buffo Bass. Mr. Howard B. Starrett, Polychordist, Caricaturist and Stage-Proprietor. In one of the most entertaining programs ever offered to the public.

Under the auspices of Valley City Council No. 41, Royal Arcanum.

General Admission, 50c; reserved seats, 75c; gallery, 25c. Box office will be open for the sale of seats Monday, Nov. 29, at 9 a. m.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE. BRADY & GARWOOD, Managers.