NORTHERN TRIBUNE

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THE WEEKLY

NORTHERN TRIBUNE.

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W. CHANDLER,

CHEBOYGAN, MICHIGAN.

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Local notices 10 cents per line for the first insertion, and 5 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

Cards in Business Directory, five lines or under, $5 per year; each additional line $1 per year.

Time Tables.

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R. R.

AND C., R. & F. W. R. R.

CONDENSED TIME CARD, NOV. 21, 1875.

GOING NORTH.

	EXPRESS	EXPRESS	ACCOM.
Cincinnati	7:00 P. M.	8:00 A. M.	4:00 P. M.
Richmond	10:10 "	11:05 "	5:25 "
Winchester	11:28 "	12:12 P. M.	5:55 "
Ridgeville	11:54 "	12:34 "	6:50 "
Portland	12:26 A. M.	1:00 A. M.	6:20 "
Decatur	1:45 "	2:09 "	.....
Ft. Wayne	3:30 "	3:10 P. M.	8:15 "
Kendallville	4:49 "	4:26 "	9:12 "
Lagrange	5:38 "	5:13 "	10:5 "
Sturgis	6:08 "	5:42 "	11:05 "
Wraipi, A L cro'ing	6:37 "	6:10 "	11:45 "
Vicksburg	7:13 "	6:45 "	12:30 P M
Kalamazoo	7:55 "	7:30 "	2:25 "
Gd. Rapids { ar	10:15 "	9:45 P. M.	4:35 "
Gd. Rapids { de	10:30 "	7:00 A. M.	4:45 "
Howard City	12:42 P. M.	10:05 "	6:32 "
Big Rapids	1:54 "	11:49 A. M.	7:38 "
Reed City	2:25 "	1:00 P M.	8:10 "
Clam Lake	4:40 "	3:23 A. M.	9:32 "
Traverse City	6:30 "	.....	.....
Petoskey	9:20 "	.....	.....

GOING SOUTH.

	EXPRESS	EXPRESS	ACCOM.
Petoskey	6:00 A. M.	.....	.....
Traverse City	8:20 "	.....	.....
Clam Lake	11:15 "	12:50 P. M.	5:15 A M
Reed City	12:40 P. M	3:11 "	6:40 "
Big Rapids	1:20 "	4:04 "	7:18 "
Howard City	2:28 "	5:31 "	8:18 "
Gd. Rapids { ar	4:15 "	8:35 "	10:00 "
Gd. Rapids { de	4.35 "	7:00 A. M	10:10 "
Kalamazoo	7:15 "	9:50 "	1:25 P M
Vicksburg	7:36 "	10:02 "	.....
Wasiel, A. L. c'ing	8:22 "	10:50 "	.....
Sturgis	8:49 "	11:09 "	.....
Lagrange	9.17 "	11:39 "	.....
Kendallville	10:06 "	12:20 P. M.	.....
Ft. Wayne	11:50 "	2:35 "	.....
Decatur	1:01 A. M	3:34 "	.....
Portland	2:32 "	4:31 "	7:10 A M
Ridgeville	3:05 "	5:02 "	7:28 "
Winchester	3:33 "	5:25 "	7:52 "
Richmond	5:00 "	6:35 "	9:10 "
Cincinnati	8:55 "	9:40 "	.....

All trains run daily, Sundays excepted.

J. H. PAGE,
Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent.

Drugs.

PERRIN BROS.

DRUGGISTS

DEALERS IN

DRUGS MEDICINES, CHEMICALS

TOILET AND FANCY ARTICLES

CIGARS AND TOBACCO

Corner Main and Elm Streets,

CHEBOYGAN, MICH.

THE CITY DRUG STORE.

A FULL LINE OF

Pure Drugs, Medicines, Varnish,

Glass, Oils and Dye-Stuffs,

Will always be found at

THE CITY DRUG STORE.

A large and carefully selected stock of

FANCY GOODS,

TOILET ARTICLES,

PERFUMERY, &c.

Careful buyers will find it to their advantage to give us a call.

A. M. GEROW, proprietor.

nov1tf

Mackinaw Summer Resorts.

JOHN JACOB ASTOR HOUSE

Headquarters old

American Fur Company.

NEWLY repainted and refitted this season. In close proximity to the landing. Livery and boats, &c., &c., furnished at a moment's notice. Bath rooms, billiard rooms, sample rooms and barber shop attached. no4-1y

Attorneys.

WATTS S. HUMPHREY,

COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,

Cheboygan, Mich.

nov1tf

Physicians.

DR. F. J. POMMIER,

Physician, Surgeon and Accoucheur,

Can be found at his residence, opposite the Catholic Church, at Cheboygan.

It having been reported that I do not intend to remain in this place, I take this manner of informing the public that I intend to make this place my permanent residence, and shall in the spring open a first-class drug store, where the best and purest French medicines shall be kept. All those who desire medical treatment for any malady I shall be happy to wait upon. no18-3m

A. M. GEROW, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Office at City Drug Store. Professional calls promptly attended. nov1tf

T. A. PERRIN, M. D.,

Office in Central Drug Store, sign of the Red Mortar, Howell's block. nov1tf

Hotels.

BENTON HOUSE,

F. S. ABBOTT, Proprietor.

Cheboygan, Mich. Good fishing in the vicinity. Excellent accommodations for the traveling public. nov1tf

Real Estate.

FARMING LANDS AND TOWN LOTS for sale and houses to rent by

R. PATTERSON, Cheboygan.

nov1tf

Barber Shop.

W. ... LEY,

BARBER AND HAIR DRESSER,

Shop opposite the Benton House, on Third St.)

Ladies switches made to order in the best style. Combings, which many consider worthless, made up equally well with other hair. Persons in want of anything in this line will do well to give me a call. nov1tf

Real Estate.

TURNER, SMITH & HUMPHREYS

REAL ESTATE OFFICE.

CHEBOYGAN, MICH.

10,000 ACRES

OF

Choice Hard Wood Farming

LANDS

FOR SALE. PRICE, $3 TO $10 PER ACRE.

TERMS TO SUIT PURCHASERS.

A small payment down and the balance in easy installments.

THESE LANDS are all situated within a reasonable distance of Cheboygan, and are among the best in this section of the state. It is cheaper to buy choice land near town, at a reasonable price, than to take inferior lands for nothing. no17-tf

Insurance.

ROLLO & CO.,

INSURANCE AGENTS.

CHEBOYGAN, MICHIGAN.

Represent the following

"OLD RELIABLE" COMPANIES:

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

"HOME," of New York.

Assets.....$5,750,000

"WESTERN," of Toronto.

Assets, gold.....$1,546,000

"Fire & Marine," of Detroit.

Assets.....$380,000.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

"MUTUAL," of New York.

Assets.....$75,000,000

"MANHATTAN, of New York.

Assets.....$9,700,000

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.

"TRAVELERS," of Hartford, Ct.

Assets.....$3,250,000

Accident policies for lumbermen in the woods, securing $10 per week in case of injury, or $2,000 in case of death, cost only $30 a year;

Every description of Insurance written at lowest rates consistent with ABSOLUTE security. no15-19tpow

NORTHERN TRIBUNE.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1876.

The Improvement Association.

The regular monthly meeting of the Improvement Association will take place next Tuesday evening. Considerable business of importance will come before the meeting, and it is hoped that every member will be present. Some matters connected with the inland navigation improvement require the action of the association, as well as some in reference to the camp meeting, harbor improvements, signal station and dry dock. The Board of Directors wish the sense of the members upon what action shall be taken upon all these matters, and therefore desire a full attendance. Immediate action should be taken upon all these matters. They are all of much importance to this village, and should be pushed with vigor.

The meeting will be held in Cuony's Hall and commence at seven o'clock. Let all be on hand promptly.

Grand Traverse Conference.

The fourteenth annual meeting of the Grand Traverse Congregational Conference, will be held in Homestead, January 18-20. The following is the programme for the occasion.

Tuesday, 7 p. m.—Opening sermon, Rev. Emerson F. Smith.

Wednesday, a. m.—Devotional; exercises; General business; Taxing church property, Rev. John Pettitt.

Afternoon.—Meeting of Home Missionary Committee; Bible in the Public Schools, Rev C. C. Baldwin; Sanctification, Rev. R. Redeoff.

Evening.—Sermon, Rev. Geo. Thompson.

Thursday, a. m.—Devotional exercises; Pastoral Visitation, Rev. C N. Coulter; Scripture Reading, Rev. J. L. Maile; Hymn Reading, Rev. O. H. Spoor.

Afternoon,—Narrative of State of Religion; consecration meeting.

Evening.—Sermon. Rev. Leroy Warren; Communion Service.

The Skating Rink.

The weight of the snow that fell on the roof of the skating rink, the early part of the week was too much for the foundation on which the posts rested, and started outward in search of a firmer foundation. They sunk so deep in the soft bottom as to necessitate the raising of the roof. This the energetic proprietors proceeded to do at once, and now are anxiously waiting sufficient frigidity to form the ice necessary, when they will be ready for business. We wish them success.

Bogus Postal Cards.

Mean men are plenty or they would not get up and circulate bogus postal cards. The idea of cheating our benevolent Uncle Sam out of a fraction of a cent (for the bogus card must cost something) is as contemptible as it used to be for congressmen to frank their dirty clothes home to be washed. The bogus cards are not technically counterfeits, for instead of the direction to "Write the address on this side, the message on the other," there are the following words: "You may write the address and message anywhere you like and send it."

Appreciated.

Mr. Al. Smith, who drives the stage between here and Petoskey, was made the recipient of a fine present the other day. It will be remembered that he drove the stage through with the camp ground locating committee. So well were they pleased with the style in which he took them through, that they sent him a package containing five of the new silver trade dollars, as a testimonial of their appreciation of his services. The gift was entirely unexpected, and is highly appreciated by the recipient.

Liberal.

The editor of the TRIBUNE a few days since received a postal card from a resident of Indiana, who is the owner of a small quantity of land in this county, stating that he had just received the TRIBUNE, giving the account of the visit of the camp meeting committee to this place, and desiring that his name be put down for $25 towards the fund for securing the location. If every non-resident would pay proportionally to the amount of land owned, our offer to the committee could be doubled.

One of the boys who had made a firm resolve to quit swearing, recently rose up from the smallest end of a tack, and said "Je"—but recollecting his resolution, ended with—"wsharp."

The demon of dulness which is often allowed to reign at home, has more to do with driving young men into vicious company than the attractions of vice itself.

Quite a number of persons found their way into the gutter from the sidewalk last night. A slight elevation of spirits brought their downfall,

Don't forget the Improvement Association meeting next Tuesday night at Cuony's Hall. Let every member be on hand, It will be an important meeting.

A letter from Mr. Patterson announces his safe arrival at his destination.

HOW WE PUT UP THAT STOVE.

BY R. D.

Written for the Northern Tribune.

She gently parted off a lock of hair from her forehead, and drawing the comb through it proceeded to dampen it, after which, commencing at the very tip end of that lock of hair she wound it around a piece of "tea lead" just as tight as possible; and as she wound she talked. She said that the sitting-room stove ought to be put up; that the storm door ought to be got out and put over the front door; that the outside windows ought to be put on; that we ought to have some long sticks wound with listing and tacked upon the door jams for the outside doors to shut against when closed, to keep the wind out; and the faster she talked the faster and harder she wound that front hair around those bits of "tea lead."

I did not say much, for I was trying to read the last number of the TRIBUNE, and besides, when she mentioned that sitting-room stove, I didn't dare trust myself to say much, for if there is anything I detest it is putting up a stove. We had not been married long, and up to this time she never mistrusted that I had a temper of my own; for I had been very careful thus far to govern myself and temper. But I said nothing and read on, only to read it all over again, for the more she talked the less I understood of what I was reading. Finally I laid aside my paper, and playfully remarked:

"My dear, do you know what an awful thing it is to put up a stove?"

She opened her blue eyes very wide, and looking at me with a look of astonishment, said: "Why, no! is it so very awful, though?"

Said I: "Yes; the most terrible thing you can ask a man to do, is to ask him to put up a stove; for the reason that it tries histemper—his disposition too—to keep good natured and not swear.

Said she, with a look of wonder: "No, I did not know it." And then wreathing her pretty face all over with smiles, "but you could, couldn't you? I know you could, for you never get mad and swear, and I don't believe you could if you were to try."

Now this was treading on dangerous ground for me, but somehow I could not help it, and said "that I thought I could put up that sitting-room stove and not swear."

"Of course you can," said she, "I know you can, and you will do it to-morrow, wont you? because it is getting cold weather, and—and may be you will get mad and swear, though, after all, and then, O, my! how bad I would feel," and a look of sadness came over her face.

Well, the upshot of it was, that I promised. I was sorry I did as soon as the words were out of my mouth. But having once promised it was no use to back out; besides I could see that she had determined to try me, and I had found out to a certainty long before this that when she had fully determined upon a thing it had to be done. I would not wish to have you think that I did not have my way when I wanted it, though I confess that some way or other when I did have my way it turned out that it was just as she wanted to have it.

Well, the morning came, and it was a damp, unpleasant one for the business I had in hand. I thought best to prepare myself for the worst, so I told my little wife, after breakfast, that she had better just put on her things and make Mrs. S—— a call while I put up the stove, but she said no, she wouldn't do it, for she was going to help me put up that stove. I saw it was no use; that she would help me put up that stove any how, do or say what I would.

We went out to the shed and looked at the stove. We raised it off the floor. It was all she could do to raise her side of it, and again I tried to urge something; anything to get rid of her in this, to me terrible, trying time; but she said no so firmly that I gave up, and at it we went.

By hard work we at last got it to the position where we wanted it to stand. I went out and brought in all the pipe I could find. There were long pieces and short pieces; straight pieces and crooked ones; and by the time I got them all in and ready for use, there was hardly room enough for wife and I to stand on the floor.

The first length—and I intend to be a little particular in my description of this awful scene—required to be an oval length instead of a round one. I told her that I must go to the tinner's and get one made, as I could see none among those around us on the floor. I started off, glad of my pretext to get away. I had got out a few steps, when she called me back and said that there was no need of that, as we could take one of them lengths and just press it together at one end like that, and she held up a length between her two pretty hands.

I saw it all at once, and very smilingly said, "she was an angel and knew more than I, ten to one." You see I was bound to keep good natured any way, so I put on a smile whether I felt it or not. We succeeded in gettting the first two or three lengths together first-rate and without much trouble. Then after carefully taking a measure, we found that one more length was too much and we must have a piece of a length. We looked our stock of pipe all over, and soon found a piece just right, but it was badly bruised, and upon trying it I found that it was just the least might too large I said I could fix that without much trouble, so I got the hatchet and proceeded to hammer in the edge of the pipe. Having done this I tried it and found that I had not made it much better. I told my wife, and I smiled as I said it, that I would try another plan, and asked her to bring me a case knife. I went out and brought in the sawbuck, and putting the long piece of pipe into it, asked her to sit upon it so as to hold it. Then with my short piece of pipe in one hand and the knife in the other I proceeded to try and get them together. Somehow I could not do it, for as soon as I would get in one side the other would come out. I then suggested that if I had another knife I could get it on. It was forthcoming in a moment. Then with a knife in each hand, I found that I could not hold the pipe and use both knives at once. I began to get excited by this time, and the perspiration began to ooze out on my forehead, but I kept a smile on my face, though I fancied it must be rather a sickly looking one. I tried my best to get those two pieces of pipe together, in every way I could think of, by using those two knives, and utterly failed. At last I thought of another expedient. I went out and got a round piece of wood and brought that in. I put that on the sawbuck and got my wife seated on that. Then I put the pipe on that, and with the head of the hatchet I tried to knock down and in the edge of the pipe, but as fast as I would get one place fixed it would fly out when I hammered another place. By this time I had my necktie and paper collar off, the neck band of my shirt was unbuttoned, and I was perspiring freely. I still smiled, but I was mad, and I own it. So I up with the hatchet for a tremendous blow at that pipe. Down came the hatchet upon that doomed piece of pipe. That was the way I proposed to give vent to my anger without swearing. In my anger I had turned the hatchet so that when it came down it cut right through the edge of the pipe.

My wife in an instant saw how to take advantage of this, and said it was the best thing I could do, for now it would slip by at the cut; thus becoming small enough to go into the other pipe. I saw, too, that she had not discovered that I was mad.

Here was a chance for me to redeem myself. So I put on more smiles, pinched the pipe together a little, and sure enough it went on all right. Next came the elbow, and if you believe it, that was too small. What to do I did not know, though it almost went on. I could not think of anything else, so I again had recourse to my hatchet, and tried to make it large enough by knocking out the edge of the elbow. I had better luck at this, for I soon got it so the other went on just a little. By a little knocking together we at last got it so we could put it on the stove and in its place for use. Then we had more trouble, for we found it would not go up through the floor with the elbow on. So we took it apart and put it up in pieces. We got it up through the floor at last, and then found that it was not quite long enough to reach the hole in the chimney. In fact it wanted just another half length of pipe.

By this time I was in an awful state. I was chuck full of swear, and determined that I wouldn't under any circumstances.

I had always been told that I could not sing, but having somehow read of a man who, when angry, went to singing to keep him all right and straight, I thought I would try it, so I went to singing "Old Dan Tucker." You ought to to have seen my wife stare at me. She wanted to know right off if I was sick or what was the matter. I only smiled, a little sickly smile, but kept at work putting up that stove. I went at it and took out the half length I had put in, and then tried to find a whole length that would fit. Some were too small, some too large, and some badly jammed; but after a long and patient search I got one that I though would do—and it would have been all right if I had not doctored that elbow so as to fit that piece. The elbow was now too large! so I went at doctoring it the other way, by giving it an outward application of the hatchet. I knocked in the corners of it pretty lively; and I guess I hit it in some places harder than I ought to have done, for I own up that I thought "dummit" every time I hit it; and those who know anything about putting together stove pipe, know that when you think such thing it emphasizes the blow very much.

I kept smiling all this while, and tried to look good natured, even if I didn't feel so.

Well we worked at it until we got it together; got it on the stove, and got a continuous length of pipe from the stove to the chimney. But it was a bad job, and a shaky one too. It would hardly stand alone. My wife drew a long breath, and said she knew I could put up a stove and not swear or get mad.

We were congratulating ourselves upon our success, when we discovered that we had failed to put any oilcloth or zinc under the stove. Here was a dilemma. How to get that in its proper place without taking down the pipe was more than either of us could tell. I think about this time the smile left my face, and I fancied that my good-natured wife began to look a little serious. There appearing to be no help for it, we took the pipe down. I thought "dummit" stronger than ever; and I guess it was about this time, too, that I began to think it with an "a," which was very wrong of me to do.

After a deal of trouble we got everything all right and in place ready for that fatal pipe. In taking it down we had failed to take proper notice how we did it, so as to be able to put it up again just as we had it before. Here was my fatal mistake. By this time I had got so excited that I had forgot my good resolution—to keep my temper—and I knocked things around pretty lively. I was mad, and no mistake. In order to give vent to my pent up feelings I said "dummit," and I am afraid that I said it with an "a," whereupon my wife went off and had her first crying-spell, and I went and got a tinsmith to put up that stove.

Miscellaneous Matters.

"A brave man meets misery with a smile." And many a man brings misery by "smiling" too often.

Smith is the name of the fellow who is now affianced, by the public press, to Miss Clara Louise Kellogg.

Frank Leslie now owns a house once owned by W. M. Tweed. Will that house never get out of the hands of the pirates?

A "stocking darner" has been invented, which will enable a woman to darn her stockings more and say "Darn her stockings!" less.

There is a London burglar who can always prove that he is innocent His name is I. M. Innocent, and "I. M Innocent" is always his plea, though it is true in-no-sense save that one.

Babcock was arrested on the St. Louis indictment by his own father-in-law. It might have been worse. It might have been his mother-in-law, and then what would have become of him?

A Milwaukee woman is applying for a divorce because her husband always spreads his cars over her when he is asleep, instead of hanging them over the headboard as other Milwaukeans do.

An eastern paper says "Don't fail to read Prof. Proctor's illutrated lecture on our inside to-day." We thought Prof. Proctor lectured on astronomy; but we have no doubt a lecture on the "insides" of a New York editor would be very interesting, particularly an "illustrated lecture."

Illustrating the effects of the late terrible rains in England, the *London Fun* prints the following:

Stranger—"Can you tell me where Mr. Mered's farm is?"

Rustic—"Yes sir, I can. D'ye see that there bo-at?'

Stranger—"Yes."

Rustic—"Well, sir, it's as nigh as can be underneath that there bo-at."

Mr. Colfax tells a good story of President Lincoln: that when he was attacked with small-pox, he said to his attendants. "Send up all the office-seekers, and tell them I've got something I can give each of them."

One more state heard from Kentucky trots out a woman 110 years of age and still flourishing like a green bay tree.

The only pun of any merit that was ever got off by the present administration was when Grant said "Schenck is a friend of mine."

Architects are wanted in Missouri. The penitentiary will have to be enlarged.

What a vast army of old liars are enrolling their names as centennarians this year.

Weston has gone to Europe in a very unprofessional manner. He should have walked.

If the Keely motor can be used to run a Babcock extinguisher, it ought to be encouraged to come out at once.

There are a great many Morenci households, who cannot say their lines have been cast in pleasant places. Clothes-line theives are too numerous.

Fruit men, who never lie only in cases of emergency, say that the peach crop of next year will be enormous if——.

Snow is ten feet deep in Skowhegan, Maine, and they are selling whisky by the plug.

The schooner Pamlico, which recently went ashore at Little Traverse Bay, has been towed into Little Traverse harbor, where she will winter. A portion of her cargo of wheat was sold for mere nothing. There are still 15,000 bushels of wet wheat in her hold.

A lot of confectionery and other goods intended for distribution on Christmas eve, but coming too late, were stored for New Year's, but stolen from the Presbyterian Church at Spring Lake on Christmas night.

The Battle Creek hoe factory is doing an immense business. Orders in a larger number than ever before have come in this season, and they have, thus far, cut up over seven tons of steel. They employ thirty-five hands and turn out twenty-five dozen hoes daily.

STATE NEWS.

Litchfield is having a brisk revival.

Ypsilanti talks of having a charity ball.

Bay County gets $17,195.24 in liquor taxes.

Pewamo, with a population of less than 400, has four churches.

Fifteen thousand barrels of salt are left over in the Saginaw valley.

Citizens of Berrien talk of changing the county seat. Niles wants it.

Dr. Davenport, of Boston, Mass., has leased the St. Louis magnetic springs.

Barry County has an organized gang of thieves, with headquarters in Hastings.

Cooper, the Charlotte dry goods merchant who recently failed, has absconded.

Three Rivers has its long-talked-of street lamps and inebriate supporters at last.

Died—In Kalamazo last week, Sam, the oldest horse in the county, aged thirty-two years.

A Marshall butcher supplied his customers with holiday beef from a critter weighing 1,800 pounds.

Grand Rapids has built 500 buildings during the past year. They cost $1,100,000. Good enough!

The Kindergarten at Charlotte closed Saturday for the winter. Scholars too small. Mud too deep.

A daily line of boats will be run between Frankfort and Milwaukee next summer by Mr. Coodrich.

Muffled drummers—Six thousand partridges were recently shipped to the eastern markets from Ovid.

Four candidates for the influential office of street lamp-lighter are having a mighty contest at Hillsdale.

Michael Foley has been arrested at Otsego Lake, charged with burning Wright's Hotel at West Branch.

The measles, scarlet fever, whooping cough and pure cussedness are raging among the children at Hastings.

Instead of the time-honored Christmas trees, the Methodists of Mendon had a pyramid, and the Episcopalian's a Jacob's ladder.

The whip socket factory of Worden Bros., at Ypsilanti, which was burned a few weeks ago, will soon be in operation again.

The oldest genuine Michigander heard from up to date is Alexander Odrian, of California, Branch County, who was born in Detroit 1791.

Robert Moor, a workman in the Copper Falls mine, near Hancock, fell down a shaft 240 feet deep a few days ago, and was instantly killed.

Charlotte wants gas. A committee of citizens went to Chicago Thursday to ascertain the probable expenditure necessary to supply the city.

A prisoneer of the Lapeer County jail, named James Johnson, who escaped last June, was arrested in Flint last week by officer Parkhurst of that city.

Kalamazoo is ahead on wood thieves, one having stolen four cords recently; and now she comes to the front with a fellow who has stolen eaves-troughs.

Four new silver mines have been opened near Ontonagan, and new discoveries of silver and copper are being made in the Lake Superior country.

A son of Gov. Hayes, of Ohio, is a student at the Lansing Agricultural College. But the fact that he is Hayeses son does not prevent the boys from hazing him.

More university students have gone home to spend the holidays than ever before. The Michigan Central Railroad Company sold them 600 excursion tickets.

Comstock & Paige's boot and shoe store at Paw Paw burned and moistened $3,000 worth Sunday night. Loss on building $250. The rest was on the stock.

Just now the thermometer and the school children are having a good many up and downs, and schools throughout the state were never so thinly attended as at present.

John F. Albro, of Oscoda, one of the state lumber inspectors, committed suicide December 23d by shooting himself with a pistol. He was suffering from an attack of monomania.

Bay City claims to do the largest telegraph business of any city in the state. The Western Union office alone sent during the eleven months ending November 30 82,952 messages.

The convicts at the state prison worked only half of the day on Christmas. They had a grand dinner and a pleasant address from Mrs. Elizabeth Comstock, a quaker lady from Adrain.

Extravagance among the lay-ity—P. S. Frantz, of Fayette, Hillsdale County, has a notorious hen whose last lay measures three and one-quarter inches long, six and one-half inches around the waist and eight and one-half inches over the gables.

Joseph Rabideau, one of the state prison convicts received a valuable Christmas present. At the conclusion of the splendid dinner which was given the convicts, the warden called him forward and read his pardon to him. He was sentenced from Wayne County for murder in 1871 for life.