

Wanted His Letters.

Very strange is the adventure through which a postman named Boudon has just passed at Nimes. He had taken a registered letter to one Faure, a shoemaker, and was about to leave the house when the man closed the door, pulled a revolver out of his pocket, and rushing on Boudon threw him down and bound him securely. He then informed the terrified postman of his intention to retain him as a hostage until he had received divers letters written to him by the president of the republic and the minister of justice in reply to his application for the restoration of 30,000 francs lost in a lawsuit.

Faure sent a note to the head of the postal department explaining how matters stood, and while awaiting an answer barricaded his apartments. When the police arrived he called out that he had provisions for a week, two revolvers and plenty of ammunition, and that if they attempted to force the door he would kill his prisoner. The situation was extremely awkward. The affair had become known in the neighborhood, and the adjacent streets were soon thronged with at least 5,000 of the townspeople.

A last attempt to parley with the infuriated shoemaker having proved abortive, the police and gendarmes broke into the place, fired a few shots to frighten Faure, and succeeded in securely taking him into custody ere he had time to carry out his threat. They had great difficulty in conducting him to prison, as the crowd wanted to lynch him. Faure is described as a monomaniac, and it appears that when M. Carnot visited Nimes some time ago he made some curious preparations in order to attract his attention, which, however, were but lost labor, as the president passed down another street.—Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

A Fleet of Whalebacks for the Atlantic.

Alexander McDougall, the inventor of the whaleback boats and builder of the whaleback steamer, Charles W. Wetmore, which reached Liverpool Tuesday with a cargo of wheat from Duluth, was at the Sherman house yesterday. "In ninety days," he said, "our mills for the construction of steel plates, angle irons and bolts will be completed at Duluth, and we shall immediately lay the keels for ten more whaleback boats for service on the Atlantic.

"We shall build a whaleback steamer 450 feet long, with cabin accommodations for 2,000 passengers, for service during the World's fair. After the fair is over it will be cut in two and taken to the Atlantic. It is possible that we will build more than one of these boats. They will have great speed and will be elegantly fitted out."

The Wetmore, Captain McDougall added, will load with a partial cargo of machinery for the new shipyard on Puget sound, near Seattle, and will then return to New York, where it will take on material for the first two boats to be built on the Pacific coast. The American Steel Barge company, which is building the whalebacks, is largely composed of officials of the Northern Pacific railroad.—Chicago Tribune.

A Telegraph Wire for Gossip.

William Tripp runs a farm near Round Lake and raises produce, which he sells to the people living on the camp ground. His wife sells excellent milk, and the couple, who are past middle age, make a comfortable living. The young folks of the camp ground are fond of visiting the farm, where they drink milk and chat with Mrs. Tripp, who, through the medium of her private telegraph line, knows all the country gossip for miles around.

Last year the farmer, finding his evenings heavy on his hands, bought a telegraph instrument and ran a wire to the railroad station two miles away. From there he extended the line to a neighboring settlement and later connected with two farmhouses several miles below. The farmer and his wife have both become excellent operators, and now spend their spare time exchanging country gossip with their friends over the wire. The telegraph operator in the railroad station keeps them supplied with the principal news items he hears from other points on the road, and there are few better informed residents of the county than Farmer Tripp and his wife.—Cor. New York Sun.

A Word About the Negligé Costume.

If the outgoing young man be wise he will not wear a waistcoat when he assumes either a sash or waistbelt. The waistcoat is decidedly a dressified appurtenance of attire, while the sash and waistbelt belong to the vocabulary of negligé. He should be reminded of the fate of the personage that tried to ride two horses at once.

And yet this solecism is being continually committed by misguided youths. The effect of the sash when worn with the frock coat is an ungenial one. The youth that paraded Fulton street, Brooklyn, a few nights ago attired in a two-color sash, a cutaway coat, white dress shirt, puff scarf and black high hat was apparently upon excellent terms with himself, but in reality about as far "out of it" as the man that fell from the balloon.—Clothing and Furnisher.

Counterfeit Half Dollar.

A dangerous counterfeit fifty cent piece has been sprung upon the gullible public. The piece is a beauty, and shows great care and skill in its make up. It is one of the series of 1887 and has the clear ring of the genuine article. The main point of difference, however, lies in the thickness, which is a trifle more than in the genuine article. The figure on one side is rather obscure, but is, at the same time, nearly perfect, although there is a slight depression in the shield.—Norwich Bulletin.

Evidently Poverty Stricken.

Mrs. Hayfork—I think we'd better make that young city feller pay his board in advance.

Mr. Hayfork—Ain't he got no money? Mrs. H.—He can't have much. He's been going around all day in a coat made out of an old flag.—Good News.

A "Witch" Who Told the Truth.

Ann Hotel, formerly Ann Croft, has been a famous character in the county for thirty years. She professes to have powers instilled in her from birth by a witch mother. She has epileptic fits, talks with a drawl and a nasal whine and emphasizes her words in a peculiar manner.

Her enemies said that she inflicted the troubles she foretold, her friends that she was a surprising medium through which the future revealed itself. She undoubtedly hit the truth in many instances. For example, she happened to be at a lady's house in her travels and upon opening her book declared that a coffin appeared between her lines. Her hearer was visibly affected, because one of her sons was away at the war.

"No," said Ann, divining her thoughts, "he will not die in battle. He will choke to death."

There was but one way to do this, so thought his mother. He would be captured and hanged as a spy.

Despite the dictates of her reason she grieved for her son. A month later she heard that he had died in a southern hospital of diphtheria.

A poor man lost his coat. He could ill afford such a loss, for he had no other. All through the summer it was searched for, and when fall came and he felt the need of it he walked a few miles to hear what Ann could tell him about it.

"It hangs in a dark place upon a knife stuck in the wall," she read from her wonderful book.

Upon renewed search it was found at the house of his sister-in-law, and sure enough it hung upon the butcher knife behind the closet door. The sister-in-law had left it there when she went from home the spring before.—Virginia Cor. Chicago News.

A Beautifully Dressed Man.

"Enoreka! I have found it!" as somebody cried when he found out something ages ago as he took his morning tub. The thing I found was a beautifully dressed man. He did not burst on my view glorious in cuffs and collars. He was not in Life Guardsman uniform, nor was he artistically undressed for the tennis court. Possibly he was not one of the "upper ten," for he was riding in an omnibus near Victoria, and I gathered from his conversation that he was going to his work; but whoever he was his tailor was an artist to make "a thing of beauty," and therefore, according to Keats, "a joy forever," out of a man whose personal advantages consisted of youth, good health and blue eyes.

The tailor took these eyes for his keynote, so to speak, and produced a symphony in light electric blue. A suit of smooth serge repeated the color of the eyes. The ground of the shirt was an octave higher, and the pattern an octave lower in tone. The necktie struck the keynote again, while the highest note of all was represented by a small, but very blue steel chain. Bronze hat and shoes, to match the hair, completed a costume which was simply perfect. It was with much difficulty we refrained from asking his tailor's address.—Cor. London Star.

Why He Was Eccentric.

Once upon a time I came under the banner of British eccentricities. I paid a visit to Crete, a Turkish island by the Levant, and, not finding the hotel of the capital to my mind, with the aid of some kindly intermediaries, I hired a house in the country, and went thither to take up my abode alone. To make matters worse, it was at an epoch when the island was disturbed by revolt. The Turkish regiments were being increased by new levies, and great was the activity on the various military exercising grounds outside Canea and Candia, the two chief towns.

However, nothing serious came of it, and I am free to confess that I enjoyed my unconventional bivouac none the less for the flavor of excitement that this outbreak in the island lent to it.

"How original! Just like an Englishman!" remarked one of the officers of the Austrian ironclads at that time anchored with the international fleet in Suda bay. Yet, I believe, as a matter of fact, that he and some of his brethren envied me my residence.—All the Year Round.

One of Twain's Stories.

Here is a story Mark Twain recently told an English interviewer who wanted to learn all about American humor: "A clergyman in New York was requested by a man to come over to Brooklyn to officiate at his wife's funeral. The clergyman assented, only stipulating that there must be no delay, as he had an important engagement the same day. At the appointed hour they all met in the parlor. The room was crowded with sobbing people. The clergyman stood up over the coffin and began to read the service, when he felt a tug at his coat tails, and bending down he heard the widower whisper in his ear, 'We ain't ready yet.'"

"Rather awkwardly, he sat down in a dead silence. Presently he arose again, and the same thing took place. A third time he arose, and the same thing occurred. 'But what is the delay?' he whispered back; 'why are you not ready?' 'She ain't all here yet,' was the very ghastly and unexpected reply; 'her stomach's at the apothecary's.'—San Francisco Argonaut.

Where Wild Bananas Are Found.

Are there no varieties of bananas wild? Yes, some have been found in Ceylon, Cochin China and the Philippines. These of course have seeds, but they are inferior to the long, cultivated varieties. The banana is cultivated by suckers, and it is in this way that the literal plant perpetuates itself indefinitely. In Central Africa you may find thousands and thousands of plants that literally have in them the germ and life of ten thousand years' duration.—Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine.

An Unfailing Sign.

"How do you distinguish the members of the Four Hundred?" "By their long purses and their long ears."—New York Epoch.

Some New Brunswick Superstitions.

A Portland lady says that her hired girl invariably puts a pin in her mouth when peeling onions, and when asked the reason, said it was to prevent her eyes from watering. It is a practice believed in among the people in New Brunswick, where is her home, and her mother, now advanced in age, thoroughly believes in all sorts of signs and superstitions. On New Year's morning she will on no account allow any of her large family of children to take any article out of the house until they have first brought something in, a stick of wood or any object, no matter how valueless. The idea is that if the new year is thus begun it will be prosperous and more will come into the house than will go out.

This woman would not, of course, think of beginning any task on Friday. It would be a long and arduous one if she did. Neither would she take a broom with her while moving the household goods from one place to another. Old brooms would be left behind and new ones bought. A cat also would be left behind while the goods were being moved. It would, however, be safe to return and bring the cat alone. To dream of passing through dirty water or that a train of cars passed the house is a warning of approaching death in the family.

An even number would never be allowed to sit down to a wedding dinner, and at a marriage the carpet would be taken up and the direction of the boards ascertained, so that the happy couple could be so placed that a crack should not run between them during the ceremony, for otherwise subsequent dissolution and separation may be expected.—Portland Transcript.

A Parrot's Conceit.

My aunt had a parrot that had been taught to sing the first stanza of "There Is a Happy Land," and Polly was very proud of her voice. One day a neighbor brought over her canary to be kept while she was away from home. No sooner would the canary commence singing than Polly would bristle her feathers and cry out: "You don't sing right! You don't sing right! Hear Polly sing!" Then Polly would execute "There Is a Happy Land" to the best of her ability.

One evening my uncle, who is somewhat deaf, was telling me that there was a concert in the town hall, and he should like to go, but did not think he could hear. Whereupon the parrot shrieked: "Polly'll sing! Polly'll make you hear!" The gentleman turned courteously to her. "Thank you, Polly! I'll stay at home and hear you!" he said. She danced about her cage in delight. "Beautiful Polly! Polly can sing!" she kept saying softly to herself, with a pride in her accomplishment that was amusing to see.—Wide Awake.

Behind the Scenes.

I got back of the scenes in a Detroit family not long ago, and I have ever since been cogitating as to whether it is not better to be self respectful than to have undue pride. This family was keeping up appearances at the cost of real comfort. It occupies an excellent social position, which it has held for years, but the family income is not such as to make it easy to be both presentable and well fed.

As a consequence, while a dinner is now and then given to friends the family fare is very scanty, and while there is good clothing to wear for state occasions, this is carefully preserved, and when no one is about shabbiness is the rule. It seems to me that it is wiser and more dignified for one to accept his circumstances as they come to him, and not attempt to lead a \$10,000 life on a \$2,000 income.—Detroit Free Press.

The Farmers' Union.

At an early part of the day, Oct. 7th, carriages were seen driving from the north and south, to the beautiful farm home of Mrs. Riley Bangs, where she entertained the Farmers' Union Club, thirty members being present. They were easily accommodated in her well arranged house, and cordially welcomed by Mrs. Bangs, who although physically weak, yet is mentally strong. She managed the affair with ease and dignity. Her dinner was on time, and such a quantity and variety one seldom sees. Mrs. Bangs never does anything by halves. Since the death of her husband she has managed her farm with good results.

The president of viewing committee reported her farm in a good state of cultivation, with good crops the past season. Mrs. Bangs has one farm hand in the stalwart form of Fred Manning, who has been in her employ about seven years, and, with his bustling little wife, one can plainly see the trio make a success in business.

Marriage Licenses.

No. 1088—Truman Lampton, 69, and Helen M. Taplin, 58, both of South Haven.
No. 1089—Joseph Lawrence, 52, of Cleveland, O., and Eliza Sanborn, 34, of Lawrence.
No. 1090—Edward Crawford, 23, of Lawrence, and Barbara Castleman, 18, of Arlington.
No. 1091—Jesse G. Lane, 23, and Alvernon Hanold, 18, both of Keeler.
No. 1092—Harry D. Longwell, 27, of Paw Paw, and Lila B. Duncombe, 21, of Keelerville.
No. 1093—Adam Webb, 23, of Breedsville, and Alena B. Doherty, 25, of Geneva.

Circuit Court Proceedings.

The case of Dodge vs. Dodge, bill to set aside deed, and the case of Jones vs. Breck, bill to compel specific performance, were tried and submitted. In the case of Edwin H. Crawford vs. Etta Crawford, Susan M. Lynd vs. David Lynd, Anson E. Babbett vs. Mary J. Babbett, Martha L. Lovelace vs. Abram H. Lovelace and Catherine Hincley vs. W. H. Hincley, decrees of divorce were granted. The court stands adjourned to Wednesday, Oct. 29th, at 9 a. m., at which time the jury will report.

Trescott & Remington have opened their evaporator for business, and will pay the highest market price for apples of all grades.

Try Dillam's Great German 15 cent Liver Pills, 40 in each package. For sale by Longwell Bros.

Additional Local.

An October Frolic.

On last Saturday afternoon as the Narrow Gauge train pulled in from Lawton, the occupants of the passenger car feared a cyclone had struck them, but were relieved to find that it was only the ladies of the Browning Club, en route to "Wildes's Lane," in response to a hospitable invitation issued by Mesdames E. Wildey, C. Wildey and F. Rhodes.

It was an ideal day for an excursion into the country, and the merry party was evidently making the most of it, and put Conductor Williams to his wit's end before the various fares were properly collected.

Arrived at the pleasant home of Mrs. E. Wildey, its spacious rooms were kept ringing with the merry din, while an occasional sally out-of-doors and an extemporaneous "pantomime" enacted on the greensward, so terrified the feathered denizens of the place that it is greatly feared the goblins will not regain their usual plumpness in season for Thanksgiving.

Just as the brilliant sunset was fading in the western sky, and the rooms began to darken, an invitation to the dining room disclosed a long, beautifully arranged table, around which all were soon grouped and busily employed in doing full justice to the well-known culinary skill of this trio of sisters.

After tea the time sped swiftly away, and soon the word went forth, "The train is coming!" Then there was a scramble for wraps and a scamper of feet as the guests rushed down the lane, headed by Ed. Wildey himself, gallantly waving his lantern in the foremost rank and cheering his little company on until the crossing was reached before it was ascertained that the alarm was false, and the train probably just pulling out of Hartford.

Then there was mutiny in the ranks, but Mr. W.'s native generalship was illustrated by the presence of mind with which he at once made so brilliant a bonfire that everything else was forgotten in the fun of making torches of the pine splinters and watching the trains of glittering sparks cut the clear night air just as they used to do in by-gone years of childish freedom.

Soon the train came rolling up with much whistling in response to the many fiery signals, and with three cheers for "Wildes's Lane" the gay party was homeward bound, fully persuaded of the truth of the old saying:

"A little nonsense, now and then, is relished by the best of men."

World's Fair Auxiliary Committees.

The Michigan World's Fair Commission was in session at Lansing last week and transacted considerable business. The salary of the secretary, Mark W. Stevens, of Flint, was fixed at \$2,000 per annum and transportation. Final action on building plans was deferred until the January meeting of the commission, which will be held at Grand Rapids. Vice-Prest' Belden announced the county and auxiliary committees, of which the following portions are of local interest:

Van Buren County Committee—Hon. J. J. Woodman, Paw Paw, Chairman; A. S. Dyckman, South Haven; Thomas Cross, Bangor; T. T. Lyon, So. Haven; David Woodman, Paw Paw.

Hon. J. J. Woodman is general superintendent of the agricultural department, with Henry S. Fraleigh of Grand Rapids, and C. A. Igenfritz of Monroe as assistants.

Of the special auxiliary committees for the agricultural department, the following Van Buren county men are appointed to serve on the committees named:

Grains and Grasses—David Woodman of Paw Paw.
Horses—E. G. Gilman of Paw Paw, Thos. Cross of Bangor.
Pomology—T. T. Lyon, A. S. Dyckman, C. J. Monroe, A. G. Gulley, South Haven.

Probate Court Proceedings.

Following are the proceedings in Judge Hecker's court for the week ending October 13:

Estate of Opheelia Hawley, deceased. Bond filed and letters of administration issued to Jerome C. Warner. Appraisers' warrant issued to Chas. H. Butler and Jay Reynolds.

In the matter of Samuel E. Avery, a minor. Petition for appointment of guardian filed and order for nomination entered.

Estate of Alfred N. Chamberlain, deceased. General administrator appt'd.

In the matter of Frank S. Shuver et al., minors. New bond and annual account, and petition for license to sell real estate filed. Day of hearing Nov. 9th.

Estate of Orrin Buck, deceased; final account allowed.

Estate of Thos. D. Conway, deceased. Bond filed and letters testamentary issued to Michael Hackett. Appraisers' warrant issued to Jacob Knowles and James Creagan.

Estate of Elmina D. Gates, deceased. Petition for license to sell real estate. Day of hearing Nov. 9th.

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We now have the largest and most complete stock of Footwear. Also the best brands of Rubber Boots and Shoes.

Highest Price for Butter and Eggs.

FREESE & ROHDE.

FANCY BAZAR.

BARGAINS IN SAMPLES.

Having purchased the entire stock of samples of one of the largest wholesale houses in Chicago, I am prepared to offer some of the best bargains ever before given, consisting of

TOILET CASES, MANICURE CASES, SMOKING SETS, SHAVING SETS, NUT CRACKERS and PICKS, BLACKING SETS, HANDKERCHIEF and GLOVE BOXES, PHOTO HOLDERS, MUSIC ROLLS, ODOR CASES, COLLAR and CUFF BOXES, etc. A full line of STATIONERY. IVORINE NOVELTIES too numerous to mention.

Give us a call and examine goods and be convinced.

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