KITTY OF COLERAINE.

As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping,
With a pitcher of milk from the fair of Coleraine
When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher it tumbled,
And all the sweet buttermilk watered the plain.

'Oh, what shall I do now? 'Twas looking at you, now,
Sure, sure, such a pitcher I'll ne'er meet again.
Twas the pride of my dairy. Oh, Barney McLeary,
You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine!"

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her,
That such a misfortune should give her such pain.
A kiss then I gave her. Before I did leave her,
She vow'd for such pleasure she'd break it again.

Twas haymaking season. I can't tell the reason—
Misfortunes will never come single—that's plain—
For, very soon, after poor Kitty's disaster,
The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

THE MASTER'S LAST TRIP.

Half a century ago a bright May morning seemed quite as beautiful as it does today. The sun shone, bees buzzed and flew hither and thither, white and pink apple-blossoms unfolded their dainty cups toward the blue sky, the green grass was studded with golden dandelions, while over all and everywhere a soft, sweet drowsiness seemed to lurk and hide. It was May in Woody Hollow, and down in a knot of soft maples and green oak trees, just on the edge of the purling creek, nestled the tiny school-house of this thrifty farming community. Doors and windows were all wide open, and the morning sunshine crept softly in upon the long wooden benches ranged about the room. "Wake up there! Wake up there, laggards!" the morning passes swiftly," wheezed the old schoolmaster, rapping loudly on his desk, and casting reproachful eyes toward the little Dutch-faced clock, whose hands were pointing to the hour of 10. A score of girls and boys, droning over dog-eared books, made various endeavors to break from the lethargic spell. Brown fists were brought into hurried contact with browner eyes, soft white hands were plunged desperately into dimpled cheeks, and heads of every color bent closer to the morning's task. But soon the busy hum grew faint, pencils slipped from some unconscious fingers, and every now and then a pretty, round mouth disfigured itself into an undisguised yawn. It was certainly a sleepy morning, for by and by even Herr Von Vlummer yielded to the infection, and nodded gently to the chair. Softly the gray-lashed eye lids drooped, and rested upon his wrinkled cheeks, and, soon, arose a sound, most suggestive of a snore. Her Von Vlummer was asleep. Little Reuben Gretzel opened wide his round blue eyes, and stood up in the tips of his great towed slippers, in order to perceive this startling fact more clearly. Never before had this vigilant master been known to fail in his duty. The hands of the clock now squarely indicated noon, the usual hour for recess, and Reuben, softly gliding to the teacher's knee, touched lightly the old blue, brass-buttoned coat before him.

"Well, sir," thundered Herr Von Vlummer, "what brings you here? Who gave you permission to come?"

"No one, thir," stammered the child, amazed at the sudden awakening of the master; "it's recess time, and you wath asleep." Von Vlummer passed his hand across his eyes and rose hurriedly to his feet. "To shut the eyes, to think softly to one's self, is good," said he sternly, "but to sleep in the early morning! Ah, who could do it but a sluggard?"

"I heard you athnoring thir," protested Reuben, gazing down at the silver buckles at his knees. An audible titter ran through the little room and floated out of the windows on the soft air. Every pupil was fully awake to the fact that Reuben had placed himself in a most trying position.

"No recess to-day," cried Van Vlummer, purple with suppressed rage at the double affront; "every scholar to his book, and a trip up the Hudson before the day is done."

Young Gretzel, tear-blinded eyes and a heart filled with rebellion against a cruel injustice, walked slowly back to the end of the long bench, and sitting down gazed reproachfully at the master, who was striding angrily back and forth across the narrow platform. The sunshine seemed all to have crept away, and the little Dutch clock was ticking very loudly. "Get ready. Get ready for a trip up the Hudson," it seemed to say, as plainly as any tongue could tell it. Then the quaint round face began to leer upon him, with a fiendish smile, and the long black hands to take upon themselves the semblence of fingers of scorn. "I heard him snoring, too," whispered Dorothy Speedwell, peeping shyly at Reuben from behind her red curls, and then she wrote upon her slate hurriedly, in stiff, old-fashioned letters, "Should he beat you black and blue, I know what you have said is true." Shyly Reuben slid along the smooth bench, quite close to the little maiden, and rested his blue eyes upon the consoling words. Dorothy was very pretty, with a charming dimple in her chin, and soft, limpid, gray eyes, suggestive of autumn twilight. Young Gretzel took the pencil from her dainty fingers, and added, quite boldly, a line to the sympathetic rhyme, "If you love me, why, I'll love you." But Dorothy, being timid, was alarmed by this dashing gallantry, and quickly retreated toward the end of the long bench whereon the girls were seated. Herr Von Vlummer dismissed the last class in numbers, and noted that the noon hour had come. He felt very tired and old as he passed his trembling hands through his scanty gray locks and vaguely wondered if he had strength to administer justice to the recreant of the morning. "Walk forward, young Reuben," cried the master, after a moment of deep reflection. "Come forward, sir, and retract." "Retract what?" inquired the boy, as he stood before the desk, with flushed cheeks. "Your statement of this morning, my lad. Was it you or I who slept?" "You thir, and I awakened you," piped Reuben, in a very shrill little voice, clenching his small fists as he spoke. "Ah, ha! Then it is my turn to waken you," said the master, seizing his long ferrule and drawing the trembling child across his knee. "Now we are ready to go by steamer up the Hudson, and stop at every town upon the way." "New York!" shouted the scholars like an orchestra behind the scenes. "Whack!" fell the ruler, like a clash of bayonets. "Poughkeepsie!" chorused the pupils. "Bang!" went the ferrule, inexorable as fate. "Kingston!" "Whizz!" "Catskill!" The instrument of justice suddenly paused, waved in the air and then dropped to the floor, as little Dorothy, with swimming eyes and outstretched arms, rushed to Herr Von Vlummer's side. "He speaks the truth. You slept, master. Ah! ah! punish him no longer," she cried, grasping the thin, old hand in her tiny ones. "I slept?" exclaimed the teacher, setting young Gretzel upon his feet and looking sternly at the gray eyes and golden curls of the maiden before him. "You nodded, so, Herr Von Vlummer," she faltered, moving her pretty head to and fro, "and by and by your mouth flew open so, and then, ah, sir, I'm sure you snored." The master raised the ferrule and placed it on his desk. "The steamer, dear children," he said, "was wrecked on the bank at Poughkeepsie; she can never return to the bay." He walked slowly to the hook upon which hung his worn, felt hat, and then on to the doorway, where he stood for a moment in the light sunshine. "I am no longer your master," he faltered; "I, too, am a wreck; wrecked on the banks of time. I shall never more return, my pupils, so farewell." The surprised and listening children watched Herr Von Vlummer totter slowly down the walk, and across the little creek as in a dream. They knew he would come to them no more, and as, one by one, they crept noiselessly from the room, each cast a sorrowful glance in the direction of the high desk and the time-worn great arm chair.

A DUCK STORY.

How Old Joe Mason Killed Nineteen Mallards at a Shot.

Old Joe Mason does kill a good many ducks around near town in the course of the season, but seeing him do it is the only guarantee of the truth of any of his big kills that he gets off on unsuspecting strangers.

A few days ago I met him as I was walking down Newberne avenue with a young theological friend from Boston, and thinking to amuse my companion at Joe's expense, I stopped the old man and asked him what luck he had had ducking lately.

"Common, jes common, Mr. T., hain't done nothin' worth talkin about, 'cept maybe Mr.—I didn't quite catch the name—Mr. Smith, bein' to make yer acquaintance, sir—mebbe Mr. Smith would like to try his hand on the mallard. They're mighty thick now."

The idea of friend Smith shooting anything was rather amusing, so I told Joe that if he would name a day I would try my hand instead, as I had not had any ducking in all this winter.

"All right," said he, "and to show that there's some about I'll tell yer what I did the day afore yesterday. I was down to Peedee pond in the morning, about day, and crept up in behind that bunch of cattails just above the old swing screw to see if there were any duck handy. About 200 yards up the north side of the pond there's a big white oak hangs over the water (just by where you shot that otter, Mr. T.) Well, what should I see but about twenty mallard a swimmin' around in a bunch, jes' as close as they could huddle, a feedin' on the acorns that had fell offen the oak. The water ain't above nine inches deep there, and the bottom is hard, white sand.

"My ole gun 'll kill furder nor any other one in Wake county, but 200 yards on mallards ducks is raythe far even for her. Wal', I studied an' studied an' finally crep back into the woods away from the pond an' drew the load of duck shot outen my ole fire stick. I put in an extra big load of powder and about a handful of No. 1 buckshot on the top. I dunno how much, but I do know it were a bigger load than she'd ever had down her afore. Then I crep back and found the ducks thicker nor ever. I rested the old piece on a log, about two feet above the thickest of the bunch, and pulled the trigger. The wind were a-blowin' great guns right in my face and blew the smoke into my eyes so I couldn't see nothin' for a minit. When I did get a squint through the reeds I like to fell over backwards I was so surprised, for them duck was all there jes' like afore I shot. I watched 'em for a while and it looked like they was a feedin' faster an' a divin' oftener than they had been. They somehow seemed to look queer and kep' a getting lower in the water till the last blamed one of 'em sunk clean outer sight. Wal, I was dumbfounded, sure, but thought I'd go around and see what ailed 'em. When I come to the place I seen 'em all flat on the bottom, stone dead."

"What had killed them, Joe?" I inquired, as I was getting interested, "and why did not they fly when you shot?"

"They didn't fly 'wisen I shot, 'cause the wind blew so they never heern it, an' what killed 'em was 'drownin', jes' drownin', that's all."

"How in the dickens is a duck going to drown himself?" I asked.

"Easy 'nough; they thought them buckshot fallin' around 'em' was a new kind of acorn, and they jes' gobbled 'em up till they got so much lead in 'em that it sunk 'em, and they was drowned, as I tell you. There was nineteen on 'em, and I hung 'em to town and got $8 for the lot. Pretty good haul, that, for one shot."

At the Theater.

Miss Rural—What a beautiful woman that is in the right box.

Bagley—Yes; that's Mrs. De Vere.

Miss Rural—And that handsome gentleman in such interested conversation with her is he her husband?

Bagley—Oh, no. That's Mr. Jenks, a bachelor.

Miss Rural—Perhaps the gentleman on the other side of her is her husband?

Bagley—Oh, no.

Miss Rural—Then the one just in front of her —— or, no, the one leaning over her shoulder, with such a devoted air?

Bagley—No; all bachelors.

Miss Rural—Well, who is that disconsolate, lonely looking individual sitting way at the back?

Bagley—He's her husband.

In the Wrong Box.

A young man, something of a stranger to the town, was being instructed one night as to the owners of the various boxes at the Metropolitan Opera House.

"That," said his mentor, pointing to one opposite, "is the Ayre box. You can always know it by the common people in it."

Shortly after the tyro was taken on a visiting tour around the house, and introduced into box after box, till he became quite bewildered. Suddenly, inspired with the idea of saying something bright and apropos, he remarked in a general way to his guide:

"Where is the Ayre box? I hear it is always filled with such a queer lot that they must be worth seeing."

There was a dead silence of a second. Then one of the fair occupants of the box exclaimed: "This is the Ayre box!"

Dangerous Experiment.

Host (of the Tip-Top House)—Yes, we are short-handed to-day. One of my waiters is down with inflammation of the brain.

Guest—How did that happen?

"Well, you see he is new at the business, and the fool tried to remember an order."

BEULAH'S WEDDING-DAY.

The stage stopped at the porch of the Great Mumpington hotel. The travelers alighted. Among them was a striking-looking man in a handsome coat that in its length and breadth of shoulder, its fur cuffs, and fur collar, gave him something of a Russian aspect. He was handsome, elegant, and about 30 years of age.

"Been to the wedding, Mrs. Crosby?" said one. "And did it not go off well? And was the bride as pretty and the groom as unimportant as usual? A man is never so entirely overlooked as at his own wedding, unless, indeed, his mother is there to wonder why so fine a fellow chose such a girl."

"He, he!" laughed Mrs. Crosby, "What a man you are for jokes, Mr. Fenton! Well, his mother wasn't there, I assure you, for she must be too old to get about, if she's living. He's 80 I am told. To think of a woman of 25 accepting such an old creature!"

"But he's rich," said Boniface. "She'll be a darling widow in a year or so. One of our belles, sir," addressing the stranger, of whom we have spoken. "Miss Beulah Blair, Dr. Blair's only daughter, as pretty a young lady as the sun shines on."

Every one at the table noticed the stranger's face as this communication fell on his ear. His ruddy color faded, his eyes dilated; he sat there as white as though smitten with death; for a moment he did not speak.

The blood rushed back to his face finally. He lifted the glass at his plate in the air.

"A health to the bride," he cried, "and long life to the bridegroom."

They drank the toast, one or two of them forming the opinion that this fur-coated stranger was some great tragedian, who had [illegible] to astonish them.

They dispersed away to their own duties or pleasures when the meal was over. He ascended to the room to which his luggage had been carried. His sudden pallor had been a trick. The trick had for its adding of a [illegible] to the blanch already on his cheek at the emotion. From distant lands, where he had toiled for nine long years to win fame and fortune, he had returned crowned with success, to marry precisely this Beulah Blair—this bride of the old man of 80. She had vowed herself to him, worn his ring, written to him tenderest of love letters and jilted him at last, that is if these people spoke the truth. He is not one to go away without making sure there was no mistake about that. Wrapping himself up in his fur coat, he stalked out of the house into the long village street and took his way to the well-known spot, the garden gate from which years before Dr. Blair had bidden him depart, reproaching him for his audacity in courting his only daughter—he poor and young, and without prospects. But she had met him in the bit of woodland they knew so well and vowed fidelity. Was this the end of it all?

So it seemed. The house was all ablaze with light, and approaching the low windows which opened on the garden she saw her—Beulah, his Beulah, as he had so often called her.

She stood there in her bridal dress, her rich veil falling to her feet, shading but not concealing her lovely face and hair and the exquisite outline of her figure.

Returning to the hotel he wrote a long and bitter letter, full of reproaches and of sarcasm, pasted it and paid his bill. Before daylight the handsome stranger had left the town behind him. He sought in travel the peace which no man ever yet found save in his own heart.

He remained away five years. At the end of that time he returned. He had left his home—the home to which he had hoped to return with his bride—just as it had been arranged, merely locking and barring windows and doors. There was a letter-box at the entrance, and papers had been thrust from without, for he had left no address behind him.

Turning these over with a careless hand he came to one addressed in Beulah's writing. How well he knew it! She had then replied to his letter. With a trembling hand he tore it open and read these words:

DEAR ARCHIBALD: Yes, always dear to me. Had I deserved your reproaches I should not write these words. They told me you were married to a woman of fortune and title—a German countess. I believed them. I married whom they chose to give me to. I thought my old husband kind and worthy. He died suddenly a week after our wedding day, and in his desk I found your letters, which he had purloined and secreted, and also proof of the conspiracy by which he had forced me to believe you were married to another. I shall strive to forgive him, but I do not know that it will be in my power. Your unhappy BEULAH.

The date was that of nearly five years before. Even at that period he had loved her still, but he had so carefully taught himself to despise and hate her that the letter seemed at first to have no effect upon him.

The train bore him swiftly to Great Mumpington. The old stage carried him to the hotel. It was dinner time. Again the affable landlord sat at the head of his table. He recognized his guest at once.

"Great Mumpington does not change much, sir," he said. "There was a wedding here the day you spent with us. Do you remember?—Dr. Blair's daughter married a rich man of 80! Well, sir, he died within a week, and in looking over his papers they found something that proved him a rascal. The bride's father was in the affair. It was a mystery to us all. But the lady showed great spirit. She refused to touch a penny of old Robinet's money, and she has also left her father's house. Since then she has supported herself by sewing. She lives in a little two-roomed house on the West road, near the Eagle Rock. I'm afraid her life is a hard one."

Later Archibald Barton walked in the moonlight along the road that ran past Eagle Rock. He knew the little two-roomed cottage well. A light burned within. Across the lower panes of the window hung a white muslin curtain.

Approaching, he looked over the top and saw a woman bending over some needlework. It was Beulah's fair head. The simplicity of its arrangement only added to the beauty of her splendid hair. Her cotton gown of indigo blue buttoned to the throat, made her skin more pearly in its tints. She was there—his only love—sweeter, lovelier, dearer than ever. He approached the door. His hand lifted the iron latch. His foot smote the threshold.

Beulah lifted her head and saw him standing before her.

She started to her feet.

"Archibald," she cried.

"It is I, Beulah," he said; and as they uttered these words the years dropped away as a dream leaves one who wakens, and he clasped her in his arms.

The shortest reigning monarch is the Emperor of China, who is only 5 feet high. Emperor William, of Germany, is the tallest, being just 6 feet in height. Prince Albert, of Germany, nephew of the Emperor, is 6 feet 6 inches high, and the Emperor of Russia 5 feet 11 inches. The tallest man among Eastern nations is Chang, the Eastern giant who is 7 feet 8 inches high. The tallest European is Winckelmeier, a young Austrain, who measures 8 feet 9 inches in stature.

Only a Fad.

A young man of rectangular tastes writes to ask me to pitch into girls for covering their faces with powder, says a San Francisco writer. Look here, suppose you go and do it yourself. Don't put all those unpleasant duties on me. I know what's the matter with you. You've had some girl's head on your shoulder and your real girl or your young men friends have noticed it. Deny it! Make any excuse you like. But if a pretty girl wants to lay her head on your shoulder, let her, if it ruins your best coat. You know it's only a fad; it's only to keep the face cool. It is not because they've got bad complexions that they use powder. Certainly not. Besides, it doesn't much matter. Beauty is only a thing to look at, and somehow or another when a girl puts her head on your shoulder she's always lovely. Don't ask them to stop putting powder on. If you do they'll take your advice, and some other fellow will get the benefit of it. If you deprive a woman of the privilege of fussing over her bang, of setting her bonnet straight, of pulling down her vest—I mean her jacket—of powdering her face and wondering if it's all rubbing off, you will simply bring her down to a talking machine and take every bit of excitement out of her life. Bless you, if a woman can't pull a three-inch square embroidered handkerchief out of her bag, a thing that would be exhausted by a tear, and pretend to touch her lips with it, what on earth would she do all night at the theater? This great country's moderately safe as long as ladies don't go out to have a duck between acts. But the only chance we have of keeping the country safe is to let them have 200 sorts of surreptitious things, powder-rags included.

Defining a Sleeper.

The fashion we have of saying "steamer," and "cutter," and of using many similar words in a variety of senses, results not so much from the poverty of our language as from our laziness. It is well ridiculed in the following:

A sleeper is one who sleeps. A sleeper is that in which a sleeper sleeps. A sleeper is that on which the sleeper which carries the sleeper while he sleeps runs. Therefore while the sleeper sleeps in a sleeper, the sleeper carries the sleeper over the sleeper which carries a sleeper, and wakes the sleeper in the sleeper by striking the sleeper under the sleeper, and there is no longer any sleeper sleeping in the sleeper on the sleeper.

The fact that neatness of person is a habit that is easily lost, if neglect is once allowed, is proved nowadays in a great many individual cases, but it has been proved on a larger scale by the experience of the world after the baths of the ancients went out of fashion. In the change of the world's habits incidental to the change of religion, and especially with the deserved condemnation of the Roman public baths by the Christian church, the practice of public bathing came to an end, and that of private bathing, unhappily, became only too rare.

The usages of the generations preceding the present century, in the matter of cleanliness of personal habits, are almost incredible to us. A book recently published, of which Mr. Alfred Franklin is the author, contains some facts regarding the domestic life and social usages of the period from the twelfth to the eighteenth century, which are in a sense instructive, since they show to what a condition even "elegant society" may descend, when the watchful care for personal cleanliness is once abandoned.

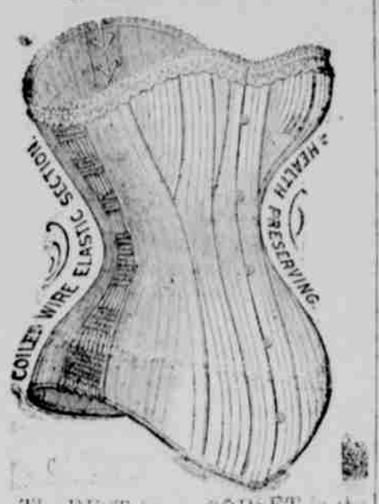
The ladies of the seventeenth century very seldom washed their faces. They sometimes dipped a cloth in spirits, and passed it over their faces; and their toilet codes and directions, still extant, prove that they avoided water for the face, because they believed it was destructive to the complexion. As for any other sort of baths, no reference is found to them in these toilet directions, probably for the very good reason that none were ever taken. That the same ladies seldom washed even their hands seems to be established also. In an old romance a princess says to a young lord of the court, "You see, sir, that my hands are whiter than yours, although it is four days now since I washed them." This seems to have been a commonplace remark, and treats of a condition of things which was taken quite as a matter of course.

Richelieu was known among the men of the seventeenth century as a man who was to some degree eccentric, from the fact that he was neat in his person. That he is mentioned as a "man who bathed" seems to prove that it was not common for men to "bathe" at that time. The women of the courts of Louis XIV. and XV. of France powdered their faces incessantly instead of washing them, and built enormous head-dresses upon heads that were never combed. The accounts which are given of some results of this practice are almost beyond belief.

It seems to have taken the people of Europe many centuries to learn what they know of the need of personal cleanliness, a knowledge which they lost after the destruction of the Roman baths. The people of the European continent of the present day are far from being as scrupulous in this respect as are the English and Americans.

In some countries of Europe an extraordinary neglect of personal cleanliness still prevails among the majority of the people, and disease and pestilence are the result almost as often as they were from the shocking want of cleanliness in the Middle ages.

DR. SHILINGS' CORSET.



The BEST $1.00 CORSET in the World. Try them and you won't buy anyother, all styles in Ladies Misses and nursing, sold at the

BEE HIVE STORE.

CHANCERY ORDER.—State of Michigan, Twenty-First Judicial Circuit, in Chancery.

ALONZO EAGON, Complainant, vs. MARY J. EAGON, Defendant.

Suit pending in the Circuit Court for the County of Gratiot, in Chancery, at the village of Ithaca, the county seat of said county, on the sixth day of June, A. D. 1887.

In this cause it appearing from affidavit on file, that the defendant herein, Mary J. Eagon, is not a resident of this state, but that she resides in the Province of North America, to wit: At Queensville, in the county of York, Ontario, Canada; and that a chancery subpoena was regularly issued in said cause, and returned not served for the reason that she is not to be found within the state;

[illegible] defendant, and [illegible] ance to be entered herein within [illegible] months from the date of this order, and in case of her appearance that she cause her answer to the complainant's bill of complaint to be filed, and a copy thereof to be served on the complainant's solicitor within twenty days after service on her of a copy of said bill and notice of this order, and in default thereof, said bill be taken as confessed by the said non-resident defendant; and it is further ordered, that within twenty days from the date hereof, the complainant cause a notice of this order to be published in the Alma Record, a newspaper printed, published and circulating in said county, and that such publication be continued therein at least once in each week for six weeks in succession, or that he cause a copy of this order to be personally served on said non-resident defendant, Mary J. Eagon, at least twenty days before the time above prescribed for her appearance.

GILES T. BROWN, Circuit Court Commissioner, Gratiot County, Michigan.

W. A. HAHLER, Complainant's Solicitor.

A TRUE COPY, Attest: M. P. SALTER, Register in Chancery.

SHERIFF'S SALE.—Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for the County of Gratiot and state of Michigan in favor of Henry A. Delavan, Charles A. Delavan and George M. Delavan, against the goods, chattels, lands and tenements of Thompson Kress, situated in said County to me directed and delivered, I did on the 11th day of April A. D. 1887, levy upon and take all the right, title and interest of the said Thompson Kress in and to the following described real estate, that is to say: The west half (½) of the southwest quarter (¼) of section seventeen (17), township twenty (20) north of range three (3) west, in Gratiot county and state of Michigan, which I shall expose for sale, or so much thereof as shall be necessary to satisfy the amount stated in said fieri facias, at public auction or vendue, to the highest bidder, at the front door of the court house, in Ithaca, in said county of Gratiot, on SATURDAY, JULY, the 16th, A. D. 1887, at two o'clock in the afternoon of said day. P. D. PERRY, Sheriff. Dated the 21st day of May, 1887.

MORTGAGE SALE.—Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage made and executed by Charles E. Hilbreth and Marcetta R. Hilbreth, his wife, to William D. Clark, dated October 21st A. D. 1882 and recorded in the office of the register of deeds of Gratiot county, Michigan, on the 23rd day of October, 1882 in liber 40 of mortgages on page 3, on which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice, for interest, the sum of two hundred and thirty dollars and seventy-six cents ($230 76) besides an attorney fee of fifteen dollars provided by statute, and no proceeding at law or in equity having been instituted to collect the whole or any part of the debt secured by said mortgage. Now, therefore, by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained, and of the statute in such case made and provided, notice is hereby given that on the 24th day of September 1887 at two o'clock in the afternoon, at the north front door of the Gratiot county court house, in the village of Ithaca and said state of Michigan, for the purpose of foreclosing said mortgage, there will be offered for sale at public vendue to the highest bidder, the premises in said mortgage described, or so much thereof as shall be necessary to satisfy the amount due on said mortgage with interest thereon at the rate stipulated in said mortgage together with the costs and expenses of sale including the said attorney fee provided by statute. That is to say the following described parcel of land situated in the county of Gratiot and state of Michigan, and described as follows, viz: The east one half (½) of the southwest quarter (¼) of section thirty-four (34) in township twelve (12) north of range four (4) west, except a strip of land off north side belonging to the Chicago, Saginaw and Canada R. R. Co., containing (5 ac) acres of land more or less. This sale will be made subject to the principal sum of $[illegible] not yet due, and interest on the same from Oct. 21st 1886.

Dated June 16, 1887.

WILLIAM D. CLARK, Mortgagee. GEO. P. STONE, Attorney for Mortgagee.

LUTHER WOOD ALMA,

Is headquarters for best goods, at Sledge Hammer Prices. First man to reduce prices on goods that cost me as much as anyone. Three kinds of Mowers: Celebrated Clippers, Renowned Crowns, and Handy Rawsons.

Binders and Reapers!

Mowers from $45 to $55.

All other goods in proportion. Also Superior Drills, 1 and 2-horse.

Sections, Guards and Rivits for 12 kinds of Binders, Reapers and Mowers. The Champion, old and new; Walter A. Wood, Clipper, McCormick, Warrior, Empire, Wheeler, Buckeye, Crown, Rawson, Etc.

These goods are all new and first class. Call and examine and get repairs early.

LUTHER WOOD.

TIME TABLE.

Toledo, Ann Arbor & North Michigan.

Corrected to Jan. 1, 1887.

North Bound. Standard Time. South Bound.

No. 5 Acc.	No. 1 Ex.	No. 3 Mail	STATIONS.	No. 1 Ex.	No. 3 Ex.	No. 5 Mail
P. M.	P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
6 45	3 15	5 15	Lv Toledo, Ar	9 25	1 35	11 30
6 17	3 20	5 25	Manhattan Jc.	9 15	1 26	11 22
6 31	3 35	5 41	Alexis	8 10	1 16	11 12
7 4	4 01	6 05	Monroe Jc.	8 45	12 42	10 46
8 00	4 40	6 40	Dundee	8 32	12 33	10 32
8 44	5 21	7 00	Milan	8 06	12 12	10 08
9 40	5 52	7 44	Pittsfield	7 37	11 43	9 40
10 00	6 10	7 53	Ann Arbor	7 20	11 30	9 30
10 10			Wyeland	6 40		
11 00			South Lyon	6 00		
	6 55	8 55	Hamburg		10 50	8 52
	7 20	9 05	Pinckney Jc.		10 45	8 47
	7 27	9 30	Howell		10 20	8 15
	7 54	9 12	Byron		9 43	7 37
	7 59	9 31	Durand		9 30	7 20
	8 20	9 50	Vernon		9 22	6 52
	8 44	9 59	Corunna		9 03	6 38
	8 51	10 09	Lennox		9 00	6 34
	8 57	10 17	Owosso Jc.		8 55	6 26
	9 03	10 25	Elsie		8 50	6 20
	9 12	10 37	Ashley			6 10
	9 24	11 15	North Star		7 57	5 42
	9 35	11 26	Ithaca		7 46	5 15
	9 52	11 42	St. Louis		7 37	4 57
	9 41	11 50	ALMA		7 20	4 27
	9 59	12 06	Forest Hill		7 08	4 38
	9 57	12 14	Parkinson		7 03	4 35
	10 10	12 23	Shepherd		6 50	4 21
	P. M.	A. M.	Mt. Pleasant		A. M.	P. M.

All trains daily, except Sunday.

Connections:—At Toledo with all lines diverging; at Manhattan Junction with Wheeling & Lake Erie; at Alexis Junction with M.C., and L. S. & M. S.; at Monroe Junction with Adrian branch L. S. & M. S.; at Dundee with M. & O., and L. S. & M. S.; at Milan Junction with Butler division Wabash, St. L. & P.; at Pittsfield with Ypsilanti branch L. S. & M. S.; at Ann Arbor with M. C.; at South Lyon with D. L. & N., and G. T.; at Hamburg with M. A. Lowell division G. T.; at Howell with D. L. & N.; at Durand with G. T., and D. & M.; at Owosso Junction with S. D. & M., and M. C.; at St. Louis with D. L. & N., and S. V. & St. L.; at Alma with D. L. & N.; at Mt. Pleasant with F. & P. M.

W. H. BENNETT, Gen. Pass. & Ft't Ag't.
H. W. ASHLEY, Gen'l Sup't.
A. J. DeLORME, Agent, Alma.

Detroit, Lansing & Northern R. R.

In effect August 22, 1886.

Trains run by Central Standard time.

MAIN LINE.

Going West.			Stations.	Going East.		
A. M.	A. M.	P. M.		A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
7:05	9:55	5:00	Lv Detroit Ar	10:50	4:45	9:30
			Plymouth	10:37	4:30	9:01
			[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	8:37
7:53	10:32	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
8:17	11:02	6:30	Sth Lyon	10:00	[illegible]	[illegible]
A. M.	P. M.					
9:51	1:13	8:03	Trowbridge	8:50	12:41	6:56
10:00	1:40	8:20	Lansing	8:25	12:11	6:30
A. M.	P. M.	P. M.				
11:35	3:15	9:45	Ionia	7:20	10:45	5:15
P. M.	A. M.	P. M.				
12:06	4:00	10:25	Greenville	6:45	9:40	4:36
12:50	4:45		Howard City	6:15	8:55	

STANTON BRANCH.

	P. M.	A. M.			A. M.
.....	3:20	8:00	Lv Ionia Ar	.....	10:45
.....	4:12	8:45	Ar Edmore Lv	.....	9:30
.....	6:15	10:55	" Big Rapids "	.....	6:45

A. M.	P. M.			A. M.	P. M.
7:05	6:15	.....	East Saginaw	11:55	9:02
7:20	5:30	.....	Saginaw City	11:40	8:30
7:30	6:40	.....	Palmer	11:28	8:25
8:30	7:35	.....	St. Louis	10:35	7:35
8:50	7:50	.....	Alma	10:15	7:25
9:25	8:00	.....	Edmore	9:50	6:40
10:25	9:20	.....	Howard City	8:50	5:32
[illegible]	[illegible]	.....	Grand Rapids	7:20	4:00

ITHACA TO ST. LOUIS AND ALMA.

Ithaca	7:00 a m	9:30 a m	1:00 p m	6:30 p m
Alma	8:45 "	10:05 "	3:55 p m	8:55 "
St. Louis	9:00 "		2:35 p m	7:15 "

ST. LOUIS AND ALMA TO ITHACA.

St. Louis	8:25 a m	1:00 p m	5:05 p m
Alma	9:45 "	10:25 a m	1:20 "	6:25 "
Ithaca	11:10 "	10:50 "	3:55 "	8:15 "

Connections.

Detroit, with Railroads diverging.
Plymouth—Flint & Pere Marquette Ry.
South Lyon—Toledo, Ann Arbor & G'd Tr'nk Ry. Air Line Div. G. T. Ry.
Trowbridge—Chicago & Grand Trunk Ry.
Lansing—Sag. Div. of M. C. R. R., Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Ry.
Ionia—D. G. H. & M. Ry., and Stanton R. R.
Howard City—Grand Rapids & Indiana R. R.
Big Rapids—C. & W. M. Ry., and G. R. & I. R. R.
Edmore—Sag. Div. of M. C. R. R., F. & P. M. Div., P. H. & N. Div. T. & R.

J. R. MUCKLEN, Gen'l Manager.
A. ANDERSON, Traffic Man. Detroit.
General Offices Detroit, Mich.
W. A. VALLEAU Agent, Alma.

MORTGAGE SALE.—Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage made and executed by John W. Rowlee and Lovina Rowlee, his wife, to William Dutton, dated October 21st, 1882, and recorded October 22nd, 1882, in Liber 40 of mortgages, on page 2, in the office of the register of deeds for Gratiot county, Michigan, for the sum of Two Hundred Dollars, on the following described land to-wit: The east half (½) of the west half (½) of the southeast quarter (¼) of section twenty-four (24) in township twelve (12) north, of range four (4) west, in Gratiot county Michigan; and the said William Dutton having departed this life on or about the 5th day of October, 1884, leaving a last will and testament filed in the probate court for the county of Lenawee, and the executors therein named declined to qualify, and Charles M. Croswell and Frank W. Clay, or the survivor of them, who have given bond and entered upon the duties of said trust, and whereas, there is claimed to be due and unpaid at the date of this notice, for interest, the sum of Sixty-four Dollars, and the further sum of Ten Dollars and twenty-nine cents for taxes paid for the years 1883 and 1884—making a total sum due and unpaid on said mortgage of Seventy-four dollars and twenty-nine cents, and no proceedings [illegible] at law or in equity having been instituted to recover the whole or any part of said debt secured by said mortgage. Now, therefore, by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained, and of the statute in such case made and provided, notice is hereby given that said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the land and premises above described, at public auction or vendue, to the highest bidder, at the north front door of the Gratiot county court house, in the village of Ithaca, Michigan, on the 5th day of August, 1887, at two o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of satisfying the said amount, due on said mortgage, with interest and all legal costs, together with an attorney fee of fifteen dollars, as provided by statute. Said sale will be made subject to the principal sum of two hundred dollars not yet due, and interest on the same from and after the 21st day of October, 1886.

Dated Ithaca, May 5th, 1887.

FRANK W. CLAY, Surviving Executor of the last will and testament of William Dutton deceased.
MARCUS POLLASKY Attorney for Executor

CHANCERY SALE.—State of Michigan, In pursuance and by virtue of a final decree of the Circuit court for the county of Gratiot, in chancery, made and entered on the 9th day of March, A. D. 18[illegible], in a certain cause therein pending, wherein Nelson E. Rogers, George W. Townsend and Oliver C. Townsend, as executors of the estate of Almon Townsend, deceased, are complainants, and Hiram Townsend, Lucia Townsend and Harlan Townsend, as administrators of the estate of Frank E. Townsend, deceased, are defendents.

Notice is hereby given, that I, the undersigned, one of the circuit court commissioners, in and for said county, will sell at public auction or vendue to the highest bidder, at the north front door of the court house, in the village of Ithaca, in said county, that being the place of holding the circuit court for said county, on Tuesday, the 26th day of July, A. D. 1887, at two o'clock in the afternoon of that day, all those certain pieces or parcels of land, situate, lying and being in the township of New Haven, county of Gratiot, and state of Michigan, known and perfectly described as follows, viz: The east half of the north-east quarter (¼) of section eleven, and the west half of the north-west quarter of section twelve, and the south-west quarter of the north-east quarter (¼) of section twelve, all in town ten north, of range four west, Michigan, to satisfy the decree made and recorded in said cause and the costs.

Dated in Ithaca, May 25, 1887.

GILES T. BROWN, Circuit Court Commissioner in and for said County of Gratiot.
LEWIS CRUTE, Complainant's Solicitor.

MORTGAGE SALE.—Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage made and executed by John W. Rowlee and Lovina Rowlee, his wife, to William Dutton, dated October 21st, 1882, and recorded October 22nd, 1882, in Liber 40 of mortgages, on page 2, in the office of the register of deeds for Gratiot county, Michigan, for the sum of Two Hundred Dollars, on the following described land to-wit: The east half (½) of the west half (½) of the southeast quarter (¼) of section