

1776



1885

# NATIONAL CELEBRATION

## AT GRAND RAPIDS.

### TWO DAYS, - - JULY 3 AND 4.

Second Regiment M. S. T.—Valley City Light Artillery.—Springfield Guard I. S. T., and Independent Company, from Muskegon, will parade on the 4th. Also G. A. R. Posts, S. of V. Camps, G. R. Industrial Societies.—250 G. R. Drummers in Uniform.—500 Mounted Knights.

#### 5-BANDS-5

SPRINGFIELD GUARD BAND, 42 strong, one of the best in the State of Illinois, the ST. JOHNS and ROCKFORD LADY BANDS and GRAND RAPIDS and OTSEGO BANDS.

BALLOON ASCENSION under Prof. E. D. Hogan, of Jackson, afternoon of July 3d.—FIREWORKS both evenings.—SHAM BATTLE.—Mounted Armored gun-boat Barrett.—The Decoy.—The Attack.—Heroic Defense.—MAY THE BEST MAN WIN. Playing by the Lacrosse Club. All on the afternoon of July 4.—PYROTECHNIC DISPLAY in the evening, at an expense of \$1,000.

Trains on all roads will not leave till display is over. Tickets good from July 3 to 6th, one fare round trip.—Ample accommodations.—No raise in prices.

President of the day, HON. E. F. UHL, Orator, Judge-elect A. B. MORSE, Reader, HON. M. S. CROSBY, Marshal, H. F. HASTINGS, Chaplain, Rev. SANFORD H. COBB. Reception Committee, GEO. W. THOMPSON, W. J. BARNHART, D. D. CODY, Capt. H. N. MOORE, C. G. SWENBERG, Capt. W. A. GAVETT, Major G. B. WRIGHT.

#### ROUTE OF THE GRAND PROCESSION.

The following will be the line of march: West on Fulton to Jefferson street, north on Jefferson street to Shawmut avenue, east on Shawmut avenue to Summer street, north on Summer to Bridge street, east on Bridge to Canal street, south on Canal, Monroe and Sheldon to Maple street, east on Maple street to Jefferson avenue, and north on Jefferson avenue to the Fulton street park, where the oration and other exercises will begin.

#### SHE MEANT BUSINESS.

A Woman Who Wouldn't Stand Any Non-sense from Her Daughter's Lover.

"You see," she was explaining to a lawyer, after beating his counsel fee down to three dollars, "I have a daughter Maria."

"Yes'm."

"Maria has a beau."

"Exactly."

"Has been waitin' on her for six years."

"I see."

"And I've been waitin' on him for the same length of time—waitin' for him to marry her."

"Just so, ma'am."

"How long should a couple spark?"

"Well, that depends. It takes some folks a long time to make up their minds."

"Isn't three years long enough?"

"I should think so."

"And I gave him six. I've been getting madder and madder for the last three months, and finally last night I could not hold in any longer. I went into the parlor and there he was, giggling and winking and loving around same as five years ago. There was Maria, simpering and cackling and acting like the same fool she always was. Don't talk to me! A gal can bring a beau to time inside of two years if she's got any marry in her. You didn't fool away six years?"

"No'm."

"Nor I either. Well, I stood it as long as I could, and when I went into the room says I to William, says I—"

"—William, you've got and got, and it's my duty as a mother to know if you intend to marry Mar."

"—Maria she give a scream, and William he turned very red, but says I—"

"—If you love why don't you marry?"

"If you are hangin' around here to pass away time you'd better skip!"

"Well, William coughed and gasped and stammered around, and said he wanted to write to his ma in Iowa."

"Your ma in Iowa?" says I, feeling my daughter climbing up. "Mebbe you ain't worried yet!"

"Don't he says he couldn't be bulldozed, and that one objection to marrying Maria was having me for a mother-in-law. Then the cyclone broke loose. Aha, the whirlwind! Also, two or three earthquakes. Inside of four minutes Maria had fainted, William was a wreck, and we had upset the stove and broke three chairs. He come in and slipped out while I was holding campfire to Maria's nose, and I've heard to-day that he is after a warrant for me for assault with intent to kill. Can he get one?"

"Yes'm."

"Can he do anything?"

"Well, you want a jury."

"Sartin—sartin. I'll go before a jury and tell 'em how he and Maria have got and got for seventeen hundred nights—how I've had to be soft on him—how I've poked up Maria to bring him to time—how I stood it and stood it until somethin' had to break—how it cost me \$200 for fuel and oil—how, but that's all. If they are men they can't find no verdict agin me."

"No'm."

"Well, I'll go home and wait. Maria live there sighing and weeping, and

there's the stove to put up and the chairs to mend, and if William gets the warrant I'll let you know. His ma in Iowa! I'll let him know that somebody's ma in Detroit is alive and kicking and allus on deck!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

#### A CUBAN CITY.

The Yankee's Opinion of Santiago de Cuba.

Santiago de Cuba is a very strange city. The houses and stores are so built that the walls can be almost entirely thrown open, while the interior have courts that are unroofed and unobstructed to the sky. The money of the country is strange, and nothing about the city is familiar to an American. A real Yankee just landed spoke as follows:

"Somehow I can't tell when I'm indoors and when I'm out. I've got a room, or something, in a hotel here, and I've been into it, quarantining around, but I could not tell when I was in the parlor or when I was in the kitchen or back yard, so I'm standin' out here in the park not to make any mistake. I started down the street a minute ago, but I got afraid I might make a mistake and get arrested for bein' found in somebody's back parlor."

"I've got a lot of the money of the place, but I can't make heads nor tails of it. I took some of it back whar I got it, and passed it over the same counter—so I reckon it's genuine."

"I could write the history of the place already. All I need is the dates. It was evidently built the year after the flood, it's been shook down by an earthquake, burned up by a volcano, resettled, and left just as 'twas found. The whole country is best where it's been let alone. Wherever the people have touched it they hav' made a mess of it."

—*Portland Transcript.*

#### Bay Windows in Railway Cars.

The bay window parlor cars differ from the old style parlor car in many important details. The bay window feature is the most striking point of difference to the casual observer. Instead of the ordinary flat windows, these cars are fitted with a series of five bay windows, each about seven feet wide and a trifle higher than usual. They are composed of a central light about three feet wide, from which two less lights deflect in contrary directions. There is no projection beyond the outer line of the car, but the central light falls within the interior line of the car's side, and the deflection of the wings being inward there is no extension beyond the limit of safety. The full effect of this novel arrangement can only be gained from the interior, where increased lighting surface, unusual facilities for observation and other marked advantages readily appear as the results of the improvement. —*Pittsburgh Times.*

"Derailed by a Son Kink" is the picturesque heading which an enterprising newspaper uses for an account of cars being thrown off the track by the expansion of the rails from the sun's heat.

#### TAKEN HOME.

A Poor Orphan Girl Borne in the Embrace of the South Wind to Her Dead Mother.

One night, after she had crept to her bed of rags, bruised and sore from Old Nan's daily beating, she had heard the South Wind softly blowing past the window, and she whispered:

"Oh! South Wind, have pity on me! I am beaten and worked and starved! Be kind to a poor orphan girl!"

"But I can not soften Old Nan's heart," answered the breeze, "nor can I bring you food."

"You can take a message for me."

"To whom?"

"My mother in Heaven."

"What is the message?"

"Tell her that my days are full of misery, and my nights are long with sorrow. I want to be with her in Heaven."

"Sleep, child, and I will bear your message!" whispered the wind; and she forgot her wretchedness and, sleeping, dreamed of green valleys and such beautiful flowers that she cried out in tones of joy and awoke Old Nan.

"How dare you!" growled the hag; and she beat the child again and again for her dream.

The next night the South Wind whispered at the window, and the child rose up and asked:

"Did you find my mother?"

"'Tis a long way to Heaven!" answered the wind. "Have patience and sleep again."

The child slept, and in her dreams she sat beneath green trees and listened to such sweet music that Old Nan was again awakened by her wails.

"Wretch! Ingrate!" cried the old hag in her fury; and she beat the child as if she meant to kill her.

On the third night the South Wind was late in coming. The child was alone in the gloomy room, and the fever was on her until she tottered and fainted strange things.

"It won't come—it won't come!" she kept calling, but by and by she heard the rustle of the South Wind afar off, and she had her face to the window as it came up.

"Did you find my mother?"

"Aye! and she bids you come!"

"Now?"

"Wait a little while and sleep again."

And the child slept and dreamed of a path winding through a dark valley. She traversed it in fear and trembling, and more than once she would have faltered had not the South Wind whispered:

"Be of brave heart! Heaven is before you."

By and by the darkness was dispelled, and at her feet she saw the waters of a great river. On the other shore were gates of pearl and gold, and as they opened to the strains of sweetest music, an angel issued forth and cried out to the cowering child:

"Be not afraid! I am thy mother!"

And as the South Wind spread its wings and bore the child across the silver waters her joy was so intense she called out:

"Death! Mother! Heaven!"

"Didn't I tell you?" screamed the old

bag, who had just returned; and she knelt beside the bed of rags to beat the child.

"Too late!" said the South Wind, with its face at the window.

"Aye! it was too late."—*Detroit Free Press.*

#### NOT HIS PROPERTY.

The Explanation That Preceded a Disturbance on a Texas Railroad.

"Will you be kind enough to take that grip-sack off that seat," said a countryman, who got on a train at Luling, Tex.

"No, sir, I don't propose to do anything of the sort," replied the drummer, who was sitting on the other side of the seat.

"Do you say that you are going to let that grip-sack stay right there?"

"Yes, sir, I do."

"In case you don't remove that grip-sack I shall be under the painful necessity of calling the conductor."

"You can call in the conductor, the engineer, and the brakeman, if you want to. Perhaps you had better stop at the next station, and send a special to old Jay Gould himself about it."

"The conductor will put you off the train."

"I don't care if he does. I am not going to take that grip-sack from that place where it is."

The indignant passenger went through the train, and soon returned with the conductor.

"So you refuse to remove that grip-sack, do you?" asked the conductor.

"I do."

Great sensation.

"Why do you persist in refusing to remove that grip-sack?"

"Because it's not mine."

"Why didn't you say so at once?"

"Because nobody asked me."—*Texas Siftings.*

#### Cannibalism of Fishes.

A few weeks ago I opened the stomach of a codfish weighing nine and a quarter pounds. I found in it two full-grown herrings, one large whiting, one cooling, seven flounders, one small sole, and one small skate, all newly swallowed. From the mouth of the whiting a large live worm issued. Besides these there were half-digested remains of other fish, chiefly herrings. All the large mouthed fishes are curiously voracious and usually cannibals. I have seen a small eel swallow a still smaller eel, head first, the tail half of the swallowed fish protruding from the mouth of the swallower and moving for some hours. The swallowing thenceforth proceeded very slowly, evidently according to the rate of digestion of the part that had reached the stomach, as some days elapsed before the end of the tail of the swallowed fish disappeared. To show the voracity of some fishes take two John Dorys of equal size, open the mouth of one to its full capacity, and it will be found large enough to take in the whole of the second fish. —*Good-enough's Magazine.*

The new rowers are the "Remont," the "Sowet" and "American Beauty."

A girl may be a good violin player and yet not be able to draw a bean. —*N. Y. Journal.*

Good old Mrs. Wayback thinks it awful strange that so many of that there Reader family up to Boston should be named Constant. —*Boston Globe.*

A mischievous boy yelled "Rats!" in the rink in this city and nearly created a panic. It is almost impossible for a girl to stand up in a chair with roller skates on. —*Newark Call.*

A Maine farmer says that a cow can be cured of kicking by eating hold of her leg while in the act. Just so, and a bee can be cured of stinging by catching hold of her sting while in the act. —*Chicago Tribune.*

"What distinguished people did you see when you were abroad?" was asked of Mrs. Dobbs, on her return from China. "Oh, lots of them; but the one that took my fancy was Wan Lung, the heir consumptive to the throne." —*Eschwege.*

A little boy in Saratoga not long ago came rushing in from outdoors crying because he had been stung by a bee. "Mamma," he sobbed, "I'd just as likes the bees'd walk on me, but I don't like to have 'em sit down." —*N. O. Post-Opium.*

Whoso keep th an apary, being in the bee trade, isn't to be surprised when he is betrayed himself. —*Yankees Gazette.* Whoso keepeth an apary, if he is not a believer, has only to be stung by a bee to become a bee leaver at once. —*Old City Herald.*

"I trust the current of my discourse last Sunday was not sufficiently formidable to hopelessly engulf you," joyously remarked a young Detroit clergyman to a lady member of his congregation the other evening. "Oh, no!" It was quite shallow enough for comfortable wading, thank you!" —*Detroit Free Press.*

There is a story of three Yankees abroad who compared notes. One said: "I was taken for the Emperor of Russia." Quoth the second: "And I am continually asked if I am no; Louis Napoleon." Upspoke the third: "I kin beat that. Yesterday I was goin' along the Champs Elysees and a fellow slapped me on the back and hollered: 'Satan, is that you?'" —*N. Y. Tribune.*

A gentleman from this city has a small boy who imitates George W. When a gentleman called recently the father said to him politely: "I wish I had another cigar to offer you," looking with regret at the one he was smoking. Now was the small boy's opportunity. "I know where they are, pa," he said, dragging open a drawer and bringing out a box of a choice brand. —*Detroit Free Press.*

"Dry goods merchant."—"So sir, you think you could learn to become a salesman?" "Yes, sir." "Well, suppose you were waiting on that man and his wife over at the lace counter. What would you do first?" "I should hold up the best piece of lace in the stock and ask the man if he didn't think it becoming to his daughter's style of beauty." "Well, what then?" "Oh, nothing. The woman would take care of the rest of it." "Young man, I don't want you for a clerk. I want you for a partner." —*Chicago News.*

Surprise. Amazement. Incredulity.

Is depicted upon the countenances of the throng who have visited

## "THE GIANT."

To see the Extraordinary Inducements, Big Bargains, Special Drives this week in

CHILDREN'S BOYS' and YOUTHS'

# CLOTHING

## 500 - SUITS - 500

See the following reduction from prices already low:

Children's Suits at \$1.50, Actual Value,	\$2.50
Children's Suits at \$2.00, Actual Value,	\$3.50
Children's Suits at \$2.50, Actual Value,	\$4.50
Children's Suits at \$3.00, Actual Value,	\$5.00

## KILT AND BLOUSE SUITS,

Percale and Flannel Waists, corresponding in value to the comparison above made:

Boys' Suits at \$3.00, Actual Value	-	\$5.00
Boys' Suits at \$3.00, Actual Value	-	\$6.00
Boys' Suits at \$5.00, Actual Value	-	\$9.00
Boys' Suits at \$6.00, Actual Value	-	\$10.00

Now is your opportunity to get new, stylish goods, this season's make, at Panic Price.

We are Bound to Reduce Stock. Come and compare our prices with those you have seen elsewhere. They will stand the test.

# Giant Clothing Co.,