

HOBBIES

VOL. 1. NO. 25.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., JUNE 27, 1889.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

A HINT FOR THE GUARDS.

For HOBBIES.

TO some of the distinguished veterans of the late war was recently suggested the idea of erecting a drinking fountain, of appropriate design, in memory of the gallant steeds which enabled them to



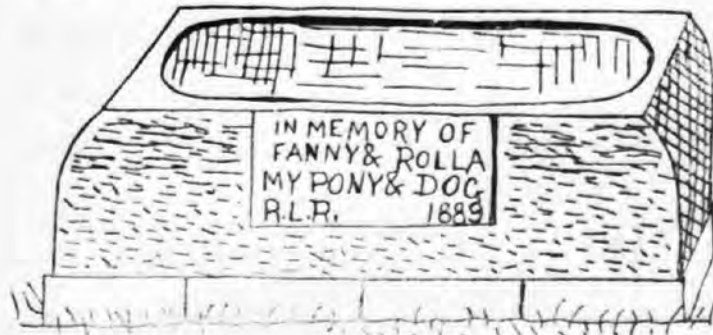
march through Dixie's Land on four legs instead of on two,—which rushed them safely through the smoke of a hundred battles, and bore them swiftly in many a glorious retreat. These distinguished veterans were irresponsible,—they were as dumb as a sentinel, and apparently as deaf as his "post;" but there was a far-away look in their eyes which indicated contemplation and reminiscence, and which encouraged in the bold suggestor some hope of future action.

We are pretty sure that but for some of the equine heroes which served with our soldiers in the late war, many a Johnny who now responds to the "feed-call"

at annual reunions would never have "come marching home again."

□ Honor to whom honor is due, we say! The poet does not hesitate to immortalize in thrilling verse the gallant war-charger; and masters of the brush tell his noble deeds on canvas.

Why should not Kent county veterans be proud to acknowledge, by some public testimonial, their appreciation of and gratitude to the dumb companions which shared their perils and privations in the Nation's service so faithfully and so patiently? And what better for this purpose than a substantial drinking-fountain of stone or iron, surmounted by a horse caparisoned for war, the same to be located in the vicinity of the Soldiers' Home? The White Granite Works on Waterloo street have some appropriate designs for such a structure. It would only be an amplification of the idea which has already found expression in the East Bridge street fountain dedicated to Fanny and Rolla, "My Pony and My Dog," in grateful remembrance of the special pleasures they contributed to my childhood.



Many officers doubtless had just such a plucky field-companion and aide-de-camp as the little black horse which marched through Georgia with Lieut. Chas. F. Kendall on his back, more than twenty-five years ago. It is most interesting to hear him relate the military achievements of that bright, intelligent animal. Many Grand Rapids people doubtless remember "little black Jack," as he lived here about two years after the cruel war was over, and was engaged in the second "siege of Richmond" away out on the Plainfield road.

This horse enlisted for the war with the Lieut.-Colonel of a Maine regiment which served in Tennessee in 1862. After the siege of Knoxville, hundreds of half-starved animals were condemned by the government and sold. Lieut. Chas.

F. Kendall, then with the Eleventh Michigan Cavalry, having studied horse-flesh under the Hon. Chas. Stuart of Kalamazoo, saw some attractive points in this emaciated little beast and bought him for a nominal sum,—a small black horse, scant 15 hands high, heavy build, flowing mane and tail.

Lieut. K. for some time did staff-duty. In an emergency Jack never got left. On one occasion when his master was detailed for some special service, this gritty little steed carried him for eight days of almost continual travel without removal of the saddle or bridle, and on the last day and night made a forced march of eighty-four miles. When at last they had accomplished their mission, the exhausted rider threw himself on the ground to sleep, leaving the jaded steed to do the same. Poor little Jack looked as if he would never respond to "boots-and-saddles" again, and his master said "If that horse is alive in the morning I will never part with him." At the sound of "reveille" Charlie lifted his head from the grassy pillow and called, "Jack!" when, greatly to his surprise and joy, there came, in quick response, the well-known cheerful whinny; Jack was as fresh as a daisy.

Did not such horses (and there were thousands of them) render most valuable aid to our soldiers in that deadly struggle? Without his horse would Sheridan have been the hero of Winchester. Call it not sentiment,—treat it as a matter of simple justice; and, as the various drinking-fountains are erected throughout our city for the refreshment of man and beast, let one be dedicated to "The Equine Heroes of the War for the Union." R. L. R.



Copyrighted 1888 by the J. L. Mott Iron Works.



Copyrighted 1888 by the J. L. Mott Iron Works.

HOBBIES is indebted to the J. L. Mott Iron Works, of Chicago, for the two cuts of the drinking fountains printed herewith. They are new designs, substantial and decorative, and of service for man and beast alike.

J. L. WILKES

Fine Dry Goods.

HIGH NOVELTIES IN

FRENCH DRESS GOODS.

Staple Dress Goods,

Silks and Velvets.

Dress Trimmings.

Hosiery and Gloves.

Linen and White Goods.

Embroideries.

60 MONROE ST.

Thompson & Robertson,

The Plumbers

27 Fountain street,
Hartman Hall Block,
Telephone 139

GET OUR PRICES.

We guarantee our
work, and give our
personal attention to
all jobs.

PRICES ALWAYS LOW

Prompt attention to the
telephone orders.

Voigt, Herpolsheimer & Co.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

Dry Goods, NOTIONS, AND CARPETS.

Retail 78, 80, and 82 Monroe Street.
Wholesale 48, 50, and 52 Ottawa Street.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

SPECIAL SALE
of 26 inch Gold and
Silver Mounted UM-
BRELLAS.



BERKEY & GAY

Furniture Company.

178 to 180 Canal Street.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

We do not claim to
sell goods less than
manufacturer's prices
nor to be the "largest
Furniture House in
Western Michigan"
but we DO claim to
offer on our four large
salesroom floors an
assortment second to
none for style, quality,
and Price. Look the
city over then come to
us and draw your own
conclusions.

17 Canal & 42 West Leonard.

CROCKET & HOPPINS.

STANLY & SCHROEDER

Fashionable

MERCHANT TAILORS

—AND—

MEN'S

Furnishers

33 MONROE ST.

THE BIRDS.

One day in the bluest of summer weather,
 Sketching under a whispering oak,
 I heard five bobolinks laughing together
 Over some ornithological joke.

What the fun was, I couldn't discover,—
 Language of birds is a riddle on earth,
 What could they find in white-weed and clover
 To split their sides with such musical mirth?

Was it some prank of the prodigal summer—
 Face in the cloud or voice in the breeze—
 Querulous cat-bird—woodpecker drummer—
 Cawing of crows high over the trees?

Was it some chip-munk's chatter—or weasel
 Under the stone wall stealthy and sly?—
 Or was the joke about me at my easel,
 Trying to catch the tints of the sky?

Still they flew tipsily, shaking all over,
 Bubbling with jollity, brimful of glee—
 While I sat listening deep in the clover
 Wondering what their jargon could be.

'Twas but the voice of a morning the brightest
 That ever dawned over yon shadowy hills;
 'Twas but the song of all joy that is lightest—
 Sunshine breaking in laughter and trills.

Vain to conjecture the words they are singing,
 Only by tones can we follow the tune;
 In the full heart of the summer fields ringing,
 Ringing the rhythmical gladness of June!

ISLAND PARK.

SOME FACTS ABOUT THIS ATTRACTIVE RESORT.

Step aboard a south bound train on the Grand Rapids and Indiana Road at the Union Depot, bearing a ticket which reads "Rome City." Off we go, past factories, houses, street crossings, into the open country. On we go, stopping now and then at some small village, past green fields, through woods and ravines, by beautiful inland lakes, across the state line into Indiana. We have taken some three or four hours to our journey, and soon after crossing the state line we hear "Rome City" sung out by the brakeman, the train crosses a stream, ruzzss by the banks of a beautiful sheet of water and slows up at the station. Step off, turn your eyes to the left and a little distance off you see Island Park, a resort famous with southern Michigan and Indiana. A neat foot and carriage bridge leads to the entrance gate, and in a few minutes you are within the shady walks of Island Park. Off to the right as you walk toward the auditorium and other buildings, is Sylvan Lake, a beautiful sheet of water. It is most beautiful for situation, the lake being deep and pure, and the supply of water being furnished by inexhaustible springs. The lake is at the widest three-fourths of a mile, and five miles long, and is surrounded by beautiful groves; the soil is hard, gravelly loam and free from dust and mud. Its level is 400 feet above Lake Erie, and the air is pure and invigorating. Steamers and boats supply the means of recreation, and pure well water from the gravel and sand, and gushing chemical springs supply the thirst, after physical exercise.

Shady groves with but few open spots characterize this beautiful spot, while graveled walks, rustic bridges, rippling streams, playing fountains, rustic chairs, and other accessories aid in making the place attractive.

Island Park Assembly will be liberally supplied with flowers this summer, as Supt. O'Rourke, of the G. R. & I. R. R. has seen to it that the hot-house has been well cared for and improved, and from it the flower beds and borders beautified.

The class flowers for the C. L. S. Cs. will all be there in abundance, the daisy, the tuberose, the white rose and the carnation.

An elegant new station house capable of protecting fifteen hundred people from sun or rain. The island has been improved, sleeping rooms overhauled, buildings painted, new restaurant and hall erected. All the old buildings have been painted, and with two old halls enlarged, with twenty-five new clinker boats added to the already large fleet there, makes Rome City the most attractive, cleanest and best resort for picnics, or excursion parties, in Indiana.

The lake is large; nicely wooded banks surround it, clean gravel or sand shores, no black muck or wild grass to prevent the landing of row boats at almost any point desired, while those desiring to view the beautiful waters, without partaking of the pleasure of boat-riding, can do so seated upon the lake's beautiful banks, nicely shaded, thus avoiding the rays of the burning sun.

COST.

Cost is a prime factor in everything, and consequently is an item of interest right here. The fare from Grand Rapids for the round trip is \$3.20. Single admission to the grounds is 25 cents. A full term Assembly ticket to the grounds is \$2.50. Board at the hotel costs \$7.00 per week, but by tenting this can be greatly reduced. Rooms at the hotel are fifty cents per day. From these figures it will be seen that a few weeks at this delightful resort can be passed economically.

To rest beside rippling waters, under the shade of nestling leaves, and have at the same time the latest achievements of science, the happiest attainments of religious thought, the beauties of music and art, brought before one in a circle of lectures and entertainments, is the great Chautauqua idea. A vacation in midsummer for such a purpose in such places is one of the great improvements in the promotion of intellectual, moral and religious culture of the last century. ISLAND PARK ASSEMBLY ASSOCIATION was the first to plant such an institution in the West.

A regularly equipped summer school is carried on from July 31 to August 12. This is under charge of Rev. N. B. C. Love of Upper Sandusky, Ohio, assisted by Rev. L. J. Naftzger of La Grange, Ind. A large force of eminent instructors will assist and as will be perceived by the following program, every day will be filled with interest.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

C. L. S. C. matters will receive particular attention. August 6 will be Recognition Day, when Dr. G. P. Hays and Bishop J. P. Newman will deliver addresses. It is probable that a Tri-State C. L. S. C. will be organized. Each day there will be a lecture on some special subject of the work. Among others the following scholars and specialists have been engaged: Dr. C. B. Stemen, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Rev. H. S. Gekler, A. M., Goshen, Ind.; Rev. L. A. Beeks, Kendallville, Ind.; Rev. T. C. Read, A. M., Fostoria, Ohio; Rev. A. C. Barnes, D. D., Cary, Ohio; Prof. Thos. Jackson, A. B., Fort Wayne, Ind.

Stereopticon views and lectures will be a feature under the charge of Prof. L. B. Lake, of Toledo, Ohio. Seven regular lectures with the aid of this instrument will be given, besides a few fine pictures at odd times.

Physical culture will be a special feature under Miss Mirindy Scidmore who has had much experience in this class of work.

A model of Palestine, the property of the Assembly, constructed by the late Dr. Perrine, at a cost of \$1,500, occupies the centre of Model Hall. It is built upon a platform car and is so arranged that it can be looked down upon by a large class, showing Palestine from snow capped Hermon on the north to the desert south of the Dead Sea, and from the Mediterranean on the west to the high table land east of the Jordan. This model is a special feature of Island Park, and daily lectures upon the geography, history, biography and religions of the Land of Divine Visitation, prophecy, sacred song and Gospel teaching.

A class in wood carving and a kindergarten school will also prove attractive features.

Everything at Island Park will go by regular order to avoid confusion and in order that all may keep informed as to classes, lectures, etc.

5 30 a. m.	Morning Bells.
6 00	Devotional Meeting,.....Chautauqua Hall.
7 00	Breakfast,
8 00	Lecture on Model,.....Model Hall.
8 00	Physical Culture,.....Art Hall.
8 00	Chorus Class and Voice Culture,....Auditorium.
9 00	Adult Elocution,.....Model Hall.
9 00	Boys' and Girls' Class,.....Chautauqua Hall.
10 00	Normal Class,.....Chautauqua Hall.
10 00	Kindergarten,.....Kindergarten Hall.
11 00	Lecture,.....Auditorium.
12 00 m.	Dinner.
1 30 p. m.	Music by Band.
2 00	Lecture,..... Auditorium.
3 30	Minister's Institute,..... Art Hall.
3 30	Woman's Work,.....Chautauqua Hall.
5 00	C. L. S. C. Round Table,....Chautauqua Hall.
6 00	Supper.
7 00	Sunday-School Free Parliament,... Auditorium.

7 00 Music by Band,
8 00 Lecture or Concert..... Auditorium.
10 00 Warning Bell.
10 30 Bed Bell.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 31ST. 1889.

7 p. m.—First meeting of Chorus, Prof. S. H. Blakeslee, Director, Auditorium.
8 p. m.—Eleventh Annual Opening. Stereopticon Pictures, "Pilgrim's Progress," Prof. L. B. Lake.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 1ST.

(Young People's Day)

11 a. m.—Lecture, "The Fast Young Man," Rev. J. H. Wilson, Rochester, Ind.
2 p. m.—Lecture, "New Education," Rev. L. A. Belt, D. D.
8 p. m.—Lecture, "China and Chinese," (Illustrated,) M. M. Parkhurst, D. D.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 2ND.

11 a. m.—Lecture, "Temperance Reform," Rev. L. A. Belt, D. D.
2 p. m.—Lecture, SAM SMALL.
8 p. m.—Grand Concert, Vocal and Instrumental, Prof. S. H. Blakeslee, Director, assisted by Otsego Band, Prof. J. D. Woodbeck, Leader. Pictures—"From Damascus to Jerusalem," by Prof. L. B. Lake.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 3D.

11 a. m.—Lecture, "You and I," Rev. A. J. Fish, A. M. Lima, Ohio.
2 p. m.—Lecture, SAM SMALL.
8 p. m.—Lecture, "Japan and Japanese," (Illustrated with Stereopticon), M. M. Parkhurst, D. D.

SUNDAY AUGUST 4TH.

8 a. m.—Devotional Meeting, Chautauqua Hall.
10 30 a. m.—Sermon, SAM SMALL. (Subject not given). Auditorium.
2 p. m.—Sunday-School, Robert Larkins, Chicago. Superintendent, Auditorium.
4 p. m.—Young Peoples' Meeting, Rev. N. B. C. Love, Auditorium. Leader.
7 p. m.—Vesper Service, Rev. L. J. Naftzger, Leader. Auditorium.
8 p. m.—Sermon, "Christ's Love for Sinners," Rev. A. J. Fish, A. M. Auditorium.

MONDAY, AUGUST 5TH.

11 a. m.—Lecture, Dr. R. M. Barnes, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
1 30 p. m.—Music by Band
2 p. m.—Lecture, "Does Death End All?" REV. JOSEPH COOK, D. D. L. L. D., Boston.
8 p. m.—Lecture, "India," M. M. Parkhurst, D. D.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 6TH.

(C. L. S. C. Day.)

11 a. m.—Lecture, "Character and Manners," Rev. Geo. P. Hays, D. D., L. L. D.
1 30 p. m.—Music in Assembly Grounds.
2 p. m.—Recognition service for the C. L. S. C. class of 1889. Procession will form in Assembly grounds at the Natural Amphitheatre, and marching along the main avenues by Chautauqua Hall and Assembly Hotel, across foot bridge to the island, thence through the Sylvan paths, across Rustic Bridge to the Auditorium, where the graduating class will pass the Arches. The exercises here will consist of a recitation by Prof. Chas. Underhill, violin solo by Miss Harter and songs by specialists under Prof. S. H. Blakeslee, and an oration.
8 p. m.—Elocutionary entertainment. Prof. Chas. Underhill, instrumental and vocal solos, trios and quartettes, Stereopticon pictures, illumination, etc., etc.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 7TH.

(Art and Science Day.)

11 a. m.—Lecture, "Flippant Skepticism," Rev. Geo. P. Hays, D. D., LL. D.
2 p. m.—Illustrated Lecture, C. C. Stokes. Mr. Stokes shows the power of chalk and charcoal in portraying Humor, Wisdom, Art, Literature and Science, as no other lecturer does on the American platform.
8 p. m.—Lecture, "The Lighthouse, the Sentinel of the Sea," Prof. J. B. De Motte, Professor of Natural Philosophy, De Pauw University, Greencastle, Ind.; Member of the Franklin Institute; Member of the Philosophical Society of Great Britain, assisted by Mr.

William H. Stanton, Philosophical Instrument Maker.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 8TH.

(Second Art and Science Day.)

11 a. m.—Illustrated Lecture by Prof. C. E. Stokes, great Crayon Artist.
2 p. m.—Grand Concert, vocal and instrumental, solos, trios, quartettes, full chorus; piano, violin, cornet, piccolo, flute solos, led by Prof. Blakeslee.
8 p. m.—Lecture, "The Air we Breathe," Prof. J. B. De Motte.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 9TH.

(Grand Army Day.)

Morning Guns and Bugle Calls.
11 a. m.—Address, "All Along the Lines," Gen. W. H. Gibson.
2 p. m.—Address, Major-General O. O. Howard, U. S. Army, followed by a grand reception and reunion of the soldiers of the Union, conducted by Gen. I. M. Kirby, of Ohio.
7 p. m.—Prof. C. F. Underhill, elocutionary recitals, war songs, etc.
8 p. m.—"Brady War Views." The original pictures enlarged with Stereopticon, and described in a lecture by Cadet John Cress. Fireworks on the Lake, Battle of the Boats.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10TH.

(Sunday School and Boys' and Girls' Day.)

10 a. m.—Elocution entertainment. Chas. Underhill.
11 a. m.—Lecture, "Talking Animal," Rev. T. C. Reed, A. M.
2 p. m.—Physical Culture Class Drill. The class will appear in uniform and give an entertainment of rare excellence. Children will be assigned front seats.
8 p. m.—Lecture, "India and Hindoos," Dr. M. M. Parkhurst, Illustrated Stereopticon.

SUNDAY AUGUST 11TH.

(Gospel Temperance.)

8 a. m.—Union Gospel Temperance Meeting of all temperance workers, led by Mr. Francis Murphy.
10:30.—Discourse by Francis Murphy, topic not given.
2:30 p. m.—Sermon by Gen. W. H. Gibson.
4 p. m.—Young People's Meeting, Rev. T. C. Reed, A. M.
7 p. m.—Temperance hymns and songs, led by Prof. S. H. Blakeslee.
8 p. m.—Sermon by Rev. A. C. Barnes, D. D., "Rock of Ages," illustrated with pictures, as sung by the Trio of Ladies.

MONDAY, AUGUST 12TH.

(Second Gospel Temperance Day.)

11 a. m.—Lecture, "The Dutch," Rev. T. C. Reed, A. M.
2 p. m.—Lecture, Francis Murphy, Gospel Temperance.
7 p. m.—Elocutionary Entertainment, Underhill—Grand Closing Concert, Full Chorus, Beautiful Songs, Anthems, choice Instrumental and Vocal Solos, Stereopticon Song Service, etc.; Farewell Words.

Woman's Work will also receive special attention, and a series of lectures will be given in addition to other exercises, under charge of Miss Carrie B. Sharp and Mrs. D. R. Wells. The lectures will be as follows:

1. Her Individuality. Mrs. Wells, Fort Wayne.
2. Her Home Relationships. Miss Anna Philley, Fort Wayne.
3. Home Furnishing and Decoration, Mrs. S. E. Hart, Mendon, Mich.
4. The Management of "Help," Miss Sharp, Fort Wayne.
5. The Training of Children, Mrs. M. A. Shulze, Kendallville, Ind.
6. Her Duties to Society, Mrs. A. P. Peake, Centerville, Mich.
7. Her Relation to Charitable Organizations, Mrs. E. H. McDonald, Fort Wayne.
8. Her Connection with Reform Movements, Mrs. M. E. Goodman, Kendallville.
6. Her Church Work, Mrs. L. D. Keil, Fort Wayne.
10. Her Civil Status, Miss L. A. Mitchell, Kendallville.

Music is a prominent feature at all summer resorts and of course Island Park is no exception to the rule. This department will be in charge of Prof. S. H. Blakeslee, of the Ohio Wesleyan University. He excels in class and chorus drill, and advanced singers can be greatly benefited by entering his classes. For three years past he has been director of music at Lakeside, Ohio, where he was deservedly popular. He is a fine tenor soloist. Prof. Blakeslee is too well

known to need any commendatory words. Whenever he has, at assemblies, acted as conductor, his singers have at once felt him to be a personal friend and inspiring leader.

Mrs. Blakeslee will assist as pianist, Miss Marion Harter as violinist, and a trio composed of Misses Smith, Byers and Whitney. In addition to these features a fine band will render a superior class of music daily in the open air.

MY BRASS VALISE.

It was not a brass valise, of course, but the name was first given to it by Ambrose, *garçon* at the M— hotel, Calais, and the name has since stuck to it. It was a good, strong valise, certainly large enough, and it is not to be denied, that in the way of bands, studs, locks, and patent covers for key-holes, it had a somewhat unusual quantity of brass about it.

I was standing on the deck of the steamer, which was just about to leave for Dover, talking to my friend Jean Caboulet, and my valise, which had successfully and easily passed the once difficult barrier of the custom-house, was lying at my feet.

My friend Jean Caboulet, whom I had known in New York, had been of great service to me during my short sojourn in France. I had spent a few days with him at his residence in Calais when I first arrived on the Gallic shores, and I would have been at his house the preceding night, had I not feared inconveniencing his wife, who was a good woman with a large family, and not much room for them all. So I had gone to the M— hotel, when I reached Calais the evening before, but Jean and I had been together most of the day, and he was now sending affectionate remembrances to a number of our mutual American friends. While we were talking (Jean was in a hurry, for the boat would soon start), a man in a blue cap, and with a great strap round his waist, came up to me, and politely offered to remove my valise, and deposit it with the rest of the baggage.

"No," said I, "I wish to take care of it, myself. Leave it where it is."

"But, Monsieur," said the man, "it is in the way. Baggage is not allowed here. I will just move it to a place of safety." And, so saying, he took it up, and carried it to the other side of the boat.

I was too much engaged in my last adieus to my friend to instantly resent this liberty, but I was very angry, and the moment Jean Caboulet had left me the second time (he had run back to give me the address of a French lodging-house in London—he was always giving me good ideas), I went to regain my valise, and to abuse the man who took it. I did not immediately see him, but happening, while crossing the deck, to look landwards, I perceived the rascal in a blue cap, and with a strap around his waist, standing at the other end of the pier, earnestly talking to a woman in wooden shoes, and at his feet was my valise! I instantly rushed off the boat, although some people shouted to me, and was at his side in a moment. Without breath to speak, I made a snatch at my property, but he had his hand on it the instant I touched it, and turning, and recognizing me, he bowed, and said,

"Ah! it is Monsieur! But no! I will carry it for him. I"—
"Scoundrel!" I gasped. "Give it here! The boat is off!"

"By no means—it is my place. I will dart!" And he jerked it up by the handles.

"But, Monsieur," said he, with an air of profound dejection, as he turned towards the pier, "the boat has gone!"

Sure enough, it had gone, and, had I been on the end of the pier, nothing but a spring of fifty feet would have taken me on board.

"Beast! Wretch!" I cried. "How dared you to carry this off the boat? Scoundrel! I am left! But you shall pay dearly for this."

"The skies!" he ejaculated. "The boat is gone, and I too am left! I did not know the time. What shall I do? I would not let Monsieur's valise go out of my hands—Oh! pardon! pardon, Monsieur! but here is a lady! Monsieur will not use such language—"

I was about to use still stronger language, notwithstanding the presence of the woman in the wooden shoes, who stood listening attentively to my earnest words, but at that moment up came my friend, Jean Caboulet. He had not gone far, and had happened to see me run off the boat. I hurriedly told him of my misery, and of the heartless conduct of the villain before us—who still stood, with an expression of deep concern on his face, and his eyes on the valise, as though he would be glad to swim with me and it, to the now fast retreating steamboat. Caboulet instantly sugges-

ted the police, but, as I was, I whispered to him, that he should remember that I could not call up the police.

"No, no! It is true—you have reason. Come! This man is a wretch, but I shall have my eye on him. He shall lose his place. Get away, *coquin!* and thank your stars that Monsieur is so merciful—I shall remember you! Come, my friend. Ah! you will carry it yourself. Then we will go to my house—No? Then to the hotel. The skies! but that wretch may have done me a good turn. This night we shall pass together."

So together we returned to the M— hotel. Had the situation been different, I would have been ready enough to give this man in charge of the police, but, under the circumstances in which I was placed, I did not wish the smallest finger of the most unimportant hand of Imperial justice to touch my valise, for the bottom of it was nearly full of little red pamphlets, bearing "*La Lanterne*," very conspicuously on their covers. I had copies of nearly all the numbers, and placed particular value on those which had just been put under ban. It was by the merest good luck that I had been able to buy them, and I had set my heart on them, and I had set my heart on getting them safely over the channel. So the impertinence of a man in a blue cap was not to be allowed to interfere with an enterprise like this.

"Ah?" said Ambrose, the *garçon*, smiling. "I am glad to see it again—this good valise of brass!" And he carried it up into the room I had had since my arrival the night before.

My friend and myself walked, and smoked, and talked until I was cooled down to about my usual temperature, and then we dined. We had an excellent dinner in a cool, little room overlooking the street. The lamps had just been lighted below, and I was biting the end of a cigar, when, glancing down on the opposite side of the street, who should I see picking his way over some rough stones, but the fellow with the blue cap, and in his hand—my valise!

"Look there!" I shouted, springing to my feet, and Jean Caboulet's head was out of the window in an instant. The man had just passed under a lamp, and we both saw the valise as plainly as could be.

"'Tis your's" cried Jean, and we rushed down stairs. Further than that Jean, who was fat, could not keep up with me, and without my hat, and alone, I pursued the disturber of my peace, and my valise. He was turning a corner a little above the hotel, and, when I had reached it, he was gone! I stood gazing wildly about me, and directly Jean Caboulet came up and brought me my hat. He shared in my amazement, and together, we questioned some boys—

"With a blue cap, and a brass valise?" said they.

"No," I cried, "a leather valise, bound with brass."

"Oh, my friend," said Jean Caboulet, putting his hand on my arm "let them call it a brass valise if they will, so that they tell us what has become of it."

They had seen such a man, carrying such a valise, turn into that big house where the porter smokes by the door. We went there.

"It is Pierre Blatte that you wish," said the porter. "He has just gone in, but you should not come here for him, and at this hour—but he is there. See him, and hear him speak for himself. The *troisième*, first door to the left."

We hurried up the stairs, and, without knocking, pushed open the door to which we had been directed, and, in the middle of the floor of a large room, plainly furnished, we saw, in the act of taking off his coat, the man who had given me all this trouble. He looked utterly astounded at the first sight of us, but he put on his penitential countenance immediately, and only grimaced a little, when I took him by his collar, and shook him in my rage.

"Your property, Monsieur!" he said in answer to our ob-jurgations. "What property does Monsieur mean? I am not a thief."

Enraged beyond measure, I seized him by the collar, and shouted at him: "My valise, you scoundrel! Give it up this instant, or into the hands of the police you go!"

At this my friend, Jean Caboulet, made with his eyes, shoulders, and mouth a gesture of surprise, but I cried, "Yes, the police. I know what you mean, Caboulet, but I don't care now. I shall have my satisfaction out of this fellow if I never see the contents of the valise again."

"Valise!" said the man. "I gave Monsieur his valise in the street."

"You need not pretend ignorance," I said. "We both saw you walking off with my brass-bound valise. Caboulet, will you call to the porter to fetch a policeman?"

"Ah!" said the man, "Monsieur charges me with stealing his valise. Let it be so. I wish for the arrest. I am content."

He stood very quiet while Jean Caboulet was gone (for it appeared he had to go after the policeman himself), but

directly he said to me, still with the same humble air; "As I am to be arrested, perhaps Monsieur will allow me to take leave of my wife?"

"You will not leave this room alone," I said. "Let her come in, or I will go with you to her."

"But no," he replied, "my good wife is not of good health. She is in bed. Monsieur would not wish that he should go into her room."

Just then my friend, and the policeman arrived, and I gave the man Pierre Blatte in charge. I wished to have the room searched for my property, but the officer said he had no right to do that without a warrant. On my testimony, and that of my friend, the magistrate would doubtless direct the premises to be searched. In the meantime, his companion, pointing to a second policeman, standing at the door, would see that nothing was removed.

So Pierre Blatte put on his coat and shoes, and while he was so doing, he called out to his wife in the adjoining room: "Adieu, my good wife. I go to the office of the police. Monsieur tears me from you, but I will return. I am not a thief."

Then came a female voice from the other room: "Heaven bless thee, my friend! I know thou art innocent. Adieu!"

"Adieu, good heart!" said Pierre Blatte, and we all went off to the police station, leaving the officer who had stood at the door, on guard at the culprit's establishment.

Making my Charge against Blatte to those representatives of the system of Justice, whom I found at the police office, I was very politely treated, and was, in the first place, requested to describe my valise. I did so. Then I was asked regarding its contents.

"Monsieur need not be particular. Something, for example which will prove it to be his valise, if it is found."

"Well," said I, and I could see by Caboulet's face that he encouraged me in the resolution I had taken to say no more than I could help, about the contents. "I have therein four shirts, some collars and wrist-bands, some brushes, combs, &c., the Emperor's Life of Julius Caesar, and some other books."

"Just so," said the official. "Monsieur's valise will be easy to identify. What was the number of Monsieur's room at the hotel, where his valise was deposited by the waiter Ambrose?"

I gave him the number, but protested that it was of no use to waste time in sending to the hotel, for both myself and my friend had seen the man, Blatte, with the valise in his hand, go up the street.

"We always begin at the beginning," said the polite official, and accordingly he sent two men to my room at the hotel.

In about fifteen minutes they returned, and with them they brought my valise! I started with surprise when I saw it, and was still more astonished when I heard that they had found it in my room at the hotel!

"Does Monsieur recognize the valise, and will he open it himself, and verify the articles by showing us some of the contents he mentioned?" said the official.

I unlocked it, and glad to have the opportunity of manipulating its contents myself, I took out the few clothes I had brought over from London, the hair-brushes, the Life of Julius Caesar, and one or two pamphlets, and guide-books, but, if I had been intending to deceive the authorities in regard to the rest of the contents, my conscience need not have been troubled, for there was nothing else in it!

"Monsieur is correct. Those are the articles he mentioned. But Monsieur does not seem satisfied. This is certainly his valise, is it not—and its contents?"

I asked permission to consult with my friend Caboulet, and having consulted with him, I came to the conclusion to be satisfied, and say no more.

I was now certain that the whole thing was a police-job to relieve me of my "Lanternes," as easily as possible. We left the office with my valise (all the lighter for the want of lanterns), and without a look or word for M. Pierre Blatte, who overtook and passed us, on his way to his home and his invalid wife. We went to the hotel, and finished our wine and cigar. My friend Jean Caboulet and myself both agreed that this matter of the contents of my valise must have become known to the authorities too late for them to take any but the rather extraordinary steps that had so surprised and enraged me.

"That rascal had probably just succeeded in tracking me when he accosted me," said I. "Had he been ten minutes later I should have had my "Lanternes" in England by this time."

"Yes," said Jean Caboulet, "but then we should not have had this pleasant evening!"

The evening had not compensated me for the loss of my

"Lanternes," but I was glad that my good friend had enjoyed it.

The next day, as, carrying my valise in my hand, and with plenty of time before me, I was just stepping on to the pier of the Dover boat, I saw a policeman standing in the very small amount of shade afforded by a tall, but slim post. I walked up to him, and as he touched his hat to me, and seemed about to put on the penitential countenance he had worn yesterday with his blue cap, and big strap, I said, "Never mind an apology, but tell me all about the matter. There can be no harm in explaining to me how you managed to find out that I carried "La Lanterne" in my valise. I am an American, as you see, I am going away, and I shall not tell your superiors anything that you may say to me."

"Ah, I do not believe that Monsieur would injure me, for all that he is a little violent sometimes," said the man, bowing, "but there is nothing to tell. We knew that Monsieur was carrying away prohibited matter, and these means were taken to relieve him of it, without making a disturbance. I was sorry (with a bow), to make Monsieur miss the boat, but there was so little time, for we were only informed a few minutes before the time for you to leave. I had no idea Monsieur would be so sharp as to discover me when I removed the valise from the hotel, but it was taken back to his room before I left my house, where Monsieur surprised me so much."

"But how did you people discover that I had those pamphlets?" said I, dropping my cane, and leaving a five-franc piece in the shadow of Pierre Blatte's foot, as I picked it up.

"Oh!" said he, with a smile, "M. Jean Caboulet gave the information."

WHY STUDY ART?

FOR HOBBIES.

EMERSON says: "Not he is great who can alter matters, but he who can alter my state of mind." Neither is he great in art who can imitate material nature, but he who can stir our souls with brush or pen.

The majority of people think they can appreciate a fine picture if they perceive the wonderful atmospheric effects of a Carot, the realistic flesh tints of a Bongerou, or the perfect drawing of Rosa Bonheur. The critique's query is, is it like nature? meaning material nature; not thought, passion; not the soul, but its clay wrap, and so they study the dust of the earth.

It is not necessary to be a great artist to get a higher lesson than mere imitation, while drawing or painting the simplest object of nature. No study can stimulate the imagination more than art study.

Invention from combination ought to begin to develop at once; observation stimulated until many studies are made easier and more perfectly comprehended; taste chastened and directed, and sympathy with both vegetable and animal life so quickened that the art study becomes a moral agent.

Ruskin says: "Take for instance one of the most perfect poems or pictures (I use the words as synonymous) which modern times have seen:—'Old Shepherd's Chief Mourner.' Here the exquisite execution of the glossy and crisp hair of the dog, the bright, sharp touches of the green bough beside it, the clear painting of the wood of the coffin and folds of the blanket, are language, language clear and expressive in the highest degree. But the close pressure of the dog's breast against the wood, the convulsive clinging of paws which has dragged the blanket off the trestle, the total powerlessness of the head laid close and motionless upon its folds, the fixed and tearful fall of the eye in utter hopelessness, the rigidity of repose which marks that there has been no motion or change in the trance of agony since the last blow was struck on the coffin lid, the quietness and gloom of the chamber, the spectacles marking the place where the bible was last closed, indicating how lonely the life, how unwatched the departure of him who is now laid solitary in his sleep, these are all thought,—thought by which the picture is separated at once from hundreds of equal merit, as far as mere painting goes; by which it ranks as a work of high art, and stamps its author, not as the neat imitator of the texture of the skin or fold of the drapery, but as the man of mind."

The beginner says, "This is of great artists, and high art." But the little acorn contains all the elements of the great oak, or the violet seed germ of as perfect a result in its way as the oak. What is your motive in studying art? Because some society lady is so studying? To be able to point to your pictures on the wall? To be called æsthetic? Or to record your love of your flowers, to reach out closer and to hold the loved scenes of your home, or to remember a de-

lightful trip? If the former is your aim you will hang out grammars, and very likely poor ones at that, in your walks, and send fashionable art verbs and nouns on Christmas cards to your friends, and very likely you will not know the art verbs from the art other parts of art speech, for art has its language which must be correctly expressed, and to learn to do so it must be practiced. In conveying thought, art language must be used as word language is used to express ideas, or else it is simply art grammar or art dictionary. To draw and paint merely to prove that you can imitate nature is not advancing far in art, or with a high motive, and to copy pictures is no art study at all.

The subtle thoughts that real art love and enthusiasm call into our minds can no more be conveyed to those who have not experienced similar thoughts from a like cause, than high spiritual truths could be told to a savage; they must be felt as a truth, not heard or seen.

Ruskin describes "perfect taste as the faculty of receiving the greatest possible pleasure from those natural sources which are attractive to our moral nature in its purity and perfection.

Do you love the birds and fields and flowers? If so your song will imitate no other song ever sung, be it with sound or in color; you picture your own heart love of them.

Of course the art language must be learned, the drawing of form, the mixing of colors and the use of material; but do not confuse the language with its expression.

Poor peasant boys which were to become famous artists so loved they hardly knew what, that they invented their own language. Jean Francois Millet threw away much of his technical instruction received in Paris and expressed his thoughts in his own way, created a new method of art expression and became famous.

If you are not studying art from some higher motive than to adorn your walls because chromos are not fashionable, then you are losing all the real good of art study and will probably never do even the language of art well.

Many an artist that exhibits in the most exclusive collections is displaying his perfected art language simply. His figures look like beautiful models, his landscapes have no story; and often a little child in his play drawing shows the real art spirit in his story on the dirty slate.

I believe the time is coming when the thought will be valued more than its expression in all study. When the thought reaches much perfection its proper and beautiful clothing is sure to come.

EMMA S. HUTCHINS.

THE LITTLE HIGH CHAIR.

THERE was an auction at one of the down town auction houses recently. A pale, sad faced woman, in a plain calico gown, stood in the crowd. The loud-voiced auctioneer finally came to a lot of plain and somewhat worn furniture. It had belonged to the plain woman; and was being sold to satisfy the mortgage on it. One by one the articles were sold, the old bureau to one, the easy rocker to another, and a bedstead to a third.

Finally the auctioneer hauled out a child's high chair. It was old and rickety and as the auctioneer held it up everybody laughed—everybody but the pale faced woman. A tear trickled down her cheek. The auctioneer saw it, and somehow a lump seemed to come up his throat and his gruff voice grew soft. He remembered a little high chair at home, and how it had once filled his life with sunshine.

It was empty now. The baby laugh, the two little hands that were once held out to greet "papa" from that high chair were gone forever. He saw the pale faced woman's piteous looks and knew what it meant; knew that in her eye the little rickety high chair was more precious than if it had been made of gold and studded with diamonds. In imagination he could see the little dimpled cherub which it once held; could see the chubby little fist grasping the tin rattle box and pounding the chair full of nicks; could see the little feet which had rubbed the paint off the legs; could hear the crowing and laughing in glee—and now, the little high chair was empty.

He knew there was an aching void in the pale faced woman's heart; there was in his own. Somehow the day may come and go, but you never get over it. There is no one to dress in the morning, no one to put to bed at night. "Don't laugh!" said the auctioneer, softly, as somebody facetiously offered ten cents; "many of you have little empty high chairs at home which money would not tempt you to part with." Then he handed the clerk a bill out of his own pocket and remarked, "Sold to the lady right there," and as the pale faced woman walked out with the little high chair clasped in her arms, and tears streaming down her

cheeks, the crowd stood back respectfully, and there was a suspicious moisture in the eyes of the man who had bid ten cents.—*Furniture.*

DEATH OF JEANNE D'ARC.

The statement given in the histories is that Jeanne D'Arc the Maid of Orleans, or La Pucelle—as she was known in France—was taken prisoner at Compeigne May 23, 1430, by the English. When the fact of her capture was known, both the vicar general of the inquisition in France and the Bishop of Beauvais claimed the young woman to try her for sorcery. She was tried on that charge in the February following, and condemned to death as a witch, and May 30, 1431, was burned as a witch and heretic in the old market place at Rouen, where a statue of her has since been erected. And yet, strange to say, it is asserted by some that she was not put to death, but was kept in prison till 1435, and was then liberated, and returned to her old home, where she was married and died many years later. These latter facts are attested by documentary evidence that seems to render them altogether probable. In the parish registry at Mentz there is an entry showing that Jeanne D'Arc came thither in 1436, and that the magistrates, believing her to be an impostor, as it had been asserted that the true Jeanne D'Arc was dead, sent for her brothers, who at once recognized her. There is also on record there her marriage to Robert d'Armoise, knight. In the archives of the City of Orleans there is other important evidence in the same line. In the Treasurer's accounts for 1435 there is an entry made of money paid to messengers who had brought letters from "Jeanne la Pucelle." Under the date of 1436 there is another entry of money paid to the brother of La Pucelle that he might go to see her, and this entry corresponds very nearly in date with the one in the registry at Mentz stating that La Pucelle had arrived and that her brothers had been sent for to identify her. Further, in the Treasurer's accounts in Orleans, of 1439, there are entries of sums paid for banquets and public rejoicings on the occasion of the visit of Robert d'Armoise and Jeanne, his wife, visiting that city. Also a memorandum stating that the city council had presented to Jeanne d'Armoise the sum of 210 livres for services rendered by her during the siege of Orleans. These evidences are accepted by many French antiquarians as conclusive evidence that La Pucelle was not burned to death as histories state. Others holding to the statement of her execution, contend that Mme. d'Armoise was an impostor. This may have been so, but it seems very strange that the woman should have been recognized by her brothers and others if she were not the real Maid of Orleans. This furnishes a remarkable instance of the doubtful character of what we call history.

THE JACOBITE TOAST.

DR. JOHN BYRON of Manchester, Eng., was the maker of this, which is one of the cleverest epigrams ever written. It was treason to toast the Pretender, so Byron hit upon this neat device, which soon became the rage:

God bless the King, I mean the Faith's defender,
God bless—no harm in blessing—the Pretender;
But who Pretender is, and who is king—
God bless us all—that's quite another thing!

Another way of drinking the Pretender's health was to hold the wine over the finger-glass, and say: "The King!" (meaning the king *over the water.*)

EARLY MORNING.

Through half-closed blinds a glint of pale gray light—
An odor of the dawn just touched with breath
Of rose and honey-suckle, that all night
Mingled with new-mown grass.—The lowing kine—
The cock's reverberant crow from hill to hill—
The incessant tremulous rapture of the birds,
Through singing lands of endless, leafy green.—
The calm broad river, scarce awake from bands
Of sleepy mists and softly rippling dreams.—
The spreading splendors caught from cloud to cloud,
Far up the fiery East, till miles away
The sunrise crimson all the mountain-tops,
And windows flash like stars—and gliding sails
Redden with joy to greet the risen Day.

HOBBIES

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

19 & 21 FOUNTAIN ST., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

TERMS.—Per Year, in advance, - - - - - \$1.00.
Advertising rates made known on application.

No notice taken of anonymous correspondence.

A limited number of small advertisements of first-class business houses solicited.

Impartial and independent of all cliques or parties, either state or national or local.

In order to insure attention, subscribers wishing their address changed must give their old as well as their new address.

This notice marked informs you that your subscription has expired and that you will receive no more copies of HOBBIES until your subscription is renewed.

We shall promptly acknowledge the receipt of all books, papers and magazines that come to our table for review. Publishers will confer a favor by notifying us of any omissions to so acknowledge books sent by them.

C. S. HARTMAN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
F. D. HOPKINS, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

THURSDAY, JUNE 27, 1889.

EDITORIAL.

THE CRONIN CASE AND THE IRISH PRESS.—In its issue of June 13, *America* gives place to a scathing editorial on the attitude of the Irish press in America toward the Cronin murder. In their issues after the Cronin murder and the discovery of the complicity of members of the Clan-na-Gael society therewith, none of the Irish press have made the slightest editorial reference thereto. This is, to say the least, remarkable. It is more; it is suspicious. More than that, it leads to the natural and logical conclusion that these leading Irish journals are "by their silence consenting parties to the methods that have brought shame and disgrace upon the Irish race in America." This silence on the part of the Irish press bodes no good. It arouses suspicions of a nature that should arouse the indignation of every true American. Facts are being brought to light that point conclusively to a deep-laid conspiracy by a revolutionary body of men who, disregarding not only the laws of their adopted country but the laws of mankind, purpose to be a law unto themselves. Those men are murderers, and those who aided or abetted them, and those who by their silence condone their crime, should be kept under the ready hand and watchful eye of the law.

* * *

AN ENGLISH VIEW OF OUR WAR FOOTING.—Some "blooming Hinglishman" who has "passed a good many years in America" has come to the conclusion that in case of a war between this country and England "it is all but certain the republic might disappear." He bases his assertion upon the assumed fact that our navy is far inferior to that of England, our army would be made up of raw recruits, our nation "is split in halves and quarters," and a foreign war would shake up its "rather crazy institutions" in such a manner as to afford an excellent opportunity for malcontent states, among which he classes the Southern states, to sever themselves from the national government, the Indians would go on the war path, the cow boys would do likewise, the anarchists and socialists would "go it" on their own hook, and the foreign element would refuse to fight at all. Here is a terrible picture in glaring colors of what this lurid-minded Englishman forecasts in case of war, but like so many of his fellow-countrymen, he imagines England the only nation on earth. As to the present disparity between forces and armament, he forgets that in the year 1776 a still greater disparity in England's favor existed, but somehow the eagle still screams. As to the "halves and quarters," "crazy institutions," "blood-thirsty Indians," "mad cow boys," et cetera, we fail to recognize them as existing facts of any magnitude whatever. Moreover, the time of great armies has gone by and modern authorities agree that the future wars will be great artillery duels, and when it comes to that, America with her customary ingenuity and enterprise, the like of which is unknown across the waters, will feel fully competent to take care of herself and, if necessary, two or three weaker neighbors at the same time.

* * *

The gentleman referred to, alluded, however, to one fact that we concede. We have an element which, in case of war, would cause us more trouble than England herself,

and that is, our foreign element. There are foreigners and foreigners, and we honestly believe a majority of those who have become citizens with us, would be ready and steady defenders of the stars and stripes. But it must be admitted there is an element among us in our large cities that is a constant menace of danger to our civic institutions. They come to this country to secure a field for their nefarious practices where they are free from interference. They are not in sympathy with our government or its institutions, only in so far as serves their ends. They band themselves together in societies whose objects are a travesty upon human rights and privileges and whose operations are in direct opposition to law and good government. Ignorance is their prophet, and Crime and Debauchery their priests. They have no regard for law, and morality and justice are but empty words in their ears. With such an element in our midst, it might well cause us to pause and consider what would be the attitude of these men in case of war or any other emergency where our government would be compelled to depend upon the loyalty and honor of her citizens. America has far more to dread at the hands of this element than she has of foreign war ships or bloodthirsty savage. The evil is no new one. For years its course has been noted, and time and again have prophetic voices spoken the evil that is now forcing itself upon our notice.

* * *

THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND THE CLAN-NA-GAEL.—"I tell you the only way to meet this thing is with bullet and rope. There is no room in this country for any Irishman who is an Irishman first and an American afterward. The Clan-na-Gael and the whole lot of conspiring bands must be broken up. I say again, bullet and rope is the way to meet the scoundrels, who are Americans only when to be an American does not interfere with their allegiance to societies whose objects would put the members on the gallows. I haven't the least prejudice against an Irishman. I would vote for an Irishman as quickly as for an American if the Irishman were an American first and always before he was an Irishman."

Such are Theodore Roosevelt's words, and they speak the sentiment of thousands who ponder over the condition of affairs revealed by the Cronin murder. They are strong words, and call for strong measures, but when law meets cool, calculating villainy, steel must meet steel. The murder of Dr. Cronin is destined to arouse the sentiment of this country to such a height that the public mind will demand that anarchy, conspiracy and treason be summarily dealt with.

* * *

IMPROVEMENTS ON CANAL STREET.—There is some talk of narrowing the sidewalks on Canal street in order to make more room for the street cars and teams. It is also suggested that the telegraph poles be removed and the curbs be made straight. The latter idea is a good one and it is hoped the change will be made, but the narrowing of the sidewalks would be an unwise thing to do. They are none too wide now, and when there is any crowd on the streets are filled from edge to store fronts. It is said that if the show cases, etc., be removed and the walks narrowed two feet, it would still be plenty wide. This is a mistake. It is none too wide now, and with our increased population will soon be necessarily cleared of all obstructions. It looks feasible now, but with our rapid growth a few years would demonstrate the mistake, and then it would be very difficult if not quite impossible to correct the matter. If the curb is straightened and the poles removed there will be room for vehicles to pass easily, and we have already reached that position as a city where no vehicles should be permitted to stand or hitch on Monroe or Canal streets, not only because of the narrowness of the street, but because of the liability to runaways, etc. Heavy drays and furniture wagons should take Ottawa street in cases where they do not stop on Canal, and the farmers should patronize feed stables. If some one would establish horse sheds such as they have in large cities, where a farmer can tie and feed his team for a small fee, it would aid in such a difficulty. Kalamazoo has had such an establishment for years and it pays well and keeps teams off the streets. A mistake was made in permitting four tracks on Canal street, but let not another be made by narrowing the walks on that crowded street.

* * *

By the way is it not singular the number of mistakes the city is constantly making. At the time permission was given to put four tracks on Canal street, there was an em-

phatic "kick" from the conservative element of our citizens, but it was disregarded. Now everybody is kicking because it was ever allowed. And this is only one of numerous cases which may be mentioned where the city has made similar mistakes which were afterwards regretted, but could not be rectified. Whether experience teaches anything or not remains to be seen in future cases which will arise.

* * *

THE WELDEN EXTRADITION BILL.—The Canadian government has decided to put the Welden Extradition bill of the last session into immediate effect. The bill is now awaiting ratification at the hands of England and this will be at once attended to. The omission of one word has made the bill retroactive. The section defining the application of the bill reads: "This act shall apply to any crime, mentioned in the schedule, committed after the coming into force of this act." It should have read: "Shall only apply," etc., and the omission of the word "only," the minister of justice says, makes its application retroactive. The bill slipped through both houses without the omission and effect being observed.

It is safe to say that no one but the criminals affected will regret the omission. The passage of this measure leaves the United States in a peculiar position. We, who have been so anxious to have extradition privileges with Canada, are now, by our failure to pass a like treaty with England, a refuge to criminals from across the Atlantic. It is openly charged that Congress was influenced to reject the treaty with Great Britain by the Irish Party in America, who, it is stated, wished this country as a refuge for their assassins and dynamiters. If this be true—and circumstances favor the accusation—what a reflection it is upon our law-makers. Is it not time that this servile, shameful stooping to the Irish vote be done away with? Our nation's leading men putting their noses in the mud, and prostituting the nation's welfare to the gratifying of their own despicable purposes! And how long will the better class of our Irish citizens permit the misdeeds and vicious policy of their headstrong countrymen to cast a stain and reflection on the Irish name?

* * *

A PRAISEWORTHY GIFT.—On another page will be found an illustration of the drinking trough for horses and dogs presented to the city by Miss Rebecca L. Richmond. The fountain will stand on the crown of East Bridge-st. hill in a prominent position and where just such a fountain is most needed. There it will stand for years, a constant memorial, not alone to the dumb friends to whom it is inscribed, but also to the thoughtfulness and kind-heartedness that prompted the gift. This is but the beginning of what promises to be a genuine crusade in the matter. The Humane Society have been busily agitating the subject for some time, and it is to be hoped that this gift will by its evident usefulness and substantial practicability, be the means of arousing such interest as will result in a large number of fountains for man and beast being erected throughout the city. The movement has already met with much favor, and other fountains are already being talked of, as will be noted elsewhere.

* * *

The drinking trough above illustrated and referred to, is of Bedford limestone, the design being simple but eminently appropriate. It is 16 by 40 inches in size, the trough being 9 inches deep, and rests on a stone foundation. The ends are corrugated and the sides are tooled. On one side, facing the walk, is a tablet bearing the inscription:

"IN MEMORY OF
FANNY & ROLLA,
MY PONY & MY DOG.
R. L. R. June, 1889."

A small pipe from the city main (not shown in the cut) will curve over one end of the trough, with a faucet for shutting off the water, and to this will be attached cups for the thirsty passer-by. At the other end is a waste pipe leading down to a lower smaller basin for dogs, and thence the overflow runs to the sewer.

As HOBBIES announced last week, the children of the city schools will submit competitive designs for another trough to be erected by subscriptions raised among the city school children, and the fountain will be known as the Public School Fountain.

The *Sunday Eagle* has inaugurated a fund for a memorial fountain for man and beast in honor of Wilder D. Fos-

ter, to be placed at the intersection of State and Cherry streets on Foster Park. The project is a most worthy one, and a large sum will undoubtedly be raised for this worthy purpose which will not only be a blessing to man and beast but will perpetuate the memory of a good and just man.

* * *

A CHARITY "TRUST."—It seems that it is again being suggested that the different charitable institutions and organizations combine their forces and operations under the management of a central Board of Charities; in other words, form a "trust." Of course the guileless tramp will object and rant against the combine of capital against la—well, no, hardly labor, for the tramp toileth not, neither doth he spin. This plan is one that we some time since called to the attention of our citizens, and it is to be hoped that it will now be carried into effect. "Charity suffereth much" sometimes at the hands of her friends, and there is no question but that the combination of forces and resources would result in a great saving of both and a greater return of good from that expended. The matter should not be dropped, but agitated until action is taken, and that, too, before the summer closes and winter and the tramp return to us once more.

WEEKLY NEWS SUMMARY.

NATIONAL.

- Big fire in Boston. Five lives lost.
- Dunn reports general trade better.
- An American whaler is fired upon by Haytian soldiers.
- Mrs. Hayes, wife of the Ex-President, sustains an apoplectic shock.
- Gov. Alger and Ex-Senator Platt are on their way to Alaska.
- The London *Times* cables for a certified copy of the evidence taken at the Cronin inquest.
- A miserly, dying Kentuckian burns up \$30,000 to prevent his wife and son from inheriting his wealth.
- Big mail robbery at Nashville, Tenn. A pouch locked up in the mail wagon and never heard from.
- Graham, the famous rapids navigator will go over the Horseshoe falls at Niagara in a cigar shaped boat. The fool killer will probably be in attendance.

STATE.

- Many Michigan towns will celebrate the glorious Fourth.
- The green fly appears in the wheat, and the farmers are worried.
- The railroads are much excited over the bill reducing fares to two cents per mile.
- Salt dropped to 48 cents per barrel at Saginaw, the lowest ever known. Where's the salt trust?
- St. Ignace residents elated over the discovery that the town rests over a mammoth cave thus far but partly explored.
- Michigan railroads earned during April \$6,310,300, over \$100,000 better than last year.
- The Saginaws are bound to consolidate, and are crowding to Lansing to influence the legislature in their favor.
- Rev. W. J. Aldrich, pastor of the M. E. church at Muskegon, is made a D. D. by Baldwin University, Berea, Ohio.

LOCAL.

- The Ionia Overall factory will remove to this city.
- The Old Settlers are picnicing at Reed's Lake to day.
- The Oratorio Society cleared over one thousand dollars on the Gillmore festival.
- A stock company has been organized to manufacture marine velocipedes.

"Pilot" the faithful and well known dog attendant upon the police patrol wagon died Sunday.

Outside furniture factories are sending agents and samples here to catch the buyers who will not go to other points.

The Fourth of July celebration is an assured fact and it is said will be a big one. It is to be hoped that the fire works wont fizzle the way they did last year.

The exhibition of drawings, etc. recently made by the public school scholars at the city hall, will, by request of John M. Hall, be sent to Bay View and exhibited at the Assembly.

A reform is called for in the duplication of street names. There are over a dozen such cases in the city and it is very misleading to strangers.

A "Bazaar of Days" will be held, in the Chapel of the Westminster Presbyterian Church, Tuesday evening, July 2nd. All friends of the church are invited to be present.

□ Mrs. Caroline N. White, widow of Capt. Thomas White, died suddenly at her residence on Washington street Friday, of apoplexy. She was 84 years of age and an old resident.

The lion, bear, and kangaroo
The elephant, camel and tiger too,
and all the rest of the great show including red lemonade, fat woman and peanuts have come and gone.

The first Sunday evening of every month Rev. John Graham of the Division street M. E. church preaches a sermon to young men, which has become a very popular feature with his congregation. They are in the form of lectures and are instructive and interesting as is shown by his constantly increasing congregation of young people at these services.

HOBBIES has come out in new form—sixteen pages, two columns to the page, magazine shape. It is a class paper; it says so. Typographically it is the prettiest sheet in the city. It is well handled in its editorial management, liberal, conservative, thoughtful. We are glad to see that it occasionally touches upon labor matters, treating the subject fairly and honestly.—*Workman*.

Progress in the preparation of Mr. Baxter's History of the City of Grand Rapids has been slower than was anticipated when he began the work. There have been many difficulties and delays to contend with. Two or three of the leading professors which are of such prominent importance that they should fill forty or fifty pages of the book are negligent about supplying material therefor. Nevertheless, they will receive at least honorable mention in a historic way if nothing better.

The committee of supervisors and citizens having in charge the arrangements for the ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the county court house on July 4, met at the office of R. B. Loomis, Chairman of the court house building committee on Thursday afternoon. It is very probable that some important changes in the order of exercises will be made. Before any steps were taken towards a celebration of the Fourth by the citizens the court house committee had decided to hold the corner-stone ceremony upon that day with speeches, etc. The laying of the stone was to be in the hands of the Masonic fraternity. But now it is very probable that the court house celebration will be made a part of the general celebration upon the day, and that those who are to take part in the former will constitute a part of the parade. The line of march is intended to take in the court house, and the parade will stop at that point and the ceremony of laying the stone will be conducted by the Masons. The parade will then proceed to the park, where it is expected that there will be some very good speeches. It may be that afterwards the speeches will be delivered at the court house. Things are somewhat unsettled at present and the committee will decide which is best to be done, but it is certain that the court house ceremony will not be held independently of the general celebration, as was at first intended.—*Daily Eagle*.

GATHERINGS.

Mrs. John Graham is visiting her daughters in Jackson.

Mrs. D. H. Waters is confined to the house seriously ill.

Miss Abbie McInnes is visiting in Milwaukee and Chicago.

Glen Holmes and Adnah Newell are home from Ann Arbor for the summer.

Miss Annie Seymour is home from Akeley College for the summer vacation.

Cass K. Shelby is home from Lehigh University, South Bethlehem, Pa.

Rev. J. G. Crozier, wife and son are visiting Mrs. Samuel Potts, of Adrian.

Miss Jennie Sanborn of 155 Barclay street left Monday for her old home, Littleton, N. H., where she will pass her vacation.

Miss Georgie Bennett, of Morenci, is the guest of G. Major Taber and wife.

Miss Cora Hinsdill has returned from Grosse Pointe, where she has been pursuing studies at the convent of the Sacred Heart.

Dr. W. J. Maynard and wife, of California, have been the guests of Fred A. Maynard for a few days.

Misses Allie Heath and Stella Champlin are visiting Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Champlin at Muskegon.

Miss Nellie McKee, of Court street, is spending the summer with friends at Mansfield, O.

Mrs. O. L. Stuart, of Clancy street, is visiting her son Arthur in Minneapolis.

Miss Edith Clark has returned for the summer from Smith's College, North Hampton, Mass.

The Oratorio Society will soon begin the study of "Elijah" for presentation the coming winter.

The ladies of the St. Cecilia Society are preparing for a concert by the Boston Quintette Club.

Mrs. D. Wallace Giddings will pass the summer with friends at Rochester and other Eastern points.

Miss McCall, teacher of drawing in the public schools, will spend the summer in Minneapolis teaching.

Miss Louise Mettler, of Detroit, has been the guest of Mrs. Ella Campau and other friends during the week.

Mrs. J. Y. DeBaum, wife of the pastor of the Lagrave-street church, suffered a stroke of paralysis Saturday. She is still seriously ill.

J. Edward Earle and family are occupying their cottage at Benton Harbor, where a number of Grand Rapids people are already congregated.

Mrs. Preston S. Fancher and daughter, of Mt. Pleasant, are the guests of Mrs. Amanda Rathbone and other friends in the city.

William Meeks, of Columbus, O., has been the guest of A. H. Morehead during the past week. Mr. Meeks is a baritone singer of recognized merit.

Miss Gertrude Clark has returned home for the summer from Boston, where she has been pursuing her musical studies under a private tutor.

Rev. Theo. Knapp, of Grace church, has received three calls from a church in another State, and the last was so urgent that he thinks strongly of accepting.

Rev. Peter Moerdyke, pastor of the First Reformed church, has had the degree of Doctor of Divinity conferred upon him by Heidelberg College, Tiffin, Ohio.

Mr. Henry C. Post is in attendance upon the third annual convention of the Michigan Musical Teachers' Association at Detroit. He is a member of the executive committee.

Miss Agnes Douglas has pleased her many friends by capturing the highest prize in the competitive examinations at the Chicago Conservatory of Music where she has been pursuing studies.

[Continued on page 12.]

A NEW COMPANY.

S. A. Morman, the well known dealer in lime, cement, and building material, J. H. Wykes, formerly with the Diamond Wall Finish company, and Samule Knight, a practical builder of cement sidewalks and artificial stone, have formed a co-partnership under the name of the Portland Stone company. The gentleman wish to call the attention of the public to the fact that they are prepared to put down cement walks, in which the best material will be used, which will be handled by experienced workmen, and all work guaranteed. It is an acknowledged fact at the present day that Portland cement walks can be built which are more durable than natural stone, and the failure of cement walks is the result of using poor material by careless and unreliable workmen.

The company intends to make a specialty of putting down their Portland stone walks in front of business places on the main streets.

These walks can be built for a much lower price than the natural stone flagging, with a wearing surface equal if not superior. They will be glad to furnish estimates to property owners of the cost of such walks. Leave orders with S. A. Morman, 69 Canal street, or telephone 455.

"THE VOICE,"

48 COLUMNS EACH WEEK, FULL OF MATTER OF INTEREST TO ALL.

We will send to any person a sample copy of this most aggressive yet popular paper in the world, FREE.

New Subscribers

are receiving a valuable premium, "Sweet Cicely," or, Josiah Allen as a Politician, by Josiah Allen's Wife.

FREE.

This is the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of the Temperance reform. Over 100 illustrations, quaint, pathetic and humorous. 381 pages. Bound in flexible manilla. The regular price in cloth editions is \$2.00 per copy.

This grand book makes its readers laugh and cry alternately. It can never be forgotten. We give it free, and pay the postage, to new subscribers for THE VOICE.

Subscribe now and secure this premium. The premium edition is limited.

SPURGEON and TALMAGE are the most popular of preachers. THE VOICE contains a sermon from Spurgeon or Talmage each week. This alone is worth a year's subscription-price to the paper.

ARE YOU A POLITICIAN? You will find here all the latest politics bearing especially on the temperance question.

ARE YOU FOR TEMPERANCE? This is recognized as the organ of the temperance movement. Says Gen. Neal Dow: "In all our fight for Prohibition we have had no such paper as THE VOICE."

READ, MARK, PROFIT!

Boston Daily Herald says: "It is as live, able, dignified, and generally well-conducted a paper as ever party had for its organ."

T. DEWITT TALMAGE says: "I hail THE VOICE in its onward and upward career. It has all the thrill and spontaneity of a battle-shout."

PRES. J. H. SRELYE, of Amherst College, says: "The spirit and strength of THE VOICE give me good cheer. It is the most encouraging voice now heard in American politics."

The Southwest, Cincinnati (liquor paper): "THE VOICE is able, energetic, relentless as death, and means to win."

The Subscription Price is only ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

Mention this paper. Address

FUNK & WAGNALLS,

18 and 20 Astor Place, N. Y.

VISIT THE

New Dry Goods House

—OF—

ANSTEAD & YOHN,

59 Monroe and 89 Ottawa Streets,

For high grade novelties in

DRESS GOODS, SILKS AND TRIMMINGS.

Our CORSET and MUSLIN UNDERWEAR Departments are large, showing full lines of all popular makes at our usual low prices.

We kindly call your attention to our new lines of

SILK UMBRELLAS AND PARASOLS,

HOSIERY, KID and FABRIC GLOVES, RIBBONS, FANS, LACES, HANDKERCHIEFS, COLLARS and CUFFS, LACES, &c., all new, at popular prices.

Our WHITE GOODS in Hemstitch and Irish Point effects are beautiful and at the prices sell freely.

All Departments are full.

Visit our Dress Goods Department for GRADUATING DRESSES. We are showing the correct things.

ANSTEAD & YOHN,

59 Monroe and 89 Ottawa Streets.

N. B. SPECIAL ATTENTION TO MAIL ORDERS.

GEO. A. HALL & CO.

56 Monroe Street,

BOOK SELLERS AND STATIONERS.

To quote an old saying "The first thing a man should do after he is knocked down is to get up" and as we have passed through the first part of that ceremony we are glad to announce that we are on our feet again and ready for business. Our line of stationery for "polite correspondence" was never better, and our lists of blank books and office supplies never more complete, we have a full stock of Lovell's Library embracing nearly fifteen hundred volumes, besides Ticknor's Paper Series of American Novels. Our line of Bagster Bibles is the most complete in the city.

HARRY FOX.

H. W. DAVIS

FOX & DAVIS,

(Successors to H. H. Ives.)

House & Safe Movers.

Residence 281 South Ionia.

Telephone 358.

LADIES

Your seal garments, furs, laces, plush sacks and valuable dresses, jewelry and solid silver should be

DEPOSITED IN

Hartman's Safe Deposit Vaults

FOR SAFE KEEPING.

• The • Cost • is • Small. •

A. HANISH,

Jobber and Dealer in

HARNESSES

TRUNKS, VALISES,

AND HAND BAGS A SPECIALTY.

WHIPS, COLLARS' ETC.,

Buffalo, Wolf, and Lap Robes

Repairing neatly done

No. 74 Waterloo St. Grand Rapids.

[Continued from page 10.]

Hon. C. E. Belknap and wife will pass the heated term (when it gets here) in the region of pictured rocks, Lake Superior. The Misses Belknap will pass the summer in various parts of the State.

Theodore Thomas wants to come to Grand Rapids October 16, 17, 18, and has telegraphed for Hartman's Hall for those dates. The success of the Gillmore festival and the splendid hall have turned the eyes of many concert troupe managers towards Grand Rapids.

The Longgellows Circle met Monday evening at the home of Miss Rosa Van Der Sluis. The meeting, although the last, was well attended. The program was an interesting one, including a debate on the annexation of Canada, readings and solos, and closing with the C. L. S. C. vesper service, after which refreshments and an hour of sociability was enjoyed.

Voigt, Herpolsheimer & Co.'s clerks gave their annual picnic at Reed's Lake last Thursday evening. About one hundred employes attended, and as usual it was a very pleasant occasion. A fine repast was served at the lake, after which dancing, boating, etc., was indulged in until a late hour. On the return trip most of the company received a thorough drenching from a sudden rain storm.

The annual picnics of the clerks at E. P. Kidder & Co.'s are events always looked forward to by those who are so fortunate as to be among the favored ones. The clerks in this popular establishment have the reputation of giving the finest picnics in the city and this year was no exception. The day was pleasant and the clerks and their favored guests enjoyed a most delightful time. The "spread" was a most elaborate and "tasty" affair and abounded in good things. Loomis squeezed the lemons this year, having become a "Benedict" since the last picnic, while Taylor's ice cream crowned the elegant menu as usual. After the repast the Trixie was chartered and a pleasant hour passed on the lake, an entertaining feature being the contest between J. V. Riley and the steam calliope, in which the organ finally succumbed to Riley's entrancing notes. After feeding all the chickens and small children in the neighborhood, the party returned home filled with pleasant recollections and cake.

RECREATION NOTES.

O'Connor says the greatest hit he ever made was when he knocked a ball through a knot hole in the back fence and made a home run.

It is probable that the game declared forfeited by Umpire Howard at Greenville will be played over at some future date.

Conversation with different members of the club reveals the fact that even if Greenville does show enterprise in supporting a ball club, she has serious need of a few choice works on etiquette. The game there last Thursday resulted in a most disgraceful scene in which the "farmers" in the grand stand distinguished themselves as veritable bulldozers. It seems the lack of police protection rendered the umpire powerless and he did not have the nerve to resent the bulldozing tactics adopted by the "clodhoppers." The scene of a director getting up behind the bat to aid the umpire in calling "balls" and strikes, and spectators going onto the field to assist in "kicking," is something we may never hope to see on a Grand Rapids diamond.

THURSDAY'S GAMES.

AT JACKSON.

Lavin's home-run hit was the feature. Score:

	R	B	H	E
Jackson.....	4	0	1	0
Kalamazoo.....	0	0	1	3

Two-base hits—Lavin 2, Manning, Schmidt. Home run—Lavin. Batteries—Stallings, Young and E. Tray; Smith, Prince and Newman.

AT GREENVILLE.

The Grand Rapids team was withdrawn from the field in the fourth inning when the score was nine to four in favor of Greenville, and Umpire Howard declared the game forfeited to Greenville. The trouble resulted from the bull-

dozing methods of the audience, who crowded upon the field and attempted to run the game.

FRIDAY'S GAMES.

AT JACKSON.

Jackson.....	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	0
Lansing.....	4	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	*-7

Base hits—Jackson 6, Kalamazoo 9. Errors—Jackson 2, Kalamazoo 3. Batteries—Young, Hart and E. Tray, Schmidt and Walker.

SATURDAY'S GAMES.

AT LANSING.

Lansing.....	2	3	0	4	0	3	2	0	1
Kalamazoo.....	3	1	3	1	0	3	0	0	0

Base hits—Lansing 15, Kalamazoo 10. Errors—Lansing 6, Kalamazoo 8. Batteries—Rutter and Walker, Prince and Manning. Earned runs—Lansing 3, Kalamazoo 2. Two-base hits—Wiswell, Kannassau, Manning 2, Walker. Three-base hits—Rathbun, Mannassau. Home run—Walker. Double plays—Miller and Conely. Bases on balls—By Rutter 4, by Prince 5. Struck out—By Rutter 2, by Prince 9. Attendance—300. Time—2:15. Umpire—Grogan.

AT GREENVILLE.

Greenville.....	0	0	1	0	4	0	1	0	0
Saginaw.....	5	2	0	0	0	0	3	0	*-10

Earned runs—Saginaw 4. Two-base hits—Katz, McGinley, Spindler. Three-base hit—McGinley. Home runs—Spindler, Murphy. Base on balls—Johns, Popkay, McMahon, Murphy, Yeagle, Fowler. Stolen bases—Hawley, Johns, Lund. Struck out—By Rutter 8, by Landis 1. Double plays—Murphy to Popkay, Fowler to Hawley to Katz. Pitching assists—Rutter 9, Landis 1. Wild pitches—Rutter 4, Landis 1. Umpire—Stellberger. Time—Two hours.

MONDAY'S GAMES.

AT GREENVILLE.

Greenville.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Saginaw.....	1	1	0	0	0	0	3	0	0

AT LANSING.

Lansing.....	0	3	0	0	1	0	3	0	0
Kalamazoo.....	0	2	0	0	1	0	0	2	0

Co. B has entered the field with a base ball nine, and has sent a challenge to Co. C at Kalamazoo to play a game at that place July 4.

Saginaw and Grand Rapids will play battle door and shuttle cock with first place the remainder of the season.

STAMP COLLECTORS ORGANIZE.

THE stamp collectors of this city held a meeting Tuesday evening of this week to organize the Kent Philatelic Association. Mr. Wilbur Miller, a collector of considerable experience, was elected president, Mr. Geo. B. Ward secretary and librarian, and Mr. Henry Heald treasurer. Their first regular meeting will be held next week Wednesday evening, at the residence of the secretary, 176 Cass street. All collectors residing in the County of Kent are cordially invited to join.

The Association proposes to establish an exchange department that will be satisfactory to all concerned, and to hold auction sales monthly. All communications should be addressed to the secretary, Geo. B. Ward, 176 Cass St.

THE NEW FORM OF THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

BEGINNING with the October number of 1889, *The Chautauquan* will appear in a new form, the pages being reduced to six and one-half by ten inches, and the number increased so that a larger amount of reading matter will be furnished than heretofore. In the past the volume of *The Chautauquan* has been composed of ten numbers. In the future it will consist of twelve numbers. The chief point gained by the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle in this change is that the price of the course will be reduced by printing in *The Chautauquan* a larger amount of Required Readings and printing less in books. The changes in form and style of *The Chautauquan*, and the lengthened term of issue necessarily will be accompanied by a small increase (50 cents) in price, making the yearly subscription price \$2.00. The changes are in harmony with the desire of the Chautauqua authorities.

HOBBY-HORSES.

"Care to our coffin adds a nail no doubt;
And every grin so merry, draws one out."
—Wolcott.

Drift wood from "Ocean"

The man of sand is a man of grit.

A ship is never in liquor, but she's often in "port."

Because sailors are often seen in the shrouds, they are not necessarily dead men.

A ship must be very much in love when she hugs the shore.

A motto for a steamship line: "sic transit."

All strangers just landed on our shores ought to laugh, because they are in a merry-key.

How the sea calf must long for the milky way.

Pond's Extract—Bullheads.

The sea has the largest daily circulation on the globe.

Would it be proper to speak of a literary contest as a "skull race."

Among the well-known auctioneers of an early day in New York John Keese surpassed them all as a wit, and his language was always sharp cut and to the point. Wm. Gowens was a well-known collector at this time, but never made large bids, and when he reached his limit would shake his head, and it is little wonder that Gowens and Keese were not fast friends, for every time Gowens would shake his head Keese would cry out, "Don't shake your head, Gowens, for there's nothing in it."

Rods, brackets and loops, as well as lots of fresh, dainty stuff for sash and cottage curtains, makes this department interesting.

VOIGT, HERPOLSHEIMER & Co.

We guarantee to save you money on our special line of velvets, body and tapestry brussels.

VOIGT, HERPOLSHEIMER & Co.

We make estimates upon all kinds of work in carpets, linoleum, matting, canvass, draperies and shades.

VOIGT, HERPOLSHEIMER & Co.

Japanese Fans and Parasols for decorating.
GRAHAM'S,
1 So. Division.

You can always find a choice line of new effects, in all popular grades of carpets at lowest market prices

VOIGT, HERPOLSHEIMER & Co.

If you need shades to your windows and wish to save money, call on Voigt, Herpolsheimer & Co.

Straw matting, pretty and cheap, by the piece and yard.

VOIGT, HERPOLSHEIMER & Co.

Our display of heavy cork linolium and mattings for church, lodge, hotel and office use is complete at prices that cannot be duplicated.

VOIGT, HERPOLSHEIMER & Co.

GEO. D. HERRICK & CO.

13 Fountain Street, Shepard-Hartman Bk.,

Represent and carry in stock the largest and finest line of first class

Pianos & Organs

in Western Michigan, embracing the following:

STEINWAY & SONS,
HAINES BROS.,

IVERS & POND,

HALLET & DAVIS,

BRADBURY,

And KRAKAUER

PIANOS.

ESTEY,

STORY & CLARK,

And WILCOX & WHITE

ORGANS.

Pianos and Organs sold at Low Prices and on Easy Terms.

A. HIMES!

The New Coal Man.

Is now well stocked with all kinds of

COAL, COKE & WOOD.

YOUR ORDERS SOLICITED.

Satisfaction Guaranteed on All Deliveries.

Office: Under National City Bank.

Yards: Shawmut avenue, Winter and West Division streets.

FOR SALE.

The property at 95 Barclay street- 70 x 120. Brick House.

House and Lot 218 South Lafayette St. 66x132 ft. Splendid property.

Genuine Bargains and terms to suit.

C. S. HARTMAN,
19 and 21 Fountain St.

John Goebel & Co.,

DEALERS IN

ARTISTS' MATERIALS.

WALL PAPER, PAINTS, OILS, ETC.

We are sole manufacturers of OPAQUE FELT SHADING, which is soft and pliable, strong, will not crack, wrinkle or curl, and is especially adapted to residence and cottage use. Call and examine it.

We also make a specialty of ROOM MOULDINGS and picture frames.

8 So. Division Street.

A. H. FOWLE'S ART ROOMS.

Paintings, High Class Etchings, Engravings, and Braun Antotype, carefully selected from reliable publishers only.

Special attention given to the manufacture of novel and artistic framing, regilding, and the cleaning and restoring of old prints.

37 Ionia St., South of Monroe.

A line of brocatella, crushed and brocade plushes, petit points, gimp and cords makes our furniture covering department very successful.

VOIGT, HERPOLSHEIMER & Co.

After inspecting our stock and ascertaining our prices, we will convince you that money can be saved in our carpet department.

VOIGT, HERPOLSHEIMER & Co.

PROGRAMS FOR THE SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

Specially for Chautauquans.

For Special Sunday in July the Vesper Service used at Chautauqua, selected portions from the "Sunday Readings," in the *Chautauquan*, and an address, would compose an exercise most familiar to old Chautauquans and most fitting to the day.

ST. PAUL'S DAY AND INAUGURATION DAY.

A GREEK PICNIC.

"There is an idle banquet attends you:
Please you to dispose yourselves."—*Shakespeare*.

By simply transferring a Greek banquet to the woods a very happy blending of the present and classic times may be made; and the term will not seem a misnomer when one recalls the Greek fondness for out-door life, as shown in their frequenting the market place and the Academia. For games there could be a very fair reproduction of the *pentathlon*, or five-fold contest, comprising running, leaping, wrestling, throwing the *diskos*, and hurling the javelin. In place of the wrestling, some ball game might be substituted, and quoit-pitching and target-shooting (either with bow and arrow or rifle) very closely correspond to the last-named two games. The victors in every case should be crowned with wreaths.

The table is to be arranged so as to have the guests seated at the two ends and one side only. The dinner should be served in two courses: 1. the meat, fish, vegetables, sauces, and other *hors d'oeuvre*; and 2. pastry, cake, and fruits. Bread, cake, and fruit should be passed in baskets. After the second course the table should be cleared, and lemonade served from a large punch bowl. (If preferred, coffee could be passed around. For further directions see "Suggestive Programs" in the *Chautauquan* for December, 1888, and the "Local Circles for March, April, May, and June, 1889.") Young boys and girls crowned and garlanded with flowers should be chosen to serve the tables.

An *archon*, or master of the feast, must be appointed who shall see that everything is carried out as designed, and provide entertainment. It was a common practice among the Greeks to sing an ode at the beginning of the banquet, either all joining, or each one singing a stanza. A solo and chorus might be substituted. During the first course, musicians, stationed at a little distance in front of the table so that all can see, should furnish music. During the second course, charades or scenes pertaining to the Greeks should be presented, as these among the Greeks frequently took the place of the sword-dance and the acrobatic feats introduced at this stage of the banquet. Socrates severely denounces the latter "as not befitting the hilarity of a banquet," and highly praises the "mimetic arts as offering fair and pleasing spectacles to the eye." One such representation is described as follows: "A dancing girl makes her appearance as Ariadne in a rich bridal robe, and seats herself in a chair: then to the sound of a flute, a boy enters and draws near the forsaken maiden, and the first awakening of love is then represented by the two with such grace, such truth and nature that the enchanted spectators are forced to believe that a true and not mimic love is acted before their eyes."

With the serving of the drinks came the time for conversation which it was the duty of the *archon* to direct. Riddles, puzzles, demands for original poetry (see the game Crambo described in the *Chautauquan* for March, 1887), tales, and discourses upon some assigned topics were all customary; and a failure to respond doomed one to some sportive penalty, such as drinking "a cup of unmixed wine" (unsweetened lemonade) or some salt water.

A favorite Greek game, which could be delayed until after the banquet, was the *kottabos*, played in the following manner, according to Falke's "Greece: Its Life and Art": "A horizontal rod or scale-beam bearing a shallow bowl at one end hung balanced in such a way that this bowl was above a little metallic figure called Manes, a common name for slaves. The art consisted in throwing from a distance a small quantity of wine so adroitly into the bowl that it sank and struck the head with a clang. . . . The successful player was rewarded with a crown or bright fillet to wind about his head."—*Chautauquan*.

HAS the ordinary citizen ever happened to ask himself, when steering his umbrella warily along the narrow sidewalk past fourteen hundred other umbrellas, why he should be encumbered with such a useless appendage. In these days of progress, when waterproof cap, coat and

shoes defend man and woman from the elements, an umbrella is a relic of barbarism. To say nothing of its catching the wind in a storm and making progress of any sort a struggle, the contest between it and others of its kind which takes up the space from wall to curb, would be ridiculous if it were not annoying, and the constant thrusts in the spine or neck from the umbrella of a hurrying neighbor, varied by a jab in the eye from its rib, make walking a penance that threatens to become dangerous. If the people who have suffered lasting injury to their eyes by impetuous umbrellas were to sign a petition for their suppression, every one would be satisfied that the practice of carrying them ought to be given up. An umbrella takes as much room on the sidewalk as a wheelbarrow or a bicycle, and is a deadlier weapon of attack than either. It is a plague to take care of when not in use, and a sorry comfort at best, and must have struck more than one thinking person as a useless one. The waterproof cloak and shoes that can be rolled up and carried in one's overcoat are ample defence in all storms, when an umbrella is often worse than useless, and it is easy to find head-wear that is not damaged by rain. Rough straw or felt for women, felt or patent cloth for men defy rain, snow or hail. If rubber is objected to the closely woven Scotch cloths, even of the lightest sort, will turn the rain. Occasionally, in a street of crowded and excited umbrellas, bobbing wildly as huge mushrooms on a drunk, one meets a trim, close-reefed pedestrian, a man with snug felt, or woman with thick veil neatly folded around her turban, cloaked from chin to hem, walking with ease and independence, quite as thoroughly protected from the storm as the deluded mortals who sacrifice to sheer convention with umbrellas. Their day is passed with that of foot-stoves and lanterns, and one might as well insist on carrying links and torches through the streets at night, or each man carry a pontoon for crossings with far more sensibility than he can cumber the world with his yard-wide or four foot spread of black gingham and steel.

BROTHERHOOD.

FOR HOBBIES.

THE following thoughts were suggested by the editorial in last week's issue of *HOBBIES* bearing on the subject of our public school system, and certain neglected branches of education.

Our generation is awakening to the fact of a disastrous omission in public education,—that of heart culture, or the habit of love. Parents and teachers to whom are confided the moulding of the plastic natures of young humanity while giving careful attention to the cultivation of the various powers of the *mind* have united to train the emotional part of the being, that which yields such a power over the happiness or misery of the individual and the community. The nation has reason to be startled by the daily record of crimes and tragedies which indicate the lapse of the feeling of brotherhood among men, and the loss of peace and good will.

Students of social science and our leading educators are giving earnest attention to the contrivance of more enlightened and radical methods. All thanks to them for their efforts,—and in the mean time some earnest practical souls have set in motion simple agencies which will accomplish much before the scientists get their elaborate machinery ready for action.

The Kindergartens and the Ministering Childrens League, both founded on the basis of the Golden Rule, are agencies now at work in our midst, and should be made to include every child in the community.

Instructing the little heart in thoughts of kindness, the tongue in words of gentleness, the hands in ways of industry, the eyes to see things of beauty, and the feet to be swift for deeds of helpfulness: why the forty bits of humanity whom we saw and heard last week going through their Kindergarten exercises at Hartman's Hall are really having a new world, a good world, opened up to them by their devoted teachers. If such infantile training could be made universal in our community, and followed up by industrial schools, there would ten years hence be no business for the *Police Gazette* style of newspaper in Grand Rapids.

The Bands of Mercy, the Humane Societies, The Kings Daughters, Societies of Christian Endeavor and Juvenile Temperance Leagues are all working in the same line and should number in their ranks all who have the elevation of our country at heart.—R. E. B.

The Forepaugh parade was a good sized failure; might do in a small town but Grand Rapids has seen many better ones.

LOCAL RAILROAD GUIDE.

GRAND RAPIDS AND INDIANA.

Schedule in effect June 16, 1889.

GOING NORTH.

*Traverse City and Mackinaw. 7:30 a. m.
 Traverse City & Mackinaw. 11:30 a. m.
 *Traverse City. 4:20 p. m.
 Petoskey and Mackinaw. 10:30 p. m.
 7:30 a. m. and 4:20 p. m. trains have through coaches attached for Saginaw.
 Parlor cars on 7:30 a. m. and 11:30 a. m. trains, and sleeping cars on 10:30 p. m. train.
 Trains arrive from Petoskey and Mackinaw at 6:30 a. m. daily, and from Mackinaw and Traverse City at 5:40 p. m. and 10:40 p. m. daily except Sunday. From Traverse City at 11:45 a. m.
 Trains arriving at 11:45 a. m. and 10:40 p. m. have through coaches from Saginaw.

GOING SOUTH.

*For Cincinnati. 7:00 a. m.
 *For Fort Wayne. 12:45 p. m.
 For Cincinnati (daily). 6:00 p. m.
 *For Sturgis and Chicago. 11:05 p. m.
 *Daily except Sunday.
 7:00 a. m. train has parlor car attached. 6:00 p. m. train has sleeping car for Cincinnati. 11:05 p. m. train has sleeping car for Chicago via Kalamazoo.
 Trains arrive from Cincinnati at 7:00 a. m. daily, and 8:45 p. m. daily except Sunday. From Fort Wayne at 3:05 p. m., and from Sturgis at 9:30 a. m., daily except Sunday.
 Train arriving at 7:00 a. m. has through sleeping car from Chicago—leaving Chicago at 10:10 p. m. daily except Sunday.

MUSKEGON, G. R. AND INDIANA.

For Muskegon, Lv. 7:00 a. m. 11:15 a. m. 5:40 p. m.
 From Muskegon, Ar. 10:15 a. m. 3:45 p. m. 8:45 p. m.
 Through tickets and full information can be had by calling upon A. Almquist, Ticket Agent at Depot, or G. W. Munson, Union Ticket Agent, 67 Monroe St.
 C. L. LOCKWOOD, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

Grand Rapids and Indiana Railroad—Chicago Route.

Through sleeping cars between Mackinaw City and Chicago via Kalamazoo and M. C. R. R., commencing Monday, June 17, 1889. The following schedule and arrangements will be in effect, to and from Chicago. To Chicago:

	No. 4.	No. 8.
Lv. Mackinaw City	1:30 p. m.	
" Petoskey	2:50 "	
" Traverse City	3:50 "	5:30 a. m.
" Cadillac	6:25 "	7:40 "
" Reed City	7:50 "	8:50 "
" Big Rapids	8:21 "	9:25 "
" Grand Rapids	11:05 "	12:45 p. m.
Ar. Kalamazoo	1:00 a. m.	2:35 "
" Chicago	7:00 "	7:55 "

No. 4 has through Wagner sleeping car attached, Mackinaw City to Chicago. Passengers by No. 8 will change cars at Kalamazoo Junction. Both trains daily, except Sunday.

From Chicago.

Lv. Chicago	3:10 p. m.	10:10 p. m.	7:55 a. m.
" Kalamazoo	7:00 "	5:20 a. m.	1:15 p. m.
Ar. G'd Rapids	8:45 "	7:00 "	3:05 "
" Big Rapids	12:36 a. m.	9:25 "	6:45 "
" Reed City	1:03 "	9:51 "	7:20 "
" Cadillac	2:15 "	10:45 "	8:50 "
" Traverse City	3:10 p. m.	11:35 p. m.	10:50 "
" Petoskey	5:25 a. m.	1:45 "	
" Macki'w City	6:45 "	3:00 "	

Train leaving Chicago at 10:10 p. m. has Wagner sleeping car attached, running through to Mackinaw City; 3:10 p. m. train from Chicago has dining car attached, giving ample time for passengers to obtain dinner before reaching Kalamazoo. Nos. 3 and 7 daily except Sunday. No. 5 leaves Chicago daily except Saturday.

Sleeping car accommodations secured upon application to G. R. & I. ticket agents. Tickets should read via Kalamazoo. C. L. LOCKWOOD, General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

W. O. HUGHART,
 President and General Manager,
 Grand Rapids, Michigan.

He—aged 60—"Arabella, in the words of the great Shakespeare I can say "For several virtues have I liked several women: never with so full soul, but some defect in her did quarrel with the noblest grace she own'd and put it to the foil; but you, O you, so perfect and so peerless, are created of every creature's best! Do you love me." She—18: "Nix, ye'r moustache's dyed."

Japanese Rose Jars at only 50 cents.
 GRAHAM'S.

FOR RENT.

For church socials,
 Anniversaries,
 Pic-nics,
 Bazaars,
 Lectures and Concerts,
 Two large Halls, one seating 500 the other 300. Seven ante-rooms, and kitchen connections.

RENT REASONABLE.

C. S. HARTMAN.

**McGREGOR'S
 Steam Dye Works**

& SCOURING ESTABLISHMENT.
 20 Fountain St., Bet. Ottawa & Ionia Sts.

Ladies' Dresses, Shawls or Sacques Cleaned or Dyed in a Superior Manner. Repairing Done Neatly and Quickly. Gentlemen's Made-up Garments Cleaned or Dyed, and Handsomely Pressed by Steam. Equal to New. Goods Received and Returned by Express.

James McGregor, Prop'r.

CHEAP SUMMER

WOOD.

16 inch Hemlock, 1.50 per cord.
 " " " 5 Cds. lots 1.40 " "

Cheapest wood in the business.

A. B. KNOWLSON,

Main Office, 25 Pearl Street.

Summer Millinery!

All the very latest styles in Fine Millinery to be found at

ADAMS & CO.

90 MONROE ST.,

Opposite the Morton House.

ICE COAL & WOOD.

LEHIGH, SCRANTON, JACKSON HILL, PITTSBURG, BRAZIL BLOCK COAL.

All Maple & Beech & Maple Wood.

WE HANDLE THE BEST OF EVERYTHING IN OUR LINE.

Grand Rapids Ice & Coal Co.

52 Pearl Street.

KENNEDY STABLE,

Edith K. Vincent, Prop.

Boarding, Sale, Feed

AND

LIVERY STABLES.

TELEPHONE. 853.

107 Kent St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

THE

Hammond Type Writer Agency.

Noted for speed, perfect alignment, uniform impression, beauty of work and changeable type.

The latest production and highest achievement yet reached in writing machines. Its work is always in sight of the operator. Has fewer keys to learn and produces more characters than any other type writer.

Send for circular, or call at my office where the Hammond Type Writers are in practical use daily, and the perfect work of the machine demonstrated. A full line of type writer supplies, and labor saving office devices on sale.

C. L. DENMAN,
 MANAGER.

25 Fountain Street,

Shepard-Hartman Block.

Parties desiring copying or type writer work of any kind can get the same done at reasonable prices by calling at the office from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.
 Cleaning and repairing type writers a specialty.



FOSTER STEVENS & CO.

Weekly "Pointers."

To those who have dressing cases which need new Pulls we offer a large assortment of the latest style.

To those who cannot sleep nights for fear of the festive burglar we offer Alarm Door Bells. Doors cannot be tried without alarm. Put one on your bedroom door and sleep.

To those who travel alone in the dark, we offer the finest line of Revolvers in the city.

To those who are constantly losing keys, we offer Key Chains. Use them. Your keys are always with you.

FOSTER, STEVENS & CO.

10 & 12 Monroe St.
33, 35, 37, 39 and 41 Louis Street.

Authorized Agents for Burt's Fine Shoes.

G. R. MAYHEW,

Boots, Shoes & Rubbers.

Wholesale and Retail

85 MONROE ST.

"FROM THE BOTTOM OF your heart" had you rather not live in a house of your own than a rented one? I have four neat new ones for sale at less than \$1,500, on reasonable terms. L. S. PROVIN, room 6 Lovett's block, opposite Sweet's hotel.

GREEN HOUSE.

F. A. CHAPMAN, The Florist,

Cor. Madison avenue and Crawford street. Old friends will always find him there with FIRST CLASS stock. New patrons will be welcomed. Telephone No. 780-1.

Carriage parasols at
VOIGT, HERPOLSHEIMER & Co.

Nelson, Matter & Company.

33, 35 & 37 Canal Street.

Our New Designs in Draperies for 1889
CANNOT BE SURPASSED.

Bedroom, Parlor and Dining Room Furniture.

We are showing a larger and more artistic line than ever before.

FRED. J. FOSTER,

FLORIST & DECORATOR.

CUT FLOWERS.

Party, Wedding & Funeral Decorating,
MY SPECIALTY.

Also Landscape Gardening,

14 Nth. Division St.

TELEPHONE 105.

CHARLES SHEPARD, M. D.

OFFICE: 59 Monroe St.

RESIDENCE: 77 Jefferson Ave.

OFFICE HOURS: 8:30 to 11:30 A. M.
1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Practice limited to general office and outside consultation business.

Diseases of Women a Specialty.

What Are You Drinking?

Nine-tenths of the mineral water sold through the Soda Fountains is artificial. Insist on drinking the genuine



Saratoga Excelsior Water

brought from Saratoga in block-tin lined barrels and sold on draught at TIBBS' DRUG STORE, 128 Monroe street, Cor. Spring. Congress, Star, Wakesha waters on draught or in bottles. Ginger ale in bottles, Moxie, Malto, etc.

I have a large Fire and Burglar-proof Safe—new—for sale at a bargain. Suitable for jeweler. Celebrated Diebold make. Also small Fire-proof Safe at \$50.

C. S. HARTMAN.

DRS OWEN & TEMPLE, DENTISTS

68 MONROE ST. GRAND RAPIDS MICH.

The cuts below show a case of bridge work in actual practice.



Shows mouth containing four roots.



Shows teeth ready to adjust in mouth.



Shows teeth in place.

HOBBIES

VOL. 1. NO. 27.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., JULY 11, 1889.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

RECREATION NOTES.

PHOTOGRAPH AND SKETCH OF DIXON—THE GAMES OF THE WEEK.

THIS week we present a photograph of catcher Edward Dixon. Dixon is one of the best catchers in the league, if not the best, and is not only a great favorite with the cranks in the grand stand but also with his associates on the diamond.

Mr. Dixon first saw the light in Jackson, this State, February 11, 1869, and is consequently just past 20 years of age. Whether he at once showed a disposition to indulge in "bawl" is not known, but certain it is that he early showed a disposition to maul in the national game whenever he was not assisting his father at his business. He first played with the Jackson "Grays," an amateur team, in 1886. The next year he played with the Jackson "Mutuals." Here he did such good work that in 1888 he played with Jackson in the Tri-State league, catching behind the bat. In June of that year he was released from the Jacksons and finished the season with East Saginaw, playing at second base. While in the Jackson club he caught Phalen, who was then pitching for that club. In the spring of '88 he met Roushkolb and formed his acquaintance, and as soon as Manager Roushkolb set to work to organize the Grand Rapids team one of the first men he aimed to secure was Dixon, knowing his capabilities behind the bat. Dixon did not at first intend playing this year, but his love for the game overcame all obstacles. He catches Bohn's delivery as a general thing, and when not behind the bat plays left field, where his fine work on flies, etc., never fails to win applause from the grand stand and bleaching boards. His standing is shown by the fact that whenever any other pitcher does ragged work behind the bat, the cry is at once "Dixon, Dixon." The best points about Dixon's work as catcher are, an unerring eye, quickness of movement, and good head work. When on the diamond he is there to play ball, and woe to the base runner who thinks to catch him napping. A favorite play of his is to coax a man home from third by throwing to second and have the ball back to home plate before the base runner gets there. His batting average last year was 280. This year up to July 1 it is 304.

THURSDAY'S GAMES.

July 4.

AT HOME.

The Morning Game.

Grand Rapids.....0 0 0 1 0 1 1 1 1-5
Kalamazoo.....0 0 0 0 0 0 1 3 0-4

Earned runs—Grand Rapids 2, Kalamazoo 2. Two-base hits—O'Connor. First on balls—By Bohn 4, by Smith 6. Struck out—By Bohn 1, by Smith 5. Double plays—McMahon to Egan, Egan to O'Connor. Passed balls—Dixon 2, Walker 3. Wild pitches—Smith 1. Umpire—James Grogan. Time—1:40.

Afternoon Game.

Grand Rapids.....0 1 0 0 1 0 0 4 1-6
Kalamazoo.....0 0 0 2 0 0 0 1 4-7

Earned runs—Grand Rapids 2, Kalamazoo 1. Two-base hits—Meakim, Dixon.—First on balls—By Meakim 1, by Schmidt 4. Struck out—By Meakim 7, by Schmidt 6. Double plays—Sippi to Lombard, Ryder to Sippi to Lombard. Passed balls—Faatz 2, Walker 3. Wild pitches—Meakim 1. Umpire—James Grogan. Time—1:50.

AT SAGINAW.

Morning.

Saginaw.....0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 2 1-4
Greenville.....2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0-3

Batteries—Rutter and Brown, Stellberger and Borden. Base hits—Saginaw 4, Greenville 10. Errors—Saginaw 2,

Greenville 6. Two-base Hit—Dunn. Umpire—Wilcox.

Afternoon.

Saginaw.....0 0 3 0 3 8 0 2 0-16
Greenville.....1 0 0 0 2 0 3 0 0-6

Batteries—Abbott and Brown, Cooper and Fowler. Base hits—Saginaw 15, Greenville 10. Errors—Saginaw 2, Greenville 7. Two-base hit—Cull. Home run—Jahns. Umpire—Sutton.

AT LANSING.

Jackson.....4 1 5 1 1 1 4 0 *-17
Lansing.....1 4 0 2 0 1 2 1 0-15

Batteries—Van Dorn, Broderick and Miller, Young and J. Tray. Two-base hits—Conley, Shay. Three-base hits—Kingsley, Wiswell. Home runs—Rathbun, Carley, Shay, Blackstock. Base on balls—By Broderick 5, by Young 10. Struck out—By Van Dorn 1, Broderick 1, Young 1. Time—2:30. Umpire—Keyes.

FRIDAY'S GAMES.

AT HOME.

Grand Rapids.....1 4 0 0 3 1 0 2 1-12
Kalamazoo.....1 0 2 3 0 8 0 0 *-14

Earned runs—Grand Rapids 3, Kalamazoo 2. Two-base hit—Smith, Grand Rapids. Home run—Smith, Kalamazoo. Hit by pitcher—J. Meakim, G. Meakim, Lombard. Struck out—Egan, Dixon 2, Meakim 3, Walker 2, Smith 2. Pitching assists—By Meakim 4, by Smith 6. Passed balls—Walker 2, Dixon 1, Purvis 2, Newman 3. Wild pitches—Meakim 3, Smith 2. Umpire—James Grogan. Time—2:25.

AT LANSING.

Lansing.....0 0 8 0 0 0 3 0 0 2-13
Jackson.....3 0 0 0 0 3 1 3 1 0-11

Batteries—Hart, Young and J. Tray, Broderick, Rutter and Walker. Base hits—Lansing 17, Jackson 11. Errors—Lansing 6, Jackson 5. Three-base hit—Rathbun. Home runs—Shay, Lavin. Base on balls—By Broderick 3, by Rutter 3, by Young 2. Hit by pitched ball—Meister 2, Tray, O'Donnell. Wild pitches—Broderick 1, Young 1. Struck out—By Broderick 3, Hart 2, Young 1. Time—2:15. Umpire—Keyes.

AT SAGINAW.

Saginaw.....0 0 1 0 0 3 0 0 0-4
Greenville.....1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0-1

Base hits—Saginaw 12, Greenville 6. Errors—Saginaw 3, Greenville 5. Two-base hits—McMahon, Jahns, Dunn. Strike outs—By Wheaton 6, by Landis 1. Bases on balls—Spindler. Time of game—1:30. Umpire—Sutton.

SATURDAY'S GAMES.

AT HOME.

Grand Rapids.....5 0 1 0 0 0 2 0 1-9
Kalamazoo.....0 4 0 1 0 0 0 0 0-5

Two-base hits—O'Connor, Smith, Bohn, Meakim. First on balls—By Bohn 2, by Schmitt 1. Double plays—McMahon to Egan. Left on bases—Grand Rapids 3, Kalamazoo 6. Passed balls—Walker 3. Wild pitches—Schmitt 1. Umpire—Howard. Time—Two hours.

AT GREENVILLE.

Greenville.....1 2 2 2 1 0 1 3 0-12
Jackson.....2 0 0 5 0 3 0 2 1-13

Batteries—Greenville, Mace and McCarthy; Jackson, Stallings and Shay. Two-base hits—Drummond, Dunn, McCarthy, Hawley, Katz 3, Shay, Kingsley 2. Passed balls—Shay 1. Wild pitches—Stallings 2. Umpire—Mittenthal. Time two hours.

MONDAY'S GAMES.

AT SAGINAW.

Saginaw.....3 0 1 4 1 5 0 4 *-18
Lansing.....0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0-1

Batteries—Wheaton and McMahon; Murphy, VanDorn and Miller. Base hits—Saginaw 17, Lansing 5. Errors—Saginaw 1, Lansing 11. Two-base hits—Spindler, Rathbun. Struck out—By Wheaton 4, by VanDorn 4. Time of game—2:25. Umpire—Grogan.

[Continued on page 12.]

J. L. WILKES,

Fine Dry Goods.

HIGH NOVELTIES IN

FRENCH DRESS GOODS.

Staple Dress Goods,

Silks and Velvets.

Dress Trimmings.

Hosiery and Gloves.

Linen and White Goods.

Embroideries.

60 MONROE ST.

Thompson & Robertson,

The Plumbers

27 Fountain street,
Hartman Hall Block,
Telephone 139

GET OUR PRICES.

We guarantee our
work, and give our
personal attention to
all jobs.

PRICES ALWAYS LOW

Prompt attention to the
telephone orders.

Voigt, Herpolsheimer & Co.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

Dry Goods,
NOTIONS,
AND
CARPETS.

Retail 78, 80, and 82 Monroe Street.
Wholesale 48, 50, and 52 Ottawa Street.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

SPECIAL SALE
PARASOLS
at prices to close them
out.



BERKEY & GAY
Furniture Company.

178 to 180 Canal Street.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

We do not claim to
sell goods less than
manufacturer's prices
nor to be the "largest
Furniture House in
Western Michigan"
but we DO claim to
offer on our four large
salesroom floors an
assortment second to
none for style, quality,
and Price. Look the
city over then come to
us and draw your own
conclusions.

17 Canal & 42 West Leonard.

CROCKET & HOPPINS.

STANLY & SCHROEDER

Fashionable

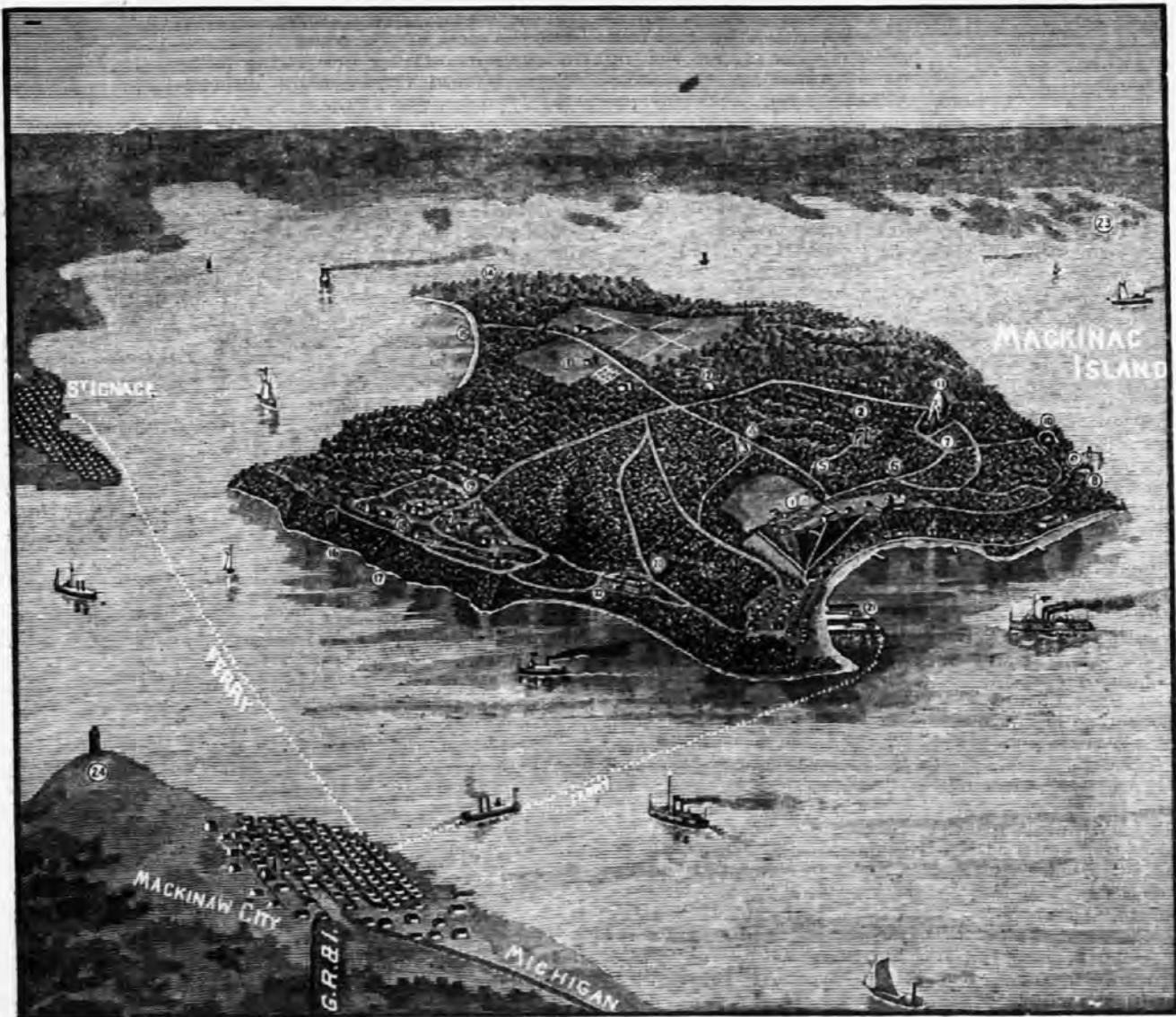
MERCHANT
TAILORS

—AND—

MEN'S

Furnishers

33 MONROE ST.



MACKINAC ISLAND AND VICINITY

"SIGNATURES AND FRANKS."

A DESCRIPTION OF THE FINEST COLLECTION OF AUTOGRAPHS IN THE STATE.

A notable feature of people with "hobbies" is that the harder and more successfully they ride them, the more determined they are that others shall not suspect them of it. Such is the case with the owner of the collection of autographs we describe. Few people suspected that what is probably the finest collection of autographs in the state is owned here in Grand Rapids and still fewer suspected that Leo P. H. Fisher was the one who had so successfully ridden this interesting hobby. However this is not to be wondered at, for after we had discovered that Mr. Fisher possessed such a treasure it was only by dint of perseverance that we were enabled to induce the modest gentleman to permit us to describe his really splendid collection. When permission was secured, however, we were given full sway and allowed the fullest inspection. "The style of a man's writing and his way of expressing himself, are sure betrayers of his character," and it is this fact together with the interest that always attaches to anything connected with a famous man, that makes an autograph collection valuable; and so it was with much interest that we turned to the collection before us. It comprises about 1,500 specimens, and is the result of years of patient and judicious effort. Presidents, statesmen, kings, queens, authors, inventors, etc., from the 16th century to the present are here represented. We shall describe the collection as it revealed itself to us as we examined it.

The first folio is labeled state treasurers, secretaries of state, attorney general, etc., of Pennsylvania. It contains

letters from men prominent in the history of the commonwealth, including C. W. Clare, Jacob Carpenter, Banks, Daniel Rodney, J. R. Worthington, John M. Bickel, Gov. Findlay, A. C. Noyes, Jacob Auld, T. H. Barrows and others. One signed by David Kennedy and Daniel Brodhead relates to the rights of Corn planter, a Seneca chief, to certain lands. Another is from Gov. Simon Snyder.

Then follow a number of miscellaneous letters from such prominent men as James Couatts, a former prominent Philadelphia lawyer, James Alexander, (a war letter to his aunt, dated 1776,) a petition to Benjamin Franklin praying for the pardon of the petitioner's husband from prison. A note shows the petition was granted. The next is a document signed by Wm. Bronker, Lord Viscount, and by Admiral Thos. Allen and others. Col. John Piper, Major Wm. Alexander and other noted Revolutionary heroes follow. "W. Bristol," master of Trinity College, is a valuable specimen.

Next we picked up a little book of verse in the original handwriting of its author, and among numerous little jingles and lyrics was this:

THE WONDERFUL SIGHTS.

I saw a fish-pond all on fire,
I saw a home bow to a squire;
I saw a parson twelve feet high.
I saw a cottage near the sky;
I saw a balloon made of lead,
I saw a coffin drop down dead;
I saw a sparrow run a race,
I saw two horses making lace;
I saw a girl just like a cat.
I saw a kitten wear a hat;
I saw a man who saw those too, and says though
strange, they all are true.

The book is marked "Maria Cox's," and with it are a number of highly interesting letters written by different members of this well known family. Some of the writing is as plain as print and very regular and neat. One from James, who is away at school, to his mother, asks for paper and quills, as he is learning to cipher, and adds: "Dear mother, I have got no buckles and am most ashamed to go to meeting or any place. The pigeons are very plenty about this place. As I walk to school I see so many it fairly makes my mouth water to see them, and you would do me a great favor if you would send me powder and shot. Please to send me and Billy up a pair of trowsers to wear over our other clothes, and speak to cousin Peggy to send a pair of trowsers for Johnny. I have no more to say at present but remain my affectionate mother, Mary Cox, till death."

JAMES AND WM. COX.

An interesting specimen is a few pages of a statement of account of John Cox, deceased, and which gives the prices of articles in those days, (1776.) Butter was about eighteen cents per pound, tea was \$1.30 per pound, rum was 85 cents per gallon, broad cloth was \$4.40 per yard, snuff was \$1.15 per bottle, shoe buckles, 30 cents per pair, fine calico, \$1.25 per yard, silk handkerchiefs, \$1.72, etc., etc.

In a letter from one of the sisters to her brother occurs this humorous extract from an English paper of that period:

"The ladies dress varies from time to time; but we are sorry to say, it is seldom verges toward propriety. The beauty of woman consists not in the face, or if it did that is almost entirely hid, but in the shape; and our modern dresses, whether introduced by fashion or fancy, are calculated to destroy shape altogether. A lady, dressed to the height of the ton, may be worshipped without any breach of the second commandment, as she is the likeness of nothing in the heavens above, the earth beneath or the waters under the earth." With these letters which are very interesting are some drawings of flowers and silhouettes of Mary and James Cox. Next came a petition to mayor and council of Baltimore to assist Havre de Grace, after the burning of that town by the British in 1813. Following is a document signed by Ludwig VI, son of George II, dated 1661. "He was addicted to poetry and wrote amongst other things a translation of the Psalms into German verse." Next is a document signed by Ludwig IX, and also one by VIII. A stamp tax, 1727, Glasgow, is signed by John Wilson, James Corbett and Robert Christie. An interesting and valuable specimen is that of George II, distinguished in the thirty years years war, dated 1661. Then follow documents and letters signed by Wilhelm Ernst, John Ernst, duke of Saxe-Weimar, John, duke of Saxe-Weimar, father of William and Ernst the Pious, Duke of Saxony, Frederick Wilhelm, 1592; Christian II, Elector, 1591-1611; Louise, wife of Louis I, Grand Duke; John William, Duke of Saxe-Weimar; Emilie, wife of George the Pious; Ernst Ludwig, noted for his reign of 71 years; an apprenticeship bond signed by Richard Kellett, mayor of Cork, 1782; then follows the rare autograph of Antonio Magliabecchi, who was a most extraordinary man of a prodigious memory and great learning, who lived 1663-1714. He could repeat an entire book from memory after once reading. The letter relates to a comet which had lately appeared. Many of these letters are accompanied by rare and choice old prints and portraits of the authors.

OLD BOOK-SELLERS.

Next comes a really fine collection of autographs of old London booksellers in the shape of notes, letters, etc.

After this is a letter from Wm. Scott, Lord Stowell, an eminent English lawyer, elder brother of the Earl of Eldon, who lived 1745-1836. This is followed by others from Earl of Cowley; Dr. Shuttleworth, Bishop of Chichester; George Tomline, Bishop of Winchester; Sir John Lubbock, Bart., Lord Mayor of London; a number of passes to the House of Lords signed by various lords and "blue bloods," including Sir John Campbell or "plain John Campbell," Dr. Knox, Archbishop Francis Hodgson, Bishop of Salisbury, Bishop of Worcester, Sir John Patterson, Douglas, Marquis of Normanby, Sir Thomas Gladstone, brother of the "Grand Old Man," a curious and absurd letter from the Earl of Portsmouth, Duke of Argyll, the Duke of York, second son of George III.; the Duke of Brunswick, and many others of note.

A little morocco-bound book contained autographs of many Presidents, statesmen, and authors, including Hayes, Grant, Conkling, Jeff. Davis, Colfax, Keifer, W. T. Sherman, David Davis, Peter Cooper, Edmonds, Susan B. Anthony, Longfellow, Whittier, Mark Twain, Aldrich, Stoddard, Robert Toombs, Evarts, Lucretia Garfield, Ben Butler, Edison, P. T. Barnum, Wm. Gladstone, Alexander Stevens, "Buffalo Bill," Logan, Thomas Nast, and others.

These are mostly the single autographs written on a card but the most of the collection is composed of letters and documents. Other interesting names are Elihu B. Washburn, Bayard Taylor, some unpronounceable names from the Japanese and Chinese legations, John S. Worden, Simon Cameron who died recently, Ben: Perley Poore, Levi P. Morton, Hendricks, Daniel Webster, Thomas Hood, Southey, DeLesseps, a lock of hair from the head of Edgar Allen Poe, W. L. Marcy, Wm. Meredith, and many others.

An interesting looking sheet of legal cap bears the name of "Lewis Cass." An official document bears the bold signature of Richard Rusk. A large number of the documents bear signatures of different Secretaries of the Navy, Treasury, etc. A check on the Bank of the United States bears on its back the endorsement "J. C. Calhoun." Then follow a large number of "Franks," etc., from prominent government officials. Spinner's signature is just as ugly as it was ever seen on a greenback, and Lamar, Manning, Bayard and Vilas are written in that inimitable chirography said to be characteristic of genius. A little slip, yellowed with age, bears the name "A. Burr." Zachariah Chandler's writing is so crabbed as to be read with difficulty. B. K. Bruce and J. G. Carlisle are fastened to the same sheet. "Mrs. Sarah Seawell" is one of the fast disappearing army who "distinctly remember Washington and sat on his knee when 8 years old."

Elizabeth Cady Stanton writes: "I was in England in '82 and '83; saw the Queen in her carriage but did not call on her because I would not go with bare arms and neck."

Oliver Wendell Holmes writes this verse from his favorite poem:

"And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the Spring,
Let them smile as I do now
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling."

Caroline A. Mason writes a stanza from her poem:

"Do they miss me at home, do they miss me?
'T would be an assurance most dear
To know that this moment some loved one
Was saying, 'Oh were she but here.'"

Offenback is represented by a dedication to his sister cut from an opera presented her by him.

William IV. and Adelaide appear on a card together with an old print of the Queen Dowager. "The price of success is industry," writes Kate Field.

S. F. Smith, the author of "America," sends the first stanza of our National hymn in a small, neat handwriting.

Rose Hartwick Thorpe sends her autograph with a quotation from "Curfew Must Not Ring To-night."

Locke, John Sherman, Moody, Sankey, Conkling rapidly follow and then comes the following from Hannah Moore:

"Since trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs;
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And tho' but few can serve, yet all may please;
Oh let the ungentle spirit learn from thence
A small unkindness is a great offense!"

"Josh Billings" writes on a card over his name, "Good for Ninety Days."

"Eli Perkins" sends with his autograph a season ticket to his lectures filled in for "anywhere on earth" "for 968 years." The ticket itself is a curiosity in its wording. Grover Cleveland and Rose Elizabeth Cleveland appear close together. A note in the handwriting of Miss L. E. Landon and autograph of Miss Mary Russell Mitford are attached to the same sheet. Miss Mitford and Miss Landon were schoolmates.

A little slip of common-looking paper bears on one side part of an official document and on the other side the initials of the most powerful of earth's Queens—Victoria.

A yellowed bit of paper, evidently part of the wrapper from a mail package bears the frank "J. Q. Adams."

"Grover Cleveland," "Frances Cleveland" and "F. A. Hendricks" appear on a card together.

Thomas Jefferson is represented by an architectural calculation or direction written on a little slip of paper and sent to Mr. Fisher by Jefferson's granddaughter, Mrs. S. R. Meekleham.

A valued specimen is a little slip bearing the signature of King William IV. and referring to his son Rev. Augustus Fitz Clarence.

We have a faint suspicion that some of these celebrated men rather like to send their autographs out, for Anthony

Trollope sends his "with much pleasure" and attaches a small photograph to the sheet.

"Sunset" Cox writes in his charming manner:

"You are perfectly welcome to my poor name by way of autograph, though you do it too much honor by the request."

A card edged with blue bears the autograph of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart.

Charles Guiteau and "Long John" Wentworth turn up together on plain cards.

Sidney Montague is a rare and valuable specimen dated 1639, and written in queer old English.

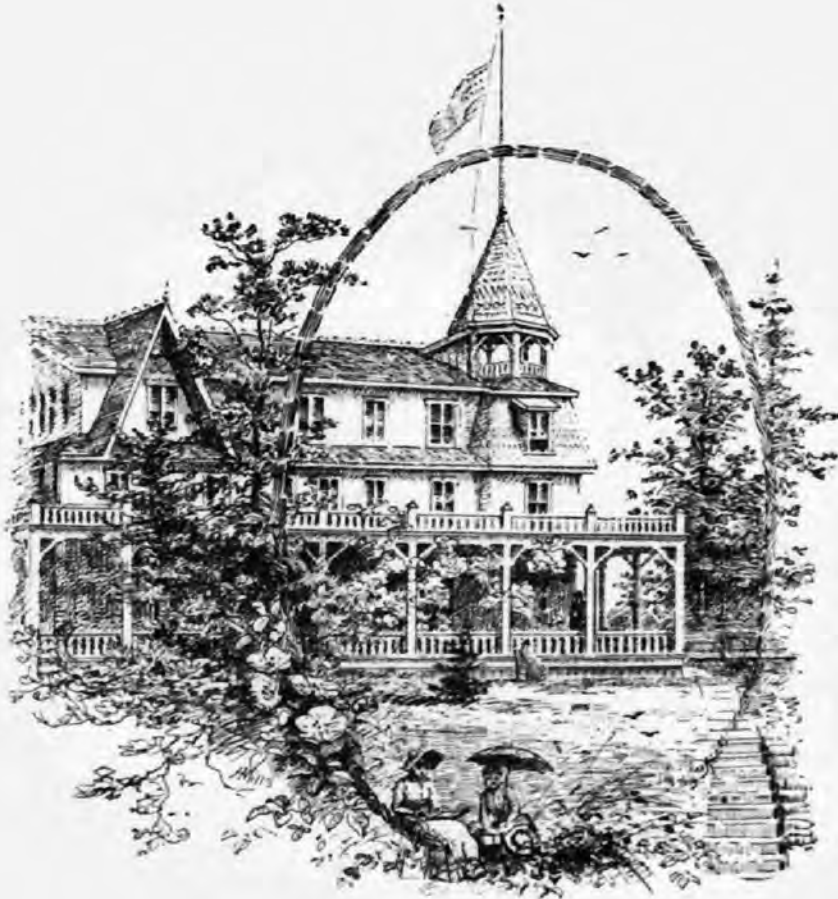
The next thing we picked up was a packet containing a number of scraps and notes bearing the signatures of eminent English statesmen, among them Edwin Burke, Earl of Moira, the Governor General of India, and Sir William Rae.

A note from Charles Dickens, Junior, is accompanied by a signature of his father, the famous author. A note from Col. Jerome Bonaparte follows next and then an autograph of Washington Irving.

The great Horace Greeley puts his fearfully and wonderfully written name at the bottom of a letter asking the favor of his autograph.

Mr. Fisher also possesses autographs of many of the Presidents, including Washington, and of many of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence. Full sets of these are difficult to obtain, but by perseverance he hopes to succeed.

Space will not permit of further descriptions of this fine assortment, although many specimens worthy of mention have not been alluded to. Mr. Fisher was fortunate in receiving many specimens from the famous Cist collection and is constantly adding to his specimens.



Bay View House, Bay View, Mich.

The above illustration is a good view of the Bay View House, the popular summer resort. The Bay View House is very conveniently located, near the railroad station and boat landing and is the most pleasantly situated and best conducted house at the resort. Last season it was greatly improved and newly furnished until it left but little to be desired in such respects, but this season it has been again improved and renovated and is better than ever, which is saying a great deal. From the broad and pleasant verandas a splendid view of the Bay is obtained while the grounds are beautifully shaded and give a fine view on all sides. The house is noted for a fine table, splendid service and excellent rooms. A feature appreciated by guests is the telephone and post office service in connection with the house. A fine restaurant and bakery are run in connection with the house and comfort and welfare of the patrons are a prime consideration.

The rates are \$2.00 per day and guests feel that that for such excellent service, these rates are low. Of course such an excellent house must have an excellent manager, and the presiding genius of the house Mr. G. W. Childs, is thoroughly up in his business. We can confidently recommend this excellent house to any of our readers who may visit Bay View.

"PERPETCH'EL."

If I were to describe Abraham Crandall, I would do it by particulars and not in general. For instance, his hat was of black felt, high and flexible; his coat was gray, and the tails thereof stuck out; and his feet projected through trowser-legs whose shape made one think of a horse that had long fetlocks, and "interfered." I am not able to state the age of any of these articles. They had no holes and were not shabby, yet I am free to say that the cloth had always been without a nap. And concerning the shoes, I could not even speculate. Did I say shoes? I was wrong. They were half-boots, curiously knobbed, knotted, and wrinkled, and beneath them could be distinctly traced the continents of his feet. Every hill and hollow was there apparent. That mountain range which had gradually usurped the place of the toe-joints, reared itself up and marked the boundary between the occupied interior and that neutral ground of leather beyond. I despair of those feet—either to tell of their convolutions in prose or to number their articulations in appropriate spondaic verse.

But in spite of these queer appendages—in spite of the antique air to his attire—in spite of collars and shirts clean and whole, but shapeless and starchless—in spite of a red-

silk kandkerchief, greatly faded and with irregular spots—in spite of a yellow walking-stick, which looked like a seeded umbrella-handle—in spite of every such quaintness and oddness, Abraham Crandall had a face worth studying.

There was a dreamy look in his eyes, as of one who depended on the future and despised the present. The mouth and nose partook strangely of sternness and irresolution at the same time. And however inconsistent this might appear, the edge of its singularity was taken off by the multitude of other contradictions in every part of the face. The mild eye was not the proper mate to the severe mouth,—the wandering locks of irresponsible hair did not match the bristly beard and the half-shaved upper lip. The development of the bump of language was the only thing which seemed to coincide with any other part of the face, and even this owed its harmony to our usual association of a high reflective forehead with such a gift. Add a voice squeaking and shrill, especially in excitement; a manner morose and severe, except under the best influences; a slow and pondering style of walking,—and you have my worthy host, Abraham Crandall.

When I began to teach in one of the suburban schools of Philadelphia, his house received me as a boarder. I studied the man closely. He was a curious combination of strong and weak, practical and imaginative, true and false. I see him now, as, with stick in hand and shawl upon his shoulders, he plodded his way out of the gate and towards the church which he attended. He was always a regular worshipper when he could be abroad; for, with one lung gone and the other partly diseased, he often said that he had few opportunities, and wanted to use all he had.

Consort to him, the said Abraham, was the equally biblical Sarah. Dark was she, in eyes, hair, and complexion. A driving, impetuous, energetic woman, she had put such a blast on the fire of her life that it was nearly burnt out. The blackness of its cinders seemed to show all the while. She had bronchitis. She had a lame hand and a twinge of rheumatism. But she went ahead as restless and tireless as a steam-engine, from morning to night. Without Sarah, Abraham would not have had a cent in the world, instead of the small competency he now possessed. He had failed as a builder. Bricks and mortar had no consciences, and he really did own that rare article. Contracts ruined him, and Sarah as it were, dragged him by the scalp-lock through his sea of troubles.

Appertaining unto these two persons were "the two girls,"—grown women of twenty-five and thirty, as nearly as could be guessed. You might know without asking that one was called Mary Ann and the other was called Elizabeth, or, for shortness, Lizzie.

I had little to do with the family. School, morning and afternoon, and the city on Saturdays, took up my spare daylight, outside of meal-times. "The girls,"—who, by the way, were neither handsome nor attractive,—who ate unblushingly with their knives, and said, "I don't choose any," when you passed them the horse-radish,—were always absent from early until late, every day save Sunday. I learned that they were factory hands, and consequently did not wonder.

When I became better acquainted with them all, I discovered that the three women gathered each evening in the kitchen, around the kerosene lamp, chattering like crows while they knitted or sewed,—and that Mr. Crandall emigrated to the parlor; where he either sat in darkness, thinking out some obscure thoughts, or got a light and searched the Scriptures for some fugitive text. I also contrived to hit upon a germ of mystery which seemed to belong about the house, and which was styled "Perpetch'el" by the women. As, for instance, "There's that Abr'am at 'Perpetch'el' again! I do wish the man'd let the plaguy thing alone!" Or, "I guess Mr. Crandall's got Perpetch'el down out o' the loft." And then the girls would laugh, but the offender's wife was never seen to smile on such occasions.

At last, one day, there was a rumbling and a thumping which exceeded all previous noises. I was seated at dinner, but no "Abr'am" came. His wife went and called into the woodshed, "Do leave that, Abr'am! Here's Mr. Scott a-waitin' for's dinner!"

And then the shrill treble of the delinquent responded, "Lea' me be, I say! I don't care for no dinner! Tell Mr. Scott to eat his own an' never mind."

On which Mrs. Crandall gave the door a bang, and returned in great ill-humor.

It was an unpleasant meal, I recollect. Mine host's voice sounded as though he were out of breath. I knew he couldn't stand hard labor, and that he now had retired from any and all regular employments. I knew also his wife's anxiety about his health. And I went to the after-

noon session of my department in the public school with a feeling of uneasiness, for which it was hard to account. True, the man and his wife were nothing to me. I paid my board, and might be excused from interest in their concerns. But somehow the one was a character, and, in spite of his occasional rigidity, was most evidently a good man. And the other, according to her light, was a devoted and faithful (as well as childless) wife.

The word I had often heard occurred to me in the pauses of my work. "Perpetch'el" must be a vulgarism for "Perpetual," I argued; but my only result further was, that I settled down to the conviction that this task of Mr. Crandall's waking moments had been so christened because it was apparently endless.

That evening, however, was destined to bring a solution to my doubts. Mr. Crandall, with a look of triumph and a clean shirt on, sat composedly at the window with the morning paper before him,—a tolerable indication that his time had been fully engaged all day. He was positively glorified by the consciousness of some achievement. His face was radiant and smiling; his boots were carefully blackened; his hands were slightly red from the soap and water (for it was a cold winter day), and altogether I never saw him appear so well.

I climbed to my third-story room enlightened. This man was a seeker for "Perpetual Motion," and he really thought that he had found it. Albeit, I recalled a vision of Sarah—seen through the kitchen door, with a very sulky countenance, and making an energetic attack on some inoffensive yolks of eggs.

At supper the master of the house,—regardless of his wife's sullen and determined silence and of the intelligent glances between "the girls,"—began on his engrossing theme.

"Did you see the paper to-day, Mr. Scott? There's a man in Newcastle says he's found out perpetch'el motion. I wish I knew him—he's sure to fail on it!"

"Why so?" I asked.

"Well, there aint nobody that *can* do it. Mater's get worn out." "Then, rising into a higher key—"I'll show you the most wonderful invention that you ever saw. I've been at it now for twenty years, and I just got it through to-day."

"Is it perpetual motion?"

"No; there aint no such thing. It's a self-supporting power—that's to say, it's something 't'll run as long's the mater'ls last."

"When do you want to show it to me?" I inquired.

"Well, if you wasn't out after the girls so much, I might, may-be, let you see it to-night."

"You don't think I'd stop for the girls if I was to be shown an invention which was to revolutionize the world, do you?" Whereat the afore-mentioned Mary Ann and Lizzie snickered in a semi-suppressed state of amusement.

So it was settled that I should see the wonderful invention as soon after supper as I desired. But before supper was over the inventor's haste was so apparent, that I adjourned to the parlor—leaving the three women to finish at discretion.

How well I remember that machine! It was not the attempt of an ignorant man—for Abraham Crandall was a thorough carpenter and mechanic—but it was, nevertheless, on the face of it, a repetition of the old failures with the wheel and lever. It was the application of several arms to several wheels,—with cogs and pinions and catches innumerable. It was precisely one more effort added to the bookful which I knew to be in the Philadelphia Library. And I felt very sad,—looking upon this concentration of twenty years of thought, which my Natural Philosophy so explicitly condemned as useless. The worst of it was, that the invention consisted of plans and drawings and not of working machinery, and the inventor was so well assured of his success that he crazed me with numbers and specifications and illustrations for three mortal hours.

At length I hit upon a device to escape. I urged him to make a working model, that those who were not scientific might be convinced when they saw this power needing no reinforcement. He promised to do so, and I left him.

From this time forth the noise upon "Perpetch'el" was terrific. Morning, noon, and night the saw grated through the wood—the hammer sounded on the nails—and the voice of expostulation reechoed through the confines of the house. The original rough blocks and boards were now smoothed, shaped and fitted. One day you would miss the impulsive worker, whose mind dragged after it the body, as you may have seen a poor blind beggar dragged by a great dog or a small and breathless groom at the head of an unharnessed horse. He would be gone, forsooth, to some planing-mill or carpenter shop. Another day you would overtake him, out of breath, on the road to the

blacksmith's. Still another day he would be seen seated and gazing on his model, while the huge drops trickled down upon his shaggy eyebrows and bedewed the lenses of his silver spectacles. Once he broke a glass of these indispensable assistants in twain, and splintered one half thereof hopelessly; he only shoved the other half to the centre, and kept on. He was possibly at dinner and probably at tea; but there was no certainty in him except on Sunday. I doubt if Friar Bacon worked so laboriously on gunpowder, or Friar Wood so patiently over his piano-forte. I do not really doubt any longer about Galileo's persistency and Palissy's determination. And I have learned that a man possessed by a purpose, enwrapped and encompassed by one idea, is a man to be considered apart from all his natural weaknesses or amenities.

Spring came, and Summer was nearly due, before the working model was completed. But now the mind of my worthy friend took a sudden expansion. It was not enough for him that Mr. Thomas Scott, the schoolmaster, should behold his triumph. He informed me that my objections to certain things in the machine would now be done away, and that several points were reconsidered and put to rights beyond a question. He also stated that a certain eminent machinist had preserved this idea to the day of his death as a thing feasible, if he had only the time to try it. He added quotations from sundry authorities, and showed such familiarity with previous experiments, that I found my doubts in a condition of evaporation. But he would not let me or any person investigate his machine. We must be satisfied that it was a success until he saw the fit time to demonstrate it publicly.

Again, this man confused and troubled me. His earnestness—his childlike faith in God and man—his excellent mechanical skill—all combined to render him an object of interest. Now he was asserting his success calmly and confidently and with a display of knowledge about his subject unusual in a person of his standing and capacity. His natural intelligence and good general education in reading and carpentry were focused down upon this invention. I confessed to myself, in short, as I went to my room for the night, that I would not be at all surprised if a week or a month would send this man's name over the world. And with that I had dreams about my own fame and fortune—about the lady whom I most visited—about my salary and my work and my distant home—and then fell into a dreamless sleep.

It was broken towards morning, and I woke with a sense of having seen Abraham Crandall standing with his hat off and his benevolent face gazing over a crowd of people, while "Perpetch'el," strangely and grotesquely fashioned, was clicking away before him upon a platform raised breast-high.

My dream was apparently connected with actual facts. For a covered furniture car was being loaded with the wheels and levers in front of the door. And Abraham Crandall himself was talking shrilly and eagerly to the driver.

He handed me the *Ledger*, as I came down stairs. And there I read:

"By permission of the City Council, Mr. Abraham Crandall, builder, will exhibit, *free*, A WONDERFUL INVENTION, on the vacant lot corner of Girard avenue and Broad street, at twelve o'clock to-day."

"Well?" said I, interrogatively.

"Yes, Mr. Scott," responded the old man, solemnly and almost sadly, "I want the boys and the mechanics to see my wonderful invention. They don't get a chance to remember great discoveries as they had ought to get. If these things was done of'ener, there'd be many a 'prentice workin' at his trade who'd be a better man for it. An' all I can do for them an' for my fellow-mechanics I want to do."

I considered myself invited, especially as it was Saturday; and by twelve o'clock I was on the spot. But others were there before me. The lot—a raised piece of land—was black with men. Here and there a few women could be seen, but they were only few.

By pushing and crowding up to the front, in spite of considerable imprecation at my audacity, I got at last a fair sight of the prepared spoe. A platform of tolerable size stood within a roped enclosure. A single policeman was at the outside of the sacred limits, and within were Abraham Crandall and a covered object, which I had no trouble in believing to be "Perpetch'el," and which was now mounted on the platform. His face was wet with the heat of the day and the effort of his own toil. And at his back, outside of the ropes, was the driver of the furniture car.

The inventor was beginning a speech as I caught my

first glimpse of him. He was expounding the benefit it would be to all mechanics if they would only study in their working hours the principles of their trades and be intelligent craftsmen. There were rough men there and rude boys but all listened very well about five minutes, and until a pert youngster piped up from between two foundry-men, "I say, you-sir! Let's see that 'ere thing under the table cloth."

It was the match and the gunpowder. The speech had to be stopped and the sheet thrown off from "Perpetch'el." The invention stood revealed to staring eyes and gaping mouths—a big fly wheel, already hinted at by the inconsiderate drapery, a mass of wheels and levers and cogs and catches, just as I imagined it would appear.

The voice of Mr. Crandall now unnaturally high and excited, was heard explaining the apparatus. This lever was to do this, and that lever would do that, and this wheel would turn as that wheel went half round. This fly wheel was to regulate the power—this break to prevent too great speed—these cogs and catches to transfer or connect the motion.

Somebody shouted, "Touch 'er off! Don't be all day!" and a mingled chorus went up of, "Go ahead!" "Let's see the thing work." "Man yer brakes!" and so on.

Serene amid the storm, I beheld the inventor push at one lever and pull at another. And while he was doing this, I saw Mrs. Crandall shove herself through to the ropes behind his back—yet not so far forward as to be seen if he should turn around.

Still the pushing and the pulling went on, the fly wheel was whirled around, and the thing began to move. A great silence fell on the throng. They beheld a power which was not steam but which would do the same work, without fire and fuel, without explosion, without attention, without a stop. And the master-mechanic stepped back, and folded his arms, as if earth had little left to give him. I began to hear an incipient "hurrah!" from the more enthusiastic.

But even as I looked, I fancied that the fly-wheel moved slower. Another moment, and I was sure of it. "It's stopping, blame it all!" muttered a respectable mechanic at my side. And, "Hi, Bill!" yelled a boy, "it's playin' out!"

There was no longer any doubt. The fly wheel had given the motion, and the motion would soon cease! Crandall stood speechless. I looked for the policeman; but some person had probably asked him to take a drink, and, fearful of squalls on the inventor's horizon, he had accepted.

And now the bad blood of an American mob was fairly raised. "It's all a ————!" "It's the cussed thing!" shouted a fireman on the right, pushing towards the ropes.

With that Abraham Crandall lost the look of blank dismay which he had worn.

"Don't you do it!" he cried, at the top of his poor broken lungs. "I worked twenty years on that, and it *did* go well. I know every bit of it, all through. It won't stop altogether—I'm sure it won't." But even as he spoke it went slower, and the crowd became more and more angry. Yet, I say it to their credit, they were more enraged at the helpless dumb machine than at the man who made it. Nevertheless, a turnip-top flew over the throng, and struck Crandall on the cheek.

"You mean, cowardly wretches!" shrieked Mrs. Crandall, from behind, and was proceeding to supply them with epithets more caustic than courteous, when her husband heard her, and turned around.

"No, no! Sarah," he said—and there was something in his voice that made every one listen—"I'm a disgraced man. Don't let us abuse these folks; they don't know no better. Friends! there's twenty years of my life in that lot of wood an' iron! I didn't mean to fool you. I hope God'll help me carry my disappointment. If it wasn't for Him, I think I'd die jus' now!"

As it was, he fainted and fell back. His wife and one or two others caught him. We had a carriage instantly. A few of us lifted him in, and, during the lull, we got him off without any violence.

I did not immediately go home. It seemed better that he should not see me at once upon his return, and I stayed to watch what would happen next.

It happened very soon. In a dozen minutes a gang of boys had each a lever or a stake, and were marching in an extemporaneous battalion along the street. Another gang tied the rope to the fly wheel—formed a fire company of the genuine volunteer kind, and were skurrying away across the commons, dragging their fictitious engine. Still another gang rolled the wheels every way which seemed good. And, last of all, three or four poor women broke up the platform for kindling-wood, and went off with it unmolested.

[Continued on page 12.]

HOBBIES

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

97 & 99 IONIA ST., HARTMAN'S HALL, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

TERMS.—Per Year, in advance, - - - - - \$1.00.
Advertising rates made known on application.

No notice taken of anonymous correspondence.

A limited number of small advertisements of first-class business houses solicited.

Impartial and independent of all cliques or parties, either state or national or local.

In order to insure attention, subscribers wishing their address changed must give their old as well as their new address.

This notice marked informs you that your subscription has expired and that you will receive no more copies of HOBBIES until your subscription is renewed.

We shall promptly acknowledge the receipt of all books, papers and magazines that come to our table for review. Publishers will confer a favor by notifying us of any omissions to so acknowledge books sent by them.

C. S. HARTMAN, - - - - - EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
F. D. HOPKINS, - - - - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1889.

EDITORIAL.

THE CABLE LINE TO THE LAKE.—Apropos of the proposed extension of the cable line to the lake, we wish to make a suggestion. Heretofore one of the chief objections to the old route to the lake by way of the street railway line, has been the transfer from horse cars to the dummy line. The "cattle pen" system as used at the East street junction is a detestable nuisance notwithstanding the fact that it is probably the best possible arrangement under the circumstances. Now if the Cable Company can devise an arrangement whereby people getting on down town can ride to the lake without transfer they will not only confer a blessing upon suffering humanity, but we believe hundreds of ladies and children who stay away from the lake because of the terrible crush and jam at the "cattle pens" will patronize the line and rise up and call them blessed. It would seem that some arrangement might be made whereby the cars could be transferred from the dummy track to the cable track without requiring the passengers to alight. More than that, the entire trip should be made for one fare of five cents. This may seem new to Grand Rapids people, but many instances might be cited where as long a distance may be traveled for only five cents in other cities. If this were done here, every night would see vast numbers of people riding out the lake for the fresh air and cool ride. We believe the idea, if carried out, would pay. By all means, if it is possible, let it be done.

* * *

CITY STREETS IN SUMMER.—To an amiable philosopher intent on finding sermons in stones and good in everything, the streets of a great city in summer offer ample opportunities. In this season of the year nature, humanity and art lose their affectations and urban varnish, and reveal themselves with grim realism. The mummery of artifice casts aside its spices, elaborate robes and jewels, and the true meaning of its smiles is revealed. Men part with their statuesque dignity of bearing, and cucumbers with their air of hot-house respectability, both losing color and becoming limp under the influence of hot, democratic sunlight; and both refusing to assume the air of jauntiness in opposition to their feelings. The bananas and oranges, that in winter are nobly suggestive of tropical climates, now only maliciously hint at colic and dyspepsia. The strawberries, that erewhile were invested with an ambrosial flavor on account of their high price, now, in the shrinkage of value, dwindle to flavorless, seedy, gritty pellets that blush more in shame than in pride at their own pretentiousness.

One touch of summer makes the whole world kin. The amiability of man, like wind-dropped apples, turns acid without ripening its tartness into sugar. He complains of the heat, but rejoices when he meets a brother victim who suffer more than he does; and at such moments every moistened wrinkle in his friend's white vest and collar sends a wave of torrid delight thrilling along his languid nerves. As he cannot get away to the country, he scouts the idea of seashore and cool rustic lanes as vague and illusory dreams of invalids; and adds the finishing touch of hypocrisy by pretending that he is miserable away from the noises of the busy city streets, and that green fields, woods and splashing waves are no consolation for the absence of the familiar

bricks and mortar. Thus the stay-at-home man.

Stay-at-home women have a great advantage over men; for fashion aids them in assuming a breezy appearance, and where fashion fails rivalry supplies the deficit. A man in white, baggy linen attire is always a humiliating sight; his attire in itself is a confession of weakness, and emphasizes the sad truth that summer has got the better of him. A mortal who thus compromises with his dignity is lost to prudence, and discovers, too late, that Nemesis has assumed the shape of moist starch, and is driving him through the world with shrunken coat, distorted trousers, and vest suggestive of the map of Oceanica. This slave of the sun, however, is doomed to sink still lower, and in the month of August will be found slinking along the streets without a collar, his limp coat slung over the arm, and his hat removed from his perspiring head to take the place of a fan! Conscience at last smites him, and, to avoid his friends, he creeps along in the shadows of houses, and regards dark angles and deserted streets with a longing almost proportionate to his intense humiliation and moral weakness.

* * *

No woman is ever brought to a similar state of degradation. The warmer the weather the more bright and attractive she becomes. That she suffers is a reasonable supposition; that she complains, no one but husbands and brothers dare assert. In the sun-baked streets she is always gay and smiling; her gauzy dress is never wrinkled, her step never loses its airiness, and if she uses her fan it is rather to display its beauty and to show her own grace than to woo a cooling breeze. If, as the cynical pessimists assert, she has an unconquerable mania for ice cream, it is simply to reveal another form of her grace, to demonstrate and redemonstrate the Hogarthian curve of spoon as it travels from plate or glass or smiling lips. If she has a new gown, she will stand uncomplainingly in the sun for countless minutes, patiently waiting for the car that never comes and talking gayly to her sister companion, unconscious that multitudes of eyes belonging to the opposite and perspiring sex are admiring her beauty and envying her preternatural coolness. Where men succumb to sunstroke, she luxuriates like a tropical flower, budding fresh graces at each successive rise of the thermometer, and ends in defying the man-slaughtering sun by out-dazzling it. The young male athlete who has graduated from college with the highest honors in boat-racing and foot-ball classicism, highly appreciates this type of summer beauty, and does terrible execution with his small, expressive head, hidden in the shadowy retreat of his huge shirt collar. Having won his diploma, his life of toil is ended; and henceforward he has nothing to do but compare his present insignificance with his past grandeur.

And thus our amiable philosopher finds his summer sermons, improves his critical faculties, and exalts himself at the expense of his neighbors, according to the most improved method of modern philosophy; and illustrating the proverb which says: "Who does not admire me has no taste; who admires others no discrimination."

* * *

A PUBLIC NUISANCE.—If there is any time that a public nuisance betrays itself, it is in the summer time, when the weather is hot and the air vitiated. Especially is this to be noticed in a city like Grand Rapids, and the public health demands that extra vigilance and watchfulness should be exercised. The fact that a nuisance of this kind exists on the outskirts, or in a less thickly populated portion of the city, matters not. Wherever they are, they are a constant menace to public health. These remarks are called forth by the fact that there is just such a nuisance existing in the southern part of the city near the south yards, and it is not the only one by any means. It is a large packing house, and the odors arising from it are sickening in the extreme, and when the wind is in the right direction, life is a constant burden to those in the offices near by. We call attention to this not in a carping, fault-finding way, but because it is the result of simple carelessness in cleaning up refuse, etc. There are a number of others in the same boat, and we think it would pay the proper official to take a walk out in that direction and investigate.

* * *

HERO WORSHIP vs. PRIZE FIGHTS.—"There are relieving and condoning features. . . . A fight of any sort, if carried on with skill and courage, the field a fair one and no favor shown must needs enlist the sympathy and command the attention and admiration of all men. . . . Even

a Quaker will feel a new warmth kindle and the pulse beat higher when they hear the very name of champion. . . . Hero worship is but obedience of nature's law of the survival and enthronement of the fittest." We quote these words from a department in the *Telegram-Herald* headed "Sundries," and we think their reproduction here will be sufficient for the intelligence of our readers to detect their fallacy. There may be condoning features in a prize fight, but we fail to see where they come in, unless one of the principals is killed. To compare a modern prize fight with a Roman gladiatorial contest, is hardly complimentary to the supposedly advanced ideas and sentiment of the world since Caesar's time. In that day when war and force of arms were the leading thought of the age, and when humanity, refinement of nature, and universal brotherhood were unborn ethics, "a fight of any sort . . . must needs enlist the sympathy and command the attention and admiration of all men." In our age, however, a different state of things exists. There is a principle involved, not only in personal encounters, but in modern wars, which entirely changes the status which a fight holds in the public mind, and this, "Sundries" seems to have entirely lost. We refer to the fact that in our day it is *right*, not *might*, that commands sympathy. In olden times men fought for the love of arms and war; now they fight for the supremacy of great principles. The fact is that for the very reason that a prize fight is a relic of barbarism, a mere contest of the lower order of humanity, with no issue of principle at stake, it commands no respect or sympathy from that portion of humanity which has advanced from the gloom of the dark ages. The idea of a Quaker taking an interest in a prize fight we will pass without comment. The last extract, referring to "hero worship" and the "survival of the fittest, is worthy the editorial columns of the *Star*. It is an insult to the intelligence and culture of our times to infer that John L. Sullivan, the thug, sot and blackguard, represents the survival of the fittest. His life, words and acts entitle him to nothing but contempt from all men. We fear "Sundries" was suffering from a sunstroke when he wrote such a slander upon our modern thought and civilization.

WEEKLY NEWS SUMMARY.

NATIONAL.

Big riot at Duluth between police and strikers.
Two bank tellers get away with \$50,000 each.
The Vandavia inaugurates a cut in grain rates.
Disasterous floods in the vicinity of Fort Worth, Texas.
Railroad accidents are becoming altogether too frequent.
The new states celebrate the Fourth and their own birth together. 42 stars now.
"Sullivan Kilrain" was the combination attraction that absorbed all other interests during the week.

Prominent Irish-Americans organize in Chicago with the intention of starting a new republic in Canada, Mexico, or South America. It is to be hoped they will select South America.

STATE.

Convention of the Union of American Hebrew congregations convened at Detroit Monday.

Governor Luce has been busy signing and vetoing various bills passed in the last flurry of the legislature.

Great celebration of the Fourth by the prisoners at Jackson. Base ball, athletic sports, lemonade, greased pig, etc.

The Delta Tau Delta society who owned Hugart hill at Bay View have sold the property to Mr. Snyder, a trustee of the Bay View Association. The land will probably become a part of the Bay View grounds.

LOCAL.

The races are the principal topic with all sporting men.

Mrs. L. D. Norris and neice left for Mackinac Island Wednesday.

Saloonists intend organizing to enforce the law as to early closing. Good.

Co. I won great renown at Kalamazoo by their fine exhibition drill.

Mrs. C. S. Hartman and daughter, Dorothy, are at Bay View for the season.

The Gas Co. has a new charter with an authorized capital stock of \$1,000,000 of which \$400,000 is paid up.

Rev. Mr. Woodford suffers from temporary insanity and is locked up for safety of himself and friends.

Hughes and Hydorn propose to fight for their rights as justice and are before the Supreme Court.

Conductor Banks' wife and family opened their quaint cottage at Bay View Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Ed. Whittemore and children left for Bay View Wednesday to occupy rooms in the Connable Cottage.

Mrs. Abbie Sage, Mrs. M. A. Clark and Master Ned Shepard are occupying the Shepard Cottage, on Bluff street Bay View.

J. E. Botsford has rented the beautiful Farnsworth cottage on Woodland avenue and will occupy it with his family.

Dr. Chas. Shepard spent a few days this week at Bay View arranging for some contemplated improvements to his cottage.

City Clerk Shinkman woke up the other morning famous. He is a chess player of world wide reputation and hob-nobs with Miles and Steinitz.

The Cable Co., are at work on the Bridge street line and will have their steam motor line to the lake completed within sixty days. See if they don't.

One suicide, one drowning, one accidental shooting, one severe fall from third story window were part of the past week's casualties.

Rev. Benjamin F. Sargent has resigned from the pastorate of the South Congregational church where he has been for over nine years.

The fireworks were as usual "a grand success" according to the press, but "didn't think much of 'em" according to everyone else.

Mrs. Fox, mother of Messrs E. C. and Charles Fox is at Mackinac Island occupying the handsome Fox cottage. She will be joined later on by her sons.

Mrs. J. Bruff Ware and children left Wednesday afternoon for the sea shore. They will spend most of the season near Asbury Park N. Y.

Miss Lillie More ran down from Bay View on business Tuesday returning Wednesday. Mr. J. C. More has enlarged his cottage at this popular resort, and put in a handsome fire place.

Dr. L. F. Owen will greatly improve his Bay View cottage, on Woodland Ave. by a large addition and a new coat of paint. The Dr. and family are already occupying the cottage.

C. E. Plugge returns home after having been honorably discharged by the Holland government and is greeted with a well filled purse. He sued the Holland government for false imprisonment before returning.

The corner stone of the court house was laid the Fourth with appropriate ceremonies. Hon. M. C. Burch delivered a masterly address, and the stone was laid by W. Irving Babcock, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge F. & A. M. of the state. The articles placed in the stone were unusually numerous, including copies of all the papers published in the city and county together with reports, roll calls, badges etc. galore. At the conclusion a banquet was served.

Mrs. Wm. G. Robinson died quite suddenly at her residence on Tuesday last. Mrs. Robinson had been in ill health for some time, but her death was not expected. Her life has been a most exemplary one, and her beautiful

character and sweetness of disposition endeared her to all with whom she came in contact. She was a member of the Division St. M. E. church, and was prominent in all good works. She will be greatly missed and her loss is a severe one to her husband and children.

Something entirely new and novel to those who make use of railroads (and who does not) is a weekly railway guide published by Loomis and Onderdonk. It is in the form of a hanger and the information is given in an entirely different form from that generally used showing at a glance when trains leave for any given point and the fare. Freight and express service receives like treatment and the amusements for the week find a prominent place. It is hung in your office and changed weekly for a mere nominal fee.

GATHERINGS.

Miss Lulu Smith is at Whitehall.

Miss Grace Winfield is visiting friends in the city.

Miss Mae Stearns of State street, is visiting in Detroit.

Mrs. E. D. Conger is visiting friends in Milwaukee.

Miss Hattie Lyon is visiting friends at Lockport, New York.

Mr. Fred A. Wurzburg is home from a business trip to New York.

Misses Florence and Maud Hilton are spending a few weeks in Chicago.

Miss Nora Towne, of Lansing is the guest of Miss Lou Sisson of State street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Fitzgerald sailed from New York yesterday for Europe.

The Owashtanong Club gave another delightful promenade concert last Friday night.

Mr. Fred L. Kenfeld, of Chicago, has been the guest of Mr. Fred T. Rand during the past week.

Will Harris passed Sunday in Ionia where he sang solos at the morning and evening services in the Baptist church. Prof. Ora Pearson filled Mr. Harris position in the Fountain street Baptist choir.

Will H. Howe, the celebrated artist now in Paris but formerly of Grand Rapids was lately awarded the "medal universal" on paintings exhibited at Paris saloon. This is an honor of unusual distinction, and Mr. Howe's many friends are very proud of his success.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Adams gave a very pleasant little reception to their employees at their residence on South College Avenue on Saturday last. Refreshments were a prominent feature and their delightful grounds aided in making the occasion a very enjoyable one.

RESORTS AND RESORTERS.

W. J. Stuart is at Mackinac.

Miss Nellie McManis is at Old Mission.

Mrs. M. S. Goodman is at Traverse City.

J. H. Hosken and family are at the Beach.

Mrs. John Bertsch and family are at Bay View.

Mrs. A. B. Wykes are at the Beach occupying their cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hill are in their cottage at Macatawa Park.

Mrs. James M. Cook will spend some time at Chautauqua about Aug 1.

E. G. Studley and family spent some days at Ottawa Beach.

Mrs. Ed. Whitmore and family are spending the summer at Bay View.

A tennis court is a new attraction at the Park Place hotel grounds at Traverse City.

John P. Creque and family have joined the colony of Grand Rapids cottages at Bay View.

Mrs. Balchion is at White Lake. She will be joined soon by her sister, Mrs. Moses Taggart.

Dr. Thomas D. Bradfield is camping out in Keweenaw county, Upper Peninsula.

Mrs. James Travis and family, Miss Dell Foster and H. H. Ives, are all at Charlevoix.

Bert and Julia Cobb will spend the summer at Wequeton-sing and left for that resort Tuesday.

Mrs. John Widdicomb and family are located at Wequeton-sing for the summer.

Ottawa Beach was crowded with Grand Rapids people last Sunday.

James E. Botsford and wife leave for Bay View in a few days to spend the summer.

I. M. Clark and daughters, Edith and Gertrude, are occupying their cottage at Bay View.

H. M. Reynolds and family and Henry Spring and family are occupying Mr. Reynold's cottage at the Beach.

George Long and family, George Davis and family, M. A. True and family are at the Beach.

L. S. Provin and L. G. Stowe with their families are enjoying Beach breezes.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Lamos left Monday for the White Mountains and the sea shore.

Miss Helen Coleman of Kalamazoo, is visiting friends in the city.

Rev. J. E. Roberts of Kansas City, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Clay.

Mrs. E. A. Fletcher left Tuesday for Chautauqua where she is the guest of her daughter.

Miss Lillian Hunt, of Mechanic street, is visiting Miss Fanny Strong at Ypsilanti.

Miss Carrie Sterling, of Crescent avenue, is spending a few weeks at Mackinac Island.

Mrs. C. S. Hartman and child, accompanied by Miss Franc Barnes of Kalamazoo are at Bay View for the summer.

Dr. Charles Shepard and family and Mrs. Mary Clark left for Bay View Monday morning where they will pass the summer.

Misses Francis and Gertie Streng, Misses Rose Vander Sluis and Ella Van Leuwen left Monday for a two months stay at Chautauqua.

E. H. Foote and family, E. A. Treadway and family, and Captain Gavett and family are among the tenters at the Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. William Berkey, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Berkey and family, Mr. and Mrs. O. R. Wilmarth, Mrs. A. R. Antisdell and daughters and Mrs. L. T. Willmarth are at Bay View.

Miss Alice Schneider, of Brooklyn N. Y. and Miss Cora Wells, of Saranac, are the guests of Dr. H. E. Locher. Miss Schneider will spend the summer here.

Mrs. S. Boyer and Mrs. M. Perkins go to Bay View Monday for a three weeks attendance upon the camp meeting and assembly.

Mrs. A. Seymour and Mrs. H. Collins and children will occupy rooms at the Marble cottage at Bay View until September.

County Clerk Cornelius L. Harvey, Henry J. Heystek and Dr. Johnson have folded their tents and silently stolon to Charlevoix and vicinity where they will camp out for some weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. A. Berkey are already occupying their cottage at Bay View, which they purchased last season and have greatly improved and beautified this year. Mrs. Dr. Smith and master Joe, will occupy a room in the Berkey cottage.

The scandalous row between Bulwer Lytton and his wife is brought up again by a new publication of the "Letters of the Late Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton, to His Wife," issued by G. W. Dillingham, New York.

Telephone 88 when you wish a messenger boy or Boomer's ten cent delivery service and your orders will receive prompt attention.

Hope shows a shining form to the worn seamstress as she puts her foot on the treadle of the "Standard" Rotary Shuttle Sewing Machine. Half her burden is lifted, and her labor becomes recreation.

This wonderful machine may be seen at 13 Fountain St. Shepard-Hartman Blk. Geo. D. Herrick & Co. are the Agt.

Go to Graham's, 1 South Division St. if you wish to rent dishes for picnics, socials, dinners, suppers, etc. They have them in great variety and at low rentals.

Dinner and tea sets, odd pieces, water sets, etc. at Graham's, 1 So. Division street, at prices which will pay you to inspect.

"THE VOICE,"

48 COLUMNS EACH WEEK, FULL OF MATTER OF INTEREST TO ALL.

We will send to any person a sample copy of this most aggressive yet popular paper in the world, FREE.

New Subscribers

are receiving a valuable premium, "Sweet Cleely;" or, Josiah Allen as a Politician, by Josiah Allen's Wife.

FREE.

This is the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of the Temperance reform. Over 100 illustrations, quaint, pathetic and humorous. 381 pages. Bound in flexible manilla. The regular price in cloth editions is \$2.00 per copy.

This grand book makes its readers laugh and cry alternately. It can never be forgotten. We give it free, and pay the postage, to new subscribers for THE VOICE.

Subscribe now and secure this premium. The premium edition is limited.

SPURGEON and **TALMAGE** are the most popular of preachers. THE VOICE contains a sermon from Spurgeon or Talmage each week. This alone is worth a year's subscription-price to the paper.

ARE YOU A POLITICIAN? You will find here all the latest politics bearing especially on the temperance question.

ARE YOU FOR TEMPERANCE? This is recognized as the organ of the temperance movement. Says Gen. Neal Dow: "In all our fight for Prohibition we have had no such paper as THE VOICE."

READ, MARK, PROFIT!

Boston Daily Herald says: "It is as live, able, dignified, and generally well-conducted a paper as ever party had for its organ."

T. DRWITT TALMAGE says: "I hail THE VOICE in its onward and upward career. It has all the thrill and spontaneity of a battle-shout."

PRES. J. H. SEELYE, of Amherst College, says: "The spirit and strength of THE VOICE give me good cheer. It is the most encouraging voice now heard in American politics."

The Southwest, Cincinnati (liquor paper): "THE VOICE is able, energetic, relentless as death, and means to win."

The Subscription Price is only ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

Mention this paper.

Address

FUNK & WAGNALLS,

18 and 20 Astor Place, N. Y.

VISIT THE New Dry Goods House

—OF— ANSTEAD & YOHN,

59 Monroe and 89 Ottawa Streets,

For high grade novelties in

DRESS GOODS,
SILKS AND TRIMMINGS.

Our CORSET and MUSLIN UNDERWEAR Departments are large, showing full lines of all popular makes at our usual low prices.

We kindly call your attention to our new lines of

SILK UMBRELLAS AND PARASOLS,

HOSIERY, KID and FABRIC GLOVES, RIBBONS, FANS, LACES, HANDKERCHIEFS, COLLARS AND CUFFS, LACES, &c., all new, at popular prices.

Our WHITE GOODS in Hemstitch and Irish Point effects are beautiful and at the prices sell freely.

All Departments are full.

Visit our Dress Goods Department for GRADUATING DRESSES. We are showing the correct things.

ANSTEAD & YOHN,
59 Monroe and 89 Ottawa Streets.

N. B. SPECIAL ATTENTION TO MAIL ORDERS.

GEO. A. HALL & CO.

56 Monroe Street,

BOOK SELLERS AND STATIONERS.

To quote an old saying "The first thing a man should do after he is knocked down is to get up" and as we have passed through the first part of that ceremony we are glad to announce that we are on our feet again and ready for business. Our line of stationery for "polite correspondence" was never better, and our lists of blank books and office supplies never more complete, we have a full stock of Lovell's Library embracing nearly fifteen hundred volumes, besides Ticknor's Paper Series of American Novels. Our line of Bagster Bibles is the most complete in the city.

HARRY FOX.

H. W. DAVIS

FOX & DAVIS,

(Successors to H. H. Ives.)

House & Safe Movers.

Residence 281 South Ionia.

Telephone 358.

LADIES

Your seal garments, furs, laces, plush sacks and valuable dresses, jewelry and solid silver should be

DEPOSITED IN

Hartman's Safe Deposit Vaults

FOR SAFE KEEPING.

• The • Cost • is • Small. •

A. HANISH,

Jobber and Dealer in

HARNESSES

TRUNKS, VALISES, AND HAND BAGS A SPECIALTY.

WHIPS, COLLARS' Etc.,

Buffalo, Wolf, and Lap Robes

Repairing neatly done.

No. 74 Waterloo St. Grand Rapids.

[Continued from page 7.]

ted. I thought it was all for the best, and was glad that nothing would return to vex the inventor with his shame. That night Mr. Crandall was sick in bed. For days and weeks he lingered, as I was told, until the cool autumnal days renewed his strength. But I had gone on my summer vacation—a long one from that school and that house—and I only knew by hearsay that he became calm and retired once more, and that on the vacant lot I had really seen the last of "Perpetch'el."

RECREATION NOTES.
[Continued from page 1.]

AT HOME.

Grand Rapids.....	2	0	0	0	2	2	1	0	0-7
Flint.....	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0-2

Two-base hits—Meakim, Craft. Hit by pitcher—Gallagher. First on balls—By Thompson 1, by Marker 2. Struck out—Thompson 9, Marker 5. Double plays—Smith to Egan, Smith to O'Connor. Left on bases—Grand Rapids 6, Flint 3. Pitching assists—Thompson 9, Marker 5. Passed balls—Dixon 3. Wild pitches—Thompson 9, Marker 5. Passed balls—Dixon 3. Wild pitches—Thompson 2. Umpire—Howard. Time—1:50.

AT GREENVILLE.

Greenville.....	1	1	0	1	0	1	0	1	3-8
Jackson.....	0	1	0	1	1	3	0	0	0-6

Batteries—Greenville, Schneider, Stelbarger and Barden; Jackson, Young and J. Tray. Earned runs—Jackson 3, Greenville 1. Two-base hits—Drummond, Mace, Meister, Shay, L. Tray 2. Three-base hits—Katz, Young. Home runs—Tray and Lavin. Struck out—Schneider 5, Stelbarger 4. Double plays—Fowler to Dunn, Ross to Fowler, Shay. Unassisted—Kingsley to Meister. Passed balls—J. Tray 1. Wild pitches—Young 1. Umpire—Mittenthal. Time—2:05.

TUESDAY'S GAMES.

AT HOME.

Grand Rapids.....	3	0	0	0	0	0	4	4	0-11
Flint.....	0	0	3	0	1	1	1	0	0-6

Batteries—J. Meakim and Faatz, Waite and Koapp. Struck out—By Meakim 3, by Waite 7. Base hits—Grand Rapids 11, Flint 10. Two-base hits—Grand Rapids 3, Flint 1. Errors—Grand Rapids 6, Flint 9. Umpire—Howard. Time—2:15.

AT SAGINAW.

Saginaw.....	1	0	0	0	1	3	1	0	0-6
Lansing.....	0	0	0	6	1	0	0	0	*-7

Batteries—C. Rutter and Murphy and Brown, R. Rutter and Walker. Time of game—3:40. Umpire—Grogan.

AT GREENVILLE.

Greenville.....	0	0	2	2	3	0	2	0	0-9
Jackson.....	3	2	1	1	1	0	0	4	2-14

Earned runs—Greenville 2, Jackson 5. Two-base hit—Ross. Three-base hits—Fowler, Katz. Home runs—Katz, Lavin 1. Hit by pitcher—Drummond, Ed. Tray. Struck out—Stelbarger 4, Mace 2, Hart 7. Passed balls—Shay 2, McCarthy 2. Wild pitches—Hart 3, Stelbarger 1, Mace 1. Umpire—Mittenthal. Time—2:00.

The races were a Jonah for the ball games.

Faatz resigned as field captain Saturday and Smith was put in his place.

Thompson's fine work Monday shows he has the right stuff in him.

The grand stand had lots of fun off Schmitt, of Kalamazoo, during the week, but his good work in the box won the respect of all.

The directors of the home club are on the lookout for a new manager. In many respects Roushkolb has made an excellent manager, but the directors are for some reason dissatisfied.

A new lawn tennis club has been organized and has laid out fine grounds on Cherry street between the Spring and Utley residences. The members are Ben C. Robinson, Willard Spring, Harry Mayhew, Alfred Hunt, Randall Hawkins and Wood Beal.

Pitcher Hardie Thompson, Catcher Charles Householder, is the new battery signed by the home club.

One of the most excruciatingly interesting games of the Fourth was that between the "carpet" nine and the "dry goods" nine from Voigt, Herpolsheimer & Co.'s establishment. The terrible execution may be better understood when it is known that the combatants are just recovered. The dry goods men won the game owing to the terrific delivery of their pitcher, John Vander Sluis, who opened and shut his long right arm like a battering ram. Of the different features of the game we will not speak. The tale is too harrowing. The score was 19 to 11. But the carpet men had sweet revenge and Friday evening they kidnapped the entire dry goods nine and took them down to the Bridgest. House where they forced (?) them to partake of an elegant supper. The occasion was a pleasant one and will be long remembered.

HOBBIES takes just pride in the many compliments it received on its enterprise in issuing its photograph of O'Connor with last week's papers. It was, we believe, the first time the idea was ever attempted. It was no small task to get out the paper one day earlier than usual, and affix the "photos" to the entire edition, but the satisfaction it gave fully repaid us. This week we present an excellent photograph of catcher Dixon, and each week we shall aim to give a photograph of some member of the club. As we have contracted for these pictures by the thousand and have ordered 50,000, we shall be able to place before our readers photographs and sketches of the entire club. The superiority of this means of portraiture over the ordinary wood cut or chalk plate needs no further demonstrating. After we have illustrated the ball club, it is probable we will continue the scheme in other lines.

THE MICHIGAN PRESS ASSOCIATION.

Tuesday afternoon at two o'clock President Brearly called to order in Hartman's Hall, the 22d annual meeting of the Michigan Press Association, and from that time until Friday when the editors left the city the time was filled with interesting proceedings. Features of the convention were the photographic exhibition, Hy Potts' and M. Quad's addresses, the Press Song, composed by Major Long, the Press Poem by V. J. Tefft, the clam bake at the lake, the drive around the city, "pi", and the various papers read. "Ye editors" came for a good time, and we judge from the expressions of approval heard, that they had it. The arrangements were admirable, the weather good most of the time, and the meeting one of the most successful held. Especial mention should be made of the souvenir programs, which were very artistically gotten up.

LOVE IN HERMITAGE.

Behind closed doors and double locks he bides,
The little anchorite, grave, serene and sweet—
With radiant wings hid 'neath monastic guise
And quiver laid, forgotten, at his feet.
A wreath of thorns, a knotted scourge hath he,
And drops of flame that are his rosary.

Year after year the May-flowers smile and die;
From tropic gardens winds elysian blow:
The last pale gentian nods forlorn adieu,
And winter snows drift ghostly to and fro.
"Hath Summer come?" "Winter is here?" saith he,
And musing turns him to his rosary.

Each carven bead gleams with inherent fire,
Each the brief history of a tilt with Life;
This, tragic Passion—this, a dear Despair—
This, dream of Rest, sweet guerdon of the strife.
"Ah, vivid hopes are prisoned here," saith he,
"In the cold crystals of this rosary."

The Soul it is that guards this hermitage;
The busy world unseeing passeth by,
Counteth its losses, balances its gains,
And recks not that a treasure lieth nigh—
Love laugheth softly. "Life is short," saith he,
"Unto the grave I give my rosary."

Are you going to furnish your cottage at Ottawa Beach, Bay View, Harbor Point, Petoskey or any other point? If so call on Graham's, 1 So. Division St. and see the bargains they can offer you in crockery etc.

Our Little Ones and the Nursery continues to be without a rival in all the world, as a magazine for the youngest readers. Its poems, stories, and sketches are selected with the greatest care, are amusing and instructive, and every one of them is illustrated by an artist of the best reputation. All the reading matter and every picture is original, prepared expressly for this work under the direction of Mr. George T. Andrews, whose specialty is the production of fine books and who has presented to the public some of the most elegant, artistic volumes on the counters of the booksellers. It is printed from handsome type, on fine paper. From the start it has been fully recognized as improving, in the highest degree, to the taste, as well as the mind and morals of little children. It contains no cheap borrowed illustration, and its pictures have long been considered an educational agency of the most elevating character. Published monthly by the Russell Publishing Co., Boston, at \$1.50 a year. A trial subscription of 3 months for 25 cents.

Recent novels published by Rand, McNally & Co. are "Mademoiselle Solange," "The Englishman of the Rue Cain," and "Almeda." The first is by Francois de Juillot, translated from the French by A. I. Eaton; the second is an English story by H. F. Wood, author of "The Passenger from Scotland Yard"; the third is a tale of the Buellos Madros, by Dr. N. T. Oliver.

Rods, brackets and loops, as well as lots of fresh, dainty stuff for sash and cottage curtains, makes this department interesting.

VOIGT, HERPOLSHEIMER & Co.

We guarantee to save you money on our special line of velvets, body and tapestry brussels.

VOIGT, HERPOLSHEIMER & Co.

We make estimates upon all kinds of work in carpets, linoleum, matting, canvass, draperies and shades.

VOIGT, HERPOLSHEIMER & Co.

Japanese Fans and Parasols for decorating. GRAHAM'S, 1 So. Division.

You can always find a choice line of new effects, in all popular grades of carpets at lowest market prices

VOIGT, HERPOLSHEIMER & Co.

If you need shades to your windows and wish to save money, call on Voigt, Herpolsheimer & Co.

Straw matting, pretty and cheap, by the piece and yard.

VOIGT, HERPOLSHEIMER & Co.

Our display of heavy cork linolium and mattings for church, lodge, hotel and office use is complete at prices that cannot be duplicated.

VOIGT, HERPOLSHEIMER & Co.

GEO. D. HERRICK & CO.

13 Fountain Street, Shepard-Hartman Bl'k.,

Represent and carry in stock the largest and finest line of first class

Pianos & Organs

in Western Michigan, embracing the following:

STEINWAY & SONS,

HAINES BROS.,

IVERS & POND,

HALLET & DAVIS,

BRADBURY,

And KRAKAUER

PIANOS.

ESTEY,

STORY & CLARK,

And WILCOX & WHITE

ORGANS.

Pianos and Organs sold at Low Prices and on Easy Terms.

A. HIMES. 
The New Coal Man.

Is now well stocked with all kinds of

COAL, COKE & WOOD.

YOUR ORDERS SOLICITED.

Satisfaction Guaranteed on All Deliveries.

Office: Under National City Bank.

Yards: Shawmut avenue, Winter and West Division streets.

FOR SALE.

The property at 95 Barclay street- 70 x 120. Brick House.

House and Lot 218 South Lafayette St. 66x132 ft. Splendid property.

Genuine Bargains and terms to suit.

C. S. HARTMAN,
19 and 21 Fountain St.

John Goebel Agent,

DEALERS-IN

ARTISTS' MATERIALS.

WALL PAPER, PAINTS, OILS, ETC.

We call especial attention to our OPAQUE FELT SHADING, which is soft and pliable, strong, will not crack, wrinkle or curl, and is especially adapted to residence and cottage use. Call and examine it.

We also make a specialty of ROOM MOULDINGS and picture frames.

3 So. Division Street.

A. H. FOWLE'S ART ROOMS.

Paintings, High Class Etchings, Engravings, and Braun Antotype, carefully selected from reliable publishers only.

Special attention given to the manufacture of novel and artistic framing, regilding, and the cleaning and restoring of old prints.

37 Ionia St., South of Monroe.

A line of brocatella, crushed and brocade plushes, petit points, gimp and cords makes our furniture covering department very successful.

VOIGT, HERPOLSHEIMER & Co.

After inspecting our stock and ascertaining our prices, we will convince you that money can be saved in our carpet department.

VOIGT, HERPOLSHEIMER & Co.

COLLECTORS' DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY GEORGE B. WARD, A. P. A. 836.

□ This department will be published monthly in the interests of collectors.

NOTES.

■ We want to make this department a success, and to accomplish this we must have local items. All ye who have items of local interest to collectors, jot it down on a postal card and address it to Collectors Department, this office, and it shall be as "bread cast upon waters"—it will return to you after many days (about next month).

□ Hot weather is usually hard on collectors. It seems to make them weak-minded and they forget for the time being their collections, but when the "leaves begin to turn" they recover with a rush and fairly trample over themselves in their rush for new specimens.

□ HOBBIES believes in almost all branches of legitimate collecting, but there is one thing we utterly deprecate. That is the collecting of cigarette pictures. If you want to collect pictures for the beauty, style or artistic feeling, collect some that are at least decent. This virtue a great many of these decidedly lack. You can exclaim, "Evil to him who evil thinks," but we would be willing to wager a new hat that they are collected more for the suggestiveness than for the beauty expressed.

There was a stamp crank in Ohio,
Who took a long trip to Tokio,
Japan;
When a man
Showed him stamps from Juan
And succeeded in making him buy, O.
He filled up his book to the border,
To hold them he had it built broader;
Egad!
He was mad;
And it made him feel sad,
When he found them all *cancelled to order*.

—P. J. of A.

□ Mr. Russell C. Bartlett, the veteran curiosity dealer of Kalamazoo, made us a short visit while in the city lately.

An important auction sale of coins and medals by Bangs & Co. of New York took place June 17-21 in which some very fine pieces were offered, also one of the most complete collections of paper money ever offered for sale.

The stamp dealers have been kicking a great deal lately about the scamps among the collectors. It is about time to call a halt and let the collectors kick about the scamps among the dealers who send out blanket sheets of cheap stamps to collectors unrequested and when returns are made they send a card or letter demanding payment for stamps that they claim are substituted. We have heard of three or four cases of this kind in Grand Rapids, and a certain dealer in the East tried this game on us, without much success, though.

The Kent Philatelic Association is at last organized, but does not expect to accomplish much till next fall. It will then boom like Grand Rapids does. Officers—President, W. Miller; secretary, Geo. B. Ward; treasurer, H. Heald. All stamp collectors are invited to join.

OUR OWN EXCHANGES.

The Philatelic Journal of America is prompt as usual, but is looking rather thin. The hot climate (?) of St. Louis is hard on it, but what there is in it is pure gold.

The Flour City Philatelist, the only humorous stamp paper published, has become a bi-monthly.

Philately is about as fine a paper typographically as we have.

The American Philatelist for June devotes six pages to new issues. It will get so by and by that no one except those who have millions can keep up to the times, philatelically speaking. The high character of this, the official organ of the A. P. A., is greatly commented upon.

The Old Curiosity Shop, published by E. M. Haight, of Riverside, Cal., come to our notice brim full of good things. You are doing well, Brother Haight.

The Badger State Philatelist, after an absence of two months, once more makes its appearance, with three pages of reading matter only.

We received the catalogue of Edward W. Ruben of Copenhagen, Denmark, but are sorry to say our education in that language was sadly neglected. We will keep it, though, to remember him by.

McLean's Stamp Collectors' Guide is at last issued and fully repays our waiting for it. It fills a long felt want.

The Hoosier Philatelist is around promptly, with our especial friend T. J. Mitchell as associate editor. It is filled with good readable matter.

Cronin the great, the only Cronin, is still kicking. Witness June number *Philatelic Gazette*.

Why don't the Canadian papers get up some excitement? They are about as slow a class of stamp papers as we have.

All papers to whom this paper is sent with this notice marked will confer a great favor by putting us on their exchange list.

A GREAT SCHEME.

The government of Salvador has made a contract with the Hamilton Bank Note Co. of New York by which the latter company are to furnish all postage stamps used in this country for ten years, free, in consideration that the stamps each year not used shall be returned to the company for sale to stamp collectors and dealers. This will necessitate a new issue every year, and as it will be to the interest of the Bank Note Co. to have as many varieties as possible there will be a goodly array of values from one cent to one dollar and there will be pretty sure to be a very good supply on hand at the end of each year, so the coffers of the magnanimous Bank Note Co. will not suffer.

The Bank Note Co. are also to be allowed the use of the plates from which the stamps are printed so that they may make reprints for sale to collectors after the issue becomes obsolete.

Mr. N. F. Seebeck, an old-time stamp speculator, is the secretary of the Hamilton Bank Note Co. and must thoroughly understand his business, as he made stamps for Dominica Republic and Bolivia and understands the use of the cancelling stamp, as the many fraudulently cancelled specimens of these stamps on the market and in the albums of unsuspecting collectors will show.

"History repeats itself," so collectors will be looking out for a nice big series of Salvador stamps on white, blue and various colored papers, with and without network, unperforated, perforated and rouletted, possibly a nice crop of surcharges in all, the latest styles of type, an error or two may turn up.

Postal cards will no doubt be furnished to suit the various hues of complexion of the inhabitants and several modes of folding will be introduced.

Altogether, not over a hundred varieties are likely to be added each year from Salvador, but to those who deplore this fact we can offer this consoling information: A similar contract has also been made with the governments of Honduras and Costa Rica.

This sort of thing will have the tendency to increase the number of specialists who devote their attention to certain countries, and those countries that draw their attention will not be those of the stamp monopolist's delight.

P. J. OF A.

Whirlwinds are always occasioned by unequal barometric pressure.

The largest tin mines in the world are those in the islands of Banca and Billiton, near Sumatra, in the East Indies. Those of Cornwall, England, rank next.

The first machine ever made for sewing cloth was patented by B. Thimonier, a Parisian, in 1830. The inventor of the lock-stitch machine was Elias Howe, whose first machine was patented in 1846.

The moon appears larger when it rises above the horizon than when it is higher in the heavens, because of the refraction of the atmosphere. The atmosphere is much more dense near the earth, and therefore the rays of light are much more refracted, or turned aside from their course, in the passage through it than when going through the lighter upper air.

Mr. and Mrs. James Lowe are at the Bay View house, Bay View. They return next week.

LOCAL RAILROAD GUIDE.

GRAND RAPIDS AND INDIANA.

Schedule in effect June 16, 1889.

GOING NORTH.

*Traverse City and Mackinaw. 7.30 a. m.
 Traverse City & Mackinaw. 11.30 a. m.
 *Traverse City. 4.20 p. m.
 Petoskey and Mackinaw. 10.30 p. m.
 7.30 a. m. and 4.20 p. m. trains have through coaches attached for Saginaw.

Parlor cars on 7.30 a. m. and 11.30 a. m. trains, and sleeping cars on 10.30 p. m. train.
 Trains arrive from Petoskey and Mackinaw at 6.30 a. m. daily, and from Mackinaw and Traverse City at 5.40 p. m. and 10.40 p. m. daily except Sunday. From Traverse City at 11.45 a. m.

Trains arriving at 11.45 a. m. and 10.40 p. m. have through coaches from Saginaw.

GOING SOUTH.

*For Cincinnati. 7.00 a. m.
 *For Fort Wayne. 12.45 p. m.
 For Cincinnati (daily). 6.00 p. m.
 *For Sturgis and Chicago. 11.05 p. m.
 *Daily except Sunday.

7.00 a. m. train has parlor car attached. 6.00 p. m. train has sleeping car for Cincinnati. 11.05 p. m. train has sleeping car for Chicago via Kalamazoo.

Trains arrive from Cincinnati at 7.00 a. m. daily, and 8.45 p. m. daily except Sunday. From Fort Wayne at 3.05 p. m., and from Sturgis at 9.30 a. m., daily except Sunday.

Train arriving at 7.00 a. m. has through sleeping car from Chicago—leaving Chicago at 10.10 p. m. daily except Sunday.

MUSKEGON, G. R. AND INDIANA.

For Muskegon, Lv. 7.00 a. m. 11.15 a. m. 5.40 p. m.
 From Muskegon, Ar. 10.15 a. m. 3.45 p. m. 8.45 p. m.
 Through tickets and full information can be had by calling upon A. Almuist, Ticket Agent at Depot, or G. W. Munson, Union Ticket Agent, 67 Monroe St. C. L. LOCKWOOD, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

Grand Rapids and Indiana Railroad—Chicago Route.

Through sleeping cars between Mackinaw City and Chicago via Kalamazoo and M. C. R. R., commencing Monday, June 17, 1889. The following schedule and arrangements will be in effect, to and from Chicago. To Chicago:

	No. 4.	No. 8.
Lv. Mackinaw City	1.30 p. m.	
" Petoskey	2.50 "	
" Traverse City	3.50 "	5.30 a. m.
" Cadillac	6.25 "	7.40 "
" Reed City	7.50 "	8.50 "
" Big Rapids	8.21 "	9.25 "
" Grand Rapids	11.05 "	12.45 p. m.
Ar. Kalamazoo	1.00 a. m.	2.35 "
" Chicago	7.00 "	7.55 "

No. 4 has through Wagner sleeping car attached, Mackinaw City to Chicago. Passengers by No. 8 will change cars at Kalamazoo Junction. Both trains daily, except Sunday.

From Chicago.

Lv. Chicago	3.10 p. m.	10.10 p. m.	7.55 a. m.
" Kalamazoo	7.00 "	5.20 a. m.	1.15 p. m.
Ar. G'd Rapids	8.45 "	7.00 "	3.05 "
" Big Rapids	12.30 a. m.	9.25 "	6.45 "
" Reed City	1.03 "	9.51 "	7.20 "
" Cadillac	2.15 "	10.45 "	8.50 "
" Traverse City		1.35 p. m.	10.50 "
" Petoskey	5.25 a. m.	1.45 "	
" Mackinaw City	6.45 "	3.00 "	

Train leaving Chicago at 10.10 p. m. has Wagner sleeping car attached, running through to Mackinaw City; 3.10 p. m. train from Chicago has dining car attached, giving ample time for passengers to obtain dinner before reaching Kalamazoo. Nos. 3 and 7 daily except Sunday. No. 5 leaves Chicago daily except Saturday.

Sleeping car accommodations secured upon application to G. R. & I. ticket agents. Tickets should read via Kalamazoo. C. L. LOCKWOOD, General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

W. O. HUGHART, President and General Manager, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

The Worthington Company announces: "Poems and Ballads," third series, by Algernon Charles Swinburne; "A Treasury of English Sonnets," edited with notes by David M. Main; "Steel Portraits of Our Presidents," twenty-three India proof in portfolio; "Two Daughters of One Race," a novel, by W. Heimburg, translated by Mrs. D. M. Lowrey, with illustrations in photogravure.

Japanese Rose Jars at only 50 cents. GRAHAM'S.

FOR RENT.

For church socials, Anniversaries, Pic-nics, Bazaars, Lectures and Concerts,

Two large Halls, one seating 500 the other 300. Seven ante-rooms, and kitchen connections.

RENT REASONABLE.

C. S. HARTMAN.

MCGREGOR'S Steam Dye Works

& SCOURING ESTABLISHMENT.

20 Fountain St., Bet. Ottawa & Ionia Sts.

Ladies' Dresses, Shawls or Sacques Cleaned or Dyed in a Superior Manner. Repairing Done Neatly and Quickly. Gentlemen's Made-up Garments Cleaned or Dyed, and Handsomely Pressed by Steam. Equal to New. Goods Received and Returned by Express.

James McGregor, Prop'r.

CHEAP SUMMER

WOOD.

16 inch Hemlock, 1.50 per cord.
 " " " 5 Cds. lots 1.40 " "

Cheapest wood in the business.

A. B. KNOWLSON,

Main Office, 25 Pearl Street.

Summer Millinery!

SEMI-ANNUAL CLEARANCE SALE.

On Monday, July 1, we begin our semi-annual clearance sale. Bargains given in every department. Very choice hats, bonnets and trimmings at greatly reduced prices.

ADAMS & Co.

ADAMS & CO.

90 MONROE ST.,

Opposite the Morton House.

ICE COAL & WOOD.

LEHIGH, SCRANTON, JACKSON HILL, PITTSBURG, BRAZIL BLOCK COAL.

All Maple & Beech & Maple Wood.

WE HANDLE THE BEST OF EVERYTHING IN OUR LINE.

Grand Rapids Ice & Coal Co.

52 Pearl Street.

KENNEDY STABLE,

Edith K. Vincent, Prop.

Boarding, Sale, Feed

AND

LIVERY STABLES.

TELEPHONE. 853.

107 Kent St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

THE

Hammond Type Writer Agency.



Noted for speed, perfect alignment, uniform impression, beauty of work and changeable type.

The latest production and highest achievement yet reached in writing machines. Its work is always in sight of the operator. Has fewer keys to learn and produces more characters than any other type writer.

Send for circular, or call at my office where the Hammond Type Writers are in practical use daily, and the perfect work of the machine demonstrated. A full line of type writer supplies, and labor saving office devices on sale.

C. L. DENMAN,

MANAGER.

Shepard-Hartman Block.

25 Fountain Street.

Parties desiring copying or type writer work of any kind can get the same done at reasonable prices by calling at the office from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.
 Cleaning and repairing type writers a specialty.

Authorized Agents for Burt's Fine Shoes.

G. R. MAYHEW,

Boots, Shoes & Rubbers.

Wholesale and Retail

85 MONROE ST.

"FROM THE BOTTOM OF your heart" had you rather not live in a house of your own than a rented one? I have four neat new ones for sale at less than \$1,500, on reasonable terms. L. S. PROVIN, room 6 Lovett's block, opposite Sweet's hotel.

Rare Editions of Books FOR SALE.

ART TREASURES OF AMERICA, being the choicest works of art in the public and private collections of North America, with 93 plates and many wood illustrations. Edited by Edward Strahan (Earl Shinn). Twelve large portfolios. Philadelphia, 1879. *Edition de luxe*, with proof impressions of the plates. No. 713.

CATALOGUE OF THE ART COLLECTION formed by the late Mary J. Morgan. Contains 29 choice etched plates, numerous photogravures of art works and etched portraits of celebrated artists. New York, 1886. No. 190 of the limited edition.

CATALOGUE OF THE ART COLLECTION formed by the late A. T. Stewart, containing many fine etchings of celebrated pictures, superb gelatine prints, phototypes, photogravures, etc. New York, 1887. No. 343 of limited edition.

MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTTI, sixty outlines from his principal works in Sculpture, Painting, Design and Architecture. London, 1863.

POETICAL WORKS by P. B. Shelley. Edited with prefaces and notes, by H. B. Forman, with etched portraits and other plates. Elegantly bound. 8 vols., 8 vo. (4 vols of prose). Best and only complete edition.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH'S COMPLETE WORKS. Library Edition. Edited by Peter Cunningham. *Frontispiece*, 4 vols., 8 vo., full pol. calf, gilt tops, etc. London: Murray, 1854. Best and scarce edition.

RUSKIN, JOHN. MODERN PAINTERS. Lond.: Smith, Elder & Co., 1851-1860. Vol. I., 1851; Vol. II., 1856; Vol. III., 1856; Vol. IV., 1856; Vol. V., 1860.

Vol. II. is the fourth and author's revised edition, and, having no plates, is preferred by collectors to its first issue, which was in a smaller size than the others.

Nelson, Matter & Company.

33, 35 & 37 Canal Street.

Our New Designs in Draperies for 1889
CANNOT BE SURPASSED.

Bedroom, Parlor and Dining Room Furniture.

We are showing a larger and more artistic line than ever before.

I have a large Fire and Burglar-proof Safe—new—for sale at a bargain. Suitable for jeweler. Celebrated Diebold make. Also small Fire-proof Safe at \$50.
C. S. HARTMAN.

The *Art Amateur* improves with each number.

"Best Girl," being *Puck's* "best things about other fellows' sisters," is the title of No. 23 of *Puck's Library*.

Mrs. Burnett's last story, "The Pretty Sister of Jose," has already reached its tenth thousand with the Scribners.

Current Literature has completed its first year, and has proven itself a success in every sense of the word.

Fanny Kemble has written a novel, the scene of which is laid in Berkshire, Massachusetts. Henry Holt will publish it.

"Hymns, Ancient and Modern," has the largest circulation on record according to the *New York Sun*. Twenty million copies in 18 years, were the sales.

"Can Love Sin?" by Mark Douglas, is a new American novel, handling the doctrine of affinity, which T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, will shortly publish.

The memoir of Richard H. Dana, undertaken by Charles Francis Adams, at the request of the Historical Society of New England, will be enriched with letters and papers supplied by the family.

The publishers of *Scribner's Magazine* will make the July issue a fiction number,—long and short stories. There will be only two articles in the whole number which will deal with facts.

Eugene Schuyler concludes his reminiscences of "Tolstoy Twenty Years Ago" in the June *Scribner*, telling, among other things, of Tolstoy's quarrel with Turguenief.

Edgar Fawcett's "An Ambitious Woman" has been translated into Dutch, and a Dutch version of "Mr. Barnes, of New York," has been put on the boards in Amsterdam.

CHARLES SHEPARD, M. D.

OFFICE: 59 Monroe St.

RESIDENCE: 77 Jefferson Ave.

OFFICE HOURS: 8:30 to 11:30 A. M.
1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Practice limited to general office and outside consultation business.

Diseases of Women a Specialty.

DRS OWEN & TEMPLE,
DENTISTS
68 MONROE ST., GRAND RAPIDS MICH.

The cuts below show a case of bridge work in actual practice.



Shows mouth containing four roots.



Shows teeth ready to adjust in mouth.



Shows teeth in place.

HOBBIES

VOL. 1. NO. 30.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., AUGUST 1, 1889.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

RECREATION NOTES.

SKETCHES AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF M'MAHON AND SMITH—THE GAMES OF THE WEEK—NOTES.

HARRY E. SMITH, whose genial face greets our readers this week, was born at Cincinnati, O., August 9, 1865, and commenced his base ball career in 1884 as first baseman for the team representing Springfield, Ohio, in the Ohio league, and which won the pennant. In '85 he was a member of the famous Henly team of Richmond, Ind., as pitcher and left fielder, being a heavy hitter which compelled him to play in the field when not in the box. In '88,

he was a member of the team representing Wooster, Ohio, as pitcher and general player. In the season of '87 he played third base for Ionia of the Northern Michigan league, leading the league at that position. The season of '88 found him playing third for Galveston, Texas, which position he held until the close of the season, Sept. 27, '88. He also led this league as third baseman, and played more games than any other one player in the association. February 1, '89, he had a call to come to Jacksonville, Florida, to play third for a team in that city against the Philadelphia

league team which came that way for their Spring practice, playing with marked success. April 24, '80, he came to this city as a member of the home club, playing third base, a position which he plays with a success surpassed by no third baseman in the league. July 13 he was made field captain and upon the retirement of Manager Roushkolb was made manager of the club as well. His fielding average last year was .887, his batting average .294. He is the heavy man of the club, weighing 182 pounds, is 5 feet 11 inches high, "and can sing 'Peek-a-Boo.'"

This is handsome "JACK" M'MAHON, the stone-wall short stop of the Grand Rapids club. Mr. McMahon was born in Cleveland, Ohio, July 5, 1868, and is an Irishman. As this is but his third season on the base ball arena, a sketch of his work is necessarily short, but very creditable. Before coming to this city, he played two seasons with the "Shamrocks" of Cleveland, in the position of short stop. This club won the city league pennant, and were recognized as one

of the finest teams in Ohio or Pennsylvania, a statement further attested by the fact that the old players of that club are now playing with leading league clubs. Mr. McMahon is 5 feet 8½ inches tall, and weighs 150 pounds. During the winter he returns to his home in Cleveland, where he works in a theatre and a machine shop. His work with the home club has been highly satisfactory, and he is a general favorite with the grand stand.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 24.

At Jackson.—The game was well played up to the eighth inning, when Bohn weakened, and Jackson during the game made twenty hits off Bohm with a total of twenty-five bases. Grand Rapids made three brilliant double plays and Jackson one. Score:

	R	BH	E
Jackson.....	0	0	0
Grand Rapids.....	1	0	0

At Lansing.—Lansing and Saginaw indulged in a terrific slugging match. McCullough had no control of the ball and when he did put it over the plate it was hard hit. Abbott was hard hit in the fifth inning but after that settled down and pitched effectively. Saginaw pounded McCullough for 20 safe hits with a total of 23 bases. The battery for Saginaw was led by Spindler and McMahon. Miller of Lansing made a home run.

	R	BH	E
Lansing.....	0	2	0
Saginaw.....	0	1	1

At Kalamazoo.—Kalamazoo played a great uphill game and defeated Greenville in the eighth inning when lucky hitting and fearless base stealing brought in seven runs, changing the score from 4 to 4 to 11 to 4 in favor of Kalamazoo. Fred Schmit pitched one of the greatest games ever seen here, only in one inning was he hit hard and then errors aided in the run getting. At critical times he was invincible. Score:

	R	BH	E
Kalamazoo.....	0	0	1
Greenville.....	0	0	4

THURSDAY.

At Jackson.—The game abounded in heavy hitting and sharp fielding. In the eighth inning the score was 4 to 4. Features of the game were catches by Shay, Moore and Egan, and a remarkable stop by Kingsley. Score:

	R	BH	E
Jackson.....	2	0	1
Grand Rapids.....	2	0	0

At Lansing.—Lansing and Saginaw put up a superb game of ball. The contest was characterized by brilliant fielding and light stick work. The pitching of C. Rutter was magnificent. He had the local batsmen completely at his mercy. The battery work of R. Rutter and Walker of

Lansing was the finest seen here this season. Lansings owe their defeat entirely to their utter inability to hit the ball at opportune times and hit safely. Score:

	R	BH	E
Lansing.....	1	0	0
Saginaw.....	1	0	1

At Kalamazoo.—Stellberger was knocked out of the box to-day and Stallings relieved him. The latter pitched a fine game but it was too late for Greenville to win. Olle pitched well for the home team and only in one inning was he hit at all. Newman fell down in going for Katz's fly and it resulted in a three-bagger. Several other hits aided Greenville to her only runs. The Kalamazoos' fielding was remarkably good. Score:

	R	BH	E
Kalamazoo.....	0	4	2
Greenville.....	0	0	0

FRIDAY.

At Jackson.—The last game of the home series was lost by a lucky bound in the seventh. With the bases full and one man out, Dixon hit a grounder to third which hit an obstruction of some kind and bounded high over Meister's head out into the left, two men scoring, when it would otherwise have been a double play. Both pitchers were effective and their support was good, but Vogel gave six bases on balls, two of them scoring. J. Tray's remarkable work at first was the feature. He had five unassisted put outs, two one-handed catches and another foul fly over by the bleachers. Score:

	R	BH	E
Jackson.....	1	0	0
Grand Rapids.....	0	0	1

At Kalamazoo.—Kalamazoo defeated Greenville the third straight game and won with hands down to-day. Schmit pitched another remarkable game, the visitors being utterly unable to touch his delivery. The runs were mostly scored on errors. Kalamazoo hit stallings hard, especially Chalker and Schmit. Score:

	R	BH	E
Kalamazoo.....	0	0	1
Greenville.....	0	0	0

At Lansing.—Lansing administered a defeat to Saginaw to-day in a contest which was marked by heavy batting and

[Continued on page 10.]

J. L. WILKES,

Fine Dry Goods.

HIGH NOVELTIES IN

FRENCH DRESS GOODS.

Staple Dress Goods,

Silks and Velvets

Dress Trimmings.

Hosiery and Gloves.

Linen and White Goods.

Embroideries.

60 MONROE ST.

Thompson & Robertson,

The Plumbers

27 Fountain street,
Hartman Hall Block,
Telephone 139

GET OUR PRICES.

We guarantee our
work, and give our
personal attention to
all jobs.

PRICES ALWAYS LOW

Prompt attention to the
telephone orders.

Voigt, Herpolsheimer & Co.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

Dry Goods,
NOTIONS,
AND
CARPETS.

Retail 78, 80, and 82 Monroe Street.
Wholesale 48, 50, and 52 Ottawa Street.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

SPECIAL SALE
PARASOLS
at prices to close them
out.



BERKEY & GAY
Furniture Company.

178 to 180 Canal Street.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

We do not claim to
sell goods less than
manufacturer's prices
nor to be the "largest
Furniture House in
Western Michigan"
but we DO claim to
offer on our four large
salesroom floors an
assortment second to
none for style, quality,
and Price. Look the
city over then come to
us and draw your own
conclusions.

17 Canal & 42 West Leonard.

CROCKET & HOPPINS.

STANLY & SCHROEDER

Fashionable

MERCHANT
TAILORS

—AND—

MEN'S

Furnishers

33 MONROE ST.

THE CHILDREN.

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
The little ones gather around me,
To bid me good night and be kissed;
Oh, the little white arms that encircle
My neck in their tender embrace!
Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face!

And when they are gone, to sit dreaming
Of my childhood to lonely to last—
Of joy that my heart will remember,
While it wakes to the pulse of the past,
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin,
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

They are idols of hearts and of households;
They are angles of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still shines in their eyes;
Those truants from home and from heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild;
And I know now how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child.

The twig is so easily bended
I have banished the rule and the rod.
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God.
My heart is a dungeon of darkness
Where I shut them from breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction;
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more.
Ah, how I shall sigh for the dear ones
That meet me each morn at the door.

* * * * *

I shall miss them at morn and at even,
Their song in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices
And the tread of their delicate feet,
When the lessons of life are all ended,
And Death says the school is dismissed!
May the little ones gather around me
To bid me good-night and be kissed.

C. M. DICKINSON.

MINERALS, SHELLS AND FOSSILS.

SOMETHING ABOUT A LOCAL MUSEUM AND ITS CONTENTS.—THE FEMALE CRUSOE.

FOR HOBBIES.

"If you want to see a really interesting collection of curiosities, I can tell you where you can find it."

Thus spoke a friend who had noticed the interest taken by HOBBIES in curios and collectors, and we were not slow in accepting his proffered information. So one fine afternoon recently we started out to hunt up and "write up" this interesting collection. Taking a Canal street car, we set out for Plainfield avenue, and alighting from the car where it turns on to Coit avenue, made the balance of the journey on foot. Out into the country we struck, along the pleasant road with ripened grain fields and pleasant homes on either side, and spreading maples over head.

Just beyond the toll-gate is a home-like looking house surrounded by trees whose thick branches, green with leaves, almost hide it from the road. In location and appearance it is the embodiment of ease, quiet, beauty and refinement. Turning in at the open gate we passed up the graveled driveway to the house, which stands well back from the road. Here, surrounded by beautiful trees, flowers and shrubbery, reside Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Briggs.

Mr. Briggs was not at home, but we were most graciously received by Mrs. Briggs, who, upon learning the object

of our visit, kindly gave us full liberty to examine the museum while modestly disclaiming any great value in its contents.

Ushering us into the room containing the collection, Mrs. Briggs left us free to investigate its wonders while she attended to household cares which claimed her immediate attention, promising to return shortly.

The room, which was a large pleasant one, with windows opening to the south overlooking the beautiful grounds, was lined on all sides with large cases filled with fine specimens of minerals, fossils, Indian relics, curiosities, etc. These had evidently overflowed their bounds and the window seats, and every available nook was filled with interesting contents. Realizing that the only way to properly study the collection was to begin at the beginning and continue to the end, we so decided to proceed.

The first case we turned to contained a very interesting collection of curiosities made by Rev. Dr. Graves while in the Holy Land and Italy. There were specimens taken from nearly every ancient temple and building of note, virgin lamps from old ruins, tear vases from Rome, old Roman jewelry of centuries ago, and many other interesting things presented by the Doctor to Mrs. Briggs.

Our attention was next attracted by a case containing a collection of curiosities from Egypt and India, including a series of beautifully carved miniature figures representing the dress and various occupations of the natives of India. In the same case was a little blue stone which was labeled as a charm against the "evil eye." Also a rosary and cross from Bethlehem, a hand, carved from a piece of lava taken from Vesuvius, and a knife and rude dish formerly used by Anna Marie, the female Crusoe. Never having before heard of the "female Crusoe," and Mrs. Briggs at this point entering the room, we asked her for an explanation, which she gave as follows:

In 1835 word was received in California that the inhabitants of St. Nicholas island, a small island off the coast of California, were dying of starvation, and a ship was sent to their relief. The inhabitants, consisting of a few Indians, were taken on board, and the ship was about to sail when one of the women discovered that her children were not on board, and with the true instinct of motherhood, sprang into the water and struck out for the shore. A sudden storm coming up the ship was driven out to sea without her, and it was supposed she was lost. Years passed, and one day a ship putting into the little bay for fresh water found evidences that the island was inhabited, but was forced to leave without making investigations. In 1853, eighteen years after the woman was left on the island, word having been received that the island was surely inhabited, a ship made a stop there to investigate the matter. On landing the sailors found evidences that there was a human being there, and remembering the story of Anna Marie, proceeded to a thorough investigation. Going toward the interior of the island, they suddenly came upon a woman cleaning a fish. They had no trouble in persuading her to go with them, and although she could not speak a word that they were able to understand, she made them understand that she had lived there for eighteen years alone and lived on fish and the few fruits the island afforded. She was taken to California, where her story attracted widespread interest. She seemed very glad to be again among human beings and was just becoming able to make herself understood when she received injuries from an accident which resulted in her death. The knife and dish were given Mrs. Briggs by a member of the rescuing expedition, and are among her most highly prized specimens.

Mr. and Mrs. Briggs have spent much time in travel and make it a practice to bring home with them souvenirs from all their trips. A specimen lately procured by Mr. Briggs is a piece of wood from the Church of San Jose, Guadalajara, showing the work of the native carvers. We were also shown a number of pieces of Mexican pottery and also a few specimens of the ancient Pueblo pottery. These placed by the side of some specimens from Rome and Athens, showed a marked similarity.

On one side of the room is a large case containing quite an extensive collection of shells, sea-weeds, barnacles, curious crabs and fish from the depth of the ocean; among them the pipe fish, the hog fish, the porcupine fish, the sea-horse and others, with any number of hermit crabs and star fish. Among other interesting objects were a few idols taken from the Pyramids of Cholula, Pueblo.

Most of our readers have no doubt heard of Fred Archer, the celebrated English jockey. Over the door was the head and bush of a fox shot by this celebrated jockey on the grounds of the Duke of Rutland.

A large case extending from floor to ceiling was crowded to overflowing with specimens of many different kinds.

Here was a marble head of Pluvius, the Roman god of rain and storms, taken from the ruins of ancient Rome. Beside it lay a head of a satyr taken from the same place. At the other side were a couple of carefully mounted tarantulas or spider crabs looking as fierce and ugly as though alive, and near by was one of their curiously constructed nests with rough exterior of clay and its smoothly finished interior with its closely fitting and neatly hinged door, a veritable marvel of insect architecture. There was also a specimen of the only enemy the tarantula fears, a species of hornet which tracks the tarantula to his house, forces open his burglar proof door and kills and embalms his victim. In this state the tarantula will remain perfectly fresh for years, appearing as if paralyzed. The hornet then proceeds to lay its eggs in the tarantula and when the young hatch they have plenty of fresh meat upon which to subsist until large enough to kill their own game.

A curious sight was a piece of gum taken from the lacquer tree of Japan; and enclosed in its transparent substance were the perfectly preserved bodies of brilliantly colored beetles which have become caught in the gum when flowing from the tree.

On a lower shelf reposed a couple of harmless looking cannon balls. One was found at Fort Marion, and was probably thrown from General Oglethorpe's guns in 1240. The other was taken from General Washington's headquarters. Beside them were some specimens of Madagascar pottery, while there were relics and specimens from all parts of the world in such bewildering profusion as to defy description. We must not omit to mention a fine collection of barnacles, embracing many rare and valuable specimens.

Here our eye caught sight of a fine large shell of the king crab, which rested on top of a case full of stuffed and nicely mounted birds. In fact, on top of all the cases were perched eagles, hawks, owls, pelicans, etc., gazing down with fixed stare at our investigations.

In the direction of shells, Mrs. Briggs has quite a complete collection, very handsomely mounted. In the minerals of the great west she has a large collection, filling an entire case, including specimens of gold from over forty different mines; one piece alone being valued at \$50. Near it was a finely arranged case of flints, although Mrs. Briggs has disposed of many of the most valuable of her Indian relics in exchange for other specimens.

Mr. Briggs has commenced a collection of woods and his specimens already amount to a large number, including varieties from all parts of the globe.

We have not mentioned one-quarter of the interesting things noticed by us, the room being filled and drawers and corners overflowing with them. Many specimens brought by them from their late trip to California are as yet unpacked, and the visitor was apt to wonder where more could be placed.

Mrs. Briggs also possesses many fine pictures, and the walls of her parlors are covered with beautiful paintings and engravings, while the tables and floor are covered with photographs and views gathered on many trips. We regret that space will not permit of our further description of them. A whole day could be passed in simply passing hurriedly from one interesting object to another, and it can be seen how little can be spoken of in an article like this. But at last the sun sank low in the west and it was with feelings of regret that we bade our pleasant hostess adieu and wended our way toward the nearest street car.

We have before referred to the beautiful surroundings of this interesting place, and upon relating our visit to a friend we were very agreeably surprised to learn that there is a rumor that is the intention to donate the museum, house and grounds to the city to be used as a school and home for working girls, where they may be taught useful occupations. This will be done in case of the removal of Mr. and Mrs. Briggs to California, where they contemplate some day making their home. We trust the rumor may turn out fact, for the value of such a gift could not be measured in dollars.

THE EUROCLYDON.

"—, it's hot!" said my fair cousin, in a hoarse whisper, as she snatched her hand nervously from the floor, to which she had bent a moment before, and she looked in my face as she said it, with terror marked in every line of her own.

For some moments before, those of the audience near us had ceased to pay the slightest attention to the performances, and were looking from one to another with questioning, wondering expressions of countenance, and a certain

undefined terror lurked in their furtive glances. Looks which seemed to question, yet dread the answer already half-divined. Looks which indicated a dread of some impending horror, and made others tremble as they caught the glances.

The atmosphere had become hazy and warm; oppressively, unnaturally so, a dry, acrid heat. The lights seemed to burn dimly, with an unsteady, flickering motion, so that when the poor girl snatched her hand from the floor, grasped my arm and whispered hoarsely in my ear, —, "it's hot," I felt a pang of actual pain shoot through my heart, as if a knife-blade had been thrust into it, for her action and words gave consistency to the dreadful thought from which I had been shrinking for some moments. I knew that the house was on fire under us.

The lower floor was used as a warehouse, and packed full of merchandise; closed, too, for the most part, day and night; so that fire, I was well aware, either from spontaneous combustion or the match of the incendiary, might smoulder and burn there for hours unknown to any one, save the Almighty and the fiend who had lighted it.

At the main entrance were three doors, opening on the hall and staircase, leading to a long passage-way, and thence to the street. This staircase was the only exit for the immense hall and its galleries, where thousands assembled; while it was suitable, perhaps, for the safe escape of as many hundreds in case of fire or sudden fear. After it had stood the test of the opening night, however, and the weight of four thousand human beings, I entered it also, still not fully at ease when I looked at the vast roof, thought of the thin walls which supported it, and speculated on the danger of a conflagration, or the best way to escape the havoc and carnage which Death would revel in, if it came. I had also hinted generally to friends with whom I visited the Hall, especially ladies, to remain perfectly still in case of alarm, or in a rush to use all their force to resist going with the crowd. In case of a rush, preferring to trust their lives and my own to the artists' stairway, on the one hand, or to the ladders which might be placed at the windows on the other, to the almost certain death that would follow the attempt to escape through the narrow passage-way of the main entrance. That entrance would probably be choked up with human beings before a hundred had gained the street. Yet with all this preparation, when the fatal moment *did* come, I was tried in the balances and found wanting.

The temptation was so strong, it seemed to me that I was the only one who had a clearly defined idea of our danger; no word had been uttered aloud, no scream, no one had even moved or arisen; all was so still, so hushed. There were the doors but fifty yards away, the passage clear; *could* we gain the door before the rush came? The fiend whispered we could, the temptation was too powerful, I yielded, we were lost.

"—, it's HOT!" said my cousin; and what I have written flashed through my mind in an instant.

"Hush, or you are dead!" I whispered, placing my hand on her mouth, and clutching her arm. "Rise! go down the left hand aisle; have your wraps, everything, pretend you are sick! quick for your life." She rose before the words had all passed my lips, let her arms fall at her side, and leaned her head back on my shoulder, as if she were fainting. I put my arm around her body, and we glided forward rapidly. The ruse for a moment was successful. The audience about us thought my cousin *had* fainted, and their attention was drawn from their fears to her; only, however, for a moment.

In the meantime something suspicious had been discovered from the outside of the building. One of the warehouses had been opened, a current of air, of course, introduced, and consequently, at the very instant I left my seat, smoke began to creep freely up from between the cracks of the flooring. Another misfortune occurred at this moment, when life itself hung on a few seconds of time, the last and fatalest, snatching from us, as it did, the only hope or possibility of escape. The artists had discovered the fire in the rear, and without giving the alarm to the audience, were crowding down their narrow staircase. All but two, one a large man, whom terror had made wild; and they, entering from the side door of the retiring room, ran across the stage or platform, and sprang down from it to the floor, a distance of some four feet, just as I had reached a half dozen paces down the aisle; indeed, I had caught a glimpse of them as I turned to escape with my cousin. The stout man came down with such weight and force upon the floor, that one of his feet crushed through the charred and smouldering boards, and as with a scream of horror he jerked it out, a light, bright jet of flame shot up from the hole. Awful moments that followed,—can the crash of Doom itself out-

horror them! The audience rose as one man. For an instant there was an unearthly silence, as if Belief itself shrank from Truth, as if Hope sought life in the heart of Despair. "Fire! fire! fire!" resounded from all sides, and there went up from that stricken congregation the most awful shriek of horror and desperation I ever heard; as if Hades itself were opening beneath them, and they thought that the fiend could be frightened off by the terror of their cries. Then on it came, rushing, breaking, crushing, with the madness of despair, the fury of frenzy, the cruelty of vengeance, the desperation of fear, crushing benches and chairs to splinters, throwing down the weak, remorselessly trampling lower the fallen—a huge avalanche of human flesh.

Alas, for my rash, fatal folly. The moment I heard the cry of fire, the moment I saw the flash of flame, I cried to my cousin, "Back again, or we are lost," turned my back towards the rushing crowd, placed her hands on my breast, and said, "Push, push with all your might, for your dear life, Fanny." A fearful effort, a fierce struggle, an instant of time, and forward into that awful mass we were crushed, powerless as snowflakes before the hurricane, and separated.

Brave girl, she had uttered no word until now, but *alone* in that world of frenzy, of idiotic terror—her shrieks, as she she called me, chilled my very soul, and made me wish that death itself might close my ears.

My struggles were now frantic, furious, absolutely ferocious, clutching and tearing at everything about me, while the pressure was so great, I thought every instant that my ribs would be crushed in. Suddenly the movement forward was checked, the screaming, struggling, fiercer than ever, went on. A small part of the audience had escaped; but the sliding door of one entrance was shut, and could not be opened, and at the other two the crush and trampling had gone on until they were choked up with human beings, dead and dying; and as the mass swayed and the massacre went on, far in the rear of all this I felt the forward movement checked. Still I heard my cousin's screams, and still I struggled.

There appeared to be a superhuman force in every muscle, but the mass about me seemed to be iron; I could not move, except *upwards*. Little by little, inch by inch, I grasped and struggled and tore, without regard to what was about me; unconscious of it. Infancy or age, child or parent, male or female, it was all one. Now my shoulders nearly stripped of clothing were above the crowd. Higher, higher, I forced my way, put my hands on the heads of those about me, from some of whom the breath of life was already crushed, drew up a bootless leg, which had seemed almost wedged in adamant, placed my knee on the shoulder of a form whose head sank back, apparently lifeless, drew up the other leg, bootless and bare also, and sprang forward on the *floor of heads* toward the shriek which still echoed my name. A moment I saw my cousin's face turned toward me marked with anguish, agony, despair, her long, white, naked arm, from which the sleeve had been torn, stretched up towards me, another, and she was crushed from my sight, beneath the brute force about her, and I fell prostrate upon the sea of heads, amid the infernal death chorus of groans and screams and yells of anguish, with the feeling that there was nothing to struggle for more. A clutch at my hair from beneath brought me to my senses again; I rolled over and over upon the hats, bonnets, and heads, and thence to the floor between the crowd and the fire, where there was room for breathing, action, thought.

The stage by this time was enveloped in flames, and they had extended thence across the entire floor, and hissing, crackling, roaring, were blazing up to the ceiling itself. On the street side of the building were three windows and three blank windows, or blinds, sunk in the wall, and below, some twenty feet down, was the area and the railing, a row of sharp iron spikes. Through the three windows the flames were already issuing. At that instant a long, heavy fireman's ladder was soaring up, and falling against the upper part of the window nearest the crowd, crushed and tore down the whole length of the sash and blinds, striking on the window-sill and protruding into the fire. The heat had already driven back the doomed crowd from the window. I snatched up some clothes, which had been torn from the audience, and holding them up between myself and the flames, took a few impulsive steps towards the forsaken window, through which the ladder protruded, its end already on fire. With a spring and a daring leap through the flame I might have reached it, at least with life. I even saw a fireman's face for a moment above the window-sill, then shrink away from the overwhelming heat; but I stopped and looked at the ladder and open window. For a moment there was a possible, even probable way of escape. My heart swelled within me nigh to bursting, a

sign like a groan escaped me, and I turned back towards the crowd. No! Her fate must be my fate. Leave her perhaps still alive? Face the parents who had entrusted to my care their only child, the solace of their gray hairs? No; I could not do it; and although my heart swelled nigh to bursting, I shrank back to the dying crowd, and looked the Destroying Angel in the face.

Those about me, who were not wedged in, ran frantically from place to place, climbed up upon the people's heads, and up the columns to try and reach the galleries; but the overhanging cornice prevented it. Those in the galleries mounted to the little oriole windows, where ladders could not reach, and screamed to the shuddering throng below, while in the body of the hall the crackling platform-stage fell in, the hissing flames quivered, the rolling smoke rose, and all that awful hell of fire glared in my sight, until my eyes became like convex lens, seeming to dilate with tenfold power, until each particular horror, each flame, nay, the very sparks themselves, swelled on my sight into measureless masses of fire. As my eyes glared back at the approaching flame, the rags left on me began to smoke, and my hair to curl and crisp, sharp throbbing pains darted into my heated flesh, and I cowered and shrank with fear; if fear it could be called. I had deliberately turned from the window and life to brave this; deliberately went back rather than leave her to perish alone; left the only outlet from this pandemonium to return and die, rather than face the stricken parents without their child; yet even at that moment I had probably in my heart of hearts some shadow of a hope, to find the possible in the impossible, in death itself to find life; to find her, and a way of escape in that cemetery of fire. Now, even that hope-shadow had gone. No, it was not fear; down, down deeper than that, it was despair itself, and I shrank cowering back upon the crowd to die. The crowd itself was still screaming, still struggling, still there went up to heaven, and echoed back from the hard walls, the shrieks of agony and anguish. Men, women, and children called upon their God, upon fathers, brothers; others cursed and swore, and sprang frantically as the fire reached and burned them. On the other side of the hall, where the current of air drove the flames over the poor wretches, Moloch was already feasting on the horrid sacrifice, that the fire-fiends were offering at his shrine.

As I held up what I could catch hold of between myself and the fire, it blazed in my hand. The flesh on my knees, hands, face, began to quiver and scorch; I could not bear the agony so, but sprang about wildly with the rest. All thought, all memory, all reflection gone, lost, swallowed up in the measureless, maddening pain. A body fell dead; I snatched it up and held it before me; and there near it knelt a little boy, almost a child, facing the fire, still as a statue, with his hands clasped and held up towards heaven, while his face was scorching and his hair in a blaze. I could not stand that, big tears gushed from my eyes, I threw down my screen of human flesh, snatched up the boy, and with the strength of a madman threw him through the hissing flames towards the window, through which they were issuing. He struck on the sill and fell outwards towards the street, while the flame flashed about myself, and I drew it in with my breath. The agony of the doomed coursed through my throat, veins, nerves. I sprang up to throw myself into the fire, and end it all with one great pang, and—opened my eyes. For an instant, I thought that I had died and awakened in Hell, the next moment I became conscious of all. The candle had burned down to the loose leaves of the large quarto at my bedside, and they were in a light blaze. My left hand lay upon the book, and in the midst of the flames. I sprang from the bed, overturning the table, candle, and blazing volume. My hand and wrist were burned over their entire surface, and in places into the flesh. In springing from the bed I had jarred or shook it, and the shrivelled skin hung loose where it had not been entirely burned. The astonishment and glow of thankfulness to find myself in my own bed-chamber was quickly ended by the acute and intense pain the mangled hand gave me. I bore it as I could, plunged it into the ewer of water, and sat there waiting for daylight; as the movements of the household I did not care to disturb.

"That's all, gentlemen," said the Doctor, as he ended his dream-story. "Now, General, it is your turn."

"My turn," said the General, lighting a fresh cigar; "your horrible dream has almost made me sick. I have been wondering these ten minutes how you would get out of your Hades. I shall think twice, before I go into some New York halls hereafter."

The little Dutchman, who had been sitting on the balwarks between the shrouds and making tea in a tin cup, with the help of a nursery spirit-lamp, had scalded himself

several times while attempting to drink, as he became excited by listening to the Doctor's dream.

"Your horrible dream," said the General, as he looked at the scars still slightly visible on the Doctor's hand, "reminds me of one of the horrors of the war. A mansion in Alabama was deserted on the approach of our troops, a mere handful, and they again withdrew on the approach of the rebels, who had been driven from their entrenchments and lost a powder-mill. In several wagons, however, and of course at great risk, they had carried away most of their precious powder in flour barrels. It was stored in the cellar of this very mansion, with the intention of making a powder-house of the stately old building. The rebels were, however, hurriedly called away, to do battle for their idea of a slave empire, and left their powder behind. The din of war rolled off further and further, and no one was left to make the inhabitants afraid. The family and its friends returned, and gayety and good humor were once more the larks of that hearthstone. They got up a dance, and sent down an old contraband, still "faithful found among the faithless," because he was old, to look up the good things hidden away when grim war was knocking at their doors. The violent notes, the dance, the merry laugh, went on above, the "ever faithful" went down below; and candle in hand, seeing a heap of black sand, he stuck the candle into it, to have his hands more free for the search, when a spark fell from the wick into the gunpowder—it was all burned up before they could put it out."

As the laugh went round, the General said, "Now, Fathom, it is your turn, a story or a song."

Fathom, who was attempting to boil a piece of beef, with the help of a little fire, in a box that stood for a caboose, with its bottom covered with nothing but ashes and sand, to keep it from taking fire, said, "I have neither tale nor solo; I am busy cooking and measuring the world."

"How do you do the latter," said the Dominie, "by rule, divining rod, or pan?"

"Judge ye! We are going to the Antipodes, to the farthest, extreme point from New York, that the world contains."

"Why," said the Dominie, "because we are bound for the Holy Land?"

"Not a bad hit," said Fathom; "but my answer is, that 'the other side of Jordan' is in Palestine, and New York is next to 'Hell Gate.'"

"What does he mean," said the little Dutchman?

Fathom was excused from both story and song, and went on with his cooking.

"I made a narrow escape," said 'Our Own,' "of going to the other side of Jordan last year, in a much less agreeable manner than our present cruise promises. It was hushed up, of course, at the time, in one of those 'moving accidents' called an American steamer. I was en route to St. Thomas, which the Secretary of State is trying to add as a planet to our fixed star; with its earthquakes, cyclones, Santa Anna's house for his fourteen wives, and other 'delicacies of the season.' I was sitting alone in the middle of the cabin when I heard the shuffling of feet overhead, and that jolly, fascinating cry when one is at sea, of 'Fire! fire!' I was cured of my sea-sickness at once. Mem.—sure cure for sea-sickness, set the ship on fire. I walked towards the companion-way, but hurried my movements slightly as I approached; for as I escaped up the steps and through the right-hand entrance, a volume of flame flashed in at the other."

"*Le diner est servi,*" cried Fathom, with a low bow, holding a plate of beef in his hand, and with his mouth half full of a piece, he had in vain been trying to masticate, said, "that animal was brought up on mineral lands."

"Why so, Fathom?"

"Alas! the ox-ide has gone all the way through."

With a laugh at the pun, the conversation was broken up, and, seated on the bulwarks, the combings of the hatchway, and the deck itself, we began opening the bags, sacks, and parcels, which we had hurriedly filled at the quays, stalls, and shops of Syra, and mostly without an interpreter; so that we secured rather what we could see than what we wanted.

With the cover of a little companionway for a table, and wrapping paper for table cloth, our dinner was spread. There were pickles and poundcake, sardines and grapes, champagne and eggs, sponge-cake and the aforesaid beef, red wine and ground coffee, but, alas! no utensils to make it in. But we laughed at our housekeeping, called it a picnic as we were to 'rough it' in a sea voyage of only one night, and had the best of all condiments, hunger. Besides, it was a dinner in state, after all. Every isle we passed was a little cyclopedia of history, the glittering waves flashed about us, sparkling and gay, as if they were in their teens,

without a tinge of the classic or antique. The myths of the Iliad were above us, and no point of the compass, but whence memories crowded, mythical and historic, sacred and profane.

Then, too, we had cheated the quarantine out of its victims, and we had a fair wind. With glorious appetite, with ten hungry travellers, to say nothing of liberal donations to the crew, the ship's cat and Cerberus, its dog, our little mounds of provisions vanished rapidly.

The Doctor opened the Heidseck, and as he poured it out, said, "I wish we could have a little foam on the Egean, as well as on this nectar. I have made seven sea voyages during the past ten years, and have had nothing but calms, or at most a stiff breeze. The ocean's a humbug, or very coy at showing herself to me in her sublime moods. I drink—"

"Old Boreas in the imperative."

"Have a care, have a care," said Fathom. "Three wise men of old Gotham went to sea in a bowl, but I think that act did not prove their wisdom, and here are we nine, perhaps wise men of modern Gotham, at sea in a tub, but the nine had not the wisdom, nor the eyesight, to see, when chattering it, that there was no covering to the hatchway."

A little startled, they looked round, crying, "Nonsense!" "Sense or nonsense," continued Fathom, "I have looked about the vessel and pantomimed the captain; but 'No!' is the answer. We are at sea in an open tub. However, a fair wind and snug run to-morrow, the outlook is not very frightful;" and as the wine went round, the hatchway was soon forgotten.

The dinner went on, and ended gayly; we were all in good spirits; for were we not running the blockade, cheating the quarantine of its victims, saving four whole days to see Ephesus, look for the Temple of Diana, and the sites of some of the Seven Churches, to say nothing of other sites, where generations almost forgotten have left their marble and granite shadows to tell that they once were?

The sun went down as we ended our repast. The graver ones of our little band chatted of the strange phantasmagoria with which memory filled our surroundings, from Xerxes to the Knights of St. John, from St. Paul to Navarino, as they sailed over the waves which had borne the one, and witnessed the carnage of the other. While the younger and gayer surrounded "Own," who brought out his travelling companion in the form of a pretty mahogany accordion with keys, and the Egean was soon echoing back the college songs of Yale and Harvard. So passed the minutes, and gayly enough until bedtime. Bedtime, alas! Broken stone and sand in the hold, and planks in all other localities, were the beds which awaited our coming. Some crept down into the hold, where one could not stand upright, some into the triangular little hole, by courtesy called cabin, the rest on deck or in the long-boat; and so with shawls, stiff sail-cloth, and coats, each one his own chambermaid, we made such apologies for beds as we could devise.

The last lingering tinge of twilight had long since faded from the heavens. The echo of the last college song had died away over the classic sea. The crescent rose above the horizon, and with the stars was reflected and sparkled in the little waves. We were bound for the Holy Land, and the crescent and the stars seemed to beckon us on, and say, "Peace on earth, and good will to men." And so the hours wore away, some of us sleeping, some with wide open eyes gazing up to where those stars made the veiled mysteries of the heavens only more mystic with their light. And all thought or dreamed of our progress towards that land of promise, now lying like a corpse wrapped in the shroud—desolation which has come upon it, as well as of our progress from the West, and the loved ones to whom we might never return; or if we did, perhaps find flowers looking up from the covering of their bodies towards that heaven where their souls had been taken to everlasting rest.

ARTISTIC FURNITURE DESIGNING.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE WORK OF A LEADING LOCAL DESIGNER.

FOR HOBBIES.

Probably the last thing thought of by primeval man was his necessity for furniture, for really it is not a necessity, but a luxury. Food, clothing and shelter were necessities made known to him by the stern edicts of nature; but his resting place on the springy turf of Mother Earth beneath the spreading branches of green trees, his rude shelter of

logs and skius, and his fragrant bed of balsam boughs were to him all that could be desired. But as the years swept by and ideas of luxury and constructive invention took possession of the human race, various rude articles of furniture came into use. So crude were they and rude in their pattern and construction that they showed at once they were more the product of invention than of necessity.

The study of this subject is an interesting one. Of the early races we have no authentic data owing to the fact that as wood was and is the chief article used, examples were not preserved. As we come down to the ancient Egyptians, Assyrians and other contemporary peoples, we are enabled from ancient sculptures, etc., to form quite an idea of their surroundings in the home. We are told "the ancient Egyptians in the arrangement of their rooms and character of their furniture studied variety. They sat on chairs like the Europeans, and the great variety and elegance of these articles is remarkable. They were formed of ebony and other rare woods, often inlaid with ivory and gold and covered with costly tissues. Stools and low seats were also used. Seats on the principle of the modern camp stool were found in every house, the folding seat covered with the skin of a leopard; the seats of chairs were also often made of interlaced twigs or strings, similar to our Indian cane chairs. Square sofas, or ottomans, with leather cushions and painted bases, and elegant couches with one end raised and receding in a graceful curve, the feet fashioned to represent those of a wild animal, were also common. The tables were round, square, or oblong, those of the first shape being often supported by a single shaft carved to represent a kneeling captive. Their bedsteads were of wicker work, of palm branches, and of iron and bronze. The thousand little elegancies testifying to the benign effect of female presence were not wanting. In short, "hushed old Egypt" was a land where great comfort and luxury were enjoyed, and there is scarcely an article of daily use which cannot be paralleled by an example, in most cases superior in design, from the ancient Egyptians.

Among the Greeks the same luxurious customs prevailed. At meals the men reclined on elegantly designed and upholstered couches, the women and children sitting on chairs. Arm chairs with footstools were common. The Romans went yet further in their elegant designs and their couches and chairs were most beautifully constructed, and inlaid with ivory, gold, silver and tortoise shell, and supported by exquisitely designed ivory or metal feet.

In Europe, from A. D. 500 to 1500, furniture was made largely after the ecclesiastical style, and was scanty at that, but a very few examples being preserved. A bedstead of plain, heavy design, and a chest were considered sufficient for any one, and, in the absence of the modern furniture store, were built on the spot by a carpenter.

In the 14th, 15th and 16th centuries much progress began to be made and a certain degree of splendor was attained. "The Gothic panelling of the carved bedsteads, chairs, screens, etc., was dazzling, with scarlet, blue, and gold, and costly embroidered hangings and curtains heavy with heraldic symbolism, caskets, reading desks, prie-dieus, ivory and enamelled caskets, fire dogs or andirons elaborately chased and gilt, began to appear, all harmonized to a rich glow of color by the gemmed and jewelled light that stole through the mullions of the storied windows of bo ver and hall."

Then it was that this self-evolved and characteristic style was suddenly superseded by the imitative and counterfeit style of the renaissance fabricated and upheld by Italy. It invaded all lines of construction and the same designs were applied alike to architecture and furniture. It gradually degenerated into positive ugliness and was succeeded by the Louis XIV. style with novelty and elegance as its chief characteristics. While still in full sway the heavy and massive style of Holland began to appear in England in the shapes so often seen in genuine old "colonial" pieces. From that time any really distinctive style ceased and Europe was covered with all sorts of styles and designs, France taking the lead in furniture designing and manufacture, and great elegance and much detail characterizing her work.

After the establishment of our own government, factories began gradually to appear, and have steadily followed civilization in its westward march. In styles every thing conceivable has been and is being made, embracing all classes of elegance and ugliness, utility and uselessness. For some years a scarcity of carvers and the cost of such work led to the use of much overlaying and "gingerbread" work, to be followed by the craze for Eastlake and Queen Anne decoration.

For many years New York has taken the lead in the production of artistically designed furniture, but we may safe-

ly assert that the West is fast claiming superiority, and not only may we claim our own city of Grand Rapids as the leading furniture city of the world, but we may also justly claim that she leads as to designs and styles.

Furniture designing is an art, just as much as painting, and he who would succeed in these days of artistic growth must make a thorough and continual study of his subject, and above all must be originaive in his styles. We feel that we are not doing justice to an artist when we say that in the person of Mr. D. W. Kendall, Grand Rapids has one of the most truly artistic and successful designers in the country. For many years Mr. Kendall has been known as an able man, but as the demand for artistic treatment increases, thus opening the field for his talents, and as other favorable circumstances appear, his work assumes a phase far superior to all past efforts.

Last week we were permitted to inspect some of the latest finished products of Mr. Kendall's genius. Of late years carving has been steadily growing cheaper and the introduction of carving machines has made it possible to use much more of this artistic style of decoration, and no one understands better when to use it and when not, than Mr. Kendall.

As we entered the large salesroom on an upper floor where are displayed so many fine designs, the first thing noticed was an elegant sideboard that was a good example of originality combined with the best of old colonial and English styles. It was after the XVI. century style, of heavy, massive pattern with carving to match. The back was a large plate glass and in front of it was an artistic shelf supported by a colonade front, the whole effect being massive and pleasing.

In front of it was an elegant rocker of a pattern entirely new. From the front edge of the seat up to the top of the back it was constructed on a regular curve, exactly suited to our modern lazy manner of lolling in a chair and radically different from the customary shape. Scattered through the room were other odd pieces of entirely original shapes, designs, and finishes, including chairs, tables, dressers, whole chamber suites, pedestals, engraving cabinets, hall chairs and seats, chests, hall trees, gentlemen's shaving cases, easels, sideboards and numerous other beautifully designed articles. The finishes were especially fine, including cremona, a magnificent imitation of the finish of a cremona violin, malachite, tiger eye, copper, mosaic work, etc. A feature about these finishes is that they are originated by Mr. Kendall himself and are not merely varnishes, but enter into the structure of the wood. Especially is this true of the cremona finish, which is very beautiful.

We noticed some library tables of fine design. They were after the heavy Flemish style and about four inches lower than the ordinary table height with rich carvings and spindle work. Another was in a rich copper finish. A hall chair and table were finished in a rough mosaic work. A sideboard had the middle shelf entirely enclosed in glass set in a beautiful carved pattern, the balance of the design being in harmony.

Some of the chamber suites were revelations of originality combined with old Middle Ages ideas in a remarkably appropriate manner. French bedsteads of graceful curves and continental suites with all the comfort and beauty of the modern idea and all the quaintness and fascination of the Puritans.

A marked feature of Mr. Kendall's work and one that must in a large measure account for his success as a designer, is his peculiar aptitude and taste in the use of ornamentation. Many of the pieces have hinge straps and lock escutcheons designed by Mr. Kendall after old Flemish and Dutch ideas and the effect is also carried out in the entire ornamentation. There is neither too much nor too little of it, but it is simply perfect.

Space will not permit of our dwelling further upon this magnificent display, fully equal to any shown in New York city and so pronounced by those who have been favored with an inspection. All of this success is due to hard work and study in connection with rare talents in the direction of Mr. Kendall's work, and we are much pleased to be able thus to speak of a man who sets the styles for the furniture of the world.

Every great newspaper represents an intellectual, a moral and a material growth; the accretion of successful efforts from year to year until it has become an institution and a power; it is the voice of the power that ten, twenty or thirty years of honest dealing with the public, and just discussion of current questions have given.—[W. REID.]

Mrs. C. G. Bentley has been visiting friends in Newaygo.

HOBBIES

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

97 & 99 IONIA ST., HARTMAN'S HALL, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

TERMS.—Per Year, in advance, - - - - - \$1.00.
Advertising rates made known on application.

No notice taken of anonymous correspondence.

A limited number of small advertisements of first-class business houses solicited.

Impartial and independent of all cliques or parties, either state or national or local.

In order to insure attention, subscribers wishing their address changed must give their old as well as their new address.

This notice marked informs you that your subscription has expired and that you will receive no more copies of HOBBIES until your subscription is renewed.

We shall promptly acknowledge the receipt of all books, papers and magazines that come to our table for review. Publishers will confer a favor by notifying us of any omissions to so acknowledge books sent by them.

C. S. HARTMAN, - - - - - EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
F. D. HOPKINS, - - - - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1889.

EDITORIAL.

MUCH comment is being heard upon the street relative to the condition of our city water, and the condition of Grand River, our chief source of supply, has received such a setting forth by a party of excursionists that there is general surprise that universal sickness does not prevail throughout the city. That such is not the case we believe to be due to the fact that but little city water is used for drinking and culinary purposes, and where it is, it is either carefully filtered or boiled and often both. It is surprising to find the number of families in a neighborhood who will depend upon one well to supply them with drinking water; and the fact that new wells are being put down daily is also a suggestive feature. But this cannot always continue. There must come a time when the city will be forced to change its source of supply, and from past experience it looks as if the only thing that will force them to the change will be a fearful epidemic sweeping through the city, for even filtering and boiling are fast becoming ineffectual. For the benefit of the reader who does not know the real condition of affairs we give a brief review of the stuff that flows into the river above Grand Rapids, and put it in plain, unvarnished words. It flows directly through Jackson, where it is used as the main sewer of the city, receiving the filth of the city, the refuse of a gas factory, cloth dyeing establishment, pig stys, outhouses, stables, factories, pulp mills, (particularly dangerous), sewage of the states prison with its 800 hundred male inhabitants, the Jackson slaughter-houses and stock pens, water closets innumerable, a dye house, livery stables, breweries, Agricultural College sewage, refuse from the iron works, condensed milk factory, sloughs and marshes, and the sewage of twenty cities and towns besides many smaller villages.

* * *

The above is simply sickening to read of, but yet it is dished up to our citizens to drink. No one of the cities through which the river flows use its waters for drinking purposes, and at many places the owners of horses and cattle will not permit their animals to drink from the river; and yet here at Grand Rapids, after receiving all the filth and contamination from the towns and cities above, so poisonous in nature that it is not fit for cattle to drink, and the fish in its waters die by hundreds,—in the face of this state of affairs, it is presented for consumption in a city of 100,000 inhabitants. We are now having constructed in the river, at heavy expense, an immense filter, which, serving to strain from the water old boots, dead cats, slime and observable filth, will not and cannot clean it from disease-bearing germs. *We must have a new water supply.* It is inevitable, and the only question is, shall we have it now, or wait until Death, by his terrible work, forces us to obtain it?

* * *

Now city people are having a rest from street railway war, and Mr. Tibbits and the township are hard at it. To judge from what we hear, the action of the township board did not meet with the approval of the land owners along the proposed route, and it is likewise quite evident that

Mr. Tibbits does not care whether they like it or not. The whole affair is but a repetition of a course of procedure that is becoming decidedly stale. This granting of a franchise and then whining over it afterwards is becoming boys' play. Half a day's careful investigation by the board would have revealed all the objections which now reveal themselves, and saved much trouble and hard feeling. This slovenly, careless manner of granting franchises is only equaled by the lightning-like procedure of a well oiled Chicago divorce mill. People are beginning to think that the aldermen and township boards are elected, not to guard and preserve the interests of the people, but to see with how little work and care they can get rid of those interests. It is claimed by those who ought to know, that the property owners whose property has been damaged, can easily recover heavy damages from the township. The lesson that might be impressed by such a procedure would doubtless prove very valuable.

* * *

Grand Rapids will have to have one of her big blocks burn and roast several people because of the inability of getting a ladder to them, before she awakes to the fact that the place for the telegraph, electric light and telephone wires is under the ground. Another dangerous thing is the tar roofs. Boston had to have several large fires and a number of people burnt before she awoke to the above important fact, but now there is not a wire or a tar roof in the heart of the city.

NATIONAL.

Some big failures reported the past week.

Plainfield, N. J, swept by a destructive flood.

The U. S. revenue cutters are after English sealers in Behring sea.

The first suit as the result of the Johnstown flood has been brought against the millionaires' club by a widow.

STATE.

The sheriff at Allegan nips a wholesale jail delivery in the bud.

Genesee county has not had a death for a month or a marriage for nine days.

State Business Men's association at Muskegon. Big attendance.

Sheridan wants a newspaper and Lake Odessa a shoemaker.

LOCAL.

Muzzle your dog.

It's Tibbits and the Township now.

Canal street will be improved at each end at once.

Work on the masonic home is being rapidly pushed.

Grand Rapids capital is interested in upper peninsula gold mines.

The Florence and Belknap are still striving to sink each other at the lake.

The government building will be lighted with the Edison incandescent light.

Mrs. Margaret, wife of Rev. John Y. De Baun, died Monday last, of a paralytic trouble.

Sparrow pie is cheap now days. The boys with air guns are reaping a harvest.

The city garnashees twenty four people to secure the taxes of a man worth \$20,000.

Paul Bickle, the popular young mail carrier, died Sunday morning of consumption.

The Kent County Agricultural Society will sell their grounds and buy less valuable land.

The Union school building addition is a sure thing but the other additions linger on the table.

St. Mark's Home and Hospital will give a grand kermis at Hartman's Hall next November, the 12th, 13th, 14th, and 15th.

A small green pest has put in an appearance and is doing much damage to the tender crop of urchins hereabouts. It seems to work down into the midst of the victim and creates a turmoil that no remedy can quell. The plague is known as the har-ves-tapple.—*Daily Eagle*.

GATHERINGS.

N. L. Avery is home from his trip to Alaska.

Miss Lulu Antisdell is visiting her aunt in Flint.

☐ Mrs. A. E. Yerex is visiting at Valparaiso, Ind.

Misses Sadie and Mattie Lyon are visiting in Lowell.

George Stanton has been up to the "Soo" on business.

Mrs. Wm. Rowe and daughters are visiting in Saranac.

Mrs. Bert McRoberts is visiting her parents in Plainwell.

Frank A. Vernor, of Detroit, called on us Saturday last.

Mrs. K. T. Morse has been spending a few days at Whitehall.

Miss Mamie Dyer, of Lansing, is visiting friends in the city.

Mrs. W. D. Fuller is visiting Mrs. W. R. Taylor at Kalamazoo.

Mrs. Reuben Hatch is visiting her sister, Mrs. E. S. Pratt, at Traverse City.

Miss Bixby, of St. Louis, Mo., is the guest of her cousin, Miss Hattie White.

Mrs. W. R. Freeman and son are visiting friends and relatives at Batavia, N. Y.

A. D. Esler and wife spent a few days with friends at Dowagiac during the week.

Miss Alice Raymond is the guest of Mr. N. W. Mather and family of Howard City.

Mrs. Charles Standard and child of Detroit are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Knowlson.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Kleinhans and Mrs. George Allen are visiting for a few weeks in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Z. Selling, daughter and nephew, are the guests of Mr. A. May, of Madison Ave.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Robinson, of Greenville, Ohio, are the guests of their daughter, Mrs. W. C. Sheppard.

Mrs. H. McDowell and daughter, and Miss Mabel Taggart, are the guests of Mrs. O. W. Knox, of Hart.

Mrs. Nelson Burchard has left for Eastern seaside resorts, accompanied by her cousin, Miss Effie Bartholemew.

The Schuberts delighted a Holland audience Tuesday evening. Mr. Beneker's solo was a feature that pleased.

Miss Lena Sheppard, of Birmingham, Ala. and formerly a resident here, is the guest of F. J. Maybury and family.

To night the Owashtanong Club gives its third promenade concert at the club house at the lake. Wurzburg's full band will render an excellent programme as usual.

William Jarvis, of E. G. Studley & Co's, will start Tuesday on his bicycle for a trip to his home in Canada. He will be accompanied by S. E. Kilgoure, of Chicago, and they expect to make the trip in about five days or less according to the condition of the roads.

RESORTS AND RESORTERS.

Mrs. A. S. Campau is at Petoskey.

Miss Grace Remington is at Pentwater.

Mrs. P. R. L. Pierce has gone to Mackinac.

Mrs. F. Letellier and daughter are at Bay View.

Hon. M. S. Crosby and family are at Bear Lake.

Mrs. Geo. Platt and children are at Grand Haven.

J. W. Adams has been in Chicago for a few days.

Mr. Will Butts has joined his family at Bay View.

Mrs. Joshua Speed is at Bay View for the summer.

J. W. Peregrine is at Lake Harbor with his family.

Miss Hattie Goodrich is at Northport for a few weeks.

Mrs. W. B. Weston and family are located at Charlevoix.

Mrs. M. V. Aldrich is occupying her cottage at Mackatawa.

Mr. W. R. Adams and a party of friends are at Macatawa Park.

Miss Matie Fox is the guest of Miss Laura Stebbins at Bay View.

C. S. Hartman has joined his family at Bay View for a few weeks.

Mr. Wm. Stuart and family are occupying a cottage at Highland Park.

Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Ganson are doing Mackinac, Sault Ste. Marie, and Duluth.

A. M. Apled was among the passengers for Bay View last Saturday night.

Miss Josie Ewing and Mr. John Ewing are at Island Park, Rome City, Ind.

Mrs. Dr. Brady and daughter and Mrs. John Canfield are enjoying a trip around the lakes.

Mrs. M. A. Williams, the matron of the free kindergarten, is at the Bay View summer school.

Mrs. M. Andrews and daughter Mary are enjoying the breezes from the Straits on Mackinac Island.

Miss T. J. Bennett has returned from the Northern resorts, accompanied by Miss Mary Melvin, of Big Rapids.

Rev. L. H. Davis, of the First Presbyterian church will spend a month's vacation in the East, and left the city Monday.

The new resort at Highland Park, is already assuming an importance that argues great things for the future. The location is all that could be desired.

Mrs. F. A. Rodgers, Mrs. A. S. Rose, Mrs. P. L. Hamilton, Miss Carrie Plank, Miss Lucy Stoddard and Miss Lou Kinney compose a merry camping party at Mackatawa Park.

Mrs. Coppins and Miss E. S. Hutchins, the two well known artists who have been sketching at Grand Haven returned to the city Saturday. Mrs. Coppins has returned to Grand Haven but Miss Hutchins will remain here to attend to orders which claim her attention.

The idea of building three more Eiffel towers and then turning the four into the legs of a huge platform whereon a sanitarium can be built above the smoke and stir and dust and noise of cities, whither invalids could ascend in search of pure air and seclusion, is being discussed with every appearance of sincerity in Paris. The notion is certainly a big one and worthy of the age which tackles such big undertakings as a Panama canal and a channel tunnel, but it will not fall to the lot of invalids of this generation, I fear, or of the next, either, to avail themselves of the aerial sanitarium which is suggested.

[Continued from page 1.]

loose fielding. Saginaw had the game well in hand up to the ninth inning when foolish errors by Cull and Loftus and a timely home run by Wiswell enabled Lansing to pull the game out of the fire. Wiswell of Lansing batted to-day with terrible force. His work with the stick and Mumby at short were the features of the game. Score:

	R	BH	E
Lansing.....	0	0	2
Saginaw.....	0	1	0

SATURDAY.

At Home.—The game, as far as it went, was played between showers and finally cut off by darkness. The G. Rs. put up a fine game and were in fine shape to win, but Kazoos dragged the game and succeeded in tying the score by dirty work in the seventh inning, thus saving themselves from defeat. Score:

	R	BH	E
Grand Rapids.....	0	0	1
Kalamazoo.....	2	0	0

At Saginaw.—Saginaw took sweet revenge to-day for their defeat at the capital Friday. They put up a good game, winning from Lansing with hands down and pounding Marker for sixteen hits. Lansing was not only unable to hit Abbott but played poorly in the field. Score:

	R	BH	E
Saginaw.....	0	3	0
Lansing.....	0	0	0

MONDAY.

At Home.—A well filled grand stand sat and roasted Jocko Schmit through a game marked by good playing on both sides. The home club are slowly catching on to Schmit's pitching, but he managed to strike out 14 men to Bohn's 3. On the other hand he gave 7 men base on balls to Bohn's 2. The home club played to win from the start and did so by hard work. Score:

	R	BH	E
Grand Rapids.....	0	0	0
Kalamazoo.....	1	0	1

At Greenville.—Greenville won the most interesting game ever played here, in fifteen innings. The game was tied in the ninth, and until the end it was hard fought and much skill was displayed. Greenville seemed to lead, a number of men dying on third, but were unable to secure the game until the fifteenth, when, with three men on bases, Vogel worked Fuller from third home. Stellberger in the box did great work.—Battery—Greenville, Stellberger and Bardeen; Jackson, Vogel and E. Tray.

	R	BH	E
Greenville.....	1	0	0
Jackson.....	1	0	0

At Saginaw.—The Lansings played a much better game than on Saturday, but failed to hit the ball at the right time. The Saginaws played their usual steady fielding game and earned four out of the five runs made. The score:

	R	BH	E
Saginaw.....	0	0	0
Lansing.....	0	0	0

TUESDAY.

At Home.—Schmit, the great and only, felt sore, for not only was his place in the box filled by a better than he, but he suffered the mortification of being twice struck out by Luby. Kalamazoo commenced proceedings of foreclosure on the game in the second inning, and at the end of the fourth had knocked Luby out of the box, and Householder took his place and held the Kazoos down to one run in five innings. In the last inning Luby was seriously hurt by a pitched ball. Score:

	R	BH	E
Grand Rapids.....	0	0	2
Kalamazoo.....	1	5	0

At Greenville.—Jackson won by the expensive errors of the Greenvilles. Jones, the new pitcher of the home team, did excellent work and won the game only to have it lost by costly errors. Jones has great speed and deserves good support. Greenville is in need of a third baseman and short stop. Score:

	R	BH	E
Greenville.....	0	0	0
Jackson.....	0	0	1

Friday, August 9, the Detroitis will play here again.

Regatta days, the games will take place at Alger Park at the lake.

Miller the new pitcher, shows up in fine shape and is a good one.

Jocko Schmit is a great drawing card and insures a good attendance.

Grand Rapids got six games on the last trip. Who's kicking on their playing? Put 'im out!

O'Connor is seriously ill with inflammation of the bowels, and Householder takes his place at first base.

The base ball pools have been closed by the police. Good. Pools are altogether too productive of fools.

Faatz has been released because he could not be used, and Dyson because he will not be able to play for some time.

Saginaw gives her club a reception, Lansing presents gold-headed canes and bouquets to her club, while Grand Rapids—well, "we aint sayin a word, are we?"

The Leader wound up a half column account of the game between the bill posters and the Chicago girls by suddenly concluding that it was a very disgusting, demoralizing affair and the less said about it the better.

"Sir Charles" Bohn wants to get into a higher class league. His work in the box of late, gives color to the statement. Sixty safe hits off him in three games. Shades of our forefathers! Send for young Meakim or Thompson.

Why was it the directors refused to accept Roushkolb's resignation when he offered it in person two weeks ago after being knocked down on the streets and kicked by one of the club, and now, when he is out of the city, they go behind a fence and demand it of him?

The Grand Rapids Bicycle club has selected Tuesday and Friday evenings for regular runs, and the meeting place at Fulton street park at 7 o'clock, the start to be made at 7:30 sharp. The first run of the new club was made last Thursday evening, and it was quite a procession as, forty strong, they swept down the street.

Mr. Roushkolb is no longer manager of the home club. For Mr. Roushkolb's sake we are glad of it. He has learned one thing at least, and that is, never to sign a contract that makes him manager only in name. Under the circumstances Mr. Roushkolb has made a good manager,—just as good as he was paid for being. He signed a good club, got his men "dirt cheap," and has shouldered lots of dirty treatment of which we had our say two weeks ago. He had his faults, but who has not, and we think on the whole the cranks were sorry to see him go.

BAY VIEW NOTES.

BAY VIEW, July 30, 1889.

The past week has been filled with a worthy programme. Seldom do we find so much excellence crowded into one week. We have listened to such men as Rev. F. W. Gunsaulus and Dr. W. W. Ramsay with ever increasing admiration.

Rev. Gunsaulus is an orator who holds his audience throughout his address, eager to catch all the originality of the man. His lecture on "Savonarola" was one of the finest efforts of the season.

Dr. Ramsay impressed us Sunday evening as an able preacher. Monday evening, in his lecture on "Sky Wonders," he came before us as an astronomer. He carried us from one wonder of the heavens to another, pointing out the almost incomprehensible mechanism of the solar system that varies not a hair's breadth nor the fraction of a second in its intricate relations; until his audience became identified with him in love and reverence for the Creator of such glory. Dr. Ramsay sustained his reputation as a scholar and a preacher.

We are not allowed to overtax ourselves by these continual dips into the wells of intellect, but have these interspersed with music and art.

Prof. C. C. Case has a large chorus of well trained voices and is assisted by Mrs. Alice Osborn, of Boston.

[Continued on page 12.]

HOBBY-HORSES.

"Care to our coffin adds a nail no doubt,
While every grin so merry, draws one out."

Brown—"This can't be a summer hotel."

Mrs. Brown—"Why not, my dear?"

Brown—"The window moves up and down."

"Are you doing much gardening, Miss Struckoyle?"

"No, not much; you see I have not yet got the proper stockings for such work."

"Got what?"

"The proper stockings—the rubber gardner hose I see advertised in the papers.—*New York Sun.*

"A prominent commission merchant in the city of Toledo, Ohio, a short time ago was thunderstruck upon receiving a telegram from a Chicago elevator company which read as follows:

"Offer you two cars minced cats twenty-nine half."

A repetition of the dispatch made it read thus:

"Offer you two cars mixed oats," &c.

"Laura, said the old man, "will you have some taters?"

"If you refer to the farinaceous tubers which pertain to the solanum tuberosum, and which are commonly known as potatoes," replied the sweet girl graduate, "I would be pleased to be helped to a modicum of the same. But taters? Taters? I'm quite sure, papa, that they are something of which I never before had the pleasure of hearing."

The old man pounded on the table until the pepper castor lay down for a rest. And then remarked in a voice of icy calmness: "Laura, will you have some of the taters?"

"Yes, papa."

Is our boasted high-school system a failure, or is it not?—*Terra Haute Express.*

HOW GLASS MAY BE CUT WITH SCISSORS.—Hold the glass to be cut in the left hand submerged in a dish of water about half way down so that the pressure may be equal on both sides of the glass. No air bubbles should be allowed to adhere to the glass, which should be held as nearly level as possible. With the right hand apply the scissors, clipping slowly at the edge of the glass. Any desired shape may be obtained if care is used. Soft rain water is the best in which to operate, as the softer the water, the better the glass may be cut. It may be cut more freely still if kept constantly wet with camphor dissolved in turpentine. The scissors, also, should be kept constantly moist with camphorized oil of turpentine.

Andrew Lang and Rider Haggard are writing a work of imagination together.

A. H. FOWLE'S ART GALLERY.

Paintings, High Class Etchings, Engravings, and Braun Antotype, carefully selected from reliable publishers only.

Special attention given to the manufacture of novel and artistic framing, regilding, and the cleaning and restoring of old prints.

37 Ionia St., South of Monroe.

VISIT THE

New Dry Goods House

—OF—

ANSTEAD & YOHN,

59 Monroe and 89 Ottawa Streets,

For high grade novelties in

DRESS GOODS,
SILKS AND TRIMMINGS.

Our CORSET and MUSLIN UNDERWEAR Departments are large, showing full lines of all popular makes at our usual low prices.

We kindly call your attention to our new lines of

SILK UMBRELLAS AND PARASOLS,

HOSIERY, KID and FABRIC GLOVES, RIBBONS, FANS, LACES, HANDKERCHIEFS, COLLARS AND CUFFS, LACES, &c., all new, at popular prices.

Our WHITE GOODS in Hemstitch and Irish Point effects are beautiful and at the prices sell freely.

All Departments are full.

Visit our Dress Goods Department for GRADUATING DRESSES. We are showing the correct things.

ANSTEAD & YOHN,

59 Monroe and 89 Ottawa Streets.

N. B. SPECIAL ATTENTION TO MAIL ORDERS.

GEO. A. HALL & CO.

56 Monroe Street,

BOOK SELLERS AND STATIONERS.

To quote an old saying "The first thing a man should do after he is knocked down is to get up" and as we have passed through the first part of that ceremony we are glad to announce that we are on our feet again and ready for business. Our line of stationery for "polite correspondence" was never better, and our lists of blank books and office supplies never more complete, we have a full stock of Lovell's Library embracing nearly fifteen hundred volumes, besides Ticknor's Paper Series of American Novels. Our line of Bagster Bibles is the most complete in the city.

HARRY FOX.

H. W. DAVIS

FOX & DAVIS,

(Successors to H. H. Ives.)

House & Safe Movers.

Residence 281 South Ionia.

Telephone 358.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE

Sunday Morning Eagle,

Single Copy 5 Cents

Delivered in the City, by Carrier, or sent by Mail, out of City,

Three Months, 50 Cents.

(Send for Sample Copy.)

THE A. B. TURNER CO.,

Publishers.

Eagle Building, 49 Lyon Street,

GRAND RAPIDS

A. HANISH,

Jobber and Dealer in

HARNESSES

TRUNKS, VALISES,
AND HAND BAGS A SPECIALTY.

WHIPS, COLLARS' ETC.,

Buffalo, Wolf, and Lap Robes

Repairing neatly done.

No. 74 Waterloo St. Grand Rapids.

[Continued from page 10.]

Case has already proved himself a most competent conductor, and these concerts given by him are some of the best of our musical treats.

The McGibney family were most heartily welcomed, and indeed gave us an hour of such delightful entertainment that we are sure they would receive a heartier welcome if they should visit Bay View again.

Prof. and Mrs. Virgil A. Pinkley are instructors in the schools of oratory. The Prof. easily succeeds in winning laughter and tears from those who hear him.

The Normal work is receiving much attention, and Hitchcock Hall, the new and commodious Normal school building, is the retreat for Sunday-school workers during morning hours. Mr. Horace Hitchcock is a master in this department.

This morning we visited the "Young Travelers' Class," under Mrs. Kennedy, and were much interested as she conducted the little ones on their journey. Starting from Bay View they passed through New York, Liverpool, London, then to France, across the Mediterranean and at last they reached the Holy Land, where they remained to search for the Scripture treasures.

The children greatly enjoy this method of traveling without the inconvenience of the reality.

The many good things here, however, do not keep us from seeing the other resorts as well. Monday the summer school was closed for the day in order that the teacher and pupils might take advantage of the excursions.

We cast in our lot with two hundred and sixty-eight other Bay View people and visited the Island of Mackinaw. As we crossed the straits on the ferry "Algomah," that which first caught our attention were the spotless walls of the fort overhanging the blue water. How picturesque they looked against the rocks, their solid white pierced with cannons, stern reminder of war-like days. The carriages were soon filled and whirled us away to see the "sights;" as the guides conducted us to Arch Rock, Robinson's Folly and Lover's Leap, they enlivened the way with strange tales clinging to these historic spots.

We had never before seen Plank's hotel and were not in the least disappointed in it. It is a magnificent summer home, elegant in all its appointments. It is placed upon a bluff, overlooking the hotel parks, which were filled with gaily-dressed tennis players in the midst of an exciting tournament. Tuesday the yacht races were to take place. Certainly those who are able to enjoy all these sports are among the favored ones. And the invalid who seeks to regain health is not without cause for congratulation, if only he may lie and watch the ever-changing sky and sea, bordered by the rough shore of the island.

Teachers and pupils were fresh for more contests with Greek and Latin after this little outing. F. G. B.

PERSONAL NOTES.

Clarence Rickenbaugh, after spending a few days with his family here, was obliged to return home Tuesday on account of business.

Hon. James Blair and Mrs. Edward Withey and children are stopping at The Arlington.

R. D. Swarthout incidentally takes a sniff of fresh breeze from the porches of The Arlington "just for a day or two, here on business."

N. A. Fletcher and wife was the autograph that puzzled expert Ryan of The Arlington to-day.

Dr. L. F. Owen returned to Grand Rapids just to transact a little business but will be back at Bay View soon, to enjoy the comforts of cottage life.

J. E. Botsford spent Sunday with his family at Bay View. He will make a long stay and go fishing later in the season.

Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Morman and daughter Helen reached Bay View from Escanaba Tuesday. They are at the Wilmarth cottage.

Mrs. Gonzales was at the Arlington, but spent most of her time enjoying the Bay View Assembly. She met Mr. Gonzales at Mackinac Island Tuesday.

Dr. Charles Shepard and family are at their pleasant cottage on Bluff street. They will remain until September.

Mrs. S. Boyer and Mrs. M. Perkins return to Grand Rapids tomorrow after spending three weeks at this resort of all resorts.

Master Dudley Bonnell is the guest of Master Field of Jackson.

C. L. Merrill is visiting the various resorts taking "views".

L. T. Wilmarth is with Mrs. Wilmarth this week, at the Northrop cottage.

Mrs. W. D. Telford and daughter Josephine, are at the Carpenter cottage for a couple of weeks.

Able Page reads his HOBBIES, at the Bay View House

now. Mr. Page is improving in health rapidly.

David Apled spends most of his time playing baseball.

O. W. Blain makes his headquarters at Bay View, and works life insurance just for exercise.

A MUSICAL EVENT.

Last Monday evening, at Germania Hall, occurred a musical which was quite an event among our German citizens, being the reunion of the Männerchor, of this city, and the Beethoven Liederkrantz, of Richmond, Indiana. The last mentioned society is one of the leading societies of Indiana haven taken first prize at the sangfest held in that state. For ten years this society was under the leadership of A. H. Morehead, and during the past week there has been displayed in the window of Geo. D. Herrick & Co's. music house a large photograph of the society at the time Mr. Morehead was its director.

The Männerchor, of this city, have been under Mr. Morehead's instruction for the past year and have made several creditable appearances in public. The concert Monday evening was a very enjoyable one and we append the program.

Italians in Algier	Rossini.
	Orchestra.
"Mine"	Hartel.
	Germania Männerchor.
"Im Tiefen Keller"	Oxenford.
	Mr. Frank Maag.
Ritter's "Abschied"	Kinkel.
	Richmond Beethoven Liederkrantz.
"Les Sylphes Waltz,"	Bachmann.
	Orchestra.
"Hute Dich,"	Girschner.
	Germania Männerchor.
Loves Conflict, Op. 93,	Theo. Moses.
	Orchestra.
Night Song,	Krede.
	Beethoven Liederkrantz.
Schwur und Gabet, Op. 50,	Mohring.
	Beethoven Liederkrantz, Germania Männerchor. and Orchestra.

COLLECTORS' DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY GEORGE B. WARD, K. P. A. A. P. A. 836.

This department will be published monthly in the interests of collectors.

SECOND REGULAR MEETING OF THE KENT PHILATELIC ASSOCIATION.

Meeting was held July 17. Called to order at 8 o'clock by President Miller. Reports on Printing, Library and Exchange Department followed. Mr. E. A. Phelps was appointed exchange manager by the President. Mekeel's catalogue was accepted as standard for American stamps. At this meeting seven new members were admitted, making a total of thirteen members. A vote of thanks was awarded President Miller for his generosity in supplying printing for the Association. Under the head of New Business the Secretary advocated the purchase of a polyopticon for the use of the Association. Carried. The library and exchange department will be in running order at the next meeting. The meeting adjourned at 8:45.
GEO. B. WARD, Secretary.

COLLECTORS' NOTES.

"A chiel's amang you taking notes,
And faith he'll prent it."—Burns.

A well known philatelic writer in a recent article speaks of "curved arches." We were personally unaware of the fact that anything but a *curved* arch could exist.

The Kent Philatelic Association have purchased a polyopticon and it will be doubtless a prominent feature of their meetings

Lewis G. Stuart, of the *Leader*, has a very fine collection of autographs, including some very fine and rare specimens.

Continued on page 14.

The July number of *The Art Amateur* maintains the high reputation which this magazine has acquired as the most reliable guide to the art worker, art patron and collector. Besides two colored plates of unusual excellence, a sea-coast scene, "In Sunny Spain," animated by a picturesque and characteristic group of a peasant in his lumbering ox-cart, and a dark-skinned country girl with her goats and kids, and a design for an ice-cream set in pale blue and gold, appropriately decorated with snow crystals. This number contains a large variety of full-size working designs, wild orchids arranged for china decorating, oats and pea-blossoms for an oatmeal set, design for embroidery, monograms and for wood carving.

The practical department of "China Painting," "Amateur Photography," and "The House," are full of interesting and useful articles abundantly illustrated, while "The Gallery" contains an appreciative notice of that prince of German genre painters, Ludwig Knaus, and the great European exhibition are fully described and criticised—that of the Royal Academy by the Editor, and the Paris Salon and the Paris Centennial Exhibition by Theodore Child. Every part of the magazine is full of practical suggestions, and it may fairly claim, in regard to quality as well as amount of original matter, to be far ahead of any other publication in its field. Price, 25 cents.

MONTAGUE MARKS, Publisher,
23 UNION SQUARE,
NEW YORK.

Maurice Thompson writes, in the *North American Review*: "Neither Mr. Howells nor Mr. James, with their names rung up and down and back and forth, day in and day out, for years, in every city, town, hamlet, and neighborhood of our country, has ever been able to compare editions with Zola, Daudet, or many other alien novelists; and yet America is the book-reading nation of the world! In England a novelist of the standing of Mr. Howells can take the manuscript of his latest novel to his publisher and receive in exchange for it a check for from ten hundred to fifteen hundred pounds. Even Anthony Trollope received as much as fifteen thousand dollars for a novel. It is safe to say that there is not in America a publisher (not a magazine or journal owner), who would pay Mr. Howells the half of such a sum. In a word, we present the curious condition of a nation reading more books than any other nation in the world, and at the same time paying to its own writers of high merit the smallest incomes offered to such authors within the limits of civilization."

The project of a building for a school of architecture is mooted at Chicago, with medals for competitions among young architects and traveling scholarships.

—Queen Victoria has added another tribute to the memory of her faithful servitor, John Brown, by the erection of a statue in bronze, of colossal size, on the grounds at Balmoral. The work was executed by Sir Edward Boehm, who seems to be fairly entitled to the designation of sculptor in ordinary to the queen.

Charlotte M. Yonge is writing her one hundred and first book.

GEO. D. HERRICK & CO.

13 Fountain Street, Shepard-Hartman Bl'k.,

Represent and carry in stock the largest and finest line of first class

Pianos & Organs

in Western Michigan, embracing the following:

STEINWAY & SONS,
HAINES BROS.,
IVERS & POND,
HALLET & DAVIS,
BRADBURY,
And KRAKAUER
PIANOS.

ESTEY,
STORY & CLARK,
And WILCOX & WHITE
ORGANS.

Pianos and Organs sold at Low Prices and on Easy Terms.

A GOOD INVESTMENT.

COAL

AT PRESENT PRICES.

Egg and Grate, \$6.50
Stove, No. 4 and Nut, . . \$6.75

A. HIMES.

Telephone 490-1.
Main Office 54 Pearl Street.

Have you itchy, sore scalp? Are your collars covered with dandruff? Is your hair dead or falling? Then



Millard's Hair Glossomer.
A SURE CURE. PRICE 75 cents.

Prepared and for sale by
Harry E. Millard, (Corner Monroe and Ottawa
Streets, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Sent to any address upon receipt of above price.
For sale by all druggists.

John Goebel Agent,

DEALERS IN

ARTISTS' MATERIALS.

WALL PAPER, PAINTS, OILS, ETC.

We call especial attention to our OPAQUE FELT SHADING, which is soft and pliable, strong, will not crack, wrinkle or curl, and is especially adapted to residence and cottage use. Call and examine it.

We also make a specialty of ROOM MOULDINGS and picture frames.

3 So. Division Street.

FOR SALE.

The property at 95 Barclay street- 70 x 120. Brick House.

House and Lot 218 South Lafayette St. 66x132 ft. Splendid property.

C. S. HARTMAN,
19 and 21 Fountain St.

[Continued from page 12.]

Mr. W. Miller, the President of the K. P. A., has a fine collection of 2,500 varieties which he is at present transferring to a new album.

The highest price ever obtained for a stamp at auction was realized at the Scott Stamp and Coin Co.'s last sale, when a British Guiana, 1856, 4 cent sold for the splendid price of \$260.

Benjamin F. Butler's hobby is the study of astronomy. He has many books on the subject, and every favorable night takes observations through a small telescope of the latest make.

The eighth auction sale of the Chicago Philatelic Society was held July 18, when some very fair lots were offered. These auctions are held monthly and catalogues can be had by applying to the Secretary of the K. P. A.

A unique collection of specimens of the earliest printed maps has been made by Baron Nordenskjold. It will be reproduced in a great atlas with accompanying text—a Swedish and an English edition is to be issued.

We understand that Mr. Butler, of the *Democrat*, has a magnificent collection of stamps, numbering about 3,000 varieties and embracing a complete set of the proofs of the United States adhesives. We haven't seen it yet, but would like to.

A great amount of discussion has been going on among the Philatelic papers regarding the collecting of private internal revenue stamps or match and medicine stamps. Some of the papers assert that they are not collectable and stigmatize them as *labels*. We believe that they are as collectable as the regular issues of U. S. revenues, for they were authorized by the government, and a great many of them are fully as handsome as the other issues of the United States.

What is a philatelist without a library? He may be likened to a cart without horse. He certainly misses a large part of the pleasure to be derived from his hobby. All the magazines worthy of preservation should be carefully stowed away until the volume is complete, when the binder should perform his duty and then they are ready for the shelf. Also be sure and save all articles pertaining to the hobby you may see in other papers and with them start a scrap book. There are lots of Phils. who are kicking themselves because they didn't do so when they started collecting.

Collectors, especially stamp and coin collectors, should be specialists. Just think a minute how many thousands of specimens you must have before you have even a fair collection if you persist in collecting anything and everything. Just think what a large amount of cash you must blow! before you have even a fair collection if you collect anything and everything in the coin or stamp line. John K. Tiffany, of the American Philatelic Association, has undoubtedly the largest collection of stamps in the United States, and he has spent thousands of dollars on it, but it is not complete and never will be. Lieutenant J. M. Partello, another gentleman who has a fine collection, advises all to become specialists, although he says "he does not practice what he preaches" for the reason that it would totally demoralize his collection and break up his studies if he did so. Now, collectors, why not take some particular country or nation, preferable to Americans, the United States with her varied issues of coin and stamps. Her proof coins and her revenue stamps, her copperheads and her match and medicine stamps, her colonial coins and her local and confederate stamps. We think collectors will find a field large enough for all their time and money. One thing you should do, study your collections, study each individual coin and stamp, find out when it was made, who made it, and when your collection has been thoroughly gone over you will be willing to admit that the hobbies of Numismatics and Philately, if not exactly a science are very near to it.

COLLECTORS' COMICS.

STRIVE FOR THE TOP.

Young man, take courage and remember that industry and economy lead to certain prominence. Ben. Franklin was born a poor boy and had no especial talent for playing

ball, but his portrait now beautifies and adorns the one cent postage stamp.—*Boston Globe*.

THE TWO ADA'S.

Recently two young ladies, both named Ada, joined a philatelic society. In order to distinguish them apart one was called *Can-Ada* and the other *Gren-Ada*.

Russia wants Kanje, in Corea, to use as a naval station. The question now is, Kanje do it.

"How are collections to-day?" asked a man of a bill collector. "Slow; very slow, can't even collect my thoughts," was the reply.

Two boys were in a post office together. One of them pointing to a small sign, said, "That's what I do when my mother boxes my ears."—*Letter Box*.

OUR OWN EXCHANGES.

The *American Philatelist* for July contains the last papers on the History of the United States Revenues. The editors state that they will not chronicle any stamps issued by the Hamilton Bank Note Co. We had an article regarding this company last month.

The *Philatelic Gazette* has another edition of "Corwinian Kicking," otherwise very interesting.

The *Halifax Philatelist* bobs up regular, even if it is slow.

The *Fitchburg Philatelist* is small and not much to it.

The *California Philatelist* has lots of good interesting reading, even if it is an advertisement for a dealer on the shore of the Pacific.

The *Eureka Philatelist* is compelled to issue two numbers in one on account of the editor wanting a vacation. This is one thing that disgusts philatelists.

The *Quaker City Philatelist* is one of the best and promptest papers we have. It has a new manager, Mr. Geo. Henderson.

The *Exchangers' Monthly* is devoted to mineralogy, geology and archaeology and it contains many articles of interest. It runs also a free exchange department.

The *Collectors' News* is a new one. Collectors papers spring up like mushrooms, and a great many do not have time to make more than one spring before they suspend publication.

The *Nebraska Philatelist*, Vol. 1, No. 2, makes a splendid showing for one so young and has a fine article on the King of Hobbies.

We received a large thick book the other day and wondered what it was. The easiest way to ascertain was to open it, and lo and behold, it was Complimentary Notices and Biographical Sketches of E. B. Sterling. Well, he deserves all he gets and more too.

The *Philatelic World* is nicely printed and well edited, for what it is—an advertisement.

The *American Journal of Philately* for July contains a good article on Counterfeits, also C. B. Corwin's interesting "Olla Podrida."

The *Quaker City Philatelist* for July is very spicy and short.

Mekeel's Catalogue of American Postage Stamps is, we believe, the best one of the kind ever issued; it is very complete.

We received the *Stamp Collectors' Library Companion*, published by the Chicago Philatelic Society, and it is one of the handsomest pamphlets for the reading collector in existence. It gives in chronological order the name of every paper published in the interest of stamp collecting. We also received the Catalogue of the great stamp exhibition held at the Eden Musee in New York. What a magnificent show it must have been. It contained the cream of twenty or more of the largest collections in the country.

All papers to whom this is sent with this notice marked will confer a favor by putting us on their exchange list. All books and pamphlets sent to this department will receive a notice.

LOCAL RAILROAD GUIDE.

GRAND RAPIDS AND INDIANA.

Schedule in effect June 16, 1889.

GOING NORTH.

*Traverse City and Mackinaw 7.30 a m
 Traverse City & Mackinaw 11.30 a m
 *Traverse City 4.20 p m
 Petoskey and Mackinaw 10.30 p m
 7.30 a. m. and 4.20 p. m. trains have through coaches attached for Saginaw.
 Parlor cars on 7.30 a. m. and 11.30 a. m. trains, and sleeping cars on 10.30 p. m. train.
 Trains arrive from Petoskey and Mackinaw at 6.30 a. m. daily, and from Mackinaw and Traverse City at 5.40 p. m. and 10.40 p. m. daily except Sunday. From Traverse City at 11.45 a. m.
 Trains arriving at 11.45 a. m. and 10.40 p. m. have through coaches from Saginaw.

GOING SOUTH.

*For Cincinnati 7.00 a m
 *For Fort Wayne 12.45 p m
 For Cincinnati (daily) 6.00 p m
 *For Sturgis and Chicago 11.05 p m
 *Daily except Sunday.
 7.00 a. m. train has parlor car attached 6.00 p. m. train has sleeping car for Cincinnati 11.05 p. m. train has sleeping car for Chicago via Kalamazoo.
 Trains arrive from Cincinnati at 7.00 a. m. daily, and 8.45 p. m. daily except Sunday. From Fort Wayne at 3.05 p. m., and from Sturgis at 9.30 a. m., daily except Sunday.
 Train arriving at 7.00 a. m. has through sleeping car from Chicago—leaving Chicago at 10.10 p. m. daily except Sunday.

MUSKEGON, G. R. AND INDIANA.

For Muskegon, Lv . . . 7.00 a m 11.15 a m 5.40 p m
 From Muskegon, Ar . . . 10.15 a m 3.45 p m 8.45 p m
 Through tickets and full information can be had by calling upon A. Almquist, Ticket Agent at Depot, or G. W. Munson, Union Ticket Agent, 67 Monroe St.
 C. L. LOCKWOOD, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

Grand Rapids and Indiana Railroad—Chicago Route.

Through sleeping cars between Mackinaw City and Chicago via Kalamazoo and M. C. R. R., commencing Monday, June 17, 1889. The following schedule and arrangements will be in effect, to and from Chicago. To Chicago:

	No. 4.	No. 8.
Lv. Mackinaw City	1.30 p. m.	
" Petoskey	2.50 "	
" Traverse City	3.50 "	5.30 a. m.
" Cadillac	6.25 "	7.40 "
" Reed City	7.50 "	8.50 "
" Big Rapids	8.21 "	9.25 "
" Grand Rapids	11.05 "	12.45 p. m.
Ar. Kalamazoo	1.00 a. m.	2.35 "
" Chicago	7.00 "	7.55 "

No. 4 has through Wagner sleeping car attached, Mackinaw City to Chicago. Passengers by No. 8 will change cars at Kalamazoo Junction. Both trains daily, except Sunday.

From Chicago.

Lv. Chicago	3.10 p. m.	10.10 p. m.	7.55 a. m.
" Kalamazoo	7.00 "	5.20 a. m.	1.15 p. m.
Ar. G'd Rapids	8.45 "	7.00 "	3.05 "
" Big Rapids	12.36 a. m.	9.25 "	6.45 "
" Reed City	1.03 "	9.51 "	7.20 "
" Cadillac	2.15 "	10.45 "	8.50 "
" Traverse City		1.35 p. m.	10.50 "
" Petoskey	5.25 a. m.	1.45 "	
" Mackinaw City	6.45 "	3.00 "	

Train leaving Chicago at 10.10 p. m. has Wagner sleeping car attached, running through to Mackinaw City; 3.10 p. m. train from Chicago has dining car attached, giving ample time for passengers to obtain dinner before reaching Kalamazoo. Nos. 3 and 7 daily except Sunday. No. 5 leaves Chicago daily except Saturday.

Sleeping car accommodations secured upon application to G. R. & I. ticket agents. Tickets should read via Kalamazoo. C. L. LOCKWOOD, General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

W. O. HUGHART,
 President and General Manager,
 Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Wilkie Collins, it is said, never once failed to keep a contract with a publisher, and never delayed copy beyond the time stated in the contract.

Julia Ward Howe's reminiscences of anti-slavery days appear in the July number of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*. The same issue also contains an article on "The Player's Club," of New York, and "Some Aspects of Lawn Tennis in the United States," by the editor of *Harper's Young People*.

FOR RENT.

For church socials,
 Anniversaries,
 Pic-nics,
 Bazaars,
 Lectures and Concerts,

Two large Halls, one seating 500 the other 300. Seven ante-rooms, and kitchen connections.

RENT REASONABLE.

C. S. HARTMAN.

**MCGREGOR'S
 Steam Dye Works**

& SCOURING ESTABLISHMENT.
 20 Fountain St., Bet. Ottawa & Ionia Sts.

Ladies' Dresses, Shawls or Sacques Cleaned or Dyed in a Superior Manner. Repairing Done Neatly and Quickly. Gentlemen's Made-up Garments Cleaned or Dyed, and Handsomely Pressed by Steam. Equal to New. Goods Received and Returned by Express.

James McGregor, Prop'r.

CHEAP SUMMER

WOOD.

16 inch Hemlock, 1.50 per cord.
 " " " 5 Cds. lots 1.40 " "

Cheapest wood in the business.

A. B. KNOWLSON,

Main Office, 25 Pearl Street.

SEMI-ANNUAL

CLEARANCE SALE.

SUMMER MILLINERY.

On Monday, July 1, we began our semi-annual clearance sale. Bargains given in every department. Very choice hats, bonnets and trimmings at greatly reduced prices.

ADAMS & CO.
 90 MONROE ST.,
 Opposite the Morton House.

ICE COAL & WOOD.

LEHIGH, SCRANTON, JACKSON HILL, PITTSBURG, BRAZIL BLOCK COAL.

All Maple & Beech & Maple Wood.

WE HANDLE THE BEST OF EVERYTHING IN OUR LINE.

Grand Rapids Ice & Coal Co.
 52 Pearl Street.

KENNEDY STABLE,

Edith K. Vincent, Prop.

Boarding, Sale, Feed

AND

LIVERY STABLES.

TELEPHONE. 853.

107 Kent St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Diebold Safe AND Lock Company,

MANUFACTURERS OF

FIRE & BURGLAR PROOF SAFES

SAFETY DEPOSIT VAULTS & JAIL WORK.

SEND FOR PRICES.

FISH & COX, GENERAL AGENTS.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Rare Editions of Books FOR SALE.

ART TREASURES OF AMERICA, being the choicest works of art in the public and private collections of North America, with 93 plates and many wood illustrations. Edited by Edward Strahan (Earl Shinn). Twelve large portfolios. Philadelphia, 1879. *Edition de luxe*, with proof impressions of the plates. No. 713.

CATALOGUE OF THE ART COLLECTION formed by the late Mary J. Morgan. Contains 29 choice etched plates, numerous photogravures of art works and etched portraits of celebrated artists. New York, 1886. *No. 190 of the limited edition.*

CATALOGUE OF THE ART COLLECTION formed by the late A. T. Stewart, containing many fine etchings of celebrated pictures, superb gelatine prints, phototypes, photogravures, etc. New York, 1887. *No. 343 of limited edition.*

MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTTI, sixty outlines from his principal works in Sculpture, Painting, Design and Architecture. London, 1863.

POETICAL WORKS by P. B. Shelley. Edited with prefaces and notes, by H. B. Forman, with etched portraits and other plates. Elegantly bound. 8 vols., 8 vo. (4 vols of prose). *Best and only complete edition.*

OLIVER GOLDSMITH'S COMPLETE WORKS. Library Edition. Edited by Peter Cunningham. *Frontispiece*, 4 vols., 8 vo., full pol. calf, gilt tops, etc. London: Murray, 1854. *Best and scarce edition.*

RUSKIN, JOHN. MODERN PAINTERS. Lond.: Smith, Elder & Co., 1851-1860. Vol. I., 1851; Vol. II., 1856; Vol. III., 1856; Vol. IV., 1856; Vol. V., 1860.

Vol. II. is the fourth and author's revised edition, and, having no plates, is preferred by collectors to its first issue, which was in a smaller size than the others.

They are all in the publishers' original green cloth covers, with entirely untrimmed edges.

These volumes contain the earliest and choicest impressions of that most remarkable, exquisite and unique series of engraved plates, speaking of leaf and tree and cloud and mountain beauty, of the character and grace of which reproductions give an inadequate idea and make a very poor substitute. Many are by Ruskin and Turner, and a large line of noted artists and engraver son represented.

In an article upon Ruskin in the *Critic*, New York, Nov. 18, 1882, it is stated that "a desirable copy rarely appears for sale at less than £35."

In 1876 the Menzies copy brought \$155, and in 1880 the Chapin copy, with leaves loose, sold for \$190.

DESERTED BRIDE, and other Poems, by Geo. P. Morris. New York, 1838. *Autographic presentation copy.*

Also rare, unique, best and limited editions of Byron, Macaulay, Campbell, Cervantes, Jacquemart and Norris.

Books shown and prices given by
C. S. HARTMAN,
97 and 99 Ionia Street.

Nelson, Matter & Company.

33, 35 & 37 Canal Street.

Our New Designs in Draperies for 1889
CANNOT BE SURPASSED.

Bedroom, Parlor and Dining Room Furniture.

We are showing a larger and more artistic line than ever before.

I have a large **Fire and Burglar-proof Safe**—new—
for sale at a bargain. Suitable for jeweler. Celebrated Diebold make. Also small **Fire-proof Safe at \$50.**
C. S. HARTMAN.

Authorized Agents for Burt's Fine Shoes.

G. R. MAYHEW.

Boots, Shoes & Rubbers.

Wholesale and Retail

85 MONROE ST.

"FROM THE BOTTOM OF your heart" had you rather not live in a house of your own than a rented one? I have four neat new ones for sale at less than \$1,500, on reasonable terms. L. S. PROVIN, room 6 Lovett's block, opposite Sweet's hotel.

Andrew Carnegie admits that he is at work upon his memoirs, but adds that they will never be published while he is alive.

The New England Magazine, Arthur P. Dodge, manager, has taken a new lease of life under the editorial direction of Edward Everett Hale and Edwin D. Mead.

T. B. Aldrich, his wife, and two boys will take a two-months' vacation in England this year. Mr. Aldrich hopes to complete while abroad, a narrative poem of considerable length, which he has had on hand for some time.

CHARLES SHEPARD, M. D.

OFFICE: 59 Monroe St.

RESIDENCE: 77 Jefferson Ave

OFFICE HOURS: 8:30 to 11:30 A. M.
1:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Practice limited to general office and outside consultation business.

Diseases of Women a Specialty.

DRS OWEN & TEMPLE, *DENTISTS* 68 MONROE ST, GRAND RAPIDS MICH.

The cuts below show a case of bridge work in actual practice.



Shows mouth containing four roots.



Shows teeth ready to adjust in mouth.



Shows teeth in place.