

TROYER & GINGERY,
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ROMANCE IN A RAILWAY STATION.

BY EMILY GUIWITS.
 (For The Courier.)

There are many less interesting ways of passing a couple of hours than in waiting for a train in a large railway station. It was our fortune to have this experience a few weeks ago, and material enough for a whole shelf full of novels presented itself with the rapidity of views in a kaleidoscope.

The crowd was continually shifting; trains came up and stopped at the station, then went on their way again, thus playing their part in the restless, throbbing pulse of life.

While looking at the crowd of people going their various ways, each with his individual plans and ambitions, it was easy to realize that the world is unsettled, that nothing is fixed or stable, and that change is the inevitable fate of all.

We particularly noticed an old, decrepit woman who had evidently come half an hour too early for the train she expected to meet, doubtless thinking the time would pass more quickly if she were once at the station. But all the weary waiting was forgotten when the train finally came, and a merry, rosy-cheeked girl came hurrying through the door, holding up her lips to be kissed in much the same manner that an animated cherry would offer itself to an audacious robin. Several small children in different stages of weariness and irrepressibility; mothers with corresponding degrees of indifference and despair; school children skipping between the seats, and a group of high school girls who had come to see one of their number safely on the train, were among the centres of attraction. One middle-aged woman, "poor but respectable," was of the inquisitive sort, insisting on entering into conversation with every one in the station, whether they so desired or not. At last she settled herself in the vacant seat by our side: "Not a very pleasant day, is it?" "No." "Unpleasant waiting, isn't it?" "Yes." "Where did you say you were going?" "I didn't say." Whereupon she stalked to another seat and remained a monument of offended dignity during the remainder of the hour.

Finally a young man and woman came into the station who were immediately spotted as bride and groom. She was one of the proverbial, white-veiled kind, one of the clinging, confiding brides who blushed and looked prettily confused every time her youthful husband spoke to her. As for the husband, he looked at her much as an elephant might have looked at a canary bird, if one had come in its way. When the train arrived, this couple occupied a seat directly in front of ours, and their conversation verified our suspicion of their being newly married.

Presently a young man came in from another car and stopped to speak to the couple, evidently surprised to see them traveling together.

"Jack, this is my wife," said the groom. "Accept my congratulations," said Jack. "When did it happen?" "Wednesday," replied the bride. After a few minutes conversation Jack left the car, when the groom said meditatively, "It seems like a dream to look back where we've been, to see all the people we saw every day and yet not

see any body we knew. Guess we'll be content to go back to the old farm to live, won't we, Minnie?" And the answering look on Minnie's face said more plainly than words could have said, "Where thou goest, I will go; where thou livest, I will live."

A Pitiful Story.

We were sitting together on the porch, a party of seven or eight, and the rays from the electric light on the corner fell softly over our bright and happy faces.

"Speaking of going fishing," said one of the gentlemen, "I must tell you about a little experience I had at Algonac a few weeks ago. I had been fishing all day, and my basket was nearly filled with good-sized pickerel and perch, when I caught a fish of so fine and large proportions that I thought it a shame for it to meet the fate of an ordinary fish, and resolved to keep it alive and try some experiments on it. I took it home and put it in water, and in a couple of days it was as well and frisky as ever. I then conceived the idea of teaching it to live out of water, and lowered the water in the tub every day until at last the fish's back was out of water. This did not appear to affect the health or happiness of the fish, and I continued lowering the water until it entirely disappeared, and the fish was living and breathing as if it never had had a closer acquaintance with the aqueous fluid.

I then began to teach it tricks. I taught it to jump over a stick, and to follow me like a little dog. One afternoon I started out to take a walk, and the fish flopped along after me, apparently enjoying the exercise as much as myself. After a few minutes' walk I came to a bridge in which there were several large cracks. I went over it and along for some distance, when all of a sudden I noticed that the fish was not following me as usual. I went back to look for it, and found that it had fallen through one of the largest cracks of the bridge into the river and drowned."

At the close of the story a sound of repressed weeping filled the midnight air; the electric light on the corner expired with a sob, and our party sadly and silently wended their way home.

The affliction which has fallen upon Secretary Hay in the death of his eldest son recalls the similar sorrow which darkened the home of Mr. Blaine when he was Secretary of State. Seldom have two deaths under conditions in many respects so similar appealed to the country with more pathetic interest than those of Walker Blaine and Adelbert Hay. Both were young men of rare ability, of fine culture and exceptional training. Of each the country expected a career which would add dignity and luster to a name already honored, and in the case of each that career, so full of promise, was cut short by sudden death. Secretary Hay was less dependent upon his son than was Mr. Blaine, to whom Walker had become almost a second half, but aside from fatherly affection there is in the case of Mr. Hay a keenness of disappointment in that his son was so soon to hold to President McKinley the same relation which he himself had held to Lincoln. There is no doubt that, bravely as he bore his sorrow, Mr. Blaine's bereavements helped to shorten his days, Mr. Hay, like Mr. Blaine, will take up his public burden, but he will henceforth walk in the shadow of a great sorrow which, though it may not rob him of his strength, will dim the beauty and brightness of his life. The sympathies of the nation go out to him and his family.—The Ypsilantian.

Fitz Gerald



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