

THE ADVERTISER.

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY.

MEMORY'S SONG.

The earth cast off her snowy shrouds,
And overhead the skies
Looked down upon the soft white clouds,
As June as children's eyes,
The breath of Spring was all too sweet, she
Said,
Too like the Spring that came ere he was
Dead.

The grass began to grow that day,
The flowers awoke from sleep,
And round her did the sunbeams play
Till she was fain to weep.
The light will surely blind my eyes, she said,
It shines so brightly still, yet he is dead.

The buds grew glossy in the sun
On many a leafless tree,
The little brook did sing and run
With most melodious glee,
O God! they made it found no use, she said,
All things forget him now that he is dead.

The wind had from the almond hung
Red blossoms round her feet,
On hazel boughs the catkins hung,
The willow blooms grew sweet—
Palm willows, fragrant with the Spring, she
Said,
He always found the first; but he is dead.

Bright golden was the crocus flame,
And, touched with purple green,
The small white flower of stainless name
Above the ground was seen,
He used to love the white and gold, she said,
The snowdrops come again, and he is dead.

I would not wish him back, she cried,
In this dark world of pain,
For him the joys of life abide,
For me its griefs remain.
I would not wish him back again, she said,
But Spring is hard to bear now he is dead.

—Macmillan's Magazine.

HOW WE CAUGHT HIM.

The banking house of Shavewell Brothers had been victimized by an extensive forgery, so cleverly planned and executed that, in detective circles, there was but one opinion as to its authorship. There was but one hand skillful enough for such a piece of work—that of Durnford Marwick, a most accomplished rascal, whose craft and cunning had carried him safely through a long career of roguery in spite of the best laid schemes to trap him. On this occasion a heavy reward was offered for his apprehension.

I had but lately been enrolled a member of the detective force, and was ambitious of rising. Here was a golden opportunity—golden in every sense, for whoever caught Marwick would not only be a made man, but would put a round sum into his pocket.

While others were beating the bush in different directions, I resolved to go on a still-hunt of my own. I had information that Marwick had a set of associates in a place about a hundred miles away, with whom, it was not unlikely, he had sought and found a hiding-place. At any rate, it could do no harm to make a reconnaissance in the neighborhood.

I took the next train with a view to carrying out my plan. Securing a seat favorable for observation, I commenced glancing over the morning paper and my fellow-passengers. I had no particular expectation of finding any one answering to Marwick's description among them—still it was well enough for one in my place to keep his eyes open.

It was not long, however, till my occupation was interrupted. A plain-looking countryman, entering from a forward car, asked and was accorded permission to share my seat. He proved one of those irrepressibly sociable fellows who will make your acquaintance in spite of you.

He told me his name without waiting to be asked—it was Seth Wiggins, he said—and straightway inquired what mine might be. I didn't care to tell him I was Detective Tyke, so I merely answered:

"Smith."
"Du tell!" returned Mr. Wiggins, looking as much surprised as if I said Heliogabalus. He was evidently one of those who think it proper to receive whatever you may say with a certain polite astonishment.

When Mr. Wiggins had exhausted politics and the "craps," and given me a census of the young ones, he broached the subject that was uppermost in my mind—or would have been but for his eternal chatter.

"That was a nation smart trick that ere Marwick played onto the bank," he remarked.

"I know very little about it," I replied.

"No more do I," said Mr. Wiggins; "only I hear he done 'em out a mint o' money."

"I've understood as much," I answered.

"I tell you, mister, you've got some pesky cute fellows down to York—rascals talented chaps as a countryman like me haint no business buckin' agin. One on 'em, 'oother day, got me to bet five dollars I could tell which o' three keards hed a picter onto it. Helaid 'em down in a row—'t was in a place he'd invited me inter to hev a social Tom and Jerry—and then turned to chin with the barkeeper while I was stadyin' which keard to pick."

"I've got you now!" think's I, turnin' up the middle keard, which sure enough it had the picter onto it. I was poorly sartin of it afore; for the man 'd handled the keards so awkwardly 'at I could see their faces e'enmost as easy as the backs; but I thought I'd jest make sure, an' havin' done so, I put the keard back 'thout lettin' on."

"Air you ready?" sez he, turnin' round.

"Hit's—hit's the middle one—I guess," sez I speakin' doubtful like; for I didn't want to seem too sure lest he'd suspicion me o' heavin' looked.

"No 'tain't," sez he, turning it up—which 'twere as blank as that 'ere prize

I drew once inter the Gulltrap

lottery.

"How's it done?" sez I, feelin' poorly streaked as he pocketed my money.

"I've got a patent onto it," sez he, 'but I wouldn't mind sellin' you a county right for another V.'

"I told him I was much obliged, but didn't think it 'ud do for a stiddy business in the country."

I was glad when Mr. Wiggins gave me a gushing good-day at the next stopping-place, and left the train.

Another hour brought us to a place where ten minutes were allowed for refreshments. We had hardly stopped, when a boy came hurrying through the car inquiring if Mr. Tyke was aboard.

"That's my name," I answered.

"Here's a telegram for you."

I tore it open, as the boy hurried into the next car as if to deliver another message. Mine was this:

"Marwick is on the train with you, and will get off at —. He wears a slouch hat and gray coat, is thick-set and bandy-legged, and has a slight stoop in the shoulders; also carries a black leather satchel. Arrest him on sight."

I hustled out, and the very first person I encountered tallied so exactly with the description in the telegram as to leave no doubt I had found my man.

He made no attempt to flee, but advanced boldly, looking me directly in the face.

"You're my prisoner!" I said, abruptly seizing his collar.

"That's what I call cheeky!" he replied, pulling loose, and tackling me, adding: "I rather think you're my prisoner!"

A vigorous scuffle ensued. For a time neither of us went further than trying to keep his hold on the other. But my opponent lost temper at last, and planted a blow of his right fist directly over my right eye. I "countered" on his nose, "tapping the claret" freely. Both called on the bystanders for assistance; but they only formed a ring and exhorted us to "go it."

And we were "going it" lively, when a sharp voice brought us to an armistice.

"Hello!—what's this?" inquired a keen-eyed, jolly-faced man, in whom I recognized Captain Beakes, my chief, whose name was to the telegram.

"I—I've got him!" I said, out of breath.

"I've—I've got him!" panted my antagonist, quite as much blown as myself.

"Now who is that you've both got, pray?" queried the Captain, looking puzzled.

"Durnford Marwick!" we shouted simultaneously.

I thought the Captain would split his sides.

"I have your telegram to arrest the scoundrel!" I said, not a little piqued at such levity.

"I have your order to nab the villain on sight," rejoined my adversary.

An active renewal of hostilities was imminent, but the Captain stepped between us.

"Hold on, Sleuth! Hold on, Tyke!" he interposed. "Let me see those messages."

Two scraps of paper were thrust into his hand.

The Captain laughed louder than ever.

"So you've each been telegraphed to arrest the other!" he said. "Who could have played you such a trick?"

Then the Captain introduced me to Dick Sleuth—with whom I had already scraped a rather informal acquaintance—as a brother detective from a neighboring city.

A fresh telegram was put into the Captain's hand.

"Ha! this explains it!" he exclaimed.

"Marwick has just been caught disguised as a countryman. It was doubtless he who sent the two telegrams. He must have smoked you both out on the train."

Dick and I shook hands, looked foolish and hauled off for repairs.—N. F. Ledger.

About Small-Pox.

Conflagrations startle a man, tornadoes make him nervous, and earthquakes take his mind off his business for eight or ten minutes; but if you want to frighten a big six-footer right out of his boots just yell "small-pox" at him. Not one person in a hundred will pass a small-pox sign on a house without taking the outer edge of the walk, and during a severe every ache and pain which grabs a man is supposed to be the forerunner of the dread disease.

The other day a prominent Detroit physician received a call from a man who carried an alarmed look in the corners of his eyes and who said that he came for a prescription.

"What ails you?" queried the doctor.

"I feel bad all over."

"Any particular symptoms?"

"Well, I've got a back-ache, and I'm feverish, and my throat is sore, and I've got a pain in my chest."

The doctor took a look at his tongue, felt of his pulse, and said:

"I think two or three quinine pills will brace you up, and I'll give you a gargle for your throat."

The man made no further remarks, but after he had pocketed his prescription and got out doors he turned around and shook his fist at the office and growled out:

"I'm going to have small-pox, and I know it, and the minute I begin to break out I'll come here and give it to everybody around the house, clear down to your old bob-tailed Scotch terrier and cross-eyed cat!"—Detroit Free Press.

—Albums containing photographs of ladies in each new dress they receive, colored by the exact hues of the materials, are the latest society toys.

The Secret of Success in Business.

The frequenters of Union Square in New York have been familiar for several years past with "Brentano's Literary Emporium," a spacious store chiefly devoted to the sale of newspapers and other periodicals. We presume it is the largest business of the kind in the world. We have a particular reason for mentioning this establishment. We are frequently asked by young men just coming upon the stage of active life, young men who have been our readers, perhaps, since their boyhood, to explain to them the secret of success in business. The history of this emporium would be a very good answer to their inquiry. The writer of these lines has seen it grow from a small newspaper stand down town to its present stately and magnificent proportions. Its success, due to very hard work, close living, and intelligent thinking, is a literal illustration of what an old Boston merchant used to say, half in jest, to his junior clerks:

"Boys, if you want to found a perfectly stupendous business, you must get a barrel and a board; sell goods on the board all day, and sleep in the barrel at night."

The original Brentano very nearly did this. He sold his goods all day on a board, and came as near sleeping in a barrel as circumstances allowed. When, at length, he had got on so far as to hire a very small basement store, he slept under the counter, and lived on a few cents a day. In other words, he fed his business abundantly, but only indulged his own appetite so far as was necessary.

We observed, however, that he always looked round and rosy. He took proper care of himself, and the best possible care of his business. Nine out of ten of the businesses that fail perish of starvation. Their proprietors spend upon themselves the money which ought to go to feed and fatten their business.

From selling a few *Heralds, Tribunes* and *Suns* upon a board in the street, the Brentanos now sell, in a superb store, everything in the world that has the character of a periodical publication: newspapers from China, Calcutta and New Zealand; magazines in every cultivated language.—*Youth's Companion*.

The Question of Motive Powers Before the Detroit Linekin Club.

The Committee on Scientific Research, says the *Free Press*, having been requested to furnish the club with a list of the various motive powers in daily use, and suggest any new ideas on the same subject, reported as follows:

"Motive power am de power which makes fings move. Steam am a motive power, kase it makes de engine in a distillery move, an' ward pollytishuns am thus furnished wid capital stock to pack caucuses an' pull wires. Water am a motive power, kase it turns de wheels of de saw-mill an' thus purrives us wid sidewalk full of holes. Wind am a motive power, kase it lengthens de sessions of Congress an' de varus Legislatures. Electricity am a motive power, but de rates am so awful high dat we didn't investigate. De bite of a dog, de sting of a hornet, de toe of a boot, an' de squint of a man's left eye am numbered among de minor motive powers. Gunpowder, when properly used, has been known to blow up hossbars an' kill elephants. Dis committee feels safe in sayin' dat de nex' decade will bring forth yet oder motive powers. De time am comin' when our butes will be pulled on an' off by machinery; when de child'en will be put to bed wid four revolutionshuns of de big fly-wheel; when de sarvint gal who doan' come home in time to get supper will be snaked along at de rate of a mile a minute; when a Tom an' Jerry will be mixed an' stirred up by simply pressin' on a button let into de bar, an' when de man who comes home at midnight an' can't open de front gate will be lifted up frew a second-story winder an' sobered off in about twenty ticks."

Surgical Snipe.

A well-known sportsman writes: "If I am not mistaken, it is Siebert who mentions, in his interesting work on 'Bird Shooting,' that many birds, more particularly the different species of snipe, are known to 'bandage' their wounds. This fact has recently been fully confirmed. About seven years ago Oberamtman Feiber in Dietsborn brought down a snipe which had a self-made bandage of feathers. His account was incredulously smiled at at the time. Last week we had a 'drive' in the woods near Nordhausen, when Director Krohn shot a snipe, which Judge Mylius had hit 'on the wing' only the day before, causing the bird to drag its flap. On examining the snipe we found a bandage on the wounded spot, made of soft feathers about an inch wide and a millimeter thick, so firmly pasted together with blood or some liquid prepared with the bill that we could not remove it with the finger. We peeled it off with a knife, and, as a rarity and remarkable instance of ornithological surgery, sent the bird and bandage to the International Hunting Exhibition at Cleve."—*Hannoversche Correspondenz*.

—A California paper declares that the Eastern press has an exaggerated idea about the cost of residences of the railway kings of San Francisco. As a matter of fact, there is not a single residence in San Francisco that cost, ground and all, \$1,000,000 or one-half of it. The most costly mansion is that of Mrs. Hopkins, and that cost, furniture, decorations and all, a trifle more than \$400,000. Governor Stanford's house adjoining it, of which so much has been said, cost less than \$250,000. Mr. Crocker's cost \$300,000 or thereabouts. All of these houses are of wood.

Our Young Readers.

SUMMER TO SPRING.

Summer said to the Spring: "What a wonderful thing it is to bring in so much sweetness and grace— I am sure that to you, my blossoms are due, And I feel I am taking your place."

"I never can blush but I think of your flush; And the eyes of the flowers at evening are wet; There was something so fair in your innocent air That your going we can but regret."

"You beautiful Comer," said Spring to the Summer, "I lived out my life but to brighten your way; I heard the buds swelling, and could not help telling, For I knew you would see them some day."

"It was only my duty to bring you the beauty, And to help one another is lesson for all; And perhaps you'll be willing, your mission fulfilled, To leave something to brighten the Fall." —Mrs. L. C. Whittier, in *Wide-Awake*.

WHAT A MOTHER STORK DID.

A True Incident.

"Did He give us the beautiful stork above, On the chimney-top, with its large round nest?"—Gottlieb.

"No, not the stork; by God in Heaven, As a blessing, the dear white stork was given."—*Longfellow*.

"No house so blessed as that whereon the white stork has built its nest," says the voice of the people who live in Holland, Germany, and the regions of the Northland; "and nothing else brings the benediction of peace and domestic joy that the dear white stork does, for it sheds over the household something of its own spirit."

Far back in the days of ancient Greece, when Priam was King of Troy, and the beauty of Helen was rousing the Nation to war, Juno, the jealous goddess, is said to have changed a sister of the King into a white stork because she boasted of her beauty, but knowing that she was as lovely mentally as physically, allowed her to retain all her amiable qualities. Whether this is the reason of the stork's virtues or not we cannot tell, but in all the countries of the Old World it is regarded with an affection bordering on veneration. Even in the language of the ancient Hebrews we find the word used for stork signifying "pious" or "blessed."

Early in the spring of 1880 a pair of newly-wedded storks flew over the town of Lowenberg, Germany, to find a suitable home for their summer house-keeping. Those who saw them used every art to attract them to their houses, but in vain. Even the Mayor, or Burgomaster, failed to entice them to settle on his handsome house, where the chimney seemed to have been built on purpose for a stork's nest. The stork husband saw this at a glance, and, ambitious to begin life under the most favorable circumstances, he said to his wife, in tones quite positive:

"We will build here, my dear; there is no place like it in the whole town."

But the stork wife replied even more positively: "By no means, my dear. Too public, by far. Imagine our dainty children annoyed from day to day by the rattling of carts over the stones, the shouts of noisy boys on their way to school, and on Sundays the ringing of bells. No, no, it would never do. I have found a most delightful spot, shaded from the hot sun by the broad-leaved linden-tree, and far removed from noise and confusion. There we can rear our little family in seclusion, and send out into the world storks that will be an honor to it. Where is it?"

On the top of the barn at the cross-roads; not another such place for a stork's nest in the whole region."

"Just as you say, my dear," said his storkship; "I'll bring the sticks directly."

Slowly the nest went up. Stick by stick, selected by the stork husband with great care, and brought from hedge and forest and orchard, until the nest was completed, the last stick having been properly laid, and Mrs. Stork settled herself with a satisfied air and began housekeeping. In a few days eggs were to be seen in the nest; beautiful eggs all mottled with yellow. Now Mrs. Stork took no more long flights—not even to see what her friends were doing—but she busied herself at home sitting upon the eggs to keep them warm. Three weeks passed by in patience, and then one morning the good creature was delighted by the sound of young stockings under her wings, chattering with their little beaks or mandibles, and the stork papa and stork mamma did nothing but wait upon them.

Summer days drew near before the stockings could fly. The air was parched and heated, and the barn had become as dry as tinder; if there could only be a shower they would have strength to try their wings.

"Oh, how glad I am to see that cloud!" said the stork mamma, as a little shadow floated above the western horizon; "all my fledgelings need is a shower, and then they will fly to-morrow."

Larger and darker grew the storm cloud, until at last the whole sky was covered. From the north burst sharp flashes of lightning that shot across the heavens, cutting the darkness of the clouds as with a knife; then the thunder began to roll in its grand monotone over the world; but the little storks were not afraid, for had not their mother said this was just what was needed, and was she not flying over their heads telling them what it all meant, and picturing to them the delight they would feel when once they found themselves upborne by the dreamy, delicious air in the first ecstasy of flying.

Suddenly there came a crash, a blinding light and deafening shock, almost stunning the brave mother bird

caring so tenderly for her children; and when she recovered her consciousness it was to see flames kindling on the barn, that would burn like tinder, and her stockings would be burned to death in the heat.

Without a second's pause to consider what might be done, she plunged into the flames and brought out one of her children in her beak. She flew to a meadow near by, where a little brook trickled over a pebbly bed, and, laying her burden under the overhanging alders, she flew back for another. This, too, she brought to the meadow and laid by the side of its brother. One more remained; she must hasten to its rescue; but, alas! just as she neared the blazing barn she saw the nest and the little stork fall through the roof into the fire below. A crowd of spectators had now gathered around, and every heart stood still when the mother stork again plunged into the crackling flames and smoke for her child.

Slowly she arose the third time, with something in her beak; but now she flew slowly and heavily, as if she was weary, and took her way to the meadow brook again, left it with its brother and sister, and the papa flying overhead to guard them; then she went a little distance farther and stretched herself on the ground, cruelly burned.

The little brook rippled and murmured, the breeze blew up from the west, but none of these things had power to ease the sufferings of the brave bird who had risked her life for her children.

The Burgomaster, passing this way soon after, found the poor creature, and ordered her to be carried tenderly to a house in the village, where she should be nursed and cared for. The best physician in Lowenberg was sent for; the children employed all their spare moments in catching mice and frogs for the invalid; older ones brought soft linen to dress the burns with, while the Burgomaster himself drove up every morning to ask after her.

The stork papa devoted himself to the children, flying over every little while to tell his wife how they were getting along. With all this attention, it was no wonder she improved rapidly, was soon able to fly again and join her family, who by this time were quite up in the art of flying, and could stand on one foot on a lily-pad, and catch frogs as well as the best.

The good people of Lowenberg said that many a saint had been less brave and heroic, few had shown such patience, and none had been willing to die for others as had this white stork mamma; therefore she should be the patron saint of the village, and she and her children honored for evermore.—*Mrs. Margaret B. Pecke, in Harper's Young People*.

The Lobster Business.

The factory opens at one end on the wharf, close to the water. Two men bring in the squirming loads on a stretcher and dump the mass into coppers for boiling. At intervals the covers are hoisted by ropes and pulleys, and dense clouds of steam arise, through which we catch vistas of men, women and children at work. Two men approach the coppers with stretcher and scoop-nets, and they throw rapid scoops, done to a scarlet, backward over their shoulders. The scarlet hue is seen in all quarters—on the steaming stretcher, in the great heaps on the tables, in scattered individuals on the floor, in a large pile of shells and refuse seen through the open door, and in an ox-cart-load of the same refuse, farther off, which is being taken away for use as a fertilizer. The boiled lobster is separated, on long tables, into his constituent parts. The meat of the many-jointed tail is thrust out with a punch. A functionary called a "cracker" frees that of the claws by a couple of deft cuts with a cleaver, and the connecting arms are passed on to be picked out with a fork by the girls. In another department, the meat is placed in the cans. The first girl puts in roughly a suitable selection of the several parts. The next weighs it, and adds or subtracts enough to complete the exact amount desired (one or two pounds). The next forces down the contents with a stamp invented especially for the purpose. The next puts in a tin cover with blows of a little hammer. Then a tray is rapidly filled with the cans, and they are carried to the solderers, who seal them tight except for minute openings in the covers, and put them in another tray, which, by means of a pulley-tackle, is then plunged in bath caddrons, in order that the cans may be boiled till the air is expelled from their contents through the minute openings. Then they are sealed up and are boiled again for several hours, when the process of cooking is complete.—*Scribner's Monthly*.

—We have in our possession, says the *St. Louis Railway Register*, a copy of the time-tables of the London & North-western Railway Company of England which is a great curiosity and it makes a man's head ache to look at it and think of the great labor involved in its compilation. The lines of this company extend all over England, Scotland and Wales, and are said to embrace over ten thousand miles of tracks. These time-tables make an octavo volume, closely printed, of one hundred and thirty-six pages, and contained in it are numerous excellent maps, and full particulars are given as to hotel accommodations, cab fares, connections, tickets, routes, etc., and all that can interest or concern the traveler.

—A Mississippi farmer dashes cold water into the ears of choking cattle. This causes the animal to shake its head violently, and the muscular action dislodges the obstruction.