

CITY DEPARTMENT.

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MERE MENTION.

To City Subscribers.

On and after June 1, 1891, all unpaid subscriptions will be charged for at the rate of 50 cents for each three months. The present low price of the Plaindealer,—One Dollar per year,—cannot be allowed to those who do not pay in advance, when bills are presented.

The Plaindealer office is now permanently located on the second floor of the building formerly occupied by the Tribune Printing Company, 13-17 Rowland street.

For additional locals, see third page.
Miss Eva Turner, of Macomb street, is seriously ill.

Mr. Hale, of Springfield, spent Friday in Detroit.

A large number of Toledians spent Sunday in the city.

Miss Amanda Luckett has returned from her visit to Cleveland.

Mr. Danl. Seals, of Cleveland, was in the city Monday on business.

Miss Edith Robinson, of Wellington, Ohio, is the guest of Miss Flossie Cole.

Mr. Chas. Henderson, of Cleveland, visited Detroit the fore part of the present week.

The Rev. J. L. H. Watkins, of Grand Rapids, was the guest of the Rev. Alexander, last week.

Miss Ada Kinley, of Chicago, Ill., is visiting her aunt, Mrs. N. Turner, of 346 Antoine street.

The Rev. Masterson, of the A. M. E. church, of Windsor, preached the communion sermon at Bethel church, Sunday.

Miss Mary Rodney who has been the guest of her sister, Miss Christina Stewart, has returned to her home in Port Huron.

The Rev. Alexander entertained Mrs. M. Leatherman, of Jackson, last week.

The Rev. E. H. McDonald is in the East, attending his father who is very ill.

Mr. Alfred Montgomery, of Petite Cote, Ont., spent Tuesday in the city. He saw Temple Bar win the Merchants and Manufacturers' stakes.

Mr. James Davis, who graduated from the university at Ann Arbor the past season, has returned to his home in Georgia, after having spent a month in the city.

Mrs. Wm. W. Ferguson and Mrs. Geo. A. Barrier with their families, leave Saturday to spend the remainder of the summer in their cottage at Bois Blanc Island.

Mrs. M. E. McCorkle gave a delightful tea Sunday evening in honor of Mr. Dean, of Cleveland, who has been spending some time in the city, en route to points farther West.

Mrs. Mary Thomas, of Wilkins st., entertained Bishop Brown, Rev. J. H. Alexander and family, Rev. Beckert, of Ypsilanti, Rev. G. W. Brown, of Flint and the Rev. John M. Henderson, of Detroit, at tea Monday evening.

"Gems of Department" and the Plaindealer, one year, \$2. "Gems of Department" is alone worth \$2.50. Agents wanted to make an active canvass to sell this book and introduce the Plaindealer. Liberal Commission.

The residence of Mr. Richard Anderson, 502 Beaubien street, was burglarized Thursday night. Mrs. Anderson and Miss Fannie Anderson, are visiting in Mansfield, O., and while Mr. Anderson was taking in the bicycle parade, the thieves took Miss Fannie's winter clothing, bank book, etc.

The Detroit Social club met last Monday night at the residence of Mr. Joseph Ferguson. After the transaction of the regular business, Mr. Ferguson invited the club to partake of a tempting luncheon, prepared in honor of his 27th birthday. Though somewhat surprised by this unusual finish to their meetings, the members "fell to" and did ample justice to the products of their genial host's hospitality.

Bishop Brown conducted the dedicatory services at Ebenezer, last Sunday, and though his press of duties made his stay in the city short, he found time to make a few calls on the friends who love to welcome him to their homes. The Bishop has certainly acquired the art of growing old gracefully. He is thoroughly in touch with the progressive idea of the young, and he tempers their enthusiasm with his own large experience so kindly, that a conversation with him, filled with reminiscences of the past and hopes and plans for the future, is a treat which his young parishioners thoroughly enjoy.

Miss Meta Pelham Ferguson entertained a large number of her young friends last Monday afternoon. The merry young people who came to help keep her twelfth birthday, entered into the amusements of the afternoon with the zest which childhood alone brings to such an occasion, and the little hostess will remember the day as much for the thorough enjoyment of each moment which they spent together, as for the pretty gifts which they brought. The birthday cake contained the required number of candles with one to grow on, and the efforts to "blow them out" after tea was served, furnished much amusement.

The Rev. G. W. Brown, now of Flint, formerly of Ebenezer church of Detroit, made a pleasant call at the Plaindealer office while here attending the dedication of the new Ebenezer. He renewed his subscription and called to mind the fact that he has been a continuous subscriber since the first edition of the paper. His good words for the paper were as welcome as the cash with which they were enforced.

Glances Here and There.

The Plaindealer, \$1 per year Urge your best friend to take it. The Plaindealer and the "History of the Black Phalanx," \$2.50. The History alone is worth that much. Subscribe for the Plaindealer.

"I am expecting company and how shall they be entertained," is the burden of many housekeepers' plaint just now. Contrary to the general belief, it is far more difficult to entertain guests when the city is full, as it promises to be this summer, than when there are only two or three strangers to be cared for. Few houses will hold all of one's acquaintances and their guests, and the most generous householders shrink from the form of a crush, marring their best efforts to entertain, and spoiling the enjoyment of their visitors. The situation is aggravated this season because all public halls and places of entertainment have already been secured for the convenience and pleasure of the encampment visitors, so that the hosts and hostesses of this season who want to make it pleasant for visitors will find it necessary to entertain informally, early and often, if they want to take in all their friends.

Of course the river is always with us, and doubtless many pleasant boating parties will be arranged and enjoyed, but the best form of hospitality is that when the guest is welcomed under our own vine and fig tree and for those who wish to open their homes to friends, after the general reception, which is always in order, a luncheon is the most convenient form of entertainment. It may be formal or informal, and is delightful if it takes some particular form, as a clover, sweet pea, violet or old maid lunch, when all the decorations are of the particular variety of flower chosen. The menus bearing quotations and the favors being clusters of the flower. An old maid lunch, which was very successful, was recently given for a company of ten young women, all engaged in some profession or trade for self-support. The flowers were daisies in which the lower petals were cut so as to resemble a quaint little head, the favors were pussy willows and the menus, hand painted, were decorated with the benign face of a comfortable looking tabby, though it is a fact to be recorded that every one present professed an antipathy to puss and her feline characteristics.

A luncheon may be as simple or as elegant as the hostess chooses. If the occasion is a ceremonious one, the table is set as for a dinner and the dishes are handed by servants. Each plate should have beside it, two knives, two forks, one or two spoons and a water goblet. The first course should consist of fruit, bouillon or consommé served in cups set on plates and supplied with teaspoons. Where there are several courses, the plates are necessarily changed at each course. Vegetables are served from the sideboard, and tea or coffee at the table. Cold meats, salads, croquettes, beef-steak and omelet are viands to be selected from. With sweets as the taste of the hostess may dictate. A formal luncheon it is a pretty custom to provide a bouquet for each lady, grouping them in the center of the table to form the central ornament and distributing them at the close of the meal.

Last year a form of entertainment which afforded much enjoyment, was an early morning ride to the Pointe and a lunch served from hampers, which were carried by the projectors of the drive. After all, it is not the matter but the manner of entertainment which ensures its success, and a hearty welcome is a sauce which will make the most homely hospitality palatable.

It does not always pay to take the old adages literally. The other day the Gleaner following the custom of all loyal Detroiters, went up to the Island and while there he met a dear old friend who had brought along a part of her mending and was having an outing and winding up her week's work at the same time. During his conversation with her he learned that she had been disappointed in not meeting a friend of hers, who had agreed to spend the afternoon and lunch with her. "Have you looked for her?" asked the Gleaner. "Well, no, I just thought I wouldn't tire myself running all over the Island and probably miss her after all. You know the old adage, 'Sit still and every thing will come round to you.'" The Gleaner strolled away and after a while saw the missing lady sitting on the other side of the Island, placidly reading, with her lunch box by her side. After the customary greetings, she too told the Gleaner that she had not expected to spend the afternoon alone, but had expected to meet a friend and lunch with her. "But I thought," said she, "that I'd find a place and wait for her, and that would be better than running all over the Island and maybe not find her after all." The afternoon was now far spent and to verify the old saw, the Gleaner acted the role of special providence and brought the two trusting old ladies together. They rewarded him with a portion of their substantial lunch, which he thoroughly enjoyed and left them to enjoy what remained of their afternoon together. The little episode, however, confirmed him in the belief that every thing may come to him that waits, but you had better hustle while you wait, or it may come too late to be enjoyed.

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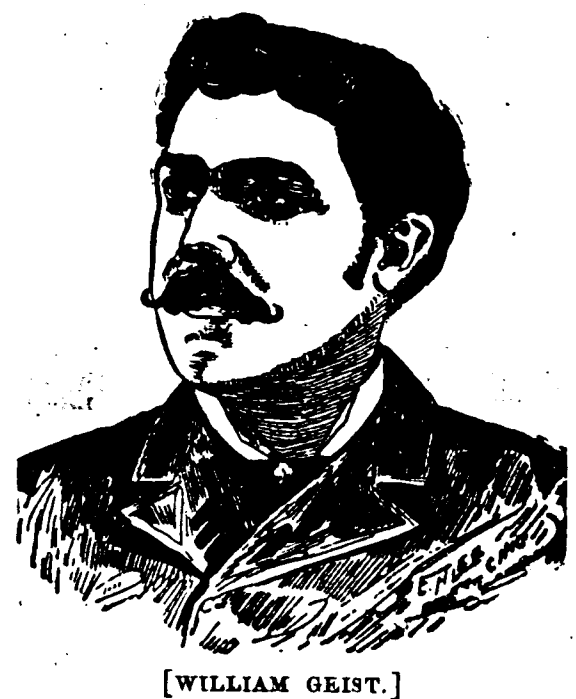
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MY DREAM.

I dreamed, I ruled a kingdom,
And love could enter there.
The shadow realm seemed peopled
With loves that were but air.

HER INFATUATION.

Mrs. Bombustle was an old and rich widow. She was not very old—only about sixty—and even to hint in her presence that she was old at all mortally offended her.

But a disagreeable revelation was in store for the elderly dudine. Mrs. Bombustle had for many years been a guest at a fashionable hotel in New York city.

She was just recovering from the effects of the breaking of the second marriage engagement when two new boarders arrived at the hotel. They were handsome and well-dressed men, each twenty-eight years old.

The last remark which Flora had instructed the physician to be sure to make, had the desired effect. Mrs. Bombustle immediately became calm, and promised to have no more reports made, adding that she did not fear death, but that it was important that she should retain her good looks.

Ordinarily good natured, she had a high temper when once well aroused, and her admiration for the young men was displaced by a hearty hatred. With her anger she nourished an intense curiosity, and she resolved that in some way she would find out what it was they said about her.

Mrs. Bombustle had a niece named Flora Bonesteel to whom she was much attached. Miss Bonesteel was twenty years old, was energetic and bright, and was a stenographer in a wholesale house on Broadway.

In a vehement manner Mrs. Bombustle explained how she had been insulted by the young men, and asked Flora if she thought she could obtain permission to be absent from her place of business a few days.

The reply was in the affirmative. "Then," said Mrs. Bombustle, "I wish you to come at once to this hotel, sit at a table beside the young men, and take down in shorthand for my benefit what they may say."

"Oh, aunt, do not be so foolish. I would not deign to notice these young rascals if I were you. Pretend not to see them, assume an air of dignity, and show them that you consider them and their opinions of no consequence."

"The knowledge that we do not ad-

mirre her evidently vexes our aged belle." "I am glad of it. Such a ridiculous old humbug as she is ought to know how she is really regarded."

"I do not agree with you; I believe she is much more beautiful and enchanting than she was then. She has studied the art of pre-empting and enhancing beauty so long and so thoroughly that she is enabled to defeat all of the encroachments of age, and to make herself each day more lovely than she ever was before."

"I have just found out that she is very anxious to secure a young husband. If we had not offended her, one of us might be made happy by her."

Two hours later a neat typewritten report of the conversation was submitted to Mrs. Bombustle. As she read, her rage became uncontrollable. She became very red in the face, her breath was so rapid and short that she could scarcely speak coherently, and she struggled in vain for words.

The young men read the letter with consternation and sought another boarding place without delay. One of them, Robert Tallman was his name, had noticed what a pretty and intelligent girl Flora was, and had resolved to seek an introduction.

Flora also wrote an indignant letter and sent it to the young men. She severely criticised their ungentlemanly conduct, and urged that decency required that they should never again show their faces in the hotel.

The young men read the letter with consternation and sought another boarding place without delay. One of them, Robert Tallman was his name, had noticed what a pretty and intelligent girl Flora was, and had resolved to seek an introduction.

Flora coldly acceded to his request. "You cannot imagine how sorry I am," he said, "that my unseemly levity should have caused your aunt, and especially you, so much distress."

"I am glad that you can at last appreciate the full enormity of your conduct," she said with dignity. "May I not hope to win by good conduct your approval in the future?"

"That will I," said Douglas, and he put to death in the king's presence the obnoxious favorites. When the abdication of the Queen of Spain was popularly urged and discussed, the London Times pertinently asked:

"Is there a man in all Spain able and willing to 'bell the cat?'"

The origin of the expression "to find a mare's nest" has been traced to the days of the early Saxons. What we call a nightmare was by our forefathers supposed to be the Saxon demon Mara or Mars, a kind of vampire, which caused the incubus by sitting on the sleeper's chest.

The frozen North has not claimed as many victims as might be supposed. An authority on this point says: It is a mistake to suppose that polar research has cost enormously in human life.

tion, and controlled her as if she were a child. Mr. Tallman heard of the courtship, and saw his opportunity. Accompanied by Flora, he called at the hotel.

"I know that I treated you very rudely, but I am sure you will forgive me when you find that I have made a discovery that will save you from a life of misery. Permit me to tell you as a friend that Mr. Lessip is unworthy of your confidence. He is a gambler and a blackleg."

The next day Flora ventured to inform her aunt that she had promised to marry Mr. Tallman. "You have my blessing, and I shall leave you all of my property," said Mrs. Bombustle.

COURTSHIP IN 2000.

Edward Bellamy, the Authority on Such Matters, Tells About It.

While the unmarried woman of the year 2000, whether young or old, will enjoy the dignity and independence of the bachelor of to-day, the insolent prosperity at present enjoyed by the latter will have passed into salutary, if sad, eclipse.

Any one who encounters great personal danger for the sake of others is said to "bell the cat." The allusion is to the fable of the cunning old mouse, who suggested that they should hang a bell around the mice family of her approach.

"That is very good advice," said a wise young mouse, "but who is to undertake the job of belling the cat?"

Archibald Douglas, earl of Angus, was called "Bell-the-cat Douglas." It came about in this way. James III. made favorites of architects and masons; one mason named Cochrane he created Earl of Mar.

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