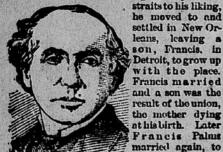
THE LATE FRANCIS PALMS. T

mantic Family History of De-'troit's Dead Millionaire.

The pontifical high mass of requiem which as recently celebrated in the old cathedral. of Detroit marked the close of the career of Francis Palms. It was notable from the fact that 1,500 employes attended the service as a tribute to their late master, while numerous rance, banking and mercantile institutions in which he was interested when alive also sent representatives, for the dead man had been a millionaire merchant prince of Michigan. Little did the public know of the old man's private life, for he seldom spoke of it, but the romance of his son's life throws a little light on that of his father's.

The father of Francis Palms was a secretary of Napoleon I, and when Waterloo came it brought disaster to him as well as the French emperor. He came to America and tried Detroit, but not finding the city of the



result of the union, the mother dying at his birth. Later Francis Palme married again, to the discomfiture of his little son. Fran-

cis, who found that

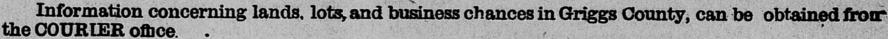
FRANCIS PALMS. [Photo by Stevenson.]

his stepmother was averse to children. The temperature un-der the paternal roof being decidedly chilly for young Francis, with the possibility of a cold wave and a "freeze out," he sought a warmer clime in the care of his grandfather, at New Orleans. Here he was educated and brought up in total ignorance of his father, as there was no correspondence between the two families. When a young man he started out on a tour north. With a vague knowledge that he was bern in Detroit, curiosity led him to visit the city of his birth and inquire if his father was yet in the land of the living. On making sinquiries he found that his father was regarded as the wealthiest man in the state of Michigan. A spirit of pride and family independence which in inherited and family independence, which he inherited, prevented him from calling at his father's ouse. He learned that it was the habit of thouse. He learned that it was the hater of the dider Palms to visit the hotel reading room every evening at 8 o'clock to read his letters, look at the papers, and occasionally do a little business with people from out of stown. That night the son was on hand, and, punctually at 8 o'clock, a short man with a little stoop to his shoulders came into the office. There was a smile on his kindly face as he modded good evening to the people he know, and then made his way to a sofa in the reading room. The son pessessed his soul in patience until he saw his father tear open his patience until he saw his father than the turn to take up a paper. Sauntering up to the elderly gentleman, the young man, with the case of a southerner, began the conversation. Gradually he drew from Mr. Palms the admission that he had relatives in New Orleans, "I have a father there and brothers, too," said the elderly man. "Indeed," said the

younger, in apparent surprise; "and what is the name!" "Palms is my name." "And "The name?" "Palms is my name." "And mine, too," said the young man, coolly. "Perhaps you and I are related?" "My father's mame is Ange Palms," admitted the elderly one. "And he is my grandfather," was the young fellow's response.

There was no scenc. In few words the father told the son that he was glad to see him again, and then gave him to understand that the hotel would prove more comfortable quarters than the big brick house up the

The son thanked him for his kind interest and acknowledged that the hotel life agreed with him.





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e son returned south. At the outbreak of the war he left the plantation he owned to enter the army. War proved a Waterloo for him, as it did for his grandfother, and he went back to New Orleans to begin life anew. Family influence obtained him a clerical position in the United States courts, and ho settled down to a quiet life. At the outbreak of the war he had been engaged to a lovely girl of Scotch parentage, but the struggle had separated them, and when the war ended each heard that the other had married. By chance they learned of their mistake in time to enjoy a short period of domestic happiness before her death. He afterward married a

In the course of time the stepmother diel. and on returning from his wife's funeral Mr. Palms sat down and wrote to his son to come north. He pointed out to him that before many years he must come into a large property distributed among pine lands, i:on mines, business blocks, railroad enterprises, manufacturing and bank stocks and the like.

The son came and ettled near the little brick office in the rear of the paternal resicc. There he has lived quietly, making few friends and spending the greater part of his leisure with his wife and his eight children. He now inherits one-half of his father's millions, his only sister, Clothilde, receiving the other half. This sister-Miss Clothilde Palms-was, it was said, last winter the object of the attentions of Senator Jones, of Florida.

It was always a lucky day for anybody who could do a favor for President Arthur. He was a patient and polito listener. 1 never heard that he ever interrupted a narrator or cut off another's story. Once in awhile he was a little impatient with his clerks, but only for a moment. Then he would find a way to show them, without acknowledging it, that he was sorry. No man ever saw him annoyed or irritated or heard him say a careless word in public. He controlled himself fully at times. He was not what may be called a hard worker, like Mr. Cleveland. He was : clear and quick thinker and saw what was to be seen at once. He made others do his work. If he wanted to write a letter to a person or an association wherein he wanted to give his views, he merely gave his views to his secretary and the latter prepared the letter, which the president revised and signed. To newspaper men he was ever con-siderate, and so were those about him. Sometimes the local reporters and the correspondents were not given what they wanted, but they were always cordially treated .-- Washington Cor. Philadelphia Press.

In the above engraving of Cooperstown it will be seen, that the waving wheat fields, encroach upon the village green-that the suburban villas, are not as yet in esse-that the city is immersed in an illimitable sea of pure air, resting upon a basis of vegetable loam. of unparalleled extent, and fertility-that air and earth are shimmering continually est, industrious and thrifty people, it is of 175,006 tons. in a proxysm of mutual admiration. not to be wondered at that its churches

on the south; from the United States on pitch and roll-

Some in rags, And some in tags, And some in vervet gowns.

With a population of less than 1,000 miles of richness, popul. ted by an hon- matical calculation would be in excess red top.

But for the necessary curtailment of the banks, elevators, stores, hotels, news- als, the surrounding farmers are raising ers. the main line of the Northern Preific, houses, are the best in the world.

2019

In 1885 Nine Thousand Tons of wheat to graze land that by tickling with a plow

horizon in the illustration the papers, horse markets, lumber yards, horses. cattle.p.gs and poultry for which The very best of land can be had at honest farmers might be seen to ap- coal and wood depots, architects, min- they find a ready market. As a grazing \$5 per acre in the vicinity of Coopersproach the great rural trading point, isters, lawyers, doctors, milliners, dress- country the only draw back is the ex- town, while the city offers the best in-

quires moral courage in the husbandman men.

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the east, to where the foot hills of the was marketed at this point at such a will "laugh with a harvest" and that great western watershed commence to price that had the receipts been equally breaks a cast iron binder all up the first distributed to the people of the county, season. Cattle fatten at the straw stack, \$100 in cash would have been given to while barley in sixty days converts the every man, woman and child. So rich lean "razor back" into a shapeless ball and vast is the country that centres at of lard. The finest breeds of Percheron this point, if one-half of the arable land and Clydesdale horses are carefully culshould be cultivated to wheat, the yield tivated, and thrive upon the native souls, draining the trade of I.600 square at 20 bushels per acre, by close mathe- grasses better than the best timothy or

> The horse, cattle and hog market of In addition to the cultivation of cere- Cooperstown is a revelation to eastern-

from the Mouse river, on the north, to makers, blacksmiths, machine ware- ceeding fertility of the soil. for it re- ducements to enterprising business

An improved farm of 520 acres within sight of three elevators will be sold very cheap. Every acre is first-class wheat land, except some excellent meadow. An improved farm of 320 acres-all good wheat land --- cheap for cash. A magnificent improved tract of 520 acres adjoining a live town can be had a bargain.

F. H. ADAMS.