

PINCKNEY DISPATCH.

VOL. I.

PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1883.

NO. 6.

PINCKNEY DISPATCH

JEROME WINCHELL, PUBLISHER.

ISSUED THURSDAYS.

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ADVERTISING RATES:

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PINCKNEY VILLAGE DIRECTORY.

CHURCHES.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—Services every Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock. Also each alternate Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Sunday School at 10 o'clock. A. M.

CONGREGATIONAL.—Services each Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock. Sunday School at 10 o'clock. Also services each alternate Saturday evening at 7 o'clock. Strangers especially are invited to attend our services. REV. K. H. CHASE, Pastor.

CATHOLIC.—Regular services on the third Sunday of each month, at 10 1/2 A. M. Special services as announced. REV. FR. DUBOIS, Pa.

SOCIETIES.

W. C. T. U.—Meets on second Saturday of each month. Mrs. L. M. Cox, President.

WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY, of the M. E. Church, meets first Saturday of each month. Mrs. Susan Nye, President.

MARY VAN FLEET, Corp. Soc.

K. O. T. U.—Livingston Tent, No. 35, meets at Masonic Hall the first Friday evening or before the full of the moon in each month. F. A. Sigler, Com.

L. D. BROOKAW, R. R.

MASONIC.—Livingston Lodge, No. 76, meets at Masonic Hall, Main's Block, Tuesday evening or before the full of the moon in each month. C. D. VANWINKLE, W. M.

C. V. VANWINKLE, Rec. Sec.

BUSINESS CARDS.

H. TURNER, M. D.,

HOMEOPATHIC

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Office, Main's Block, PINCKNEY.

L. E. RICHARDS & CO.,

NEWSDEALERS,

BOOKSELLERS & STATIONERS,

Dealers in Tobacco and Cigars, Musical and Optical Goods, Clocks, Jewels, Toys, Novelties, Etc., Etc. Confectionery a specialty. PINCKNEY.

E. FINCH,

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTING,

Kalsomining and Paper-hanging, GRAINING A SPECIALTY.

PINCKNEY, MICH.

E. A. MANN, Dealer in

DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES,

Clothing and General Merchandise,

Next to Post Office, PINCKNEY.

L. V. BROWN,

SHAVING PARLOR,

Also dealer in Cigars and Confectionery,

Second door east of Post Office, PINCKNEY.

W. S. MANN ESTATE,

DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS, FANCY GOODS,

Family Groceries, Household Goods, Toys and Cigars,

The Brick Store on the corner.

TRIPLE & CADWELL,

Dealers in

HARDWARE, STOVES & TINWARE

East Main Street, MICHIGAN.

JAMES T. EAMAN,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW

and Justice of the Peace,

Office in the Rick Block, PINCKNEY.

W. F. VANWINKLE,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW

and SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,

Office over Sigler's Drug Store, PINCKNEY.

THOMAS CLINTON,

BOOT AND SHOE SHOP,

ALSO HARNES MAKING.

Cash for Hides, Pelts and Furs.

Next south of Globe Hotel, PINCKNEY.

CALL BY TELEPHONE

AT SIGLER BRO'S DRUG STORE,

PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN.

W. R. RAINY,

DENTIST,

Office days: Monday, Friday and Saturday.

Office over Sigler's Drug Store, PINCKNEY.

WE HAVE OPENED

A REPAIR SHOP

In connection with our store, repairing neatly done. Call by phone. Cash for furs and pelts. West of hotel. W. B. HOPE

L. HOYT

CARPENTER & JOINER.

For information inquire at Triple & Cadwell's Hardware.

MARRIED.

In this village, Saturday, Feb. 17th, 1883, by Rev. F. E. Pearson, Mr. S. E. Decker, of Iosco, to Miss Mary Groer, of Pinckney.

LOCAL JOTTINGS.

Did our thaw "catch a cold?"

Services at the Catholic church next Sunday.

Don't forget the concert at M. E. church, to-morrow evening.

The boys and girls had a jolly time coasting on Monks' hill south of the village, Tuesday evening.

Bush & Palmer are still packing away at their contract on the grade east of town.

Our former friends, when in town, will confer a favor by notifying us of any incidents worthy of mention in their neighborhood.

Malachie Roche, who was so seriously injured, as noticed in last week's paper, we are pleased to hear is slowly recovering.

Ed. Burgess and sister passed a few days, last week, very pleasantly, with friends and relatives at White Oak, Ingham County.

Railroaders watch with interest the changes of weather, hoping, of course, for a break-up, which would enable them to go to work again.

A very pleasant social party was given at Fred Brown's, southeast of the village, Tuesday evening. Twenty-nine numbers were called for the dance. Chamberlain's Band furnished the music.

Jimmie and Jay Allen put up a telephone with 300 feet of wire in an hour and a half, Tuesday, connecting Mr. Allen's house with the barber shop. It has a small metallic membrane and works very nicely.

Mr. Carver's valuable mare is recovering rapidly, and her owner speaks in terms of highest praise of Dr. Walker, veterinary surgeon, of Dexter, who treated her.

A Blissfield doctor is having his family monument hewn out of a hard-head rock. We have known physicians whose skulls were thick enough to make an endurable monument but they didn't live at Blissfield.

Mr. W. H. Caffery, of East Saginaw, called on the Dispatch the other day, in town on business, and like the rest of us, couldn't resist the temptation to invest a few shillings in Pinckney's paper, which shall be promptly dispatched to him at his present home.

We utilized the services of Pinckney Dispatch "devil" last Wednesday, and we notice that the "little imp" has had good instructors. South Lyon Excelsior.

What business had you "ploughing with our steer," Charlie?

Under present arrangements it requires two days for mail to go from Pinckney to Unadilla, having to go a distance of over thirty miles, while the villages are only eight miles apart. The new railroad will remedy this, however, in a few months.

What kind of a town is it where the saloons close up week days nights so the bartenders can go to prayer meeting? That's the story the Chelsea Herald tells of its moral burch. In some towns they reverse this rule and keep the saloons open Sunday night, so the deacons can get a drink.

The editor of the Pinckney Dispatch wants his knife with a corkscrew attachment returned to him, as he lost it a few days ago. By the looks of his paper we don't think he uses the corkscrew much though. Chelsea Herald.

You are mistaken there, Bro. Emmert. We use it every day, numerously. But we never pull corks with our teeth, as some editors do.

Ann Arbor people seem to be very unfortunate in a moral point of view. Recently a young lady froze her ears off in going to church on Sunday, and now comes to us the news that a young man has lost his life because he didn't go to church, but stayed at home to shoot rats. Ann Arbor editors never get hurt. They don't go to church, and they don't shoot rats—we won't tell where they do go on Sunday.

Mr. S. A. Darwin brought to our office, a few days since, a package of wheat taken from the top of one of his bins, which was fairly glued together with webs and full of white worms about an inch in length, which had partially eaten the wheat to a depth of about two inches all over the top of the bin. Mr. Darwin was puzzled to know the nature of the worms and the cause of their presence.

SPRINGPORT wants a village charter.

What did St. Valentine say for you?

The M. E. church at Bancroft has closed its doors against traveling shows.

A nice little surprise party occurred at Mr. Howard's, Tuesday night.

Thos. Bickett, of Dexter, offers for sale his fine farm of 275 acres.

JAS. MARKEY, JR., was home for a brief visit last week. He gave us a short call.

Some fine fat steers were driven from this place to Brighton yesterday; we understand they were purchased for the Buffalo market.

The Milford Review tells of a hog that was buried under a straw stack and lived sixty days without food or water.

J. S. JENKINS, of Mason, has been visiting his brother, Will Jenkins, of this place, during the past week.

Five of the eight members of the University committee in the present legislature are graduates.

FARMERS in this vicinity have fears for their winter wheat, much of which must suffer from the ice that completely covers the surface of the fields.

HOWELL is about to follow the example of Pinckney and secure telephonic connection with Detroit.

Mrs. Boise, State Missionary of the W. C. T. U., will lecture in Pinckney Friday evening of next week.

This is George Washington's birthday. George Washington is one of the editors of the PINCKNEY DISPATCH. That's why our paper never lies, as newspapers usually do.

Rev. Geo. Stowe, pastor of the M. E. church at Unadilla, and Rev. Mr. Pritchard, of the same place, favored the Dispatch with a pleasant call, Wednesday.

ANN ARBOR School girls have donated class hats to the University. They didn't adopt class stockings, because there wasn't enough red yarn in the city to cover their feet and—well, no, they didn't want to, that's why.

The Chelsea Herald states that over 50 loads of wheat were visible on the streets of that village at one time last week, Tuesday. This shows what may be expected at Pinckney when the C. T. cars are running here.

Rumor has it that the Grand Trunk Railway is likely to secure possession of the Air-Line road from Jackson to Niles, thus securing a direct connection with their lines now running to Chicago. This would be a terrible blow to the Michigan Central, that line being lengthened many miles by the loss and the Grand Trunk made the shortest line between the East and the West.

The concert to be given by W. R. Rainey's singing class will be at the Methodist church, in this village, tomorrow (Friday) evening, doors opening at 7 o'clock; admission 25 cts., children 10 cts. Following is the programme:

"The Earth is the Lord's," CLASS.

"Come, Brothers, Sisters, Tune the Lay," CLASS.

Quartette: "In the Warm Spring Days," Miss Mercer, Mrs. Sykes.

Mr. Sykes and Mr. Pyper.

"Foresters, Sound the Cheerful Horn," CLASS.

Solo: "Little German Home Across the Sea," Jay Allen.

"The Moonlight Sleeps," CLASS.

Quartette: "Come where the Lilies Bloom," CLASS.

Mrs. Livermore, Mrs. Bird, Mr. Howe and Mr. Rainey.

"When the Sea Gives up Her Dead," CLASS.

Solo: "Bass Song: 'Grand Old Ocean,'" W. R. Rainey.

"Let the Hills and the Vales Resound," CLASS.

Quartette: "Give me My Own Native Isle," CLASS.

Mrs. Thatcher, Mrs. Backus, Mr. Sykes and Mr. Rainey.

"Merrily Onward we Bound," CLASS.

Solo: "In the Starlight," Miss Mercer.

"A Home on the Deep," CLASS.

Quartette: Medley, CLASS.

Mrs. Livermore, Mrs. Bird, Mr. Howe and Mr. Rainey.

"The Sailor's Return," CLASS.

Solo: "When 'tis Starlight," CLASS.

Mrs. Mollie Livermore.

"They that trust in the Lord," CLASS.

Quartette: "The Midnight Fire Alarm," Mrs. Livermore, Mrs. Bird, Mr. Howe and Mr. Rainey.

"Freedom's Banner," CLASS.

Quartette: "Good night, Kind Friends," CLASS.

WHAT is Washington's birthday without a dance?

Mrs. Geo. Stocken is recovering from her recent serious injury.

Dexter girls smoke cigarettes. Did they learn the bad habit from the boys?

GRIMES & JOHNSON are still buying wheat. They have about 5,000 bushels on hand.

Dwight Peebles, Esq., of South Lyon, was in town, to-day.

Republican County Convention at Howell, to-morrow.

James Jackson and family, of Unadilla are the guests Mr. and Mrs. John Jackson, to-day.

If it don't cost Doc. Mann too much to grow those chin whiskers, ye editor may have courage to pattern after 'em.

L. E. RICHARDS & Co. are remodeling the interior of their store. And so the good work goes bravely on.

An Ann Arbor man feeds his hens "boiling hot food" to make them lay eggs. Does he get "biled eggs," we wonder.

The University will have a Base Ball Club this season. Where is Pinckney's B. B. C.

HAS anybody heard of a January thaw straying around the country? We didn't see it here.

The Stockbridge Sentinel has a cross-eyed devil. "How do we know?" Can't fool us, boys, when the paper is printed wrong side up.

When a man boasts of his Christianity, look out for him.—Dexter Leader.

Yes, and when a man boasts of his infidelity, look out for him!

Detroit Every Saturday thinks the Detroit Ministerial Association should take hold of the senatorial contest and pray it out.

When a girl tells you to wait until the first bell-rings, and she'll go with you if her other beau doesn't come—you may know your invitation hasn't stuck the very tenderest chord of her heart.

When the Democrat copies our marriage and obituary notices, will it please properly separate them. They look a little too neighborly when run into a single paragraph as were those in its last issue.

Mrs. Boise, of Grand Rapids, State Missionary of the Mich. W. C. T. U., will address the people of Pinckney and vicinity, at the M. E. Church, on Friday evening, March 2nd.

Mrs. Dr. Sigler, Sec.

A LITTLE four-year-old who lives not far from Pinckney, recently took a great dislike to the name his parents had given him at the christening, and finally told his mother very decidedly that he must have a new one. His mother, to gratify the child's whim, consented, and calling over a number of names, ended with that of Mark Twain. "Was Mark a very smart man?" asked the little fellow, with all the seriousness of a judge who has a very important case to decide. "Yes, he is known as a smart man," replied the mother, encouragingly. "Then you may call me Mark Twain," rejoined young America—and from that day he refuses to be called by any other name, even crying sometimes if the old one is mentioned in his presence.

The festival given by the Congregational Society last evening, was a very pleasant and successful one. Friend Swarthout's commodious residence was crowded with a throng of cheerful neighbors from village and country, about 100 persons being present. The evening was enlivened by charades and games, which so beguiled the participants that 12 o'clock had arrived before a thought of going home entered their minds. The supper table bountifully supplied and presided over by fair ladies, was not least among the many attractions. Mr. Cadwell informs us that many shakels were gathered in for the worthy enterprise to which the proceeds were to be devoted.

STOCKBRIDGE.

From the Sentinel.

Ira Kellogg has bought a lot six by eight rods in size, west of Samuel Ellsworth's, upon which he will build.

A young son of Philo Otis, of Danville, was killed by "catching on bobs," a few days ago.

George Hollis, from Pinckney, was here on Wednesday, prospecting for a billiard and confectionery room.

John S. Dyer, of Plainfield, who has been seriously sick for several weeks, we are glad to hear is now improving.

Dr. H. E. Brown has the lumber on the ground for an addition to his drug store and post office—to be 20x30 feet.

Latest vote on senator before we go to press to-day, gives Berry 13, Thos. Palmer 24, O. M. Barnes 45, and the remainder scattering.

MARION.

Hon. Geo. Coleman was home to spend the Sabbath with his family. He returned to the Capital, Monday.

It has been decided to have no more school in Marion District No. 6, for this winter.

A new church is about to be built near the residence of Mr. Winkler, north of the Green school house. A worthy enterprise, and we wish it all success.

Many of the young folks from this section attended the surprise party at Mr. Chas. Mitchell's, last Friday evening. A good time is reported.

The examination in Practical Arithmetic class, District No. 2, results as follows: Roe Smith, 86; Emily Smith, 99 1/2; Frank Bailey, 95; Eva Abbott, 96 1/2; Carrie Daley 95, (per cent.) Eugene L. Markey.

FOWLERVILLE.

From the Review.

J. F. St. Clare will open a branch harness shop at Webberville.

Algen Denton, an old pioneer of this township, died Feb. 13th of old age, in his 85th year.

John G. Gould has closed his boot and shoe shop at this place and will soon try his fortune in the Manitoba region.

McCullum & Robinson, lately of Mason, have leased the store in the Reason block, formerly occupied by Rose & Rothschild, and will soon open up a stock of clothing and gents' furnishing goods therein.

HOWELL.

From the Democrat.

Three adults and two children were baptised at the Episcopal Church, Sunday evening.

Theresa, daughter of Jas. Gleason, of Oceola, died of consumption, on the 6th.

It is reported that the day of tight pantaloons are numbered, and the howling style will be resurrected. Welcome the time, say we.

There will be a donation visit at the residence of Mrs. Townsend Drew, Marion, on Friday afternoon and evening, Feb. 23 for the benefit of Rev. S. Dailey. All are cordially invited.

Frank White, of Southern Kansas, returned to Howell, last week, for a short visit. He bought a fine prairie dog with him, which has been placed in Fishbeck Brothers' Museum.

While out riding in the country last Saturday, Miss Agnes White, accompanied by another young lady, in turning out for a sleigh, tipped over, Miss White coming in contact with the sleigh's runner and cutting an ugly gash over her eye.

James Markey, of this town, general agent for the Hero Reaper, is now traveling for the company, the Sandusky Machine and Agricultural Works, appointing agents and contracting with them for 1883. Mr. Markey represents one of the best reapers in the land.

Buttons put on with the Heaton patent button fastener, free of charge, at the Bee Hive.

"Rough on Rats" at Winchell's Drug Store.

Star boneless codfish 9 cts. per lb. at L. E. Richards & Co's.

Horsford's Acid Phosphates at Winchell's Drug Store.

A young cow for sale. Enquire at the Dispatch office.

Granulated sugar at 10 cts. per lb. at L. E. Richards & Co's.

White sugar at 9 cts. per lb. at L. E. Richards & Co's.

Best brown sugar at 8 cts. per lb. at L. E. Richards & Co's.

Ladies' croquet sandals at the Bee Hive.

Cure your cold with Syrup of Tolu, Tar & Cherry—you'll find it at Winchell's Drug Store.

Notions of all kinds at L. E. Richards & Co's.

Lewis Sykes & Co's crackers at L. E. Richards & Co's.

Best 50 cent tea at L. E. Richards & Co's.

Best Halibut 15 cts. per lb. at L. E. Richards & Co's.

The best assortment of ladies' misses' and children's shoes in town at the Bee Hive.

THE VERDICT.

There was silence in the court room. Like the silence of the grave. Ere the foreman gave the verdict. Would it rain? Would it snow? Many an anxious heart was beating. Doubtful whether it would thrill With compassion or with gladness. And the prisoner's heart stood still.

In his hands his face was hidden. Waiting for the fateful word. That proclaimed all hope forbidden. Or the freedom of a bird.

And he thought of what awaits it. And the value of good name. It does not all to leave me From a life bereft of shame.

'Twas to him a day of judgment. Like to that which waits us all. When the trumpet of the angel From their graves the dead shall call.

And we stand—twelve solemn jurors—We the only self-possessed; Ready to reveal the secret. Trembling yet within our breast.

Then the foreman spoke: "Not guilty!" And the young man rose and his head. And he looked a child of beauty. Rising, weeping, from the dead.

Silence reigned again—a moment; Silence of a glad and awe; And we seemed to hear the heartbeat Of relief from all who saw.

Said the judge: "Discharge the prisoner!" Scarce concealing his own joy. And the waiting, weeping father. Clashed again his rescued boy.

And the boy went forth acquitted. Feeling that the rage of God. Well declared a good name better Than all coffers filled with gold.

—C. B. S.

CONSCIENTIOUS MR. WOODROW.

N. Y. Ledger.

Eliab Woodrow's conscience troubled him. It was always troubling somebody. He had been two months a step-father without having once applied the rod of correction to his little step-son, George Ross. The difficulty lay in finding excuse for a beginning; for with all George's life and love of fun, the watchful step-father had so far failed to find a decent pretext for whipping him.

One morning he went out, leaving, as it happened, a five dollar note on the library table. Little George was in the room busy with the lessons set him to be learned by Mr. Woodrow's return. This happened sooner, at least George thought so, than usual; and feeling that he could finish his studies better elsewhere than under Mr. Woodrow's disconcerted eye, he gathered up his books and started out.

"Come back!" called Mr. Woodrow, in a stern tone than he had ever used before.

George obeyed.

"Who was in this room in my absence?"

"I was, sir," George answered timidly.

"Any one else?"

"No—no let me see—yes—I think Uncle Jeffrey was, but I didn't take much notice."

"George," Mr. Woodrow spoke slowly, with his eyes fixed intently on the boy's face. "I left a bank-note on that table. It is missing; do you know what has become of it?"

There was that in the questioner's manner which, more than his words, made the hot blood fly to George's face. He felt instinctively that he was the object of a foul suspicion. Steadying his lips, he said, in a voice as firm and distinct as Mr. Woodrow's own:

"I do not."

"I will hear your lessons now," said Mr. Woodrow, with ominous calmness. He reached out his hand for George's books, and from the very first he opened dropped the missing note!

George's face turned white. His knees shook, and, for a moment it seemed as if he would sink through the floor. Then, in a pitiful wail, came the words: "Indeed! indeed!—I do not know how it got there!"

Mr. Woodrow smiled incredulously, but his voice sounded almost affectionate as he said:

"We'll postpone the lessons for to-day, George. My first duty is to punish

"But I am no thief!—I did not steal it! I do not know how it got in my book!" pleaded George, wildly and passionately.

"Oh! mamma! mamma!" he cried, running to his mother as she entered. "he says I stole his money. He is going to beat me!—save me!—tell him it is not true!"

"I would gladly have spared you this painful scene, Mary," said Mr. Woodrow, in a tone tenderly pathetic; "but when you have heard me, I am sure you will approve what I propose doing."

Mr. Woodrow proceeded to state the facts. When he had finished, the case looked astonishingly clear—almost as clear as that against Benjamin when they found the golden cup in his sack's mouth.

"There would be more excuse for leniency," Mr. Woodrow added, "if he acknowledged his guilt. But while he brazenly set out, your own judgment must tell you there is but one course to take to save the boy from ruin."

"Oh! George! George!" appealed his mother, "confess your fault! Your father will then—"

"My father!" the boy indignantly broke in. "my father would never have believed I was a thief! Oh! mother, surely you do not!"

For an instant his mother's head wavered. George had always been a truthful boy; and in the face of all the

facts, there was something in the eyes, turned beseechingly to hers, that she could hardly believe was not the look of innocence. But a glance from her husband changed the current of her thoughts, and again she urged George to confess.

"Not another word of pleading or of protest passed his lips. He stood in silent silence."

"Go, Mary, and leave him to me," said Mr. Woodrow with mild severity; "you know I shall perform my duty conscientiously."

The mother turned away reluctantly and Mr. Woodrow and his step-son were alone.

We have no wish to dwell on what followed. Seizing George by the arm, the strong man dealt a brutal blow, after brutal blow with his heavy riding-whip. The boy's flesh writhed and quivered under the strokes, but not one tear fell, not one cry was uttered.

"I shall repeat this every day till you confess," said Mr. Woodrow, sinking into a chair exhausted. "Go now."

Next morning George failed to appear at breakfast. On visiting his room, which was on the ground floor, the window was found open and the room deserted. The most diligent search and inquiry failed to discover any traces of the boy. But the next post from a neighboring seaport town brought a letter to his mother, evidently meant to assure her of his safety.

It had been posted on the eve of his sailing as a cabin-boy, on a vessel, which he named, bound on a distant voyage. The mystery of the bank-note was thus cleared up; Jeffrey Reaburn, Mrs. Ross's brother, was on a visit at her sister's the day suspicion fell on George, but had left before Mr. Woodrow's return. While he was in the library, a gust of wind through the open window blew the note off the table, and he picked it up and laid it in a book and went away, forgetting to mention the circumstance.

This all came out when Jeffrey Reaburn came to help in the search for George. The poor mother wept bitterly, but laid no blame to her conscientious husband, who, she was sure, had meant everything for George's good. As for Jeffrey Reaburn, he felt a tingling in his fingers that would have been greatly relieved by wearing out on Eliab's painfully hide what remained of his own horse-whip.

Wearily months and then years passed, but brought no tidings of the ship on which George sailed. She was finally given up for lost with all on board.

Mr. Ross, George's father, had died leaving a handsome property to which George was heir, subject to his mother's rights as widow. When he was lost at sea, she succeeded to his entire interest, and not long after, being in declining health, she made a will leaving all to her "beloved husband, Eliab Woodrow."

Three years after her second marriage, Mrs. Woodrow died leaving an infant daughter and her said beloved husband, with a fine estate to console the latter's grief.

More years passed, and Florence Woodrow grew into a tall and comely maiden. Her father planned for her what he called a suitable marriage with a gouty retired banker of fifty, who looked several years older. Florence declined the honor, and chose a husband for herself, Eliab Woodrow's son; science was much too tender to overlook so flagrant an act of filial disobedience.

He called in his lawyer and made a will, disinheriting his child in favor of some miscalled charity, so trammelled with impossible conditions that nobody could ever possibly be the better for it. And when misfortune pressed sorely on his daughter, and her husband died leaving her and a young babe destitute, and she appealed to her father's charity, he spurned both child and grandchild from his door, and closed it in their faces.

His conscience was in the height of its approval of this crowning act of justice, when his meditations were disturbed by the appearance of a stranger.

Eliab Woodrow needed no second glance to recognize the stern, determined man who stood before him to be George Ross, in right and law the master of the house in which they were, and of all the wealth he had esteemed his own.

"I have learned your treatment of my sister," said George, "and it would be just to drive you hence as you did her. Nor shall it be due to me that you meet a milder fate. I purpose dividing my fortune with my sister, and it is to her bounty you must look to shield you from beggary."

George Ross kept his word, and Eliab Woodrow, on a moderate pension allowed him by his daughter, now lives retired with his conscience.

Saw THROUGH THE JOKE. A would-be practical joker met an old blind beggar led by a dog, attached to a string, and, anxious to excite the laughter of the bystanders, he cut the string and separated the man from his leader. The merriment of the passers-by was great, but of a kind very different from what the joker had intended, for the blind man, opening his eyes, collared the wag by the neck and thrashed him soundly with his stick. He then quickly adjusted his dog to him, re-tied the string and continued his way with closed eyes and his usual whine of "Please remember the poor, blind man!"

We often wonder that our men of wealth do not give more subjects of native interest to our artists, and try to fill their walls with more of the riches of our own rivers, lakes, vales and mountains.

STARTLING STATISTICS.

The Shadow Hanging Over New York City and the Entire Country.—A Tribune Opinion.

The nation has been horrified at the burning of a Milwaukee hotel, whereby over seventy lives were lost. This event carried terror because it was sudden and appalling; but had the same disastrous results to life and limb come silently they would have been unnoticed, not only by the people of the land but also by the very community in which they occurred. Fatal events of a far worse nature have taken place in this very city, but they have attracted no attention, nor would they now did not the Bureau of Vital Statistics bring them to our notice. Figures do not lie, whatever else may be uncertain and the report on the death of this city is a startling comment on its life. During the past year the enormous increase of certain maladies is simply appalling. While the total number of deaths has diminished and the death rate on most diseases has decreased still it is far greater in one or two serious disorders than was ever known before. More people died in the city of New York in 1882 from Bright's disease of the kidneys, than from diphtheria, small-pox and typhoid fever all combined! This scarcely seems possible but it is true and when it is remembered that less than one-third the actual deaths from Bright's disease are really reported as such, the ravages of the malady can be partially understood.

The immediate query which every reader will make upon such a revelation of facts, is:—What causes this increase? This is a difficult question to answer. The nature of the climate, the habits of life, the adulteration of foods and liquors, all undoubtedly contribute; but no immediate cause can be certainly assigned. Often before the victim knows it the disease has begun. Its approaches are so stealthy and its symptoms so obscure that they cannot be definitely foreseen and are only known by their effects. Any kidney disorder, however slight, is the first stage of Bright's disease. But it is seldom that kidney disorders can be detected. They do not have any certain symptoms. Mysterious weariness, an unusual appetite, periodical headaches, occasional nausea, uncertain pains, loss of vigor, lack of nerve power, irregularity of the heart, disordered daily habits, imperfect digestion—all these and many other symptoms are the indications of kidney disorder—even though there may be no pain in the region of the kidneys or in that portion of the body. The serious nature of these troubles may be understood from the fact that Bright's disease is as certain to follow diseased kidneys as decomposition follows death.

It is high time the Doctors in this land who have been unable to control kidney troubles, should be aroused and compelled to find some remedy, or acknowledge one already found. The suffering public needs help and cannot await the tardy action of any hate-splitting code or incorrectly formulated theories. If the medical world has no certain remedy for this terrible disease, let them acknowledge it and seek for one outside the pale of their profession. For the discovery of this remedy and for its application to this disease, the people of this city—the people of the whole land—not only those who are suffering, but those who have friends in danger are earnestly and longingly looking.

The above quotation from the New York Tribune is causing considerable commotion, as it seems to lift the cover from a subject that has become of National importance. The alarming increase of kidney diseases; their insidious beginnings and frightful endings and the acknowledged inability of physicians to successfully cope with them may well awaken the greatest dread of every one who has the slightest symptoms. It is fortunate, however, that the surest relief is often found where, possibly, least expected, and that there is a specific for the evils above described we have come to fully believe. Within the past two years we have frequently seen statements of parties claiming to have been cured of serious kidney troubles even after hope had been abandoned; but in common with most people we have discredited them. Quite recently, however, a number of prominent and well-known men have come out voluntarily and stated over their signatures that they were completely cured by the use of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. Most people have been aware that this medicine has an unusual standing and one entitling it to be classed above proprietary articles generally; but that it had accomplished so much in checking the ravages of kidney disease is not so generally known. Its great worth has been shown not only by the cures it has effected, but also because a number of base imitations have appeared in the market, fraudulently claiming the valuable qualities of the original Safe Cure. If it were not valuable, it would not be imitated.

The above may seem like an ultra endorsement of a popular remedy but it is not one, still stronger than the facts admit. Whatever assists the world to

ward health and consequent happiness, should receive the hearty endorsement of the press and all friends of humanity. It is on precisely this principle that the foregoing statement is made and it merits the careful consideration of every thinking reader.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Make Home Pleasant.

Robert G. Ingersoll.

Have your houses warm and comfortable for the winter. Do not build a story and a half house. The half story is simply an oven in which, during summer, you will bake every night, and feel in the morning as though only a rind of yourself was left. Decorate your rooms, even if you do so with cheap engravings. The cheapest are far better than none. Have books, have papers and read them. You have more leisure hours than the dwellers in the city. Beautify your grounds with plants and flowers and vines. Have good gardens. Remember that everything of beauty tends to the elevation of man. Every little morning glory, whose purple bosom is thrilled with the amorous kisses of the sun, tends to put a blossom in your heart. Do not judge of the value of everything by the market reports. Every flower about the house certifies to the refinement of somebody. Every vine, climbing and blossoming, tells of love and joy.

Facts About Flour.

American Miller.

Flour is peculiarly sensitive to atmospheric influences—hence it should never be stored in a room with sour liquids, nor where onions or fish are kept, nor any article that taints the air or the room in which it is stored. Any small perceptible to the sense will be absorbed by the flour. Avoid damp cellars or lofts where a free circulation of air can not be obtained. Keep in a cool, dry, airy room, and not exposed to a freezing temperature, nor to intense summer or to artificial heat for any length of time above 70 to 75 degrees Fahrenheit. It should not come in contact with grain or other substances which are liable to heat. Flour should be sifted and the particles thoroughly disintegrated and then warmed before baking. This treatment improves the color and baking properties of the dough. The sponge should be prepared for the oven as soon as the yeast has performed its mission otherwise fermentation sets in and acidity results.

A Nice Tomato Dish.—One of the nicest and simplest ways of dressing tomatoes is to cut them in halves, lay them in a baking-dish, cover each piece with some bread-crumbs, a little pepper and salt, and some finely-chopped parsley, pour a little oil over, and bake in a good oven.

PRESIDENT'S PUDDING.—Cut some slices of stale bread and dip each one in a mustard-made sauce. Beat up one egg in a whiff of milk and one-half ounce of powdered sugar, fry the bread quickly in butter, pile on a dish with layers of jam between the slices, pour a thin boiled custard over and sift some sugar, then serve.

LIGHT PASTE FOR PASTES AND CHEESE-CAKES.—Beat the white of an egg to a strong froth; then mix it with as much water as will make three-quarters of a pound of fine flour into a stiff paste; roll it very thin, then lay the third part of half-pound of butter upon it in little bits; dredge it with some flour left out at first, and roll it up tight. Roll it out again, and put in the same proportion of butter, and so proceed till all is worked up.

MACARONI WITH TOMATOES.—Take a quantity of tomatoes, cut them up, and remove from each the pits and watery substance it contains; put them into a saucepan, with a small piece of butter, pepper, salt, a bay leaf and some thyme; add a few spoonfuls of either stock or gravy; keep stirring on the fire until they are reduced to a pulp, pass them through a hair-sieve, and dress the macaroni with this sauce and plenty of Parmesan cheese freshly grated.

QUEEN'S PUDDING.—One pint of fine sifted bread crumbs, one quart of milk, one cup of sugar, the yolks of four eggs, a piece of butter the size of an egg; bake until done (but do not allow it to become watery), and spread with a layer of jelly. Whip the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth with five table-spoonfuls of sugar and juice of one lemon, spread on the top, and brown lightly. This is good with or without sauce. It is very good cold, served with rich cream.

PYRAMID POUND CAKE.—One pound of white pulverized sugar, one pound of butter, one of flour and ten eggs; bake in a dripping-pan one inch in thickness; cut when cold into pieces three and a half inches long by two wide and frost tops and sides; form on the cake-stand a pyramid before the ice is quite dry by laying first in a circle five pieces, with some space between them; over the spaces between these lay five other pieces, gradually drawing in the column, and crowning the top with a bouquet of flowers.

RICE CREAM.—Boil two ounces of fine rice in water for five minutes, strain and boil until tender in a quart of new milk. Rub the rice through a sieve to a pulp and add to it any milk not absorbed in the boiling, one-half ounce of gelatine to a pint of the rice and milk. The gelatine can be soaked or dissolved either in milk or water. Stir over the fire until mixed, sweeten and flavor to taste. Stir the cream occasionally until cold, then

lightly mix in the whey, two eggs beaten to a strong froth; when on the point of setting, put in a mould. A tablespoonful of brandy is an improvement.

CORDED BEEF.—A good piece of beef, well corned and well cooked, is a favorite dish with nearly all persons. Put it into the pot with enough cold water to Just cover it. When it comes to a boil set it on the back of the range, so that it will boil moderately. Too fast boiling renders meat tough, yet the water should never be allowed to cease boiling until the meat is done; skim often. Let it boil at least four or five hours, according to the size. It must be thoroughly done. In England, where this dish is an especial favorite, carrots are always boiled and served with the beef. The carrot flavor improves the meat, and the meat improves the carrot. Do not put the carrots into the pot, however, until there is only time for them to be well cooked before serving (about three-quarters of an hour.) Serve the carrots round the beef.

Storing Ice in Feather Pillows.—If you want to keep a lump of ice in warm weather, and have no cool place to put it, throw it into a stone pot, well covered, and put a couple of feather pillows securely fastened around the pot. It will last as long as should last, in this way, for two or three days. Feathers are a non-conductor of heat.

A very simple and efficient remedy for mosquitoes is tincture of Persian powder. If the powder is pure, a few drops of the tincture on the neck and hands will repel the most blood-thirsty mosquito from the thinnest skinned and most persistent of fishermen.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

IMPORTANT ARREST.

A Dublin dispatch says that one Tom Caffery has been arrested and is identified by Savanah as the fourth man on the car he drove into the park on the day of the murder. Caffery is a relative of a man already arrested.

EDWIN BOOTH ABOARD.

Edwin Booth appeared recently in Berlin as Othello, and was greeted with a silver laurel crown amid storms of applause. The presentation was accompanied by an address.

WILL SAY IT.

The latest from the political middle in France is to the effect that M. Freycinet has overcome his reluctance to accepting the premiership, and is hard at work forming a new French ministry.

AN OFFICER IN LIMBO.

A Dublin police officer has been arrested for the murder of Doherty at Carrigan. His accomplice, named Ryan, has gone to America, and detectives have been detailed to bring him back.

PARLIAMENT OPENED.

The English parliament convened on Thursday, the 15th inst. Great excitement was occasioned when Bradlaugh took his seat in the house. It was expected that a great demonstration would be made, Bradlaugh having stated to a mob earlier in the day, that if nothing was mentioned in the house of commons about the bill allowing members to make affirmation, instead of taking the usual parliamentary oath, he should then take his seat in the house. Fortunately, however, the services of the police which had been detailed to quell the disturbance, were not needed, and when parliament opened, he took his seat. The queen in her speech opening the session refers to the maintenance of good relations with foreign powers. Referring to the recent action of British troops in Egypt she says the withdrawal of British troops is proceeding as expeditiously as the present condition of circumstances admits. The reconstruction of the government of Egypt under the khedive has been partly accomplished and continues to receive her earnest attention. She has submitted to the sultan and the powers for their friendly consideration arrangements which appeared to her best fitted to insure the stability of the khedive's government, the prosperity and happiness of the Egyptians, the security of the canal and the peace of eastern Europe. Her policy had been and will be directed to these objects. She relies upon its just appreciation by other countries. Referring to Zululand, she says the possibility of renewal of the disorder there has engaged her attention. She hopes the restoration of Cetewayo will lead to the establishment of a more stable government and the maintenance of good relations between the Zulu nation and Cape Colony. The estimates for the coming year are in a forward state of preparation and will soon be submitted. She is happy to state that the improvement in the social condition of Ireland continues. Agrarian crime has been diminished and law has been everywhere upheld. Measures will be submitted for the establishment of a court of criminal appeal for preventing corrupt practices and for perpetrating and amending the ballot act. A proposal will also be submitted to more effectually secure to tenants in England and Scotland compensation for agricultural improvements. She refers to the time devoted in recent years by parliament to the most urgent needs of Ireland, and says the claims of general legislation and of other parts of the kingdom now demand just regard. She trusts, however, that parliament will be able to deal with some of the legislative wants of Ireland for which provision has not yet been made.

MORE TESTIMONY.

The examination of the persons charged with the murder of government officials was continued in Dublin on Saturday, the 17th inst. The testimony was of a most startling nature, and its hearing caused the greatest confusion. Informer Carry gave explicit and convincing testimony of the plots to assassinate Foster and Earl Cowper. He also testified that he was an eye-witness of the murder of Cavendish and Burke, and related a long conversation he had with Brady after the crime, in which Brady said that he (Brady) had stabbed Burke and then settled Lord Cavendish.

THE SECRETARY ENDORSES IT.

Secretary Frelinghuysen endorses the action of the New York chamber of commerce calling on the German government to investigate American ports in this country, before prohibiting its entrance to German ports, and says he has sent the chamber's memorial to Berlin to be laid before the imperial government.

BRIDGE GONE.

The ice gorge in the St. Joseph river, broke on the 15th inst. carrying off the new \$6,000 bridge on the line of St. Joseph and Elkhardt counties, Ind.

A learned professor, addressing one of his class, asked if he knew what animal magnetism was. "I—er—er—did know, but I have forgotten," was the answer.

The impressions of religion are so natural to mankind, that most men are necessitated, first of last, to entertain serious thoughts about it.

Theodore Parker on Marriage.

Men and women, says Theodore Parker, and especially young people, do not know that it takes years to marry completely two hearts, even of the most loving and well-sorted. But nature allows no sudden change. We slope very gradually from the cradle to the summit of life. Marriage is gradual, a fraction of us at a time.

A happy wedlock is a long falling in love. I know young persons think love belongs only to brown hair and plump, round, crimson cheeks. So it does for its beginning, just as Mount Washington begins at Boston Bay. But the golden marriage is a part of love which the bridal-day knows nothing of.

Youth is the tassel and silken flower of love, age is the full corn, ripe and solid in the ear. Beautiful is the morning of love with its prophetic crimson, violet, purple, and gold, with its hopes of days that are to come. Beautiful also is the evening of love, with its glad remembrances, and its rainbow side turned toward heaven as well as earth.

Young people marry their opposites in temper and general character, and such a marriage is generally a good one. They do it instinctively. The young man does not say: "My black eyes require to be wed to blue, and my overvehementness requires to be a little modified with somewhat of lullness and reserve." When these opposites come together to be wed they do not know it, but each thinks the other just like himself.

Old people never marry their opposites; they marry their similars and from calculation. Each of these two arrangements is very proper. In their long journeys these opposites will fall out of the way a great many times, and both will charm the other back again, and by-and-by they will be agreed as to the place they will go to and the road they will go by, and become reconciled. The man will be nobler and larger for being associated with so much humanity unlike himself, and she will be a nobler woman for having manhood beside her that seeks to correct her deficiencies, and supply her with what she lacks, if the diversity be not too great, and there be real piety and love in their hearts to begin with.

The old bridegroom, having a much shorter journey to make, must associate himself with one like himself. A perfect and complete marriage is, perhaps, as perfect personal beauty. Men and women are married fractionally—now a small fraction, then a large fraction.

Very few are married totally, and they only, I think, after some forty or fifty years of gradual approach and excitement. Such a large and sweet fruit is a complete marriage that it needs a winter to mellow and season. But a real happy marriage of love and judgment between a man and woman is one of the things so very handsome that if the sun were, as the Greek poets fabled, a god he might stop the world in order to feast his eyes with such a spectacle.

The Degradation of Labor in England.

In the Black Country, within seven miles of the city of Birmingham, 24,000 people are engaged in making nails and rivets. About 16,000 of these operatives are females. A writer in the London Standard, who visited this center of English industry not long ago, draws a vivid picture of the poverty and distress there witnessed. He says: "In the middle of a shed which adjoins a squalid-looking house there is a whole family at work in the production of the nails; father, mother, sons and daughters—daughters, too, very young in years, but with that sad look of premature age which is always to be noticed in the faces of child-workers. The gayety of youth, its freshness and its gentleness, seem to be crushed out of them. In the center of the shed, with its rafters ceiling—a bleak and wretched building through the walls of which the wind readily finds its way—there is a 'hearth,' fed by 'glades' or breezes. Probably there is a girl or woman blowing at the bellows, while the strips of iron from which the nails are made become molten."

The homes of these unfortunate laborers are said to be dismal beyond description. In many instances "they are more like hovels than human dwellings." They are devoid of all ordinary conveniences. They shelter, and that is all, the toilers who for a few short hours, rest within their rickety walls. In nine cases out of ten there is only one room below and two above; in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they are inhabited by large families. "How they manage to exist at all in some of the houses is a problem which may well exercise the ingenuity of some social philosopher to solve."

As to the wages these people get the same writer says:

"The remuneration they receive is incredibly small. It is no unusual thing—on the contrary, it is rather the usual custom—for a family of three or four persons, after working something like fourteen hours a day, to earn £1 (85) in a week. But out of this money there has to be deducted 1s 3d for carriage to convey the nails to the 'gaffers,' as they are termed in the district; then there is allowance to be made for fuel and the repairing of the machinery, which reduces the £1 to about 16s 1 (81 18) for three people—for these people who have commenced to work every morning at half past 7 or 8, and have worked on through all the weary day, with no substantial food, until late at night."

All of the Black Country laborers,

old and young, men and women and children, are ragged, miserable and hopelessly wretched. They seldom or never taste meat from one week's end to another. One workman said to the Standard writer: "When bread comes hot from the bake-house oven on Saturday we eat it like 'ravenous' wolves." It would be hard to believe that a large class of English working people were in such a condition as here described if the evidence did not come from high English authority.

Probable Reappearance of the "Star of Bethlehem."

Detroit Free Press.

What is known as the "Star of Bethlehem" is the one supposed to have caused the Magi to bend their steps toward Jerusalem, at the birth of our Savior.

In the year 1604 a new star, surpassing Jupiter in brightness, suddenly appeared in the heavens. Mr. Dick describes it as a sparkling star, changing momentarily from one color of the rainbow to another. At the latter part of the previous year there occurred a conjunction of the two largest superior planets, Jupiter and Saturn, in the zodiacal sign of the fishes. In the spring of 1604 they were joined in the fiery trigon by the planet Mars, and in the following September there appeared this wonderful star between Mars and Saturn, in the constellation Serpentarius which, after flashing with a bright light for a whole year, gradually disappeared.

"These remarkable phenomena," says Canon Farrar, "attracted the attention of the great Kepler, who, from his acquaintance with astrology, knew the immense importance which such a conjunction would have had in the eyes of the Magi, and wished to discover whether any such conjunction had taken place about the period of our Lord's birth. That any strange sidereal phenomena should be interpreted as the signal of a coming king was in strict accordance with their age." So, by calculating backwards, Kepler discovered that a similar conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn in the sign of the fishes, joined by Mars, happened at a time which must have been about the period of our Lord's birth. That such a combination of planets, joined with a brilliant star, occurred at this period, has been verified by a number of independent investigators. "Such a phenomenon," we are told, "would at once have been interpreted by the Chaldean observers as indicating the approach of some remarkable event, and since it occurred in the constellation Pisces, which was supposed by astrologers to be connected with the fortunes of Judea, it would naturally turn their thoughts in that direction."

We have also the statements of Tacitus, Suetonius and Josephus that there prevailed throughout the East at this time a concurrent opinion that a monarch was about to arise in Judea and gain dominion over the world. The Magi once arrived at Jerusalem, it is supposed, were finally led to Bethlehem by the appearance of an evanescent star which went before them.

The return of the "Star of Bethlehem" once more to illuminate the heavens is expected by one learned professor to appear in Cassiopeia in the autumn of 1887. Prof. Proctor, however, states that this star might at any time now blaze out in the region between Cassiopeia and Cepheus.

The New York Code.

Albany Law Journal.

Many of the newspapers are denouncing the provisions of the new Penal Code as to the observance of Sunday as new and over-strict, apparently forgetful or ignorant of the fact that they are as old as the state. They were enacted by the first legislature, held at Poughkeepsie, in 1777, and were reenacted in the Revised Statutes of 1830. Mr. Field has a hard time, blamed on the one hand for enacting the new, and on the other for preserving the old. These provisions have long been a dead letter, like those against gaming, horse-racing, cock-fighting, profane swearing, etc. We are glad that the large portion of the community who want a quiet and orderly Sunday are determined to make others respect it. There may be some honest difference of opinion about the policy of keeping open livery stables, publishing and selling newspapers, and running steamboats, etc., for pleasure on Sunday; for it may seem to some that one ought to be able to get a horse and wagon in case of necessity, and to take a quiet ride or sail for rest and health on Sunday, or even to read the news on that day. But there can be no reasonable difference of opinion about the opening of barbers' shops, cigar shops, rum shops, and the noisy crying of newspapers for sale on Sunday. Every man can spare a few minutes on Saturday to get shaved, or buy his cigars, or he can go to church bearded like the Apostles, or like them without smoking for one day. Of rum shops we have spoken sufficiently. So far as the Penal Code forbids cruel and demoralizing amusements on any day, we are heartily in sympathy with it. And we wish that every man who swears publicly and noisily might be punished for it.

Mrs. Langtry new says she never reads the newspapers. That is very surprising to the amusement editor, who has been doing his best, but it leads to the thought that she will make a good juryman.

Newspaper Files at History.

Topeka Commonwealth.

The files of the Atchison Champion newspaper files by the recent fire was a public as well as a private calamity. Last February in an anniversary article on the history of his paper, Col. Martin said of these files:

"Piled up in the corner of the Champion office is the most complete history of Atchison that will ever be written. It is comprised in thirty-five bound volumes of the Champion, weekly and daily, from the first issue made by the present proprietor, Feb. 20th, 1858, up to the present time. In these papers many of them beginning to take on the yellow hue of age, every essential fact connected with the growth and development and daily life of the city of Atchison is recorded—marriages and deaths; the establishment of business and manufacturing enterprises, and their changes; transfers of property; the erection of all important buildings; the result of elections; the opening of streets, the building of railroads; fires and floods; the municipal policies suggested, discussed and adopted; and the daily life, thoughts, hopes, triumphs, and disappointments of an aspiring and energetic community, are all embodied in these files."

Now the Champion says, speaking of the appearance of its editorial room the morning after the fire: "In a heap in the corner is a square pile still retaining a certain outline. That heap represents the toil of twenty-five years. What miles of writing traced, what countless acres of paper toilsomely covered, what days and nights of labor are represented by those twisted, pasteboard covers and scorched pages. The charred rubbish was once the history of Atchison, of Kansas, of the United States, of the world, to some extent for a quarter of a century. The author of a book, though it be Webster's Dictionary, could sit down and write it again if lost; but no human mind can reproduce a newspaper file, which is the recollection of a thousand people."

What the Champion files were to Atchison the files now contained in the rooms of the State Historical Society at the state house are to the state of Kansas. Of these there are now 2,525 bound volumes. These may be said to contain the absolute history of Kansas, and of every county, town, hamlet and neighborhood. They come from every portion of the state. They embrace the oldest files and the newest from that of the first paper published in 1854, on the banks of the Missouri, where the city of Leavenworth now stands, to the newest established newspapers in Rawlins and Kearney counties. The editors and publishers of the Kansas newspapers established the society, and have always constituted almost its entire membership. Their papers are a free gift to the society, and only cost the state the expense of binding and caring for them.

The Oldest of American Cities.

Denver Times.

It was during the summer of 1583, or at least is claimed to have been then, that the first of the Spaniards, a troupe of Franciscan missionaries, set foot upon the ground now covered by the city of Santa Fe, the thriving capital of New Mexico. They then founded the City of the Holy Faith and laid the foundation of what was afterwards to be known as the oldest of American towns. The people of Santa Fe take great pride in asserting this claim, and are even aggressive in maintaining it. It must be admitted, too, that they bring proof to bear upon the subject, and make a very plausible argument. They are now taking steps which are intended to produce results which shall give them an opportunity to further advertise their pretensions and to transfix the attention of the entire world. They propose to hold next summer a sort of centennial exposition and are beginning now to make their preparations so as to be well ready in time to gather in the summer tourists. The project is one which deserves commendation, and which Denver as a neighbor and friend—we can hardly say as a sister city, considering the great difference in the ages of the two places—would like to see carried to a happy and prosperous consummation. There is, to be sure, a wide difference between that civilization which in the sixteenth century penetrated the wilds of the Rocky mountains and that which has done the same thing three hundred years afterwards; but this is no reason why the triumphs of that earlier enlightenment and missionary spirit should not be celebrated. Great indeed is the difference between the American civilization of to-day and the Spanish civilization of the days of Coronado and Cortez; it is hardly more marked than the difference between our present civilization and that of the Cabots, or even that of the Raleighs and the Penns and the passengers of the Mayflower. It is enough to know that three hundred years ago people of European nationality penetrated the continent and established a city. The feat was indeed a marvelous one, considering the location, the difficulties to be overcome in reaching the spot, and the fact that many more tempting places of habitation must have presented themselves nearer home. Yet these facts should be considered as items which would render the proposed celebration noteworthy. It is in some sense a sectional affair, and the entire Rocky mountain west should feel a deep interest in Santa Fe's scheme. It is something, after all,

to live within three hundred miles of a city better than Dutch New York, Parisian Boston, Quaker Pennsylvania or ancient St. Augustine.

The Panther and the Turkey.

Mr. J. G. Watkins, of Henderson, Rusk county, Texas, relates the following story: "Among my uncles, was one very fond of hunting, and he told me that, one day, whilst riding along a cow-trail, near the site of Henderson, his attention was attracted by the cries and singular movements of a wild turkey. He had heard all his life that snakes could and did charm birds and small animals, and he supposed that he was about to witness something of the kind. He stopped, therefore, to look, so that he could say that he, with his own eyes, had seen what he had often heard of. The charmer, or whatever it was, was evidently up a free, as soon discovered from the actions of the bird. My uncle began then to examine the trees for the snake. The movements of the turkey aided him in the search, and he soon discovered a waving body, glancing in the sunlight, as it moved to and fro from the nearly horizontal trunk of a leaning tree. He had now found, as he supposed, the charmer—a monstrous snake. Changing his position, so as to get a better view of the reptile, he was surprised to discover that the moving object was the tail—not of a snake, but of a huge panther, whose body was flattened out and lying prone upon the trunk of the tree!"

It was curiosity, and not the fascination of a basilisk that was drawing the turkey to its death. My uncle was not prepared, or not in the mood to encounter the beast, and so he went on, leaving the turkey to its fate. Neither beast nor bird had paid the least attention to him; and not perhaps, observed him. After some more conversation on the subject, we reached the conclusion that curiosity is the chamber that often leads beasts and birds—and men too—into the jaws of death."

A Reminiscence of the Senate.

Courier Journal.

Early in the year 1835 an amusing colloquy took place in the Senate between Henry Clay and James Buchanan. The latter, when a young man, belonged to the Federal party. He was defending himself against the charge of disloyalty, he stated that he entered a company of volunteers at the time the British attacked Baltimore, or at the time of the battle of North Point, and marched to Baltimore. "True," he said, "he was not in any engagement, as the British had retreated before he had got there." Mr. Clay—"You marched to Baltimore, though?" Mr. Buchanan—"Yes," Mr. Clay—"Armed and equipped?" Mr. Buchanan—"Yes," Mr. Clay—"Will the Senator from Pennsylvania be good enough to inform us whether the British retreated in consequence of his valiantly marching to the relief of Baltimore, or whether he marched to the relief of Baltimore in consequence of the British having already retreated." This colloquy, with its unlooked for ending, was greatly enjoyed by the Senate and galleries, and put both in excellent humor.

Sickness of Imagination.

Philadelphia Item.

Among the papers left behind him by a German physician who died a few weeks ago is one containing notes of certain conclusions he had arrived at during a professional experience of more than forty years. In one of these notes he expresses an opinion that at least a third of the illnesses of the patients who sought his advice were purely imaginary. He found it not only against his own interest, but also against that of the self-alleged sufferers, to destroy the illusion by informing them that there was really no cause for anxiety. All health was to them a matter of almost vital importance. To destroy the pleasing belief that they possessed this blessing was an absolute cruelty. In the few instances in which he broke to them the terrible truth that they were quite well he found that the result was genuine illness. For the patients, all interest in life departed with their favorite occupation of nursing themselves, and their health became seriously affected by nervous depression. He also found that, as a rule, weakly persons live longer than strong ones. Without going so far as to say that the best lives are those rejected by the insurance offices, he thought, nevertheless, that persons "with a screw loose" more often attain longevity than those in whom no trace of disease can be detected.

SAW THROUGH THE JOKE.—A would be practical joker met an old blind beg bar led by a dog attached to a string, and, anxious to excite the laughter of the bystanders, he cut the string and separated the man from his leader. The merriment of the passers-by was great, but of a kind very different from what the joker had intended, for the blind man, opening his eyes, collared the wag by the neck and thrashed him soundly with his stick. He then quickly whistled his dog to him, retied the string and continued his way with closed eyes and his usual wailing of "Please remember the poor, blind man!"

Ingersoll on Lincoln.

The following is Col. Robert G. Ingersoll's introduction to a lecture, delivered in Washington by Mr. Kidd, who was once erier of a court in which Abraham Lincoln often practiced law.

"We are to hear this evening a lecture about Abraham Lincoln. Not about Lincoln the president, the preserver of a nation; nor about Lincoln the statesman or the liberator, but about Lincoln the lawyer—something about him as he really was before he fell heir to agony and fame—something about his peculiarities, his habits, his thoughts and common words—that is to say, his daily life."

"Nearly all the character of history are impossible monsters. We know nothing about their peculiarities, or nothing but their peculiarities. Washington is only a steel engraving. About the roots of these oaks there clings none of the earth of humanity. Lincoln had the advantage of living in a new country, of social equality, of seeing in the horizon of his future the perpetual star of hope. He saw and mingled with men of all kinds; and, after all, men are books. He became acquainted with nature—with things; he lived and appreciated the poem of the year."

"It is no advantage to live in a city. The fields are better than paved streets, and the great forests than walls of brick. Oaks and elms are more poetic than the stacks and chimneys of factories. In the country is the idea of home. There you see the rising and setting sun; you become acquainted with the stars and clouds; you hear the rain upon the roof, and listen to the sighing of the wind. Every field is a picture, a landscape; every landscape is a poem, and every forest is a fairy land."

"You have no idea of how many men are spoiled by what is called 'education.' For the most part colleges are places where bricks are polished and diamonds spoiled. If Shakespeare had graduated at Oxford he might have become a quibbling attorney or a hypocritical parson."

"Lincoln was a many-sided man. He was acquainted with smiles, as well as tears. He was never afraid to ask. He was not too dignified to admit that he did not know. He was not solemn. Solemnity, as a rule, is a mask, hiding the features of ignorance, and whenever a man is too dignified to ask he ceases to learn. Lincoln was a combination of wisdom and shrewdness. He was a logician. Logic is the necessary product of intelligence and honesty. It cannot be learned; it cannot be taught. It is the good child of a good head and a good heart. He had intellect without arrogance, genius without pride, and religion without cant—that is to say, humanity without hypocrisy. He was an orator—that is to say, he was natural. He never pretended. He did not say what he thought others thought, but what he thought."

"If you wish to be sublime, you must keep close to the grass. You must sit by the fireside of human experience, of human emotion. Above the clouds it is too cold. Too much polish suggests insincerity. If you wish to know the difference between an orator and a speaker, between what is felt and what is said, read Lincoln's immortal words at Gettysburg, and then read the speech of Edward Everett. The one gathered flowers from his heart, the other words from his brain. The words of Lincoln will never be forgotten. The speech of Everett will never be read. The eloquist believe in the virtue of voices, the sublimity of syntax, the majesty of long sentences and the genius of gesture. Great ideas should be expressed in the shortest words. The greatest statues should have the least drapery."

"Nothing discloses real character like the use of power. It is easy for the weak to be gentle. Most people can bear adversity; but if you wish to know what a man really is, give him power. This is the supreme test. It is the glory of Lincoln that, having almost absolute power, he never abused it except on the side of mercy. He would never turn a man out of even the smallest office, and leave a stain upon his name, without having given him all and ample hearing. He loved to pardon. He loved to see the tears of joy upon the cheeks of a wife whose husband he had rescued from death."

"He will be known through all the years as Lincoln the Great, Lincoln the Gentle, Lincoln the Just."

Entrance at Sunrise, Exit at Sunset.

Globe Democrat.

As an example of the extent of the fenced acres in the Territory, your correspondent being this fall with a party of gentlemen in the Indian Territory on a hunting expedition. The party entered the eastern gates of a pasture field at 8 o'clock in the morning, and traveling westward during the day passed through one of the western gates at 6 o'clock in the evening, and yet this is only one of several large pasture fields in the Indian Territory. It is said that Major Drum alone has sixty miles of fence. The fences are built of cedar posts and three strands of barbed wire. The cattle business of the Indian Territory has grown to immense proportions, there being at present no less than 200,000 head of cattle on the range.

The water-courses carry millions of tons of fertilizing material to the sea. The Nile alone pours over a thousand tons of nitrate into the Mediterranean each twenty-four hours. The loss annually is greater, therefore, than that contained in guano deposits, when we consider the entire surface of the earth.

THE FARM.

Farmhouse Drainage.

An item in a paper recently noted the death of the wife of an Eastern clergyman who had within a few months laid away one after another six children, the last being a mere babe. There was a suggestion that the overruling hand of Providence had for some inscrutable purpose bereaved this godly man whose life had won the love and respect of all who knew him. No one seemed to think that the hand of the architect who planned the house in which this family lived might have had more to do with it than had Providence; nor was any mention made of any attempt to discover or remove the cause of their sickness, but the probability is that in some choked drain or unnoticed cesspool lies the real cause of the death of this family.

Probably no one thing is more generally neglected in locating and building farmhouses than the healthfulness of their surroundings. In hundreds of homes there is not even a pretense of drainage; in thousands more the only drainage consists of a wide wooden box buried in the earth, one end opening in the outer air some distance from the house, the other opening into the cellar in which are kept fruit and vegetables in different stages of decay. Over this are the living and the sleeping rooms, through which the foul gases, conducted through the rotting wooden drain or arising from decaying vegetables and fruit, find their way to poison the inmates. In many instances the waste water from the house empties into this wooden drain and finds its way through its joints to completely saturate the soil.

Many country homes are breeding-places of disease because of neglect of the plainest and most necessary sanitary measures. The winter days offer an opportunity for thoroughly overhauling, removing, or repairing drains and other things, which by their continuance might endanger the health of the household. No more important work can be done at any season. A day or two spent in this work now may save weeks of time and pain, and very possibly heavy bills from the doctor and druggist. If there was no nobler consideration, the saving in money and time alone will repay all outlay in this much-needed work. Every drain should be thoroughly inspected, all wooden drains through which waste water from the kitchen and the laundry flows should be taken up and cement-pipe laid with perfectly tight joints. No drain should be permitted to open under or close to the house without being perfectly ventilated and trapped. All places where slops are thrown should be cleaned, and emptying dish water, wash water, and other waste fluids, near the dwelling should be stopped.

A GOOD WEEDER.—Get your blacksmith to cut out a piece of plow steel 3 inches wide and 6 inches long for the blade. By drilling two holes in the center he can fasten on the shank for the handle, which should be jerked and provided with a socket for the insertion of the handle, and should be set at an angle of forty-five degrees to the plane of the blade. The two long edges should be drawn thin and sharpened. You have now one of the most effective weeding hoes ever invented, and it is not patented. It has a double edge, and can be worked equally well by pulling or pushing. It passes along just under or on the surface, and effectually cuts off every weed between the young plants in the row without too much disturbance of the surface. It is not intended as a cultivator of course, but as a weeder is hard to beat.

CUTTING THE CULLS.—Milch cows are greatly benefited and will increase and maintain the flow of milk if fed upon the little potatoes, Irish or sweet, which are left over from the crop, and are too small to sell or use at home. But they should be cut fine. A good plan is to have a trough or stout box in which, after washing, the potatoes can be cut with a common spade; but a better plan is to take an old spade or hoe or fire-shovel, and by attaching a stout short handle, provide an implement expressly for the purpose and save the tear and rust of the spade.

A HAY HOOK.—A very convenient little article is my hay hook, made from the stem of a young tree cut off about four inches below its juncture with a short branch the branch cut off about the same distance from the stem, both sharpened to a rounding point, and the upper part of the stem for a handle about three feet in length. This is a proper implement for pulling hay out of the stack or mow.

As a general thing, says a sensible writer, all of our farm tools are too heavy. Generally speaking, the farm wagon that will bear up under a ton weight with ease is plenty heavy enough for all practical purposes, to which a farm wagon should be put. If you want to haul two tons it is far better and cheaper in the end to make two loads of it. The saving in horse flesh and feed, will in a few years amount to enough to buy a new one and have something left for profit. If you are about ordering a new wagon have it made light and of the best material and you will never regret it.

C. H. Johnson tells the *Fruit Grower* that by going carefully over his grounds several times each season and removing and burning all plants showing rasp-berry rust he has succeeded to such an

extent that no more than half a dozen cases of the disease appeared last year in the whole of his three acres devoted to this fruit, while another grower at some distance, "lost almost his entire stock without knowing the cause."

While there are grapes of finer quality than the Concord, there is none that is more commonly grown for general use. But a vineyard is not complete without the little Delaware, the Catawba, Clinton and others, such as the Prentiss, Pocklington, Worden and Lady Washington. Nearly every vine grower has his favorite variety, one specially adapted to his soil, locality, and general surroundings.

Almost simultaneously from Iowa City, Ia., and from Stillwater, Minn., comes news of disease among the hogs. Though called hog cholera in the first case, physicians who have examined the animals after death declare it to be a new disease. Correspondents in vicinity of these places will oblige us by advising us of such particulars as they can learn in regard to it.

Among raspberries, the Turner is a rampant grower and needs severe pruning. Gregg stands in the front rank of black caps. It needs a strong, loamy soil. Relliance is an excellent berry for canning and home use. Hansell is a red berry, and noted for its hardness, earliness, and solidity. Brandywine is a first class market berry.

Professor Beal recommends to pack celery and other vegetables in damp moss for keeping through winter. It is said that vegetables thus packed will not only keep a long time but retain their flavor and quality so well that they can hardly be distinguished from fresh ones.

Onions must not be allowed to freeze and thaw alternately through the winter, as this is injurious to them. Spread them on the barn floor, where the quantity is large, and cover with hay or straw. Or they may be kept in barrels headed up and put in a cold place. Those who live in the country need to give their cellars special attention just now. Disease lurks in the decaying vegetables, if such there be. See that the cellar has good ventilation somewhere else than through the cellar door and stairway. House plants cannot flourish without much care in winter, and insects are especially to be looked after. Tobacco tea kills the green fly; white hellebore the mealy-bug, and red pepper is "good" for almost all insects.

Balmey Weather in Nevada.

Texas Sitings.

People living in Texas, who are disposed to grumble about the wet weather, should try a winter in Nevada. It would cure them in a short time, not only of grumbling, but of any other vice to which they might be addicted. The Bodie Free Press hazards the remark that cold weather has been experienced at a neighboring place, called Tioga, and we, too, think it has. Possibly, as a concession to the incredulous, the Free Press states that work oxen of the great Sierra company had their hoofs frozen, so they, the hoofs, fell off, and the poor brutes had to be killed. It seems, therefore, that there may have been a basis of fact for the traditional remark that the weather was chilly enough to freeze the horns off a billy-goat. It must have been quite chilly, when oxen had their hoofs "frozen" off, but the Bodie Free Press goes on to particularize. A Mr. John Singleton, coming over from Bennettsville to Lundy, on the same day when the oxen needed stockings so badly, had with him a small terrier dog, which was quite a pet at the mines. "The little fellow's tail and ears," referring to the dog, we presume, were completely frozen off. Mr. Singleton, who was anxious to save what was left of the faithful dog, wrapped the animal in a woolen scarf, and carried him in his arms to Lundy, but when he got there, he found the rest of the animal had shared the sad fate of the tail and the ears had dropped off. Up in that country a Texas norther would pass as a simoon, or hot wind.

Cool-Headedness.

Chicago World.

It would be well if theater-goers generally possessed the cool head of General Conrobert. A play was once being acted in a temporary theater, constructed of wood in the camp at Chalons. The house was crammed to suffocation, when a cry of fire made itself heard. Instantly every one rose, and a stampede more dangerous than fire would have commenced when Conrobert, who was in one of the boxes with his wife, cried out in a ringing voice: "Let every one stay in his place." The soldiers immediately became motionless, and the marshal resumed: "Let every one go out quietly and in order, the young soldiers first, then the older, after them the non-commissioned officers, then the officers, the highest to go last." In a few minutes, though it was no false alarm of fire, the theater was empty without a single man's toe being trodden upon. The general and wife went last.

Tailors warn ladies that the Jersey ulsters are intended merely for walking, and that they must not sit down while wearing them. Young men in tight trousers can avoid a good deal of discomfort by always going with ladies who wear Jersey ulsters. —Philadelphia News.

To relieve a severe headache, bind the temples tightly with a handkerchief or cloth.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Hints for Women.

The season of cold and winds is upon us. Those on the farms are more or less exposed to the inclemencies of the season. Whether wife or daughter you do not entirely belong to yourself. Your precious health and lives are important to you and to those dependent on you. Exposure on "blue Monday," getting through with the family washing, exposes the wife or daughter to many perils. Over the hot suds and in probably a hot room, with sleeves rolled up, the wood, the water or the clothes line are out in the cold, where the bleak winds pierce the very marrow. In the hurry one is tempted to go bareheaded, with bare arms, and thinly clad to the wood shed or probably the wood pile buried in the snow, or the well or pump at the corner of the house where the fierce winds cut to the heart. Detained longer than anticipated, severe colds are contracted, which are neglected until pulmonary troubles ensue, followed by consumption and death. Will not you who are so valuable to husband, children, father and brothers—and who have such sanguine hopes of a long life of happiness—take care of yourself? If compelled to go from a hot room and steaming suds, put on a shawl, close and comfortable; some protection to the head; roll down the sleeves, and put on over-shoes. You can, too, make yourself a cheap but comfortable pair of cloth mittens in which to hang out or bring in clothes, wood, or perform any other outdoor chore, which even the best and most delicate women are called on to perform. But take care of yourselves. Your health and life are more valuable to your friends than stock, houses or lands.

TURKEY SOUP.—For four quarts of soup use the carcass of a cold roast turkey, cut all the meat from the bones and reserve it; break up the bones and put them into a saucepan with skin, force-meat and gravy which may be on hand—the bones which may have been served at the table should be saved for this soup; add to the bones four quarts of water, a large white turnip and a medium-size carrot, peeled, an onion peeled and stuck with a dozen whole cloves, a blade of mace, a sprig of thyme or sweet majoram, a stalk of celery, a tablespoonful of salt and two tablespoonfuls of tomato catsup or any good table sauce. Let all these ingredients boil slowly together for an hour, keeping the saucepan closely covered. Then strain the soup, season it highly with salt and pepper, put it into the bits of turkey meat and half a cupful of rice, picked over and washed, and boil the soup until the rice is just tender, which will be in about twenty minutes; then serve the soup hot.

SCALLOPS BREADED AND FRIED.—Prepare the scallops as directed in the recipe for Fried Scallops with Salt Pork; have ready the frying-kettle half full of smoking-hot fat; beat two eggs smoothly; but not to a froth; put plenty of fine sifted bread-crumbs or cracker dust in a large dish; roll the scallops first in the crumbs; then dip them one by one in the egg, taking care not to wash off the crumbs, and fry them in smoking-hot fat, when the scallops are brown take them up with the skimmer, lay them for a moment on brown paper to free them from fat, and then serve them hot, with sliced lemon, water-cresses, or fried parsley. Remember in breading the scallops to dip only one hand in the beaten egg, and keep the other dry to roll the scallops about in the crumbs or cracker dust.

SCALLOPS FRIED IN INDIAN MEAL.—Follow the general directions for washing and drying the scallops. While they are being dried put over the fire a frying-kettle half full of fat, and let it get smoking-hot; then quickly roll the scallops in Indian meal, seasoned with salt and pepper; drop them into the hot fat and fry them a light brown; as soon as they are brown take them up with a skimmer, lay them for a moment on brown paper, to free them from fat, and then serve them hot. Slices of lemon served with the scallops greatly improve the flavor and appearance of the dish. If water-cresses are in season, they may replace the lemon.

FRIED PARSLEY.—Choose full stalks of parsley, carefully remove all imperfect or decayed leaves, wash it well in plenty of salted cold water, and spread it on a clean towel to dry. When it is quite free from water, gather the stalks in the right hand, and quickly dip the leaves into smoking-hot fat for a moment to crisp them. If the parsley is put into the fat with any moisture on it a cloud of steam will arise, and there will be great danger of burning the hand seriously; but if it is carefully dried the operation can be performed with perfect safety.

Here is a recipe for making coffee (not German): Grind two gills of roasted Rio coffee as fine as possible. Put into a common tin coffee-pot. Add two tin-cupfuls of cold water and set on the back part of the stove and let it come to a boil gradually. When at the boiling point set off and serve. It requires no addition to settle it, as it is beautifully clear. The above quantity will make six medium cupfuls of No. 1 coffee, good enough for any man, and very easily made. Try it.

SPONGE ROSE.—Two eggs beaten very light, 1 teaspoonful of light brown or white sugar, 3 teaspoonfuls of sweet

cream, 1 heaping teaspoonful of baking powder thoroughly mixed, with 1 tin-cupful of flour. Stir all together till very light, bake in a quick oven, have a napkin ready spread with sugar, turn out on the napkin, spread with any kind of jelly, jam or apple butter. Roll up while hot and cover with a napkin until cold before cutting.

A TEMPTING DISH.—A nice dish for the supper of a convalescent is made by toasting two thin slices of bread, flatten and soften the crust by pounding it a little; butter the toast while hot, put one slice on a warm plate and spread over it a thin layer of cooked chicken, chopped or cut in small bits; season with pepper and salt, add a soft-boiled egg, then lay the other slice of toast over it.

PIGEONS WITH LITTLE PEAS.—Truss the pigeons, put them over the fire with fat pork and butter, let them brown slowly, add small green peas, and season them with but little salt and pepper. Wet a very little flour with some broth or soup, pouring it over the birds and stewing them up a tender.

Do not put soap in the water with which you wash the glass on your bureau; wash it with clear water with a soft cloth; then polish it with a piece of chamois skin. This removes dirt and makes the glass shine.

A Strange Race.

In her book on Japan Miss Bird described the curious people called Ainos, who live in the province of Soudai and are supposed to be the aboriginal race of the country. They are thickly covered with silky brown hair; and Miss Bird asserts that she saw "two boys whose backs were covered with fur as fine and soft as that of a cat." A creature similar in most respects to the Ainos is now on exhibition as "the missing link" at the Royal Aquarium, London. According to the published accounts she was caught with her parents in the forest near Laos by a Norwegian named Bock. When the little one attempted to wander the parents called her back with a plaintive cry, "Kra-o," and that is the name which has since been given to her. The father died at Laos, and the King of Siam retained the mother at Bangkok, but allowed the child to proceed to England. Her eyes are large, dark and lustrous; the nose is flattened, the nostrils scarcely showing; the cheeks are fat and pouch-like, the lower lip only rather thicker than is usual in Europeans; but the chief peculiarity is the strong and abundant hair. On the head it is black, thick and straight, and grows over the forehead down to the heavy eyebrows, and is continued in whisker-like locks down the cheeks. The rest of the face is covered with a fine, dark, downy hair, and the shoulders and arms have a covering of hairs from an inch to an inch and a half long. There is, it is said, a slight lengthening of the lower vertebrae; suggestive of a caudal protuberance; and there are points in the muscular conformation and otherwise that will provoke discussion. Krao has already picked up a few words of English. She is said to be of a frank, affectionate disposition, and shows truly feminine delight in her clothes, jewelry and ribbons.

"How do you feel, my little man?" asked a youth of his sweetheart's little brother. The young fiend looked up at him sideways, and with a grin responded: "I feel just as if I'd like to have a dime." He got it, but his prospective brother-in-law now avoids the health question.

Full dress robes for ladies in mourning are of black satin with a vest and plaited skirt of purple satin. Wide bands of black English crape are put double down the skirt between the plaits. Folds of white crape are placed inside the neck, and amethysts with pearls and diamonds are the jewels.

Mirrors should not be hung where the sun shines directly upon them.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

Plans for a tunnel through the Great St. Bernard have been prepared by M. Vauthier.

British architects appear to concede that plumbing and other sanitary arrangements of American houses are far better than those of the English.

Cleveland (O.) people are thinking about discontinuing the electric light on account of its high price. They have better light than before, but at four times the cost of the gas formerly employed.

Paper pulp strengthened with cotton or woolen fibres is now used to make a neat and sufficiently durable stocking costing much less than the price of laundrying a pair of cotton or woolen stockings.

A freight-wagon has been patented in Germany that can be drawn on rails or on ordinary roads to the water's edge, when, by unscrewing four nuts, the body of the wagon is freed from the wheels, and can be towed to any distance, being thus transformed into a stout boat.

Recent experiments made in Paris have been successful in producing artificially in the laboratory specimens of almost all kinds of rocks of igneous formation, such as lava, basalt, etc., thus imitating Nature in her most secret processes, and completing on a small scale in a few days what she requires years to accomplish.

Some curious facts were lately related regarding hydrophobia before the Academy of Sciences, Paris, by M. Bert. It seems that inoculation with mucus from the respiratory passages of a mad dog caused rabies, but that with the salivary liquids did not. Reciprocal transfusion of blood between a healthy and a mad dog caused no rabies in the former.

A malignant tumor, *Les Mondes* states, was produced on the cheek of a man by the bite of a large black fly, which was killed in the act. The pustule was cankerized, and the patient took internally in twenty-four hours 500 grains of Spanish wine, 300 grains of rum, and 200 grains of Chartreuse without experiencing the least symptoms of intoxication.

It has recently been discovered that the pericarp or seed vessel of oats contains a certain substance which has a peculiarly stimulating effect upon the nervous system, the effect never lasting more than an hour, and varying in intensity according to the kind of oats, being more rapid and transitory in its action if the oats have been ground. The new substance is an alkaloid, and has received the name of avenine. Its discovery may suggest some valuable points to the owners and drivers of racehorses.

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Pinckney Dispatch.

JEROME WINCHELL, EDITOR.

Entered at the Postoffice, Pinckney, as 2d class matter.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

M. DE BRAZZA has started for the Congo, where Mr. Stanley is said to be waiting "to give him a warm reception." The London Globe announces that the author of "How I Found Livingston" will soon publish a striking narrative entitled: "How I Met De Brazza: in Three Rounds: and the Shocking Sight He Presented When I had Done With Him."

The Ohio State Meteorological Bureau has under consideration a novel plan for displaying weather signals for the benefit of the farmers between Columbus and Cleveland. Large signals of different shapes and colors will be placed on each side of the baggage car of the passenger trains of one of the railways leading to Cleveland so that, when the farmers understand the code, they can foretell the probable state of the weather for twenty-four or thirty-six hours.

Only two months remain before the annual state election in Rhode Island occurs, and yet no state conventions have been held, no canvass is under way, and no candidates are suddenly discovering how black a record they have unknowingly made. Somehow Rhode Island takes its politics much more mildly than the rest of the country. The state gets "all torn up" only about once in a generation. The people seem fully as happy and prosperous, nevertheless.

The sum of £500 has been offered as a premium by Mr. Ellis Lever of England, to anyone either in or out of the United Kingdom who shall during the present year invent a portable electric or other lamp which working miners can conveniently carry from place to place in the mine, and which will not, under any circumstances whatever, cause an explosion of gas. Further particulars can be obtained by addressing Mr. Thomas Burt, M. P., president of the Miners' National Union, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

The methods of a disgusting business which has been openly prosecuted in Liverpool for a considerable time, were recently exposed in court. It seems that rival undertakers have been employing runners to obtain custom, by watching every registrar's office, sometimes from a hired room opposite, sometimes from the sidewalk, and pouncing upon whomsoever visited it to register a death. These brutal importunities might have gone on unchecked if the runners had been a little more prudent. But they became so numerous and so persistent as finally to obstruct the streets and get themselves indicted as a public nuisance.

Some recent events have given hope to the friends of certain aspirants for the Presidency that their favorites are growing in popular estimation. The defeat of one or two candidates for the Senate and the course of legislation in Congress are looked upon as significant, and several booms are believed to be in motion. All such speculations are worse than useless. There never was a time, perhaps, when the people gave so little thought to Presidential making as now. If any statesman imagines that all eyes are being turned toward him as the coming man, the quicker he undresses himself the better. The people propose to wait until the latest moment before making up their minds, so as to take as few chances as possible in the Presidential lottery. — N. Y. Tribune.

An epidemic of vandalism is said to be playing the mischief in and about the National Capitol this winter. The colossal statue of Washington is reported to be missing a big toe; Roger Williams has lost a little finger, and the Indian woman in the Columbus group all five fingers of her right hand.

The late Professor Pond was once demolishing Darwin and his theories—a task which he frequently engaged in when he triumphantly wound up with the question: "If we are monkeys where are our tails?" The Professor, who had been speaking for two hours at a stretch before asking this poser, was startled to hear a tired auditor answer audibly: "We are sat on them so long that they are worn off."

The disastrous failure of the Hudson River peach crop last summer is not

likely, in the opinion of peach growers, to be repeated the coming season. An examination of the buds shows that they are in excellent condition, and if one-third of the sound ones come to maturity, the crop will be enormous. This satisfactory prospect is largely due to the fact that the orchards have been snugly blanketed in snow all winter.

MR. LANGTRY, the husband of the lady who is now in this country, owns some land in Ireland which an agent manages. This agent recently wrote to him, saying that the tenants demanded lower rents and had threatened to resort to shot-gun policy to obtain compliance with their demand. Mr. Langtry at once wrote back as follows: "Dear Sir: You may say to my tenants that any threats to shoot you will never intimidate me."

PROFESSOR BROOKS, of the Red House Observatory, Phelps, N. Y., reports that telescopic observation of the sun on the morning of the 12th, revealed an unusual outbreak of spots, covering nearly the entire equatorial region of the sun. In addition to the numerous large single spots, with well defined penumbra, a large, irregular group had just come into view that morning on the eastern limb. With the numerous faculae in its vicinity and the torn and ragged form of the group, indications are manifest of a considerable solar disturbance, and its passage across the sun should be attentively observed.

M. DUCLERC, lately Premier of France, is an enthusiastic on fruit and flower culture. His rose-garden at Biarritz is one of the great sights of the place. He thinks that but for this hobby he would long ago have become a confirmed misanthrope. When worried with business or state affairs it has been his habit to go for a walk in a garden, or park, or flower-market, after which he always returns home in capital spirits. When he was a young and poor man he cultivated a garden in a small way on the roof of a six-story house, and was so successful there as to win a medal at a flower-show.

RULES are a very good thing generally, but sometimes a little humanity is vastly better. The inquest on a poor woman's child in London a few days ago illustrates this. The woman was homeless and for two weeks had been sleeping with her child on door-steps and in alley ways. But at last, noticing that the child was ill, she applied for admission to the St. Giles's Workhouse. The sapient Bumples of that institution curtly told her that she must show a note from the house where she had been sleeping the night before. The poor woman explained how things stood, but was sent off to get a reference from a lodging where she had been a fortnight before. She could find no one there, and came back to the workhouse again—only, however, to be again repulsed until the relieving officer had "made inquiries." The story turned out to be perfectly true, and she was ultimately admitted, just in time for the child to die in the house "from cold and exposure."

Great Opening Prosperity.

Mr. Russell Sage, one of the most noted, as well as one of the most shrewd of American financiers, predicts a period of great prosperity. He says the West will advance in the next ten years far beyond the expectations of even those who have expected large growth. This opinion of the great New York financier is based on the vast flow of immigration into the yet sparsely inhabited west. The St. Louis Republican, one of the most conservative of papers, says: "While all reasonable allowance may be made for the interest he may have in railroad stocks, there appears to be abundant reason for the favorable prophecy. The population of the New-England states is not increasing at all, or scarcely at all. Much even of the natural increase of population in that section comes west. Besides accretions from the older states immigration is pouring into the United States at the rate of 800,000 souls annually. At least such has been the experience of the past two years, and there is little sign of abatement. The southern states get but the merest fraction of this vast influx of people. They come to the west. The fact imports great growth and large increase of production. Increase in commerce, increase in the population of cities, continued high prices of live stock and provisions, advance in real estate values, accumulation of business for railroads, construction of new thoroughfares—these effects it would seem must follow the causes noted. Mr. Sage's prediction does not therefore appear unreasonable or extravagant. Nothing but partial or total failure of the principal crops could well reverse the order in which things are flowing. Immigration alone, if the tide continues to bear in on us, will almost double the population of the States lying west of the Ohio and the lakes in the current decade, and the consequence of this growth is matter to expand the views of reflecting, sagacious men."

A GREAT POINT SETTLED.

An "Infidel" Politician and a Pious Preacher Agree There is a Hell.

From the N. Y. Tribune.

A remarkable theological discussion has just been closed. It has been the peculiarity of all theological discussions for the past eighteen hundred years or so that instead of leading to argument they have invariably ended in widehanging the divergence between the disputants. But the discussion we are about to consider furnishes a striking exception to the rule, for it has ended in an enthusiastic agreement. This would be a cause for rejoicing were it not that the decision reached concerns the eternal happiness or unhappiness of a large proportion of the human race. The question under discussion was the somewhat familiar one, Is there a hell? It did not start in that form, but by unanimous consent assumed that form and was decided in the affirmative. The parties to the discussion were Senator Ingalls and the Rev. Dr. Patton. The case is an interesting one, and is likely to be so far-reaching in its influence, that we will state its rise, progress and triumphant conclusion tersely, but with all the accuracy which its exceptional merit deserves.

Senator Ingalls began the trouble by some remarks in the Senate during the memorial exercises there in honor of the late Senator Hill, of Georgia. As near as we can make out from the version now given, he expressed some doubts about the certainty of a future life, but admitted that if there were such a state he knew of no one whose life was so rich in the prophecy of a future existence as that of Senator Hill. The Rev. Dr. Patton did not like the speech, and quoted some sentences from it in his religious newspaper under the heading of "Heathen Talk in Congress." He also appended some comments, calling Mr. Ingalls an infidel, and saying that the utterance of his views in "connection with the solemn commemorative services of a Christian Senator was a piece of pure impertinence." That there might be no doubt about his own views upon impertinence or any other branch of the subject under discussion, the Rev. Dr. Patton marked a copy of his paper and sent it to Mr. Ingalls. The case was not well opened. Mr. Ingalls indited a card of response and sent it to the newspapers as well as to the Doctor. He observed that in his speech on Mr. Hill he had merely presented those reflections which rise in all thoughtful minds when meditating upon the impenetrable mystery which veils the future state of man from all except the Rev. Dr. Patton, and after a slight further explanation closed in this animated style: "If you are a Christian, I prefer to be a heathen—that is, if your religion prompts or permits you without provocation to libel those with whose views upon the great problems of human destiny you do not agree. I prefer to be an infidel. But I am neither the one nor the other. I have had some doubts hitherto whether eternal punishment was consistent with infinite love, but I am quite sure that if there is no hell for such bigoted slanderers and malignant liars as you there ought to be." It will be seen that Mr. Ingalls is in favor of a hell. Now comes the response and final summing up of the Rev. Dr. Patton. He starts out with the gentle Christian remark that he had recently expressed the opinion that "ungentlemanliness was not a characteristic of all unbelievers," but he was now convinced that he ought to make Mr. Ingalls a "conspicuous exception to this position." He then reiterates all his former assertions, accuses Mr. Ingalls of cribbing his views from Cicero, and declares that "heathenish" is the only fitting term to characterize his sentiments. Finally, after telling him he has used language which a true gentleman would not use, he closes with this ingenious reference to the undoubted existence of a hell: "In return for your cruel wish that I may be doomed to eternal punishment, permit me to express the hope that you may attain repentance unto life, and putting away all malice, evil speaking, bribery and corrupt practices, finally be welcomed to the glorious rewards of the eternal hereafter." The Rev. Dr. Patton, it will be observed, is not so blunt a person as Mr. Ingalls. He does not indulge in a "cruel wish" that he may go to that uncomfortable place. He "hopes" the senator will be able to get into heaven, but he wishes him to understand that he will first have to renounce "malice, evil-speaking, bribery and corrupt practices," before he can get in with the Doctor and the other meek and lowly Christians who never permit themselves, even by indirection, to indulge either in "malice" or "evil speaking."

Here the discussion rests. The point which we wish to emphasize about it is the agreement of the two disputants, one an alleged heathen and infidel, and the other a zealous, professing Christian that there is a hell, and that it is a desirable and necessary institution. We are not sure but that this agreement will settle the question permanently, and if it does a prolific source of discord among theologians will be removed. However much sadness the decision may give some people, there can be no doubt that it will give great joy to many others who look upon a hell as an eminently commendable place of eternal abode for their enemies.

Why Bob Swore Off.

"It may be news to you, since you have invited me to 'smile,' said Mr. 'Bob' Burdette, the humorist, to a

Pittsburg Post-reporter, the other day, "that I have become a total abstainer. I reduced the matter to figures and found that to each man is allotted one barrel of whiskey; and by close calculation I discovered that I had drunk a barrel and a half. In other words, I had drunk my own and half of some other man's barrel. I am too honest to rob anybody, especially of the whiskey we get nowadays, and therefore have quit drinking whiskey entirely."

A MARVELOUS ESCAPE.

How a Car-Load of Passengers Were Saved.

Winnipeg Sun.

When the regular train which left Rat Portage was nearing the bridge over the Winnipeg river, the driver noticed a man walking on the structure. The train approached the bridge by a curve, so that the man could not see his danger. The bridge is too narrow to permit of a person standing on one side till a train should pass, and it was impossible for him to reach the opposite side before the train would overtake him. To jump from the bridge was certain death; the only course open was to clutch the outer board, and, suspended between life and death, await the result. This the man did, and the train, which could not be stopped, came thundering on. The conductor, recollecting that the steps of the Pullman car were very low, and would probably strike the man's head rushed to the rear of the train, and uncoupled the car, which, by the prompt application of brakes, was stopped in time. The man pulled himself up and reached the other end of the bridge.

A this instant a freight train was observed backing around the curve, and there stood the Pullman car in the middle of the bridge, filled with the terrified passengers, for the front part of the train had gone off. The engine of the freight train was attached to the rear end, so that it was impossible for the engineer to see the Pullman car. To leave the Pullman car was certain death, as the passengers had no means of escape, and notwithstanding the shouts of the train officials, the freight train came thundering on. It was a forlorn hope, but it was the only one, and quick as a flash Conductor Trodden of the passenger train signaled the engineer, who had gone off with the front part of the train, to back up. He saw the danger, but, true to his calling, reversed his engine and sped back over the bridge on his mission of mercy. He reached the car, the coupling was made, the lever thrown backward, and not an instant too soon the Pullman car and its precious load were drawn from the threshold of death. Silently and with awed faces the passengers rode to the city, each one realizing how close had been their call. The caboose attached to the freight train was also filled with passengers, but when they saw their danger many of them jumped from the car into the snowdrifts.

A JEALOUS LIONESS.

Injures Her Keeper and Frightens a Black Boy to Death.

Philadelphia Bulletin.

A large lioness called Juno, belonging to a circus, created quite a sensation at Frankford, where the show is in winter quarters, by attacking and badly injuring Mr. Martin, the keeper. The supposed cause of the attack is jealousy. In June, 1882, another lioness became the mother of three cubs, and Juno, who occupied an adjoining cage during the travels of the show, became much interested in them. Last fall the mother of the cubs died, and since that time Juno's interest in them increased, till of late she became so jealous of the cubs that when any one approached them she would become furious with rage.

Just before dark the other day Mr. Martin fed the animals, and after giving the cubs their share paused a moment to fondle them. This incensed Juno and she raised such a disturbance that Mr. Martin approached her cage to quiet her, but stumbled and fell against the bars. Instantly she seized his right arm above the elbow. Martin,

in order to protect his head and body, grasped the bottom of the cage with his left hand. The lioness held his right arm with one paw and struck through the bars at his head with the other. He had named Donahue, aided by an iron bar, tried to make Juno drop Martin, but his efforts were in vain, and he left to procure assistance. Before he could return, however, with the desired help, Martin managed to release himself from the grasp of the animal, when she, by a desperate effort, forced her way through the bars of her cage.

By this time quite a number of men who had been summoned by the lioness, reached the door of the apartment, but when it was made known to them that the animal was at large in the room they refused to enter on account of the darkness. Mr. Martin very pluckily held his ground, and by a judicious use of a heavy bar of iron soon cowed the lioness and drove her into her cage, which was immediately fastened and doubly secured by titting in new bars and adding new braces. Martin's injuries, though painful, are not serious, and his physician says he will not lose the use of his arm. After Juno was caged it was noticed that one of the bluew boks, which was stabled in the same apartment, was trembling with fear and that tears were trickling down its face. Ten minutes later it was dead.

Governor Butler's Dignity.

Governor Butler is perhaps the most dignified gentleman who has in many years filled the gubernatorial chair. The doors of the State House are locked at 5 o'clock every afternoon, except the Mount Vernon door, which is left open in charge of the watchman, and through this pass all persons having business within the building.

One evening last week the Governor, having important work to finish, remained after his clerks had gone. About 6 o'clock he descended to the front door. It was locked. "You will find the Mount Vernon door open, sir; this is always locked at 5 o'clock," said Mr. Boynton, who by mere chance was in the corridor.

"Then you can unlock it," said Governor Butler.

"Excuse me, sir, but the doorkeeper is gone."

The Governor folded his arms, struck a position and looked at the young man. He can look very wicked.

"But I choose young man to go out this door."

There was nothing more to be said, and messengers were dispatched to find the man who could open the front door of the State House for the Chief Magistrate of Massachusetts, who stood meanwhile in an attitude before the portal quietly waiting for the door to turn on its hinges. It was shortly opened, and with a triumphant twinkle in his eye he passed down the State House steps.

"Do You Suppose She Knows I am Married?"

Boston Courier.

Handy Andy made his appearance in this city last week. He came in the person of an order boy from a fish store, who, in making his usual round of calls, stopped at a South End residence. A young lady, a sister of the mistress of the mansion, happened to be in the kitchen when he came, and in the kindness of her heart she gave him a piece of cake, at the same time handing him an oyster can with the remark: "Take that to your master, Mr. Brown." The boy was an honest one, too honest by half, we fear, to get along in this wicked world, and he carried the cake, white and unadorned still, in his dirty paw to his bewildered employer, with the statement that it had been sent to him by Miss Spruce. The shopkeeper scratched his head, rushed to a neighbor, told his story, and concluded his breathless statements with the exclamation: "Do you suppose she knows I'm married?" The remarks of the young lady to the boy when she learned that her order had been misinterpreted we leave to the reader's imagination.

Since 1852, 42 different liquor-regulating acts have passed the legislature of Maine.

E. A. MANN,

Dealer in

DRY GOODS, BOOTS AND SHOES,

Clothing, Groceries,

And everything usually found in a first-class stock of General Merchandise. Prices as low as you will find in Livingstone County. Customers, old and new, are cordially invited to call and see me.

At the old stand, East Main Street.

PINCKNEY, MICH.

PINCKNEY DISPATCH.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1883

ANN ARBOR.

From the Courier.

Eugene B. Hall and wife at present are enjoying the fragrance of orange blossoms in the Sunny South.

Mr. Danenhower, while in the city, was entertained by Prof. Mortimer Cooley. They were old shipmates in the U. S. Navy.

At the March term of court, George Bull will be tried for a recent attempt to kill his wife. He pleads guilty to assault and battery, but discreetly refrains from adding "with intent, to kill." He is now in the "boarding house."

Last Sunday forenoon, while Prof. Nichols and family were quietly seated in church a sad tragedy was being enacted at home, which resulted in the death of his only son, William Nichols. Upon leaving home for church he was left in good spirits. Soon after he took a pistol and started for the barn to shoot some rats. A report was heard, but nothing was thought of it, until about noon, when the colored boy went out and found him dead. The coroner's jury decided that he was killed accidentally. He was a member of the sophomore class of the literary department, and was twenty years old.

SOUTH LYON.

From the Excelsior.

A gentleman was in town last week, trying to find a place to start in a boot and shoe store.

Miss Eliza Smith, of Pinckney, is visiting in the village, a guest of her sister, Mrs. Ralph Swarthout.

Chester Curtis, on the Doty farm, in Northfield is preparing to sell his personal property at auction. Mr. Curtis will remove to Charlotte to engage in the hotel business.

Mr. John Ellis, for the last year living in the village, and for the last 20 years living in this vicinity, died Friday last, at the age of 74 years. Deceased was an uncle of Postmaster Charles Ellis.

Best dried beef at L. E. Richards & Co's.

Lawrence De Pew & Co's crackers at L. E. Richards & Co's.

Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders at Winchell's Drug Store.

Cap Sheaf coffee 18 cts. per lb, at L. E. Richards & Co's.

Shiloh's consumption cure at Winchell's Drug Store.

Best cream cheese at 18 cts. per lb. at L. E. Richards & Co's.

Good butter wanted at L. E. Richards & Co's.

A few line of tobacco this week at L. E. Richards & Co's.

PINCKNEY FLOURING & CUSTOM MILLS GRIMES & JOHNSON, Proprietors,

Wish to make known to their old and new customers that they are now prepared to do better work of all kinds in their mill than ever before. Their custom-ers' mills having been thoroughly refitted inside, repaired and improved outside, making it convenient for their customers. Good seeds for teams in connection with the Mills. They have now on hand over 5,000 bushels of dry, sound red and white wheat from which they make their best grade of flour. GUARANTEED. They grind no grown or musty wheat except for customers—and then it is ground on separate stone and bolted through separate bolts. Those persons who will get no grown or musty flour. Those bringing gifts of good dry, sound wheat get good flour, and those bringing grown or musty wheat must expect flour from the same. Those who have separate bolts for buckwheat. Corn shelled with one of Hutchinson's new improved Buell's Iron Corn Shellers, without extra charge. They pay cash for all kinds of grain. All persons having unsolded accounts with them at the mill, are requested to call and pay the same.

RESIDENCE FOR SALE.

The finest residence in the village of Pinckney, on Howell and Main St. For sale cheap. For particulars address

W. H. CAFFERY, East Saginaw, Mich.

DESIRABLE PROPERTY FOR SALE.

I offer for sale, on easy terms, the following property: House and lot, small shop, office building and other property in Pinckney. Also farm of 150 acres (125 improved), adjoining the village, and 1/4 interest in improved water power formerly used for the Reeves mill. For prices, terms, etc., apply to or address

F. C. ROSE, PINCKNEY.

FARM FOR SALE.

A valuable farm of about thirty acres lying partly within the village of Plainwell, Michigan, is offered for sale on easy terms. Apply to or address

J. N. HILL, PLAINWELL.

FARM FOR SALE.

A fine farm of 140 acres, 20 acres of good timber, a good large house, two good basement barns, good orchard, eight rods from schoolhouse, 4 1/2 miles northwest of Pinckney and 2 miles north of Grand Trunk extension. It is all well fenced and under good cultivation.

JOHN LAKIN, PINCKNEY.

FARM FOR SALE.

A farm containing 80 acres, 65 acres plough ground, balance meadow and timber, good building and other property in Pinckney. Also farm of 150 acres (125 improved), adjoining the village, and 1/4 interest in improved water power formerly used for the Reeves mill. For prices, terms, etc., apply to or address

M. L. HINCHEY, Chubb's Corners, Mich.

HOTEL FOR SALE OR RENT.

The Globe Hotel at Pinckney, partly furnished, with accommodations for 75 guests, and now doing a splendid business. Has ball room, also billiard hall and wine cellar in basement. Barn to accommodate 50 horses. Will be sold on any reasonable terms. Or for rent from April 1st. Parties wishing to purchase or rent will apply to F. Hession.

PINCKNEY, MICH.

"THE BEE HIVE"

IS NOW OPEN WITH

A FULL STOCK

OF

BOOTS & SHOES,

RUBBERS ETC.

(Goods are all new, and have been carefully selected for the local trade.

Don't fail to call and see them.

W. B. HOFF,

PINCKNEY, MICH.

West of the Globe Hotel, Main Street,

Ready pay customers will consult their own interest by giving me a call.

E. A. MANN.

"GENTLE SPRING"

Is soon to be here, and

SIGLER BROS. GROCERIES,

Are prepared to meet the demand for

WALL PAPERS,

Having received upwards of 3000 rolls, in all the latest designs for 1883. We have Brown, Buff and White blanks, French Flats, Satins, Bronzes in plain, with color, embossed and gold blotch.

ENGLISH KALSOMINE AND ALABASTINE,

ALL SHADES AND COLORS.

We have the best line of Window Shades ever brought to Pinckney, ranging in price from 8 cents to \$2 each. These goods were bought for cash, and we can and will give you lowest prices. Come and see us.

SIGLER BROS.

Cor. Main and Howell Streets,

PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN.

WE STILL LIVE.

Notwithstanding the many attractions advertised by other dealers,

L. E. RICHARDS & CO'S STORE

—IS—

STILL IN THE SAME PLACE

AND AS BUSY AS EVER.

BEAR IN MIND, it is the only place where you can get

THE VERY BEST GOODS

AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

And the only place in town where you can get the best Teas, Coffees, Sugars and Groceries of all kinds, always alike and at Rock bottom prices.

Cor. Main & Mill Streets

PINCKNEY, MICH

TO THE TRADE!

We are always willing to give prices, therefore do not hesitate to call. We can and will guarantee to sell you goods cheaper than any other place in town. We mean business, and will convince you.

BEST EXTRA YELLOW SUGAR, AT 8 CENTS.
BEST COFFEE A SUGAR, AT 9 CENTS.
BEST GRANULATED SUGAR, AT 10 CENTS.

All other Groceries are sold (by us) in same proportion.

OUR LINE OF FRESH AND SALTED FISH

Is larger than any ever brought to Pinckney. We have just received a line of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

Which we will sell at prices that will astonish you. Do not wait but come and see us immediately. Special prices that cannot be beaten given in

DRY GOODS.

THE W. S. MANN ESTATE,

PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN.

WALL PAPERS SOLD AT NEW YORK PRICES.

TEEPLE & CADWELL,

At the old store one door east of Mann's Brick, with a good stock of

general

HARDWARE,

STOVES, TINWARE, PAINTS,

OILS AND VARNISHES A SPECIALTY.

Also exclusive agents for the sale of

GALE PLOUGH AND REPAIRS,

ALFRED WISE'S LANSING DOORS, SASH AND BLINDS AT FACTORY PRICES.

PERKINS WIND MILLS, AND DRIVE WELLS

Put up cheap for cash.

GO TO WHEELER,

AT THE POSTOFFICE,

to get your

GROCERIES,

BEST FIFTY CENT TEA,

BEST FORTY CENT TEA,

BEST EIGHTEEN CENT COFFEE.

All kinds of Groceries, Tobacco, and Cigars,

Zephyrs, Germantown Yarn, Notions,

Will be sold cheap for cash,

C. A. WHEELER.

J. H. BARTON,

JEWELER

—AND—

GUNSMITH,

First door West of Sigler's Drug Store,

PINCKNEY,

MICHIGAN

Jewelry of all kinds cleaned and repaired on short notice. Prices as low as good work can be done. Call and see goods.

A fine stock of breech and muzzle loading guns, also best class repeating rifles always on hand. Revolvers of all the leading kinds. Powder, shot and cartridges. Special attention given to repairing.

CHRISTIAN BROWN,

BLACKSMITH

All kinds of custom work, and general repairing, including

HORSE SHOEING

Shop back of Mann's Block, PINCKNEY.

WM. DOLAN,

DEALER IN

GROCERIES,

PROVISIONS,

TOBACCO AND CIGARS,

OYSTERS, CANNED GOODS, ETC.

Prices always reasonable.

West Main St.,

PINCKNEY.

SYKES & SON,

MANUFACTURERS OF

FINE

CARRIAGES

AND

SLEIGHS.

We keep on hand a first class assortment of carriages, including the latest styles of to-day. Give us a call.

SYKES & SON, Pinckney.

JAMES MARKEY

NOTARY PUBLIC,

And Dealer in

FARM MACHINERY

ALSO INSURANCE AGENT.

PINCKNEY.

MICHIGAN.

C. N. PLIMPTON,

UNDERTAKER,

AND DEALER IN

FURNITURE.

Picture Framing, Repairing, Upholstering, Etc.

WEST MAIN STREET,

PINCKNEY

MICHIGAN