

PINCKNEY DISPATCH.

VOL. I.

PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1883.

NO. 12.

PINCKNEY DISPATCH

JEROME WINGHELL, PUBLISHER.

ISSUED THURSDAYS.

Subscription Price, \$1.00 per Year.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Transient advertisements, 25 cents per inch for first insertion and ten cents per inch for each subsequent insertion. Local notices, 5 cents per line for each insertion. Special rates for regular advertisements by the year or quarter.

PINCKNEY VILLAGE DIRECTORY.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal.—Services every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock. Also each alternate Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Sunday School immediately after the morning service. Class meeting following the Sunday School.

Rev. F. E. PEARCE, Pastor.

Congregational.—Services each Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock. Sunday School at 11 o'clock. Also services each alternate Sabbath at 7 1/2 P. M. Strangers especially are invited to attend our services. Contributions will be in waiting to seat those not familiar with the pews.

Rev. K. H. CHANE, Pastor.

SOCIETIES.

W. C. T. U.—Meets on second Saturday of each month. Mrs. Dr. Stulen, Secretary.

Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. of the M. E. Church, meets first Saturday of each month. Mrs. Susan Nye, President.

Mary Van Fleet. Cor. Sec.

K. O. T. M.—Livingston Tent, No. 283, meets at Masonic Hall the first Friday evening on or before the full of the moon in each month.

L. D. BROOKMAN, R. K.

Masonic.—Livingston Lodge, No. 76, meets at Masonic Hall, Main St. block, Tuesday evening on or before the full of the moon in each month.

C. D. VANWINKLE, W. M.

C. V. VANWINKLE, Rec. Sec.

BUSINESS CARDS.

S. GILCHRIST,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
HARNESSES, COLLARS, SADDLES,
Whips, Robes, Brushes, etc.

Repairing done on short notice. Keeps a full stock of Diamond-Black Leather Oil constantly on hand.

T. H. TURNER, M. D.,
HOMOEOPATHIC
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office, Mann's Block,
PINCKNEY.

L. V. BROWN,
SHAVING PARLOR,
Also dealer in Cigars and Confectionery,
Second door east of Postoffice,
PINCKNEY.

THE W. S. MANN ESTATE,
DEALERS IN
DRY GOODS, FANCY GOODS,
Family Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps.
The Brick Store on the corner.

TEEPLE & CADWELL,
Dealers in
HARDWARE, STOVES & TINWARE
East Main Street,
PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN.

L. E. RICHARDS & CO.,
NEWDEALERS,
BOOKSELLERS & STATIONERS,
Dealers in Tobacco and Cigars, Musical and Optical Goods, Clocks, Jewelry, Toys, Novelties, Etc., Etc. Confectionery a specialty.
Cor. Main and Mill Sts.,
PINCKNEY.

R. 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.

CALL BY TELEPHONE
At SIGLER, BRO'S DRUG STORE,
PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN.

W. R. RAINEY,
DENTIST,
Office days: Monday, Friday and Saturday.
Office over Sigler's Drug Store,
PINCKNEY.

JAMES T. RAMAN,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW
and Justice of the Peace,
Office in the Brick Block,
PINCKNEY.

W. P. VANWINKLE,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW
and SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
Office over Sigler's Drug Store,
PINCKNEY.

THOMAS OLINTON,
BOOT AND SHOE SHOP,
Also HARNES MAKING,
Cash for Hides, Furs and Furs,
East south of Globe Hotel, PINCKNEY.

WE HAVE OPENED

A REPAIR SHOP

In connection with our store, repairing neatly done. Give us a call. Cash for hides and pelts. West of hotel.

W. B. HOFF.

A. L. HOYT

CARPENTER & JOINER.

For information inquire at Teeple & Cadwell's Hardware.

PINCKNEY, MICH.

HUGH CLARK,

MANUFACTURER OF FIRST CLASS HARNESSES, ETC.

Repairing a specialty. All work warranted to be as represented. Give me a call.

At the old stand, PINCKNEY, MICH.

J. T. GOULD,

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER.

Special attention given to repairing. Prices lower than anywhere else in the county. All work warranted. Have worked in two of the leading watch factories of the U. S., and have recommendations from each. Shop at Wm. Dolan & Co's store, Main St., Pinckney.

MARRIED.

At Chelsea, April 3, 1883, by Rev. Fr. Dubig, Mr. Emory Markham and Miss Anna Caffree, both of Pinckney.

At Chelsea, April 3, 1883, by Rev. Fr. Dubig, Mr. Richard Sheehan, of Hamburg, and Miss Mary White, of Pinckney.

At Chelsea, April 3rd, 1883, by Rev. Fr. Dubig, Mr. John Connor, of Unadilla, and Miss Mary Lyman, of Dexter Township.

DIED

At his residence in Putnam township, Saturday night, March 31st, 1883, John Roche.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Lovely styles in new spring goods at Mrs. Hicks' Millinery Store.

Russian White Oats and nice clean Barley for seed. J. Harris. 2c

Hominy, pearl barley, and oatmeal at the Brick store.

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.

New stock spring millinery at Mrs. Hicks.

Ayer's Hair Vigor at Winchell's Drug Store.

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

Cracked wheat and oatmeal, nice and fresh at Winchell's Drug Store.

Call and see the new goods at Mrs. Hicks' Millinery Store.

Those wishing grafting or pruning would do well to call on C. A. ELLIS.

Seed Barley for Sale by David Van Horn, Pettysville. 2c

The well known trotting stallion Mambrino Rattler will be found at the proprietor's stables, 5 miles west of Pinckney, during the season of 1883.

Terms twelve dollars for season, twenty dollars to insure. Season money paid at time of service. ALBERT WILSON.

Pectoral Cough Balsam is the great healer for soreness of the chest and lungs caused by severe colds and coughs. Call for it at Winchell's Drug Store.

NOTICE.

All persons indebted to Wm. Dolan are requested to call and settle, as he wishes to close up old accounts.

I intend to remain in Pinckney for the present, and wish to obtain a class in music. All desiring my services will please call on me as soon as convenient.

Mrs. Dr. Thatcher.

The celebrated horse, "Erin Go Bragh," owned by G. S. May, of Unadilla, will be found at the stables of Horace Fick, on the Freeman Webb farm near Pinckney, every Wednesday, during the season. Farmers interested in the breeding of fine horses will do well to call and see him.

Marshall's Catarrh Cure at Winchell's Drug Store.

I. S. P. JOHNSON, agent for the genuine Singer Sewing Machine. Special attention given to adjusting and repairing all kinds of Machines. Needles, oil and other supplies always on hand. At residence, Pinckney, Mich.

Found, to-day, (Thursday April 5th) near Honey Creek, Putnam, a grain bag containing two lap robes, two wrenches, two bridles, one harness, straps, etc. Owner can have same by calling and proving property, at

M. Wilson's.

1 1/2 miles west of Pinckney.

The ladies are invited to call and see new goods at the millinery store.

Those receiving their papers with a red X over this paragraph, will please notice that their subscription expires with next number. A blue X signifies that the time has expired, and that, in accordance with our rules, the paper will be discontinued until subscription is renewed.

LOCAL JOTTINGS.

How does this strike you for wetness?

Ducks are numerous, but shy, nowadays.

APRIL 26th will be "arbor day"—by proclamation of Gov. Begole.

Another dance at the hotel, Friday night, April 13th.

About time for suckers to begin climbing up stream.

VERNE RICHARDS visited the metropolis last Friday, in quest of new goods.

APRIL showers—good prospect for May flowers.

"All fool's day" coming on Sunday, this year, comparatively few jokes were attempted.

Mrs. A. B. Hicks went to the city, Tuesday, to purchase her spring stock of millinery.

And soon the impatient garden-seed will begin to sing. "Please put me in my little bed."

MR. TURNER, of Fowlerville, is making Pinckney his headquarters now—selling Osborne reapers and mowers.

From all reports thus far received, it would seem that the Democratic-Greenback combination has swept the entire State at the spring election.

MESSRS. ROSE & GILLET advertise a sale of stock and farming implements on Squire Rose's farm, north of the village, Thursday next, April 12th.

MR. A. R. CRITTENDEN, of the Subscription Agency of Crittenden & Bro., Okemos, Mich., paid the DISPATCH a brief visit, Saturday last.

We understand that a Mr. Hayward has taken a contract of grading east of the village (a part of Bush & Palmer's) and will soon commence work thereon.

REV. THOS. RILEY will preach at the Eaman school house next Sunday, at 3 o'clock p. m. At four o'clock p. m., a Sunday school will be organized, at the same place.

A JACKSON weather prophet says we "won't have any April showers until May, this year." That weather prophet must be the "Irishman whose mother was a Dutchman."

Some of our merchants complain that it takes five days to get goods from Detroit to Dexter, by the Michigan Central, and they now propose trying the D. L. & N., via Howell.

MR. BROOKS, of the M. A. L. R'y, has been "all along the line," during the past week, looking over work on the various contracts. He reports everything in readiness for a lively campaign as soon as the ground is clear of frost.

SPEAKING about eating eggs, two of Hamburg's festive young men say they will see the Unadilla egg Champions and go them several better. They consider the number mentioned only a respectable desert after making a hearty meal off other victuals.

UNDER the auspices of the State Board of Health, a Sanitary Convention will be held at Reed City, April 26th and 27th. Important papers will be presented, and discussions of interest to the general public. Reduced fare over any of the railroads may be obtained by addressing the Sec'y, Dr. Richardson, at Reed City.

MR. CRITTENDEN, of Okemos, Ingham County, has a valuable horse, which was recently attacked with pink-eye, and thinking to do all he could to save the animal, a room was fitted up in the back end of the store, the horse comfortably demised therein, the owner sleeping beside it for several nights in succession. The horse was soon convalescent, but within less than a week Mr. Crittenden was suddenly ill, with every symptom of the equine malady plainly developed. He is fully convinced now that a man, as well as a horse, may have the pink-eye.

A VERBANT White-oaker, who was at the dance, last week, noticing in a show case, at one of the drug stores, a card of safety-pins, such as mothers find convenient for adjusting "baby linen," remarked: "Ain't them nice shawl-pins?" "Very nice," responded the pill-mixer, duly, at the same time transferring the card to top of the case. "Guess I'll take a couple of 'em," said young simplicity—and he was soon in possession of a nice little surprise for his sweetheart and her sister. Whether the young ladies appreciated their "shawl pins," we haven't yet found out.

N. M., "ye did run well."

Go out and see the dirt fly now.

Just listen for a while and ye'll hear the locomotive whistle—sure!

MILFORD's new school building will be 57x85 feet, and two stories high.

"Come gentle spring, ethereal mildness, come"—so we can go a fishing.

Is Hindoostan all widows are very promptly cremated. In this country they REMATED as soon as possible.

JIMMIE ALLEN has taken up his abode at Ann Arbor, having secured a situation in that classic town.

It is said that several more Brighton business firms contemplate moving to Pinckney.

JAMES E. DURKEE, of Unadilla, was in town Saturday. Charlie was glad to see the "old man."

Mr. F. L. Brown went to the city, Monday to purchase goods for the new hardware store.

KALAMAZOO gives up its title of "big village" in order to become a city.

The Village Council will meet Monday evening next, to complete organization and appoint marshal.

THE township of Spring Arbor, Jackson Co., has 25 widows—but none of them are young widows.

MISS LIZZIE DARROW again dispenses pills and answers the "Hello's" at Sigler's Bro's drug store.

MR. HENRY R. GILLET, who has run Squire Rose's farm for about three years past, will take up his abode in the village.

Slats for wire-fence may be had of D. Roberts, Chubb's Corners, or at Teeple & Cadwell's hardware store, Pinckney.

This is the time of spring openings—and the ambition of the ladies is to see who can haul over the most dry goods without buying anything.

THERE will be plenty of work for the loafers this spring. Exchange. Yes, there's always plenty of work for the loafers; it's industrious people who sometimes want for employment.

THE word "cents" is to be placed, on the new five-cent nickel, so it won't be mistaken for a two shilling piece. But then it will look just as large when it's tossed into the contribution box.

MR. W. B. CAMPBELL, of Howell, favored us with a friendly call, Monday morning. Bert is a Pinckney boy, but for a couple of years past has been engaged with Messrs. Hickey & Goodnow, at the county seat.

THE Bancroft Advertiser comes to us this week a little "off color," being printed on wrapping paper. The Advertiser is a lively little sheet, but got badly left on white paper stock this time.

A valuable horse belonging to Mr. George Brown, was quite seriously injured by jumping upon a hitching post, while the band was playing, on election day.

MR. ARCHIE WILCOX formerly of this place, now working at one of the flouring mills at Jackson, has been visiting relatives and friends at Pinckney for a few days past.

MR. E. A. ALLEN will soon commence the erection of a building on Howell street just south of the hotel. He has purchased the old Pickett house, which will be moved to his lot to be used for a shop and when fixed over will form the back part of the new building.

At the township election, on Monday, the entire Democratic ticket was elected by majorities ranging from 4 to 124. The officers elect are as follows:

Supervisor, James Marble.

Township Clerk, W. P. Van Winkle.

Township Treasurer, L. W. Reeves.

Justice of the Peace, C. N. Plimpton.

Highway Commissioner, H. Smith.

School Inspector, Daniel W. Murta.

Constables, John Jeffreys, Philander Monroe, Malachia Roche, John Lennon.

NEXT week completes the first three months of the DISPATCH's existence. To say that the subscription list is satisfactory would hardly be doing justice to the many friends who have interested themselves in the prosperity of our enterprise. The circulation is remarkable for a local paper less than three months old. And when this has been attained on a cash-in-advance system and without any solicitation on our part, it gives us courage to think that our little venture is appreciated beyond all that it deserves. We again thank our friends for their kindly efforts in our behalf and assure them that the DISPATCH is a success beyond all question of doubt.

Would you like to warrunk on the grade, Patrick?

JUDGE PLIMPTON will open the police court about the 1st of July.

Ties and bridge timber are being distributed all along the line.

PETER COOPER, the New York Philanthropist, died yesterday morning, of pneumonia. He was 92 years old, and his life had been an eventful one.

The President has appointed Judge Walter Q. Gresham, of Indiana, Postmaster General to succeed Mr. Howe, deceased.

The lunch stand kept by the ladies of the M. E. society, Monday was well patronized, about \$15.00 being realized therefrom.

WHEAT is looking better than many of our farmers had anticipated, and should the weather be favorable from this time onward, may be an average crop in this locality.

A corps of engineers are engaged in surveying a route for the M. A. L. extension from Stockbridge to Battle Creek, after which, a line will be run from Jackson to Vicksburg.

A GREAT many people are watching Pinckney just now, "almost persuaded" to come and dwell with us. Come along now, friends, and lend a hand to set the ball a rolling. We'll wager a new nickel you won't regret it, if there's any business in you.

The following is the list of letters remaining uncalled for at the Pinckney post-office for the month of March, 1883:

Mrs. Sarah Ann Wood. Miss Frankie Connors. Mr. Charlie Miller.

Mr. Frank S. Teachout. Frank Camp. Lane Chenaware. Master Rogers. S. P. Young, P. M.

MR. CARVER has returned from Valparaiso, and his family will come in a few days—when he expects to have a building prepared west of the village, where they will keep horse and board part of his force of laborers. He proposes to put on more men and teams immediately, and will push his five miles of grade to an early completion.

RUMORED—that some Dexter and Howell capitalists have purchased the Grand Trunk railroad and have concluded not to build the Air Line Division for the present. Of course this must be true, and we would warn the contractors and engineers of the Air Line road to suspend operations unless they like to work just for the fun of it.

To the gentle "sand pounder" of the Dexter Leader: If

"When hunger strikes you in the maw,"

"A meal from Webster's 'Dix' you'd make,"

"Don't bite off more than you can chew,"

"Or it may make your stomach ache."

This isn't "culchawed" poetry, but it's the best advice you could expect from one who has so narrowly escaped being "crushed" into a "bloody mud-puddle."

The Board of Supervisors of Livingston County, for the coming year, is as follows:

Conway, A. J. Wickman, Greenback.

Cohoctah, Jos. Browning, Democrat.

Deerfield, Ira O. Marble, Democrat.

Hardland, Hiram B. Thompson, Rep.

Handy, S. S. Abbott, Republican.

Howell, H. N. Beach, Democrat.

Osceola, Wm. Tazziman, Republican.

Tyrene, Democrat.

Tosco, Robt. Elliott, Republican.

Marion, L. K. Beach, Democrat.

Genoa, Gustave Baetcke, Republican.

Brighton, Eugene Hicks, Republican.

Unadilla, Daniel Barton, Republican.

Putnam, Jas. Marble, Democrat.

Hamburg, John Ryan, Democrat.

Green Oak, Giles Lee, Republican.

Japanese Folk Lore.

Twins of opposite sex were often wedded to preclude the necessity of a cruel separation.

The dead are placed with their head lying to the north; no one who desires to survive until morning should rest in this posture.

To spill the medicine is a sign of recovery.

A woman stepping over an edged tool, sword, razor or knife spoils the edge and temper.

A bean dropped into a well for each day a journey is supposed to last will preserve the traveler's feet from sores.

The gaidron used for broiling fish is held above the head and three turned, as a charm to prevent the fish from adhering to the metal.

Good luck at lotteries is thought to be obtained by the possession of the tops of the laths from graves, or the pumice-stone employed at the public baths for rubbing down the horny parts of the feet.

Some women are liable, when sound asleep and dreaming, to have their head leave the body, still slumbering, and roam about, the head only attached to the body by an almost imperceptible film. It is dangerous to arouse them until the head returns to its original position.

Pinckney Dispatch.

JEROME WINCHELL, Editor.

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

MICHIGAN NEWS.

Joseph B. Bloss, for many years register of the United States land office at Detroit, died in that city a few days ago. Mr. Bloss was one of the leading prohibitionists in the state and one of the first men in Michigan to engage in the seed business.

Frederick Whitmore, a resident of Detroit for nearly 45 years, died in that city March 26. Quater, Mason county, has just shipped its first car load of sheep. Aldrich & Brayman are turning out 45,000 pins a day, each of which travels 150 feet and through over \$3,000 worth of machinery in the process of making. The boys who feed the machine, poke them in at the rate of 100 a minute, and their stipulation is one-fifth of a cent a dozen. The price paid for packing is four and a half cents per box. When packed, each pin is worth one-twelfth of a cent.

Mrs. Dr. Wm. Bacon of Niles, a nonagenarian, died at her home in that city recently. She and the doctor, who survives her, were married in February, 1815, more than 83 years ago.

At a meeting of the directors of the G. R. & I. road at Pittsburgh, Pa., a few days ago, it was voted, in view of the suit entered in Michigan courts by the Pennsylvania company to enforce payment of past due coupons before the payment of those due April 1 prox., to withhold payment of all coupons until further order of the courts or until further order of the directors of the company.

Dr. Baker, of the State Board thinks there is great cause for alarm in the fact that smallpox and cholera are epidemic in various southern states and that the time is so near at hand when southern tourists travel northward. He advises the State Board of Health to be warned in time, and use every precaution to prevent the introduction of these evils.

The murder case against Robert E. Titus, charged with killing officer Forbes in December, 1881, was nolle prosequi at Rockman. Titus has been tried twice, the jury disagreeing each time.

A few nights ago a row occurred in Wm. Wyatt's saloon, Hillsdale, being the result of a quarrel between a man named John Glasgow (nicknamed Canada Jack), who is employed at the Mosher house barn, and a young man named John McQueen, who has of late been doing nothing in particular, some of the time employed in a barber shop. In the excitement given before the jury it was stated that Glasgow took hold of McQueen's coat-collar after they had been talking for some time and said: "You haven't had enough, have you? I'll give you some more," whereas McQueen drew a razor and cut a long gash down the side of Glasgow's face, and another thrust laid his neck and throat open, so a hand could be placed in the gash. McQueen went out the door and escaped, but was tracked and caught near Bankers station, three miles southwest. Glasgow was taken to the saloon, but fell a few from loss of blood and expired in a few minutes.

In the Circuit Court of Ingham County, the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff of \$9,500. Battered was a freight brakeman and had a hand crushed by alleged negligence of the company. He recovered \$5,000 on a former trial. Conely and Lucking, of Detroit, are plaintiff, and Montgomery, of Lansing, assisted by Stanley, of Detroit, for the company.

A fire broke out at Deerfield, and the means for extinguishing fire being very imperfect, half of the business portion of the town was destroyed before the fire was stopped. The amount of loss and insurance cannot be given at present.

At about 4:30 on the morning of March 31, the night watchman at Holly discovered that the Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee Railway engine house was on fire, and immediately went to the pump works and notified the engine house. A fire alarm was sounded, but the building was of pine and saturated with oil, so that it burned very rapidly, and was entirely consumed, as were also the tool house and a large woodshed adjoining. An old locomotive was also burned. The company's dwelling, standing near by, was badly scorched. The wind was strong enough to carry burning shingles over two miles away. It is supposed that the fire was set by tramps.

Two Lansing merchants have received anonymous letters, enclosing small amounts of money for goods stolen four and 11 years ago. The writer says she has been an experienced felon for 20 years and has been in prison for 10 years. She is evidently a poor woman, as she says she took in washing to get the money.

An all-day meeting has been held at Fair Grove, Tuscola county, and the S. T. & H. road petitioned not to run any excursion trains on Sunday during the coming season. The meeting was largely attended by delegations from various stations on the road, and it was reported on authority that no more Sunday excursion boats would be run from Schwaning.

The biennial report of the Kalamazoo insane asylum for the years 1881-2, shows that there were 677 patients under treatment Oct. 1, 1880, and that 379 have since been admitted and 267 discharged, leaving 740 in the asylum Sept. 30, 1882. Of those discharged were recovered, 43 improved, 51 unimproved, and 100 died. During the entire two years a total of 1,027 patients have been treated, 63 more than during the preceding two years. The daily average for the period covered by the report has been 690, while the institution has accommodations for only 550.

John Dowling, a farmer living 2 1/2 miles south of Brooklyn in the vicinity of Prospect Hill, hung himself a few days ago. He leaves a wife and two children. He had been demented for some time past.

Mrs. Henrietta Hubble, one of the oldest and most widely known French residents of Monroe, is dead. Her maiden name was Schubert. She was born in Detroit, February 22, 1803, and had been a resident of Monroe upwards of sixty years. She leaves five sons and three daughters, the youngest of whom is 35 years of age.

A sad accident occurred at the home of Ransler Hull at Lumberton, Newaygo Co., a few days ago. The little son, Edward, 13 months old, was playing on the floor with his little sister, who is 3 years old, when she, in their play, kicked him under his chin, dislocating his neck and killing him instantly.

Legislative Record.

SENATE, March 27.—Petitions were presented for the passage of bills to authorize mutual insurance companies of other states to do business in this state; to authorize the formation of manufacturers' mutual insurance companies; and to suppress local boards of underwriters. For the passage of the Case bills to amend the liquor laws and against the enactment of a prohibitory law. Against the extension of time for the completion of the Marquette, Houghton & Ontonagon Railroad, and against any change of the route of the same. The following bills passed on third reading: To amend the charter of the City of Jackson; for the support of insane soldiers at the Michigan

Asylum for the Insane; for a new infirmary building and other improvements at the Kalamazoo Asylum; for the publication and distribution of State agricultural and horticultural reports; to amend the act relating to the old fire Department of the City of the City of Detroit; to amend the act relating to the Cooper street in front of Jackson State Prison grounds; to specify the duties of health officers; to establish a Board of Park Commissioners in Detroit. Immediate effect; to prevent the sale and use of toy pistols; to provide for the adjustment of rights and liabilities on division of territory of cities and townships; to amend section 2 of act 130, Session Laws of 1877, to maintain political purity; to amend the act incorporating Plainwell Village, in Allegan County; to add a new section, numbered 5, to the public instruction act, 104 of 1881; to amend section 5 of act 207, Session Laws of 1881, relating to the Detroit House of Correction; to amend the act to incorporate Bangor Village in Van Buren County; to establish a Board of Poor Commissioners in the City of Detroit. The bill amending the law relative to marriage was lost, and the one relative to prosecuting attorneys was at first lost, and afterwards reconsidered and laid upon the table.

House.—Petitions were received for the passage of the bills modifying the stringency of the liquor tax laws; for the enactment of a prohibitory amendment; against the enactment of a prohibitory amendment; from citizens of Wasco desiring the passage of the bill to forbid the Detroit House of Correction from receiving United States prisoners; also from citizens of Detroit for the same; in favor of the bill to authorize the formation of manufacturers' mutual insurance companies; for the suppression of local boards of underwriters; to prohibit the hunting of rabbits with ferrets. The following bills passed on third reading: Legalizing the proceedings of Fair Haven School District No. 5, Huron County; amending section 1850-51 of the compiled laws relative to the support of the poor; to provide for the five-escapes from hotels; supplementary to act 253 of 1881, for the improvement of the navigation of the Saginaw river; re-incorporating North Branch. The bill for the incorporation of the Knights of Labor was lost; but was afterwards recalled and laid upon the table for further consideration. The bill to regulate the sale of spirituous, malt, brewed and fermented liquors was taken up, and all after the enactment clause struck out.

SENATE, March 28.—The Senate passed the following bills: re-incorporating Mackinaw City; to provide for the taking of private property for public use and for the opening of streets and alleys in Detroit; for the disposal of valuables found on the bodies of unknown deceased persons; amending sections 138 and 139 of the compiled laws relative to courts held by justices of the peace; allowing the State Librarian 100 copies of "Michigan in the War" for the purpose of exchange; to authorize the formation of corporations in the Upper Peninsula for excavating water courses and maintaining waterways. A motion was made that the bill be reconsidered and laid upon the table; legalized the proceedings of a school district in Fair Haven, Huron Co.; re-incorporating North Branch. The Committee on Judiciary reported adversely on the following, and all were laid on the table: amending section 5327 of the compiled laws relative to courts held by justices of the peace; amending section 7423 of the compiled laws relative to taxation; amending section 142 of the compiled laws relative to the foreclosure of mortgages; amending act 316 of 1881, consolidating the drainage laws; requiring witnesses in criminal cases to give bail; the bill amending the act creating the office of state salt inspector was laid on the table, pending its passage. Only one petition was received: for the passage of a prohibitory liquor law. After ordering the flag on the capitol to be placed at half mast, as a token of respect to the late Postmaster-General Howe, the Senate adjourned.

House.—The usual petitions were laid before the House, and referred, after which the following bills were passed: To adjust land claim of Robert Hood, of Charlevoix County; to punish persons for getting on board of railroad trains when in motion; to allow the state Librarian 100 copies of "Michigan in the War" for exchange with other libraries; and with historical societies; to amend the act incorporating the city of Marshall; to amend act 9 of 1881, relative to the commissioner of Mineral Statistics; to amend section 5165 of compiled laws, as amended by act 273 of 1881, relative to conveyance of lands; to authorize a convocation to raise money for public improvements; to amend the act of 1880 to incorporate the city of Lansing; to lay out a state road in Grand Traverse county; to punish persons for stealing or secreting tools placed in passenger cars for the better protection of life in case of accidents; to amend the charter of the city of Jackson. Adverse reports were submitted on the following measures: Appropriation of \$50,000 for freighting and transporting goods and merchandise of the State Capitol. Reported adversely, but nevertheless ordered printed and referred to the committee of the whole; to amend sections 47, 63 and 64 of act 9 of the laws of 1882, for the collection of taxes. The Governor, by message, announced his approval of House bills to incorporate the city of Escanaba and the village of New Buffalo, and to amend acts incorporating the cities of Ishpeming and Negaunee.

SENATE, March 29.—Petitions were presented for the passage of the Bolger bill, relative to the Detroit House of Correction; and for the submission of a prohibitory amendment. Several bills were reported favorably and put on the general order. Senate bill 252, to limit the State and counties for costs in certain cases commenced before Justices of the Peace on behalf of the people, was reported adversely from the Judiciary Committee and laid upon the table. The Governor by message communicated his approval of Senate bill 84, to amend the charter of the City of Jackson. On motion an amendment was made to the title of Senate bill 123, passed yesterday, by striking special reference to the Upper Peninsula and making the bill relate to all water power companies formed for the operation of mill and for mining purposes. Adjourned until Wednesday, April 4, 10 a. m.

House.—Petitions were received for the passage of the bills introduced by Representative Case amending the liquor tax laws; also, in favor of prohibition. The Governor communicated his approval of the act re-incorporating the public schools of Alpena. Senate bill 47, amending section 834, compiled laws, relative to compensation of prosecuting attorneys was favorably reported by the Judiciary Committee. Adjourned until April 4.

A "Shearing Bee."

The executive committee of the Michigan merino sheep breeders' association has adopted the following rules for the shearing festival to be held on the Central Michigan grounds in Lansing, April 18, 19: 1. None but members of the association shall have the right to shear sheep for a record or for publication, and none but sheep recorded or eligible to registry in the register of the association, shall be allowed to compete; 2. Each member offering sheep to be shorn shall furnish their shearers; 3. Exhibitors shall be required to answer, according to their best knowledge and belief, the questions of the examining committee touching the age of their sheep, the age of their fleeces, their general treatment, and any special treatment intended to affect their condition or weight of fleece, which shall be made a part of the record; 4. Any member of the association shall have the right to exhibit sheep for sale; 5. Fleeces shall be trimmed of everything that shall not be ascertainable wool for unwashed fleeces; 6. Tags that have been taken from a sheep previous to the public shearing may, in the discretion of the examining committee, be put in with the fleeces, by the owner certifying that they were taken from said sheep. The executive board shall appoint an examining committee of three; the secretary of the association shall act as clerk of the committee and shall have charge of the weighing of sheep and fleeces. An admission fee of 25 cents will be charged visitors during the two days of shearing. Hay and grain will be furnished free by the association. Arrangements are being made for reduced rates of freight on railroads and by express companies.

DETROIT MARKETS.

Wheat—No. 1, white.....	73	@	1 06
Flour.....	5 50	@	6 00
Barley.....	5 50	@	6 00
Corn.....	42	@	44
Oats.....	30	@	35
Clover Seed—3 bu.....	8 10	@	8 35
Apples 2 bbl.....	3 25	@	4 00
Dried Apples, 2 b.....	8	@	8 24
Butter, 1 lb.....	17	@	18
Eggs.....	10	@	17
Dressed Chickens.....	14	@	15
Dressed Turkeys.....	14	@	15
Geese.....	11	@	13
Ducks.....	15	@	16
Cheese.....	65	@	38
Potatoes, 2 bu.....	18	@	20
Honey.....	2 30	@	2 85
Beans, picked.....	1 60	@	1 85
Beans, unpecked.....	1 20	@	1 50
Hay.....	7 50	@	9 00
Straw.....	8 75	@	9 00
Dressed Hogs, 100.....	18 50	@	19 75
Pork, mess.....	19 00	@	19 50
Pork, fat.....	12 00	@	12 50
Wood, Beech and Maple.....	8	@	8 45
Wood, Maple.....	8	@	8 00
Wood, Hickory.....	8	@	8 00
Coal, Egg.....	6 25	@	6 50
Coal, Stove.....	6 50	@	6 75
Coal, Chestnut.....	6 75	@	6 75

The Magnetic Needle.

The magnetic needle is one of the most sensitive and delicate of instruments. It quivers like the aspen leaf at the approach of any object that repels or attracts it. It shakes with every tremor of the earth or sea. It is seldom at rest; almost as if alive, it wanders around its limited circle. It seems to have its likes and dislikes, its feelings and its impulses. Sometimes a magnetic storm sweeps over it and drives it from its course. Sometimes it seems roused to a wild excitement by some opposing influence. But soon again rest comes, and the delicate, feeble needle points forever to the north.

Upon its firmness and unchangeable nature rest the most important human affairs. It guides the steamers that cross the Atlantic, and brings them safely to their harbor. Without this feeble instrument the Alaska would never venture to rush over the ocean in cloud mist, or night, or the Serbia steamship, destined aim. It leads the great host of immigrants safely to the land of plenty; it carries back the crops of America to feed the people of Europe. Without it Columbus could never have found the New World, and centuries might have passed before the two hemispheres were united. Its gentle guidance leads the explorer through tropical forests and over the polar ice.

No one can tell when the magnetic needle first came in use. It was once thought that it was invented at Amalfi, a famous sea-port of Italy, about the year 1302, but it was known in Europe long before. A French poet, Guyot, about 1150, sang of the wonderful needle that always pointed to the north star when the sea was dark and gloomy. It was known in Sweden in 1250. It seems to have come first from Holland. But the Chinese assert that they used the mariner's compass before the tenth century, and it may have been brought to Europe from that singularly inventive people.

The Western races took up the invention, and have made it the foundation of a new science. They have built upon the magnetic needle the science of electro-magnetism. Magnetism not only guides great steamers over the seas and explores by land; its delicate vibrations are made to carry knowledge around the world, and enable nations to converse with each other, however far apart. The system of electric telegraphs depends upon the peculiar properties of the magnet. The strange, mysterious power that was first unfolded in the Eastern city by the shores of the Pacific has been turned to new uses. It lights our streets, conveys messages, writes, and may one day drive the railroad and conduct most of the operations of labor. The steam-engine has found a rival.

The needle does not always point to the pole. Even Columbus discovered and was alarmed by its variations. It varies; it changes. And careful observers in all parts of the earth have studied its peculiarities, and endeavored to account for them. But in vain; no one can explain the mystery of the needle. Scientific men have offered probable theories; careful observers have noted its changes in different latitudes and places. It is still everywhere the same delicate, restless, variable thing that seems often half alive. But with all its variations it is yet sufficiently true to afford a safe guidance. It returns from every vibration to point again to the north. It is the symbol of constancy in all its changes.

It is stated that Wiggins claims that the reason his pet storm failed to connect was "on account of the zodiac." It seems that the weather man figured on having the zodiac help him out with his storm, but just at the proper time the zodiac went on a drunk, and failed to show up. This proves conclusively that Wiggins is a failure as a weather prophet. When a weather sharp is obliged to depend upon such an unreliable thing as a zodiac, he cannot hope for success.—Puck's Sun.

National Aid to Public Schools.

The North American Review for April contains a carefully considered article on this subject from the pen of Senator Logan. As is his habit, the Senator treats his theme with an earnestness and vigor that amply compensate for any lack of elegance in diction that the hypercritical may discover. It is well known that Mr. Logan has, for some years past, been an enthusiastic advocate of National aid to the free schools of the country. During the first session of the last Congress he introduced a bill providing that the revenues derived from spirits should be distributed among the states. In this Review article there is no abatement of the original zeal. He still favors the broad and liberal policy he has advocated in the past. He thinks the annual distribution should not be less than \$40,000,000, and would not object to \$60,000,000.

The Senator is entirely right in the conclusion that this aid should be granted only on certain clearly defined and well-understood conditions. We agree with him that the states, before receiving any National assistance, should be required to adopt a uniform system; that each state or territory should be required to appropriate at least as much as it receives from the National treasury, and that the National bureau of education should have general supervision of the work with the right to decide when the conditions are complied with. The Senator does not propose any National system of schools, but to aid state systems, under such reasonable conditions as, it must be admitted, are absolutely necessary—as necessary for the protection of the states against injurious impressions and false charges, as for the protection of the funds against waste and dishonesty.

If the amount allotted to each state were to be handed over to the authorities of the state, without any further care on the part of the central authority, the air would be filled with charges and countercharges of fraud, misapplication, extravagance and waste. It would be an additional and prolific root of sectional bitterness. The animosities of political campaigns would be intensified by exasperating reports of "stealing the school funds," and dangerous demagogues would "fire the northern heart" with thrilling tales of cruel discrimination against the black children of the south. It is of the first importance that, in the proposed work, the hand of the Federal Government should be reached into the states and to retain responsibility for the funds appropriated.

But when the Senator reaches the most important point in the discussion—the basis of distribution—he takes ground which we do not believe to be tenable, and which he certainly does not fortify, although his argument is the best that can be offered in the support of his premises. He rejects the basis of illiteracy. He urges that it would be unjust to other portions of the country to put into the scale so large a percentage of the appropriations as must go there if the distribution is made on that basis, and he thinks the only fair plan would be to distribute the funds "in proportion to population."

Let us look at this proposition in connection with what the Senator says in another paragraph of his article: "As the rapid advance in the means of intercommunication has effected such vast changes in our social relations that the people of the several states are brought into more intimate relations with each other than subsisted between the different sections of the larger states half a century ago, what was true then of the effect of illiteracy in parts of a state upon the general welfare of the individual commonwealth is now true in regard to the nation as a whole." This is true, and it seems to us it refutes Senator Logan's theory of distribution in proportion to population, and most powerfully emphasizes the necessity of putting most money where most needed—of fighting illiteracy as General Logan fought the enemy when he was in the field. He did not send an army corps against a battalion on one flank and a battalion against a corps on the other, but he apportioned his own force as nearly as he could to the work to be done. The Union has become, General Logan recognizes, almost one common neighborhood. In the increase and increasing closeness of our social and business relations, as well as in the fact that we have a common elective and representative government, the danger of illiteracy is seen to be national, although its existence is local.

We look upon the proposed national crusade against ignorance as a matter of business, not of sentiment. The general safety and the preservation of our liberties demand that the sovereigns who wield the ballot should be able to read and think. We have the same interest in educating the people, or in fighting illiteracy, as the residents of a town would have in putting out a fire. The latter is a more rapid but not a more sure destroyer than the former. Do the firemen throw water where there is no fire nor danger in order that there may be no inequality of distribution?

The best interests of all the people will be most equitably guarded by distributing the national aid in proportion to the urgency of the need. We do not mean to say that it will be best to continue, for a long series of years, on the basis of illiteracy. That might present something like a premium for maintaining ignorance. After the work shall have been fairly inaugurated it will be better to make the decrease of the original illiteracy the basis of distribution. This would offer the strongest incentive to well-doing.

Mr. Logan's plan of distributing forty

to sixty millions a year to the states on the basis of population, would do that which ought not to be done and leave undone that which ought to be done. While it would do something towards stemming the tide of ignorance in the south, it would still maintain the relative difference in education between the sections that now exist. It would be like a fire department with forty engines, each throwing a stream on each one of forty houses in a block, to put out a fire in one end of the block.

Suppression of Vice.

The methods of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice have excited so much prejudice and criticism that it is gratifying to observe the magnitude of the work that has been accomplished. The ninth annual report of the society gives an account of its operations for the last twelve months and couples with it a tabular statement of results from the first year. A single glance at this table ought to convince any fair-minded critic that the labors of the society have been of value to the community and that it deserves support. The secretary has sometimes given offence to public opinion by indiscretions which have exposed him to the charge of prurience. At the same time, he has been traduced through both misrepresentation and ignorance. He is waging warfare upon crime-breeds, which are filling the prisons and debauching society—obscene books, lewd pictures, low theatres, lottery-shops, pool-rooms and gambling hells. He is seeking legal evidence against these abominations and the successful issue of his labors is the enforcement of public law and the prosecution of criminals in the courts. The society, during the past year has seized 219,386 lottery tickets, 71,759 lottery circulars, suppressed six lotteries in this state, and convicted seven policy gamblers. It has also "raided" fifty-four gambling saloons and closed several pool-rooms in this city and at Hunter's Point, seizing over a million pool-tickets. In the gambling dens about six tons' weight of furniture and implements were captured. The seizures of obscene publications have also been conducted on a large scale, and many offenders have been convicted. These are good results and deserve warm recognition.

A Race Between Davis and Everts.

Letter to the N. Y. Evening Post. The genial old Senator, who is now enjoying his honeymoon, was dining one day at Wormley's with some friends, among whom was Mr. Everts, when the conversation drifted to athletic sports and foot-races. Mr. Everts, with a view to one of his sarcastic jests, turned to the great trunk alongside of him, from which he himself may be supposed to have been whittled off as a silver, and suggested that such sports were something entirely out of his line. "Well, Everts," replied Judge Davis, "perhaps you think I can't run? Now, look here, I'll bet you a case of wine I can beat you in a 100 yards if you will let me choose my ground and will give me five yards start. I'm heavy, you know, and I want solid footing." Mr. Everts was satisfied that he "had a dead sure thing," and, as the evening had advanced, the dignified company had resolved to unbend itself still further for the sport. "Come on, then," shouted the Senator, "follow me!" So away they went down to a narrow alley that runs between Twelfth and Thirteenth streets. Marching into it for the distance of five yards, while his eyes touched the brick-work on each side, he quickly observed, "Now, Everts, get in behind me and take your time. I am going to take mine."

The Horror of the Asiatic Sort.

San Francisco Chronicle. A horrible tragedy is being whispered about in the western suburbs of Canton, China. A hungry slave girl had stolen some food, whereupon her mistress beat her black and blue. Not content with this castigation, the savage brute cut a slice out of the poor girl's thigh and made her cook and eat it. Next day the slave girl died. The mistress became alarmed, tried to conceal the corpse, but was discovered. Finding she had got into trouble, she called the Kat-fong, the Ti Po and the Tokang together, and paid them twenty taels each. As the deceased was only a slave girl, the arrangement seemed satisfactory to all parties concerned, and the matter is now practically hushed up.

PAPER RAILROADS.—Railway car wheels made of paper have come into such common use that they are no longer matters of curiosity, but now comes the statement that the rails upon which the cars run, are being made of paper, and bid fair to take the place of iron for that purpose. They are said to be more durable than steel. With the advantage of being exempt from liability to breakage in frosty weather, and at the same time cheap. There was a time when we should have received this paper rail story with some misgivings, but we are prepared to believe anything, now-days.

A legislator who has a large family at home, and who has to be very saving, entered an Austin avenue restaurant about dinner time, and asked for a business consultation, which was granted. "How much do you charge for dinner?"

"Fifty cents."

"How much for breakfast?"

"Twenty-five cents."

"Then bring me a breakfast for dinner."

—Texas Shiftings.

Irate customer (to short-sighted clerk) "Now, then, young man, what are you smelling the money for? Isn't it good?"

His Pa and Dynamite.

"I guess your pa's losses in the silver mine has made him crazy, haven't they," said the grocery man to the boy, as he came in the store with his eye winks, his face, and began to play on the harmonica, as he sat down on the end of a stick of stove wood, and balanced himself.

"O, I guess not. He has hedged. He got in with a deacon of another church, and sold some of his stock to him, and pa says if I will keep my condemn mouth shut he will unload the whole lot, if the churches hold out. He goes to a new church every night there is prayer meeting or anything, and makes me go with him, to give him tone, and after meeting she takes with the sisters about how to piece a silk bed quilt, while pa gets in this work selling silver stock. I don't know but he will order some more stock, from the factory, if he sells all he has got," and the boy went on playing "There's a land that is fairer than Day."

"But what was he skipping up street for the other night with his hat off, grabbing at his coat tails as though they were on fire? I thought I never saw a pussy man run any faster. And what was the celebration down on your street about that time? I thought the world was coming to an end," and the grocery man kept away from the boy, for fear he would explode.

"O, that was only a Fenian scare. Nothin' serious. You see pa is a sort of half Englishman. He claims to be an American citizen, when he wants office, but when they talk about a draft he claims to be a subject of Great Britain, and he says they can't touch him. Pa is a darn smart man, and don't you forget it. There don't any of them get ahead of pa much. Well, pa has said a good deal about the wicked Fenians, and that they ought to be pulled, and all that, and when I read the story in the papers about the explosion in the British Parliament pa was hot. He said the damnish was running the whole world. He didn't dare say it at the table or our hired girl would have knocked him silly with a spoonful of mashed potatoes, 'cause she is a nish girl, and she can lick any Englishman in this town. Pa said there ought to have been somebody there to have taken that bomb up and thrown it in the sewer before it exploded. He said if he ever should see a bomb he would grab it right up and throw it away where it wouldn't hurt anybody. Pa has me read the papers to him nights, 'cause his eyes have got splinters in 'em, and after I had read all there was in the paper I made up a lot more and pretended to read it, about how it was rumored that the Fenians here in Milwaukee were going to place dynamite bombs at every house where an Englishman lived, and at a given signal blow them all up. Pa looked pale around the gills, but he said he wasn't scared. Pa and ma were going to call on a she deacon that night, that has lots of money in the bank, to see if she didn't want to invest in a dead sure paying silver mine, and me and my chum concluded to give them a send off. We got my big black inky rubber foot-ball, and painted "Dynamite" in big white letters on it, and tied a piece of tarred rope to it for a fuse, and got a big fire cracker, one of these old fourth of July horse scarers, and a basket full of broken glass. We put the foot-ball in front of the steps, and lit the tarred rope, and got under the step with the fire cracker and basket, where they go down into the basement. Pa and ma came out the front door, and down the steps, and pa saw the foot-ball, and the burning fuse, and he said "Great God, Hanner, we are blowed up," and he started to run, and ma she stopped to look at it. Just as pa started to run I touched off the fire cracker, and my chum arranged it to pour out the broken glass on brick pavement just as the fire cracker went off. Well, everything went just as we expected, except ma. She had examined the foot-ball, and concluded it was not dangerous, and was just giving it a kick as the firecracker went off, and the glass fell, and the fire cracker was so near her that it scared her, and when pa looked around ma was lying across the sidewalk, and pa heard the noise and he thought the house was blown to atoms. O, you'd a died to see him go around the corner. You could play crotch on his coat-tail, and his face was as pale as ma's when she goes to a party. But ma didn't scare much. As quick as she stopped against the hitching post she knew it was us boys, and she came down there, and maybe she didn't mail me. I cried and tried to gain her sympathy by telling her the fire cracker went off before it was due, and burned my eye-brows off, but she didn't let up until I promised to go and find pa. I tell you, my pa ought to be engaged by the British government to hunt out the dynamite fiends. She would corral them in two minutes. If pa had as much sand as ma has got, it would be warm weather for me. Well, me and my chum went and headed pa off or I guess he would be running yet. We got him up by the lake shore, and he wanted to know if the house fell down. He said he would leave it to me if he ever said anything against the Fenians, and I told him he had always claimed that the Fenians were the neesey men in the world, and it seemed to relieve him very much. When he got home and found the house there he was tickled, and when ma called him an old bald headed coward, and said it was only a joke of the boys with a foot-ball, he laughed right out, and said he knew it all the time, and he ran to see if ma would be scared. And then he wanted to hug me, but it wasn't my night to hug and I

went down to the theater. Pa don't amount to much when there is trouble. The time ma had them cramps, you remember, when you got your quombers first last season, pa came near fainting away, and ma said ever since they had been married when anything ailed her, pa has had pains just the same as she has, only he grunted more, and thought he was going to die. Gosh, if I was a man I wouldn't be sick every time one of the neighbors had a backache, would you?"

"Well, you can't tell. When you have been married twenty or thirty years you will know a good deal more than you do now. You think you know it all, now, and you are pretty intelligent, for a boy that has been brought up carelessly, but those are things that you will learn after a while that will astonish you. But what ails your pa's teeth. The hired girl was over here to get some corn meal for gruel, and she said your pa was gumming it since he lost his teeth."

"O, about the teeth. That was too bad. You see my chum has got a dog that is old, and his teeth have all come out in front, and this morning I buried pa's teeth before he got up, to see if we couldn't fix them in the dog's mouth, so he could eat better. Pa says it is an evidence of a kind heart for a boy to be good to dumb animals, but it is a darn mean dog that will go back on a friend. We tied the teeth in the dog's mouth with a string that went around his upper jaw, and another around his under jaw, and you'd a died to see how funny he looked when he talked. He looked just like pa when he tries to smile so as to get me to come up to him so he can lick me. The dog pawed his mouth a spell to get the teeth out, and then we gave him a bone with some meat on, and he began to gnaw the bone, and the teeth came off the plate, and he thought it was pieces of the bone, and he swallowed the teeth. My chum noticed it first, and he said we had got to get in our work pretty quick to save the plates, and I think we were in luck to save them. I held the dog, and my chum, who was better acquainted with him, untied the strings and got the gold plates out, but there were only two teeth left, and the dog was happy. He wagged his tail for more teeth, but we hadn't any more. I am going to give him ma's teeth some day. My chum says when a dog gets an appetite for anything you have got to keep giving it to him, or he goes back on you. But I think my chum played dirt on me. We sold the gold plates to a jewelry man, and my chum kept the money. I think, as long as I furnished the goods, he ought to have given me something besides the experience, don't you? After this I don't have no more partners, you bet."

All this time the boy was marking on a piece of paper, and soon after he went out the grocery man noticed a crowd outside, and on going out he found a sign hanging up which read, "Wormy Figs for Parties."

No series ever published in the Century has attracted more attention, or exerted a wider influence, than Dr. Washington Gladden's three recent papers on "The Christian League of Connecticut." In view of the interest manifested, both in America and England, the author has written for the May Century a supplementary chapter, describing the third annual convention of the League, in which reports were read from the county societies and a general discussion took place of the workings of the League in different localities. It would seem that the reforms accomplished by the League throughout the state were brought about in the face of many serious practical difficulties. How these difficulties were overcome Dr. Gladden tells in the supplementary essay.

The best government is that which renders men the happiest, but that which renders the greatest number happy. — Duclos.

A granger whose name is Bob Shield, Was mowing the grass in his field, By a snake he was bitten, And he has just written, "St. Jacobs Oil has the bite healed."

A lame Chinaman on the Pacific, Of pains and aches was profligate; He limped all around, Until he had found St. Jacobs Oil, the great specific.

When a pickpocket gets out of practice, It takes a long while to get his hand in.

There are probably a hundred or more persons in this and neighboring towns who daily suffer from the distressing effects of kidney troubles, who do not know that Johnson's Anodyne Liniment is almost a sure cure. In severe cases great relief may be obtained, if not a perfect cure.

Denying a fault doubles it.

We notice that agricultural newspapers all over the country are now exposing the worthlessness of the large packs of horse and cattle powders. We put the ball in motion and claim the credit of it. Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powder is absolutely pure, and are the only kind worth buying.

Confession of fault makes half amends.

Postmaster Sam'l A. Hewitt, Of Monterey, Mich., delivers himself in this wise: "For colds, burns, sore throat, and rheumatism, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil cannot be beaten. I say keep it up to the standard, and it will satisfy the people. I shall send for a new supply soon."

One of the sweetest pictures of domestic economy is a foot blacking a white stocking so that it won't show through the fissure in his boot.

Boasters are cousins to liars.

All Admire a Handsome Face.

A pure, clear skin will make any face handsome. Manifestly anything which strengthens and enriches the blood will directly affect the whole person. At-tempters of the skin disappear when *Burdock Blood Purifier* is employed. They are a vegetable remedy of inexhaustible value.

He who imitates what is evil always goes beyond the example that is set; on the contrary, he who imitates what is good always falls short.

Thunder it Down the Ages.

That for lameness, for rheumatism, for aches, for pains, and for strains *Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil* is a positive and reliable remedy. *Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil* can be purchased of any druggist.

To do good which is really good, a man must act from the love of good, and not with a view to reward here or hereafter.

Ability.

The art of being able to make a good use of the talents you have is ability, but every body has the ability to use Carboline, the perfection of all Hair Renewers, made from Pure Petroleum.

We attract hearts by the qualities we display; we retain them by the qualities we possess. — Suard.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire and stop at the Grand Union Hotel opposite Grand Central Depot.

Elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to \$1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevators railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

The destiny of nations depends upon the manner in which they feed themselves. — Brillat-Savarin.

The best fitting collars and cuffs you can get are the Chrollithion. Now for sale at all first-class stores.

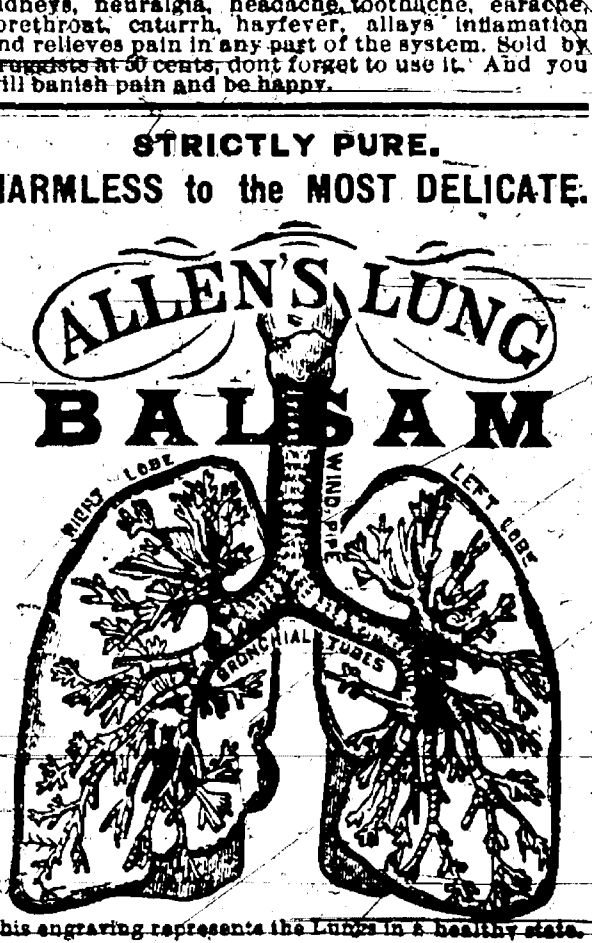
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Leaving the Old Farm.
A farmer near Circleville, Ohio, hangs himself because he was compelled to move off a farm on which he had lived since childhood. —Exchange. And still there are people who will go on wondering and inquiring how to keep the boys on the farm. Here is a man who had grown up with the old farm and home so attached to it that to leave the scene of his boyhood broke his heart, and he hid his grief in a suicide's grave. There is no sense in talking about how the boys may be kept on the farm. To be sure, farm life is not one continuous circus day, as in the city, nor a Fourth of July, and farmers can make their sons hate the old farm home by subjecting them to all manner of drudgery, the same as they would a pair of yearling steers, and expect them to wear the yoke and never make a kick. The man alluded to above had grown up on the farm. He was somebody's son, and, no doubt, in his boyhood days he often had a sort of a yearning to leave the old farm and go away to the city, and put on a boiled shirt and smoke cigars, and amass a fortune. But he stuck to the old farm, and when he was finally obliged to leave it, the thought was too much, and he took his own life rather than go. No doubt when he thought of leaving the old place, the scenes of his boyhood's happiest hours would arise up before him, and he could see, in looking back over a lifetime spent on the old farm, the same narrow, winding lane through which he trudged when a boy, over the grass and stubble covered with the heavy dew and frost of early morning, and the thought of how he placed his bare foot down on the early bumble-bee which nestled among the clover blossoms and sang its morning song, came back to him with old-time vigor. The thought of leaving the dear old home, around whose cheerful fire place he had spent many a happy evening, and then went to a bed of feathers beneath rafters laden with dried pumpkin and catnip, and seed-corn and cob-webs and dried apples, was more than the poor man could stand. There is no use talking about keeping boys on the farm when they get the roaming fever, but after a man has been there a lifetime he would not exchange places with a king, and wear a crown, and suffer with the gout and the dyspepsia. There are thousands who know just how that poor man must have felt, and will pity him, as they know that it is often better to own a 300-acre farm, without a mortgage on it, and a good, sound constitution, than to be the proprietor of millions, and a brown-stone mansion, and the consump-tion. —Peck's Sun.

The Yosemite Valley.
The Yosemite Valley, currently spoken of as the "Yalley," simply, is included in a belt formed by drawing lines across the State from San Francisco and Monterey respectively. It is a wild, strange spot, far to the eastward among the wintry Sierras. It perhaps hardly comes within the scope of our inquiry, yet I can not refrain from making mention of it as a place not only not disappointing, but worthy of even more praise than has ever been bestowed upon it. It is like one of those dimly mysterious spots situated on the outskirts of the fairy-land or paradise described in the story-books. It is a standing diversion and field of adventure to all who come to California, either temporarily or to take up a permanent abode. I reached the Yosemite by a stage ride of sixty miles from the Southern Pacific railroad, at Madera, to Clark's Station, and thence by a stage and horseback journey of twenty-five miles further. The autumn days were lovely there. The foliage, turned by a local climate quite as severe as that of New England, glowed with a vivid richness. A gentle stream, pausing in mirror-like pools, meanders among it, along the bottom of the valley, which is as level as a floor. Walls of rocks rise on either hand to an incredible height. The place is rather a chasm than a valley. At night a full yellow moon irradiated it and invested its wonders with heightened enchantment. The cliffs here are what it seems that cliffs should be, but seldom are. They are of the hardest granite, pleasantly gray in color, and terminate in castle and dome-like forms. The precipices are sheer and unbroken to the base. They have almost none of those slopes of debris that detract from the height of precipices in general. It is a little valley that would have been suitable, without a hair's breadth of alteration, to the purposes of any giant, enchanter, or yellow dwarf of romance. This is the kind of quaint impression to which it gives rise. It is such scenery as that which Dore has imagined for the "Idylls of the King," and one should be Sir Lancelot or Sir Gawain riding in on his charger in search of adventure along this lovely and majestic mountain trail. He should wear chain-mail and a winged helmet on his head, and a good sword by his side, upon the cross of which he had sworn to do deeds of redoubtable valor.

The Golden Gate.
The Golden Gate Park in San Francisco comes into shape very slowly. It will be planted with over 100,000 trees and shrubs, but until certain grasses and grains have fastened their tenacious roots, and thus prevent the drifting of sand before the southwest winds, the growth of the expected forest will be greatly retarded. Moisture, to be provided by artificial means, will cost for the water, at the rate of 38 cents per 1,000 gallons, over \$8,000 a year.

The Blood-Stanching Weed.
During the French expedition to Mexico, Gen. Martroy was informed by a native that a plant grew in his district which was largely used in the domestic surgery of the Mexicans, and he advised the General to lay in a stock of it for use in the French camp. It goes by the name of the "blood-stanching weed," the exact native word has not been placed on record. This plant has the property, when applied after being chewed or crushed, of almost instantly arresting the flow of blood from a wound. Gen. Martroy brought home some specimens of this plant to France and cultivated it in his garden at Versailles, where it has thriven excellently ever since, blossoms every year, and produces a sort of fruit. Meanwhile, its transplantation to European soil has not robbed it of the quality for which it was originally recommended to its introducer. Its recognized botanical name is *Tradescantia erecta*. Although it is quite the reverse of an ornamental plant, and is not distinguished by any beauty of shape or color in its flowers, it fully deserves, if we may trust our informant, to be widely cultivated, on account of its rare medical value. The practicability of its acclimatization is now placed beyond all doubt. Its effect in stanching bleeding is said to surpass all means hitherto applied to this purpose, and it is, in any case, to be produced cheaply and easily. Experiments have been made with it in Vienna, and the *Neue Freie Presse*, of that city, advises its regular cultivation for medical use. —London Globe.

Witches in the West of England.
Witches are still common in the West of England. A Plymouth witch has lately caused a good deal of discomfort to a sea-faring young man. He set sail with a smack-owner of Brixham, as a member of the crew, but his health suffered in his maritime adventure, and a physician advised him that he was in danger of losing his eyesight. The master of the smack bade the young mariner consult a white witch at Plymouth, and the sufferer took this advice. The white witch boldly declared that not the invalid but the whole smack was under a spell and suffering from the wiles of sorcerers. The master and the lad visited the witch together, but the spell could not be removed. The youth then went into an infirmary, and recovered not only his health, but wages from his too spiritually-minded master. But the witch will continue to drive trade in Plymouth.

A Disease That Grows by What It Feeds On.
A man of rugged common-sense will change his home from the country to a large city, from simple and frugal surroundings to the vicinage of wealth and fashion, and in most instances he finds his estimate of men and things speedily or gradually influenced by his new associations. He is likely to depreciate the simple life from which he lately emerged, and to place an exaggerated value on the ostentation and pretension of the new. This will occur, too, in spite of the fact, which his experience and judgment teach him, that real manhood and all the higher qualities of character and mind are as likely to exist in the one locality as in the other. This remark is true of all except the superior few who are able to judge of life from their own sufficient consciousness. —St. Louis Republican.

Central American Women.
Just within the courtyard of a white marble palace, in the leafy shade of a mango grove, hangs a silken hammock lined with the brilliant plumage of tropical birds. In it reclines a creature whom to call divine would be base flattery to the gods. Note the classical features, the delicate, very light olive tint of her skin; see the long black silken tresses, in which an immense diamond-headed pin holds a rose; see the long lashes, half shading these lustrous orbs, which give forth all the varieties of expression of refined thought as she listens to her maid's reading from Exton's poems. Her shoulders, arms and bust are covered, but not concealed, by the finest of lace, and a long white skirt trails the ground, but allows one microscopic foot to peer forth, just enough to show the point of a gold-embroidered slipper. The gentle breeze gives ever so slight a motion to the hammock, and each little movement of its ravishingly beautiful occupant reveals thousands of new charms. What wonder that men, especially those possessed by a tropically inflammable temperament, become inspired with the divine afflatus—sing of her, rave about her—aye, kill for her?

The traveler from the cold North who has visited the tropics, upon reading the preceding lines, will continue the perusal of this sketch, to ascertain how outrageously I can disregard truth, for the foregoing imagery can be found only in ideal descriptions of Central American women; the real ones are of a far different type. —Fred C. Vailentine, in the Continent.

Bill Nye is not a Mormon. He gives out as his platform, "One country, one flag and one wife." Bill says he "has never pinned to make the marriage register of his family Bible look like a hotel register."

Some of the London hostlers are selling "digitated stockings," or foot gloves, but not even the endorsement of hygienists has made them popular.

CURIOUS AND SCIENTIFIC.
INDIA rubber is now adulterated with finely pulverized cork—the cork, of course, being that for which no other use can be found.

To drill glass, M. Gougy, of Paris, recommends that a three-cornered saw-file be sharpened in the usual way, but with one corner taken off, so that the cross section of the drill near the point is that of a truncated cone, and the end of the drill is of narrow chisel shape.

In Great Britain and Ireland there are now twenty-six street railways belonging to the local authorities, the total length of which is more than 150 miles, and the cost a little over \$9,000,000. The 413 miles of road belonging to private individuals cost considerably over \$30,000,000.

Professor E. D. Archibald advocates the use of kites for meteorological observation. They can, as he shows, be not mere toys but philosophical instruments—capable of ascending great heights, remaining steady in currents of varying velocity, and being manipulated by the observer with ease and rapidity.

The strongest and most common of the several kinds of paper made in Japan is manufactured from the bark of a shrub called *mitsunna*, which grows about a yard in height, blossoms in winter, and thrives on a very poor soil. When the stem has reached its full height it is cut off close to the ground, when offshoots spring up, which are again cut as soon as they are large enough.

Algeria is beginning to cultivate on a large scale the wax-plant of Carolina and Pennsylvania. The fruit when gathered is put into a coarse bag, and when plunged into a vessel containing boiling water, the wax soon rises to the surface, when it is skimmed off and dried, and subsequently sold as a substitute for beeswax, the chemical composition of which it very closely resembles. The odor of the substance is very agreeable.

The coal supplied to the Nagasaki market comes from a field in Japan situated along the coast line between Cape Momo and the mouth of Nagasaki Harbor and thence to nearly the most northerly of the Goto Islands. It is referred to the tertiary period, and is highly bituminous, of irregular fracture, but somewhat cubical. When freshly broken it has a lustrous black appearance, which changes by protracted exposure to the atmosphere to a dull, rusty black.

As to the rapid formation of mineral veins, Dr. Fleitmann, of Iserlohn, makes the following record: Two years ago the bottom of a stable pit was rammed hard with common clay containing iron. It had since served for storing dung, water being thrown in occasionally to prevent overheating. It having become necessary to have the pit somewhere else, it was found that the clay had lost all color, and was divided into numerous fissures, from 1-23 to 1 inch in width, filled with iron pyrites. The iron oxide of the clay was changed by the organic matter placed upon it, and the water containing sulphate of ammonia, into sulphate of iron, which deposited itself in the fissures.

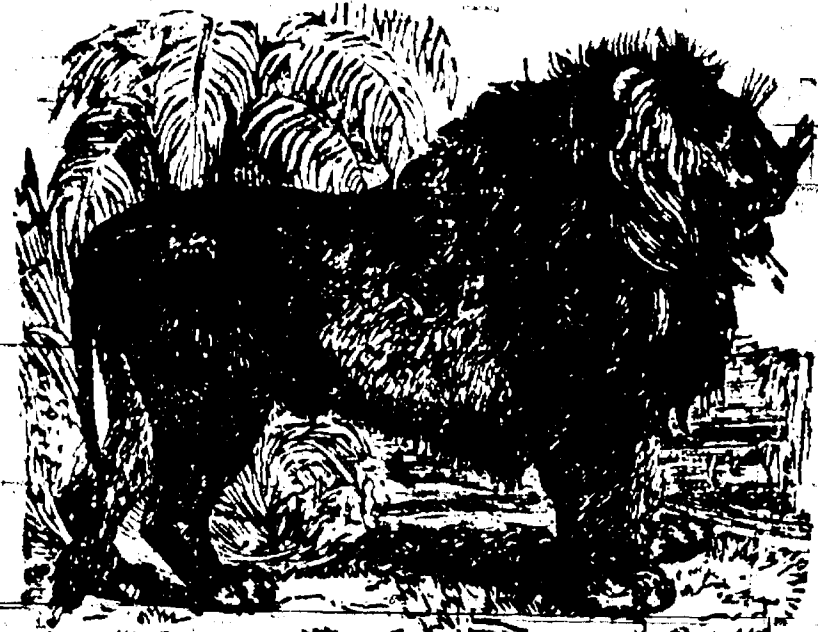
Emerson's Words.
The publisher of the *Literary News* offered prizes for the six most striking and characteristic sentences from Emerson's writings, those four persons whose sentences were the most frequently quoted by all the competitors to have a prize. There were forty-nine competitors. The highest number of votes given to the same sentence was twenty-four. The following seven sentences received from twenty-four to eleven votes, each in their order:
1. "Character is higher than intellect."
2. "A great soul will be strong to live as well as to think." —The American Scholar.
3. "His heart was as great as the world, but there was no room in it to hold the memory of a wrong." —On Lincoln.
4. "The fountain of beauty is the heart, and every generous thought illustrates the wall of your chamber." —Society and Solitude.
5. "The ornament of a house is the friends who frequent it." —Essay on Domestic Life.
6. "Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm." —Essay on Circles.
7. "There is no beautifier of complexion, or form, or behavior, like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us." —Essay on Behavior.
8. "The finest and noblest ground on which people can live is truth; the real with the real; a ground on which nothing is assumed." —Essay on the Superlative.

A very colored New York man who entered complaint against another for assaulting and battering him upon the head, was told by the Justice: "I don't see any marks." "Does ye s'pose he hit me wid a piece of chalk?" was the indignant rejoinder. The case proceeded.

Strait hygiene, supplemented by the wisdom of such physicians, does much for the girls who will be women in ten years. School life has not always embodied hygiene nor taught them physiology. —International Review.

A Western farmer advertises that he wants a first-class potato-masher; there are lots of mashers in Philadelphia, but they are all of the small potato order. —Philadelphia Item.

THIS IS THE LION!



WHAT IS HE ROARING AT?

NOT AT HIS OWN SHADOW, BUT AT THE ASTONISHING LOW PRICE OF WALL PAPER!

We have since last week reduced our prices:

BROWN BLANKS PER DOUBLE ROLL,	14 C.
BUFF " " " " " "	15 C.
WHITE " " " " " "	18 C.
FRENCH FLATS " " " " " "	26 C.
SATINS " " " " " "	28 C.
BRONZE OR GILTS " " " " " "	58 C.

Wall Paper Trimmed FREE.

THE W. S. MANN ESTATE,
PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN.

NEW STORE! NEW FIRM!

NEW GOODS!
WM. DOLAN & CO.

Have just received a new and complete stock of

DRY GOODS, BOOTS & SHOES, CROCKERY GROCERIES,

Tobacco, Canned Goods, Etc. No remnants or shelf-worn stock. We mean business, and will guarantee bottom prices. The public are invited to call and see for themselves. WEST MAIN ST., PINCKNEY, MICH.



RICE'S
HOTEL,
DETROIT, MICH.

Cor. Congress and Bates Sts.

Prices, \$1 to \$1.25 per day. Single meals, 30 cents. Lodgings \$5 to \$10. We make a specialty of dinner, and it is always ready at 11 o'clock sharp. Come early and be served promptly.

DO NOT BELIEVE A
WORD OF IT.
WHAT?
THAT
C. E. HOLLISTER

Is going to drop the Drug Business. Never had such a thought, on the contrary, we expect to carry as large an assortment of

DRUGS,
PATENT MEDICINES,
DYE STUFFS,
DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES
Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Brushes, Etc.

As can be found anywhere. Don't be deceived by any rumor floating around the country. Come right along and get anything you need in the Drug and Grocery line as cheap as any place in Livingston County. We handle nothing but the best goods, and guarantee satisfaction on everything we sell. Prescriptions and Family Receipts compounded with accuracy. Don't forget the place:

WEST END DRUG STORE,
C. E. HOLLISTER, Proprietor.

PINCKNEY, MICH.

Desirable lots for sale. A few desirable business lots for sale at reasonable prices. Equipped at the Blacksmith shop.

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.

FARM FOR SALE OR RENT. I offer my farm of 100 acres, together with 30 acres of woodland, for sale on reasonable terms, or will lease for a term of years, for money rent.

F. A. MURDEN, 24 miles northwest of Pinckney.

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 than they have ever before. Their mills having been thoroughly re-fitted inside, repaired and improved outside, making it convenient for their customers. Good sheds for teams in connection with the Mills. They have now on hand, one of the best kinds of dry, good, red and white wheat from which they make their best grade of flour, WARRANTED. They grind no grown or musty wheat except for customers—and then it is ground on separate stone and bulled through separate bolts. Those buying flour of them will get no grown or musty flour. Those bringing grain of good dry, sound wheat get good flour, and those bringing grown or musty wheat must expect flour from the same. They also have separate bolts for buckwheat. Corn shelled with one of Hutchinson's new improved Dantless Iron Corn Shellers, without extra charge. They pay cash for all kinds of grain. All persons having unsettled accounts with them at the mill, are requested to call and pay the same.

FARM FOR SALE. A valuable farm of about eighty acres lying partly within the village of Pinckney, Michigan, is offered for sale on easy terms. Apply to or address J. N. HILL, PLAINWELL.

BUSINESS LOTS FOR SALE. I offer for sale 12 lots fronting on Main Street east of Howell Street, and 8 lots on Howell South of Main, for business purposes only. These lots are 22x122 feet in size, are very desirably located in the center of the village, and will be sold at reasonable prices. Apply to JAMES PEARSON, PINCKNEY, MICH.

FARM FOR SALE. A fine farm of 240 acres, 100 improved, good buildings, etc. in Martin, 14 miles southwest of Howell, and about 5 miles northwest of Pinckney. Price forty-five dollars per acre. Terms to suit purchaser. THOMAS ROSS.

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 18 acres (22 improved), adjoining the village, and a 12-acre improved water power formerly used for the Reeves mill. For prices, terms, etc., apply to or address F. G. ROSE, Pinckney.

YOU ARE INVITED TO CALL AT
WINCHELL'S DRUG STORE
PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN.

When you need anything in the line of
DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES,
Perfumery and Toilet Articles, Stationery, Etc.

THE OLD HOUSE ON THE HILL.

BY CHESTER WOOD.

Written after the death of Patience B., wife of Mr. L. Hinchey, who died Aug. 27, 1892.

The farm-house, white among the trees,
Thank heaven, it stands there still;
Back from the road a little way,
The old house on the hill.

Though far away, I can see it now,
Midst the maples yellow and red;
And I think of the old days,
The hills and valleys spread.

I seem to pass from the roadside path,
Through the old gate, long and low,
That for years, as feet passed in and out,
Has been swinging to and fro.

But, listen! the wind sounds in the trees,
And the leaves fall slow and still,
Covering the ground before the house—
The old house on the hill.

Under my feet they rustle and fly,
As I've heard them rustle before;
Till the climbing rose and the porch is gained,
And I open the broad, white door.

But the dear, kind face that used to greet
Me at that old door still
Is missing, and strange and lonely seems
The old house on the hill.

Once more I see the quaint old room—
With its fire-place broad and bright,
And the ruddy glow where we used to sit
And talk or think at night.

There she would sit and talk with us,
A presence cheerful and mild,
Her name was Patience, and from her eyes
A gentle patience smiled.

I never shall see the fire light flare,
Nor ever shall I hear
The wind in the trees, but my thoughts will go
To her who held them dear.

Her place is vacant, how strange it seems;
The hallowd, "Love is still;
But it never could be loved to be—
The old house on the hill.

OUR NEIGHBORS.

HOWELL

From our Correspondent:

P. H. Bush is now running five and ten cent counters in connection with his News Depot.

Mr. A. Town takes possession of Judge Crofoot's farm, in Putnam, this week.

Mr. Watts, of D. K. McNaughton's great egg-packing establishment has purchased two fine teams, these taken together with other increased facilities will enable him to buy more eggs this season than ever before.

Western fevers of various types, as the Kansas and Dakota, are carrying a number of people from us.

S. D. Anderson purchased "Old Abe's" interest in Losford and Anderson's barber shop one day last week.

Dr. Huntington's Creamery is now well under way. Nearly, if not all the help is engaged and the machinery is all on the ground.

Tuesday evening, March the 27th, Mr. and Mrs. Brown were treated to a genuine surprise party by the M. E. Sunday School. A comfortable upholstered chair and a silver casket were presented as tokens of the high regard that the school has for them. Last Saturday night Frank was again surprised, this time by his fellow-clerks who, just as he was leaving the store, gave him, through Mr. Melendy, a Russia leather satchel.

In the last meeting of the Council, Trustee Wright offered a resolution proposing to dispense with the night-watch, because he could guard but a few houses on Grand River St. while all villagers had to share in paying his salary. The council will hardly do away with an officer that saves more property for the inhabitants of the village than all other officers combined.

While the Dispatch is introducing to its readers Pinckney people who do wonderful things, we will improve the opportunity and introduce one of our prodigies, Mr. Keith. This gentleman will ask a person for the day of the month and the year on which any event occurred, as the date of one's birth, and on being told, can tell, instantly, what day of the week it was. He makes no mistakes in doing it.

Frank Culver, during a scuffle, had an ankle dislocated and one of his legs broken.

Election created less excitement here last Monday than any other for a number of years. Three tickets (Democrat, Republican, and Prohibition) were in the field. The prohibition ticket found many more supporters than politicians anticipated, but did not affect the result more than to increase a few majorities. The result is as follows: Supervisor, Homer N. Beach, Dem., 47 majority. Clerk, Seth Rupert, Rep., 122 majority. Treasurer, Leslie Woodruff, Dem., 87 majority. Justice, Albert Riddle, Dem., 90 majority. The remainder of Democratic ticket elected.

STOCKBRIDGE.

From the Sentinel:

John Avery has gone to Farmington, this State, to study medicine under his brother, Dr. A. B. Avery.

Jacob Longyear has commenced work on his 24x42 restaurant, bakery and store, next east of the Coulson House. It will be two stories, 18ft. studding.

A. Owen has taken the job of grading one mile, through Joseph Hawley and Philip Kassel's places and will begin the fore part of the week.

The Glazier-Latimer building is being rapidly pushed forward toward the completion of that portion of it—22x57—which will be finished this spring. The entire structure will be 22x80 feet, two stories, 24ft. in height, and have a cellar under all.

ANN ARBOR.

From the Courier.

The ordinary quiet of the town was suddenly broken in upon Monday noon by the clangor of the fire-bells. The alarm was caused by the burning of Wm. Taylor's barn on Thompson st., which had probably been set afire.

News has reached here that Mr. C. R. Church, a former resident of this place some ten years ago, died February 18, at his home in Walnut Grove, Texas, at the age of 62 years, and of rheumatism of the heart.

In last week's issue of the Michigan School Moderator, published at Grand Rapids, is an interesting article entitled "Lessons in Zoology," by Prof. J. B. Steere. It gives much interesting data about birds.

Miss Harding, who was graduated from the Literary department last June, and went as a missionary to Africa, arrived at Gaboon, on the West Coast, November 21, after a two months' voyage from New York. She has learned the language and gone to teaching.

A beautiful cross of calla lilies on a scarlet dais, surmounted by the initial letters of I. H. S. in flowers, decorated the pulpit of the Presbyterian church last Sabbath.

From the Register.

The fall of snow, during the month of February, as recorded at the observatory, amounted to 10 inches. No rain fell during the month.

Messrs. J. M. Swift & Co., of the Sinclair Mills, will make extensive changes in their establishment this summer. Their old stones will be taken out and the new roller process substituted, while the capacity of the mill will be increased to 300 barrels per day. New water wheels will be put in. The changes contemplated will cost somewhere between \$15,000 and \$20,000, and will be commenced about the 1st of May.

SOUTH LYON.

From the Excelsior.

Mrs. Warren Howard, of New Hudson died on Sunday morning after a protracted illness, of dropsy.

We are pleased to see that Mr. Palmer of Wayne, contractor on the Michigan Air Line, is convalescing, and will soon be able to resume his duties.

N. C. Garrett lost a valuable horse last Monday. It was kicked the day previous by its mate, breaking its leg, which caused its death.

Lively preparations are being made by a number for early building, among whom we notice are Mrs. Anthony Farley and Mr. Clapp, on Lake st., and J. Challis and Ephraim Jude, on Calkins' plat, south.

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.

Zephyr, Germantown Yarn, Notions,

Will be sold cheap for cash,

C. A. WHEELER

C. N. PLIMPTON,

UNDERTAKER,

AND DEALER IN

FURNITURE.

Picture Framing, Repairing, Upholstering, Etc.

WEST MAIN STREET,

PINCKNEY MICHIGAN

CHRISTIAN BROWN,

BLACKSMITH

All kinds of custom work, and general repairing, including

HORSE SHOEING.

Shop back of Mann's Block, PINCKNEY.

AGENTS WANTED.

Western Newspaper Subscription Agency. Wholesale subscription agents for American and Foreign newspapers, magazines, etc. Now available. Bookkeepers, Postmasters, assistant Postmasters, Publishers, and Newspaper agents are invited to send us orders at wholesale prices for catalogue of books, papers, etc. Any book published furnished to agents at wholesale prices. Correspondence solicited. Address, Western Newspaper Subscription Agency.

HOFF'S BOOT AND SHOE HOUSE,

WEST OF THE HOTEL, SOUTH SIDE OF MAIN ST.,

PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN,

Filled with the largest and most complete line of

BOOTS & SHOES

Ever shown in this market. We are making a specialty of

LADIES' FINE SHOES,

MISSES, CHILDREN & BABY SHOES,

IN GREAT VARIETY.

GENTLEMEN'S SHOES!

We have the finest stock of Gentlemen's shoes in town, which we are offering at great bargains. We have also a fine assortment of Youth's and Boys' Shoes, Rubbers, and everything usually kept in a first class boot and shoe store. Call and examine goods. We are sure we can please you in quality, styles and prices.

W. B. HOFF.

NEW GOODS!

JUST RECEIVED

A FINE STOCK OF FIRST CLASS

DRY GOODS

INCLUDING

PRINTS, DRESS GOODS,

TRIMMINGS, COLLARS, ETC.

CALL AND SEE.

E. A. MANN.

TEEPLE & CADWELL,

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

general

HARDWARE,

STOVES, TINWARE, PAINT,

OIL 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.

WINCHELL'S DRUG

STORE

West Main St. Opposite Globe Hotel,

PINCKNEY,

MICH.

A full line of

DRUGS and MEDICINES,

Chemicals,

Toilet Articles,

Perfumery,

Fine Confectionery,

Cigars, Smoking Tobacco

Stationery, &c.

Goods are all fresh and new. Prices are always reasonable. We hope to merit a liberal share of the public patronage. Call and see us.

DR. KERMOTT'S

STRICTLY VEGETABLE.



ACT WITHOUT PAIN.

MANDRAKE PILLS,

CURE Sick-Headache, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Indigestion, Constipation, and PURIFY THE BLOOD.

NOTICE.—Without a particle of doubt, Kermott's Pills are the most popular of any on the market. Having been before the public for a quarter of a century, and having always performed more than was promised for them, they merit the success that they have attained. Price, 25c. per box. For sale by all druggists. Always in stock at

Winchell's Drug Store, Pinckney.

PINCKNEY

CIRCULATING

LIBRARY.

Books loaned at 10 cents per volume, for 14 days.

3 Tickets for 25cts.

7 " " " " " 50 "

New books are being added every week, and the proceeds will be devoted to increasing and improving the library.

Apply for books or further information at

WINCHELL'S DRUG STORE.

BEAUTIFY YOUR BEAUTIFUL VILLAGE.

D. F. EWEN,

GARDENER & HORTICULTURIST.

Agent for the sale of evergreen and deciduous trees, silver leaf maple, horse chestnut, koeledorus, Australian pine, etc. Prunus DeCavay and other grape vines, raspberries, Jersey Queen strawberries, blackberries, etc. Pringle's American Triumph and White Russian oaks, by peck and bushes. Burbank's Chicago market, and other choice varieties of potatoes. All kinds of garden and flower seeds, onion sets, trillises, square and round sticks, painted green for house plants, insect exterminators, grafting wax, etc. Work done by the day or by contract. Vines and roses cut back and carefully trimmed; orchards thinned out. Call and see specimens.

Also agent for the Lord's Prayer and Commandments, Life of Christ, Pictorial Bible, \$20 or downward—orders can also be left for other publications. Cor. Dexter & Church Sts., PINCKNEY, MICH.

DONALDSON & CO'S

IMPROVED POCKET

VAPORIZING

INHALER,

For the safe and speedy cure of

CATARRH,

ASTHMA,

BRONCHITIS, HEADACHE, LUNG DIFFICULTIES, AND ALL DISEASES OF THE AIR PASSAGES.

Highly recommended by the Medical Faculty throughout the United States and Canada.

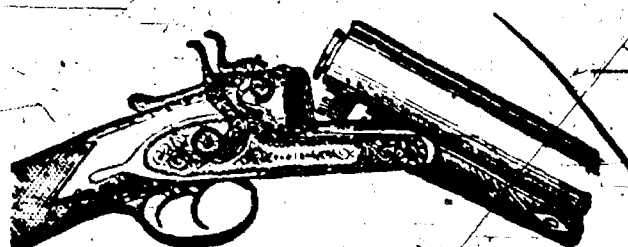
The want of a more perfect instrument for administering medicine by inhalation has long been felt by the medical profession and the afflicted public. Such an instrument is recognized in the Donaldson's Pocket Vaporizing Inhaler. Its use is not confined to one medicine for the cure of all diseases, but is adapted to the administration of such remedies as the case may require, and as the physician may determine.

For the home treatment of Catarrh and Colds, they are invaluable.

SOLD ONLY AT

WINCHELL'S DRUG STORE,

PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN.



J. H. BARTON,

GUNSMITH AND JEWELER,

and Dealer in English and American

BREECH AND MUZZLE LOADING

SHOT GUNS & RIFLES.

Revolvers, cartridges and ammunition of all kinds; also a full line of fishing tackle, pocket cutlery, Wadsworth's safety razors, razor straps, hones and brushes.

MUSICAL GOODS.

A full line of optical goods, sewing machine needles and thread, and thirty "four clocks, gold, silver, and nickel watches, best rolled plate vest chains and charms, necklaces, lockets, bracelets, sleeve buttons, solid gold filled rings.

All kinds repairing on guns and jewelry as low as good work can be done.

Give me a call.

WEST MAIN ST. PINCKNEY, MICH.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

WASHINGTON.

A TARIFF DECISION.
The treasury department has decided that the rate of duty on the old and new tariff to take effect July 1, is to be decided by the date of arrival of the importing vessels at the exterior port of entry, and that goods arriving at such port before July 1, and arriving at a western port after that date, under the immediate transportation act will be dutiable under the present tariff unless they remain in public store or bonded warehouse on the day upon which the act goes into operation.

GERMANY'S LIBERALITY.
The President has received from Brach & Bothenheim, bankers of Berlin, Germany, an additional contribution of 4,800 marks for the benefit of sufferers from the floods in the west. Of this amount 3,000 marks were contributed by the Emperor and Empress of Germany. The funds were turned over to the American Association of the Red Cross for distribution. The total amount of these contributions from citizens of Germany, transmitted through Brach & Bothenheim is 8,800 marks.

CHILDREN'S WAGES.
First Comptroller Lawrence's decision in the Ochiltree salary case has been made public. The question decided was whether Ochiltree's salary as congressman-elect should be withheld to apply on a judgment for \$6,800 held against him by the government. Judge Lawrence holds in view of the explicit provision of the constitution providing that congressmen shall receive compensation for their services to be paid out of the treasury that the salary due Ochiltree must be paid to him.

CELESTIAL'S MONKEY.
A treasury circular directs the customs officers to adopt \$1.30 as the value of the Shanghai "tael," instead of \$1.21 6/10. The customs value of other Chinese taels will be reduced in similar proportion.

A PROMOTION.
E. O. Graves has been appointed assistant treasurer of the United States to fill the vacancy caused by the promotion of A. C. Wymann.

CHANGES IN MICHIGAN ROUTES.
The following service changes on the routes in Michigan have been made by the Postoffice Department: Route from East Gilead to Coldwater—From July 1, increase of service to three times a week. Route from Augusta to Hickory Corners—From July 1, increase of service to six times a week. Route from Otter Creek to Rives Junction—From July 1, increase of service three times a week. Route from Armada to Capac—From July 1, a curtailment of service to begin at Benvidere; Armada to be omitted; decrease of distance, six miles. Route from Assaria to Nashville—From July 1, increase of service to three times a week. The Postoffice at Kearney, Ariz., has been discontinued; also mail to Bullard. Steamboat service from L'Anse to Hancock will be six times a week and back. From July 1, it will be from L'Anse by Baraga and Houghton to Hancock. Railroad service from Slocum's Junction to Groesbeek will be six times a week and back, or as much oftener as trains may run after July 1.

ARTHUR'S TRIP.
The President has definitely decided to make a trip to Florida, and expects to be absent about two weeks. He is to be accompanied by Secretary Chandler, who will make an inspection of the Pensacola navy yards.

NEWS NOTES.

DEATH OF THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL.
Hon. T. O. Howe, postmaster-general died suddenly of pneumonia on the 26th inst., at Kenosha, Wis., aged 78 years. Timothy O. Howe was born at Livermore, Me., February 24, 1816, where he studied law, was admitted to the bar, and became a member of the legislature in 1845. The same year he removed to Green Bay, Wis., where he was elected judge of the circuit and supreme court of Wisconsin in 1850, and held the office till 1855. He was elected to the United States senate as a union republican to succeed Charles Durkee, and took his seat in 1861. He was re-elected in 1867, and again in 1873, his last term expiring March 3, 1879, when he was succeeded by the late Senator Carpenter. Mr. Howe retired to his home in Green Bay, and resumed the practice of his profession. Soon after the inauguration of President Garfield he was appointed Mr. Howe one of the commissioners to represent the United States in the international monetary congress at Paris, the other commissioners being Judge Thurman, of Ohio, and Wm. M. Everts, of New York. Mr. Howe remained abroad about six months. He was appointed postmaster-general in President Arthur's cabinet in December, 1879, and energetically devoted himself to the discharge of the duties of that office up to his last fatal illness. Though in public office for a quarter of a century, Mr. Howe died comparatively poor. He was held in high esteem by all his political associates. The remains were taken to Green Bay, Wis., and buried beside those of his wife.

A PROMINENT SURGEON GONE.
Dr. Wm. H. Van Buren died in New York a few days since. He had an apoplectic attack in May last, but rallied during the summer months. Recently his symptoms assumed an unfavorable character, and for the past few weeks he grew weaker constantly. He was attended during his last illness by his brother-in-law, Dr. Alexander M. Van Buren. It is said that there is no living surgeon in this country fitted to fill the position which Dr. Van Buren held in his profession. He leaves a widow and two married daughters. He was born in New York, April 5, 1813. The establishment of the United States sanitary commission during the late war was due largely to the labors of Dr. Van Buren.

T. W. FERRY AGAIN.
Ex-senator Ferry who has been seriously ill in Toronto, Ont., is slowly recovering.

DIAZ AND PARTY.
A brilliant reception had been planned in honor of ex-President Diaz and party, upon their arrival in Washington, but owing to the death of Mr. Howe, the reception was abandoned.

HOME AT LAST.
Ensign Hunt, of the Rodgers, and seamen James H. Bartlett, H. W. Leach, F. E. Mansen and John Tinslerbach, survivors of the Jeanette expedition, have reached New York. They left Bolton Oct. 27, and have traveled almost constantly since. They were met at the Hoboken pier by a government tug, which had conveyed Lieut. McMillan and Ensigns James from the Brooklyn navy yard to receive them. They were taken to Brooklyn and remained there until they were called to Washington to testify before the Jeannette investigation committee. James H. Bartlett, one of the survivors arrived as above, is a Michigan man, hailing from Flint, where he has a brother in business.

NO MORE ASSESSMENTS.
A bill prohibiting political committees, or members thereof, from assessing or collecting contributions from public officials for political purposes, has passed the third reading in the Pennsylvania House of Representatives.

QUITE A HOME.
Rev. Mr. Hicks, of Washington, D.C., spiritual adviser, has entered a suit against the American for \$33,000 damages for a publication asserting that Hicks disposed of Quigley's bones for a money consideration.

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FOLK NOTES.

Julian Hawthorne describes realism in novel writing as fanaticism.

Colonel Tom Patterson, an Arkansas man, has a coat composed of eighty coon skins.

Blaine spends much of his time in the congressional library, hunting material for his political history.

It is estimated that the dining room in Cornelius Vanderbilt's new house will cost \$100,000 when finished.

Mr. Henry Irving, the eminent English actor, has one thousand wigs, two of which are exactly the same shade.

One characteristic feature of Mrs. Carlyle's letters will be the annotations of her husband, who gathered them together with great pains after her death.

One of the busiest lawyers in Baltimore is Charles, the grand nephew of his grand uncle Napoleon Bonaparte. The Bonapartes are always in mischief.

Mr. Whittier declined, on account of ill health, to write a dirge for the Payne burial and Dr. Holmes declines because he "despairs of conveying any new thoughts."

The wife of Rev. Joseph Cook has written down some observations made during her journey round the world, and they will shortly be published in The Chautauquan.

Gladstone has increased the number of his private detectives and now has 12 about him day and night. Even when he goes to the communion table two detectives are at his side.

Among Gustave Dore's posthumous sketches are a series of illustrations of Poe's "Raven," which are said by connoisseurs to equal, and perhaps excel, any previous productions of his unique genius.

General Nathaniel Greene has a monument in Savannah, but strange to say there is nothing on the shaft to tell in whose honor it was erected. It is suggested by the Georgia Historical Society that an appropriate inscription be engraved upon it.

Miss Linda Gilbert is now endeavoring to secure additional educational facilities and other reforms in the prisons of Baltimore and Washington. In May she will sail for England and devote the summer to efforts in behalf of prison reform there.

Among the coronation presents to the Czar none excites more attention than a group of armed figures, in massive gold, representing a scene commemorative of Russia's aid to the Prince of Bulgaria, who presents it. There are innumerable other presents.

It is said that the Crown Princess of Prussia recognizes the fact that liberalism is one of the signs of the times, which even sovereigns must take note of. She said recently to her son's tutor: "In these days princes must be taught to be liberal, otherwise they have no chance."

The law library of the late Justice Clifford, of the United States Supreme Court, is now offered for sale at Portland, Me., and an effort is being made to have it purchased as a whole and kept in that city as a public library. It is said to be the largest law library in New England except one in Boston.

Sarah Bernhardt's latest advertisement takes the form of a visit to a lunatic asylum, where she studied the manners and customs of the inmates, with a view to reproducing them on the stage. She had herself locked up in one of the cells where violent maniacs are confined, and then went through a rehearsal of gymnastics such as mad people are wont to indulge in.

The young Japanese girl, Miss Yamakawa, who was recently president of her class at Vassar, writes from her home to friends in Poughkeepsie that she is again becoming accustomed to the mode of life in Japan. She finds no difficulty in eating and dressing after the Japanese fashion, but—mark the exception—she cannot bring herself to arrange her hair in the true native style.

Some of Arabi's co-religionists in Ceylon are as "splendid men of business" as Dodson & Fogg, and thought the famous exile a godsend for plunder. So the butcher charged him 50 cents a pound for mutton, the ordinary price being 14 cents. Arabi, having discovered the fraud, proceeded to learn how many pounds had been supplied, and when the butcher next came round his customer clutched him, and then, with a strong, yet supple cane, administered a whack for each pound supplied.

The Crown Princess of Germany is an assiduous reader of English and German books and newspapers, and keeps herself well acquainted with all that is going on in politics and society in both countries. She pays especial attention to all phases of radical and religious agitation, and never rejects without studying it a new idea, no matter how violently expressed in print. "One may fish for pearls in any waters," she explains; adding—"but I haven't found any yet."

The anti-Semitic movement was exceedingly distasteful to her, and as a counterblast to Court Pastor Stocker's harangues she invited some prominent members of the Jewish community at Berlin to dinner, in violation of all tradition of court etiquette.

A director of a railroad, who is a great hater of tobacco hearing it remarked in a meeting of the board that the life of a locomotive is only thirty years, wanted to know "if, in the opinion of the board, the longevity of the locomotive would not be increased if it smoked less?"

THE FRONT GATE.

An old and crippled gate am I,
And twenty years have passed
Since I was swung high and dry
Between these posts so fast.
But now I've grown so powerful and weak
That I can swing a man as easily
As I can swing a door.
I'm scarcely strong enough to squeak,
Although I'm never greased.

"Twenty years ago, I say,
When Mr. Egan White
Came kind of hanging round my way
Most every other night,
He hung upon my starboard side
And she upon the other,
Till Susan Smith became his bride,
And in due time a mother.

"I groaned intensely when I heard—
Despite I am no churl—
My doom breathed in a single word,
The baby was a girl!
And as she grew and grew and grew,
I loud bemoaned my fate
For she was very fair to view,
And I—I was the gate!

Then, in due time, a lover came,
Betokening my ruin,
A dapper fellow, brown by name,
The grown-up baby-wool!
They swung upon me in the gloom,
And talked of moon and stars;
They are married now and live at home
Along with ma and pa.

My lot was happy for a year,
No courting night or day,
I had not thought I had no fear,
But luck would come my way.
But oh! this morning save the mark!
There came a wild surprise,
A shadow flitted grim and dark
Across my sunny skies.

A doctor with a knowing smile,
A nurse with face serene,
A bundle in the house the while,
Great Scott! what can it mean!
My hinges ache, the lock is weak,
My pickets in a whirl,
I hear that awful doctor speak:
Is another girl!"

—EUGENE FIELD.

SELFISH JOHN CLARK.

The meeting was a good one, in spite of the intense heat, and there was more singing done by the mosquitoes than the human species.

John Clark sat by an open window, where what breeze there was came in and kept him comparatively comfortable; and then he had on a clean linen suit which his wife had washed and ironed that day, notwithstanding the mercury mounted high in the nineties, and its freshness was an additional comfort.

His first crop of hay, much larger than usual, had that day been put in his spacious barns without damage by so much as a drop of rain. He was well, strong, prosperous, and therefore happy.

The ride home was charming, and as the new horse took them through Cairnley Woods with sure, fleet feet, he felt that life was very bright; and as he thought of Brother Willie's remarks about weary burdens and feet tired with the march of life, he concluded that the foreboding religion was not in the enjoyment of religion.

John's wife sat back in the carriage, resting her tired body and turning over in her mind the remarks her John had made at the meeting. "Bear ye another's burdens," had been the subject of the evening talk, and John's speech had been listened to with evident relish.

"Your husband has the root of the matter in him," said the pastor, as she passed out. "I hope we shall all take heed to his well-timed words."

"I think of hiring Tom Birch as a sort of spare hand or call-boy generally. I find this hot weather takes the starch out of me," John said, as the horses trotted through the cool pine grove, amid flickers of moonlight.

"Will you board him," asked Mary Clark, in a constrained voice, with the memory of her husband's exhortations still in her mind.

"Of course. I want him evenings to make the horse when we come home from meetings, or if I have a friend out. It rather hard to go right to work directly one gets home."

"You are going to hire him to help bear some of your burdens," said Mary, in the same hard voice.

"Just so, wife. It stands me in hand to practice, if I preach; don't you say so?"

"I do! I am glad you are going to have help; as you say, it is hard to go to work the minute you get home. I have been foolish enough to have this ride spoiled by thinking of bread to mix, two baskets of clothes to fold before I sleep, for the ironing to-morrow, and dinner to get for four hungry men, and baby to care for."

"Don't crowd to-morrow's burdens into this present ride. And it seems to me that it would be better to get all the house-work done before meeting time."

"If I could; but that is impossible; milk to strain, dishes to wash, Benny and baby to put to bed—all these duties come together; and then I am tired enough to go to bed myself."

"Take it easy, Mary. Keep cool, avoid all the hot work you can."

"I wish I could have a girl, John!"

"Mother used to say girls were more hindrance than help. I guess you would find them so; and then they waste and break more than their wages. I don't see how I can afford a girl. Do what you can, and leave some things undone; that's the way to work it," and John sat back with a satisfied air, and Mary thought of her husband's glowing words in the prayer-meeting.

"I will do what I can," said Mary, in a weary voice. "What I am obliged to do is much beyond my strength. The three meals come near together, washing and ironing must be done, baby shall not be neglected, and, of course, I must keep the clothes well mended."

"One thing at a time is the way to think of your duties. Pick up all the comfort you can as you go along."

have made up my mind to do so in the future."

"So I see by your thinking of having an extra hand."

"Yes, I feel that I must take care of my health for your sake and the children's."

"Certainly!" Mary answered, in a sarcastic tone; "how thoughtful you are for us!"

John made no further comment, but inwardly wished that prayer meetings did Mary the good they had once done, and wondered why his wife had so changed.

"I am going with Squire Town to see a new reaper," he says he hardly wants to buy without my opinion." This was the next day.

John left his wife ironing with the half-sick baby sitting at the table in the company of an army of flies, and, in spite of the home-scene, enjoyed his ride along the pleasant shaded road, well pleased to be seen in company with such a big man of the town. At supper-time he came home with the new reaper behind the wagon.

By taking two he made a handsome saying, and as I intended to buy one, I thought I might as well take it now," he remarked, by way of explanation. "It will save time and strength, and pay for itself in a year."

Mary made no comment, but set her teeth tightly together when she remembered that she had asked in vain for something to make her work easier. A sewing-machine had been pronounced "hurtful; better have fewer changes of clothing than run a machine." John had decided when the subject was discussed; "a clothes-wringer would be constantly getting out of order. To bring the water into the house would be just to spoil the water. Mother would never have a pump in her day."

"My mother used to say all men are selfish, and I begin to think she was right," Mary muttered, as she went to kitchen for the plate of the hot biscuit John was so fond of for his tea.

Her husband's appetite was good; but from fatigue and overheating herself Mary could not eat. His ride and the society of the genial squire had acted like a tonic; but there is no tonic in the air of a hot kitchen.

"A commonplace life," she said, and she sighed as she cleared away the tea dishes, while John tilted back in his arm-chair on the cool, drafty porch and talked over things with neighbor Jones.

"Why don't you buy Widder Patch's cranberry medder?" asked Mr. Jones; "it is going dirt cheap and you can afford it." The sum was named, figures that astonished Mary, and she was more surprised when she heard her husband say:

"I have half a mind to buy it. I've had an outfit bill paid in, and to tell the truth, affairs in the money market are so squally, I don't know just where to salt it down."

No tears came to Mary's tired eyes, but her heart went out in one mighty sob as she stood, dish-pan in hand, before the disordered table, and thought how cheaply she had sold herself, really for her board and two dollars a week; to a man who had promised to love and cherish her until death. The beautiful piano she had brought to the farm was never opened, but looked like a gloomy casket wherein was buried all the poetry of her life. The "closed parlor" had long since assumed the grimness and mustiness of country best parlors, of which in her girlhood days she had made such fun. John was a rich man; and in spite of his marriage vows and his glowing prayer-meeting talk, was allowing burdens grievous to be borne to press on her slender shoulders in order to "salt down" his dollars.

Had she not a duty to perform? Ought she to allow him to preach and never to practice? Had she not rights to be respected? Which were not by her husband, for she reasoned, if he allowed her to do what could be done by a hired woman at two dollars a week, then he hated her at that price.

Widder Patch has had a tough time on't," said neighbor Jones; "she is going westward to Tom, if she sells the medder, and Jane is going out to work. She tried sewing, but it don't agree with her. Dr. Stone recommends housework, as it's a healthy business."

"This healthy business," chimed in John. "Now my wife is a good deal better than when I married her. Why, she never did a washing in her life until she came to the farm. I think washing and general housework much better than piano-playing and reading."

"So I say to the girls who pester me to buy an organ; better play on the washboard enough sight," was the elegant response.

"Are you going to buy that cranberry medder, John?" Mary asked, as she saw her husband making preparations to go from home.

"Yes—why?"

"Can you afford it?"

"We shall have to figure a little closer in order to do it, but its going cheap."

"You will have to give up Tom Birch won't you, and do the chores yourself?"

"I have thought of it; but Tom is poor and to give him a home is a deed of charity. Now, we will save in some other way."

"How much do you pay Tom?"

"Three dollars and his board. And, by the way, he says you didn't wash his clothes. Washing and mending was in the bargain."

"I think Tom will have to go, for I have hired Jane Patch. She will be here to-night. Two dollars a week I am to give her. You want to practice Bear ye one another's burdens, as well as preach from the text; so I will give you a chance. I will sit on the cool piazza after tea with a neighbor, while

you do the chores. I think the time has come for my burdens to be lifted. By exchanging Tom for Jane you will have one dollar a week for the cranberry medder. You say, strong, active Tom is in need of a home; he can make one for himself anywhere. It is a deed of charity to give Jane a home, and an act of mercy to give your wife a little rest."

Before John could recover from his astonishment, Mary walked out of his sight, and, taking the children, went to the shut-up parlor. Throwing open the windows to let in the soft summer air, with baby in her lap, she sat down to the piano and began to play a "song without words," a piece John had loved to hear when he used to visit her in her home where she was a petted girl. The song crept out through the open windows and round to John as he sat on the porch, and memory compelled him to give the song words. Not musical poetry, but rather somber prose, where, in washing, ironing, hard days at the churn, hours of cooking for hungry men, stood out before his mind's eye in contrast to the fair promises he had made the pretty girl he had won for his bride.

Jane Patch came that evening, and at once took upon herself many of Mrs. Clark's cares, and no one greeted her more cordially than did the master of the house. Nothing was ever said about her coming, and Tom Birch did not go away; so Mary knew her husband could well afford the expense.

She told me how she helped to make one man thoughtful and unselfish, as we sat on her cool piazza one hot August night; and I was glad that one woman had grit enough to demand her rights. If John Clark had been poor his wife would have borne her burden in patience; but she had no right to help make him selfish and indifferent as to her health and comfort.

The Fate of an Ancient Weather Prophet.

Boston Globe.

The career of Wiggins calls to mind the punishment which Dean Swift and some of his friends inflicted upon a weather-prophesying imposter in Queen Anne's time, known as Partridge, the almanac maker. Partridge started in life as a shoemaker; but he soon left that for more profitable and less laborious pursuits of quack, prophet and humbug generally. His pretensions imposed on credulous people and his almanacs were bought by thousands. To show what sorry quacks Wiggins and Vennor are, notwithstanding the lapse of two centuries, during which the art of humbugging has been developed immensely, they have not improved in the least on Partridge's system. He, just as they, foretold storms in March and December, showers in April, hot weather in August and frosts in November, and made as loud boasts as if a hit was made.

Swift became disgusted at Partridge's pretensions, and determined to put him down. Walking around London one day, he noticed over a smith's shop the sign, "Isaac Bickarstaff." It struck his fancy, and he stored it in his memory for future use. In January, 1708, Partridge came out with his almanac as usual. A few weeks afterwards London was astonished by the publication of a small sheet which purported to contain the predictions of Isaac Bickarstaff, astrologer. It made a profound sensation, and the sale was great. Instead of the vague and indefinite hints at futurity which Partridge's almanacs contained, it foretold foreign and domestic events with the greatest particularity, giving even the hour of the day when deaths of famous men, great victories and defeats should occur.

But one statement created the most talk; for at 11 o'clock on the 29th of March it was predicted that Partridge, the almanac maker, would die. Partridge himself stoutly denied its truth; but it was of no use. On the 30th of March another pamphlet came out giving a circumstantial account of his death, after a sincere repentance of his sins and a confession of the worthlessness of his almanac. Everybody believed he was dead, and Partridge was never able to convince the public that he was still alive. It broke up his business, and in a few years he really did die. It is a pity that the Dean isn't still on earth to deal with Vennor and Wiggins. A good dose of ridicule is probably the most effectual weapon which can be used against them, and Dean was a master of the art.

No Chaw in the Meat.

N. Y. Sun.

"We can't stand this sort of meat, sir," said the spokesman of a delegation of the crew of the steamship Louisiana to Capt. Gager on a recent trip.

"What's the matter with the meat?" inquired the Captain of the steward.

"Nothing at all, sir. It's a piece of the cabin roast that I was obliged to send down because the stock of meat for the crew ran short. It is fresh, tender meat. Taste it yourself." Captain Gager tasted it, and said to the spokesman of the delegation:

"I can see nothing the matter with that meat. It is as good as I get, and is very tender."

"Well, sir," said the spokesman, "we don't like it. There's no chaw in it."

A little bright-eyed boy, upon hearing his father read the story of Joan of Arc, was greatly moved by her sad trials; but when the part was reached where she was about to be burned at the stake, the poor little fellow could not contain himself any longer, but sobbingly clutched his parent's arm, and, with big tears running down his plump little cheeks, cried, "But, papa, why—why—why were the police?"

WIT AND HUMOR.

The old Vermont man who heard that there were wildcat mines in Utah said that if the pesky wildcats were down in the bowels of the earth people must be dreadful fools to dig 'em out.

An old lady from one of the rural districts astonished a clerk in one of the stores by inquiring if they had any "yaller developments, such as they did up letters in."—Sandersville (Ga.) Mercury.

"Mamma," said a little Gorham boy, "I gave Carrie a pretty good hint to go home, to-day." "What did you do, my son?" said his mother. "Oh, I filled her mouth up with mustard and called it apple-sauce and she took the hint."

Whenever you see a man coming out of a country drug store, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, you may know that the town is suffering under a combined attack of malaria and the license law.—Western Exchange.

"Yes, said the deacon, the organist certainly did play opera bouffe airs and the can-can in his voluntary yesterday. But, dear me, I can't kick up a row about it without giving myself away by showing that I recognize the music."—Boston Post.

Scene, village school. Lady visitor (to a very dirty child): "Jane, why don't you come with a clean face to school?" Jane (after some hesitation): "Please, ma'am, mither canna spare me ony soft water, and she wunna hae me use hard, for it cracks ma skin."

"What's the matter with that man?" asked Deacon Glidin, as a weary citizen staggered by the store last night. "Is he drunk?" "No," answered Amnadab; "he's troubled with lunacy." "What kind of lunacy, I'd like to know?" "Why, sa-loney, of course," answered Amnadab.

"I heard yer old mudder was dead," said Said Johnsing to Gabe Snodgrass, a colored citizen of Austin. "Jas' so. She died last week." "Was she sick long?" "No; she jus' luck sick one day an' died de nex'." "Only sick one day?" "De Lor', why dat was hardly wuff while."

A young lady of Chalfont, Pa., who was cured of a long and distressing illness by prayer a few weeks ago, died just as the faith-cure doctor was getting himself well advertised. But this should not prejudice any one against that sort of medicine. Perhaps she took an overdose.—Norristown Herald.

A Virginia calf was found in the hay loft the other day, and the owner proves that the wind must have blown it up there because "there was no ladder-way for it to climb up." The general opinion in the neighborhood though, is that the owner expected the tax assessor round that day.—Boston Post.

There is a young lady up in Columbia county, who is six feet tall and is engaged to be married. The man who won her did it in these words: "Thy beauty sets my soul aglow; I'd wed thee, right or wrong; man wants but little here below, but he wants that little long."—Irwin (Ga.) Southern.

In a Boston newspaper office: The gentleman who is making up the form—"Here's an item that has no mark, and there's no way to tell where it belongs." Foreman—"What's it headed?" Maker—"An Old Scandal Revived." Foreman—"Oh, that goes in the New England news."—Courier Journal.

Said a lady, who wanted to go to the theater, to her husband, who was reading a newspaper: "There is a new opera company coming to Austin; and they are going to give 'Robert the Devil'." "What are they going to give Robert the devil for—what's he been doing?" asked the husband, who is not well up in opera music.

"He's not just what you call handsome," said the Major, beaming through his glasses on an utterly hideous baby, as it lay peacefully howling in its mother's arms. "But it's the kind of face that grows on you." "It's not the kind of face that ever grew on you," was the indignant reply of the maternal being; "you'd be better looking if it had."

"Charley," remarked Jones, "you were born to be a writer." "Ah!" replied Charley, blushing slightly at the compliment; "you have seen some of the things I have turned?" "No," said Jones; "I wasn't referring to what you had written. I was simply thinking what a splendid ear you had for carrying a pen—immense, Charley; simply immense!"

A gentleman, newly-married and a prominent society man, took his bride to the opera. A few evenings afterwards, speaking to some friends, the lady said something about the opera and was asked what the opera was. "I can't recall the opera just now," said the lady. "But perhaps my husband can." "Oh, yes," said he, jumping at the chance to air his knowledge; "it was the opera of 'Libretto'."—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

A certain Austin man was not expected to live. He had a neighbor with whom he had been on bad terms for several years. This neighbor asked a mutual friend how the first party was coming on. "I am glad to see you have done away with your feeling of resentment toward that poor man. He is sinking, sinking rapidly," was the reply. "He is, he?" "Well, I am not surprised. I always thought that was the direction he would take when he died."—Texas Siftings.

A diplomatist is having an after-dinner talk with the Grand Vizier of the Oriental sovereign to whose court he is accredited. "The only fault I have to find with your system of government,"

he says laughingly, "is its murderous tendency. Why, not a single one of your Sultans has died in his bed during the last 200 years!" "You mistake, sir," says the Grand Vizier, with patriotic warmth. "Four of them have died in their beds during that period. Though I must admit that in each case the royal sleeper was found with the mattress on top of him!"

"So you strike all classes of customers, eh?" said the newspaper man, hoping to draw him out. "Well, I should make," said the druggist. "A woman came in this morning and handed me an old back number porous plaster, one that looked as though it had been taken off an Egyptian mummy, and wanted me to give her another one. She said the old one was no good. She said the old man had worn it on his back for two weeks, and it never drew a blister. It just loaded around on his back, and was of no more account than so much sand paper. I tried to tell her that a porous plaster was not intended to blister, but simply to retain the back in its proper place, and let the pain crawl out through the holes. She kicked and said I was a worse fraud than the other plaster."—Peek's Sun.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

A man is not good or bad for one action.

Nothing overcomes passion more than silence.

Heaven never helps the man who will not act.

Celebrity sells dearly what we think she gives.

An honest man is the noblest pursuit of woman.

Discreet wives have sometimes neither eyes nor ears.

When the sea is crossed the saint is generally forgotten.

True wisdom, in general, consists in energetic determination.

The clock of the tongue should be set by the dial of the heart.

A man knows his companion in a long journey and a small inn.

Our life depends upon the persons with whom we live familiarly.

The more virtuous a man is, the more virtue does he see in others.

Victory belongs to the most persevering, but there is a limit that is human.

There is no greater pride than in seeking to humiliate ourselves beyond measure.

The man who is very fond of books is usually a man of lofty thought and elevated opinions.

As any man may be compelled to eat his words, he should never indulge in bitter speeches.

There are even now too many bread-eaters, if they are not brought up to be bread-winners.

Most of the shadows that cross our path through life are crossed by standing in our own light.

All human virtues may be increased and strengthened by the practice and experience of them.

It is all very well to be a promising youth, but the hard part is to keep your promise in after life.

Every man has a weak side; but a wise man knows where it is, and will keep a double guard there.

This world, with all its poverty, does not need almsgiving as much as it needs pure hearts and honest lives.

By holding very little misery quite close to our eyes, we entirely lose sight of a great deal of comfort beyond, which might be taken.

Although it is dangerous to have too much knowledge of certain subjects, it is still more dangerous to be totally ignorant of them.

Discretion is more necessary to women than eloquence, because they have less trouble to speak well than to speak little.—Father Du Bos.

Old age is the night of life, as night is the old age of the day. Still, night is full of magnificence; and, for man, it is more brilliant than the day.—Mme. Swetchine.

The flavor of detached thoughts depends upon the consciousness of their expression; for thoughts are grains of sugar, or of salt; that must be melted in a drop of water.

It never happened to any man since the beginning of the world, nor never will, to have all things according to his desire, or to whom fortune was never opposite or adverse.

If you cannot be happy in one way, be happy in another; and this facility of disposition wants but little aid from philosophy, for health and good humor are almost the whole affair.

What men want is not talent, it is purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve, but will to labor. I believe that labor, judiciously and continuously applied, becomes genius.

A man is known to his dog by the small to his father by the seat to his friends by the smile, each of these know him, but how little or how much depends upon the dignity of the intelligence.

Men may sneer at the truth to-day, and trample it under foot, and imagine that it is annihilated, but when they least look for such a result, it springs up and bears fruit, a hundred, or possibly a thousand fold.

The aim of education should be rather to teach us how to think than what to think—rather to improve our minds so as to enable us to think for ourselves than to load the memory with the thoughts of others.

RUNOR.

PROFESSOR.—"If you attempt to squeeze any solid body it will always resist pressure." Class smiles and cites examples of exceptions which prove the rule.

"I do wish you would come home earlier," said a woman to her husband. "I am afraid to stay alone. I always imagine that there's somebody in the house; but when you come I know there ain't."

A Missouri paper says that a girl in that State dislocated her shoulder kicking at a cat. A St. Louis girl stepped on a cat, and callers in the afternoon mistook the cat for a new aesthetic design worked into the carpet.

One great unpleasantness attending a man's getting married is his utter insignificance on the occasion. The bride is the object of attention as the star performer of the show, and he is regarded merely as a necessary property.—*Boston Post.*

SOME one inquired of a servant of General Jackson whether the General was in the habit of using ardent spirits. "No," was the reply, "he don't 'pear to care nothin' about anything of dat sort, but he drink his coffee strong enuff to kill de debil."

MR. J. J. H. GREGORY says that an acre of land may contain six tons of worms. So it may; but, if Mr. Gregory ever tried to dig a box of bats on ten minutes, notice of an invitation to go fishing on a dry time, he knows it don't.—*Lowell Courier.*

WHEN we see the young man of the period, with the cut-away coat, his ears sheltered from the cold north wind blasts by the broad expanse of collar, his two watch chains, but no watch, his pointed shoes and intellectual eyeglasses, his footsey-wootsey cane and pancake hat, we realize that the \$34,000,000 annually spent in educating the American youth is little enough.—*Rochester Express.*

AN old gentleman who formerly held high office in Arkansas, reduced in circumstances, sat by his fire regarding his stock of provisions, three blue looking ribs of a hog, when an old acquaintance entered. "General," said the visitor after greeting inspired by long years of separation, "you are reduced in circumstances." "Yes!" exclaimed the General, pointing to his meat, "I am poor, for you see, you can count my ribs."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

HE had just returned from the mines of the West. Been away twenty years. He knocked at his deserted wife's door. She answered the summons. In a novel they would have rushed into each other's arms. But this was a real occurrence. "You bet she knew him. 'Don't you love me still,'" he faltered. "Of course I love you still," she emphatically said, "and I thought you was dead and so still I should never set eyes on you again; clear out," and she slammed the door in his face.

A BAND of Train Robbers having conducted an Extensive Financial Operation with the Passengers upon an Express Train, and departed, the plundered Passengers did not fail loudly to lament their loss; the most vehement in his Complaint of the Insecurity of Property in the Lawless Far West being a Railroad Magnate who was making a Tour of Inspection over the Railroad that he had just Stolen from its Stockholders. Moral—Two of a Trade can Never Agree.—*Drake's Magazine.*

A MAN fell down on Warren street. He was a large individual and took up lots of sidewalk, and a bystander thought it the proper time to be funny. "How did you come to fall?" he inquired; "on a bit of lemon?" "Yes, sir; on a bit of lemon," replied the corpulent one. "But I see no lemon," replied the funny man. "Well, who said you could?" savagely roared the corpulent individual, as he got up and dusted himself off with his handkerchief. "Can anyone see the lemon in half a dozen cocktails?"—*Puck.*

MRS. PRACY YERGER went out to attend a matinee in the Austin Opera House, after having instructed the colored servant, Matilda Snowball, under no circumstances to leave the house. Having forgotten her ticket, Mrs. Yerger was obliged to return to the house, and as she opened the door, whom did she meet emerging but Matilda, dressed up in one of Mrs. Yerger's fine walking dresses, with Mrs. Yerger's Sunday parasol in her hand. Mrs. Yerger was almost speechless. She gasped: "Didn't I tell you not to go out?" "Iee not going out. I was jess getting ready to stay at home."—*Texas Siftings.*

DO YOU KNOW?—That a little water in butter will prevent it from burning when used for frying? That a little saltpetre worked into butter that has become sour or rancid, will render it sweet and palatable? That pennyroyal distributed in places frequented by roaches will drive them away? That wild mint will keep rats and mice out of your house? That five quarts of boiling water poured on a basket of pearls will make an excellent soft soap? Let it remain over night to harden. That lime sprinkled in fire-places during summer months, is healthful? That Spanish brown mixed with a little water, will make the hearth look pretty? A pound costs ten cents, and will last two or three months; use a little at a time. That leaves of parsley eaten with a little vinegar, will prevent the disagreeable consequences of tainted breath by onions? That flowers and shrubs should be excluded from a bedroom? That all paintings, hung over the mantel-piece, are liable to wrinkle with the heat?

PITH AND POINT.

MEN very seldom elope with literary women; not because she is always ugly, but because her head keeps her from going too far.

SCIENTIFIC men have lately discovered that the crab does not crawl backward. It is made that way. It is going forward all the time.

HIGH RAPIDLY, says the Burlington Hawkeye, a man loses all interest in political and national finances when he shuts the door on his own thumb.

"Omn young men are coming to the front," cries a political journal. It does not look that way at the theater. Just as many bald heads in the front rows as ever.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

A LEOPARD and a fox had a contest as to which was the finest of the two. The leopard put forth his numberless spots; but the fox replied: "It is better to have a versatile mind than a variegated body."

THE peculiar characteristic of the Irish flea is that you put your finger on him and he isn't there. The peculiar characteristic of the Russian Nihilist is that you put your finger on him and you are not there.

WHY should a man who is in a bad fix be said to be "up a tree?" Lots of men who have stood in the midst of a ten-acre lot with a cross bull approaching have heartily wished themselves in the branches of a lofty vegetable.

A RELIGIOUS newspaper will go the rounds of a family circle and still look bright and clean; but when the family story paper makes the circuit it looks as if it had served in the capacity of a hustler and had been given to the baby to cut teeth on.

THE only crown jewels that a country editor will ever wear will be the beads of perspiration which adorn his classic brow when he gets through wrestling with the hand-press after working off his whole edition.—*Drake's Traveler's Magazine.*

MISS AMELIA BLOOMER, the giddy young thing who invented pants for women, is now a white-haired old woman, who blooms out in dresses with trains six feet long, and wouldn't wear a pair of her Bloomer trousers for \$30 a minute. Another reform gone wrong.—*Burdette.*

A SPORTSMAN had with him a boy to carry the game-bag. Having missed five partridges in succession, the gunner cried as he shot at the sixth bird: "There! I hit him! I saw the feathers fly! Didn't they?" "Yes," replied the boy, dryly, "they flew—flew off with the bird!"

LITTLE GERTIE went to church the other Sunday, when the preacher took the text: "Piling up wrath against the day of wrath." "What was the text, Gertie?" asked her mother, when the little girl had returned. "I haven't forgotten it—no, indeed!" said Gertie, proudly. "It was 'Lay-up something for a rainy day.'"

A CUSTOMER takes back to a tailor a pair of trousers which are a perfect misfit. The knight of the shears is overwhelmed with grief and surprise. "Oh, never mind," says the customer, "you'll be able to work 'em off on someone else." "It is not the loss of the pantaloons that affects me," says the tailor haughtily; "it is an artist's sorrow at his failure, of which you are the uncomprehending spectator!"—*French Paper.*

"I SAY," said an old bum on State street to one of his own genus; "there is likely to be a move made in the next session of Congress in our favor." "How do you put it up?" asked the other. "Why, in tariff reform." "How's that going to help you out?" "Why, Senator Windom was in the city last week, and says he is in favor of free sugar, and if Congress will only meet him half way and make free whisky, why, don't that heel us for the winter?"—*Cheek.*

THEY had only been married a short time. She slung her arm around him and warbled, in a low, tremulous voice: "Do you realize, Adolphus, that now we are married, we are only one?" "No," replied the brute, "I can't realize it. I have just paid a \$75 millinery bill, and a lot more of your bills; with several outside precincts to hear from, so I am beginning to realize that, as far as expense goes, instead of being one, we are half a dozen. I can't take in that idea of our being one just yet, not by a large majority."—*Texas Siftings.*

The Dismal Swamp. A recent visitor to the Dismal Swamp in Virginia found it much reduced in extent compared to what it was twenty years ago. It now contains some of the best farming land in the State. A railroad runs across it, and it is on its way to final extinction. The drainage of Lake Drummond, a central body of water lying higher than the average level of the swamp, would make the whole area fertile. This is a project of Governor Benjamin F. Butler, who once had surveys made, but at length abandoned it. The great industry of the swamp is lumbering. It is penetrated by small ditches in connection with larger canals, and by rudimentary roads, over which the logs are rolled to be sawed up into shingles, railroad ties and fencing. The lake itself, however, with its almost impenetrable fringe of cypress and its protecting roots and broken stumps, is quite as dismal as ever.

SENATOR BAYARD is ranked by George A. Sala as the best story-teller in the country.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

DAILY HABITS.—Always eat your food slowly, masticate well, sit down to your meal in a good humor, as you go to bed, smiling and peaceful. Keep good natured, and never indulge in anger. This is the way to insure digestion, sound sleep and long life.

GOOD FOR THAT SORE THROAT.—To make a good gargle for the throat, take one tablespoonful of cayenne pepper, one teaspoonful of salt, one pint of water and two tablespoonsful of vinegar; sweeten to taste with honey or loaf sugar, mix together and bottle.

A BAD COLD.—At the commencement of a cold the mucous membrane of the nostrils often so swells as to prevent the passage of the air through them, and the person is compelled to breathe through his mouth. The discomfort may be often removed by holding the feet in quite hot water. Many a severe headache can be relieved in the same way.

SURE CURE FOR CORNS.—Take one-fourth cup of strong vinegar, crumb finely into it some bread. Let stand half an hour, or until it softens into a good poultice. Then apply, on retiring at night. In the morning the soreness will be gone and the corn can be picked out. If the corn is a very obstinate one, it may require two or more applications to effect a cure.

SLEEPING ACCOMMODATIONS.—Cleanliness is a great essential. Our life is passive during the hours of sleep, but our breathing goes on constantly, and the demands for pure air in sleeping rooms is very important. There should always be communication with the outside air, and in warm weather, the doors and windows may all be wide open. If currents of air can sweep through the rooms in the day time (or in the night without endangering the sleepers), so much the better. The bad air that originates in sleeping room—the waste substance that escapes from human bodies, by the lungs and skin—settles and clings about the carpets, curtains, bedding and clothing, tainting them with decomposing, and it may be, poisonous matter, unless a constant cleansing process is carried on by plentiful airing, and the action of light, especially sunshine. The room should contain as little drapery as possible. Rugs are better than carpets, and no heavy curtains should be used. The bed should not be made after using, until the bedding has been well aired, and the more it can be exposed to bright sunshine, and out-door breezes, the better. The room should be kept as free as possible from all odors. The night clothing should be well aired during the day, and the day clothing should be placed at night where it will get aired before it is again worn. Sleeping rooms are often much crowded. It would be well, could each, when old enough, have a private room and a clean bed apiece. A great gain in health would result from this arrangement. In our present state of poverty, we can only insist that no more than two ought to occupy the same bed. It is an outrage on infancy to wedge a baby in between two grown-up people. Much injury is done to the health and so the morals of the children by the crowded sleeping arrangements in families. The practice is now becoming quite common among careful people, where there are several young children, for the parents to divide the care of the little one, the mother taking the youngest in her bed, and the father attending to the next to the youngest, and to others if there is need. It seems a pity that the man of the house should be broken of his rest, but it is quite as bad a thing to have the children's mother made sick and nervous from lack of sleep, and excess of care. With attention to the laws of health, especially in regard to food and air, there need be little suffering from broken rest, as healthy children sleep soundly and quietly, and need little care.

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