

PINCKNEY DISPATCH.

VOL. I.

PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1883.

NO. 13

PINCKNEY DISPATCH

EROME WINCHELL, 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 10:30 o'clock. Also each alternate Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Sunday School immediately after the morning service. Class meeting following the Sunday School.

REV. F. E. PEABKE, Pastor.

CONGREGATIONAL.—Services each Sabbath morning at 10:30 o'clock. Sunday School at 11:15. Also services each alternate Sabbath at 7:30 p.m. Strangers especially are invited to attend our services. There will be in waiting to seat those not familiar with the pews.

REV. K. H. CRANE, Pastor.

SOCIETIES.

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

Mrs. Dr. Stoler, 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. 285, meets at Masonic Hall, Mann's Block, Tuesday evening on or before the full of the moon in each month.

F. A. SIGLER, Com.

L. D. BROOKAW, R. K.

MASSONIC—Livingston Lodge, No. 76, meets at Masonic Hall, Mann's Block, Tuesday evening on or before the full of the moon in each month.

C. D. VAN WINKLE, W. M.

C. V. VAN WINKLE, Rec. Sec.

BUSINESS CARDS.

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

Handling done on short notice. Keeps a full stock of Diamond Black Leather Oil constantly on hand.
PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN.

T. H. TURNER, M. D.,
HOMEOPATHIC
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.

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

L. E. RICHARDS & CO.,
NEWSDEALERS,
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. EAMAN,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW
and Justice of the Peace,
Office in the Brick Block,
PINCKNEY.

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

THOMAS CLINTON,
BOOT AND SHOE SHOP,
Also HARNESS MAKING,
Cash for Hides, Furs and Fur.
Next south of City 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 Temple & Cadwell's Hardware.
PINCKNEY, MICH.

HUGH CLARK, MANUFACTURER OF FIRST CLASS HARNESS, 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 country. 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.

J. S. LAVEY, CARPENTER & BUILDER.

Will furnish plans and specifications. Leave orders at M. Dolan's grocery—Pinckney.

MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH, HAIR-DRESSER.

Switches, waves, and all kinds of hair work done to order in the very best manner, at reasonable prices. At residence, West Main St., Pinckney.

DIED.

At his residence in Marion, Tuesday evening, April 10th, Thomas Jeffrey, aged 86 years and 7 months.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

L. E. Richards & Co. have just received a stock of nobby hats and caps.

Warner's Safe Kidney & Liver Cure at Winchell's Drug Store.

Fine perfumes at Winchell's Drug Store.

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

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

NOTICE.

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

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.

The celebrated horse, "Erin Go Bragh," owned by G. S. May, of Unadilla, will be found at the stables of Horace Eick, 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.

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

Guyssott's Sarsaparilla and Yellow Dock at Winchell's Drug Store.

An Oyster Omelette.

An oyster omelette may be a new dish to some cooks, and I can assure them that it will be a favorite if the family like oysters. Stew a dozen oysters in their own liquor, if possible, if not, use a very little water; roll two or three lumps of butter the size of butternuts in flour, and put in and let it come to a boil; salt it well, and add black or cayenne pepper to suit your taste. Take out the oysters and chop them, and, if necessary to make them thick, add a little flour to the sauce; then put the oysters in and set the saucepan in which they are on the back part of the stove. Beat your eggs with a very light and add to them two table-spoonfuls of cream or rich milk; fry in a well-buttered frying-pan. When done remove to a hot plate or a deep plate, and pour the oyster sauce over it. Serve while hot. —New York Evening Post.

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.

Get out your last year's straw hat.

HOWELL now has a post of the G. A. R. in full working order.

Supervisor Marble is placing in the hands of property owners blanks for the annual assessment.

MR. BARNARD is preparing to take charge of the hotel, Mr. Burgess retiring April 18th.

Mrs. WAGNER, the new milliner, will occupy a portion of the Dyer house as her residence.

Wouldn't it be a good plan to set a few trees on the "public square" Arbor day.

South Lyon is to have another newspaper—it is said—with C. F. Newkirk as its chief engineer.

Last Sunday was "church day" at the Catholic church, and called a very large number of people to town.

Ypsilanti proposes to utilize her mineral springs by erecting bathhouses thereon.

THOS. DUNN is building a house on the old home-stead, north of the village.

The railroad furnishes employment to many who have been a long time waiting for a job.

DR. SIGLER sports a new carriage. It is of Sykes & Son's manufacture, with their patent gear, and is a very handsome vehicle.

UNCLE JACOB TEEPLE, who has been quite seriously ill for the past two weeks is again able to be about—though very feeble.

SUNDAY evening next, at the congregational church, Rev. K. H. Crane will preach a sermon for the young people. Subject: "Our Wise Counselors."

MR. HAYWARD, who has the contract for two miles of grade east of the village, arrived Monday, and is stirring up the ground at a lively rate.

DETROIT EVERY SATURDAY is publishing some very interesting sketches (historical and otherwise) from the pen of Mrs. L. H. Stone.

The Grand Trunk Railway company is preparing to build at Jackson, an engine house with capacity for 12 locomotives. The building will be a substantial brick structure.

The annual fair of the Livingston County Agricultural Society will be held at Howell the last week of September. Extra exertions will be made to insure a successful exhibition.

Mrs. WAGNER and Miss Cole are receiving their stock of millinery, and will be ready for business in the rooms over Sigler's Drug Store, early next week.

REUBEN WILLIAMS of Isoco, who has been mentally deranged for some time past, wandered from his home last week, and has not since been heard from. His friends offer a liberal reward for information as to his whereabouts.

A social was given by the Congregational society, last night, at the residence of Mr. E. A. Allen—an "old folks' concert," being one of the features. It was well patronized, and Mr. and Mrs. Allen made their guests feel very much at home.

MR. PEARSON has material on the ground, and has commenced building a flat and wire fence around the "square." He also commenced, Wednesday, excavating for a cellar 22x50 feet, on one of the lots fronting on Howell Street, and has part of material on the ground for a two-story brick store building.

MR. WILBER TUBBS, a former Pinckney lad, is in town for a few days with friends and relatives. He has been teaching school in Isabella county the past winter, and has become so enamored of that part of the State that he contemplates locating in the northern wilds. His Dispatch goes to Loomis, Isabella county.

The Congregational Sunday school was reorganized last Sunday, the following officers being chosen for the ensuing year:

Superintendent—Jerome Winchell.
Assistant Supt.—C. M. Wood.
Secretary—Miss Ellen Darwin.
Treasurer—Geo. W. Sykes.
Librarian—J. A. Cadwell.
Chorister—W. R. Rainey.
Teachers—Rev. K. H. Crane, Mrs. Crane, Mrs. Thatcher, Prof. M. Reed, and Miss Campbell.

The small boy can go barefoot now—and is happy.

MR. YATES, of the Air Line Railway, was in town yesterday.

J. H. MORRIS, Esq., of Ann Arbor, was in town yesterday.

Most anybody can spear a muskrat when it's in a trap, can't they Pype?

JOHN DENN is building a new residence on his farm southwest of the village.

MILES W. BULLOCK, Esq., and Harry Havens, of Howell, were in town, Tuesday.

On the average the man who leaves Michigan to go to Dakota doesn't know just what he is going for.

MR. C. E. HOLLISTER has moved into Mrs. Darrow's house on the "Howell road."

Prof. BIGG, of Dexter, well known to most of our Pinckney people, was in town Tuesday.

Our sport-loving citizens are having fine times fishing nowadays. The lakes are full of the finny tribe.

Rev. DR. COCKER, of the State University, died Sunday, aged 62 years. His loss will be deeply felt.

MR. BAKER has bought from Dr. Haze a fine residence lot on Church St. adjoining Mrs. Miller's residence on the east.

CHAS. H. STICKLE, son-in-law of S. A. Darwin, having purchased a part of the latter's farm, southeast of the village, has taken up his abode thereon.

Some of the Plainfield and Unadilla merchants contemplate moving to Unadilla Centre, the new station (that is to be) on the Air Line Railway.

It is said that the new two-cent letter stamp will be of very handsome design—but the back of it will probably be just as nasty to look as is that of the present one.

DAVE BENNETT says his reputation as a horse trader is coming up again. He traded twice in two minutes the other day and has a first rate horse on hand now. A "first-rate" one to trade off, you mean, David.

In our list of the Supervisors' last week, a typographical error made us say that Mr. Abbott, of Handy, was a Republican, whereas he belongs to the Democratic side of the Board—which stands as follows: Democrats, 8; Republicans, 7; Greenback, 1, giving the fusionists a majority of two on the Board.

The engineers for the proposed new railroad—from Stockbridge to Battle Creek—stopped at the Oyer House on Tuesday night. They spoke very encouragingly of the route which they were looking up, as the one that would be accepted. The route spoken of passes through Springport on the south about 1/4 of a mile.—Springport Signal.

A VERY pleasant little informal party was given by some of the ladies of our village, for the benefit of the P. C. B., in the vacant store on Howell St. Friday evening last. About 20 couples participated in the dancing, and a goodly number of others were present, all enjoying the occasion heartily. The supper, furnished by the ladies, was delicious. Chamberlin's band furnished the music.

PROCEEDINGS in chancery were instituted at Howell, yesterday, to set aside the deed obtained by M. W. Bullock from the Kirkland heirs—involving the title to the public square property in Pinckney. Mr. Bullock and Mr. Havens were served with the proper notices, yesterday, and we understand Mr. Pearson will be made a party to the suit, the sheriff having served a notice on him this afternoon.

JOHN ASHER, a young Scotchman who has been working for Wm. Sprout the past year or two, disappeared, Monday afternoon, and has not been seen or heard from since, though very diligent search has been made for him.—He came to dinner, Monday, and left the house apparently all right, but instead of going to work, wandered off to where some neighbors were working in the woods. From them he inquired the name of a small lake which was in sight, and upon being informed, said he guessed he would go over and look at it. When search was made for him, it was found that he had walked entirely round the lake, and then left it, so it would not seem probable that he had drowned himself therein. He left all his best clothes and valuables; so it would appear that his mind must have been suddenly deranged, he being a young man of good habits, and no symptoms of insanity had been observed in him. He had been in this country only a couple of years.

Mrs. J. CARVER and daughters arrived Monday.

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HENRY has been exposed to the mumps and didn't dare to go a fishing.

MR. AND MRS. W. B. HOFF went to Ypsilanti, yesterday.

MR. F. L. BROWN has rented a part of Mr. S. Sykes' house, on West Main St.

Mrs. J. WINCHELL and Raymond go to Detroit to-morrow, for a few days' visit among friends in that city.

Mrs. CHAS. COLLIER arrived by the Howell stage, to-day. They will make their home in Deacon Brown's house.

IRVING BURGESS hath a neck and a cheek like unto a lager beer Dutchman—mumps.

THE new hardware store of Messrs. Brown & Collier is open for business, as will be seen by their advertisement.

N. B. RENWICK, who formerly run a barber shop in Pinckney, is in town, and talks of again locating here.

"DOC" MANN has a bran new trotting horse of the mustang liniment breed—and now all the girls are just dying for a drive.

WILLARD B. GOULD, from Conway, is working for James Fitch for the second year. Four other boys follow him also to this township, for the summer.

F. G. ROSE, Esq., has posted bills advertising a sale of stock and farming tools, on his farm, just north of the village, April 18th. This is in lieu of the sale mentioned in last week's paper, to occur to-day.

One of the marriage notices we published last week was a little premature. The ceremony does not take place until Tuesday of next week, 12 days after our paper was published. The Dispatch never means to be slow in obtaining news but in this instance we "grasped old time by the forelock" a little too closely—for which we beg the pardon of our friends Mr. and Mrs. Connor, who will paddle one canoe down the stream of life. May their voyage be "all serene."

Proceedings of the Common Council.

Pinckney, Mich., Apr. 9, 1883.
Council convened, and was called to order by President Grimes.

Present: Trustees Haze, Rose, Sykes, Jackson, Richards and Mann.

Upon motion, the Street Commissioner was given power to make any street repairs that need immediate attention.

Motion made, and carried, that the merchants doing business on Main St. be requested to immediately remove all combustible material that may be in the rear of their stores, and to keep the same clear hereafter.

Council adjourned for one week.

F. A. SIGLER, Clerk.

Chased by Coyotes.

An Eastern Montana exchange gives the following: Major P. Russell, the sheep man, says that coyotes do not bother sheep much in this country. They will, however, keep around the sheep at a distance and howl in the early morning and at night. The shepherd dogs he considers a great protection, as they will run the coyotes off, although they cannot whip them. Recently, however, the order of things was reversed, and a band of coyotes corralled a valuable shepherd dog and ran him off through the hills. The absence of the dog was afterwards fortunately discovered, and herders mounted on feet and sure-footed horses, followed in search. The dog was at length seen at a distance, completely surrounded by about ten of the cunning coyotes, who were successfully driving the poor, faithful creature away from the camp. At intervals the dog would attempt to break this cordon of wild herders and return to his charge, but the fierce animals, anticipating the movement, would close their ranks and present a snarling, unbroken row of shinning ivory. At the approach of the horsemen the cowardly coyotes at once dropped their tails and disappeared almost as suddenly as if the earth had opened up and swallowed them.

New Paper Wood.

A new industry has recently sprung up in Sweden. In most parts of that country enormous quantities of blanchet and bleached mosses are found that grow ages ago. These old mosses are now gathered and made into paper, which is found to be very fine in quality. A manufacture of paper from this material has begun operations near Jonkoping, and it is turning out paper in all degrees of excellence, from those for three-quarters of an inch in thickness. These latter are harder than wood.

Palmer's Fate.

Cincinnati Times-Star.

One of the most interesting as well as one of the saddest events of the late Egyptian war was the capture and death of the party sent out to break up the alliance between the Bedouins and Arabi and to enlist Bedouin troops to fight against the Egyptians, under the direction of Prof. Palmer, the most accomplished Arabian scholar of Europe. The Professor had previously made a preliminary trip through a part of the desert, and upon his return reported that he thought he could secure 50,000 Bedouin soldiers for \$75,000, about \$375,000.

The money was supplied by the home government, and Prof. Palmer and his party started upon their expedition. Various stories were soon in circulation as to their fate; but, except the fact of the death of every member of the party, they were not true. The truth has just been published, having been ascertained by Colonel Warren after months of investigation.

Professor Palmer took the name of Hawaji Abdallah, or Abdallah, and entered the desert under the guise of a Syrian gentleman. All the party wore the native dress, and traveled on horseback, and with fast dromedaries. Their guide was a native, Mattar-es-Salih, and he it was who betrayed them on the afternoon of August 10th, and when only two days' travel from Suez they reached Moses' Well, where they were attacked by a party of Bedouins, who were without a Sheikh or ruler, and by them taken prisoners. They were stripped, bound and robbed, their guide and betrayer escaping, however, with \$10,000 entrusted to his care. After a discussion as to what should be done with them the entire party was taken to a neighboring ravine, placed in a row and shot. Professor Palmer did not jump from a precipice, as has been stated, nor did the prisoners have any choice as to the manner of their death.

All Effendi, the Egyptian Governor for Nakh, the territory in which Moses' well is situated, was at the time of the murder resting in the tent of a brother Mattar, the guide, near by, and he was suspected of being implicated. With this fact as his only clue to the murderers Colonel Warren began his investigation. He was unable to strike the track of Professor Palmer's party until late in October. Arriving at Moses' Well the 24th of that month, there he found all the bodies which he sent to Suez. He had about made up his mind that his search would prove a fruitless one when he one day met an old man near the Well who had an English-made tobacco pouch which the Colonel asked to see. The man, objecting, it was taken away from him, and upon examination found to have been that of Lieut. Charrington, one of the murdered men. From this man it was learned that Sheikh, Ibn Murshid, had had something to do with the murder and his wife was made a prisoner, from whom a few facts were obtained, which justified him in arresting the Governor of the Territory.

After succeeding with much difficulty in getting the names of a number of Bedouins engaged in the attack, Col. Warren decided to return and take a fresh start. At Suez he found Mattar, the guide, whom he arrested, and from whom he obtained a large sum of money, private papers and information implicating All Effendi, the Governor of the Territory. Mattar shortly afterward died, whereupon Col. Warren gave up further personal search, and began working through the Egyptian Government, who secured the services of Ibn-Shadid, a Sheikh of the Howat, through whose efforts and those of Col. Warren and the authorities the majority of the guilty were captured and induced to confess. Some of them have already been shot, others sentenced to death and other penalties inflicted. The men who did the shooting have been captured, but Col. Warren believes that all of the investigators have thus far escaped.

American Society.

Atlantic for April.

American society, as now carried on, is maintained solely for the benefit of young girls, and is generally little better than a marriage mart. The parents launch their offspring as well as possible, and display their wares to the greatest advantage, but the business of the market is carried on chiefly by the young girls themselves, instead of by their mothers as in England and Europe. There is no special objection to this method of transacting the business, but it is preposterous that young girls, and their affairs should overshadow and shut out everything and everybody else. The result of this absorption in one class and one pursuit is that American society is often insufferably dull and flat. It is made up too exclusively of ignorant girls and their attendant boys. Half the education of a cultivated and attractive woman is of course that which is derived from society and from the world; and yet American society is almost wholly given up to the business of entertaining and marrying those who are necessarily wholly destitute of such an education. Another effect of the prevalence of social principles of this description is the supremacy of that most rustic and unattractive of habits, the pairing system, which converts society into a vast aggregation of tete-a-tetes. This prevails all over the world to a greater or less extent, but it should never reign supreme. The upshot of the whole thing with us is to drive out of society nearly all married people, for marriage under such a system is de-

structive of social value; nearly all unmarried women over twenty-five, who are thought to have overstayed their market; and, finally, a considerable proportion of the unmarried men of thirty and upwards. In other words, except at a few large balls and receptions, all the best and most intelligent part of society is usually lacking. It has been pushed aside, and is obliged to find all its social amusement in small coteries of its own. This retirement is of course voluntary, because the pairing system ruins general society, and makes it, in fact, impossible in the best and truest sense. A clever young Englishman not long ago expressed his surprise at the fact that, whenever he asked who a lady of a certain age, as the French say, might be, he was invariably told, not that she was Mrs. Blank, but that she was the mother of Miss Blank. The girl, like the boy, is properly the most insignificant member of society. When a young man goes forth into the world, he starts at the bottom of the ladder, and works his way up. The same rule should apply to young women in society. They have their place, and it is an important one; but they should not start in social life at the top, and then slowly descend. Such a system is against every law of nature or of art, and with its inevitable concomitant of universal tete-a-tetes makes really attractive general society impossible. We place the social pyramid upon its apex instead of upon its base, and then wonder that it is a poor, tottering, and unlovely object.

Antiquity of Certain Tools, Etc.

Awls.—Knight's Mechanical Directory thus describes the awl: A pointed, piercing instrument in common use and of great antiquity. It is evidently older than the needle, which has not yet superseded its use, though it has supplanted it in ordinary sewing. The hides which covered the outer framework of the coracle of the ancient Briton, and the birch bark which covers the canoe frame of the Chippewa Indian, were and are sewed into place by means of an awl, which opens the way for the thong or deer sinews. The awl is referred to in Exodus XXI, 6, and Deuteronomy XV, 17 where a Hebrew servant who refused to leave his master when his sixth year of bondage was completed, was brought to the doorpost and his ear bored through with an awl, after which he became a slave for life. The Egyptian awl of the time of Thothmes III., contemporary of Moses, is shown in a Theban tomb. The pointed instrument was placed in an early spical handle, differs from a needle in this, that one is attached to fit the palm of the hand. An awl has an handle and is retroacted while the other passes through the article and carries the thread which is attached to it.

Ancient Saws.—A frame saw is shown in a painting at Herculaneum. The sawyers are at each end, one standing and the other sitting. The bench to which the timber is secured by clamps is supported by four-legged stools. The saw blade is strained in the middle; the teeth stand perpendicularly to the plane of the frame. Frame saws were common in Egypt many centuries previous to this time.

The Flint Knife.—Flint was used very early as a cutting instrument by the natives so fortunate as to possess it. A sort of a saw, which passed for a knife, consisted of flakes of flint inserted in wooden handles and secured by bitumen or by lashings of gut or sinews. Obsidian was used in the same way. The South Sea Islanders had no flint or obsidian, and used shell, splinters of bamboo and flakes of tortoise shell.

The Oldest Stove.—There has sprung up a rivalry in the oldest stove line. First it was stated that "the oldest stove probably in the United States is the one that warms the halls of the Virginia capitol in Richmond. It was made in England and sent to Richmond in 1770, and warmed the house of burgesses for sixty years before it was removed to its present location, where it has remained for thirty years." Next comes a correspondent who recalls that, "at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, a stove was exhibited in the Pennsylvania Educational building, cast at Cornwall furnace, Lebanon county, in 1713, 67 years before the one in Virginia. And in 1845 there was one cast about the same date (and I believe in the Cornwall furnace also) in a school house near Funkstown, Md., in regular use, as I was informed by those who saw it with me at the time—that is, in 1845.

There is probably not another woman in the world who could have the whole human family inquiring about her condition, by simply spraining her knee, as did Queen Victoria last week. She slipped on the stairs and bumped the funny bone of her knee, and the world looked on aghast. An ordinary United States woman would have rubbed it with liniment, under the same circumstances, and that would have been the last of it. She might have favored it for a day or two, in her walk and conversation, and perhaps looked a little cross, but she wouldn't have had the news telegraphed all over the world that her knee was lame. The Sun is astonished at Queen Victoria, and trusts it will not occur again. A woman who is the mother of as many children as the queen is, ought not to get rattled over such a thing as a sprained knee. If we are to be frightened out of our boots at such a small matter, what kind of a riot would we have if the queen should have an ingrowing toe nail, or a felon, or a sty on her eye. When Victoria is real sick we shall all be sorry, but this getting up so much excitement over a little thing like a knee joint is wearing on us. —Puck's Sun.

At Brigham Young's Grave.

Laramie Boomerang.

They say that Brigham Young's grave is looking as bare and desolate as a boulevard now. At first, while her grief was fresh, his widow used to march out there five abreast, and just naturally defile his grave with weeping tears, and at that time the green grass grew luxuriantly and the pip-weed waved in the soft summer air; but as she learned to control her emotions the humidity of the atmosphere disappeared, and grief's grand irrigation failed to give down.

We should learn from this that the man who flatters himself that in marrying a whole precinct during life he is piling up for the future a large invoice of ungovernable woe is liable to get left. The prophet's tomb looks to-day like a deserted buffalo wallow, while his widow has dried her tears and is trying to make a mash on the Utah commission. Such is life in the Far West, and such the fitting resting-place of a red-headed old galvanized prophet who marries a squint-eyed fly-up-the-ereck and afterward gets a special revelation requiring him to marry a female mass-meeting. Let us be thankful for what we have instead of yearning for a great wealth of wife. Then the life insurance will not have to be scattered so, and our friends will be spared the humiliating spectacle of a bereft and sorrowful herd of widows, turned loose by the cold hand of death to monkey over our tomb.

Some years since a pigeon flew in the open window in the writer's house and quietly took up its abode with the family. It became much attached to a little baby, roosted on the child's cradle and never buried its head under its wing until personally convinced that the baby was asleep. It would fly down upon the coverlid, regard the child first with one black eye and then the other, and finally go back to its perch, content if the little one made no movement. The baby and the pigeon ate lunch from the same plate, and many times the pretty white bird would get in a rage, fly upon the child's shoulders and with its wing beat the little one unmercifully about the face. Finally the pigeon refused to leave the house, pines and died absolutely for the want of fresh air and sunshine.

A boy with a top tried to spin it. But his hand got a thorn right in it. The sport didn't spoil. For St. Jacobs Oil. Cured his hurt in less than a minute.

A red-haired clerk in Savannah, slipped on a piece of banana. Great pain he endured. But St. Jacobs Oil cured. He now goes dancing with Hannah.

Shows not substance; realities govern wise men.—William Penn.

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment is, without doubt, the safest, surest, and best remedy that has ever been invented for internal and external use. It is applicable to a great variety of complaints, and is equally beneficial for man or beast. Find out about it and thank us for the advice.

The time of life is short. To spend that shortness basely, 'twere too long.—Shakespeare.

No man in his senses should buy worthless horse and cattle powder, simply because it is put up in large packs. Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders are put in small packs, but are absolutely pure and are immensely valuable.

No principle is more noble, as there is none more holy, than that of true obedience.—Henry Giles.

Causes Astonishment.

"Completely prostrated, and with indigestion and bilious fever. The effects of two bottles of Blood Bitters astonished me; visible improvement right off." Mr. Noah Bates, N. Y.

Receive no satisfaction for premeditated impertinence; forgive it, forgive it, but keep him in torments as a distance who offered it.—Lafayette.

Will it Really Cure Rheumatism? We answer, honor bright, it will cure rheumatism, and the severest cases too. Dr. Thompson's Electric Oil was specially prepared for the rheumatic and lame. Notice letters from the people relative to its merits in nearly every paper in the country.

He who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one should never remember it.—Chaucer.

Grins.

Pleasant, healthy grins are seen only on the faces of healthy persons. The dyspeptic and debilitated can smile only in a half-hearted way. Purify the blood, tone the stomach, and strengthen the tissues with Burdock Blood Bitters, if you wish to laugh well and often.

A woman who wants a charitable heart wants a pure mind.—Hallburton.

Thread silk is that reeled from cocoons and is the strongest fibre known. Spun silk is made from short pieces of waste, and of little value. Spinning Braid & Co's Spun Silk Knitting silk is the only pure silk in the market. Ladies, use this thread; it will save you money. A first-class dealer can supply you.

Flowers.

All flowers will drop in absence of the sun that waked their sweets, and the glory of woman—her hair—will perish without the aid of that great natural Hair Dressing Carboline, a clarified and colorless preparation of Petroleum.

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

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Express 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 cabs, at 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.

Rescued from Death.

William J. Coughlin, of Somerville, Mass., says: "In the fall of 1878, I was taken with bleeding of the lungs followed by a severe cough. I lost my appetite and flesh, and was confined to my bed. In 1877 I was admitted to the Hospital. The doctors said I had a hole in my lung as big as a half dollar. At one time a report went around that I was dead. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of Dr. Williams' Lung Balm for the Lungs. I got a bottle, which to my surprise, I commenced to feel better, and to-day I feel better than for three years past."

A Fact Worth Remembering. A severe cold or cough can be soonest cured by taking, according to directions, Allen's Lung Balm. It can be procured at any drug store. It is harmless to the most delicate person.

Piles Col. Druggists get from selected liver, on the sea-shore, by Cassell, Hazard & Co., New York. It is absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have decided it prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other pills in the market.

CHAPPED HANDS, FACE, PIMPLES, and rough skin, cured by using JUNGLE TART SOAP, made by Cassell, Hazard & Co., New York.

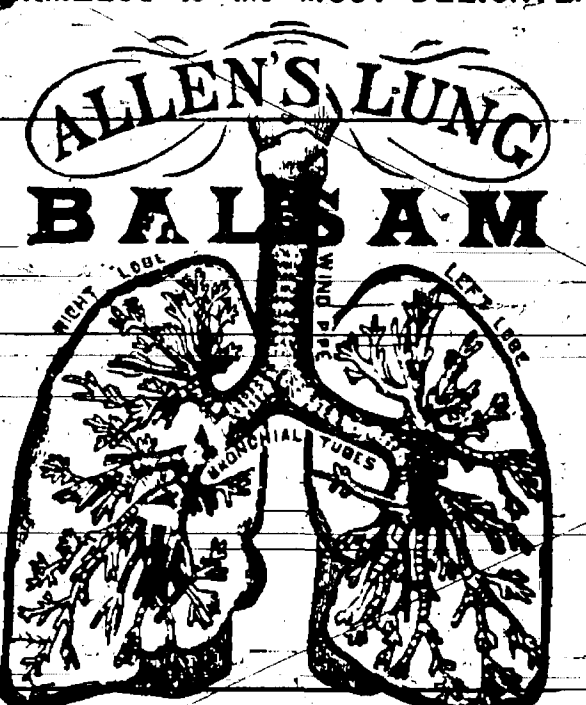
Major General Irvin McDowell, in passing over the Chicago & Northwestern Railway on his way to San Francisco, was pleased to say of it: "It is the finest road I ever traveled on, either in Europe or America."

LADIES' children's boots & shoes cannot run over if Lyon's Patent-Heel Stiffeners are used.

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STRICTLY PURE. HARMLESS to the MOST DELICATE.



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It contains no opium in any form. Recommended by Physicians, Ministers and Nurses in all cases of whooping cough, croup, and all other lung troubles. It never fails to bring relief.

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DIPHTHERIA. CROUP, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS. JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT will instantly relieve the most severe cases of whooping cough, croup, diphtheria, and all other throat and lung troubles. It is a powerful expectantant, and will save many lives that are lost by delay. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure. (For Internal and External Use.) CURE: Sore throat, inflammation, raw lungs, bleeding at the lungs, chronic bronchitis, hacking cough, whooping cough, croup, diphtheria, chronic diarrhoea, chronic dysentery, cholera morbus, kidney troubles, diseases of the spine and lame back. Sold everywhere. Send for pamphlet to I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now traveling in this country, says that most of the horse and cattle powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are the only ones that are of any value. Nothing on earth will make him say that the Sheridan's Condition Powders. Look, I repeat, to 1 main fact. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for a letter, stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

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

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Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, AND ALL OTHER BRUISES AND INJURIES. Sold by Druggists and Dealers over the City Center, 111 Broadway, New York. Directions in all languages.

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Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to everyone. The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at 10 per package, or six packages for \$5, or will be sent by mail on the receipt of the money by address—

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Cures Rheumatism, Lumbago, Backache, Sprains and Bruises, Asthma, Catarrh, Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Diphtheria, Burns, Frost Bites, Tooth, Ear, and Headache, and all pains and aches.

The best internal and general remedy in the world. Every bottle guaranteed. Sold by medicine dealers everywhere. Directions in eight languages.

Price 50 cents and \$1.00.

FOSTER, MILBURN & CO., Prop'rs.

BY MAIL, N. Y. U. S. A.

The German Bed.

And that bed is enough to make a man stoop-shouldered. It's about as broad as a billiard table and about six inches too short. I couldn't straighten out in it to save my life. I had to lie all twisted up into a knot, like a rattlesnake ready to strike. But I could have made out even with that if it had not been for that feather concern which they palmed off on me for a coverlet. That was too short, a foot and a half shorter than the bed. If I tried to cover my shoulders, my feet got so cold that the nails nearly dropped off, and when I tried to save my toe-nails my shoulders were covered with goose pimples as big as hazel nuts. When I'd get one side of the thing tucked in nice around me all the feathers would go sliding over to the other side, leaving nothing but a double thickness of cloth (and mighty cold cloth, too, I tell you) to keep me warm on that side. And as the feathers would all congregate on one side, that side would rise up so that there would be an interval of about two inches for the pure air of heaven to find an entrance and circulate around my shivering body. If I'd hit a billock of feathers a rap to make it lie even, the whole confounded thing would fly up. I never had such a time in my life. I fought those feathers nearly all night, and never did manage to get 'em fixed right for more than a minute at a time. Every time I'd wink the whole thing would assume a new attitude, and that infernal wedge-shaped bolster nearly broke my neck until I went flummaging around and found it.

Then, after I had pitched that off on to the floor, I couldn't find my pillow until I had pulled the whole bed all to pieces. And when I did find it, it was so small that I had to get all the feathers into one corner and tie a knot in the tick to deceive myself into the belief that I had a pillow under my head. But that bolster business took the cake. Who ever heard of a wedge-shaped bolster made as hard and unyielding as a Kansas City eating-house biscuit? Made just exactly like a mattress, you know—sewed through and through and covered with bed-ticking.—Berlin letter.

About Canary Birds.

The cost of keeping canary birds is seldom thought of. The canary is the pet bird of the rich and the poor; it is everywhere, and its keeping involves an immense amount of money in the aggregate. A gentleman who has for several years been extensively engaged in the trade of bird seed, and who is excellent authority, informs us that he has the statistics to prove that there are now fully 14,000,000 of these pets in this country. Each bird will use twelve pounds of seed per year, if not overfed, and, unfortunately for them, they generally get too much. Thus it takes 168,000,000 pounds of seed to feed them through a year, worth at least \$14,000,000. Beside this seed, as any one knows, is the sugar, the crackers, the eggs, and the thousand and one things that different keepers supply them with.

Again, we have a great expense in cages. There are now twenty-two manufacturing of bird cages in the United States. One of the most extensive of them turned out \$1,000,000 worth of cages last year, and will this year add largely to the amount. The whole cost of cages made last year is estimated at nearly \$3,000,000. This gives for the two items of seed and cages the snug little sum of \$17,000,000.

But, after all, is the bird not worth all the people pay for its keeping? How it instills into the children a love of music; and its example of cleanliness as it takes its regular morning bath is beneficial in the extreme. It thus adds beauty, music and instruction to all our homes.

Curious Results from Skulls Fractured.

Of the fifty-four persons who were killed by the falling of a huge chimney at Bradford, England, twenty-six had their skulls fractured. Several curious incidents are told about the survivors. A girl of 13, who was taken to a hospital, when asked her name replied: "Five minutes past 8" (the time of the accident). Two hours later, in response to the same question, she said: "Two pence three farthings," and again an hour afterward: "Fifty-five." A few minutes later she was able to give her real name, and after that rapidly improved. A boy suffering from concussion of the brain remained motionless in a curled-up position for thirty-six hours. He finally became conscious, and in all respects entirely sensible, except that he had no recollection of the accident or even of the events which immediately preceded it. He knew where he lived and where he worked, but did not remember going to work that morning.

A MAN ought to keep his friendship in constant repair. I took upon a day as lost in which I do not make a new acquaintance.—Dr. Johnson.

INFINITE toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist, but by ascending a little you may often look over it altogether.

SOME men are born slight, some achieve slowness, but most men have slights put upon them.

SINCE Frodo's death William Black is regarded as the best-paid English novelist.

A MILITARY critic says Skobeloff was the military Byron of Russia.

The Law of Leap Year.

The Albany *Law Journal* calls attention to an important law relating to the extra day in leap year, which business men and others should bear in mind. The *Journal* says: "As leap year is coming, it is well to know what the law of leap year is. The law, it is said, takes no notice of parts of days, and, as to the 29th of February, it takes no notice of the whole day. The 28th and 29th are computed as one day. For example, suppose a note is dated on the 28th of February, 1880, payable one day from date. Ordinarily it would be payable on the 1st of March, and so it is in leap year, and not on the 3d. In Indiana the question has recently come before the Supreme Court, in respect to service of process in 1876, the last leap year. The law there requires two days' previous service for the entry of the judgment. In the case before the court the judgment was premature if the 28th and 29th were to be computed as one day. The court said: 'It must be regarded as settled in this State that the 28th and 29th of February in every bissextile year must be computed and considered in law as one day.' The question is set at rest by our statute, I. R. S. m. p. 610, s. 3, which provides that the added day of leap year and the day immediately preceding, if they shall occur in any period so to be computed, shall be reckoned together as one day.' This embraces statutes, deeds, verbal or written contracts, and all public or private instruments."

Old Bob.

That white-faced bay horse you see looking at us from among that bunch of mares and colts is quite a celebrated character in the neighborhood, and if the Royal Humane Society gave gold medals to dumb animals I am sure Old Bob deserves one. One rough, stormy day, after a succession of rainy days, which had swollen the Little Laramie river till it became a raging torrent running level with the top of its banks, Old Bob, who was close to the river, caught sight of a little roil which had fallen into the water and was being rapidly carried down stream in spite of its struggles. Old Bob trotted to the edge of the river and, with a loud neigh, plunged in, swam to the poor little chap, seized him as a frog would a rabbit, and after a fight with the stream, landed the little fellow safe and sound, not much the worse for his bath. I think Old Bob is entitled to unlimited freedom and grass as long as he lives and the happy hunting-grounds hereafter.—London Field.

The Money Mania.

"I have just been figuring up, and I find that I have \$10,000 a year income, but I don't see what good it does me. I have no health, my sons are scapegraces and can't be trusted with my business, and I don't see what I am to do." He spoke in the whining tone of a ruined man. He was a plunger of other men and screwed the salaries of every one in his employ down to the last notch. He was all engrossed in money-making. He had no blood in his heart for anything in God's world beside accumulating money. "Did it ever occur to you," said the man who was content when he got what with care would keep him as a gentleman the rest of his life, "did it ever occur to you that the money mania in New York was a form of insanity—pure asylum insanity?"—New York Letter.

Congressmen as Errand Boys.

Riding up to the Capitol with a couple of Iowa members, I observed them carrying their morning packages of letters—great bundles of them. Said one of them: "This is a very unpleasant sort of occupation after all, running day after day through the departments, asking this or that to be done. It just about reduces the office of Congressman to that of messenger in the department." "Do you get any credit for your labors in this behalf?"

"Very little. The people who write us seem to think either that their cases take very little attention, or else that to do this sort of business is a part of one's duty here. Why, I have to rush around the departments every morning with the greatest of haste to get through the work that I have to attend to myself, while my private secretary does a great deal of the same kind of work for me while I am at the Capitol."

"Not much satisfaction in being a Congressman with that sort of work to do, is there?"

"No, there's not," he replied, and with a laugh he added: "I had a little instance of that the other day. An ex-member from Iowa was here, and was up at the House looking on, when I asked him if he wouldn't like to be back here again in his old seat. To my amusement, he answered that when this people of Iowa got him to come to Washington again to do chores for his board and clothes they would have to be a good deal smarter than they are now. His reply struck me as being very close to the experiences of every Congressman who comes here and does his duty."—Washington letter.

A PHILADELPHIA boarding-house keeper won't take any but pretty girls and susceptible young men. Those who fall in love are seated together at the table, and of course lose their appetites. She is getting rich.

THERE are Generals in the German army who have as high as thirty-six medals of honor, and find it hard to keep out of debt. When you desire to honor a man, give him the cash.

Usefulness of Coffee.

Since coffee possesses the quality of stimulating the nervous system it is a matter of course that in many cases its effect is rather injurious. Phlegmatic people, especially, need coffee, and they are fond of drinking it; for a similar reason it is a favorite beverage in the Orient, where its consumption is immense. But to persons of excitable temperament the enjoyment of coffee is hurtful; they ought only to take it very weak. With lively children it does not agree at all, and it is very wrong to force them to drink it, as is often done; while elderly people, who are in need of a stimulant for the decreasing activity of their nerves, are right in taking as much of it as they choose.

In households of limited means it is often necessary to use chicory with the coffee. We do not pretend to pronounce this, if taken in moderate quantity, hurtful; but we do say that it is a poor substitute for coffee, and that there is nothing in it to recommend its use. A far better mixture is milk and sugar; and there is good reason for it; both milk and sugar are articles of food. Milk contains the same ingredients as blood; and sugar is changed in the body into fat, which is indispensable to us, especially in the process of breathing. Having taken no food through the night, the loss our blood has suffered during sleep by perspiration must be compensated for in the morning. For this, milk and sugar in coffee are excellent.

It is good for children to have a taste for sweetened milk or milk-coffee in the morning. We must not find fault with them if they like it. Nature very wisely gave them a liking for sugar; they need it, because their pulse must be quicker, their respiration stronger, to facilitate the assimilation of food in their bodies, and also to promote growth. Not that adults need no sugar, but the sugar necessary for them is formed from the starch contained in their food. For this purpose the digestive apparatus must be strongly developed. With children this is not the case; therefore they are given sugar, instead of the starch to make it from. Many diseases, particularly rickets, prevailing mostly among the children of the poor, are the consequence of feeding the child with bread and potatoes; these contain starch. It is true, but the digestive apparatus of children being yet too weak to change them into fat, the result is that the flesh falls away, and the bones grow soft and crooked.

But chicory, to promote digestion, takes coffee immediately after dinner, does best not to use sugar or milk—for both so far from helping digestion, are an additional burden to the full stomach, and distract its labor more than coffee can facilitate it.—Exchange.

Too Much Encore.

Let us suppose a hungry man goes into a restaurant, and orders dinner. He finds it excellent, and devours it with relish. Worcester sauce, probably. If he encodes that dinner by thumping on the floor with his cane, and shouting "bravo!" until he is hoarse, the proprietor of that hashery does not furnish the enthusiast a second dinner, except on the express understanding that he is to pay for two meals instead of one. A man goes into a cigar store, invests a nickel in a cigar, and, upon lighting it, discovers that it is very fine. That man may stamp the heels off his boots, but under no circumstances does the tobacconist come forward, with a gracious bow and beaming smile, and hand out a complimentary cigar, at least we have never noticed anything of the kind.

These things being so, how does it happen that an intelligent audience that has paid a dollar a head admission will go on and sit there going to tear the opera house down. If the performers do not duplicate the programme, and give them two dollars' worth instead of one. If the performance is so much better than the audience expected, it seems to us that it would be more reasonable for them to hand over another dollar apiece at the ticket office as they passed out, after the performance was over.

The truth is, that in every audience there are a few fellows who want to make the spectators believe they know good music when they hear it—that they are music sharps. They start the racket, and the rest of the audience catch the contagion, just as other nervous diseases are caught. An occasional encore is admissible, but when an audience encodes everything, then the young man who starts the nuisance ought to be pointed out to the congregation.—Texas Siftings.

TO REMOVE clinkers from stoves, place a few oyster shells in the grate while the fire is burning, and the clinkers will at once become loosened and may be readily removed without injuring the lining.

LEMONS can be kept in good condition for a long time by putting them in a tight cask and covering them with water. They must be kept in a cool place, and the water should be changed every other day.

A most delicately perfumed powder for washing the hair or making sachets may be prepared from orange-blossom. Into a box which contains three ounces of powdered starch throw three-quarters of an ounce of fresh orange-blossom; mix well with the hand, so that the flowers are divided equally over the powder. Stir up three times a day. After twenty-four hours, remove the flowers and put in the same quantity of fresh ones; repeat this for three days. To retain the perfume the box must close tightly.

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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.

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Rooms, \$1 to \$1.25 per day. Single meals, 30 cents. Lodging, 35 to 50c. We make a specialty of dinner, and it is always ready at 11 o'clock sharp. Come early and be served promptly.



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

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Put up cheap for cash.

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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 J. N. HILL, Pinckney, Mich.

FARM FOR SALE OR RENT.

I offer my farm of 120 acres (together with 30 acres of wood-land), for sale on reasonable terms, or will lease for a term of years, for money rent. F. E. BARDEN, 5 1/2 miles northwest of Pinckney.

JEROME WINCHELL, EDITOR.

MICHIGAN NEWS.

MICHIGAN NEWS.

Chas. W. Garfield, Secretary of the Michigan v
 horticultural society, calls the attention of
 school teachers to the society's offer, which is
 made to encourage the embellishment of school
 grounds with flowers. The offer is as follows:
 "For the largest and best collection of cut
 flowers grown by pupils in school grounds in the

Legislative Record.

The joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution prohibiting the traffic in liquor, was referred to a committee of the whole, but subsequently laid on the table, when the House adjourned.

The petitions were for and against case-hills, prohibitory legislation and the prohibition of a prohibitory amendment; for privilege of forming manufacturers' mutual aid societies, and for the organization of boards of directors for the regulation of railroads; for franchise companies of other states to do business in Michigan; for instruction in schools as to the effects of alcohol; for the appointment and maintenance of a state game and fish wardens; and for the following title:

"An act to amend the constitution and laws relating to committees and laid upon the table."

To incorporate the public schools of Tontown Township in Alpena county; to repeal all local session laws of 1877, to make it unlawful to hunt or kill rabbits with the use of poison; and for the following resolutions:

"Resolved, That the following resolutions are hereby passed by the House of Representatives of the State of Michigan:

In 1839 he became President of the Bank of Michigan, and continued to hold that honorable position as long as the bank remained in existence. In 1844 he accepted a similar position in the Michigan State Bank, which also he held until 1854. In the previous year, however, he had been chosen the Secretary, Treasurer and Resident Director of the Detroit and Milwaukee Railroad Company, and in 1863 he was elected its President. This office he held until 1870, the road passed into the hands of a receiver, to which office he was appointed by a Judge of the Wayne Circuit Court, and in that position he remained until the road was purchased by the Great Western Railway Company. He had, also, long been President of the Detroit & Howell Black Road Company. Any words that might be written concerning Mr. Truitt's career and character, would be superfluous. In his religious belief Mr. Truitt was a devoted Episcopalian, but in his life he was a general benefactor of the church, and his whole example, as a faithful and beautiful whole of the value of right living, and Christian practice.

THE STORY OF A DRHAM.

Agua he reduced the chains & broken down
forward, everywhere. Gold Medal Deserved.
D.-Missery's Great Deliverer, till thou
would fail to tell them all. P. B., stood for
perfect Peace Promised for sufferers, and sweet
release from Prostrating Purgatorial Pain.
and again F. P. was Freedom Promise, and
the word of Faith, Pain no more, and
could give us the words to triumph,
and Micah's Devoted to the work of telling
others how they might get deliverance. He
told through the list of disease among those
of his own acquaintance from John B. Hines
those tormented lives have constant health-
ful and vigorous life as on through the list
of those suffering from what would be
and diseased lungs, his friends, General

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

THE OLD DAMES PRAYER.

BY M. E. THAQUAHL.

Ah, dark were the days of winter
On the Pomeranian strand;
The snow fell fast in the wintry blast,
And fogs were in the land.

It was in a humble cottage,
Apart from the village street,
An old dame spun by the fire and sung,
And the words were trustful and sweet:

"And what though the foe assail us,
We need not faint nor fear,
For in their need can build with speed
All round this people dear."

She heard in the doorway
The widow's only son,
With a moody brow is entering now,
When his long day's toil is done.

"Mother, the Cossacks are on us,
The cruel and ruthless foe;
With the beat of drum I heard them come
Through the wind and the driving snow.

"Plunder and rapine and murder
Go with them hand in hand,
The psalms that you sing with no success
Bring God his forsaken land."

"Fear not, my son," said the mother,
"For God, who reigneth on high,
Can scatter this host like leaves in frost,
And save us from danger nigh."

"Nor dread, although they be coming—
With drum and with trumpet sound;
The Lord at our need can build with speed
A wall to compass us round."

"Fond is the fancy, my mother;
For wonders are done no more.
Ere an hour can pass they'll be here, alas!
To plunder our little store."

"Build, Lord, a rampart around us;
Stretch forth Thy mighty arm!"
Was all that she said, as she knelt and
Prayed—
"Shield, Lord, and save us from harm!"

By the glare of the enemy's trumpets,
From the wintry blast,
By the roll of the drum, she knew they had
Come,
And the tramp of their feet as they passed.

Thick and fast fell the snow flakes,
Wild blew the wintry blast;
Dark was the night—not a star shed its
Light—
And slowly the hours went past.

Sounds were heard on the midnight,
Wallings of bitter woe,
That told in their rage, nor childhood nor age
Were spared by the pitiless foe.

"Build, Lord, a rampart around us!"
Moeled the mother prayed,
And the drifting snow on the fields below
A wall round the cottage made.

Few were the words, yet the angels
Had carried to heaven her prayer,
And ere night was done it was clear to
The son
That the hand of the Lord was there.

Neen came. The sun at the dawning
Shone, but they saw him not;
And no foeman's eye through the snow
Drifts high
Had lit on their tiny cot.

Later, when winter was over,
The Cossacks gone from the land,
No cot was seen like the dame's, I ween,
On the Pomeranian strand.

For the peace of God was upon it,
No longer with moody brow
Did the widow's son, when his work was
Done,
Enter the cottage now.

He had learned the faith of his mother;
He knew that the Father's arm
Could build at their need a wall with speed
To shelter His people from harm.

HOW KATE WENT HOME.

BY ETTIE ROGERS.

"Papa is not like himself. He never
was harsh to me before," murmured
poor Kate.

"Yet you must not be unkindful that
your poor father believes he is acting
for your best interests," was the rather
doubtful remonstrance of Mrs. Scott.

"Papa is acting entirely under the in-
fluence of Percy Talbot," the girl as-
serted excitedly; "if he were not he
would understand how grievous it would
be should I marry a man whom I detest
how utterly impossible it is when my
whole heart is given to another. Oh,
mamma! surely you cannot blame me?"

What could the gentle wife, the
troubled mother, say? She loved her
husband, unreasonable as he might be,
she idolized her only child, and she
shrank from holding either blamable.
So she remained silent, while two big
tears rolled slowly down her fair, faded
cheek.

"Mamma, my dearest, you do not
blame me, do you?" pleaded Kate,
leaving the room and throwing herself
on her knees beside her mother. "It
would break my heart to give up
Robert! I love him so dearly—oh,
mamma, so very dearly! You like
Robert, too, and so did papa, before
this Percy Talbot came here to make
nothing but trouble for us all. And I
have fancied sometimes that you dis-
trust him quite as much as I do. You
do not really wish me to marry him, do
you?"

"Your father is determined that you
shall be his wife, Kate," said Mrs. Scott,
winding a kindly arm about the slim,
kneeling figure, and drawing the pretty
brown head to her bosom.

"I know. And if I disobey him, he
declares he will no longer recognize me
as his child," returned Kate with a gasp
of anguish; "he will send me away from
him, from my home, and from you. Oh,
mamma, it is hard! And yet, if you
would not blame me, if you can trust
me, I had rather go. After a time papa
might relent, and wish me to come back
to him."

The mother sighed, but she clasped
the pretty pleader more closely to her
tender heart, and fondly kissed the
sweet, bright face.

"I do trust you, Kate," she answered
with much earnestness. "Always re-
member, darling, that whoever you
may be, I shall trust my daughter to do
the right. If you choose to go rather
than become Mr. Talbot's unwelcome wife,
I shall not judge you too harshly, and

it may be that some time the storm will
pass over, and that this trial will end
happily for us all."

After such a concession the mother
could scarcely refuse to acquiesce with-
out anything her child might decide to be
best. And so Kate took her last regret-
ful look of the dear familiar rooms;
with quivering lips she kissed her weep-
ing mother; and then in the early, quiet
morning she left the pleasant house, the
doors of which, as it might be, had been
closed upon her forever.

"She has made her choice," her father
said briefly, in grim anger; "and
henceforth she is dead to me."

From his home, his heart, his lips, he
had banished her; and he forbade the
mention of her name in his presence.

And for Percy Talbot he began to
manifest a singular partiality—a spe-
cial liking that was frequently shown by
considerable monetary favors. Perhaps
he fancied that he owed some sort of
reparation to the luckless individual
who had been so signally disinclined by
his handsome and refractory daughter!

"It seems strange that a rich man
should borrow such sums," and so
often, Mrs. Scott once ventured to ob-
serve.

"You know nothing about such mat-
ters, Maria," was the sharp response.
"Talbot can be trusted with anything.
He is a shrewd man too, and if our last
speculation succeeds, I shall be as rich
as he is."

"What speculation, Peter?" his wife
inquired uneasily.

"I doubt you would understand if I
should tell you," he answered testily.

He had yet to learn that his own
understanding of the speculation into
which he had been persuaded was some-
what deficient.

It was the "soft-told tale" of the cred-
ulity of one man and the duplicity of
another. And there came a time when
Peter Scott knew that he was beggared
—when he discovered that all his little
fortune, earned by years of honest toil,
had been by some manner of chicanery,
transferred to the possession of Percy
Talbot.

"My dear sir, it is one of the freaks of
fortune and is neither curious nor un-
common," Talbot said blandly to his
victim. In my career as a speculator, I,
too, have sometimes lost—even to my
last farthing. I have been left with
nothing, absolutely nothing, but my
debts. But I never lost courage; nor
must you do so now. Besides, if you
will bring back your pretty, fugitive
daughter and induce her to become my
wife, I will make you a free gift of the
property that once was yours."

"My daughter," at length he enun-
ciated, with a dignity that was majes-
tic, "was wiser than I—she could not
be deceived by your pretensions as I
have been. I may be a pauper, sir, but
I shall still be honored that I have a
child who would prefer death to mar-
riage with such a man as you."

He turned away haughtily and went
back to the home that was no longer
his. But the shock had been too sudden,
too overwhelming; and an hour later he
lay writhing in mortal agony at the very
gates of death. In his delirium he re-
vived piteously of his folly, and of the man
whom he had so trusted only to be de-
ceived, robbed and insulted. And to
his disordered senses his bonny Kate
was everywhere present. He would
listen for her gay voice and light foot-
steps; he seemed to behold her bright
and beautiful image, and he would pa-
thetically entreat her to forgive him for
his harshness and his great mistake.

Meanwhile, Kate was far away, and
not altogether unhappy. She felt that
somehow, in a blissful time to come,
she would providentially be guided
back to contentment with her loved
ones.

One morning a visitor was announc-
ed, and with much surprise she turned
to stand face to face with her old suitor,
Percy Talbot, as ever, sleek, smiling,
insignificant.

"You wish to see me?" she queried,
coldly, startled by something oddly as-
sured and exultant in his aspect.

"I wish to discuss a matter of busi-
ness with you," he responded glibly, as
with great nonchalance he appropriated
a cozy chair. "Will you not be seated,
too? Where are the roses of your
cheeks, Kate? Are you ill, or has my
coming disquieted you?"

She was pale, with anger at his insol-
ence, at his stare of ardent admiration;
and she trembled with vague alarm be-
fore his strange look of triumph; but
she stood quite still and regarded him
with calm inquiry.

"You may not be aware of what has
happened at home," he pursued, still
with the honeyed voice and hateful
smile.

"No," was her simple utterance.

"My mission is not a particularly
pleasant one," he continued, caution-
ing; "and you make it harder for me
Kate, you seem so indifferent; and I
have only come to serve you. Your
father is very ill; he may not recover."

Yet she remained silent, watching
him with her scornful, questioning eyes.

"And beside," her visitor went on,
with a semblance of the sympathetic,
"he has been unfortunate in business,
and everything he possesses will be sold
at once. There be no friendly interpo-
sition. I alone have power to aid him,
and I will do so if you—oh, listen, for I
love you, Kate! If you will be my wife,
I will stop this sale, and your parents
shall still have their home."

He had risen and approached her
with outstretched arms; but at that in-
stant the door opened to admit one
whom he had not anticipated meeting
precisely then and there.

"Ah, Mr. Merle," he articulated with
extreme politeness. "This is indeed a
surprise."

"A mutual surprise," Robert amend-

ed, dryly. "My wife and I had scarcely
expected a visit from you."

"Your wife," he stammered, in swift
confusion.

"With mamma's approval, Mr. Merle
and I were married the day I left home,"
Kate explained civilly.

"Ah! then I have come only to con-
gratulate you," he succeeded in saying,
even as he recoiled discomfited before
the contemptuous scrutiny of Kate's
handsome young husband.

But he had no desire to prolong so
unsatisfactory an interview, and he
speedily departed.

"Be comforted, my dearest," Robert
enjoined her when the guest had gone.
"I have foreseen this day of trouble
for your father, and providentially I
have been given means to help you.
Would you care to be back in the old
home, Kate?"

Would she care? Had she not longed
every hour for months to behold the
dear old place? and the beloved, fami-
liar face?

And while the train that bore her
homeward was rattling across the
white, wintry world, her parents were
making ready to leave the house where
they had lived all the years of their
wedded life. Everything had been sold.
The ominous red flag yet waved over
the entrance, about which was a mel-
ancholy and suggestive litter.

Inside, in the only apartment safe
from intrusion, lay the unfortunate
man, sufficiently convalescent to real-
ize that all his gains had been taken
from him.

"We are not yet so old, Peter—you
and I, that we need fear beginning
life anew," his wife lovingly reminded
him.

"But what will give me back my
child?" he asked frantically. "What will
restore to me her affection, just as fond
and just as trusting as it was before I
drove her from her home by my sever-
ity?"

"Our Kate will never reproach you,
Peter," was the soft reply. "And all
is well with her. I have hidden some-
thing from you, dear—something that
once would have angered you, but that
now may comfort you instead."

Just then a carriage rumbled to the
door. The purchaser of the property
that had been bought by proxy, had ar-
rived, and directly was admitted to the
room.

But the sick man was greatly perplexed
when he beheld Robert Merle stand-
ing before him.

"A little legacy, not altogether un-
expected, came to me just in time," ex-
plained the generous young gentleman,
"and I bought the old place as a gift for
my wife."

And then, like a bright spirit, Kate
glided in and dropped on her knees be-
side her father's couch.

"Oh, papa forgive me," she cried,
with her sweet face pressed upon the
yearning hands that clasped her quick-
ly.

"Forgive you, dear child?" ejaculated
the father, like one amazed. "It is
I who should beg to be forgiven. But I
scarcely understand what it all means.
Does it mean that you and Robert and
mamma were all leagued against me?"

"I am afraid so," was the roguish
confession. "But Robert had a little
secret of his own, though," she added,
with a happy glance toward her manly
husband. "He kept me quite in the
dark about his legacy and his purchase
of the old place until he had brought
me here—brought me back to the old
home that shall still be yours, papa."

Thurlow Weed's Modesty.

Albany Press.

Governor Morgan made some
allusion to the unassuming
and simple deportment of Mr.
Weed—"a man of such extraordinary
power and influence." Some years be-
fore, while a resident of Albany, Mr.
Weed had been asked to be the candi-
date for the office of mayor of the city
at a time when there could be no doubt
of his election. But he declined the
honor. The committee then called and
urged his acceptance, but he would not
hear of it. It seemed to be an impor-
tant crisis, perhaps, to his party, and a
third earnest application was made to
overcome his scruples.

"No, gentlemen," he replied. "I can-
not consent. Indeed, if you could only
know what a very poor mayor I should
prove to be, I am sure you would not
urge me."

And this, said the governor, from a
man who had the power to make judges,
governors and presidents.

Governor Cleveland, of New York,
has pardoned a man from Auburn
prison upon condition that he shall
totally abstain from the use of intoxi-
cating liquors for a period of five years
from the date of the pardon. The New
York Tribune says "it is obvious that
the Governor would not have condition-
ed the pardon upon such terms if he
had not been thoroughly convinced that
intoxicating liquors were largely respon-
sible for this man's downfall. And it
would seem to be just as obvious, in
case the Governor possesses a logical
mind, that entertaining this view of in-
toxicated liquors, he will veto any ex-
cise bill that may be presented to him
which is designed to let down any of
the bars that now stand between the
public and the liquor traffic." The peo-
ple of New York will find out if they
have not already done so, that Gover-
nor Cleveland not only has a sense of
the duties and responsibilities of his
office, but has courage enough to per-
form his duty under a storm of abuse
as calmly as amid the plaudits of the
populace.—Sunday Post.

Where Does the Responsibility Be- long?

The New York Tribune in speaking
of the responsibility for the crimes com-
mitted in Ireland and more particularly
of the recent alleged assault upon Lady
Dixie, says: Lady Florence Dixie's ac-
count of the mysterious assault made
upon her at Windsor by two men mas-
querading in women's clothes must now
be regarded as probably fictitious. The
statement of the eye-witness who saw
her standing on the spot where she says
she was murderously attacked, and
watched her walk away toward her
house unmolested, seems to be conclu-
sive testimony. The recital would ap-
pear, therefore, either a distorted fiction
of a disordered moment, like one of
Ophelia's dreams, or else a malicious in-
vention inspired by a morbid passion for
notoriety. Lady Florence's friends have
a melancholy choice of alternatives.
They will prefer to believe that she was
the victim of an hallucination, and her
hysterical condition when she met her
husband and his servants tends to con-
firm this theory. She had also received
threatening letters and may naturally be
supposed to have been in an excited
state of mind. There is evidence of a
negative character pointing in the same
direction. If she had deliberately re-
solved to invent so wicked a libel on the
Irish people, it is reasonable to assume
that she would have taken some pre-
cautions to avoid detection. For exam-
ple, she would have planned a night
scene at a distance from the public road,
left some traces of a struggle on the
mould, torn and slashed her dress and
wounded herself and her dog. Lady
Florence's friends may point to the
clumsiness and speciousness of the plot
as fair evidence that so sensible and ex-
perienced a woman could not have con-
trived it herself, and consequently that
her imagination has duped her sober
senses. On the other hand, if they can-
not convince themselves that it was an
hallucination, they must face the alterna-
tive and admit that her story is a
malicious fabrication, invented for the
sole purpose of making herself a public
heroine in England, in utter disregard
of the cruel stigma which would be
fastened upon Irish character.

One of the lessons which this startling
incident enforces is the glaring injus-
tice of saddling the responsibility for
individual crimes upon a whole race. If
Lady Florence's imagination had been
tricked under circumstances which
would have left no discrepancies in the
evidence, or if she had shown more skill
in arranging the time and place of this
fictitious encounter, and by giving her-
self several flesh wounds had succeeded
in duping the English people, her as-
sailants would have been generally re-
cognized as Irishmen, and their coward-
ly deed would have blackened the re-
putation of the island. The reproach
and infamy caused by what would have
seemed the basest act of ingratitude to-
ward a benefactor and almost cowardly
assault upon a helpless woman would
have been shared by every Irishman.
Public feeling in England would have
been embittered, the sympathies of all
civilized countries would have been es-
tranged, and every Irishman having
within him the faintest sense of manli-
ness would have hung his head. The
injustice of holding the Irish people re-
sponsible for a detestable crime, when it
was only a case of woman's hysterics or
craving for notoriety, is now apparent.
We do not know, however, but that it
would have been equally real and glaring
if Lady Florence's recital had been
the simple truth. Let us suppose that
she had been attacked by a pair of mis-
creants. Those miscreants would have
represented at most a small group of
malevolent and heartless conspirators
in Dublin or London. They would not
have been commissioned by any con-
siderable portion of the Irish population
to commit so dastardly an outrage. Yet
the responsibility for the crime would
have been shifted upon the whole island.
The reputation of the Irish people
would have suffered intolerable dis-
grace.

It may be natural, but it is not just,
to hold the island accountable for every
crime which is committed either there
or in England. On the other hand, it
is both just and natural to hold the
leaders of the Land movement respon-
sible for that campaign of lawlessness
and outrage by which murderous in-
stincts have been excited and the voice
of conscience has been silenced. Lady
Florence was not assaulted; but Mrs.
Smythe was murdered on the highway
while driving home from church; the
Joyce women were butchered in their
cabin; and many other helpless women
have been strangled and clubbed in the
course of that social revolution for
which Mr. Parnell and his associates
gave the signal. These are not to be
looked upon as individual crimes. They
belong to a collective series of outrages
and murders of which Parnell was
making a political use. Neither he nor
his followers evinced any adequate sense
of the disastrous consequences of sys-
tematic law-breaking; they promoted
the ends of violence and crime by their
speeches in Westminster and by their
silence in Ireland; and they cannot
efface their personal accountability for
these deeds of darkness by which pub-
lic morals have been debauched and
Irish honor foully polluted. What a
different country Ireland would be to-
day if in advocating the Land move-
ment Mr. Parnell had adopted Mr.
O'Connell's maxim: "Crime gives
strength to the enemies of the cause!"

idea of nothing more than mere horse
doctoring; while the real service of this
art and science to agriculture, com-
merce and civil polity, is almost in-
calculable. It secures us from bad food;
it protects our domestic animals from
the ravages of contagious diseases, and
guarantees the husbandman against
pecuniary loss.

Looks Different.

Peck's Sun.

The remains of Payne, the author of
the song, "Home, Sweet Home," have
been returned to his native land, through
the charity of a large hearted citizen of
Washington, and the papers are publish-
ing a letter written by Payne, years ago,
in which he says: "How often have I
been in the heart of Paris, Berlin, Lon-
don or some other city, and have heard
persons singing or hand organs playing
"Home, Sweet Home," without having a
shilling to buy myself the next meal or a
place to lay my head. The world has
literally sung my song till every heart is
familiar with its melody; and yet I have
been a wanderer from my boy-
hood, and in my old age have to sub-
mit to humiliation for my bread." Such
is life the world over. The author of
"Home, Sweet Home," never had a
home, but from what he could learn
from those who had, there was "no
place like home." The man who can
write so ably on financial matters, and
show so plainly to others how the finan-
ces of a country should be managed,
owes everybody and never could lay up
a dollar to save him. The man who
writes agricultural articles for the pa-
pers, and demonstrated theories by which
farmers can raise twice as large crops
as they do now, if placed on a farm and
told to raise crows, would plant
calves feet in rows four feet apart, and
spend his last dollar for a pruning
knife, to prune the crowslip trees when
they are high enough. The man who
can talk for days at a time on geology,
and tell you all the ingredients of
a piece of quartz, and how much
gold and silver there is in a given
amount, and what kind of mountains
contain the rich ore, can never strike a
mine or make a dollar out of his knowl-
edge unless he forms a stock company
and sells stock to his friends and puts
the proceeds into government bonds
instead of digging a hole in the ground.
The politician who can sit on a box and
whistle shingles and tell how the op-
posite party can be beaten out of its boots,
runs for constable, and gets beat. The
merchant who argues that there is no
use of anybody else trying to do busi-
ness in the same line with him, in the
same town, wakes up some morning
and finds that the sheriff has got to the
store first, and seems to boss things.
The writer on political economy, who
advocates a reduction of national ex-
penses, and the strictest honesty on the
part of office holders, or the nation is
gone to the dogs, gets appointed Indian
agent on a salary of three thousand dol-
lars a year, and in two years lays up
half a million dollars. The newspaper
man who writes in such a manner as to
make every body who reads his writings
sweet tempered and happy, and causes
smiles to appear where they have never
appeared before, and who makes believe
that he is the lightest hearted person in
the world, may be so sad that he looks
frightened for fear the next pulsation of
the heart will break it. The millionaire
who can buy a meal that will comprise
all of the delicacies that the world can
produce, would give one of his millions
if he could enjoy a bowl of mush
and milk as well as he did when a dollar
looked bigger to him than the fly wheel
of the great factory he owns looks to
him now. And so it will be seen that
Payne, the author of "Home Sweet
Home" was only one of thousands of
persons, who illustrate the adage that
"things are not what they seem."

Carlyle and Emerson.

St. James' Gazette.

They agreed in loyalty to what they
held to be true, in courage and in inde-
pendence; and they had essentially the
same convictions as to the enduring el-
ements which have given vitality to
every manifestation of genuine religious
feeling. It would be difficult, however,
to name any two writers, of their time
who diverged from each other more
widely in the spirit which pervaded their
teaching. Carlyle conceived the laws
of the universe as a system which, if
disregarded, exacts a terrible vengeance;
Emerson preferred to think these laws
full of beneficent purpose, and that
compliance with them inevitably leads
to human development and happiness.
While Carlyle despised the majority of
mankind and maintained that they
could be saved from disaster only by the
predominance of individual minds, Em-
erson had an almost passionate faith in
the virtues of "the people," and regard-
ed freedom as the most fundamental of
all the conditions of social progress.
Carlyle's modes of expression were
marked by impetuous energy; Emerson
had vigor too, but it was a vigor which
revealed itself to calm and simple forms.
Abstract principles were presented very
ineffectually by Carlyle unless he hap-
pened to deal with them in connection
with concrete illustrations of their work-
ing; Emerson was never so powerful or
so persuasive as when, forgetting the
contradictions of reality, he abandoned
himself to the contemplation of a purely
ideal world.

A Wisconsin farmer who stored ten
barrels of kerosene in a barn with 100
tons of hay went in with a lantern to
see that all was safe. He has not ben-
efited since. No insurance.—New York
Commercial.

Amateur Doctoring.
"Do you think this habit of self-doctoring decreases the practice of physicians?"
"By no means. The effect is rather to increase our work. People who think to do without the services of a physician will not only do themselves harm by the delay, but also with the medicines which they do not know how to use. It is like a man trying to mend a leak in a water pipe by soldering it with the poker. He generally makes the hole bigger. It is, of course, the most difficult part of the physician's duty to diagnose the disease, to tell what is the real trouble with the patient. It is not uncommon for even educated physicians to make mistakes in this respect. The science of medicine has progressed so far that every part of the human body has been pretty thoroughly studied, and the treatment of the ailments of each part is a specialty. It is impossible for one physician to know all these diseases as well as the specialists, and it is a common practice among honest physicians to refer patients to those who have made a special study of the diseases which afflict them. It is not uncommon for a man to go from one physician to another in the vain effort to discover his ailment. Sometimes a patient will be treated by successive physicians for the wrong ailment, because some of the symptoms of different diseases are similar. How unlikely is it, therefore, that persons who have not studied medicine can find out what ails them."

"Which do you think do the most self-doctoring, women or men?"
"Women, decidedly, especially mothers and old women. The reckless temerity of some women in this respect is wonderful. They rush in where angels fear to tread. Hastily judging from a few symptoms that a case resembles one which the family doctor has treated, they will hunt up an old prescription and administer the dose to some confiding husband or helpless child. I could tell you some amusing stories of the mistakes that are made in this way, as well as some instances where more serious consequences resulted. Take, for instance, a headache. It may come from a dozen different causes—from hunger, from indigestion, from over-excitement of the brain, from eating too much, from inhaling foul air. The remedy for a headache varies with its cause. Yet you will find women who have a universal panacea for headache, regardless of the cause. Beware of such women."

The Mocking Bird.
The mocking bird commences to sing at the age of 7 or 8 weeks. The first notes are low and unfinished, but as he grows older his voice increases in volume and compass, and his aptitude for learning is greatly developed. His natural song is sweet, bold, varied, and in his native woods he surprises every competitor. He is the great artist; the other songsters of the grove are only the chorus. During the utterance of his song he appears to be in a perfect ecstasy of delight; his constant, graceful motion, expanded wings and tail, and flashing eyes add to the music a vivacity and elegance of rendering given only by this wonderful bird.
His notes are sweeter in his wild state than in his captivity, owing to absence of harsh noises which he so often hears when confined in the habitation of man. He loses none of his power or energy of song in his confinement, and his opportunities for mimicking are much enhanced by the variety of the new sounds which he constantly hears. He improves every chance offered him, and takes as much delight in imitating a buzz-saw or rusty pump as he does in imitating the sweetest of flute notes.
His repertoire is unlimited; he will repeat anything, from a snatch of the latest grand opera to the infinitesimal twitter of the humming bird. He sings the songs of other cage-birds with a superiority altogether mortifying to them, and his clucks oftentimes can make the lost chicken forget its mother.

Every year an increasing number of Congressmen find that their election does not entitle them to recognition in that circle of society which is constantly becoming "less Congressional" and "more aristocratic" in Washington.
Chloride of lime sprinkled about a place will drive away the rats, mice and insects. Bits of broken glass and plaster of Paris will effectually stop up the rat holes.
To clean pie-plates, that have long been used for baking, put them in a large kettle of cold water and throw on them a few hot ashes or cinders, and let them boil for an hour.
"Aunt Marjorie" says in the *Christian Intelligencer* it is very curious that very many Christian women have either a very pronounced aversion to, or a nervous horror of, "a ladies' prayer meeting."
An ostrich at Cape Town has broken three ribs for one man and two legs for others by kicks delivered straight behind. He'd make a capital army mule if he only had a bray.
"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."—*Arkansas Traveler*.
Little Willie, having hunted in all the corners for his shoes, at last gave them up, and climbing on a chair, he took himself to a dictionary. "Papa always looks in it to find things, and I'm looking into it to find my shoes."

A Curious Race.
The Jaguans impress one as a poor race. In general the men are scarcely more than of medium stature, while the women rarely reach it. The faces of this race are round, large and flat, with huge cheek bones, low foreheads, large and flat noses, very black and restless eyes, wide apart, large tumid lips and strong jaws, furnished with beautiful teeth. The head and chest are disproportionately large, compared to the extreme slenderness of arms and legs, and it is a marvel that the latter can support the well-developed trunk and heavy head. In spite of this strange formation, both men and women have uncommon strength, and I have seen them carry weights that would have taxed the robustest of our sailors. No less surprising is the smallness of their hands and feet, which, if a beauty, is very disadvantageous to the men, who can carry only one or two objects in their hands at the same time. They have rough, lusterless black hair, which they wear long and falling over face and shoulders. Some bind it with a leather strap, but most let it grow to such an extent that they look more like furries than human beings. The men have very little beard, and that little they pluck out, while neither men nor women have any hair on their bodies. They do not tattoo, but use all kinds of paint. Two or three lines of color on the face and a few necklaces of shells or birds' bones is the usual dress of a Fuegian.

For protection against the terrible hurricanes, the snows that fell during the ten months of this year, and torrential rains that daily visit this miserable archipelago, the Fuegian only wears a small mantle of seal or guanaco skin over his shoulders. The wigwags are only made of intertwined branches, fixed in some sheltered spot, but they are too weak to keep out snow or rain. These wigwags are used by the Fuegians who do not bear the heavy burdens of Usumak, or found the mission; the other natives secretly ever remain more than one or two days in the same place; they lead a vagrant life in their small canoes among the complicated canals of this broken-up country, fishing and hunting for their subsistence, of which the sea furnishes the larger part.—*London Daily News*.

A Newspaper Prophecy of 1848.
The New York *Sun* of July 21, 1848, printed the following prophecy: "A portion of our readers may rationally expect to live forty years. Let us look forward to what will be the condition of the world in 1888."
"Judging of the future by the past, we shall in that period see added to the American Union ten new States, and settlements will extend to the Rocky mountains, with a considerable population in Oregon. This vast extent of country will be cultivated by a population of 90,000,000 of free, intelligent people—such a nation of men and women as the sun has never shone upon."
"The city of New York will have a population of more than 1,000,000, and lines of packets, propelled by machinery, so much improved that the passage to England will be made in four and five days, starting every day, and the fare not exceeding \$20."
"With all this immense population on the seaboard, the most populous and powerful portion of the Union will be the valley of the Mississippi, to some city of which the seat of government will be removed, while the present national buildings at Washington will be used as a great national university."
"Our trade with the whole world will have increased in proportion, and about this time the China trade having become of immense importance, through the diplomatic intercourse about to be opened by Mr. Cushing, will be carried on by immense steamships across the Pacific ocean and up the Oregon river, across the mountains by a railroad, and so down the Mississippi to St. Louis, the probable great center of trade."
"Those who shall, forty years hence, look over the file of the *Sun* for 1848, will be more astonished at the truth of these predictions than are many now at their apparent extravagance."

Can't Recommend It.
A Bristol (Vt.) farmer has tried feeding a hen on red pepper to make her lay eggs. She went at once to the barn and began scratching in a pile of sawdust which had lain on the barn floor for some years. The hen dug up a hatchet and a whisky bottle, and then laid an egg and went off cackling. The Bristol man can account for the hatchet, but the whisky bottle—never. He has been heard to remark: "Let the pesky hen cackle, she won't get any more red pepper."

The first street-car line in the world was the Fourth Avenue line to Harlem, opened in New York in 1825. No other was built until 1852, when New York constructed the Second, Third, Sixth and Eighth Avenue lines. In 1856, Philadelphia and Boston adopted street cars, and some years later Montreal and Toronto followed suit.

It is quite the proper idea for a young lady to paint a bunch of panies on a fresh-laid egg and forward it by a special messenger to her best gentleman friend. This signifies: "Pa is hatching another scheme against you. Come over the garden wall this evening." The interest now begins.
The latest novelty in baby carriages is in the shape of a canoe, and is of the wickerwork.

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.
The Welcome Breakfast That Awaited the Delegates from Oleisnaclaver.
A deputation from the Synod of Oleisnaclaver, while on their way to the annual meeting of the General Assembly, had started by coach at an early hour, and had to travel some twenty miles before they reached the inn where breakfast was prepared for them. The keen air of old northern hills sharpens the appetite, and when the brethren drove up to the inn they were almost famished with hunger. "Now, gentlemen, just ten minutes for breakfast," said the coachman, as he entered the landlord's snug parlor to have his own. Ten minutes! The time was short, so they must make the most of it. They rushed into the room, where breakfast was spread, and there, basking in the ample person before the fire, stood a portly gentleman, dressed somewhat like a dignitary of the Church of England. Their appetite was keener than their curiosity, so they scarcely looked at the stranger, but concentrated all their attention on the viands. Half way in the air, before the morsel had reached their lips, their hands were arrested by a sudden cry of "Stop!" It was the supposed Dean of Ripon. "Good heavens, gentlemen!" he exclaimed, "have you so far forgotten your sacred profession as to partake of food without invoking a blessing?" The brethren looked like schoolboys, detected in some flagrant fault; but, before they had time to remonstrate or explain, the same voice exclaimed, in a tone which enforced obedience: "Let us pray." They instinctively sprang to their feet and assumed an attitude of decorous devotion, while the stranger offered up a prayer which they themselves admitted was superior in unctuousness and expression to those of Dr. D. himself. He had only one fault—he did not know when to stop. The minutes rolled rapidly away, but the stream of fervent supplications flowed on without a break. They had a terrible struggle, the brethren had, as they closed one eye in devotion and ogled the savory viands with the other; but whenever a hand approached the table it drew back before the stern glance of the stranger, which seemed to comprehend them all. The sufferings of Tantalus were nothing to the sufferings of the deputation from the Synod of Oleisnaclaver; but all things must come to an end. "Time is up, gentlemen!" said the coachman, opening the door and wiping his mouth with the air of a man who has enjoyed his breakfast. The appearance of the coachman, and the sound of his familiar voice broke the spell; but there was no time to be lost; the horses were shaking their heads and pawing the ground in their impatience to start, so they had to take their seats and to turn breakfast and dinner into one. "Was that the Bishop of D.?" said one of the famished brethren. "That the Bishop of D.?" said the coachman, contemptuously; why that was Lord P., the maddest wag in all the kingdom."

A Missouri quack not only promises to cure nasal catarrh at one sitting, but makes the astounding statement that he will "remove the catarrh and place it on a saucer."

Women are certainly getting their rights as to educational facilities. London—University; University College, Liverpool; the Royal University of Ireland; Cambridge University; four colleges in Canada, and in this country Boston University, Cornell, Michigan, Oberlin, Vassar, Vermont University, Kansas University, Iowa University, and a dozen other institutions, confer degrees upon women.

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