

PINCKNEY DISPATCH.

VOL. I.

PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, APRIL 26, 1883.

NO. 15

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 o'clock. Also each alternate Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Sunday school immediately after the morning service. Class meeting following the Sunday school.

REV. F. E. PEARCE, PASTOR.

CONGREGATIONAL.—Services each Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock. Sunday school at 11 o'clock. Also services each alternate Sabbath at 7 o'clock. P. M. Strangers especially are invited to attend our services. Teachers will be in waiting to seat those not familiar with the power.

REV. K. H. CRANE, PASTOR.

SOCIETIES.

W. C. T. U.—Meets on second Saturday of each month. Miss L. M. Coy, President. Miss Dr. Sigler, Secretary.

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

MARY VAN ELET. Cor. Sec.

K. O. T. M.—Livingston Tent, No. 285, meets at Masonic Hall, Monday evening on or before the full of the moon in each month. F. A. Sigler, Com.

L. D. BROKAW, R. K.

MASONIC.—Livingston Lodge, No. 76, meets at Masonic Hall, Monday evening on or before the full of the moon in each month. C. D. VANWINKLE, W. M. C. V. VANWINKLE, Sec. Sec.

BUSINESS CARDS.

S. GILCHRIST,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN HARNESSES, COLLARS, SADDLES, WHIPS, ROBES, BRUSHES, ETC.

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

T. H. TURNER, M. D.,

HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Office, Main Block, PINCKNEY.

L. Y. BROWN,

SHAVING PARLOR,

Also dealer in Cigars and Confectionery. Second door east of Postoffice. PINCKNEY.

THE W. S. MANN ESTATE,

DRY GOODS, FANCY GOODS,

Family Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps. The Brick Store on the corner.

TEEPLE & CADWELL,

DEALERS IN HARDWARE, STOVES & TINWARE,

East Main Street, PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN.

L. E. RICHARDS & CO.,

NEWSDEALERS, BOOKSELLERS & STATIONERS,

Dealers in Tobacco and Cigars, Musical and Optical Goods, Clocks, Jewellery, Toys, Novelties, Etc., Etc. Confectionery a specialty. Cor. Main and Mill Sts. PINCKNEY.

R. E. FINCH,

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTING,

Naïsoning and Paper hanging, GRASSING 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 BROS. DRUG STORE,

PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN.

W. R. RAINEY,

DENTIST,

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

WE HAVE OPENED A REPAIR SHOP

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

A. L. HOYT,

CARPENTER & JOINER.

For information inquire at Teepie & Cadwell's Hardware. PINCKNEY, MICH.

J. T. GOULD,

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER.

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

J. S. LANEY,

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.

MARRIED.

At the residence of S. K. House, in Putnam, April 23, 1883, by Rev. Mr. Foster, A. Joseph W. Graham, of Detroit, and Miss Estelle Green, of Pinckney.

DIED.

At Marquette, Tuscola county, Mich., April 22, 1883, Mrs. Edna Fox, grand daughter of Jesus J. House, Esq., of Putnam. Married last Thanksgiving day.

In Pinckney, April 21, 1883, Mrs. Mary White, in the 93rd year of her age.

In Unadilla, April 25th, 1883, of paralysis, Mr. B. M. Palmer.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

To buy paints & oils cheap, go to Brown & Collier's.

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.

Notice new plan for the circulating library. Books at 5 cts. where retained for one week only—10 cts. for two weeks, as heretofore.

Brown & Collier sell Williams' patent combination rack.

A full line of green Rio and roasted coffees at Richards'.

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

Nobly styles of hats and caps at Richards'.

Sawyer's bluing paddles at Richards'.

New Millinery over Sigler's Drug Store.

It is true we are selling Hardware cheaper than any House in Livingston County.

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

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

Fresh maple sugar at Richards'.

Best line of teas in town at Richards'.

24 lbs extra fine Yamachiro tea for \$1.00 at Richards'.

We are still adding to our already full stock of millinery goods. Mrs. C. R. Wagner & Miss Jennie Cole.

Fine perfumes at Winchell's Drug Store.

Splendid stock at the new Millinery Store.

Best Mexican Java coffee 25c per lb at Richards'.

To RENT: Blacksmith Shop, tools, etc. It has a good run of custom; for particulars enquire of Daniel Richards.

Howell's patent road cart at Richards'.

Chicago road carts, don't fail to see them at Richards'.

The new Harrow for 1883.

Farmers call and see this splendid reaper at Markey's, also the new Hopkins' mower. Don't fail to see and examine those beautiful machines before giving your order for a machine. Every one fully warranted. Satisfaction guaranteed, or no sale.

J. 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.

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

The celebrated American sewing machine of Richards'.

A full line of express wagons at Richards'.

No occasion to go to Howell for anything in the jewelry line. J. T. Gould has just received a fine stock of silver watches, gold chains, fine sets, etc., which he proposes to sell at prices that will make it for your interest to deal with him.

Goshen pumps at Brown & Collier's.

Boraxine, a substitute for soap, at Richards'.

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 NOTICES.

This is Arbor Day. Have you planted a tree for the benefit of posterity?

Mr. Wilcox returned from Jackson yesterday.

Mann & Davis are the new proprietors of the meat market on Howell street.

Messrs. Grimes & Johnson lost the best horse of their black team yesterday. Indignation of the Tungs.

Mr. Davis of Hamburg, was in town Saturday. Reports lively railroad work being done in that town.

Dr. Wheeler, of L. Ie, and Mr. A. W. Knapp, of Fowlerville, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. Teepie Sunday and Monday last.

Mr. L. C. Goodman, one of Pinckney's former citizens is a popular clerk in the large dry goods house of Bach & Abel, Ann Arbor.

Miss Nellie Monks, and not Miss Ledwidge, we are informed, is the niece whom Mrs. Blake, of Detroit, visited, as noticed in last week's Dispatch.

Mr. J. E. HODGEMAN, a former business man of Pinckney, now of South Lyon, called on us Saturday last, and now we send another Dispatch "over there."

The Pinckney Dispatch is holding David Bennett out as the greatest trader of the age, swapping twice in two minutes. Ed., just tell Dave to come to South Lyon, once more, and prove his record. —South Lyon Excelsior.

The Stockbridge Sentinel announces a "chicken-pie social." No one connected with this paper ever eats chicken pie, but then such a social would be a novelty here, wouldn't it?

Mr. F. D. JOHNSON visited Detroit Friday, in the interest of the Pinckney Flouring Mills. Pinckney flour is the favorite wherever it has been introduced, and it is no small compliment to say, it is gaining a foothold in the metropolis.

VILLAGE ORDINANCES Nos. 5 and 6 are unavoidably laid over until next week.

Wheat looking better in the immediate vicinity of Pinckney than any locality between Dexter and Detroit, on the line of the Michigan Central.

Mr. Haywood is pushing his two miles of grade to a speedy completion, and we understand he has taken a contract for another mile east of his present job. Every rail of his grade is nicely finished up before he leaves it.

Our item in regard to Pinckney as a trading point, in issue of the 12th inst., accidentally got into the Stockbridge Department. We didn't mean to compel Bro. Freeman to champion Pinckney interests, and so we place him right. We don't hesitate at all to repeat it, as Pinckney is the "boss" place to trade at.

That Unadillaite seems to regard the Hamburgers and their hens as inferior to those of his town. Now we don't boast of a "God neath our vest" which we yearly gorge with the fruit of the poultry yard, nor of a hen that will pan out a 1 pound egg; but we make an item, not to appear egotistical in the least, that Hamburg has a hen that will "cluck" "rattle" and "caw" in rapid succession, and last week laid an egg with two perfectly formed shells, one outside of the other, with a filling of albumen between. When your Unadilla hen gets ahead of that, let us know, and we will just whisper in our hen's ear, "that feathered biped is nulli secundus."

Drummers and patent-right men are thicker'n fleas.

James B. Markey, Jr., was home for a brief visit Saturday, last.

We understand they have begun running the dump-cars in the deep cut a few miles east of town.

Ans. CAMPBELL and Jas. Markey have been "counting" at Howell, the past week. Jury.

"The Internal Revenue Collector will make his annual tour next week, gathering in the shekels for Uncle Samuel."

FRANK HECOX, formerly of this place, has left Jackson, and now "hobs up" serenely "at Jintown," Dakota.

The death of Mrs. White, now leaves Mr. John Haze the oldest person in the neighborhood. He is nearly ninety-one.

DELL BEEBE, of Fowlerville, cheered our office with his smiling countenance and sundry shillings for the Dispatch yesterday.

Mr. Andrew Jackson and family, of Unadilla, were the guests of Mr. Jackson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Jackson, Tuesday last.

Mr. F. D. JOHNSON has the improvements on the Free Decker house, nearly complete, and will make a pleasant home of it.

JOHN MAHENS is having a little sport with the rest. Mumps is the innocent cause of his amusement.

MR. JARED COOK, of Jackson, bridge contractor of the M. A. L. R. Y., arrived in town last night, and is looking after piles and bridge timbers.

DR. BRECKEN, of Ann Arbor, found his lost horse three miles north of Waterloo, Jackson County, whither it had wandered the day of its disappearance.

MR. J. R. TURNER, of Howell, paid the Dispatch a visit Thursday evening last, leaving a copy of "The Farmers Complete Encyclopedia," a work which from hasty examination, we venture to pronounce the best of its kind ever published. It should have a large sale.

MR. JAS. MARKEY will build a new residence this summer on the first street north of Main, just opposite Mr. Galtrey's home. Al Hoyt has the contract for building the same. Front will be 16x30, two stories high, with wings on the side and rear.

"Moxton Horse," H. O. Barnard, proprietor, is the way stationery for our hotel is now printed, and from the improvements going on all around the establishment, it is evident the traveling public will have no cause in future to grumble at Pinckney's hotel accommodations.

JAY ALLEN has been painting the spire of the Congregational church the past few days, and attracted considerable attention by his agile movements over seventy feet from the ground. He works on a seat suspended with rope and tackle from the ball at top of spire, but showed rather a remarkable feat of ballancing, by swinging himself around the rod which supports the vane above the ball, without any support for his feet whatever. The job is completed in good shape.

A Galesburg Lunatic having visited the hotel at Unadilla, thus aesthetically relieved himself in a local paper:

"Elysianly located on that interesting aqueous meander, known by the appellation of Kalamazoo river, the beautiful center of Allegan county. The reception rooms and cozy parlors are truly embellished with the bloom of the amenities of intellectual and refined life, of an elegant appearance."

That fellow must have a "valetudinary diademum," and might find a helpmeet in this community similarly afflicted, who could sympathize with him and appreciate his "utterly aesthetic conglomeration."

The Legislature has passed an act (and the Governor has signed it) making it optional with the Common Council of any village, incorporated under the general law to permit or prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors. The bill was rushed through on the fly and had the Governor's signature attached before the anti-prohibition element in the legislature fully comprehended what was being done. It is equivalent to local option in all the villages to which it applies, but as its scope is only partial (not affecting the cities or villages organized under special charters) it has more the nature of an experiment than of a general law. Pinckney is probably the only village in this county or vicinity which comes under the provisions of the act, and we doubt if the Common Council of this place would feel justified in assuming the responsibility under an act so partial in its application. By many it is viewed as a huge legislative joke—only this and nothing more.

The Weather is balmy, splendiferous and delicious. The cold term is gone and all its frigid reminiscences.—Allegan Journal.

Oh, yes! the first half of this week was balmy, splendiferous and beautiful—with the thermometer almost down to zero!

Common Council Proceedings.

PINCKNEY, MICH., April 21, 1883. Council convened and was called, to order by President Grimes. Present: Trustees Haze, Sykes, Rose, and Richards.

On motion the Marshal was appointed Engineer of the fire department. On motion Dr. H. F. Sigler was appointed Health Officer, and W. P. VanWinkle was appointed Village Attorney. The council also adopted following ordinances:

2d, For abatement of nuisances.

3d, Referring to tramps.

4th, Prohibiting animals running at large.

5th, In regard to breaches of the peace and preservation of order.

6th, For preservation of shade trees. Upon motion, Council adjourned.

F. A. SIGLER, CLERK.

Pinckney, Mich., April 23rd, 1883. Council convened and was called to order by President Grimes. Trustees present: Haze, Sykes, Rose, Richards and Mann.

The bond of G. W. Hoff, village marshal, with C. N. Plimpton and W. B. Hoff as sureties, was presented and accepted.

On motion, the size of the building for a lockup was placed at 14 x 16 ft. and 8 ft. high in the clear.

Report of committee on lockup presented and accepted.

The Street Commissioner reports the following labor on streets. 1 1/2 days labor on Unadilla street repairing culvert.

On motion the council adjourned for one week. P. A. Sigler, Clerk.

The circuit court convened on Tuesday the 17th and adjourned yesterday, 25th. We herewith publish condensed report of cases:

Frederick French, charged with larceny, jury disagreed.

Frank Chase and Ruth A. Ross, Noile pros. entered.

John B. Farwell et al., vs. Esther Marion, assumpsit. Judgment for defendant.

Carrie Moon vs. Wm. H. Wilcox. Continued until next term.

Rachel Harzer vs. Andrew H. Barnhart, assumpsit. Judgment for plaintiff, \$75.10.

Nelson Fuller vs. Van R. Bennett, assumpsit. Judgment for plaintiff \$96.25. Given until next term to move for new trial.

Geo. Cranston vs. Geo. Williams, trespass. Verdict for plaintiff with \$100.00 damages. Given until next term of court to move for new trial.

Geo. H. McMillan vs. Francis E. Eager, assumpsit. Judgment by default \$102.80.

Royal Van Riper vs. Detroit Lansing & Northern Railroad. Judgment for plaintiff, \$51.40, with costs. This was for the killing of a cow.

Personalities About Presidents.

When I was a little girl, writes "Miss Grundy" in the Louisville Courier Journal, I used to read with delight the stories of the courtiers our early Presidents habitually showed to children and poor people whom they chanced to meet, and especially to those who did not know the high station of the gentleman who held of them in some simple, unpretentious way. I remember one which has found a place in history, which relates how Mr. Jefferson, while President, was riding over the rough country roads between Monticello and Washington City, on his way to his home in the executive mansion, and, observing a little lad trudging along in the mud, took him in his buggy, and he took him some distance on his journey, treating him with the greatest courtesy, notwithstanding the child, unaware who his new friend was, let fall some unpleasant remarks touching Mr. Jefferson, caught up from his relatives, who were political opponents of that statesman. The child was told before the parting, to come to the White House, if ever he came to Washington, and send in his name. This he subsequently did, and was cordially welcomed by the President, and given a meal at his table. A similar story, never before published, has been told me of President Johnson, by one who was riding with him one day about three miles outside the city. He saw a poor woman with a child in her arms making her way slowly and painfully towards town, and, knowing nothing of her, stopped, took her and the little one into his carriage, and took them to the place she designated in the city, but never mentioning who it was who had thus earned the gratitude she expressed.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

WASHINGTON.

CELESTIAL SWEETNESS.
R. M. Daggett, United States Minister resident at Honolulu, has made a full report to the State Department with regard to the alleged recruitment from there to the United States of Chinese sailors with a view to securing the advantages of the reciprocity treaty between the Sandwich Islands and this country. He says that during the year 1902 only four vessels arrived at Honolulu from Chinese ports, and none of them brought or discharged Chinese sailors. But even granting that sailors could be imported and shipped in this way, the necessary expenses incidental to this work, viz., vituperation to the shore, landing and transporting sailors inland from one to twenty miles, and working in with Hawaiian sailors, resacking, reloading, and retransporting to shore and lighterage to vessel, would be in excess of the evaded duties. Under all the circumstances, therefore, Mr. Daggett is firmly of the belief that Chinese sailors have not been in the past, nor are they now brought to the Hawaiian Islands and re-shipped to the United States as products of Hawaiian plantations.

POSTPONED.

It is likely the coronation of the Czar will be postponed until June 10. The latest proclamation of the nihilists merely refers to the Czar in a scornful way, saying he is beneath criticism. Well informed persons in Russia express the opinion that no danger need be feared to the Czar at the coronation, with the exception, perhaps, of the act of an isolated fanatic, and even that is unlikely.

A BILL OF PARTICULARS.

The charges against Hill, supervising architect of the treasury department have been made public, and may be briefly summed up as follows: 1. A general charge of fraud, corruption and extravagance, against a ring in the architect's office; 2. Corrupt administration of the patronage of the office against the interests of the government; 3. The favoring of contractors known to be guilty of fraud; 4. The employing of persons known to be unskilled and incompetent; 5. The letting of contracts, in violation of law, to persons not the lowest bidders, that vouchers have been paid for labor and material never furnished, and that bids and contracts have been unlawfully altered to the advantage and benefit of the contractors.

OF INTEREST TO MILLERS.

Argument was begun in the United States Supreme Court a few days ago in a case which may prove to be one of much interest and importance to all millers who make what is known as "patent process" flour. The case is that of Robert L. Dowdell, appellant, against the Yeager Milling Company, which comes here upon appeal from the Circuit Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Missouri. It is a suit brought for infringement of patent granted April 30, 1875, to James H. Watson for a process of manufacturing middlings flour by crushing grain between rollers. Among the defenses set up by the Yeager Milling Company is that Dowdell's patent is void for want of novelty in the invention. If the decision of the court should turn upon this point rather than upon one of the many other points of law involved, and thus settle the question of the validity of the patent, the case would be one of much importance, since the use of the large mills in the country have substituted roller for stones and are now manufacturing patent process flour.

PHYLOXERA.

The Entomologists of the Smithsonian Institute has reported that no sign of phylloxera is discoverable upon the vine cuttings from Madeira submitted by the New York Customs officers, and adds that it is extremely doubtful whether phylloxera could be discovered upon any of the cuttings now held in New York, and the chances of the introduction of the pest by these cuttings is so slight as not to be worth considering.

ON THE WAR PATH.

About 700 recruits have been ordered to Arizona and New Mexico to strengthen the troops stationed there, with a view to the possible necessities of the Indian campaign.

A QUESTION OF AUTHORITY.

A question of authority having arisen between a Texas district attorney and the collector of customs at Brownsville in certain smuggling cases, the collector of the treasury holds that officers have the same right to arrest offenders that they have to seize smuggled goods.

THE CAUSE OF IT.

The Indian agent in Washington Territory has informed the commissioner of Indian affairs that poisoned meat scattered near an Indian camp was the cause of the trouble between the whites and Indians. Some horses belonging to the "nobleman" were poisoned by eating grass that grew around the meat.

MUST CEASE.

The work of redeeming the worn and mutilated United States notes now in circulation, must cease for lack of means with which to carry it on, the appropriations being completely exhausted.

NEWS NOTES.

DR. BANISTER'S DEATH.
Rev. Dr. Banister, for 27 years a professor at Evanston, Ill., is dead. Rev. Dr. Henry Banister was widely known among the Methodists as a theologian and educator. He was born in Conway, Mass., in 1812, graduated at the Wesleyan university at Middletown, Conn., in 1836; subsequently was a student at Auburn theological seminary; president of Fairleigh and Lowell academies; professor of classics in Cazenovia seminary. He accepted the chair of exegesis at the North-western university at Evanston in 1886, which he held until his death, and part of the time was president of the institution by reason of being senior professor. He was member of the book committee of the Methodist church during the book concern troubles.

A CROP REPORT.

S. W. Talmage, of the Chamber of Commerce at Milwaukee has collected reports concerning the condition and prospects of the growing crops of winter wheat in fifteen of the principal States in the Union, and the summary places the averages at about twenty per cent, or 100,000,000 bushels short of last year's crop.

BUTLER'S BILL.

The Massachusetts Republican State Central Committee have issued a circular, offering for sale a bill against Gen. Butler of about \$2,500, claiming to be due one Lee of Southboro, who, in reply to the offer of a reward by Gen. Butler during the last campaign for a person to father a document entitled "Note for Butler to Cash," claiming that he wrote it and demanded the reward, which has not been paid.

IN MEMORIAM.

Memorial services on the eighteenth anniversary of the death of Abraham Lincoln were held at the Catawba National Lincoln Monument yesterday, at Springfield, Ill., under the auspices of the Lincoln Guard of Honor. The programme embraced religious exercises, music, reading of President Lincoln's Sunday order to the army and navy, an oration by Gen. Thomas J. Henderson, of Princeton, Ill., and reading of an original poem by John B. Bryant, brother of William Cullen Bryant. At the conclusion of the services the Lincoln monument was opened, and a large concourse passed in and placed flowers and evergreens on the archway.

THE "INSPIRED" ONE.

Freedman, of Boston, "Inspired" two years ago to offer his little daughter as a sacrifice at Ponce de Leon, is perfectly sane, and will be arraigned for murder. Henry's "inspiration" came from the devil.

OUR LATE ACQUISITIONS.

Most of the 650 passengers which arrived in Boston on the steamer Nestora, recently, are Irish emigrants sent over at English government's expense. They are principally families, with an average of five persons to each, and the majority are from Galway, while others are from Mayo, Derry, and Donegal. The most from Galway were evicted, and during the past winter lived as best they could, finding shelter in tents. Indian meal porridge was their principal article of food. The agent of the government furnished money to those who desired to go to places beyond Boston, the amount depending upon the size of the family, some receiving a few shillings, others £2, £3, £5 or £6. A great many of the men are farmers, but seem undecided what they shall do here. Some are going to New York, others to Pittsburgh, Portland, Chicago, Canada, while some remain in Boston and vicinity. Several paid their own passage, but brought little with them in the way of money or household goods. They will be sent to their various destinations by the steamship company. The day following the arrival of the Nestora, the steamer Parthia reached Boston with another installment of the same class of immigrants. At Philadelphia, a number of ejected farmers arrived in one day, accompanied by a priest, who comes to raise money for the relief of his flock.

BAD BRICKLAYERS.

The Chicago bricklayers' strike continues, both sides determined. The men claim that 40 jobs are now being carried on by union hand and \$1 a day, and that 70 men who came to the city to work since the strike began have joined the union. There is much distress among the laborers who tend the masonry when at work and who are forced idling owing to the strike. The employers say they will take no new work, and architects are shelving plans for buildings that would have been well under way but for the strike. Architects and master masons seem to have joined hands to break up the bricklayers' union if possible.

WHAT IT COSTS TO THROW BOMBS.

Casper Younghelm, of Philadelphia, who threw a bomb into the room where August Goeckel, his son-in-law, was working, has been fined \$500 and sentenced to imprisonment for three years.

SCHILLER'S VICTORY.

The trial of George Scheller, accused of setting fire to the Newhall House in Milwaukee has closed, resulting in Scheller's acquittal. Five bailiffs were taken, and the trial was for conviction gave in because they had been instructed by the judge that if any doubt existed, the prisoner must have the benefit of the doubt. The jury were out two hours, and when they returned and announced the verdict, the cheers that greeted the announcement were almost deafening.

REWARD OFFERED.

The Board of Supervisors of Springfield, Ill., have offered a reward of \$500 for the arrest and conviction of the persons who murdered Thomas Walden during the rolling mill riot several nights ago. Affairs at the rolling mill continue quiet. Threats are made by the evil doers, but there have been no evil acts since the riot. President Wilson has received an anonymous letter recently threatening him with assassination.

OHIO'S LIQUOR LAW.

The Scott bill has become a law, taxing each liquor dealer in the State \$300 per year; those selling only beer and wine \$100.

MISSISSIPPI PETITIONS.

The Mississippi supreme court dismisses Chalmers' petition for mandamus in his election case, and says Manning having been declared elected and received his certificate, the matter can now only be dealt with by congress.

SALE OF SALOON-KEEPERS.

The Saloon-Keepers' Association of Ohio, have finally determined to oppose the new legal method of abolishing the operation of what is known as the Scott law, which imposes a tax of \$200 a year on all saloon-keepers, and where only beer and wine are sold. It is understood the brewers and whisky dealers will join in opposition to the law. The plan will probably be to get a test case before the courts as soon as possible to try the constitutionality of the law.

CANNED DESTROYER.

American Express agents of Milwaukee discovered a package of dynamite weighing 25 pounds, which was shipped from Newark, N. J., by the Adams Express and turned over to the American Company at Chicago. It bore no mark to indicate its deadly contents, but was directed to the Milwaukee Cement Company. When delivered by the American Express driver, the officers in the Cement Company's employ said it was dynamite and the package was returned to the American office and lay on the sidewalk for several hours. The Cement Company claims it is only a lot of fuses. An expert says the dynamite was sufficient to blow an express train to atoms or demolish a whole block. The package is eighteen inches long, twelve inches wide and eight deep.

HOW A FEMALE LAWYER ARGUES.

Kate Kane, Milwaukee's only female lawyer, threw a glass of water in the face of Judge Mallory, of the criminal court the other morning and was fined \$50. She claims the Judge insulted her by word and action, but will not say in what particular respect. She refuses to pay her fine, and will go to jail unless friends intercede.

DECISION SUSTAINED.

The decision of the supreme court of Iowa as to the legality of the prohibitory amendment, which was declared null and void by a lower court some months ago, has just been sustained. The opinions are voluminous, the majority consisting of eight pages of legal cap and the minority consisting of Judge Cook alone covering 112 pages. The majority opinion is in harmony with that rendered at the first hearing, declaring the amendment null and void. The opinion of the court was delivered by Chief Justice Day. On the only new question raised in the argument for a rehearing, that of jurisdiction, the court is positive that the courts are instituted for the purpose of adjudicating the acts of the legislature.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

TIMID JURORS.

The effect of the letter received by the foreman of the jury which tried Joe Brady, which threatened that he would be killed unless a verdict of not guilty was found, was shown by the fact of a special jury panel called in the case of Curley. Fifty persons failed to appear, notwithstanding the warning that a fine of \$100 would be imposed on each absentee.

DROWNED.

A Bombay, India dispatch says: Three rafter upsets in the Great Tank at Secunderabad while crowded with natives in a religious ceremony. Sixty-two were drowned.

WILL HANG.

Daniel Curley, the second prisoner tried for the assassination of Lord Cavendish, has been convicted, and sentenced to be hanged.

MORE DYNAMITE.

A box of explosives, with fuse attached, was found near the celebrated Salisbury cathedral, and the same day a package of dynamite exploded under the military barracks at Dover. The destruction of property at Dover was very great. Salisbury is situated near the south coast of England about midway between its eastern and western extremities. It is famous chiefly for the fact that it was built in 1220 and 1228 and is of the purest early English style. It is noted too, for its beautiful stone spire, 400 feet in height. The wanton destruction of so beautiful a monument as this church, would be simply devilish, and no words can express the indignation that would naturally be felt by all classes, both in this country and

in England, at so needless and malignant an outrage. Dover is the point on the southern coast of England nearest to the French coast. It is a place of about 22,000 inhabitants, a fashionable watering place and the most popular point of embarkation for the continent. The castle, part of which dates from the Roman period, occupies a hill overlooking the town and harbor and covers not less than 35 acres of ground. Formerly it was regarded as one of the most important fortresses in the kingdom, the locality being in some measure the key to the island. It contains barracks for 2,000, besides which there are other barracks outside the walls.

HELD FOR TRIAL.

Louise Michel has been committed for trial at the next Paris assizes on the charge of tutoring to riot. She will conduct her own defense.

ANOTHER INFORMER.

The eight men arrested the other day on a charge of connection with the dynamite conspiracy, have been examined and remanded for trial. Lynch, alias Norman, turned informer, and in his testimony said he was formerly from New York, and was a member of a society in that city, the policy of which was to free Ireland by force.

O'DONOVAN'S SHARE.

The Times says if Lynch's evidence can be satisfactorily proved, and it can be shown that O'Donovan Rossa furnished the large sum of money found on Dr. Gallagher, it will be a question for consideration whether O'Donovan Rossa cannot by some sort of international procedure be made amenable to the laws of the empire. Irish conspirators, the Times says, must be considered criminals and not belligerents.

NUMBER THREE.

Timothy Kelley, another of the Phoenix Park murderers, is on trial. It is not expected that this case will be disposed of as quickly as the cases of the other two who have been convicted, as one of the jurymen selected is a Parnellite, and a disagreement is looked for.

The story that an attempt was made to destroy the cathedral at Salisbury and the barracks at Dover, turn out to be a hoax. Probably the invention of some detective who wanted work.

DOOMED DELHI.

A fearful fire broke out in Delhi, India, on the 20th inst., and raged for several days with unrelenting fury. For 3,000 houses were destroyed, and the end is not yet in sight. The city of Hindostan, situated on the Jumna, 700 miles northwest of Calcutta. It was formerly the largest city of Hindostan, with a population of 2,000,000. An extensive tract, covered with the ruins of palaces, pavilions, baths and mausoleums marks the dimensions of the ancient metropolis of the Mogul empire. The modern city was founded in 1631, with a circumference of seven miles, surrounded by a wall of red sandstone 30 feet high, with a colossal arched gates defended by round bulwarks. The streets are mostly narrow, though one of the main avenues is 150 feet wide. It contains the most magnificent palace in India, built by Shah Jehan, founder of the modern city. Delhi has about 40 mosques, including the Jamaa, a splendid structure in the Byzantine style, built of white marble and red sandstone; also Delhi college, built in 1792, with a separate department for each of the Arabic, Persian, Sanskrit and English languages. The city has been the frequent scene of armed dispute, and was taken by Lord Lake for the British in 1803, continuing under British domination since that time, though in May, 1857, it was occupied by the mutinous Sepoys, who here murdered a number of English people. In June of that year the British army laid siege to it, and in September, 1857, recaptured it by assault, after a severe fight of seven days. The population of Delhi in 1877, the latest census figures at hand, was 154,417, and the news of this fire is the most exciting the city has furnished to the world since the times of the terrible Sepoy rebellion of over a quarter of a century ago.

JURY DISAGREE.

The jury in the case of Kelley, on trial for complicity in the murder of Cavendish and Burke, were unable to agree on a verdict. A new trial has been ordered.

A GOODBY NUMBER.

Three thousand emigrants, with an aggregate capital of \$300,000, left Liverpool the other day for Canada. Most of them will go to Manitoba.

A DEAD TACK.

Suleiman Pasha is dead. He proved himself a good soldier and able commander during the Russo-Turkish war, and was noted for his military prowess, subsequent to the fall of Plevna, bringing 30,000 Turkish troops safely to Scutari.

ANOTHER BATCH.

Great excitement was occasioned in Dublin the other by the arrest of 20 more conspirators. Several of the villains turned informers.

BITS OF NEWS.

England's national debt is \$3,799,000,000—about \$11.78 per capita.

In Kentucky no clergyman or preacher of any denomination can become a member of the legislature.

James C. Flood, the bonanza king, is going to build a \$1,000,000 house on top of the highest hill in San Francisco.

Alexander H. Stephens' will is made public. It disposes of about \$12,000 among his immediate relatives and friends.

Grain glut in Chicago, the stocks in store being the largest ever held there.

The difficulties between France and Madagascar have been amicably adjusted.

A Kansas diocesan who said in prayer meeting, "Let us pray for G. M. Smith and make a better man of him," has been sued by Mr. Smith for slander, and made to pay \$500 damages.

And now England is talking about prohibiting the importation of American beef and pork.

A coup of live prairie hens were lately shipped from this country to Queen Victoria and another to the prince of Wales. They are to be turned into the royal preserves with the hope of acclimating them.

Chinese labor is no longer considered cheap in mining and railroad building on the Pacific coast. Contractors are replacing their Chinese with Scandinavians.

It is stated that no executions have taken place in France since Grevy was elected president. His clemency in pardoning convicts or commuting their sentences is severely criticized.

The largest aerolite in this country is in the national museum at Washington. It weighs about 3,000 pounds and was found in northern Mexico.

The money withheld from railroads by the postoffice department in pursuance of the act of 1878, and to which the postmaster general now decides the roads are entitled, amounts in the aggregate to about \$300,000.

The centennial anniversary of Washington's army celebration at Newburgh, N. Y., of the declaration of cessation of hostilities between the United States and Great Britain, was celebrated at Newburgh on the 19th inst.

The bakers of Vienna threaten to strike for more wages, and bakers from the Austrian army have been detailed to assist employers to prevent a scarcity of bread.

Vankton is happy, her attorneys having discovered that the Dakota capital removal commission was not legally appointed.

Ex-President Diaz's grandfather was a German named Dietz, who emigrated to America and made a fortune by importing canary birds.

The fine old plantation, "Tuckahoe," on the James river in Virginia, the seat of the Ham-

pton family, was sold at auction last week for \$13,500.

Mexico produces about 75 per cent of the precious metals of the world, and this, too, by mining in the most primitive fashion without machinery.

An Illinois man boxed his wife's ears for investing \$2 in a lottery ticket, and she went home to be hanged. The ticket drew \$5,000, and now he is trying to persuade her that he was only fooling.

There were 109,499 silver dollars coined at the United States mints for the week ended April 21.

Pennsylvania legislature decided against the prohibitory amendment.

British and American Law.

British justice acts with startling rapidity when it is once set in motion. After a trial of barely three days the chief assassin of Phoenix Park has been convicted and sentenced to death. This was the miscreant who on that tragic evening in May a year ago abashed even his companions in crime by his swagger and indifference as he wiped on the grass the murderous knife red with the mingled blood of a Cavendish and a Burke. Accused by his own accomplices, he has been condemned without hesitation by one of those Irish juries which, before his dastardly crime was planned and executed, lacked both the courage and the conscience requisite for punishing evil doers. The responsibility for the cowardly murder of the two secretaries was shared by the entire group of assassins of whom Brady was the central figure. It is disheartening to reflect that the necessities of the prosecution have enabled so many of them to turn State's evidence. The most despicable of the informers, James Carey, has already blurted out the fact that he has been promised a pardon. Such leniency as this seems almost incredible, after the conspirators' scramble to betray one another and to make, each for himself, the best bargain he could with the authorities. It will be a shocking miscarriage of justice if the main informer not only escapes Brady's doom, but is suffered to go wholly unpunished. The subsequent proceedings will be watched in England with a nervous dread lest through prolonged dalliance with the informers the Crown officials have contrived to protect those who least deserved protection.

The evidence given at the trials, so far as the telegraphic summary has revealed, has not served to implicate any Irishman now known to be in America. Mr. Porter in opening the case for the Crown referred, it is true, to Sheridan's share in the crime in undertaking to provide arms when there should be a call for them. This seems to have been only a generalization based upon James Carey's previous disclosure, and to have been unsupported by any new evidence. An informer's statement bearing so remotely upon the actual crime would be a slender warrant for demanding Sheridan's extradition under the present treaty. The evidence against Tennan, who seems to have been identified as the mysterious "Number One," is more direct. He would be so good a subject for extradition practice that he has probably had the forethought to select a safer refuge than the United States.

Americans are more deeply concerned with the examination of the dynamite conspirators in London than in the trials of the Dublin assassins. The prosecution has opened the proceedings with the declaration that a conspiracy for the destruction of public property in London was formed in the United States, and that agents were sent out and supplied with money for the accomplishment of diabolical purposes. The agents can be tried and punished under the English statutes without regard to their nativity or citizenship. But are their principles in the United States, if such there be, to be left at liberty to resume their nefarious plotting—to send out additional agents, to supply them with American gold and letters of credit, and to prosecute a dynamite campaign in England? If their identity can be established and their complicity proved, are not the United States authorities under obligation to prosecute and punish the principals, who have hired the agents and sent them to England for criminal purposes?

This is not a matter to be lightly considered. Dr. Woolsey, speaking of the rights of political refugees, says: "They may not, consistently with the obligations of friendship between States, be allowed to plot against the person of the sovereign, or the institutions of their native country. Such acts are crimes, for the punishment of which the laws of the land ought to provide, but do not require that the accused be remanded for trial to his native country." Those words were written before dynamite was invented. They have even a graver significance now. Dynamite conspiracies formed in America against property and life in England are crimes, for the punishment of which the laws of the land ought to provide.

Some St. Louis paper gets off the following on poor uncle David Davis, who recently passed through that city with his bride: "And what, in the name of goodness, is this?" asked Mrs. David as the Senator lugged something into the room and dropped it at her feet. "This is my shirt, darling, and I will be greatly obliged if you will sew on a button for me." "David Davis," said the lady, sternly, "when you bring me your shirt I will sew on a button for you, with pleasure, as becomes a fond and dutiful wife; but just now, sir, I must insist upon your removing this circus canvas from my apartment."

It was observed that when Mr. Parnell pronounced his name in the House of Commons lately, he laid the accent on the first syllable. Parnell.

FOLK NOTES.

John Brown left a considerable estate.

Rev. W. H. H. Murray, is to write a book about Texas.

The Rev. David Lathrop Hunn, of Buffalo, aged 93, is the oldest living graduate of Yale.

Miss Sarah, daughter of old John Brown has been given a position in the mint at San Francisco.

The gondola in which Wagner took the air every day has been bought for his widow, and sent to Bayreuth.

Emily Faithfull says of American women: "I am satisfied that most of them, have a pretty good time of it."

The mother of Josh Billings is ninety-two years old. She has evidently resolved to live until her son learns to spell.

Maurice, son of Chas. Kingsley, a man of literary talent himself, is employed in the mint office of the Buffalo City Engineer.

Franklin Pierce's old home, in the outskirts of Concord, N. H., is to be transformed into a Protestant Episcopal school for girls.

Mr. F. Marion Crawford, the author of "Mr. Isaacs," is about to start on a journey to Japan, whence it is expected that he will send some interesting literary matter.

Baron Krupp, the great German iron founder, and the manufacturer of the celebrated Krupp gun, is probably the largest employer of labor in the world, his industrial army numbering 40,000 people.

Mr. Herbert Spencer's health causes his friends some anxiety. It has been impaired apparently by his American journey. Since his return he has been unable to perform his usual quantity of work, and he declines all invitations.

Mitchell, the artist of Life, studied some years in Paris, and is well known as an etcher. Keppler, the chief artist of Puck, is a solidly looking man and has been an actor. Groetz is not long from Germany, and Gillan is an Englishman.

When all the really good people are going to bid Mr. Arthur goes to his library and sits down to his big table, covered a foot deep with papers. With eye-glasses astride his nose, and in the light of a big student lamp, he dives into his work.—Philadelphia Press.

Mr. R. B. Browning, son of the poet, is studying sculpture in Paris, and is engaged on a group representing Apollo wooing the Nymph in the form of a serpent. He has secured the services of a professional snake-charmer, who sits to him every day in company with a tame boa-constrictor.

"Why, Judge Wylie," said an enthusiastic little lady, after court adjourned, as the judge stepped out to his retiring room to get his old-fashioned behavior. "I should think you'd be sick of it." "Madam," he replied, with Roman frankness and directness, as he put on his hat and looked for his cane, "I am. So are we all."

Gustave Dore left one-third of his fortune to his brother Ernest, an army officer; one-third to his sister, who is married; and one-third to the Society of Artists. To his second brother he left nothing, because, years ago, when Gustave had established him in business, he took to gambling in stocks and lost \$60,000, which Gustave was obliged to make good.

A movement has been started for the purchase of Liberty Hall, the home of the late Alexander H. Stephens, by the people of Crawfordville and Taliaferro County, Georgia, that it may be preserved as a memorial of the dead statesman; and it is also proposed that Mr. W. W. Story be commissioned to execute a marble statue of Mr. Stephens in his roller chair for one of Georgia's niches in the National Capitol.

Henry Marston, the English actor whose death at the age of eighty years has just been announced, was one of the most popular men on the stage in that country. His real name was Marsh, and he was the son of a Wiltshire physician. He made his first appearance about sixty years ago, and afterwards was often seen on the stage with Macready, Chas. Kean, John Kemble, Miss Foote, Mme. Vestris and other famous performers.

Mrs. Carlyle's diary shows that when the Princess of Wales was engaged to the future King of England she was a poor, but graceful girl who always wore long cloaks. Once when she visited Windsor the Queen said, "I think you always wear a jacket; why is that?" "Oh," said little Alexandra, "I wear it because it is so economical. You can wear it with any sort of gown; and you know I have always had to make my own gowns. I have never had a lady's maid, and my sister and I make our own clothes; I even make my own bonnet."

Dr. F. L. O. Roehrig, Professor of Sanskrit and living Asiatic languages at Cornell University, is a grand-nephew of George Frederick Handel, the composer, and is himself a good musician. About 1830 Professor Roehrig, returning to Germany from prolonged travels in Africa and Asia, was put in possession of the newly-discovered will of Handel, and armed with it went to London to claim the fortune which the great composer there left to his family. But the Probate Court held that, as Handel had been dead ninety years, the legacy had lapsed to the government and the claim was barred. Dr. Roehrig still secretly preserves the duplicate scores of the "Messiah" and other works which he has in the handwriting of Handel.

Neglected Ingenuity.

The Patent Office at Washington is one of the most attractive places in the country for a thoughtful student of human progress. Its records and show-cases present a picture of human ingenuity and growth of the inventive art which cannot be paralleled elsewhere. They present, also, a vast number of attractions for the curious in models of inventions which have never been seen or heard of outside the Patent Office, touching and pathetic evidences, some of them, of misapplied talent and ingenuity, and some of them of sheer, hopeless insanity.

Vast as this collection is, there is one class of inventions which has no place in it. It is a pretty large class, too, and embraces some exceedingly ingenious appliances. These appliances are in daily use throughout the country, some by the inventors, and sometimes by others; but with a generosity which is very rare, the former give them to the public without a thought of remuneration of self-protection.

The class of inventions referred to is made up of instrument for the punishing and torturing prisoners in reformatories and penitentiaries. It is a very large and constantly increasing class. Many of the inventions comprised in it betoken an extraordinary amount of inventive skill, a wonderful, not to say demonic, acuteness in the adaptation of means to the end. Yet, strangely enough, the more ingenious the invention, the less anxious the inventor or user to be credited with invention or use; and the last thing either of them would think of is the procuring of a patent.

Every investigation into prison or reformatory school discloses some instructive novelty in this class of inventions. Years ago, when the State prison at Jackson was under investigation, it was found that some bold genius had invented a sharp-backed wooden horse for the prisoners to ride, and by means of which the most acute anguish possible could be assured in a phenomenally short time. But so modest was the inventor that not only had he taken out no patent, but his name was not disclosed to the committee and remains unknown to this day. In Maine a committee which conducted an investigation of the State reformatory school discovered a surprising number of new devices for giving pain and anguish to prisoners who had disobeyed orders or incurred the hospitality of keepers. One was a "tower" just large enough for a boy to stand in, with no seat, no bed, no ventilation and only two auger holes for light. Another, which was more novel in application than conception, was an ankle of iron weighing eleven pounds, warranted to cure the worst infraction of discipline if worn day and night for three months, as the committee found it had been on several occasions. The ingenuity of the establishment found vent, also, in punishments which required no particular mechanical appliance. For certain infractions of the rules the boys, sent there, in the words of the statute, as "to a refuge from danger rather than a prison for punishment," were compelled to stand all night in the dormitory, the ingenious official losing his own rest to enforce the decree. For other forms of disobedience the cure was to stand an hour with the fingers touching the toes.

It seems unfortunate that when we have a place to display the inventive genius of the great American people, all these striking manifestations of it should be kept from the public eye, except when forcibly dragged to light. There ought to be an alcove or two in the Patent Office specially devoted to instruments or devices for torturing prisoners and the inmates of reformatory institutions. Then could the patriotic citizen put new force into his boast about the genius of his countrymen, while the students of history could learn how much civilization has improved upon the methods of the barbarians, who knew little beyond those crude implements of torture, the rack, the thumb-screw, and the scavenger's daughter. — *Detroit Free Press.*

Deficiencies in a Cheese Show.

Now, if cheese could dance a double-dog dance and get off conundrums and laugh at them, it would be different. If a lot of cheeses could be arranged in a semi-circle, with "end cheeses," and each cheese could sing a song or tell an old story, like the back numbers of a nigger show, and some of the cheeses could dress up as females and then turn back somersaults, we might turn out and patronize the show and buy seats several days in advance. Or if a firkin of butter could play "Hamlet," and another firkin could play "Ophelia," which we are sure butter could do as well as some of those human beings do, who attempt it, it would be a novelty that would draw and fill the exposition. To see a firkin of butter come on to the stage in black tights and have an interview with another firkin as the "ghost," would take the cake, but they do not attempt such amusement. They are only plain unvarnished butter. If the Jersey heifer on exhibition could play a society play, or sing in the opera, and the heifer was properly advertised as having flirted with an imported steer, the heifer would draw well, no doubt. — *Peck's Sun.*

Bacon, Va. has sixty-six public schools, 200,000 scholars and 1,243 teachers. There are beside about 25,000 pupils in private schools.

A DUBLIN man boasts that he has written 650 anonymous letters to officers of the law in the last two years.

Popular Life in Italy.

A most interesting feature of modern Italian life is the persistent survival of old manners and customs among the peasantry. French influence has modified the whole life of the upper classes; painters are for the most part content to follow the methods in vogue at the Salon; and the dearth of high-class music forms the stock complaint of Englishmen and Germans who sojourn in Italy. But in spite of railways, telegraphs, and half-penny newspapers, the peasant remains much as he has been from time immemorial; his pots and pans are still fashioned in Etruscan shapes; his great white oxen are yoked in the simplest conceivable manner to carts of primeval pattern; and only a year or two ago some friends of mine heard a bevy of Tuscan girls haunting each other in improvised rhymes such as Theocritus might have put into the mouths of Sicilian shepherdesses. Popular life in Tuscany has lost little of its brightness or of its individuality, and the peasant's humor is still racy as of old; and this survival of the past into the present gives a lively interest to the investigation of such customs as have dropped out of use, clothing the dry bones of antiquarianism with the sinews and flesh of every-day life. Though the past be dead, there is no need to lay it out of sight; for its death veils the semblance of a sleep, from which it may rise anew, for aught we can see to prevent it, at any moment. — *Macmillan's Magazine.*

Down in the Dark.

Down in the lower levels of our mines, hundreds of feet below the surface of the earth, in the dominions of Regions, where darkness ever holds its reign unbroken by the light of day, are found some curious growths.

In the lower levels of the Comstock mines—particularly those long abandoned or unused—are seen many wonderful growths of different kinds of fungi. Some of these are of great size, almost filling up drifts, and, seen by the dim light of a candle, look like sheeted ghosts. Down below in the dark these growths seem to strive to imitate the forms of things seen on the surface. In one of our mines was once found an imitation of a fancifully-carved meerschaum pipe, stem and all, so perfect that it would easily be mistaken for the genuine article if not taken in the hand and closely examined. Some of the fungi resemble the horns of animals, and are from two feet to a yard in length, while others might pass for a petrified devil-fish. — *Virginia (Ney.) Enterprise.*

Marriage.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Ancient Sabbath.

In Jerusalem, the Sabbath was ushered in by six blasts of the silver trumpets so freely employed in the temple ritual; three to interdict the people from work, and three to set apart the day as one of holy rest; in other towns, from the roof of the synagogue. There were two additional offerings in honor of this day, and more if it should chance to be a new moon or any festival. The making and baking of the shew-bread, though involving in its composition three offenses against the law, was done on the Sabbath day—a fact of which the Pharisees were reminded by "One greater than the temple." "Have ye not read in the law, how that on the Sabbath days the priests in the temple profane the Sabbath and are blameless?" (Matt., xii. 5.) At home it was in early times a family festival of innocent joy, and rest from the daily toil of the week. While the father was in the temple or synagogue on Sabbath eve, the mother and her maidens were busy decorating the best rooms, spreading the table with the choicest fare they could afford, and lighting the Sabbath lamp, to greet him on his return, as at the threshold he bestowed upon each child the blessing of Israel. Friendly intercourse among neighbors and kinsfolk was the order of the day, while the poor and afflicted were comforted with some act of delicate sympathy.

All this sweet spirit of keeping holy the seventh day was turned, at a later epoch, into the cruel burden of the law, of which St. Paul said well, "The letter killeth," and against which, both by precept and practice, the "Lord of the Sabbath Day" so uncompromisingly protested. The Scribes and Pharisees had so completely lost sight of the fundamental truth that "the Sabbath was made for man," that a man of their day might well have bewailed the fact that he was "made for the Sabbath." Except that we are taught by all record and experience that there are no limitations to the excesses of a perverted conscientiousness, we could not credit the absurdities which finally came to be considered essential to the pious observance of this holy seventh day. Let us look at a few of the rabbinical rules on this subject: "To preserve life on the Sabbath is to violate it, and to kill a flea is as bad as to kill a camel. A woman must not go out with her ribbons about her, unless they are part of her dress; a false tooth must not be worn; no one was to write two letters of the alphabet; the sick must not send for a physician; a tailor must not carry a needle out on Friday night, lest he should forget it, and so break the Sabbath, by carrying it about him on that day." A sect of extremists on this question carried their scruples so far as to refuse to save a drowning woman on the Sabbath, because they must not touch a female; while, even where a child was in similar peril they must put off the phylacteries before lending a hand to the rescue. A rabbi of this sect of "pietists" refused to rebuild his demolished house, because he had thought about it on the Sabbath; another saved himself from a violent death as an accused murderer by disclosing the name of the criminal; but he wrote that name on a Sabbath Day, and he passed the remainder of his life in severe penance. — *Mrs. Palmer.*

The Lion & Coward.

"There is an idea among people, generally," remarked Mr. Thompson of the Zoo, as he stood before the cage of the handsome beast, "that the lion is a brave animal. Nothing is further from the truth. For his size and strength he is the biggest coward in the animal kingdom. When I was in South Africa I never saw but two of them in the open plain. They skulk in the forests, and will take flight and run at ordinary danger. But he is bad medicine in close quarters, and one blow from his massive paw in the right place will send a man to kingdom come as quick as a flash of lightning. He isn't the king of beasts, and the tiger can whip him every time." — *Cincinnati Enquirer.*

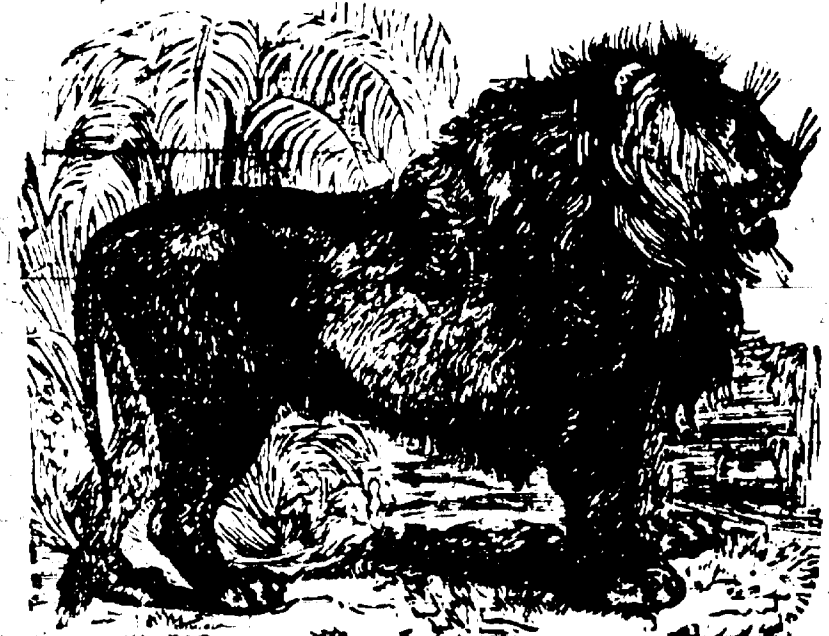
Liszt as a Confirmed Kisser.

Liszt is always surrounded by women, writes a correspondent of the Philadelphia Bulletin, who citing to him in a manner that suggests the "love-sick maidens." He has the manners of a very young man toward these devoted women, though in one respect he enjoys the privilege of old age. He kisses both hands and cheeks whenever he takes the fancy. Nearly every woman who greets him bends low over his hand and kisses it. There is a deal more kissing done here than one sees in an American drawing-room; nearly all the German ladies kissing the hands of Wagner and Liszt at greeting.

"Hain't Seen No Such Cretur."

Nothing can be more provoking than to hinder a questioner for explanations when you cannot help him. A hunter, in a furious hunt after game, called out to a gawky youngster: "Hallo, boy, did you see a rabbit cross the road here just now?" "A rabbit?" "Yes, be quick, a rabbit." "Was it a kinder gray varmint?" "Yee! yee!" "A longish creatur with a short tail?" "Yee! be quick, or he'll gain his burrow." "Had it long legs behind, with big ears?" "Yee! yee!" "And sorter jumps when it runs?" "Yes, I tell you, jumps when it runs." "Well, I hain't seen no such cretur here."

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TEMPERANCE
HOTEL,

Cor. Congress and Bates Sts.,
DETROIT, MICH.

Rates, \$1 to \$1.25 per day. Single meals, 30 cents. Lodgings, 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.

NEW STORE!

NEW FIRM!

NEW GOODS!

WILLIAM DOLAN & CO.,

Have just received a new and complete stock of

DRY GOODS, BOOTS & SHOES, CROCKERY, GROCERIES

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

CHRISTIAN BROWN, C. N. PLIMPTON,
BLACKSMITH UNDERTAKER,

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All kinds of custom work, and general repairing, including

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West Main St. Opposite Globe Hotel,
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A full line of

DRUGS and MEDICINES,

Chemicals,
Toilet Articles,
Perfumery,
Fine Confectionery,
Cigars, Smoking Tobacco
Stationery, &c.

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

OUR NEIGHBORS.

HOWELL.

From our Correspondent.

John and David Love, of Marion, have gone to Dakota.

Gus. Buerman, whose illness was mentioned last week, died Wednesday morning, the 18th inst.

Roller skating occupies the spare hours in the evenings now. The Opera House is used for a rink.

Tank Kee, the Chinese lecturer, is talking, while these words are being printed, to a very small audience in the Opera House.

A meeting was called by citizens desiring an enforcement of the License Law, in the Court House last Wednesday evening. We shall try to give an account of the proceedings next week.

Work on the telephone line is progressing finely, since the frost has permitted. Howell will, when it is completed, talk with Detroit and Lansing. A central office in H. C. Hutton & Son's store will be connected with twenty phones in the village.

Wm. Sexton has been very zealous during the past week, in obtaining signatures to a petition to the Common Council to do away with the night-watch altogether or else let the business men saddle the whole cost, while the business men have with equal energy sought signatures to a petition asking the village to pay the whole salary. From the present outlook, we prophesy a victory for the merchants.

The Circuit Court found very few cases to deal with at the term closing last week and these were of little interest. Judge Newton is to be commended for clearing up the docket and thus preventing such long terms as have been customary in this county.

ANN ARBOR.

From the Register.

Senator T. W. Palmer will be asked to deliver an address for the benefit of the Athletic Association.

The directors of the Athletic Association have decided to hold a field-day on Saturday, May 12. There will probably be a game of Rugby between the University team and one from Detroit.

The committee appointed by the Students' Christian Association to look up the feasibility of erecting a building for the Association, has secured the refusal of the lot opposite University Hall. As soon as estimates on the cost are secured, the work of raising the money will be commenced.

From the Courier.

A memorial service will be held in University Hall in memory of the late Dr. Cocker. The date and speakers are not yet decided upon.

The town of Ann Arbor at its last election decided to have an iron bridge built across the river on the Whitmore Lake road. It has now bought a wrought iron one for \$2,160 which will soon be constructed.

An interesting little incident connected with the life and burial of the late Dr. Cocker, was related at his funeral: "One night while an attendant was watching him the doctor told the story of a shawl which he loved to have about him. He had made it himself when a boy in England; he had carried it with him to Australia, to Tahiti and to Fiji; it had been around him when he broke through the ranks of the cannibals and escaped in a boat; to Peru, to Panama, to Chicago it had gone with its owner, and when he arrived in Adrian, penniless and friendless, it was wrapped about the body of the dead boy in his arms. On his subsequent trips to "Old England" the doctor had always taken it, and before he died he asked that it might be buried with him. So before burial it was wrapped around the beloved form it had so long protected.

DEXTER.

From the Leader.

Dr. Jeffers, who formerly resided on the farm now owned by Wm. Stevens, is visiting with old friends here. His home at present is at Lansing. He is very feeble, nearly deaf, and entirely blind.

Last week we made the announcement that Mr. Wm. Clark, of Wellington, Kas., was visiting in town. He is still here, his wife and daughter also being with him. Mr. C. has a large circle of friends in Dexter, where he resided some years ago.

Rev. R. C. Mosher will begin, next Sunday evening, a series of lectures on "Evidences of the Inspiration of the Bible." The first in the series will be on "Rationalism and the Bible," which will be followed by discussions of the historical argument, the argument from the person and character of Christ, the argument from miracles, the argument from prophecy, and the influence of the Bible in the world.

FOWLerville.

From the Review.

J. N. Teiler, of Cohoctah, showed us a portable electric light machine recently which is quite a novelty.

A. N. McIntosh has leased and taken possession of the Commercial Hotel. Mr. Nichols will remain in town.

A brakeman on the D. L. & N. by the name of Kelly was married Tuesday, to Flora Marble, of this place.

Four spikes, thirty-five shingle nails, eight finishing nails and a steel watch chain is what was found in the stomach of a cow killed by W. A. Benjamin one day last week.

Married, at the M. E. parsonage in this village, by the Rev. R. Pattinson, on the 10th inst., Oren H. Mead, of Bay City, and Carrie M. Dutcher, of Iosco.

A Celebrated Book.

We have received a copy of that celebrated book, "The Farmer's Complete Encyclopedia," published by the Eddy Printing and Publishing House, Flint, Mich. Probably no book published within the last quarter of a century has received the endorsement that this book has. It is endorsed by the entire State government of Michigan as the standard work of its kind, and has the recommendations of the principal farmers and breeders of the State. It is probably the finest book of reference published for the use of farmers and stock fanciers. The book is a volume of 688 pages, printed on fine paper, illustrated with the necessary cuts and diagrams, and handsomely bound in cloth. It is divided into nine divisions: THE FARM, HOUSE, CATTLE, SHEEP, SWINE, POULTRY, MEDICINAL, HOUSEHOLD, and FERTILIZERS, every one of which is worth the price of the whole book. The special feature of the book is the remarkably thorough way in which it treats of all the diseases, and remedies for the diseases of live stock, and also of man himself. Governor Begole, of Michigan, says of the book: "I have carefully examined the copy of 'The Farmer's Complete Encyclopedia' submitted to me, and find it, as represented, a complete book of reference on all farm topics. It is the only book that ever came under my observation that covers entirely every subject the practical farmer or breeder is interested in. The portions devoted to the diseases of horses, cattle, sheep, swine, poultry, etc., alone, make the book worth many times the price. Every farmer who lives far from a physician will, in times of sickness and emergencies, appreciate the medicinal department, and the poisons and their antidotes. They are invaluable. The book is not only of value to the farmer, but is as much so to the farmer's wife. No housewife should be without one. As one who has been a farmer, I can recommend the work."

J. W. Begole, E.

Governor of the State of Michigan.

Hon. Edwin B. Winans, member of congress from 6th cong. dist.

"The Farmer's Complete Encyclopedia" is a most valuable handbook, one that every farmer would find a useful companion in his labors. It fills a long felt want. EDWIN B. WINANS.

EDWIN B. WINANS.

There is no more real enjoyment in this world than the winter evening entertainments and instruction on the farm with parents surrounded by noble sons and daughters laudably seeking knowledge and moral power. The larger the family the greater the variety and spirit which can be thrown into such evening entertainments. And near neighbors can frequently be brought into the circle. This amusement and enjoyment can be mingled with intellectual improvement. But fun and frivolity should not be indulged in to the detriment of the main object—a preparation for the great duties and battles of life. And while it is advisable to have a course of readings from the most instructive and scientific books, care must be taken that they are not too protracted, nor of such a character as to be uninteresting to any member of the family. The parents should take the leading part in these exercises and make instruction amusing and cheerful, so that home to the children, as well as parents, will be the most pleasant place on earth. Children raised by such surroundings and under such influences never cause their parents to mourn over their conduct, but will grow up honorable and useful members of the community. And this costs nothing, nor detracts in the least from the home comforts and pleasures. But a house which is dark and gloomy, one head of the family dozing away the evening or absent, no one knows where, and the other head uneasy, peevish and unsocial, the boys will soon seek enjoyment elsewhere, probably beyond the reach of parental influence, and the girls as a necessity will accept the company of young men not suitable companions for them. Des Moines Register.

FARM FOR SALE.

A fine farm of 240 acres, 180 improved, good buildings, etc., in Marion, 7 1/2 miles southwest of Howell, and about 6 miles northwest of Pinckney. Price forty-five dollars per acre. Terms to suit purchaser.

THOMAS ROSS.

Desirable lots for sale.

A few desirable business lots for sale at reasonable prices. Enquire of

CHRISTIAN BROWN, at the Blacksmith shop.

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.

5 1/2 miles northwest of Pinckney.

ANNOUNCEMENT!

BOOTS AND SHOES.

WE HAVE NOW RECEIVED OUR
SPRING STOCK

—OF—
BOOTS & SHOES

Which is one of the most extensive ever shown in this market.

ENCOURAGED

By the success we have met with in supplying the people of this locality with Boots and Shoes at lower prices than they have ever before bought them, and believing that there is scarcely any limit to the demand for good, stylish and serviceable Boots and Shoes, at the prices we are able to sell them, we have gone into the market with a determination to place in our store a stock so

LARGE AND COMPLETE

In every department that we can easily meet any demand, from the lowest to the highest priced articles. We shall rigidly continue our system of

LOW PRICES,

To which we chiefly attribute the success of our undertaking. We shall in the future, as in the past, adhere strictly to the one-price plan, every pair of shoes being marked in plain figures that all can see. Our stock will contain every grade, style, quality and kind demanded by people in the ordinary walk of life, by the wealthy classes, by the mechanic, the farmer or laborer, no one who wishes to buy a really first class article in this line can afford to pass us by.

W. B. HOFF,

PINCKNEY, MICH.

South Side of Main St., West of Hotel.

TEEPLE & CADWELL,

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

general

HARDWARE,

STOVES, TINWARE, PAINT.

OIL AND VARNISHES A SPECIALTY.

Also exclusive agents for the sale of

GALE PLOUGH AND REPAIRS,

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

PERKINS WIND MILLS, AND
DRIVE WELLS

Put up cheap for cash.

NEW GOODS!

JUST RECEIVED

A FINE STOCK OF FIRST CLASS

DRY GOODS

INCLUDING

PRINTS, DRESS GOODS,
TRIMMINGS, COLLARS, ETC.

CALL AND SEE.

E. A. MANN.

DR. J. W. KERMOTT'S

STRICTLY VEGETABLE.



ACT WITHOUT PAIN.

MANDRAKE PILLS,

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

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

Always in stock at
Winchell's Drug Store, Pinckney.



J. H. BARTON,
GUNMITH AND JEWELER,
and Dealer in English and American
BREECH AND MUZZLE LOADING
SHOT GUNS & RIFLES.

Revolvers, cartridges and ammunition of all kinds; also a full line of fishing tackle, pocket cutlery, Wade and Butcher razors, razor strops, hones and brushes.

MUSICAL GOODS.

A full line of optical goods, sewing machine needles and oil, eight day and thirty-day watches, gold, silver, and nickel watches, best rolled plate vest chains and charms, necklaces, lockets, bracelets, sleeve buttons, solid, gold, and filled rings.

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

Give me a call.

WEST MAIN ST. PINCKNEY, MICH.

PINCKNEY

FLOURING & CUSTOM MILLS

GRIMES & JOHNSON, Proprietors.

Wish to make known to their old and new customers that they are now prepared to do better work of all kinds in their line of business than ever before. Their mills having been thoroughly refitted inside, repaired and improved outside, making it convenient for their customers. Good sheds for teams in connection with the Mills. They have now on hand over 500 bushels of dry, sound red and white wheat from which they make their best grade of flour, warranted. They grind no grown or musty wheat except for customers, and they it is ground on separate stone and bolted through separate bolts. Those buying flour of them will get no grown or musty flour. Those bringing grain of good dry, sound wheat get good flour, and those bringing grown or musty wheat must expect flour from the same. They also have separate bolts for buckwheat. Corn shelled with one of Hutchinson's new improved Bustless Iron Corn Shellers, without extra charge. They pay cash for all kinds of grain. All persons having unsettled accounts with them at the mill, are requested to call and pay the same.

GO TO WHEELER,

AT THE POSTOFFICE,

—to get your—

GROCERIES,

BEST FIFTY CENT TEA,

BEST FORTY CENT TEA,

BEST EIGHTEEN CENT COFFEE.

All kinds of Groceries, Tobacco, and Cigars.

Zephyrs, Germantown Yarn, Notions,

Will be sold cheap for cash.

C. A. WHEELER

PINCKNEY

CIRCULATING
LIBRARY.

Books loaned at 5 cents per volume, for 7 days.

6 Tickets for 25cts.
13 " " " " " " 50 "

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

For books or further information apply at

WINCHELL'S DRUG STORE,
PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN.

BUSINESS LOTS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale 12 lots fronting Main Street east of Howell Street, and a lot on Howell Street of Main, for business purposes only. These lots are 25x122 feet in size, are very desirably located in the center of the village, and will be sold at reasonable prices. Apply to

JAMES PEARSON, Pinckney, Mich.

AT THE BOX OFFICE.

We stood within the corridor;
I had just stepped inside the hall
To get my tickets, when I saw
The state of matters, and turned pale;
I had put on new clothes through
Upon the faint with her to come;
I brought this heavenly creature out,
Leaving my pocket-book at home.

I stood there vexed and mortified;
'Twas cruel as it was absurd;
Then did a little gloved hand glide
Straight into mine, without a word,
Leaving a dainty portmanteau.
Of gold and pearl most quaintly made,
From which scarce knowing what to say,
I for the evening tickets paid.

When I sat down along with her—
"Now don't look so annoyed," said she;
"Of course, mistakes sometimes occur,
And people lose their property."
Confused, I answered, "I agree."
But must feel vexed about it though;
What's your's does not belong to me."
She said, "Why shouldn't it be so?"

She spoke unthinkingly, then blushed,
"Oh, do you mean it?" straight I cried.
My wild delight she would have hushed;
A feeble "No," in vain she tried;
But I'd not hear it so at last—
"Yes—just to keep you still," said she;
"There, there, don't hold my hand so fast—
The usher will be sure to see."
—[Indianapolis Sentinel.]

A Story of Two Summers.

BY HOLLIS FREEMAN.

CHAPTER II.

"Shall we have turn on the parade?" Captain Herbert said at length, getting rather tired of solitude and stone throwing. "Only came last night, so I have seen no one yet. Are you staying with the Marstons?"

"No, they are only friends I have met here. I am staying at Gladdaeth Crescent with a cousin of mine," said Effie, in reply to the last question, and gladly rising up in answer to the first.

How proud and happy she felt as she walked side by side with her new-found friend up and down the gayly-thronged parade. How triumphantly now she passed the well-dressed, stylish girls. Was there another man here to-night to compare for one moment with this, her splendid-looking escort? How kindly he looked at her, and how pleasantly he talked. He did not seem to mind, or even see, the shabby, battered old hat. Perhaps men did not care so much about these things; or—and this thought was not quite so comforting—perhaps the gathering shades of evening hid the shabbiness and old-fashionedness of her poor worn-out dress. Anyhow, it was delightful, charming; a faint color sprang to the pale cheeks, the gray eyes were sparkling and gleaming with gratitude and excitement and wondrous happiness. Conor Marston took off his hat as he passed them, and nodded kindly, well pleased to see that poor little thing enjoying herself so. Jessie gave an envious look at the tall, well-made figure at her side.

Captain Herbert himself was a little amused at the upturned face, full of such wonderful gratitude and admiration.

"She is a nice little thing," he said to himself, "and has been awfully snubbed. I see she looks painfully grateful for a few kind words." She had overcome her shyness by this, and was talking gaily. "Let me show you the belle of Llandudno—there, we are just going to pass her, that dark, handsome, naughty-looking girl, with the velvet hat and plume; I call her 'The Lady Clara Vere de Vere.' Isn't she a beauty?"

Effie looked up with some anxiety into her companion's face as she spoke. A nameless feeling of jealousy rushed to her heart as his eyes slowly sought the Queen of Beauty she pointed out. What if he should become at once enthralled, captivated by her loveliness, and forsake, desert, overlook, the poor, plain, friendless little being at his side? Herbert bent wildly as if her new-found treasure was going to be snatched from her grasp. She kept her large gray eyes on his face. They were walking slowly, and both passers-by looked full and boldly at each other as they passed. Effie thought the Queen of Beauty looked defiant, her hero contemptuous.

"You know her?" she gasped.

"Yes."

Effie saw that his face had changed. "But you did not speak to her." They walked on some distance without speaking; then Effie felt as if something compelled her to say, "Do you not think her beautiful?"

He roused himself as if out of a reverie.

"Miss Lacy? Oh yes, in her way I suppose she is. I don't know much about her—that is, we met before, but as she didn't care to speak to me to-night, I shan't trouble about her, but shall let the acquaintance drop. Shall we turn now?—the people don't seem to come to this end of the parade."

They turned, and the next time they passed Miss Lacy and her party, Captain Herbert was laughing and talking so gaily to Effie, that he never appeared even to see her.

Effie now had time to study the lady's face, and was in her turn astonished to find that she was herself the chief object of notice. How slowly and scornfully the dark brilliant eyes looked up and down the plain, quiet, insignificant girl. With what a scarcely concealed sneer of contempt she finished her scrutiny!

"I don't think Miss Lacy is at all nice," said Effie, "I should not care to know her." But her companion gave her no answer to this.

But each day this new friendship grew and strengthened with a wondrous summer growth. Captain Herbert came with Conor Marston to Gladdaeth Crescent, and Miss Somerville, gave a willing consent to Effie's joining in any

rides, or walks, or excursions, planned by the young people. Perhaps she did not know how often her young cousin felt exclusively to the care of Captain Herbert. She knew they were a party of merry young people going about together, and did not dream that quiet little Effie claimed the exclusive regard of any one person.

As it was, Captain Herbert took a kindly pleasure in promoting the enjoyment of his simple minded little friend; he took her out with him everywhere, boating, driving, walking, and seemed himself pleased and soothed with her quiet and gentle companionship. She did not tease, tire or bore him as the other girls did. In his present mood he did not feel up to the mark for the other gray-voiced, loud-laughing, rattling young people of the party.

Jessie and Amy and their gay young friends struck a harsh chord in his memory, to which now his heart could neither respond nor vibrate.

This gentle girl, with her quaint fancies and poetic ideas—with her warm, childish heart and true inner depth of character—never struck a harsh note, or made one jingling discord. If he was silent, or unhappy, or petulant, she did not tease him by word, or look, or questioning, but bore it all with gentle quietness. If he chose to lie with his hands some face staring up at the brilliant blue sky for hours together, she would sit by him quite still with her work or book, and there was something soothing in the very quietude of her presence.

She fell in, too, with his graver moods. She could talk with a bright originality of thought on many subjects; if her ideas were girlish and crude, they often contained brave and noble thoughts, and sometimes some witty speech or telling remark would chase the frown from the handsome face, and bring back a smile in its place.

In his gay mood she had always a share; she could talk and laugh and jest, happily, freely, gaily, but never with any approach to boldness or forwardness. She was always just what she appeared to be—a warm-hearted, loving, impulsive girl, perfectly free from any taint of rudeness or vulgarity. She drew without knowing it, a painful sketch of her home life, of the dearth of love and hope and interest there, and sometimes spoke of it as a half apology for enjoying herself so much here, for being, as she called it, so babyish. She took more pains with her dress and appearance now; she was longer in arranging her brown hair; she looked often in the glass; she got old Martha to help her in the mysteries of the toilette.

Perhaps it was kindly Mrs. Marston who spoke to Miss Somerville about her dress; anyhow, Martha was ordered to go with her on a shopping expedition; and to Effie's astonished delight, a new white dress, a blue scarf shawl, such as were worn in all bright colors twisted around the shoulders, and a new straw hat with a wreath of daisies round it, were purchased.

With what eager delight she used all her simple science to make herself look presentable, can well be imagined. The vigorous sea breezes had given a healthy tinge to her pale cheeks, and the glow of youthful enjoyment and happiness is in itself a great beautifier. With her dark eyes beaming with happiness, and her tall figure showing to great advantage in her better-fitting garments, she was a great improvement on the old shabby-looking Effie Lea, of the Black Birches. She felt in so completely with Captain Herbert's moods, she never even puzzled over them. If he was moody and silent, she let it pass, unnoticed, unobserved; if he was gay, to recklessness, she only rejoiced to think he was happy and enjoying himself. He told her that a few years ago, on the death of his father, Fairmeadows, their old splendid family estate, had been obliged to be knocked down under the auctioneer's hammer, and that he, as eldest son, had lost, through the extravagance and recklessness of father and grandfather, an almost princely estate and that he was now a poor penniless, unknown, nobody, without home, money, friends or prospects; and there was enough of romance in all this to Effie's childish mind to account for anything.

What pleasant mornings they spent together up in the Happy Valley! Amy and Jessie, and their friends, were kinder in their manner to Effie since her conquest, as they considered it, of the much-admired Captain Herbert; for to no other lady in the whole place, save Miss Lea, did he vouchsafe the least notice or attention. Sitting quietly among the merry party with her work or book, listening to the bard or taking a stroll over the picturesque great Orme, was in itself enough happiness to make the summer world a paradise for Effie Lea.

They often encountered Miss Lacy, once they stood side by side together for a few minutes.

"Who is that beautiful girl?" one of the party asked Effie.

"The belle of Llandudno," she answered, smiling.

"Pshaw," said Captain Herbert, "do you ever look in the glass yourself, Miss Lea?"

He spoke loudly. Effie felt sure, as she blushed hotly, that Miss Lacy could not help overhearing the remark.

"Hush," she said impatiently; but Captain Herbert only laughed in the reckless way he sometimes laughed as he turned away.

Six weeks went by, and August came in sweet and sunny, and the season was at its height.

Agnes Marston came running in one day, she was a kind-hearted, frank-spoken girl. Effie and she had met be-

fore, and she greeted her with great warmth of manner.

"I only came last night," she cried, "and now I can't stay a minute. Conor has been, I hear, awfully spoony on Miss Danvers—horrid girl that she is! Have you seen Captain Herbert? isn't he splendid? Only fancy, he was engaged to that dashing-looking Miss Lacy, who lodges next door to you; isn't it funny their both being here together. She behaved shamefully—jilted him when the wedding day was fixed. He was madly in love with her. Conor says they pass without speaking, and he has been flirting and going about with some other girl, to try and make her jealous, to show and make believe he doesn't care—but I musn't really stay; I shall see you to-night on the parade. What a capital window this is for looking about you!—good-bye!" She was gone, and Effie Lea was left sitting quite still in the warm afternoon August sunshine. The distant strain of some jingling negro melody, reached her, otherwise everything around her was perfectly silent; but the world, her world at least, with its gay hopes, and bright fancies, and summer dreams, was lying at her feet—overturned, broken, destroyed.

What was this she just heard?—madly in love—flirting with some other girl to make her jealous; her—who? And this other girl, who was she? Effie Lea? Surely the Effie Lea she had known, had never felt so madly stung, and humiliated to the dust, and wounded to the death, as she felt now.

The glittering love-dream lay at her feet in one chaotic heap. He was false, false! he had deceived her, or allowed her to deceive herself. He had made a fool of her. There had not been one iota of truth in one tender glance, one loving word; he had used her as a tool for his own purpose, tried—oh, with what scorn she said this!—to make that other, beautiful, haughty woman jealous, paraded the simple, soft-hearted girl, with her babyish devotion and sickening admiration, before the very eyes of her rival—the woman he loved, yes, madly loved—as if to say: "Here, let me show you someone cares for me, if not you; I can win other love easily enough, if I lose yours."

It was mean, despicable, contemptible. The girl's proud, wounded spirit rose, and fought and struggled against softer memories. The very love she once bore turned to hate, the sweetness to gall, the honey to wor-awed.

It was a pale, firm-set face that met Captain Herbert's gaze that same evening.

"You are late to-night, Effie," he said in his rich, plaint voice, into which of late a caressing tone often crept. "I have been looking for you everywhere." "Come down to the beach," she answered. "I want to ask you a question."

She led the way down the sloping shingle to where, long, grand, and desolate, deserted by children and boats, and fashionable promenaders, tossed and swelled, and heaved the great, darkening gray sea.

It was growing dark; the blue sky of morning, and purple tints of evening, the soft gray, the rippling silver and green of noonday, had melted and changed into chill, sobering gray. The light twinkled here and there in a glistening circle under the brow of the dark, frowning, great Orme. Overhead a bright star or two shone, and flashed and gleamed, and one narrow, glittering stream of light marked the moonlight path on the deep lonely waters.

It was the same spot where he had first seen her sitting in the dusky summer twilight, lonely and unhappy. The sombre scene suited well with the darkening heart of the girl who had watched to-night love's sun setting on hope, and trust, and happiness.

He met her, challenging gaze with bold eyes. "What is it?" he asked, with his old smiling ease.

She looked up at him, her large gray eyes dilating as she spoke.

"I heard to-day—that is—I want to know if it is true that you were engaged to Miss Lacy."

There was a wild, pleading look for "No" to this question, pitiful to see, in the poor, pale, agonized upturned face. It is not too much to say that Captain Herbert would have given all he possessed in that moment to have been able truthfully to say, "No, it is not true."

He hesitated, then said, sullenly, "Yes, Effie, it is true."

The pleading tender look died out of her face; it grew stiff and rigid, and hard; her voice was icy in its chill strength.

"One more question and I have done. Tell me this, do you love her?"

A man's hatred of being questioned or brought to book crept into his face. He answered doggedly, "I don't know whether I must hate or love her now—I."

She looked him full in the face. No judge could have condemned a prisoner in a more calm and judicial manner. "Do you know that you have acted a base and unworthy part. Shall I tell you what you have done?"

He was so surprised to see his little, humble, admiring, devoted friend turn judge, that he stood quite still, without attempting to answer or interrupt her. A bitter feeling of remorse crept into his heart as she went on.

"You have darkened a lonely life; you have stolen all the bright colors from a summer landscape; you have taken the sunshine from shadowed paths; you have robbed a trusting heart of its love, hope, and faith."

"Effie," he said, and his voice was somewhat troubled, "don't be too hard on me. I confess I haven't been quite fair and open with you. But I never wished or meant willfully to wound or deceive you. That woman," he clenched his teeth as he spoke, while a tone of

mad rage crept into his voice, "has been the curse of my life. Let us forget her; let bygones be bygones with us too from this time forth." He seized hold of her cold little hands in his as he spoke; but she drew them away, not angrily nor hastily, but coldly and decisively.

"Am I too hard on you?" she said with a chill little laugh, "I dare say, I am, and too poetical in my judgement. I will speak plainer. You have done no harm, only worn and paraded the love of simple little Effie Lea, as a cloak to hide the pangs of your own wounded feeling of love."

"Effie," he cried passionately, "you are angry now; you do not understand, you do indeed judge me harshly. Yesterday you thought me all perfection, to-day you think I am all deceit; you are young and rash and hasty in your judgements. Remember, no man, or woman is ever so bad or so good as we think them."

She listened with a pitiful little smile of chill scorn. "Have you anything more to say?" she asked, "before I say good-bye."

"Yes, I have," he cried, his handsome face all alight with its conflicting feelings, "Effie, if I have not been quite open with you, forgive me. You have some little regard for me, some little love still left, haven't you? Be my wife."

She looked at him with the same smile, and he went on pleadingly. "I haven't much to offer you, have I?—not much to give in the way of love, or money, or the good things of this life? But your own life is but a lonely one. You know what my faults are; you have often put up with my bad temper, and discontent, before this. Have pity on me, my little friend; we shall get on together as well as most other folks, I dare say, and I swear to you this night, that no man, or woman either for the matter of that, shall ever come between us again."

"If you had said this yesterday," she said, and for the first time a rising swell of passion gathered in her voice, "I would have gone to the world's end with you and thought it unutterable bliss; but when you say it to-day—"

"Well?"

"I listen with derision, contempt. No, Captain Herbert, I would sooner live out my lonely life to its last day, than marry a man I despise." He would have spoken again, but she put out her hand.

"Good-bye," she said, "you will never meet again, go where you will, with any other woman that could have loved you so truly or understood you so perfectly as Effie Lea."

She walked away into the gathering gloom, with quick, unhesitating steps, and Captain Herbert was left standing quite still, and alone, looking over the gray tossing sea with darkening eyes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ADVANTAGES OF CRYING.—Won't the boys and girls, who find the tears come easily in pain or disappointment, be

glad to know that crying is a good thing, and so declared by eminent physicians. A French physician is out in a dissertation on the advantages of groaning and crying in general, and especially during surgical operations. He contends that groaning and crying are two grand operations by which nature allays anguish; that those patients who give way to their natural feelings more speedily recover from accidents and operations than those who suppose it as unworthy a man to betray such symptoms of cowardice as either to groan or to cry. He tells of a man who reduced his pulse from 120 to 60 in the course of two hours, by giving full vent to his emotions. If people are at all unhappy about anything, let them go into their rooms and comfort themselves with a loud boohoo, and they will feel a hundred per cent better afterward. In accordance with the above, the crying of children should not be too greatly discouraged. If it is systematically repressed, the result may be St. Vitus' dance, epileptic fits, or some other disease of the nervous system. What is natural is always useful; and nothing can be more natural than crying.—Good Cheer.

An Accurate Time-Piece.

While on the subject of Waltham watches, we may mention that we have seen a letter from the Commander of the *Gordon Castle* (Castle line of Steam Packets), who was fortunate enough to save life at sea, and who for his gallant conduct was presented in September last with a Gold Keyless Waltham Watch by the President of the United States, on behalf of the London Local Marine Board. Referring to this Presentation Watch, he says: "When I left London the watch was six seconds fast, and on my arrival at Singapore it was only three seconds slow, a most extraordinary performance for a watch, as I carried it on my person the whole time. I compared it every day with my chronometers on the passage out, and it seldom or ever differed one second from them; in fact, I found it almost, if not as good as my chronometers, which is a great deal to say for a watch carried about and subject to all kinds of jolts."—*London, England, The Watchmaker, Jeweller and Silver-smith, Feb. 5, 1883.*

The belief that the people of Pompeii cultivated watermelons is strengthened by the discovery, in the course of recent excavations there, of the remains of a man with the hands clasped across his stomach. There was nothing, however, to indicate that he was of African descent.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

WIT AND HUMOR.

A professor was lecturing on "After Math—What?" A listener remarked that it was generally the sheriff or some woman.

A Polish novelist has written over 590 stories. No one ever thought so many stories could be put on one pole.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

A Boston young lady who is disgusted with the "masher" at the skating rink says that she always thought that roller skaters developed calves.

The National Republican suggests: "Many of the present governors will run for another term; some of the treasurers may run for Mexico."

We often hear the expression that "the fire has gone out." And it is said that in some of our large places you can actually see the fire escape.—*Marathon Independent.*

Many of the Texas legislators are near-sighted. They will yell as loudly as a brother member who is only ten feet distant as if he was half a mile away.—*Texas Sittings.*

"I guess that girl must be the flour of the family," remarked the young man who had been waltzing with her, as he essayed to brush off the white spot on his coat sleeve.—*Boston Transcript.*

A man recently broke off a marriage because the lady did not possess good conversational powers. He should have married her and then refused her a bonnet in order to develop her powers of talk.

It has been a matter of wonder why women should kiss each other, but the reason is simple enough when you know it. That is the only way they can stop each other from talking.—*Boston Transcript.*

If Adam had been wise in his generation he would have taken out a patent on his original sin. Just think of the money he might have made by charging a small royalty to users of his invention!—*Boston Transcript.*

Some heartless wretch caught two cats, tied them by the tails and flung them into the cellar of a church. The residents of the vicinity heard the noise the animals made, but thought it was the choir rehearsing.

Bismarck's recent insults to the American hog have excited a lively interest in that meek and lowly quadruped, and he will now be permitted to root at will, figuratively speaking, in the Agricultural Bureau.

A Scotch parson said, somewhat sarcastically, of a hard drinker, that "he put an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains, but that the enemy, after a thorough and protracted search, returned without anything."

The scared citizens of England are charging Americans with the construction of the infernal machines discovered over there. They have never seen an American infernal machine. Wait till we send over some of our new cucumbers or green apples.

A young lady was recently asked by her gallant what she considered the height of impudence. Looking archly at him she said: "Spark a girl for three solid hours and never offer to kiss her." It is needless to add that he is not so impudent now.—*Wheeling Journal.*

"I," said the auditor of state, "I understand that your wife is dead." "Dat's what da say, boss, I've been so busy preachin' 'round town fur de las' day or two dat I ain't had time ter 'vestigate. I'll bet I hafta preach dat 'oman's funeral yet."—*Arkansas Traveller.*

"Woman's rights!" exclaimed a Philadelphia man when the subject was broached. "What more rights do they want? My wife bosses me; our daughters boss us both, and the servant girl bosses the whole family. It's time the men were allowed some rights."—*Philadelphia News.*

Bishop Peck, who tips the beam at three hundred or thereabouts, was at one time attending a Conference where the supply of beds was not equal to the demand. The Bishop, after being introduced to the party who was to share his couch, eyed him all over and said, "So you are to be my bedfellow, eh? Well, when I sleep alone I'm crowded."

This was the way his spouse encouraged him when he fell from a Memphis ferry-boat into the Mississippi, and was struggling in the water for dear life: "Now, Samuel didn't I tell you so? Now, then, work your legs, flop 'your arms, hold your breath, and repeat the Lord's Prayer, for its mighty uncertain, Samuel, whether you land in New-Orleans or in eternity."

For heaven's sake, where is this thing going to end? An English paper now comes out with the announcement that certain of the Irish belligerents are engaged in sending packages of linen infected with small-pox to their English enemies. The thing is coming to a pretty pass, when two nations get to firing canned small-pox at each other.—*Peck's Sun.*

A lady residing in this village, the mother of a bright little boy, was talking to him the other night, just as she was putting him to bed, about the efficacy of prayer, and told him that if he would ask God for anything that he particularly desired, she had no doubt his request would be granted. The little fellow knelt at his mother's knee and prayed God to send him 50 little sisters and 100 little brothers. The prayer was never finished, for the mother, agast at the prospect of having her house turned into an orphan asylum, lifted the boy to his feet and tucked him in bed without a moment's unnecessary delay.—*Middletown Mercury.*
