

# PINCKNEY DISPATCH.

VOL. I.

PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, MAY 3, 1883.

NO. 16.

## 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 10½ o'clock. Also each alternate Sunday evening at 7½ 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 10½ o'clock. Sunday school at 11½. Also services each alternate Sabbath at 7½ P. M. Strangers especially are invited to attend our services. Visitors will be in waiting to seat those not familiar with the pews.

Rev. K. H. Crane, Pastor.

### SOCIETIES.

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

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

**MARY VAN FLEET.** Cor. Sec.

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

**F. A. SIGLER.** Com.

**L. D. BROKAW.** R. E.

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

**C. D. VANWINKLE.** W. M.

**C. V. VANWINKLE.** Rec. Sec.

### BUSINESS CARDS.

**S. GILCHRIST.**

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

HARNESS, 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, Mann's Block,

PINCKNEY.

**L. V. BROWN.**

SHAVING PARLOR.

Also dealer in Cigars and Confectionery.

Second door east of Postoffice,

PINCKNEY.

**THE W. S. MANN ESTATE.**

DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS, FANCY GOODS,

Family Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps.

The Brick Store on the corner.

**T. E. CADWELL.**

Dealers in

HARDWARE, STOVES & TINWARE

East Main Street,

PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN.

**L. E. RICHARDS & CO.**

NEWSDEALERS,

BOOKSELLERS & STATIONERS,

Dealers in Tobacco and Cigars, Musical and Optical Goods, Clocks, Jewelry, Toys, Novelties, Etc., Etc.

Confectionery a specialty.

Cor. Main and Mill Sts.,

PINCKNEY.

**R. E. FINCH.**

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTING,

Kalsomining and Paper-hanging,

GRAINING A SPECIALTY.

PINCKNEY, MICH.

**E. A. MANN.** Dealer in

DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES,

Clothing and General Merchandise,

Next to Post Office,

PINCKNEY.

**CALL BY TELEPHONE**

At SIGLER BROS DRUG STORE,

PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN.

**W. R. RAINEY.**

DENTIST.

Office days: Monday, Friday and Saturday.

Office over Sigler's Drug Store,

PINCKNEY.

**JAMES T. EAMAN.**

ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW

and Justice of the Peace,

Office in the Brick Block,

PINCKNEY.

**W. P. VANWINKLE.**

ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW

and SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

Office over Sigler's Drug Store,

## WE HAVE OPENED

### A REPAIR SHOP

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

**A. L. HOYT.**

CARPENTER & JOINER.

For information inquire at Teeple & Cadwell's hardware.

PINCKNEY, MICH.

**J. T. GOULD.**

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER.

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

**J. S. LAVEY.**

CARPENTER & BUILDER.

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

**MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH.**

HAIR DRESSER.

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

### MARRIED.

At the residence of the bride's parents, April 26th, 1883, by Rev. K. H. Crane, Mr. Joseph W. Grant, of Detroit, and Miss Estella Green, of Pinckney.

### DIED.

At the residence of her sister Mrs. Wm. Thompson, Pinckney, Sunday morning, April 29th, 1883, Mrs. Sarah Larue, aged 76 years.

At his home near Pinckney, April 27th, 1883, Mr. Thos. Welch.

In Putnam, at the residence of her son James Marble, April 28th, of old age and general debility, Susan Marble, in the 76th year of her age.

Mrs. Marble was born in Pittsfield, Mass., Nov. 26, 1805, and was married when in her 22nd year to Sanford Marble, whose widow she has remained for nearly 17 years. She came with her husband and family to Michigan in the summer of 1833, and spent the first year here in the only house within a mile of what is now the village of Pinckney; subsequently she removed to the plains, and the place where she died has been her home for 48 years. She is the last of the original settlers of the "Burr Oak Plains" of Putnam. Mrs. Marble leaves two children, James, with whom she lived and Mary, wife of Frank Reason. Her memory will be cherished by many who have grown to manhood and womanhood under the shadow of her kindly affection and solicitude.—J. T. E.

### BUSINESS NOTICES.

Cash for butter and eggs at Richards'.

Buy your coffee of Richards, and have it ground in their new Excelsior mill.

Others seek in vain to sell tea as low as Richards.

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

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

Largest line of canned goods at Richards'.

The largest stock of overalls, etc., in town at Richards'.

DeLand's Saleratus, 7c per lb., at Richards'.

Fresh bread received every day at Richards'.

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.

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

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

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

Fine perfumes at Winchell's Drug Store.

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

Large line of express wagons at Richards'.

Marbles, etc., at Richards'.

Immense stock of neckwear, in all the newest styles, at Richards'.

A new stock of fine buggies at Richards'.

THE NEW HERO for 1883.

Farmers call and see this splendid reaper at Markey's, also the new Hopkin's 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.

Jas. Markey, Agent.

A large line of hosiery at Richards'.

Are you insured? If not call and get a policy in the Sun Fire without further delay.

Jas. Markey, Agt.

Go to the East End Store for good goods cheap.

Sanford's Inks, Writing Fluid and Mucilage—full line at Winchell's Drug Store.

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

### LOCAL JOTTINGS.

Mrs. K. H. Crane is visiting at the home of her parents in Hartland.

An eel weighing nearly five pounds was caught in the mill race a few days since.

REUB. FINCH has put a brand new front (of paint) on Wm. Dolan & Co's store. It will be the "brown front" hereafter.

L. E. Richards & Co. will add, soon about 20 feet to the back end of their store. Their growing trade demands more room.

Mrs. Wm. Brower, of Howell, has been visiting at her brother's, Sam'l Sykes, in Pinckney, for a few days past.

SOME of the Pinckney boys who were fishing at Silver Lake last Friday night, caught four eels, one of which weighed something over three pounds.

LAST Saturday was a great day for butter and eggs, some of our merchants having about all they could attend to in that line.

WILL DARROW found a pair of gold bowed spectacles, Monday evening. Owner will please apply for same at this office.

THE Fowlerville Review has been enlarged one column on a page, making it nearly size of DISPATCH. Its advertising patronage made the enlargement a necessity.

SOUTH LYON'S new paper, the Picket, comes to us in form of 5-col. quarto (same as DISPATCH) and is a worthy candidate for the public patronage. Success to our new neighbor.

F. A. Hall sheared for Mr. J. W. Placaway, Friday last, 10 merino sheep, the fleeces of which averaged 12½ lbs. per head. All except one were ewes, and Mr. Hall informs us they were the finest lot he ever sheared.

Miss McGraw, a daughter of Mrs. John Roach, took a pretty large dose of morphine, Sunday, by mistake, supposing it to be quinine. Fortunately the quantity was not so large as to be fatal.

A TEACHERS' prayer meeting of the M. E. Sunday School will be held Tuesday evening every week in future, at such places as announced from time to time. The meeting this week was held at the residence of Mr. F. L. Brown.

When a certain jovial minister of our village is called upon in future, to tie the hymenial knot, wouldn't it be well to add one more question to the usual list, viz: "Is there anything previous about this?"

Mrs. EMMA OBERAUR, of East Saginaw will lecture on Temperance, May 9th, at the Congregational church. Mrs. Oberaur is State Superintendent and Missionary of German work for the W. C. T. U., and comes highly recommended.

THE Methodist Sunday School was organized Sunday last, the following officers being chosen for the ensuing year:

Supt.—Frank L. Brown.

Assistant Supt.—Mrs. C. W. Haze.

Secy.—Miss Mattie Placaway.

Treasurer.—Mrs. Frankie Burch.

Chorister.—C. E. Hollister.

Organist.—Miss Jennie Haze.

It must be acknowledged that Dave Bennett, the champion horse trader, has this vintage came into a drug store a few days ago, and called for a bottle of "catarrh powder."

"I traded horses," Dave Bennett, the other day, "and I didn't get bit very badly, my! how he did lie to me. I think it's a terrible sin to lie so in trading horses.—TERRIBLE SIN!"

Mr. WILL LAKIN, of Howell, is the guest of Pinckney friends.

CHARLIE POOLE of Boston, is visiting his uncle, Mr. Coste, near Pinckney.

THE Dandelion is to be the aesthetic "daisy posy" this season.

'Peek-a-boo' scoops everything in the shape of new bonnets, this spring.

The long hoped for rain has come at last.

Mr. Brooks, the Air Line contractor, was in town yesterday.

JAMES SPEARS, of Putnam, has a heifer under 11 months old which is now giving milk.

Pinckney has "nary" saloon now. No bonds presented at meeting of common council Monday night.

JAY BACKUS having sold out his meat market, is moving back to the farm again.

Mr. BROWN has just purchased a fine horse, and now ye editor will take a ride some fine day.

INDICATIONS point to early building of the Grand Trunk Line from Detroit to South Lyon.

ADVERTISED letters: Mr. John Meehan. S. P. YORNO, P. M.

May 1, 1883.

MR. PEABSON has the foundation wall nearly complete for his building on the "square."

IRVING BURGESS was in town Monday. Says his brother Ed. and two sisters have had the mumps since leaving Pinckney.

THE services and Sunday School of the M. E. Church will be held at the school house, Sunday next, at the usual time.

Preparations are being made to repair the Methodist church building, both externally and internally. About \$150.00 will be expended in the work.

DR. TURNER received the other day from Quincy, Ill., a fine blooded three-year-old colt—a present from his father.

MR. GOULD, the jeweler, has rented the Eagan residence, cor. Howell and Water streets. He took possession yesterday.

REV. K. H. CRANE had his hands full of work this week. There funeral services aside from his usual pastoral duties.

THE Annual meeting of the Washtenaw Baptist Association, met yesterday, at the Williamsville Baptist church in Unadilla township, and will continue in session during to-day.

SIR WALTER SCOTT is Wilkie Collins "beau ideal" of novelists. He says he has read "The Antiquary" and "Old Mortality" for the hundred and fiftieth time.

CASES of Chloral drunkenness are said to be quite frequent in New York. Unlike drunkenness from bad whisky however, the subjects are perfectly "quiet and peaceable."

THE force of bridge builders for the Air Line Road, having completed the long bridge at Jackson, are now transferred to South Lyon, and will work this way from that point.

DID George Washington ever go to church with one side of his nose-tache shaved off and the other side left on? They say his namesake did last Sunday. Break your razor, eh?

Mrs. I. H. BROWN brought to the Dispatch office three hen's eggs (all taken from one nest) weighing respectively 32 oz., 31 and 1 oz. The last was the smallest perfect hen's egg we ever saw.

Chicago boasts of "quick divorces," etc., and it is said that people in that bustling city are sometimes married and divorced, then married again, in very short notice. Pinckney has a case of a young couple who were married twice in one week, without any divorce intervening—the first ceremony being performed by a Methodist and the second by a Congregational minister. That knot ought to stay tied for time and eternity.

DIED in Wellsville, N. Y., Tuesday, April 24th, 1883, Mrs. Adelaide Farum Howard, daughter of C. L. Farum, Esq., aged 39 years. Mrs. Howard has resided in Nevada for a number of years, and a short time since came East for the benefit of her health, making her home with her parents. Although she had been in feeble health while here, no fears were entertained of her recovery. Her death was sudden and unexpected, on the morning of her death she was sitting up, apparently as well as she had been for many days. The cause of death was heart disease. Wellsville (N. Y.) Democrat.

Correspondence of the Post and Tribune.

UNADILLA, April 25.—We are credibly informed that John Asher, the young Scotchman who mysteriously disappeared from his employer's premises about two weeks ago, has been found in the employ of a farmer near Chelsea; also that he gives ill-treatment as the reason for his leaving, being at the time at work carrying fire out of a ravine, when in water knee deep. He having left a note to the amount of \$300, coupled with the rumor that he at the time of leaving, inquired of a neighbor for a horse, saying that he "wanted to go swimming with the fishes," had created no little anxiety among his friends.

The above item (said to have been written by a young man named Barton, somewhat notorious for "inaccurate statement") is false in every particular, and aside from the rumor that the young man had been found, must have originated in the correspondent's fertile imagination. Mr. Asher never complained of ill treatment by his employer, but on the contrary, always expressed the highest regard for him; and had just commenced a third term of service at increased wages. He did not say to Mr. Doyle that he "wanted to go swimming with the fishes," or anything else which indicated insanity to such an extent as to arouse suspicion, at the time. The Post and Tribune would do well to call that correspondent in and "bake his head" a little—it's altogether too soft.

John Asher—The Missing Man Found.

Late on Saturday afternoon last, while Willie Sales and his cousin were returning from a fishing trip on Patterson lake they saw a peculiar object near the shore which on close inspection proved to be the body of a man; supposing it to be the body of the young man who so mysteriously disappeared from the home of Mr. Wm. A. Sprout, they immediately notified him of the fact. Mr. Sprout, with the assistance of Messrs. G. D. Wood and C. N. Bullis, succeeded in removing the body to his home, late Saturday night. Esquire Eaman was summoned and impelled a jury who proceeded to hold an inquest over the remains. After eliciting all the facts obtainable the jury found "that the deceased had while suffering under an aberration of mind, either accidentally or voluntarily drowned himself, on the day of his disappearance."

It appears from the evidence taken at the inquest that the young man was of a peculiar mental constitution, and was subject to deep brooding moods, particularly on religious subjects, and often made reckless expressions regarding life, many of his remarks which at the time were taken in levity, now recurring with dreadful earnestness.

He was a young man of model habits, well educated and of good family. His parents, residing in Scotland, will be sorely grieved when the sad news reaches them. His funeral took place Sunday at 3 P. M., from the home of his late employer, Rev. K. H. Crane officiating.

### Common Council Proceedings.

PINCKNEY, MICH., APRIL 30, 1883.

Council convened and was called to order by President Grimes. Present, Trustees Haze, Sykes, Rosa, Richards, Jackson and Mann.

The President presented bids of J. Brown, I. S. P. Johnson and C. N. Plimpton to furnish material and build lock-up.

On motion, the Council accepted the bid of C. N. Plimpton.

On motion, the Council authorized the President to negotiate for and hire \$200, for six months, for village expenses.

On motion, Council decided to locate the lock-up south side of Livingston St., west of Marion Street.

On motion, the President and President-elect were authorized to locate the ground, determine the size and let the contractor build a pound.

On motion, the same committee were authorized and empowered to let the job and contract for the building of the iron door and bar windows of the lock-up.

On motion, Council adjourned for one week.

F. A. SIGLER, Clerk.

### Multum in Parvo.

The Boston Journal gives an account of an article, or rather, a collection of articles, which it asserts is about to be patented. It is called the "Yankee Multum in Parvo, or the New Englander's Anti-Atmospheric Regia," and consists of a large, stout bag in the shape of a valise, into which are most ingeniously packed in folding sections a buffalo overcoat and a mohair duster; a sealskin cap, son-wester and open-work grass hat; coat, vest and trousers of extra heavy Scotch woolsens and a complete set of seersuckers; a pair of cavalry boots, pumps and rubber fishing boots; a remedy for sunstroke and a handy manual of instructions for the resuscitation of persons apparently frozen to death; goggles and veil to keep the dust from the eyes and a pair of skis for use in the mud.



# Pinkney Dispatch.

JEROME WINCHELL, Editor.

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

## MICHIGAN NEWS.

Mrs. Barber Perkins of Coldwater, died on the 28th of April after several months' severe illness with cancer. She was well known in the state, having resided in various places, and in connection with her husband was favorably known for many charitable deeds. She formerly resided in Hillsdale, where her husband was a very active trustee of Hillsdale college.

Barbers in West Bay City must shut up shop on Sunday hereafter or be prosecuted. A fire broke out either in the dry-kiln or engine room of the Lansing wagon works, and from the dry and combustible nature of the contents, soon spread into the main building which was very generally on fire before the fire department was on the ground. A strong wind was blowing from the northeast which drove the fire away from the store room and thus saved a building and a large amount of manufactured stock ready for shipment. The main building which contained the machinery and stock in process of manufacture was destroyed completely, including the south and west walls of the building. On the entire works there is an insurance of \$25,000. The greater part of this amount is on the property destroyed. The loss on the building and contents is estimated at \$30,000.

The local option bill was defeated in the Senate by a vote of 16 to 10, while in the House the most exciting discussion of the session was held on this bill. The House adopted a resolution asking the governor for further instruction, but the majority regard the bill as a law. The wife of A. D. Clark, a well-known citizen and builder of Battle Creek, shot another woman also claiming to be Clark's wife, in the office of the Chapman house at Lansing. The circumstances which led to the tragedy are about as follows: Several years ago Clark met the woman who fired the shot in Boston. He never married her, but she lived with him ever since, and bore him three children. She has always been very jealous of him, and probably had grounds for her jealousy. About a year ago Clark went to Chicago and became acquainted with the woman who was shot, and subsequently married her. The two women met in Lansing, and the shot was fired which will probably end the life of a fellow-being.

The railway bridge over St. Clair river at Sault Ste. Marie has been ordered by the Canadian authorities, and work will begin at once. The structure will be 3,000 feet long, and by its construction Northern Pacific railway traffic, including Michigan, Minnesota, and Wisconsin freight, can be carried through the Canadian seaboard.

The past winter has been one of the coldest ever known at Sault Ste. Marie. The official records of Col. Parke, of the garrison stationed there, show that from January 1 to April 3 inclusive, a period of 90 days, there were 67 days when the mercury stood at zero or below, the average being 13 below. This is interesting in connection with the prospects for the opening of navigation.

Imprisoned suffered by fire to the tune of \$10,000 a few days ago.

It is now thought that Johnnie Erhart the little five-year-old boy from Rochester, N. Y., who had been legs broken in the turntable at Kalamazoo, will recover, and the amputation will not be necessary.

Mrs. John Agers, of Manistee, is the mother of twin girls over two weeks old, whose united weight is only three pounds and a half. Both can be held in the palm of one's hand, and seem destined to enjoy the customary age of life.

A nine years old daughter of Captain Olmstead was recently drowned at Garden, Schoolcraft county. She was crossing the creek near the school house on a plank, the water running over the ice, leading her little sister, when a large dog came along, knocking them off into the water. The youngest was rescued by a boy, but the oldest was drawn into a hole in the ice, and her lifeless remains were found half an hour afterwards by chopping away the ice.

A Kalamazoo lawyer plaintively confesses: "There is undoubtedly a decline in the amount of law business. People are compromising a good deal more than they used to. Where formerly there were long and expensive lawsuits, settlements are now made without litigation, and besides, men are becoming more general in transacting business, thus preventing the understandings that lead to costly suits in courts."

Thanks to that blunderer of the Michigan legislature, "local option" is a fixed law. Miss Jennie Campbell, of Quincy, a young lass who was dying of consumption, but who suddenly arose and went about as cured a couple of months ago, the cure being attributed to prayer, is dead.

The joint resolution of Representative La Du, submitting to a vote of the people the question of the constitutional prohibition of the traffic in intoxicating liquors, came up in the House the other day on its final passage. Proposing, as it does an amendment to the Constitution, a two-thirds vote, was required to pass it. Not obtaining that number the joint resolution failed.

The Saginaw Courier of recent date, has the following Tuesday evening two men and a good looking woman arrived in the city from the vicinity of Midland. About 7 o'clock they visited Justice Fey's office, and the woman stated to the dispenser of justice that her husband desired to sell her for \$50 to the "other man," and that she was entirely willing the transfer should be made. The justice rather thought that this could not be done legally, but after consultation all around a paper was drawn up to the effect that the husband would release his wife, and that she might live with the other man without molestation from him for and in consideration of \$50 in cash. The amount was paid over, and the husband, wife and would-be husband left the justice's office apparently well satisfied with the new arrangement. The husband purchased a new suit of clothes yesterday morning, and will go to the far West to seek another wife and another fortune. For obvious reasons the names of the parties of this novel transaction are suppressed.

The bill appropriating \$30,000 for the reform school at Lansing has passed both Houses and when signed by the governor will become a law. Hon. Frederick Hall died at his residence in Iowa, aged 67 years. He was Register of Deeds in 1844, Receiver in the land office for six years, member of the Legislature in 1849, first Mayor of Iowa, delegate from Michigan to National Democratic Convention of 1850, Democratic candidate for Congress in 1854 and for Lieutenant-Governor in 1874 and was also a prominent Mason and Odd Fellow.

The telephone wires are now strung between Marshall and Battle Creek.

Last year Cambridge, Lenawee county, paid out \$23 to woodchuck killers for destroying 2,615 of the varmints, and has voted to continue the crusade at 20 cents a head.

The average death rate of Grand Rapids for the year just closed, was 11 for every 1,000 of population; a decrease of eight per 1,000 from the previous year. In the United States, as shown by the census of 1880, the average death rate of the whole population was 15 per 1,000.

The coat of arms of Bishop Richter, who was consecrated at Grand Rapids recently is a

triangular shield, surmounted by a cross, mitre and crozier. It is divided into two fields, the upper of gold having a figure of the Sacred Heart with rays; the under, argent, with the emblem of justice—a scales. The motto of the new bishop is—"Parate Viam Domini." "Prepare ye the way of the Lord."

Mrs. A. D. Clark, who shot the woman, Frankie Carr, in the Chapman House at Lansing, has been held in \$1,000 bonds to wait examination. Clark, the real criminal is held on a fraudulent debtors' warrant.

Miss Eliza Paige died at her home in Paw Paw a few days ago, aged 91 years. For many years she was an intimate friend and correspondent of Longfellow and Whitier. Nearly 40 years ago she established a ladies' seminary at Ann Arbor, successfully conducting it for many years.

Hillsdale college receives a large gift of pressed plants from the United States.

Hillsdale has organized a citizens' league, to secure the enforcement of the laws prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors to minors, and to compel the closing of saloons as provided by law.

A St. Ignace correspondent takes exception to the statement that the Atlantic was the first boat to go through the south passage of the straits this season, asserting that this honor belongs to the City of Cleveland that went through on the 21st inst.

Mrs. Flora Clark, who shot and instantly killed her husband, is being treated over her sick room in Battle Creek, some of the doctors are still confined at Kalamazoo insane asylum. Medical Superintendent Palmer reports her symptoms as not encouraging. On several occasions she has had sudden attacks of mental disturbance, which come upon her very suddenly and pass off as quickly, and her recollection of what she does at the time seems to be much confused.

## Legislative Record.

SENATE, April 23.—The following bills were passed unless otherwise noted: Relating to telephone companies and to regulate the rental of telephones; changing the name of the First Congregational Society of Ypsilanti; amending the act of 1879 relative to leasehold interests in lands on execution; legalizing the action of the electors of Elk Rapids in raising money for a town hall; amending section 7442 of the compiled laws relative to fees of officers; amending the skating park act of 1869, was recommended to the Committee on Judiciary; re-incorporating Saranac, was passed. The Governor communicated his approval of the act to amend the act incorporating the Old First Baptist church of Detroit, and the act of the Town of Kalamazoo to sell real estate to Antrim County; amending mutual fire insurance companies of other States to do business in Michigan; incorporating the Grand Army of the Republic; re-incorporating Plainwell; to provide for the adjustment of rights on the division of territory of cities and townships; authorizing the formation of companies to construct and maintain water courses; making appropriations for the support of insolvent soldiers at the Michigan Asylum; authorizing the State Librarian to transfer certain articles to the Quartermaster-General; for the encouragement of life practice among State troops; for the relief of the Grand Traverse Agricultural Society.

HOUSE.—Owing to the small attendance in the House no bills were put on passage. The Governor announced his approval of the act to incorporate the village of Emmet in the county of St. Clair. The following resolution, offered by Mr. Fyfe, was adopted: Resolved, "That by the order thereof, all messages coming from the Senate containing amendments to House bills shall be read at length and printed in the journal, and shall not be acted upon until the day next succeeding the receipt thereof." Under the above rule several Senate messages, relative to amending bills, were laid over for one day; among them being the message relative to House bill No. 46, (to amend section 1 of chapter 1 of the general village incorporation act, approved April 1, 1875).

SENATE, April 24.—The bill to add to act 250 of 1881 six new sections giving electors in local municipalities power to prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors in their respective localities was lost. The rest of the forenoon and all of the afternoon, save a few minutes devoted to the reception of messages from the House, was spent in committee of the whole considering bills of the general order.

HOUSE.—The auditor general submitted a report as to the number of dealers in liquors and the taxes paid by them in certain cities of the state, showing a very great increase of the amount of tax received in 1882 over that of 1881, with considerable diminution in the number of saloons. The following bills passed on third reading except as otherwise noted: To provide for the disposition of certain lands granted to the state of Michigan for railroad purposes by acts of congress of June 3, 1856, and March 4, 1859, upon the route from Grand Haven to Flint and from thence to Fort Huron in the state of Michigan; to secure the title thereto to bona fide settlers and purchasers and to provide for the further sale thereof and to provide for the adjustment of certain taxes hereafter assessed thereon. For charging off the books of the auditor general certain land warrants, for a commission to report upon the desirability of the state purchasing the Michigan Central and Michigan Southern roads and the management of cemeteries in Grand Rapids; relative to liens of laborers, mechanics and builders, tabled; making an appropriation for paying a street in front of the state prison at Jackson, tabled; re-incorporating Dundee, amending secs. 74, 76, 72 and 73 C. L. relative to attorneys' fees; amending act of 1881 relative to public instruction; requiring mutual insurance companies to make a yearly itemized report to each member of the board of directors in this state of money received and disbursed relative to public instruction; amending sections 5, 7 and 28 of law of 1873, creating the office of commissioner of railroads. Returned to the senate for correction in accordance with the record; amending secs. 4398 and 4400 C. L. relative to titles to the land of the heirs of deceased persons, passed; making an appropriation for the fire society; for an appropriation for the additional boiler at the Pontiac asylum, passed; recommended to the committee of the whole.

SENATE, April 25.—Petitions were received from certain city officials of Wyandotte in favor of the bill to prohibit the Detroit house of correction from receiving United States prisoners. Senate joint resolution proposing an amendment to the constitution prohibiting the table and put on its final passage. Senator Shoemaker offered as a substitute two alternative propositions in terms of the same as those adopted by the legislature of Ohio, viz., one for the prohibition and the other for the taxation of the liquor traffic. The substitute was lost, yeas 17, nays 17. The S. J. R. 13 was then lost, yeas 20, nays 11—not two-thirds. The joint resolution was reconsidered and laid on the table. The local option bill was reconsidered and laid on the table. Amending certain sections of the general railroad law; re-incorporating Saginaw; amending charter of East Saginaw; for a uniform system of accounts by superintendents, overseers and directors of the poor; proposing an amendment to the constitution relative to compensation of members of the legislature.

HOUSE.—The bill designating as legal holidays all days upon which state elections may

be held; unfavorably reported and laid upon the table. The governor, by message, announced his approval of the following acts originating in the House: To provide for constructing stone or Macadamized roads in last county; appropriating \$200 for salary of auditor general to amend section 4007 C. L. relative to the supreme court; to amend acts incorporating villages of Caro in Tuscola county, Hesperia in Oceana and Newaygo, and Montague in Muskegon; to amend act incorporating Holland Christian Reformed churches; to provide for assessment of delinquent taxes on part paid lands in certain cases; to amend section 8 and 9 of act 184 of 1877 relative to insane asylums; appropriating \$243 for overdrafts at house of correction at Ionia. The local option bill was returned to the governor in compliance with his request. The joint select committee to investigate charges against the state fish commission reported: (1) That there was no improper expenditure of money for property at Pokagon, but that there was some carelessness shown as to obtaining title, which has been corrected. (2) That the commission acted within the scope of its authority in removing Supt. Portman and appointing his successor. (3) That though the commission did direct the superintendent to cover all moneys due the commission by the appropriation, though unexpended, the commission meant and really did no harm. The bill to revise and consolidate the game laws was made the special order for May 3d.

SENATE, April 26.—Nearly the entire session was occupied with the submission of reports on bills, all of which bills were put on the general order. The following bills were passed: To regulate the management of railroads and to prevent unjust discriminations against local freights; to provide for incorporation of the Grand Temple of Honor of Michigan and subordinate temples; to amend act of 77 relative to commissioners of mineral statistics; to amend the act incorporating Bay City.

HOUSE.—Petitions were received from the manufacturers of Albion remonstrating against the "Williams freight discrimination bill" as the same, if passed, will operate most disastrously on the manufacturing interests of the state. The governor communicated his approval of the acts to re-incorporate Caro; relative to justices courts in Detroit; making appropriations for the state normal school; authorizing the consolidation of schools; an amendment to the constitution prohibiting the traffic in liquor, was put on its final passage and lost; yeas 50, nays 36, not two-thirds. The following passed on third reading unless otherwise noted: For a state road in Sherman, Keweenaw county; authorizing a judge of the supreme court to allow the issuance of writs of certiorari to the circuit courts; to amend act of 1881 relative to proceedings against public bodies; relative to Washtenaw county agricultural society; to prevent malicious annoyance by writing; re-incorporating Dundee, recommended to the committee of the whole; incorporating Sparta; re-incorporating Vicksburg; amending act 107 of 1881 relative to "Robertson's Michigan in the War" changing the name of G. W. Porter to George Washington Mahaffey; for the purchase and distribution of volumes containing the general laws of this state with digest of court decisions thereon—otherwise known as "the Howell bill"—passed on third reading; appropriating \$129,150 to the deaf and dumb institute at Flint, passed; appropriating \$30,000 to the reform school at Lansing.

SENATE, April 26.—The special committee on the charges against the management of the Flint institute, as preferred by O. D. Chapman, reported, giving a history of the case. The conclusions reached are that no blame is properly chargeable to the officers or employees of the institution. That they used all possible precautions, both to guard against the diphtheria, and to prevent its spread from the first moment of its discovery in their midst. At the same time, from the feeling existing, the committee say the petitioners acted in good faith and did a public service in prompting the investigation. The regular standing committee on the institution reported: Resolved, "That the organization of fractional school district No. 3 of Forest Home and Central Lake, Antrim county. A meeting consisting of two men, their wives, and the mother of one of the wives—five persons—voted a bonded indebtedness of \$500 on the district. The proceedings at the meeting were reversed by the circuit court. The governor deprecates such unlawful acts, in which the transgressors were the legislature and the public right. The message and bill were laid on the table. Gov. Bagole signed his approval of the following acts: For the taking of private property in opening streets in Detroit; for an appropriation for a boiler at the Pontiac asylum; making an appropriation for the pioneer society in reference to title to the lands of heirs of deceased persons; S. J. R. for charging off books of auditor general certain accounts. The following passed unless otherwise noted: Resolutions for the support of poor persons 1880 and 1881 C. L.; repealing section 10 of act 81 of 1873, relative to state board of health; tabled; amending act of 1869, relative to powers of fire and marine insurance companies; amending act of 1864, relative to soldiers' bounties; recommended to committee on military affairs with instructions to report upon the number of soldiers to be affected by the proposed amendment and the interest in opening the Canadian Northwest. The proposal of these companies is to settle 5,000 families, 25,000 persons, on government lands under the homestead laws, which give each family 160 acres free. The promoters of the scheme would become security for \$1,000,000, advanced without interest by Great Britain for ten years, to be devoted to loans sufficient to start each family, or they would become security for \$25,000,000, which they would relieve the crowded districts of Ireland of 50,000 persons. This offer meets the approval of the better class of the peasantry, who regard it as the means by which the distress that has so long overshadowed their lives, may be removed.

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SARGENT'S SITUATION. The position of Sargent, United States Minister, is considered in diplomatic circles to have been shaken in consequence of his letter to the American secretary of State on the subject of the importation of pork into Germany.

STARVING REDSKINS. The Secretary of the Interior has received a joint letter from M. McCollum, Deputy Collector of Customs, and John F. Malo, a member of the Canadian Parliament, under date of Turtle Mountain, Minn., April 14, in which they say the Turtle Mountain band of Chippewa Indians are in a starving condition, and are immediately relieved a few of them will be alive to meet Commissioner of Indian Affairs in June, as they now anticipate doing. The Acting Commissioner has directed the Indian agent at Devil's Lake to use every effort to provide for the Indians at once.

A SECOND DISAGREEMENT. The jury in the second trial of Timothy Kelley again disagreed. The judges' charge was very strong against the prisoner, and this action of the jury causes much unfavorable comment.

THEATRE OF MACBETH. The theatre of Macbeth, after participation in the Phoenix Park murder, ended the season of guilty. Sentence of death was at once pronounced, and he will be hanged on the same day as Curley and Joe Brady.

FATIGUE AN OLD DEBT. United States Minister Young has collected from the Chinese government \$60,000, paid

tent to deceive; to provide for disposal of money and property found on bodies of the unknown dead; relative to executions on judgments in courts of record; to amend act to incorporate Dundee, Monroe county to enforce specific performance of option contracts for mining leases or licenses of land.

## Fatal Railroad Disaster.

An accident happened on the morning of April 27th on the Chicago & Grand Trunk R. R., one mile west of Olivet Station in Eaton county, by which three persons lost their lives, and ten or fifteen more injured, some fatally. The collision was between the regular passenger train moving west and a freight train following it. The air breaks to the passenger train did not work successfully and the train was stopped at the foot of a slight grade and a signal sent back to the freight train, which was a heavy one. For some reason it passed the signal and rushed along into the rear end of the passenger train shivering into fragments two Pullman coaches. The dead are P. J. Wall of Montreal, Canada, conductor of the sleeping car, H. Frye of Englewood N. J., and J. W. Higgins of Detroit. The wounded are in critical condition, some of them being scalped from head to foot. The State railroad commissioner was present shortly after the accident occurred, and immediately began an investigation. It was very apparent that the accident was not caused by the carelessness of any one, but by the breaking down of the passenger train between stations.

## DETROIT MARKETS.

Wheat—No. 1, white.....	\$ 70	@ 1 02
Flour.....	5 25	@ 5 50
Corn.....	48	@ 50
Oats.....	42	@ 44
Clover Seed.....	8 00	@ 8 25
Dried Apples.....	3 00	@ 3 50
Dried Peaches.....	15	@ 16
Cherries.....	23	@ 24
Butter, 1/2 lb.....	17	@ 18
Eggs.....	14	@ 15
Dressed Chickens.....	14	@ 15
Dressed Turkeys.....	16	@ 18
Geese.....	13	@ 14
Chickens.....	15	@ 16
Potatoes, 1/2 bu.....	55	@ 60
Honey.....	18	@ 20
Beans, picked.....	2 10	@ 2 15
Beans, unpicked.....	1 25	@ 1 50
Hay.....	12 00	@ 15 00
Straw.....	7 50	@ 9 00
Dressed Hogs.....	8 75	@ 9 00
Pork, mess.....	15 00	@ 15 75
Pork, family.....	19 00	@ 19 50
Boat extra meat.....	8	@ 8 50
Wood, Beech and Maple.....	8	@ 8 50
Wood, Maple.....	8	@ 8 50
Wood, Hickory.....	8	@ 8 50
Coal, Egg.....	6	@ 6 25
Coal, Stove.....	6	@ 6 50
Coal, Chestnut.....	6	@ 6 75

## FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

A STRONG FORCE. It is now authoritatively known that the enrolled members of the Fenian organization in the United Kingdom numbers over 150,000, not counting the various off-shoots, such as invincibles, vigilantes and the like. In one or two instances men have been found who were members of more than one of these organizations.

## ANOTHER THREAT.

Officials of the bank of England have received letters threatening the destruction of that old landmark by dynamite. Detectives have been detailed to watch the building.

## A PRIME MINISTER IN TROUBLE.

Sir John A. Macdonald, Canada's prime minister, is charged with perjury.

## INDIGNANT BISMARCK.

The North German Gazette, in an article headed "Bismarck," makes a savage attack on the United States government for protecting the interests of American producers. The article language goes beyond the ordinary limits of journalism. It attacks Minister Sargent, accuses him of doing all in his power to induce America to retaliate for the pork prohibition, and asks if the German government will allow the presence in Berlin of such a powerful enemy of German interests.

## THE ONLY REMEDY FOR DISTRESS.

In a recent address in the House of Lords, Lord Carlisle said: Accounts from the districts have been decidedly more encouraging during the last few weeks. The government was agreed that emigration was the best and inevitable remedy for distress, but they had neither the right, nor was it necessary to force it upon the people. The government had received a hopeful offer for the removal of a number of selected families across the Atlantic. In consequence of this statement, the motion of Lord Dunraven for the adoption of a scheme of emigration was withdrawn.

## PARDONED.

Janner, who was director of the Ring theater at the time it burned, when several hundred persons lost their lives, and who was convicted of negligence in connection with the disaster and sentenced to imprisonment, has been pardoned by the Emperor. He has only served half the time to which he was sentenced.

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dipal and interest of claims on account of supplies furnished by American Gen. Ward during the Taiping rebellion upwards of twenty years ago. The money is now in bank awaiting owners, but no person authorized to receive it has appeared. All other United States claims, aggregating about \$200,000, are promised speedy settlement by Hung Chang, who paid the Ward claims.

## BITS OF NEWS.

About 1,200 people in thralway, Ireland, have asked for help to come to America.

Seven miles of the Panama canal will be built for \$7,000,000 by a Lockwood, N. Y., contractor.

The Garfield memorial hospital will be erected on ground just purchased in the suburbs of Washington for \$37,000.

Prof. Henry Draper's widow lives the national academy of science \$8,000 to be used in conferring medals for discoveries in astronomy.

Nordenskjold starts next month on an exploring expedition to Greenland. His journey will include a 500 miles excursion overland from the west to the east coast of the desolate island.

Mrs. Louisa B. Stephens elected president of the first national bank of Marion, Iowa, and said to be the first woman ever occupying the position.

The New York board of aldermen contemplate a statue of Peter Cooper in front of Coopers' union.

By a vote of 155 yeas to 105 nays the Massachusetts house refused to engross a resolution for amendment to the constitution so that women may be appointed justices of the peace and notaries public. A two-thirds vote was necessary.

Connecticut is to have a board of pardons consisting of the governor, judge of the supreme court and four members of the legislature.

The postoffice department is considering the propriety of issuing a four-cent stamp for use on overweight letters when the regular rate is two cents. It will probably bear a profile of Old Hickory.

## An Untimely Death.

Willie Pelton, a most estimable young man of about 17 years of age, son of Justice of the Peace Edward Pelton, of Grass Lake, came from the farm of Fred. Palmer, north of that village, where he had been at work only a short time, to visit his parents. He drove one of Mr. Palmer's horses in a buggy. Concluding his visit he left for home, and turning to cross the Michigan Central Railroad track northward, on the main crossing at Smith & Shilley's store, he saw a locomotive heading just east of the crossing and stopped. Seeing it was a freight train standing still, he spoke to the horse sharply so as to get across before the train had a chance to move, but the noise of its blowing off steam hindered him from discovering the fast express tearing through from the west. The horse and vehicle were immediately across the main track, when the horrified observers saw horse, boy and buggy thrown high in the air by the swift passing train, which they say must have been running at the rate of at least forty miles an hour, with no flagman to warn passing drivers or pedestrians of its approach. The body of young Pelton was picked up five rods distant from the point of collision, life perfectly extinct, he having struck on his head on a railroad tie, breaking his skull, and no doubt death was instantaneous. Otherwise his body was not disfigured in the least. The train was also instantly killed, and the buggy, of course, smashed to pieces.

How HE GOT LEFT.—A clergyman, who was supplying for the day a pulpit which was decked with "artificialities," happened to bring into his sermon an illustration on the growth of the flower from the seed. To clinch the illustration with the very best effect he reached to a basket of flowers which stood near the pulpit, and was about to pluck from it a pretty flower. "See," said he, "the rich colors of this dainty flower. Note its delicate fragrance. It grew from a little seed, no larger than the head of a pin." Just then, with thumb and finger he laid hold of the stem of the delicate, dainty and presumably fragrant thing, with a view to removing from the basket and holding it up to view. Great was his sudden disgust to find the stem made of wire entwined with green muslin. When in the next moment the horrid revelation dawned on his mind that the whole basketful was a lot of counterfeit flowers, he looked as if green potato worms had suddenly crawled upon him from out the pulpit desk. The congregation smiled, and the minister pushed on with his sermon as best he could.—Ex.

Poverty will give whar riches will refuse. Dis is one reason why de po' is po' an' why de rich is rich.

At the sale of the King library at New York, last week, an almanac printed by William Bradford of Philadelphia, 1686, sold for \$520. Only one other copy is in existence.

A neat cemetery has been laid out at Tel-el-Kebir, and the bodies of all the English soldiers who were killed in the Egyptian campaign have been collected and buried there.

There are 1,100 foundlings at a single institution in New York City, and the collection has been made within two years. Most of them were left upon the doorsteps of wealthy residents.

Omaha has a high school principal who makes written contracts with the boys to the effect that after being caulked up a certain number of times they shall be whipped; and he says the plan works finely.

A Turkish Pasha has shown his appreciation of the work of mission schools in his country by the following remark: "When a girl has come back from the American Mission School you should not say a girl, but a school has come."

A religious sect in Switzerland contemplates emigration in mass to the Argentine Republic—for the purpose of escaping military service at home, it being contrary to their doctrines to bear arms or take part in war fare.

An inebriated individual staggered from the platform of a Lansingburg car yesterday afternoon to allow a lady to get aboard. A sudden start of the car threw the fair passenger into the fuddled gentleman's arms. "Excuse me," said the lady. "You're hic-welcome, ma'am!" was the innocent response.—Troy Times.



## MICHIGAN RAILROAD LEGISLATION.

What a Leading Eastern Journal Says of It.

The Bear of a Stroke at Many of the Industrial Enterprises and a Draw-Back to the Development of the State.

From the New York Commercial Advertiser, whose standing as one of the leading financial papers of the east, is well understood, we clip the following relative to the railroad legislation now under consideration at Lansing:

Michigan, so long noted for her conservatism and the encouragement she gave railway enterprises, has lately succumbed to the crusade against the corporations, and its progress is watched with the keenest interest. The capital invested here in railway property has not as a rule proved remunerative to the investors. Of all the roads organized under the "general railroad law" during the last twelve years, and not leased to either the Michigan Central or Lake Shore Companies, there are but few which have not gone through insolvency. The only exception is, perhaps, the Grand Rapids and Indiana Road, the interest on whose bonds to a large extent has been guaranteed by the Detroit, Lansing and Northern Road, built by Boston capital, having been scaled down 50 per cent., and preferred stock issued in lieu thereof. In 1880, with a fair traffic and fairly remunerative rates, that company was only able to pay 7 per cent. on its preferred stock, which would amount to about 1-2 per cent. interest on the original bonded debt. The average dividend earned by the Michigan Central, during the eight years ending December 31, 1883, was but 2.85 per annum. To the above list of foreclosures can be added the Detroit, Hillsdale and Southwestern; Fort Wayne, Jackson and Saginaw; Flint and Port Huron; Michigan Air Line, Chicago and Northern Indiana; Detroit, Marquette, Houghton and Ontonagon; Detroit and Bay City, and Michigan Air Line Eastern Division. It is safe to say that one-half the capital originally invested in railroads in Michigan has been entirely lost to the investors by foreclosure of mortgages.

A glance at the map shows that this embraces nearly all the roads in Michigan, except those leased to the Michigan Central or Lake Shore, and the Grand Rapids and Indiana Railroads. In spite of all this the State has prospered. These roads, built by foreign capital, have been instrumental in developing portions of the State hitherto inaccessible, affording an outlet to market for its wheat, salt and forest products, and stimulating to an unusual extent its manufactures, and the increased value which they have given to lands has proven an immense source of wealth to the State. The State itself is unusually prosperous, having but a small debt and a large balance in its treasury. The system of taxing railroads on gross earnings, has been proven by experience to be the best and it can be shown that no other interest in Michigan pays as large a portion of the taxes as the railroad companies. While the State has prospered railroads have suffered, and the misfortunes of the latter have been due to circumstances outside of the control of the Legislature or the people. Poor crops, the panic of 1873 and other business depression have tended to depreciate the value of railroad property in the West during the last ten years have all had their effect in bringing about the disastrous results to capital referred to. During all these years, however, the Legislature of the State has kept faith with the railroads. There have been no unusually onerous burdens thrown upon the latter, and no attempt has been made to regulate rates beyond that they should be reasonable and without discrimination, and the policy of the State through its Railroad Commission has been as far as possible, to follow the Massachusetts Commission, in which the principal duty of the Commission is to reconcile the seeming differences between the railroad and the people, whose interests should be and really are identical, and by open, candid investigations remove these apparent differences between the people and the corporations. The average rate per ton per mile received by all the roads in Michigan in the year 1883 was 1.10 cents, and the average rate for passengers per mile 2.10 cents, showing conclusively that for cheapness of transportation the State of Michigan stands on a par with any less than almost all of the other states in the Union. This year, however, the tendency of legislation seems to be in an opposite direction. Bills reducing passenger fares, reducing and establishing freight rates under a general law applicable to all roads, on a strictly mileage basis, regardless of net earnings; arbitrary classification of freight, fixing of maximum rates regardless of the cost of service; illustrate the character and tendency of pending legislation which is being pressed by no inconsiderable portion of the Legislature. With an area of 36,437 square miles, there is nearly one-half of the State, namely, the upper peninsula and that portion of the lower peninsula north of Sarnia Bay, with very limited railroad facilities. The people of these portions of the State are anxious for more roads, believing that they are a necessity, and knowing full well the advantages such roads would be to them. How, then, can it be expected that a road in Michigan to-day, with perhaps one or two minor exceptions, which is not controlled or which has not been built by capital from outside of the State, can be expected to prosper, if hostile intentions is shown by the Legislature, and the measures above referred to should become laws, that capital will be disposed to take any substantial risks in the State?

The good faith of the State, as hitherto shown only to the full and proper performance of their duties as common carriers, has been an incentive to capital, and encouraged its investment in various enterprises of the State, although the return might be and has been light. If, however, another policy should be pursued, would it not inevitably result that capital will shrink from investment to become further involved in the enterprises of a State which if such measures and stringent restrictions are put into effect will cast suspicion upon the good faith of the State with innocent investors whom it should cultivate and offer inducements to?

Why Tim Didn't Work.—Mr. Peters has a tailor named Timothy Flynn, in his employ. The domestic affairs of Timothy and his wife are not conducted with harmony. Broken heads and dismembered articles of furniture frequently attest this fact. Mrs. Flynn usual accompanies Timothy when he goes to the office on Saturday evenings to draw his wages, and as there is a difference of opinion between Mr. and Mrs. Flynn as to which of them has the right to assume the responsibilities of the position of financial agent of the family, the proceedings are often of a tumultuous nature.

Last Monday Timothy did not come to work. On Tuesday Mr. Peters went to his house to see him. He met Mrs. Flynn at the door. A black eye, a

bruised nose and a triumphant smile were her most prominent features. "You seem to have been having a devil of a time, Mrs. Flynn," said Mr. Peters; "you are all broken up. Has 'Don't talk, Mr. Peters. Lord love 'em, don't talk till you see Flynn." Texas Siftings.

## Bob Burdette's Love Story.

Bob Burdette is known the country over as the humorist of the Burlington Hawkeye. He is the most successful of our funny men. His books have a constant and increasing sale. His salary from the Hawkeye gives him a handsome income, and his little sketches command the best prices from the magazines. In addition he has \$150 to \$200 a night whenever he wants to take a lecturing tour of one or twenty weeks. His humor is delicate, true and abundant, and he is an honor to the lighter American letters because of his literary achievements.

But better and more honorable than all this is the story of his hearthstone. When he was a young man of twenty-six he was engaged to Miss Carrie Garrett, of Peoria, Ill. She was a frail and delicate girl, and one evening Burdette was summoned to her bedside with the message that she was dying. Little hope was entertained for her life when he reached her. It was determined at the wish of both he and she that they should be married, even if death should at once claim the bride. The ceremony took place in fifteen minutes, the little lady being able to respond only by a motion of the eyes and a gentle pressure of the hand. In spite of the doctors' predictions she rallied and was finally well enough to move to the quiet and cozy home her husband had provided for her.

But she has been an invalid all her life. More than once her life has been despaired of. Usually she has been confined to her room and unable to walk. One night at a theatre in Philadelphia the writer saw a pale and earnest man making his way to a private box, with a delicate, clinging woman in his arms. Her girlish face was full of a pathos that passed description, but was wonderfully pretty. And strangely happy, too—filled with content. Everybody made way for the little lady, and her great and tender eyes seemed to send thanks to every gentleman who moved aside in courtesy. It was Bob Burdette and his invalid wife. This is an index of his life. The temptations of the world, the dazzle and glitter of the society that has welcomed him—the converse with brilliant men, the club, the theatre, wealth, fame—all and either of them failed to win his heart away from the little woman who sat at his fireside and lived on his love and sympathy.

Nor was there lacking a practical reward of this devotion. Mrs. Burdette has been the inspiration of her husband's life; at once his spur and his counsellor. She discovered the rich quality and the spontaneity of Bob's humor, and the homely flavor that would carry it to the heart as well as the intelligence of the public. Imagine the humorist reading the most laughable stories at the bedside of his invalid wife. He tells himself of how she forced him to write his first lecture, in these words: "One day when she was lying helpless she said she believed that I could write a lecture and deliver it successfully and so she sat me down to write a lecture, and from time to time I rebelled with tears and groans and prayers. I told her that I was too little, that I had no voice, and that I couldn't write a lecture anyhow. She kept me at it, and in due time we had a lecture on our hands, 'The Rise and Fall of the Moustache.' This was all right enough. But now how to get audience. I thought I would try it first at Keokuk. If I delivered it first in Burlington, even though it were tame, tamer, tamer, I thought they might put me on the book. But Keokuk hated Burlington, and I knew if it was flat they would say so. Mrs. Burdette said she was going to hear it delivered. So I carried her aboard the cars. We went to Keokuk and the people pronounced it good."

From that day he was prospered wherever his homely, insignificant little figure has been seen.—Atlanta Constitution.

VAT'S CONSOLIDATION.—The widow Flipjack, who keeps an Austin boarding house, on account of the failure of several legislators, who are boarding with her, to pay up promptly, has been reduced to great financial distress. Among her boarders is the Reverend Mr. Miggles, to whom Mrs. Flipjack confided her troubles, declaring that life has ceased to have any attractions for her. "Don't despair. He who created the world out of nothing will come to your aid," said Parson Miggles, laying his hand on his heart. "Yes, that may have been possible before war, when everything was cheap but it won't work now. In these modern days, worth a cent, when beef is worth 20 cents a pound, and even senators don't pay up at the end of the week." Mr. Miggles sought to console her, but in vain. Texas Siftings.

Mrs. Livermore told a lunch party in Detroit of Bronson Alcott's extreme admiration for his talented daughter Louisa, and how he made her his frequent theme in conversation. Miss Alcott disliked this paternal trait, and on one occasion, when he began his usual praises, she said sharply, "Dry up father, people will think you are paid to go about and advertise me." "Not so," said Mrs. Livermore, "about the thingness of the here and the why of every work."

## A POETIC WIDOW.

"The Sweet, Responsive Echo of Soul to Soul."

Virginia (New) Enterprise. Our mutual friend Spykens has "made a dash" to use the language of the worldly. He incidentally became acquainted with the widow McWinzie at a church social last fall. She has now come to the conclusion that he is her natural affinity, and wants him for her fourth husband. Her strong suit is poetry, or, as she expresses it, "human æsthetic rhyme; the sweet, responsive echo of soul to soul."

"Dear Mr. Spykens," sighed the widow the other evening, puckering her mouth down to the size of a shirt button-hole, as it were, you have lived and loved. The mellifluous profundity of your sympathetic soul has always required that you should."

"Ah, yes, Mrs. McWinzie, you bet, I—"

"Call me Hitty, dear; my name is Mehitable, and those most endeared to me always call me Hitty."

"All right, Hitty goes."

"Well, as I was about remarking, my nature was aboriginally poetic; away up among the embarrased clouds of Heaven's sublimated artillery. My first husband was a dear genial spirit, attuned to poetic harmony, but nothing could rhyme with his name. It was 'Tulkington.' I used to weave it into poetic verse by abbreviating it to 'Tulky,' but even then it never would make a smooth rhyme with any other word. Two short years he loved and languished, and then sank to eternal rest as softly as though the springs of his couch had been the Springs of Parnassus."

"Beautiful! beautiful!" exclaimed Spykens, "what a rattling good obituary you must have written for him!"

"Ah, me," sighed the widow, "I tried over a year to write seven verses suitable, and perhaps might have succeeded, had I not been wooed and won by Jason Babcock. My new-married life was bright and hopeful until I tried to merge it into poetry. The culminating came when I composed twenty-seven verses, each one rhyming his name, the best of which were mason, mason, face-on. Then he closed the doors of his heart, took his overcoat and valise, and bade me farewell forever. I never saw or heard of him more."

"What a miserable, narrow gauge, unappreciative, wretch he must have been."

The widow gave a responsive roll of her dark eyes towards the sympathetic Spykens, as she continued:

"Yes, the rhythmic music of poetry did not abound in his worldly soul, and my own longing heart almost perished before I procured a divorce on the ground of desertion. Then I married my old friend and schoolmate, Timothy McWinzie. He had a soul full of sympathy, and when he realized how my poetic nature was crushed by the very idea of making rhymes of his name, or any part of it, he earnestly, yet rashly, attempted it himself. For days and weeks he wrote, and went about the house muttering to himself, 'mizzle, crizzle, dizzle, finzle, ginzle, hizzle, and his last words as he died in the insane asylum, were, 'mizzle, pizzle, stizzle, zizzle.'"

"How dramatically sad," moaned Spykens, as he reflected on the rhyming possibilities and calamities of his own name.

"Did you ever read Thaddeus of Washoe?" asked she, beaming her loving eyes, full of literary intelligence, full upon him as she gently laid her hand upon his coat sleeve.

Spykens owned up that he hadn't, and tore himself away from her sweet presence, pleading pressing business engagements. The widow had money in bank, and a whole pile of stocks, and is looked upon as a desirable matrimonial investment, but when Spykens reflects, musingly, upon the sad fate of those three husbands, two killed and one driven away by her infernal poetry, assisted materially, no doubt, by her large, cold, clammy feet, he concludes to remain single.

Small Ned was reasonably generous with his other goodies, but he could never be induced to part with even a "bite" of molasses candy. So the surprise of the family circle may easily be imagined when, after retiring one day to a secluded corner with a thick stick of his favorite sweet, he suddenly emerged and offered to give away a large piece. It had become entangled in one of his long curls, and pulling and twisting it only pulled and twisted the curl, and at last, with tears, partly of pain and partly of vexation in his eyes, Ned fretfully exclaimed: "Oh dear! whoever 'll get this 'lasses candy out of my hair may have it."—Harper's Bazar.

A boy of eight years in one of the Massachusetts schools was asked by his teacher where the zenith was. He replied: "The spot in the heavens directly over one's head." To test his knowledge further the teacher asked: "Can two persons have the same zenith at the same time?" "They can," "How?" "If one should stand on the other's head."

"Haven't you got another house you can rent me?" asked a man of a real estate agent. "What's the matter with the one you are in?" "Nothing, only I'm behind with the rent, and I thought that by moving into another one of your houses you would forget the old debt while trying to collect the new."—Arkansas Traveler.

The Chicago and Northwestern Railway offers to carry seed corn to farmers along its lines, without charge, until June 1st.

## TIMES REVENGE.

When I was ten and she fifteen—

When I was ten and she fifteen—An me! how fair I thought her. She treated with disdainful mien. The homage that I brought her, And, in a patronizing way, Would of my shy advances say: 'It's really quite absurd, you see. He's very much too young for me. I'm twenty now, she twenty-five— Well, well! how old she's growing! I fancy that my suit might thrive If pressed again, but, owing To great discrepancy in age, Her marked attentions don't engage My young affections, for, you see, She's really quite too old for me.

The Irish harvest for 1882 is \$30,000,000 less than that of 1881.

A stand fell down with a crash, A number of men it did mash, But the entire ten Were soon well again— St. Jacobs Oil cured every gash.

A baker who lived in Duluth, Went crazy one night with a tooth, He rubbed the gum boil, With St. Jacobs Oil. It cured him, and this is the truth.

False friends are like our shadow, Keeping close to use while we walk in the sunshine, but leaving us the instant we cross into the shade.—Boyce.

There is no remedy to science that will so speedily and effectually cure or relieve lumbago, chronic or acute rheumatism, swollen or stiff joints as Johnson's Anodyne Liniment used internally and externally.

He who lives to no purpose lives to a bad purpose.—Nevins.

In answer to numerous inquiries we have to say that Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders are a pure article. We know them to be so. They are as much superior to all others as a good thing is to a worthless one.

We are all within the circle of a great order, in which, before God, a thousand years is as one day.

Ladies, buy for your husbands, brothers and sons Chrothillon collars and cuffs, and save trouble in washing.

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

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

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

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DIPHTHERIA

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

MAKE HENS LAY

A single bad habit will mar an otherwise faultless character, as an ink-drop sullies the pure white page.—Bathos.

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DIPHTHERIA

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

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## Origin of Popular Phrases.

"Croquet."—This word, with which the ladies are most familiar, is from the French *croquer*—a hook—and describes a kind of thread or worsted work consisting of loops made with a small hook designed for the purpose. It was invented in France a little over thirty years ago.

"Phantom Ship."—The legend of the "Phantom Ship" is that she was originally a vessel loaded with great wealth but a horrible murder having been committed on board, the plague broke out among the crew, and no port would allow the ship to enter, so it was doomed to float about like a ghost as a punishment for the crimes committed on board of her. The story is told in an intensely fascinating manner by Walter Scott.

"Leap in the Dark."—In the debates in the English House of Lords on the reform bill in 1868, the late Lord Derby applied this phrase to the proposed legislation. It was, however, not original. It has been traced to a song in the British Museum collection, where it occurs in the line:

All you that must take a leap in the dark.  
Thomas Hubbles, on his death-bed in 1679, is reported to have said: "I am taking a frightful leap in the dark," which is not unlike the expression of Rabelais in his last illness—"I am going to the Great Perhaps." Motteaux, in his life of Rabelais makes the latter say, at the approach of dissolution, "I am just going to leap into the dark."

"Ta-ta."—A term of late much used as one of humorous farewell. It is a purely Southern expression, and is given a meaning entirely different from that it started out in life with; and how it ever came to be applied in its present sense is a little surprising to any one to the Southern manner born, and especially to any one familiar with the idioms of the South of ante-bellum days. No who was ever petted, loved and spoiled by a kind old black "mammy" can ever forget that "ta-ta," in baby dialect, is "thank you," or to give an exact definition from unwritten Southern vocabulary, "thanky." They can never forget mammy's coaxingly reproving tones, nor her "churchy," when, in correcting some childish forgetfulness, the omission of thank for some slight favor, the gift of an apple, or, perhaps, a stalk of sugar-cane, she would say: "Honey, where's yo' manners? Whyn't you say 'ta-ta'?" Of course as the children grew larger this pet way of expressing thanks was laid away with their baby clothes, and the "churchy" that mammy had taught them, a funny substitute for a bow, something only in a sudden bending of the knees which caused a comical dip down and up—was put away with the jingling rhymes of early childhood.

## Demoralizing Effects of Corns.

There is more misery concentrated in a corn than in anything of its size extant. It reminds the man of its presence from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof. It involves more positive agony than a dozen quiet deaths. It makes no noise. It lets its victim make all the noise for it. It destroys capacity for study and all continuity of thought. Corns, when indulged in by poets, have spoiled poems which might have thrilled the world. No minister with a lively corn can preach "perfect love." A corn seems to do business at either end. That is, the end that is inserted twinges while the other end aches. A corn converts a Hercules or an Apollo into an awkward, halting, crippled. It prevents him to halt fearfully on street curbs as he attempts crossing, when before he plunged fearlessly into the maze of vehicles and was quickly over. It is continually sending through him mental twinges of anxiety lest some one step upon it. It turns a man's whole thought from the contemplation of the beauties of nature and the grandeur of the universe to the remembrance of its abominable self. It changes the beatific expression of his countenance to one of querulousness and anxiety. Yet there is no more sympathy for a corn, or rather for the person attacked by the corn, than there is for the toothache or seasickness. That is because it is supposed the corn kills nobody. Yet, if it did kill, the greater would be the mercy. A corn cannot agonize a dead man or woman. Dead people's corns do not ache. So long as one is alive and able to suffer, so long no one much cares. When we are dead and out of pain and the wicked corn ceases from troubling and the weary lie at rest, why our friends set up their whoops! and spend for flowers to put on our coffin the money that so much when alive we needed for oyster fries.

A corn is really a wicked demon incarnated in a bit of callous skin. Its mission is to distress and agonize humanity and to increase wickedness. Corns are really lost souls and evil spirits allowed thus to return, and in this guise to afflict us. You look upon a corn and regard it as a bit of half-dead skin. But within there lives a wicked, glowing, insatiable spirit, with no other impulse but to afflict, and with poisoned fangs, hot pinches and red-hot knitting needles to do so.

"Won't you sit down on my lap?" said a fat, elderly gentleman in a Boston horse-car to a fourteen-year-old miss who was standing in front of him anxiously waiting for a demonstration of New England gallantry. "No, thanks," returned the girl, with a significant glance at the polite old gentleman's abdominal politeness. "Your lap's too full already."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

## "Gall" Wins.

One of the mysteries in railroad operations is that so much is done in the way of courting the non-paying theatrical business. A reporter chanced to be in one of the local outside offices when one of those cheeky advance agents of a theatrical troupe came in. The first thing he called for was a railway guide, the looking over of which, laying out his route for a couple of weeks, occupied fully fifteen minutes. He then began to talk business. His first request was a pass for himself and his lithographer to a point 384 miles away, with a dozen stop-offs. Then, in a few days his programme distributor would be along, and he wished a pass for him and some 800 pounds of baggage. Then, at the same time, there would be boxes weighing 1,300 pounds, which he wished sent through to the terminus of the route laid out, free. This was all consented to. The advance agent then remarked that there was 25 cents a day storage on the last-named box, which he wished the local agent would arrange with the baggage-men to throw off. He then asked for an order for the treasurer of the troupe for thirteen tickets, in which the amount (1 cent per mile for each) would be stated. Then the matter of connection was brought up, and it was found necessary to hold the train thirty to forty minutes at three points, that they might fulfill their engagements. This was all arranged. Then the advance agent remarked that their scenery was bulky and probably it would be necessary to put it on a special car to carry it. Just then a sturdy farmer, who proposed to emigrate to a Kansas point, came in, stating that himself and his wife, and his wife's sister and seven children were to emigrate there and he wanted the lowest rates. The local agent named the rate, which was 24 cents per mile per head, carried this side of the Missouri river, and an arbitrary rate was added on the west side. Here the baggage question came up, and it was found that it would cost him \$18 to get it through, owing to excess in weight. The farmer, who was going west to furnish produce which would be carried over these very roads, accepted the situation, called for the tickets, but, as he pulled out his pocket-book, said: "Look here captain, can't you put a little chap we have, about six years old, through free?" "Well, no; but I tell you what I will do—I will get him through on half-fare." The farmer paid his money and left without a murmur, but the advance agent was still there using the paper of the railroad company and writing two or three telegrams which he wished sent free. The reporter left at this juncture, thinking that were he a general manager of the theatrical party should pay high rates and the horny-handed farmer should be the favored one of the two.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

## The Canning Industry.

In this country there is no single industry which has shown as surprising a growth as that of canning, nor is there one which gives employment to so large a number of persons for the period when it is in active operation. Commencing with fruit, this industry has extended itself to vegetables, meats, fish, and in fact to almost every article which is used by the human race for food. The amount of capital invested in it is enormous, from the fact that the process of itself is simple, and nearly every section of the country, and we might almost say every farmer or gardener, has something that can be profitably utilized by it. The salmon of the Columbia and Oregon rivers are placed on our tables in a condition almost equal in point of quality to that noble fish when taken from the water. Fruits indigenous to particular sections of the country, and which will not bear transportation long distances, are supplied, not only to our own people, but those of other lands. The great fruit-growing regions of Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia fairly teem with canning factories and establishments for the preserving of fruits and vegetables by the evaporating process. Millions upon millions of cans of the articles we have specified are annually put up, the process affording employment to many thousand persons who would otherwise, during the summer and fall months, be compulsorily idle. But this is not the only advantage arising from the vast increase of the industry. Immense quantities of fruits, etc., which would otherwise go to waste, are thus brought into profitable use. They not only enrich the owners, but supply to the entire country these daintily preserved articles at moderate prices, thus bringing them within the reach of persons of moderate means. Our export trade in canned goods is very large, and, like the home business, is rapidly increasing, all of which helps to build up the country and keep the balance of trade in our favor.—*Trade*.

## The King of Romanists.

When Scott had died, the knell of romance had sounded; and, loth as we at least shall always be to say a harsh word against the "King of the Romanists," it must be owned that his own hand, weakened by that magnificent struggle with fortune, had given the first swing to the bell. Neither Ainsworth nor Bulwer availed to propitiate fortune; Jack Sheppard and Lucretia were poor substitutes for Cleveland and Meg Merrilies; and the many-sided Bulwer, with his finger over on the pulse of the age, was on with the new love ere the old was fairly sped.—*Saturday Review*.

## SAYINGS OF THE WISE.

THEY always talk who never think.—*Pope*.

WHATEVER'S lost, it first was won.—*E. B. Browning*.

HEALTH and cheerfulness mutually beget each other.—*Addison*.

Ignorance thy choice where knowledge leads to woe.—*Beattie*.

CENSURE is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.—*Swift*.

He who tenders doubtful safety to those in trouble refuses it.—*Seneca*.

True friendship between man and man is infinite and immortal.—*Plato*.

Trust that man in nothing who has not a conscience in everything.—*Sterna*.

Occasions do not make a man frail, but they show what he is.—*Thomas A' Kempis*.

We love in others what we lack ourselves, and would be everything but what we are.—*Stoddard*.

To tell men that they cannot help themselves is to fling them into rock-lessness and despair.—*Frontin*.

Education is the only interest worthy the deep, controlling anxiety of the thoughtful man.—*Hendell Phillips*.

He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper.—*Burke*.

TRAVEL makes all men countrymen, makes people noblemen and kings, every man taster of liberty and dominion.—*Alcott*.

CONFIDENCE is that feeling by which the mind embarks in great and honorable courses with a sure hope and trust in itself.—*Cicero*.

TRUTH comes to us from the past, as gold is washed down from the mountains of Sierra Nevada, in minute but precious particles, and intermixed with infinite alloy, the debris of centuries.—*Lovece*.

As for jest, there be certain things which ought to be privileged from it; namely, religion, matters of state, great persons, any man's present business of importance, any case that deserveth pity.—*Bacon*.

As ships meet at sea, a moment together, when words of greeting must be spoken, and then away into the deep, so men meet in this world; and I think we should cross no man's path without blessing him, and, if he needs, giving him supplies.—*H. H. Beecher*.

The Real Profit Entirely Overlooked.

A Baltimore man who bought him a farm two or three years ago was recently approached by a friend, who had some money to invest, and who asked: "Can I buy a pretty fair farm for \$15,000?"

"Yes, about that figure."

"And I'll want to lay out about \$10,000 improvements, I presume?"

"Yes, fully that."

"And I can invest another \$10,000 in blooded stock?"

"I think you can."

"And \$5,000 in grading, filling up, creating fish ponds, and so forth?"

"Well, you may get through with that sum."

"That's \$40,000, and now let's figure the income."

"Oh, you don't need pencil or paper," said the victim, as a shade of sorrow darkened his face. "The income will be about \$3 for turnips, \$2 for potatoes, \$5 or \$6 for corn, and a bull calf or two at \$3 a head. To save time call it \$25. I'll see you again in a day or two. Maybe I've forgotten something that will add a dollar more. Morning to you."—*Hall Street Daily News*.

An Affectionate Child.

Little Tommy Milligan was dressed up in fine clothes by his parents and sent over to his grandfather's on Austin avenue. The old gentleman received his grandson in a most kindly manner. When the time came for Tommy to go home, much to the delight of the old man, he refused to go, saying that he wanted to live permanently with his grandpa.

"So you love your old grandpa so much you don't want to leave him?" exclaimed the delighted old man.

"No, it's not that," replied Tommy; "but every time ma sends me to visit you she washes my face, and I hate to have my face washed, so you see if I lived with you all the time, grandpa, ma could not send me to you, and I would never have to have my face washed. Wouldn't that be nice?"—*Teas's Sayings*.

A Man's Whisky in Danger.

In an article published in one of the German scientific journals on the effect of the color of the glass bottle on the liquids contained in them, some interesting facts are stated. It appears from this that liquors contained in colorless bottles, when exposed for some time to the light, acquire a disagreeable taste, notwithstanding the fact that they may have been of superior quality before being so treated; liquors contained in brown or green bottles, however, remain unchanged in quality, even if exposed to direct sunlight. Since, then, the results in question are due to the chemical action of light, it follows that red, orange, yellow, green or opaque bottles are essential to the preservation of liquors, while colorless, blue and violet ones are to be discarded.

A Missourian boy who saw an elephant for the first time, declared at first sight that the beast was walking backwards, but when he got a new view of the animal, he exclaimed: "He got two tails, just like the cent that had hops for the drinks."

## ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY!

L. E. RICHARDS & CO.,

Begin to announce to the people of Pinckney and Vicinity that they are receiving daily all the best goods in the market, and are offering the same at

LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES!

Please call and look at our stock and get prices. Our line of

TEAS, COFFEES & SUGARS

Is unusually complete, and our prices will be as low as any you can find in the county. We have just received one of the largest stocks of

COFFEES,

Canned Goods, Etc., ever shown in town, and at prices that cannot be duplicated by any house in the county. May 1st we shall receive the largest stock of

FINE CUT, PLUG AND SMOKING TOBACCO,

Ever shown in this town, and at prices from ten to fifteen per cent. less than ever before. Our stock of Woodenware, Brooms, Wringers, Etc., is always complete.

HATS & CAPS, LATEST STYLES,

Direct from the manufacturers; no jobber's profit, so that we can sell a better hat at the same price, than other houses can. Stiff hats, soft hats, straw hat, children's hats, etc. Save money by buying hats from us. A full and complete line of

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS

At prices that give no chance for competition. Tremendous Bargains in Overalls, at 60c, 75c, 90c, \$1.00 and \$1.50 per pair; working shirts at 40c, 60c, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50 per piece; jumpers, hosiery, etc., etc.

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BROWN & COLLIER.

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THE LION ROARETH AT HIS OWN SHADOW

AND MAKETH WAR UPON HIMSELF.

Never since the days of American Revolution has it been very difficult to sub due that beast. In the meantime

SIGLER BROS' DRUG STORE

Will continue to be headquarters for

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We will duplicate the prices of any dealer in Michigan. Cut out and bring to us the printed price lists of other dealers, and if we don't give you as good prices and better goods, we will not ask you to purchase.

Respectfully yours,

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PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN.

Cor. Main and Howell Streets.

BORDER FROM 3-4 CENT UP!

WALL PAPER trimmed free and a CHROMO thrown in!











## JIM'S KIDS.

Jim was a fisherman—up on the hill  
Over the beach lived he and his wife.  
In a little house, you kin see it still—  
An' he had two fair boys, upon my life  
You never seen two likelier kids.  
In spite of their antics and tricks an' noise,  
Than them two boys.

Jim would go out with his boat on the sea—  
Just as the rest of us fishermen did—  
And when he came back at night there'd be  
Up to his knees in the surf, each kid.  
A beak 'n' a cheerin' to fisherman Jim—  
He'd hear 'em, you bet, above the roar.  
Above the waves on the shore.

But one night Jim came a sailin' home—  
And the little kids weren't on the sands—  
Jim kinder wondered they hadn't come,  
An' a tremble took hold of his knees and  
hands.  
And he learned the worst up on the hill  
In the little house, an' he bowed his head—  
"The fever," they said.

'Twas an awful time for fisherman Jim,  
With them darlin's a dyin' afore his eyes—  
For they kep' a callin' and becomin' him,  
For they kin' o' wandered in mind—their  
cries  
Were about the waves and fisherman Jim,  
And the little boat a sailin' for shore—  
Till they spoke no more.

Well, fisherman Jim lived on and on,  
And his hair grew white and the wrinkles  
came;  
And he never smiled, and his heart seemed  
gone,  
And he never was heard to speak the name  
Of the little kids who were buried there  
Upon the hill in sight o' the sea—  
Under a willow tree.

One night they came and told me to haste  
To the house on the hill, for Jim was sick,  
And they said I had'n't no time to waste,  
For his tide was ebbin' powerful quick.  
An' he seemed to be wanderin' an' crazy like,  
An' a sartin' sights he ought'n't to see—  
An' had called for me.

And fisherman Jim, sez he to me:  
"It's my last, last cruise—you understand—  
I'm sailin' a dark and dreadful sea;  
But out on the further shore, on the sand,  
Are the kids, who's a beak 'n' an' callin' my  
name.  
Joe says they did—ah, mate, you know—  
In the long ago."

No sir! I wasn't afeared to die,  
For all that night he seemed to see  
His little boys of the years gone by;  
And to hear sweet voices forgot by me;  
An' just as the mornin' sun came up  
"They're a holdin' me by the hands!" he  
said.  
And so he died.

## A Story of Two Summers.

BY HOLMES FREEMAN.

### CHAPTER III.

Ten years have gone by, and Llandudno has kept up a good progress with the march of time. The splendid new pier, the drive round the great Orme, and the handsome hotels which have sprung up, all speak of its well-doing and fashionable career.

It is August now, bright and warm and sunshiny, and the season is at its height; the place is crowded to overflowing, every hotel and lodging house full, and still the visitors come pouring in with every fresh train, and wander about with weary dispirited countenances, vainly beseeching hard-hearted landladies to "take them in."

Dinner is over at "The Imperial," the band has been playing on the parade some little time, and a group of gentlemen are standing under the great stone portico of the hotel, waiting for the ladies of their party, who are hastily donning their wraps for a stroll on the parade.

Captain Fenton is busily engaged in making a pet poodle sit up to beg for a bit of biscuit, while it holds a walking stick in its mouth. Major Herbert is scanning the evening paper. Mr. Lorrimer is propping up the door way, and inciting the poodle to rebellion. Charles Vernon is puffing furiously away at his cigar.

"Any news, Major?" cries a loud blustering voice; a big burly man accompanied by a ponderous-sized lady adorned with a long fur trimmed pelisse, and a bonnet with nodding black feathers, plumes of black and crimson in it, make their appearance.

"News?" answers Major Herbert looking up, "well, yes. Gladstone is very ill, and Dr. Tanner is still alive."

"Gladstone ill—tut tut," say the stout gentleman fustily, "overworked, I say overworked."

"No one can more sympathize with a man's being overworked than I can," says Mr. Lorrimer.

"Of course, one can always best sympathize with what one knows least about," puts in Charles Vernon, taking his cigar from his mouth.

"There's too deep a metaphor in that for my comprehension, Charlie."

"And Dr. Tanner's alive—dear, dear, dear," says the stout lady, "what a horrid man he is! I wish people wouldn't talk so much about him, and his fast-ing."

"Especially at dinner time at the Imperial; but in those days somebody is always doing something to annoy us, either in the walking, swimming, jumping, or fasting line."

"Well, Charlie," says Mr. Lorrimer, "don't you every day of your life ask at dinner in a loud beseeching voice, if any one can tell you if Dr. Tanner is still alive?"

"The watermelons contain now such painful reminders of him. Mrs. Burlington do keep a chair for me at the band, and then we can have a bit of quiet talk together, and quiz the visitors gloriously."

"Ha! ha!" laughs the worthy lady, as she waddles away, shaking a fat tightly-gloved hand at him; her crimson and black plumes nodding vigorously at him in the evening breeze.

"That worthy couple," begins Mr. Lorrimer.

"Mr. and Mrs. Bonn, at your service," echoes Charlie.

"Are literally—please to try and re-

alize it, Charlie—literally rolling in money."

"I shouldn't mind realizing it myself in bank notes; sovereigns and half-crowns wouldn't be bad, but rather hard and lumpy, I should think," answers Mr. Vernon sardonically.

"All that money was made by army contracts—for what, do you think?"

"Can't think—thinking does my brain harm."

"Saddles—the old man told me so himself this morning."

"A mysterious communication, truly why didn't I think of saddles and army contracts myself," cries Charlie, pathetically.

The ladies come trooping by, with their stylish costumes and warm wraps. Mr. Lorrimer goes up with the three pretty sisters, Captain Fenton joins his sister, all depart in time save Major Herbert and Charlie Vernon.

"Aren't you going, Charlie?" asks the Major.

"Aren't you?" he answers satirically.

"I suppose you're waiting for Miss Somerville to come out."

"Well, yes, I am," says Major Herbert, with a self-possessed smile.

"You're in luck's way," returns the other enviously, "she never deigns to look much less speak to a fellow, when you're by. You have it all your own way there, I must say."

Major Herbert does not attempt to contradict this, as he listens with the same smile on his lips.

"Here's the Austins."

A tall plain-looking man and a bright cherry little woman are coming into the portico.

"Isn't Miss Somerville going out this lovely evening, Mr. Austin?"

"My sister?—oh no, Major Herbert, she has the headache or something of the kind. I've left her in the drawing-room."

"I'm left lamenting like the last man," cries Charlie. "May I come with you, Mrs. Austin?"

"Off they go; and Major Herbert, throwing away his paper, turns his steps in doors."

The beautiful drawing room of the Imperial, with its luxurious furniture and brocade couches and curtains, is near deserted to-night, save for one solitary figure, sitting quietly in an easy chair by the big bay window.

"Is your head bad, Miss Somerville?"

"May I come in?" asks Major Herbert as he stands quietly in the door.

The smile with which she greets him would have reassured the shyest man on earth as to his being welcome.

"Yes, come in," she says, "I'm quite well, only dreadfully dull; got a fit of the blues to-night, so pray come and charm them away."

He comes quietly forward and sits opposite the speaker.

"Don't sit there," she says somewhat impatiently, "you lose all the pretty view."

"I can see all I care to see," he answers lazily.

She blushes a little under his admiring eyes, but smiles with frank pleasure at his words. And the words, though meant as a careless compliment contained a certain truth. In the close intimacy of the last few weeks, meeting at first as merely hotel friends, there had sprung up a quick and sudden friendship between them.

What the lady thought of it he could only judge by her evident pleasure and preference for his society, by her gracious manner, her winning tone, her caressing smile. What he thought of it, was that she was rapidly becoming all the world to him, the horizon that bounded his charmed vision.

He was not a vain or an easily-satisfied man, yet without any self-conceit he could not help seeing that she sought, though in a somewhat queenly fashion, to seek and hold his love.

She was rich, beautiful, admired—it seemed strange, sometimes he thought, that she should care to single him out; but Charlie Vernon was right, he had seen her turn away from richer, handsomer, younger men, to notice some passing word or look of his.

He looked full at her, as he pondered this, as she sat with smiling ease in the luxurious arm chair. She was sitting, and you could not see to perfection the tall, commanding figure; but the perfect repose, the well-bred style and air struck you at once, stamped as it was on every look and movement.

Her dress was of rich dark velvet, finished round the neck and wrists with antique lace; a thick twisted gold chain glittered among the lace, and on the long white fingers sparkled sapphires and diamonds that an empress might have envied.

Her dark brown hair was coiled simply at the back of her head, and in front was curled over the broad forehead in the modern fashion. Her eyes were dark grey, bright and gleaming, and her straight aristocratic features, her delicate complexion, her bright winning smile, which displayed the regular white teeth, showed that her reputation for beauty could bear a strict and close scrutiny.

"Can she really care for me?" Major Herbert thought as he looked on the handsome woman before him with her well-defined air of command, and wealth, and ease; "Care for me," he repeated bitterly, "a penniless, disappointed, discontented man. Her riches alone make a golden gulf between us, which I am in no haste to cross; and yet, and yet—"

"You are not talking, or amusing me at all," she says at length, looking up with a tender light in her dark eyes.

"Were you ever at Llandudno before this?" he asks abruptly.

"Yes, years and years ago. I was a raw school girl then."

"I can hardly imagine you a raw school girl."

No, I dare say not," she answers, a little bitterly. "I am old, I know, even for my thirty years; but as far as leaving youth behind me goes, I feel a hundred."

"I did not mean that," he says gently; "it comes to a question of age, I am much older than you—nearer forty than thirty."

"But a man's age and a woman's are so different. You are still in your prime." She looks at him in her turn, half admiringly, but with a curious kind of smile on her full curved lips. Her eyes rested full upon him, as he sat with careless ease opposite, his dark, closely cut, jet black hair resting against the velvet of the easy chair. She noticed with a half smile, as if to support her own words of praise, the well-set head, the dark, passionate eyes, the shapely features and contour, the heavy, drooping, soldier-like moustache, the well-made chin and throat, the broad shoulders.

If it had been full daylight she would have noticed—as often she had noticed before in a stronger light—that the handsome face was marked and lined, not so much perhaps by time as by suffering and disappointment; but in this soft, flattering light, it was indeed the face and figure of a man in his full prime.

"Isn't to-day the 11th of August?" he asks suddenly.

"Yes; does it conjure up any reminiscences?"

"Yes." A soft light flashes in his dark, deep-set eyes.

"Mayn't I hear about it? Is it a love story? I should like to hear one in this soft fading light."

It is strange—even to himself it seems to—that now he has such a good opening to plead his own cause with this beautiful, gracious lady, his recent heart must need go back, in softest pity and self-reproach, to an old love-scene of some ten long years ago. He leans forward and looks through the big bay window, the lights are peeping out brilliantly and clustering in a circle under the great Orme.

"It is ten years ago to-day—but why should I bore you with the story?"

"Go on, pray."

"I have never told any one of this before—I wonder why some scenes are so photographed on our memories that time itself has no power to dim or fade them?"

"What is the scene, then, that has left such an impression on you?"

"Look there! It was just such another night as this, soft and warm and delicious; the lights under the great Orme were twinkling and sparkling as they are now."

"Yes."

"It was a grand fete night; we, that is the visitors, had a kind of masquerade; we walked, some of us in fancy dresses, up the yonder hill in a grand procession, carrying Chinese lanterns."

"Well."

"There was a young girl staying here with an old aunt of something of the kind. We were all of us a party of merry young people in those days, going about together."

"And the young girl?"

"Her name was Effie Lea; a simple little name, isn't it? It just suited her. She was a sweet and shy and modest as a March violet."

"Indeed!"

"Pray, pray don't speak of my little friend in that tone; it hurts me—it does indeed!"

"Please go on."

"My poor little Effie," he says the name over to himself with a soft caress in the tone—"I wonder where she is now? How well some names suit people; your name just suits you."

"Frances Somerville," she repeats proudly. "Why does it suit me?"

"Oh! it belongs to a lady tall and stately. Now little Effie,—bye the bye she was really a tall slim girl with dark grey eyes—you would laugh will you?"

"Certainly not, if you don't wish it."

"Well, then, your eyes sometimes remind me ever so much of her; though in all else you are so different."

"I remind you of Effie Lea?"

"No; only the eyes, and only those at times."

"Only at times? I'm so sorry."

"Don't be satirical, else I will say no more."

"I'm all interest: what about the fete?"

"The girls of our party didn't care for Effie, and I didn't care for them; they were a rather loud voiced, rattling, go-ahead set, and so we two quiet ones were thrown pretty much together."

"Oh, I see."

"Then Effie had no one to take her out, or chaperone her. Her aunt at once made an old duenna of the name of Martha come out with her at night."

"Yes."

"Well, it was easy enough to outwit poor old Martha. I could laugh now as I look back and see her trudging along, panting and breathless, after her young charge up the steep great Orme."

"Captain Herbert, if you're a going to the top of the hill it'll be the death of me, so I'll leave Missy in your charge, and go home."

Miss Somerville laughed, as in duty bound.

"So on we went, nothing loath, arm in arm, with our Chinese lanterns, happy and gay, and light-hearted as two children."

"Were you in fancy costume?"

"No, but I remember how ridiculous some of our party looked. Conor Marston had bought a dozen penny watches and chains, which he arrayed himself in and wore an immensely pointed cap of stiff brown paper, with some of the girls' feathers in it, to represent an Italian Brigand."

"And your little companion?"

"She wore a red cloak, with the

hood drawn over her pretty brown hair; she was a make believe of Little Red Riding-hood."

"Ah, I hope then you weren't the wolf that gobbled her up."

"She had the sweetest, happiest face that night—shall I ever forget it?"

"And of course you made love to your Little Red Riding-hood?"

He throws himself moodily back in the easy chair, and his face suddenly clouds over.

"No, I don't think I made love, as you call it."

"No, but you told her just what you thought at the time, didn't you? You said how pretty and charming she looked in her little red hood, and that she was becoming dearer and dearer, every day to you."

Major Herbert starts forward, "How do you know I said that?"

"Oh, I am only guessing."

"Go on, then: what else?"

"Then, when the rough sea wind blew theered hood away, and you by the help of the Chinese lantern caught it and fastened it, clumsily enough, but with much laughing, round the merry face, but bent down and stole a kiss for you trouble?"

"How do you know that?"

"Oh, I was young once myself—but that kiss was a mistake; it made the little girl think you really loved her."

He is quite silent for some little time, and looks out on the darkening twilight with troubled eyes.

"Now I have no more," she says at length, "tell me the end."

"There is no end!" he answers gloomily; "the very next night we quarreled—I had offended her about something—nothing I could help; and the morning after when I went to Gladthaeth Crescent to try and make my peace, she was gone."

"Gone?"

"Yes, and I have never seen or heard a word of her since."

"What a funny end! Could no one tell you where she had gone to?"

"Well, Conor Marston could have done so; but I fancy Effie had bound them all over to secrecy. I never could get Conor to say a word about her, though I wrote and wrote, and asked and asked; then my regiment was ordered out to India, and I went with it."

"And forgot poor Effie? or did you come to Llandudno this summer hoping to meet with her again?"

"Ah, but she would be so altered by this time; she would be a woman now."

"About my age, perhaps. Should you know her, think?"

"I can't fancy her as anything but a child."

"What about her dress?"

"She wore a blue scarf, twisted round her shoulders in such a pretty fashion."

"Ah, I remember wearing one, once upon a time."

"And a straw hat, and a good-sized chignon—she tried to be fashionable; you must know, but old Martha was but a poor coiffeur, the frizzettes were always peeping out of the brown hair—the present fashion is much prettier."

"Well, after all, I dare say, you needn't trouble about Effie Lea. Very likely by this time she is a stout homely matron, with half a dozen children about her."

He shakes his head. "No, no; why will you try to spoil the romance of my story? She is to me a mystic maiden—a phantom child, who will never grow up or grow old. Here are a tribe of the hotel people trooping in. I will go and have a smoke by the sea waves, to soothe away my reminiscences of my child-love."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A CHAPTER OF TRIALS.

### Spoopendyke and his Printing Press.

Brooklyn Eagle.

Spoopendyke came home one night bringing a small bundle in his arms.

"It's a printing-press, on which I expect to do all my own printing hereafter," he said.

"Oh, but isn't that lovely!" fluttered Mrs. Snoopendyke, dropping the stork and rushing to her husband's side, "and can't we do the loveliest things with it! Is it the kind that the Herald and Sun and all those papers are printed with?"

"Oh, yes Mrs. Snoopendyke," growled her husband, "you've hit it exactly. This is the very kind: I got Mr. Bennett to kindly try it on, so as to get it the same size that the Herald is printed on."

"And will you print papers with yours like Mr. Bennett and the other editors?" continued Mrs. Snoopendyke timidly.

"Oh, but won't I, though?" yelled her husband, "it needed a dodgasted female idiot to think of that; you've struck the proper plan."

"Think you can print a 50x60 sheet with a 3x4 press? Well, I tell you that ye can't. Can ye get it into your measly head that this is a card press, and can only print a card three inches by four inches?"

"Oh, it's a card press is it?" ventured Mrs. Snoopendyke; "then we can print those beautiful Christmas cards on it, can't we?"

"Now you've got it," yelled her husband, "that's the idea. It prints in thirty-five different colors at one impression, and any design from the picture of an old crank with a sealskin overcoat, loafing around somebody's chimney with a game-bag full of jumping jacks, to the New Year, 1883, represented by a hump-backed baby dressed in a broad grin, with a napkin tied round his waist, driving out the old year, dressed as an old tramp with a mowing machine and a gallon jug of whiskey under his arm. That's the idea, exactly. Think you can print chromos and lithographs on it, don't you? Well you can't. You can only print one color, that is black. Think you grasp it now?"

"Well," said Mrs. Snoopendyke, "I suppose you can print visiting-cards on it?"

"Yes, Mrs. Snoopendyke, I can," said her husband, in a softer tone, and he grew in a much better humor as he proceeded to show his wife the press and exhibit his dexterity in the use of the type and the press.

At last he got his worthy helpmate's name set up in type, and proceeded to put the chase on the press with a grand flourish. But in an evil hour he had forgot to key it up, and at the first touch the whole business went to pi, and at the next fell in a confused mass all over the carpet.

"Why, what makes it do that?" said Mrs. Snoopendyke, laughing.

"What makes it do what, Mrs. S?" sneered her husband, as he hit his head on a corner of the table in a mad dive after the type. "What d'ye spose makes it do it? What makes anything to anything? If I had your talent for asking idiotic questions, I'd get a glass of beer and a three-inch paper collar, and live out as a prosecuting attorney."

By this time the worthy gentlemen had got the name set up and securely fastened, and was printing with great gusto, but he had, unfortunately, set the types in wrong order, and the first eight perfumed visiting cards came out like the following:

Wm. Snoopendyke

When Mrs. Snoopendyke saw it she set up a little scream, "Oh, but isn't that funny, though. What makes it be wrong side up?"

"Funny!" howled her husband, with horrid derision, as he grasped the situation. "It's a perfect thunderbolt of fun. It's the most deliciously humorous thing of the century. All you need is an advertisement of liver pills on the cover, and a joke about a goat on the first page, to be a comic almanac. With your appreciation of humor, all you need is a broad grin and \$3,000 worth of stolen diamonds, to be the leading comedienne of the American boards. Can't you see the measly type's turned wrong? They have only got to be turned round the other way."

After half an hour of diligent labor, the types were again in position, securely keyed up and put on the press.

When the final arrangements were completed, Mr. Snoopendyke turned round to wink at the baby, and incautiously left his thumb over the edge of the press. As luck would have it, Mrs. Snoopendyke in her anxiety to show her husband how well she understood and appreciated the press brought the lever down and the press closed on that gentleman's thumb, making him jump four feet high, and utter an exclamation that would have made the second lieutenant of a company of pirates blush! Had that the measly printing press, he shrieked, as he smashed the base-burner with it, and then threw it in the alley.

"Haven't ye got any sense scarcely? Why don't ye go on with the entertainment? The measly thing only got as far as the bone. Why don't ye begin on the skeleton? Why don't ye finish the chapter?" and Mr. Snoopendyke danced up stairs, five at a time, with a parting injunction to his wife to live out for a slaughter-house.

"Well," said Mrs. Snoopendyke, as she picked up the baby, and put a pitcher of water upon her husband would be sure to fall over it when he went down stairs in the morning. "If we have so much trouble in printing one word, I wonder how Mr. Bennett gets along with a whole newspaper."



**How He Won Her.**  
"Cecile!"  
"Yes, papa."  
She arose—a brown-eyed, brown-haired girl, with a rare grace and sweetness in her manner and approach. Pierceval Deadwood pushed aside the mass of papers that lay on the desk before him and gazed steadily, almost fiercely, at his daughter. She returned the gaze with a timid, hesitating, May-corn look, while the rosy blushes of maiden modesty chased each other rapidly across her fair young features and leaped outward into the great beyond.  
"What brings young Freelinghuysen here so often?" asked the old man.  
"His feet, I suppose," was the answer, in low, shrinking tones. "I noticed that he had them with him the last time he called"—and the girl shrank instinctively against her bustle.  
"I want no nonsense," replied the father. "I have called you here to talk about your future. You must make a wealthy marriage."  
"Papa!"  
"Do not interrupt me," he continued. "I have spoken my piece, and have only to add that I am a Hard Man from Way-back."  
Sobbing as if her heart would break, Cecile went slowly to the sofa and set down with a dull, sickening thud. She had broken her bustle.  
Suddenly she arose. "I love Harold Freelinghuysen," she said, "and I will marry no other man."  
Two minutes later she was doing up her back hair.  
"You are sure you love me?"  
"Can you doubt me?" asked Harold.  
"Yes," replied the girl. "I can, but I have decided not to"—and, kissing him warmly, she went away.  
Spring in Coshocton.  
Pierceval Deadwood is again seated at his desk.  
"You expect young Freelinghuysen today?" he says to Cecile.  
"Yes, papa."  
Even while they are speaking the door opens and Harold enters.  
"Have you come to redeem your promise?" asks the old man, scornfully.  
"I have," is the reply, and Harold places \$50,000 in bonds on the desk.  
"How did you get this money, and where have you been all winter?"  
Drawing himself up proudly, Harold answered: "I am a retired sandbagger from Chicago."—Chicago Tribune.

**Venetian Sunsets.**  
Words cannot be formed to express the endless varieties of Venetian sunset. The most magnificent follow after wet, stormy days, when the west breaks suddenly into a labyrinth of fire, when chasms of clear turquoise heavens emerge, and horns of flame are flashed to the zenith, and unexpected splendors scale the fretted clouds, step over step, sealing along the purple caverns till the whole dome throbs. Or, again, after a fair day, a change of weather approaches, and high, infinitely high, the skies are woven over with a web of half-transparent cirrus clouds. These in the afterglow blush crimson, and through their rifts the depth of heaven is of a hard and gem-like blue, and all the water turns to rose beneath them. I remember one such evening near Torcello. We were well out at sea between Mazzorbo and Murano. The ruddy arches overhead were reflected in the water below. Our black boat was the only dark spot in this sphere of splendor. We seemed to hang suspended; and such as this, I fancied, must be the feeling of an insect caught in the heart of a fiery-petaled rose. Yet not these melodramatic sunsets alone are beautiful. Even more exquisite, perhaps, are the lagoons, painted in monochrome of grays, with just one touch of pink upon a western cloud, scattered in ripples here and there on the waves below, reminding us that day has passed and evening come. And beautiful again are the calm settings of fair weather, when sea and sky alike are cheerful, and the topmost blades of the lagoon grass, peeping from the shallows, glance like emeralds upon the surface. There is no deep stirring of the spirit in a symphony of light and color. But purity, peace, and freshness make their way into our hearts.—Fraser's Magazine.

**BOB BURRITT ON HOME.**—Home is more to a woman than to a man. It is her temple. She is its goddess, its priestess—its officiant its janitor. A man doesn't look so longingly back at the old home, though it never costs him a cent, bought all his clothes and sent him to college. A man likes his home when he gets acquainted in it, because there his simplicity passes for the profoundest wisdom. His jokes are all laughed at though it needs only a glossary to get at their meaning; if he only indicates the laughing place. When a man dies he is wept for at home, but the old world moves along as if nothing had happened; fond lovers come to his graveyard even, wear his tombstone smooth sitting on it, contract bad poetry and worse rheumatism, and burden the air with libelous confessions. I have heard that there were skeletons in many homes. They never get there unless they are brought.  
Tucks.  
A tack is a simple, unpretending sort of a young nail, noted for its keen repartee when pressed for a reply and possessing the peculiar power, when standing on its head, of causing the cold waves to run down the back of a man in mere anticipation of what might be.  
Detroit Free Press.

**THE FAMILY DOCTOR.**  
TOOTHACHE may be speedily ended by the application of a small bit of cotton saturated with ammonia to the defective tooth.  
For a scald or burn, apply immediately pulverized charcoal and oil. Lamp oil will do, but linseed is better. The effect is miraculous.  
For chapped lips mix two tablespoonfuls of clarified honey, with a few drops of lavender water, or any other perfume, and anoint the lips frequently.  
To REMOVE warts, get a little bullock's gall, and keep it in a bottle; rub a little on the warts two or three times a day, and in a short time they will disappear.  
REMEDY FOR CHILBLAINS.—Take a piece of lime the size of your double fist; put it in warm water and soak the feet in it as warm as it can be borne for half an hour.  
IT MAY be useful to know that hoarseness may be relieved by using the white of an egg thoroughly beaten, mixed with lemon-juice and sugar. A teaspoonful taken occasionally is the dose.  
To REMOVE cold sores, rub the first finger behind the ear close to the part which is joined to the head, and then rub the sore. The secretion removes the sore in a short time if applied every twenty minutes.  
For dyspepsia pour one quart of cold water on two tablespoonfuls of unslacked lime; let stand a few minutes, bottle and cork, and when clear it is ready for use; put three tablespoonfuls in a cup of milk, and drink any time, usually before meals.  
THERE is scarcely an ache to which children are subject so hard to bear and so difficult to cure as earache. A remedy which never fails is a pinch of black pepper gathered up in a bit of cotton batting wet in sweet oil and inserted in the ear. It will give immediate relief.  
A GOOD wash to prevent the hair from falling out is made with one ounce powdered borax, half an ounce of powdered camphor, one quart of boiling water. When cool, pour into a bottle for use, and clean the head with it, applying with a flannel or sponge once a week.  
To MAKE good sticking plaster, put two spoonfuls of balsam of Peru to six of isinglass, melted with very little water, and strained. Mix these well together in a small stone jar over the fire. Pin out some black Persian or sarsenet on a board, and, dipping a brush into the mixture, pass it over the silk five or six times; then hold it to the fire, but not very near, and it will soon become black and shining.  
For CRUET administer a teaspoonful of strong cham water; repeat the dose every fifteen minutes until free vomiting occurs. Put the feet and limbs in hot water and then wrap up in flannel; place on the chest a poultice of cornmeal sprinkled with mustard. Beware of cold draughts. As the attacks depart administer a dose of magnesia, rhubarb or castor oil. When children are liable to croup, always keep the steam-water solution ready on the wash-stand.

**FARM FOR SALE OR RENT.**  
I offer my farm of 120 acres (together with 20 acres of wood-land), for sale on reasonable terms, or will lease for a term of years, for money rent.  
F. R. BURDEN.  
Six miles northwest of Pinckney.

**BUSINESS LOTS FOR SALE.**  
I offer for sale 12 lots fronting on Main Street, east of Howell Street, and 6 lots on Howell, South of Main, for business purposes only. These lots are better lot in store are very desirably located in the center of the village, and will be sold at reasonable prices. Apply to  
JAMES PEARSON, PINCKNEY, MICH.

**FARM FOR SALE.**  
A fine farm of 200 acres, 100 improved, good buildings, etc., in Township 25, miles southwest of Pinckney, 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.

**COME ONE, COME ALL,**

**C. E. HOLLISTER'S**  
WEST-END DRUGSTORE.

We are all ready for the spring trade. New goods arriving daily. Every corner of our drug department is completely restocked.

**DRUGS,**

Medicines, Patent and Family Medicines, Coughs, Croup, Croup Soaps, Perfumery, Stationery, Albums, Auto-graphs, Pens, Pencils, Card Board, Scrap Paper, etc. A full line of

**Groceries,**

**Teas and coffees.**

Having purchased a large line of tea, we are prepared to give our customers better bargains than any other house in the county. Cannot fruits just arrived, a large line. Everything at the lowest living prices. Highest cash price paid for butter and eggs.  
Very respectfully,  
C. E. HOLLISTER.

**NEW GOODS!**  
**JUST RECEIVED**

**A FINE STOCK OF FIRST CLASS**

**DRY GOODS**

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**HORSE SHOEING.**

Shop back of Mann's Block, PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN.

**NEW STORE!**

**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.**

**RICE'S**  
**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.

**THIS IS THE LION!**



**WHAT IS HE ROARING AT?**

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

We have since last week reduced our prices:

BROWN BLANKS PER DOUBLE ROLL,	12-1-2 C.
BUFF " " " "	13 C.
WHITE " " " "	16 C.
FRENCH FLATS " " " "	24 C.
SATINS " " " "	26 C.
BRONZE OR GILTS " " " "	50 C.

**Wall Paper Trimmed FREE.**

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

**SYKES & SON**

**MANUFACTURERS OF**

**FINE**

**CARRIAGES**

**AND**

**SLEIGHS.**

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

**SYKES & SON, Pinckney.**

**JAMES MARKEY**

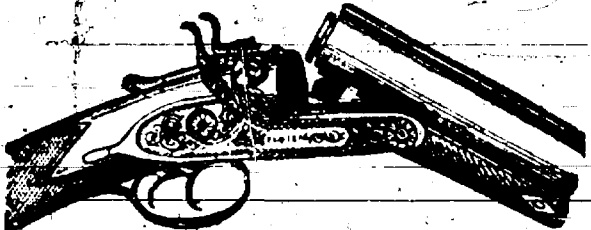
**NOTARY PUBLIC,**

**And Dealer in**

**FARM MACHINERY**

**ALSO INSURANCE AGENT.**

**PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN.**



**J. H. BARTON,**

**GUNSMITH AND JEWELER,**

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**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 straps, knives and brushes.

**MUSICAL GOODS.**

A full line of optical goods, sewing machine needles and all, eight day and thirty-hour clocks, 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 have renewed and do better work of all kinds in their line of business than ever before. Their mills have been thoroughly refitted inside, repaired and improved outside, making it convenient for their customers. Good sheds for teaming in connection with the mill. They have now on hand over 5,000 bushels of dry, sound red and white wheat from which they make their best grade of flour, **Wheat Flour**. They grind no grown or musty wheat except for customers—and then 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 Dustless 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.

**PINCKNEY**

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**LIBRARY.**

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

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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

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**PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN.**

**GROCERIES,**

**AT WHEELER'S:**

**BEST JAPAN TEA, 55 cts.**

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**GROUND TEA, 20 cts.**

**GREEN COFFEE, 12 1/2 cts.**

**Roast Coffee, 15, 18 and 23 cts.**

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**50c Tobacco at 40 cts.**

**60c Tobacco at 50 cts.**

**Royal Baking Powder, Parent's Baking Powder, Spices of all kinds, Baker's Chocolate, Sweet Chocolate.**

**Canned Corn, Canned Beef, Canned Salmon, Canned Tomatoes.**

**C. A. WHEELER**