PINCKNEY DISPATCH.

VOL. I. PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1883, NO. 19.

PINCKNEY DISPATCH

JEROME 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. Ushers 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. COE, President.
MRS. DR. SIGLER, Secretary.

WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY, of the M. E. Church, meets first Saturday of each month.
MRS. SUSAN NYE, President.
MY VAN FLEET, Cor. Sec.

K. O. T. M.—Livingston Tent, No. 283, meets at Masonic Hall the first Friday evening on or before the full of the moon in each month.
F. A. SIGLER, Com.
L. D. BROKAW, R. K.

MASONIC.—Livingston Lodge, No. 76, meets at Masonic Hall, Mann's Block, Tuesday evening on or below 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.,
HOMŒOPATHIC
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office, Mann's Block, PINCKNEY.

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

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

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

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

R. E. FINCH,
HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTING,
Kalsomining and Paper-hanging,
GRAINING A SPECIALTY.
PINCKNEY, MICH.

E. A. MANN, Dealer in
DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES,
Clothing and General Merchandise,
Next to Post Office. PINCKNEY.

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

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

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

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

HUGH CLARK,
MANUFACTURER OF
FIRST CLASS HARNESS, ETC.
Repairing a specialty. All work warranted to be as represented. Give me a call.
AT THE OLD STAND. PINCKNEY, MICH.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

DRESS MAKING.

I shall be prepared to do dress and cloak making in all the latest styles, after Monday May 20th, please bear this in mind and give me a call, my rooms will be found over the new Hardware.
MRS. FRANK L. BROWN.

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

MONEY TO LOAN
at easy rates, in sums of $1,000, and upwards, on real estate security. Inquire of JAS. T. HAMANS.

Sanford's Inks—black, red, blue, green, orange, purple, etc.—also writing fluid and mucilage; full stock at Winchell's Drug Store.

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

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.

Fine stationery at Winchell's Drug store.

All the leading patent medicines 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 Unadilla, will be found at the stables of Horace Fick, on the Freeman Webb farm near Pinckney, every Wednesday, during the season. Farmers interested in the breeding of fine horses will do well to call and see him.

THE NEW HERO FOR 1883.

Farmers, call at Markey's and see the new HERO REAPER a model of perfection in Reapers, also the new HOPKINS MOWER; the world is challenged to produce its equal. Don't fail to see and examine those beautiful Machines, every one warranted to give satisfaction or no sale; they can be had on trial.
JAMES MARKEY, Agent.

Are you insured if not call and get a policy in the SUN FIRE without further delay. Jas. Markey, Ag't.

The large basement room at the Monitor House is offered for rent. It is well lighted and in first class shape for business. Apply to F. Reason.

Blackberry cordial—Kermott's and other brands—at Winchell's Drug Store.

It you have a favorite receipt for family medicine of any sort call at Winchell's Drug Store and have it put up from fresh, pure drugs, at a reasonable price.

☞ 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.

Deacon Leonard Noble is visiting in town for a few days.

ISN'T it about time for the wool buyers to stick out their shingles.

WHERE is the festive potato-bug keeping himself.

Fishing tackle will soon be in good demand.

Messrs. Brooks, Tregea and Yates have been in town a part of the week, looking after railroad matters.

Mr. B. Lowe, the Detroit wholesale Jeweler, is in town to-day, and paid the DISPATCH office a brief visit.

Farmers are finishing up corn planting at a lively rate just now.

Messrs. Cahill & O'Connell, Air Line contractors, were in town Monday.

Mr. Carver is making good progress with his job of grading.

Ypsilanti Mineral water sells at 10cts. per gallon. Cheaper than Ypsilanti whisky and probably safer to drink.

Mr. Philander Whittlesey, of Sedalia, Mo., is the guest of his sister, Mrs. L. A. Mann, of Pinckney, and will remain for several weeks.

Mrs. Hattie Campbell, of Ann Arbor, is the guest of Pinckney friends.

Dr. Turner returned yesterday from a few days sojourn at Ann Arbor.

MR. W. D. LAKIN and family have arrived from Howell, and will occupy the Met. Rose house, on Main Street, recently vacated by Mr. Backus.

BRO. MILLER of the Howell Republican, paid us a brief call yesterday P. M.

Mr. G. K. ROGERS, of Elkhart, Indiana, spent Sunday with Pinckney friends and relatives.

Rev. K. H. Crane returned from the State Association, Tuesday P. M. He reports a very interesting meeting, and doesn't seem to have lost flesh very much by the trip.

A VERY small man with a very large quantity of poor whisky went into the new lockup last night. Let others take warning—it's the marshal who is on the warpath now.

THE goods for Messrs. Lakin & Sykes' new Dry Goods store are arriving, and they will be ready for business Saturday.

The party at the Monitor House this evening bids fair to be a very successful one.

Messrs. A. T. and Norman Mann and Cap. Darrow went to Detroit, Tuesday, to see the ball playing. They "took in" the snow storm, among other things.

Miss Fannie Allen is home from the "Arbor," for a few days visit with her parents.

Mine host Barnard, of the Monitor House, had his hands full, yesterday noon—railroad delegations.

IF our friends can imagine the inconvenience of publication day in a building the roof of which is being torn off and replaced, and the interior of which is filled with barrels and boxes in a general chaos, they will excuse any slight imperfection in this week's DISPATCH.

The regular services of the M. E. Church and Sunday school will be held in the school house, Sunday next, at the usual hours.

Mr. W. F. BIGGAR, of the Air Line R'y, spent Sunday with friends at his old home, Brantford, Canada.

MR. S. G. TOPPING, of Plainfield, was in town, Tuesday, and paid the DISPATCH office a pleasant call.

Clyde Stocking, West Branch, Ogemaw County, is visiting his uncles, his aunts and his cousins, etc., in Pinckney and vicinity.

"Six inches of snow" was the reports from some portions of Ohio and Indiana Monday, while "Michigan, my Michigan" emulated Greenland's icy mountains in the frigidity of its temperature. The oldest inhabitant never saw it so before—but then the o. i. is constantly being surprised.

W. B. Hoff displays a very conspicuous new sign at the "Beehive" Boot and Shoe House.

THE Ionia County Courier is a new paper which greets us from the lively little village of Portland. It is a neat and wide-awake local sheet, and deserves the liberal patronage this initial number indicates.

MR. H. J. HALL, from Mayville, Mich, has rented the store building on Howell Street, north of Sigler Bro's drug store, and opened up therein a barber shop and billiard room.

A daring burglary was attempted at the residence of Ans. S. Campbell, Sunday night last. The intruders cut out a part of a pane of glass with their diamond, intending by that means to reach the fastening to the window, but the piece of glass accidentally fell inside breaking upon the floor and making so much noise as to awaken Mr. Campbell, who got up and came down stairs to see what was the matter. The burglars seeing they had aroused the family, departed without further effort to gain entrance to the house. The glass was very cleverly cut in a semi-circle, and only the accident of its falling, probably, prevented the burglars from gaining admission to the house.

APROPOS to the Maclean-Scripps libel suit. our editorial friends are quite generally expressing their opinions regarding the character of the News and its relations to the State press. Just what this has to do with the innocence or guilt of either party to the libel suit we don't quite comprehend but as to the character of the News, that can be summoned up very briefly. One characteristic is that it can steal like a sheep-thief, sponging nearly all its state news from local papers whom it charges about $10 worth of advertising to "even up an exchange." It is newsy, and always has an eye to business in everything it publishes—and wouldn't spoil a good item for "any hearts that might ache" in consequence of its publication. In short, the News is as enterprising as the devil—and just about as unscrupulous. As to the Maclean-Scripps case, we think the courts can decide quite as equitably as our brethren of the press could possibly be able to do, and there can be little doubt as to which has proper jurisdiction in the matter.

Mr. Ashley, of the Toledo and Ann Arbor road was met at Ann Arbor, Saturday last by delegations from this vicinity, Plainfield, Pinckney and Unadilla being represented. As a result of this interview, Mr. Ashley visited this place yesterday, where he was again met by various delegations from neighboring towns, Howell being included. While no definite proposition was made by parties on either side, Mr. Ashley stated that the extension of the road was an assured fact, and the location of the line would depend upon the chance for local business and other encouragement that could be offered. The company already have a line built to South Lyon, and unless substantial aid is offered for another route, the extension will undoubtedly be made from that point northward. A large delegation of Howell business men were here yesterday, and the interest at that point is undoubtedly very strong. If the "middle route" is adopted, Howell, Pinckney, Birkett and Dexter will be obliged to raise a bonus to compensate in some degree for the abandonment or other disposal of the line from Ann Arbor to South Lyon. Mr. Ashley drove over the line from Dexter to Pinckney, yesterday, in company with Mr. Birkett, and seemed favorably impressed with the scope of country which would be traversed by the proposed line. It is probable that a preliminary survey will soon be made, and then a definite proposition can be offered by the company.

THE Fowlerville Review "stirreth itself up afresh" over our comments on its public square article of some weeks since, and gently hints at our journalistic inexperience, besides bestowing other rather indelicate compliments on our editorial head. Our experience (if that were of any consequence) antedates the existence of the Review by a good many years, and has taught us better than to get spunky and "call names" in any newspaper controversy, we make due allowance for the Review man's "sour stomach," believing that his ill nature arises from bad digestion, and beg leave to inform him that we are not "beside ourselves" but that we speak the words of truth and soberness. As to the Weller claim, we repeat without fear of successful contradiction, that the mere fact of Mrs. Weller not having signed the deed would not affect the title to the property any further than to allow Mrs. Weller the use of the same as a home during her widowhood or the minority of the heirs, even under the "homestead law" to which the Review so persistently refers. We copy the following transfers from an abstract recently made from county records:

Original location by Benj. Weller, June 19, 1834.
Weller to Sol. Peterson, war. deed, Sep. 23, 1834.
Peterson to Wm. Kirkland, " Dec. 30, 1835.

The "homestead act" took effect July 3, 1848, and just how it could affect a sale made 14 years previous, we leave for the Review man to figure out. Undoubtedly we were misinformed as to the date of Mrs. Weller's death, but that point was immaterial so far as regards the present title to the property. As to whom Mr. Weller sold to, the records clearly show. If Mr. Weller conveyed to Peterson to shield himself from creditors, (as has been stated) even that would avail nothing to his heirs, but it would tend to show that there was no homestead exemption law he could avail himself of for the same purpose. In a financial point of view, the writer hereof could well afford to pay the Review man a few hundreds of dollars to point out any law in existence between the years 1830 and 1840 rendering entirely invalid and worthless a deed given by the husband without the signature of the wife. Come down to business, Bro. Adams, we are interested if you mean what you say and know what you're talking about. We will not say anything more about mud-holes, as that makes you feel bad; nor about air line railroads, for that would make you feel worse—but come right to the point and let us see what you "know about law." Perhaps the legal fraternity, and even the Supreme Court, may be benefitted by your "new ideas."

Common Council Proceedings.

PINCKNEY, MICH., May 21, 1883.

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

No business transacted

On motion, Council adjourned to Wednesday, eve. May 23rd 1883, at 8 o'clock sharp.

F. A. SIGLER, Clerk.

James Pearson, of Pinckney, is now prepared to do the "square" thing by you if you wish to purchase a lot in his town. He has come off victorious in that public square transaction.—Dexter Leader.

From whence does the Leader obtain its information? People here in Pinckney were not aware that anybody had "come off victorious in that public square transaction," but that's very much like the Leader man—his imagination will run away ahead of a calendar clock, and beat Vennor or Wiggins in tall guessing about future events. Strange how much more some people in neighboring towns know about the Pinckney square, etc., than those who are personally interested in it. Won't our brethern of the press please wait until the courts have had their "say" about the matter, before announcing the result of the contest.

Mrs. Axie informs us that we are sold again. We do feel very much like a mittened youth, but after all, may be we will be permitted to choose one of her groop of blooming responsibilities to share our name and fortune. We'll meet at fair time. CHARLEY.

Salt in the South.

Among the stores of mineral wealth which the South is continually discovering, none are more remarkable than the great salt mines of Louisiana, a few miles south of New Iberia. The salt is found in a solid rock mass, which assays 99 per cent. of pure material, and the deposit covers 140 acres, which appear inexhaustible. The mines are situated directly upon the Bayou Teche and convenient to the terminus of great railroad lines, and, although they have been systematically worked only three years, the industry has assumed great proportions. Salt from these works can be delivered throughout the South at less than the price either of foreign importations or the product of Northern works; and Mobile, which is the chief distributing point, counts upon soon becoming the great salt market of the Mississippi valley.

About Bonnets.

A Paris husband, plagued by his wife to buy a new bonnet, strolled into a salesroom, and, by way of a joke, purchased a bonnet of a very old date. He took it home to his wife and she drew from its crown a piece of paper which proved to be a bond for 500 francs. This is a strong argument in favor of husbands buying their wives old-stylt bonnets. Although another bond mighe not be found in 100 years, the fact that such bonnets come cheaper than the new style strongly recommends the scheme —*Norristown Herald.*

MICHIGAN NEWS.

During a wind storm at White Pigeon a frame school house filled with children was blown down, instantly killing William Mosk. Several others were seriously injured.

The village of Ishpeming has one saloon for every 40 inhabitants. The people of that burgh would like to have high license.

Adrian is taking steps toward a street railway.

Hon. Albert B. Slocum, of Wheatland, Hillsdale county, died at his home recently, of acute nervous prostration, aged 63. He was one of the most active and well known citizens of his entire neighborhood, was prominent as a republican, and represented his district in the legislature in 1865-6. He was also at one time president of Hillsdale county agricultural society. He had lived in Wheatland 30 years, and leaves a widow and two children, and a large estate.

An attempt to find coal is about to be made at Reese, Tuscola county.

A Presbyterian church has been built at Newberry, Chippewa county, by John S. Newberry of Detroit. It is 36x46 feet in size, with a lecture room 16x24 feet on the rear, and will cost some $3,000. It is also to be used by other religious societies temporarily.

In the northern part of Bay county the lumbermen are making effective use of the telephone in their work, stringing the wires among the trees.

George Green of Kalamazoo, has an elevated electric railroad in running order in his shop, which bids fair to prove a full success on a much larger scale.

Dr. E. B. Fairfield, Congregational pastor at Manistee, has had his salary increased to $3,000 and will spend four months in Europe, starting about June 1.

William Burns, aged 22, recently from Saranac, was killed while walking on the Chicago & Grand Trunk track in Battle Creek. He was a track hand on the Toledo & Marshall railroad.

The improvements to be made in Ypsilanti the present year will exceed in value any year for a long time past, many new houses and several stores now in process of erection or to be built soon, being among the contemplated changes.

Senator Palmer will deliver an address before the Western Michigan Farmers' Club at Grand Rapids June 5. The Senator was asked for his terms and replied: "I shall be very glad to meet your people at my usual terms, viz.: If you will stand the address I will stand the rest."

Mr. Theodore Wakelee, whose business interests bring him in contact with the fruit-raising portion of the farming community, reports that his inquiries and observations lead him to predict that an unusually large crop of peaches may be expected this fall, should the subsequent portion of the season be as favorable as the past has been. Fruit blows generally have not been injured by the severe winter, he says.

Maj. Stevenson, Private Secretary to the Governor, has sent to prosecuting attorneys a circular of instructions as to requisitions on governors of other states for the return of fugitives from justice. The vital part of such requisitions is the clearness of statement and the averment of facts upon which the arrest of the fugitives is claimed and upon these points Maj. Stevenson cites the rules in force in the state of New York and urges those applying for papers from Michigan to comply as minutely as possible with the regulations.

The bill in reference to the incorporation of ferry companies, which has passed the House, permits ferry companies to lawfully employ their boats as excursion steamers, or for wrecking and towing purposes.

The resolution for an early adjournment of the legislature, meets the approval of the House.

Measles at the State public school at Coldwater.

Many of the hail stones that fell in Hillsdale county during the recent storm measured 11 inches in circumference and weighed nine ounces.

Farmer Davidson, of Lansing, had a horse killed by the cars, whereupon Farmer Davidson sued the railroad company; the jury gave Farmer Davidson a judgment, but Farmer Davidson's legal fees took it all except 75 cents, and Farmer Davidson generously donated that 75 cents to his lawyer and was content—to let dead horses and live lawyers alone for a time at least.

Lenawee County has collected $10,580 in liquor taxes.

Adrian Record: The Clinton Congregational choir has been re-enforced by a cornet and violin, and the minister can now announce his hymns, as did once the celebrated Peter Cartwright, who, disgusted at the presence of a violin in church, announced that "We will now sing and fiddle to the praise of the Lord the 101st psalm."

Chas. E. Rogers, a prominent business man of Adrian, was publicly horse-whipped in the streets of that city a few days ago, by Mrs. Geo. Wirth, wife of the proprietor of the Maiden Lane Bottling Works. Mrs. Wirth claims that Rodgers came to her house and insulted her, while Rodgers says it is untrue and has taken steps to secure legal redress for his wrongs.

The trustees of the Institute for the Blind met in Lansing and appointed William Appleyard as architect of the new buildings to be erected this year. Mr. Appleyard is the son of the gentleman who superintended the construction of the State Capitol. He will proceed at once to design two new wings to the main edifice, and also a cottage for the Superintendent. The trustees will meet July 1 to pass upon the plans, and if they are approved, bids for the work will be advertised, the proposals to be considered July 15.

In explanation of the Tinham bill, which passed the house by a vote of 50 to 8, it may be said that it so amends act 53 of 1877 as to permit the collection or annual fees of $1 from male teachers and of 50 cents from female teachers who have not paid their fees on applying for certificates, and teachers who attend regular institutes and close their schools for the purpose shall not forfeit any portion of their wages on that account.

Eugene Angell's private bank at Lansing has closed its doors, owing to a "run" occasioned by rumors that it was mixed up in the alleged shortage of $8,000 in the accounts of retiring City Treasurer E. B. Wood. Those supposed to know will say nothing, and rumors are so many and varied that nothing can positively be learned, save that Angell will probably resume. Wood has gone to Chicago, as his friends claim, temporarily.

The bill of Representative Howell, designed to prevent all persons not graduates of medical colleges, or physicians in reputable practice for at least five years in some county in this state, from acting as physicians or surgeons, has passed the House.

An important case was argued in the United States court at Grand Rapids, a few days ago by E. W. Meddaugh, A. B. Maynard, J. P. Whittemore and W. P. Wells of Detroit in the suit of Morris Richter vs. the Union Trust company of New York and the heirs of the late Dr. Ayer, the medicine man of Lowell, Mass. The suit involves the title to 200,000 acres of land in the upper peninsula. The case was submitted.

A conference of free traders under the auspices of the American Free Trade League is to be held at the Detroit Opera House, Detroit, beginning Thursday, May 31. As announced by the committee, the object of this conference is to consider the best ways and means to convert the wicked," and all benighted ones, wandering on the troublous sea of protection, will be guided into the safe harbor of "free trade" by such beacon lights as Henry Ward Beecher, DeWit Talmage, and others. Hon. David A. Wells of Connecticut, will preside. The conference is to be entirely non-partisan, and it is expected that delegates will be present from every state and territory.

The legislature will adjourn June 9.

The bill appropriating $75,000 for the Ionia House of Correction was taken up again a few days ago, and so much of the amount as was intended for current expenses was struck out. There was left but $7,200 for certain repairs and improvements, and with this amendment the bill passed. It was discovered by Senator Phelps that the law relating to the House of Correction passed in 1881, authorized the trustees to draw from the State Treasury such amounts for current expenses as might be needed, not exceeding $2,000 at any one time. This enactment is thought ample to cover any demands which the institution may be called upon to meet.

The head engineer of the Fruitport blast furnace at Grand Haven had his left hand torn from his arm while fastening the stuffing box to the engine. His name is James Fleuger. His recovery is doubtful.

Gov. Begole has vetoed the bill concerning co-operative, benevolent and beneficiary associations greatly to the disappointment of the friends of the measure. The bill was claimed to be a measure for regulating these societies, but under this bill the governor thinks more abuses would arise than now exist.

The college Y. M. C. A. at Hillsdale keeps files of religious and other papers on tables in the depot waiting rooms. Joseph Cook said, while there the other day, that it was the only provision of its kind he had seen the world over.

Branch county and municipal officers of Coldwater have gotten seriously by the ears. The sheriff had possession of a stolen horse awaiting what he supposed was the owner, when the city marshal and a policeman thought they had found the owner and in the absence of the sheriff took the horse away. The sheriff returned and forcibly took possession of the horse and started the rightful owner home with it, when the other officers immediately replevined it. Hot words ensued and the parties almost came to blows. A lawsuit will be entered to find out who is entitled to the reward.

Wood, the ex-treasurer of Lansing, has returned, and claims that he is all square with the city, having put up security for the certificates of deposit which were issued in his name by the bank.

Last winter the Grand Rapids common council passed an ordinance allowing boys to slide down hill on one specified city street. The boys slid down and ran against a valuable horse owned by the Rev. S. Buford, on December 14, and now the Rev. S. Buford asks the city to pay for the injury done to the horse, which was considerable, a long coaster loaded with boys striking his fore legs and disabling the animal. Mr. Buford's lawyer quotes to the common council the following extract from a decision by the supreme court of another state: "When a corporation in the attempted exercise of the power conferred upon it by law exceeds the authority so given and licenses the unlawful and dangerous use of a street for any purpose and an injury result therefrom without negligence on the part of the person injured, the municipality is liable to respond in damages to such injury." This question having never been covered by a decision of the supreme court of this state, the city attorney does not, in the absence of such decision, feel like advising the city to allow the claim. It is quite probable that a case will be made of this and taken to the supreme court for adjudication.

Miss Luella Stratton, of Vicksburg, was seriously injured by a horse kicking her in the jaw. She was teaching school northwest of town and boarding at Mr. Barheit's. They were baiting some of the young horses on the fresh grass when Miss Stratton went to the barn after one. As it came out a colt followed and the horse she was leading whirled and kicked, striking her in the jaw with such force as to render her insensible for several hours. Dr. Doolittle was sent for and found the jaw broken in two places, and the left side of her mouth cut open about an inch. He bound it up, but says she will have to take nourishment through a tube for two months.

Heavy Storm in Michigan.

From all over the state come reports of the terrible rain and wind storm which passed over the state on the 19th inst. At Mason, the roof on the Darrow block was blown off, frightening teams and causing three to run away. One horse was probably ruined by being severely cut by a piece of tin. The store house of the Mason Buffalo Robe Company was blown to atoms. There was but one man in the building at the time, who fortunately escaped. Fences were all blown down. Several orchards were damaged to quite an extent, and a large amount of timber was blown down. Several persons were slightly injured. The main force of the storm seemed to pass over the city. At Charlotte its course was in a northeasterly direction. It was nearly a quarter of a mile in width. The Arcade block, owned by A. H. Munson and D. P. Sagendorph, the finest block in that section, had its roof raised, and part of it blown across the street and otherwise damaged to the amount of $400. Mr. Hood's new dwelling in the western part of the city was moved six feet. The railing around the roof of P. Van Zile's brick house was torn off. The steeple which was being built on the new Universalist church was blown down and several wooden buildings destroyed. This was the worst storm that ever passed through there. Many people took refuge in cellars. No one was seriously injured. At Eaton Rapids a severe wind storm, accompanied by rain and hail, blew the roof of the central school building partially off, and blew down chimneys in the first ward, building sheds on the fair grounds, signs, sheds and barns.

DETROIT MARKETS.

Wheat—No. 1, white	$ 77	@	1 09
Flour	5 25	@	5 50
Corn	50	@	55
Oats	45	@	47
Clover Seed—⅌ bu	7 00	@	8 25
Apples ⅌ bbl	2 25	@	3 50
Dried Apples, ⅌ lb	8	@	8¼
Dried Peaches	15	@	16
Cherries	23	@	24
Butter, ⅌ lb	18	@	20
Eggs	15	@	16
Dressed Chickens	14	@	15
Dressed Turkeys	16	@	18
Geese	11	@	13
Ducks	13	@	14
Cheese	15	@	16
Potatoes, ⅌ bu	45	@	50
Honey	18	@	20
Beans, picked	2 10	@	2 15
Beans, unpicked	1 40	@	1 60
Hay	9 00	@	14 00
Straw	7 50	@	9 00
Dressed Hogs, ⅌ 100	9 00	@	9 25
Pork, mess	18 50	@	18 75
Pork, family	19 00	@	19 50
Beef, extra mess	12 00	@	12 50
Wood, Beech and Maple			8 45
Wood, Maple			8 00
Wood, Hickory			8 00
Coal, Egg			6 25
Coal, Stove			6 50
Coal, Chestnut			6 75

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.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

WASHINGTON.

WHAT CONSTITUTES MINERAL LAND.

The Secretary of the Interior has decided that the mineral character of a township is determined by the character of the greater portion of it; that where a township has been reserved as mineral in character it raises the presumption that a tract situated therein which had been filed for as agricultural is mineral in character, and this presumption the agricultural claimant must overcome by affirmative proof.

THE FREEDMAN'S BANK.

The commissioner of the Freedman's Savings Bank and Trust Company has declared a final dividend of seven per cent. in favor of the creditors of said company.

REFERRED.

The Secretary of the Interior has referred to the Court of Claims for adjudication the claim of the Chickasaw Indians pertaining to the disputed disbursements made by the United States from the funds of said Indians and of certain alleged wrongful payments made from the trust funds of orphan and incompetent Chickasaws. The Secretary of the Interior also referred to the court of claims of loyal Creek Indians for losses alleged to have been sustained by them during the rebellion.

SHIPPING WHISKEY.

The Acting Secretary of the Treasury had a consultation recently with Clay, Collector of Customs at Newport News, Va., in regard to the exportation of bonded whisky from that port to Bermuda. The Collector said the business was increasing to such an extent that additional help was absolutely necessary. Five thousand barrels of whiskey were now at that port waiting shipment, and he is informed that certain exporters, for whom a New York firm is acting as agent, expect to ship whiskey to Bermuda at the rate of 5,000 to 10,000 barrels a month. The first shipment will probably be made in a week or two. The vessel which has been engaged for the trade reached Newport News a few days ago. Under the regulations of the department whisky must be gauged either alongside or on board the vessel in which it is to be shipped. Clay said his present force could only gauge about sixty or seventy barrels a day, and could not begin the work until the exporting vessel arrived. The Acting Secretary informed him that a force of gaugers from Richmond would be sent to his assistance.

A GOOD SHOWING.

Breadstuffs exported in April, 1883, were valued at $13,465,318; corresponding month last year, $9,908,189; exported for the ten months ending April 30 last, $179,738,348; same period last year, $157,619,737.

VACANCIES IN THE ARMY.

There are 60 vacancies in the grade of second lieutenant in the army, which will be filled by 52 graduates of West Point next month, four non-commissioned officers of the army who have passed the necessary examination, and four appointees. For the latter honor over 200 applicants are on the file in the war department. From the list the secretary of war has selected 10 names, which have been referred to the president, who will order that they contest by competitive examination for the four vacancies.

GRESHAM'S ORDER.

An order issued by Postmaster-General Gresham to supersede from October 1, 1883, section 26 of the regulations of 1879, directs that contractors must secure the permission of the Postmaster-General before making a sub-contract on any route. Applications to sublets must be made separately for each route and sub-contracts must be filed in the office of the Second Assistant Postmaster-General and specify the rate to be paid per annum under it in case the service shall be changed.

NEWS NOTES.

ON THE WAR PATH.

Information has been received from Helena, Montana, that the Cree Indians on preparing for a general war. The Crees seek revenge for the horses stolen from them from time to time.

Ex-Gov. Israel Washburn of Maine, died in Philadelphia, whither he had gone for his health, a few days ago. Israel Washburn, Jr., LL. D., was born at The Norlands, Livermore, Me., June 6, 1813. He received a classical education, mostly from private tutors, and studied for the bar, to which he was admitted October, 1834. He settled in December of that year at Orono, Penobscot county, where he soon had a large practice, which continued till his election to Congress in 1850. He was again elected to the four succeeding congresses. During the anxious and exciting period just preceding the civil war he took a prominent part in the discussions in congress, being one of the first, boldest and most influential in opposing the pretensions of the slave power and in arousing the anti-slavery sentiment of the country to its duty. In 1860 he was elected governor of Maine, and re-elected in 1861, his term of office covering the most laborious and responsible period of the civil war. Declining another election, he was in 1863 appointed collector of customs for the port of Portland. He was president of the board of trustees of Tufts college, Mass., and was elected president of the college in 1875, a position which he failed to accept. He was a member of several historical and genealogical societies, and in 1874 published "Notes Historical, Descriptive, and Personal, of Livermore, Me." Many of his addresses and speeches on important subjects have been published and widely circulated, and he has contributed liberally to the periodical literature of the country.

WANTON WINDS.

Another of those fearful wind storms so common in the west passed over Missouri on Sunday the 13th inst. At Kansas City the loss is estimated at $300,000. About 50 buildings were blown down, and over 300 damaged. The path of the storm did not touch the business portion of the city, and the stores destroyed were those scattered throughout the residence portion. Three persons were killed, and thirty injured, some fatally. At other places in the state the storm was severe, the town of Orlando being almost entirely destroyed, six lives lost, and thirty-three persons wounded; while at Mason five persons lost their lives and a number of others were severely injured. Telegraph wires were blown down, and railroad communication cut off because of timbers being blown across the track.

CHOCTAW TALK.

By a treaty of 1866 between the Federal Government and Confederate Indians the Choctaws and Chickasaws agreed to emancipate and give the usual rights to colored people in their dominion in two years, for which the United States was to give them $300,000, and if they failed to adopt them in that time the money was to be used to remove and settle the darkies elsewhere. The Choctaws failed to adopt them, and the government to move them, and they have been there ever since without either citizenship, rights or title to the land they work. For the purpose of bringing this about a council of Choctaws was held recently, and measures adopted looking to the speedy consumation of this plan.

A LAND MARK GONE.

The Ten Eyck Mansion, Whitehall road, near Albany, N. Y., was destroyed by fire recently. It was built 170 years ago by Gen. Bradstreet who made the house the headquarters of the Tories during the Revolution.

WANT PROTECTION.

The Pekin government has decided to establish a consulate at Chicago to consist of one American and one Chinese, who will protect the rights of the subjects of the Celestial Empire. The Chinese in Chicago claim that the authorities have raided their resorts indiscriminately, thus punishing the innocent for deeds of which they were not guilty.

THOMPSON TRIUMPHANT.

The trial of Phil. Thompson at Harrodsburg, Ky, for the murder of Davis, ended in the acquittal of the defendant. When the jury came in with the verdict the defendant sat between Col. Jacob and his father. When the court asked the jury if they had agreed on a verdict the foreman responded "We have," and being asked what it was, slowly said: "We the jury, find Philip B. Thompson, the defendant, not guilty as charged in the indictment." Then came a shout and men rushed forward to congratulate the defendant. During the confusion the voice of Phil. Thompson, Sr. was heard saying: "Thank God, Kentucky wives can now be protected." The court discharged the jury and adjourned the court.

DAKOTA'S CAPITAL.

The bids opened by the commissioners on the location of Dakota's capital, at Canton, D. T., recently were as follows: Aberdeen, $100,000 and 160 acres of land; Canton, the same; Frankfort, the same; Huron, the same; Pierre, $100,000 and 250 acres of land; Bismarck, $100,000 and 320 acres of land; Mitchell, $160,000 and 160 acres of land; Redfield, $100,000 and 240 acres of land; Ordway, $100,000 and 320 acres, and 160 acres for depot purposes. Odessa gives $200,000 and 160 acres of land. Steele sent a check for $100,000 and a deed for 160 acres of land. An informal bid from Washington was received, and a bid of $1,000,000 from Sioux. Gentlemen from various localities made addresses in behalf of their respective towns. The commission adjourned without making the award.

OVERWORKED CHILDREN.

An investigation into the management of some of the Chicago cigar shops, reveals the fact that young girls are obliged to work from 6 o'clock in the morning until 9 o'clock in the evening, for the beggarly sum of three dollars per week.

KENTUCKY'S CANDIDATES.

The Democratic state convention of Kentucky nominated for governor Hon. J. Proctor Knott, and Capt. James R. Hindman for lieutenant-governor.

A CHICAGO MISSIONARY.

Mr. J. H. Saunders of Chicago, a member of the United States treasury cattle commission, has gone to Europe on a special governmental mission. It is understood his trip has particular reference to restrictions now imposed upon our export cattle trade with Great Britain and to our pork trade with Germany and other European countries. He is also under instructions to examine into and report upon the dangers from contagious and infectious diseases to which our live stock is exposed by further importations from European countries; to visit and report upon the international live stock show, to be held in June next at Hamburg, and to make a general survey of the live stock interests of Europe, as compared with our own, under direction of the commissioner of agriculture.

BEYOND THE REACH OF LAW.

Chas. F. Kring, whose remarkable success in fighting the law and escaping punishment for the murder of Dora Bremster, in St. Louis, Mo., eight years ago, has been written up and published time and time again, and who was released from prison on bail about three weeks since under a decision of the United States Supreme Court, has since died at St. John's Hospital in St. Louis of internal hemorrhages.

CHINESE CHASTISEMENT.

Chinese laborers on the railway near Lytton, B. C., beat their foreman and three other white men with shovels. At night an armed band of whites proceeded to the Chinese camp, burned it, beat and shot the inmates, killing one man and injuring several others. It is said that the white laborers along the line of railway are organizing to resist the aggression of the Chinese.

STEAMER DISASTER.

The steamer Granite State took fire when below Goodspeed landing, 30 miles below Hartford, Conn., on the Connecticut river. The fire started in the forward part and spread with fearful rapidity. The engineer stuck to his post and headed the boat toward the dock, although his clothing and hair were on fire. A ferry boat came alongside and the passengers made a wild rush for their lives. But five lives were lost, as follows: Mrs. C. L. Maine, of New Haven, on a bridal trip; jumped to the water and drowned. Her husband jumped with her, caught the paddle wheel and was saved. The second cook (colored), Wm. Jackson a young German unknown, and a fleshy man unknown, were also lost. Several others are missing. The books were destroyed and the vessel burned below the water's edge. Nine valuable pacing horses were burned to death. The vessel was loaded with kerosene.

CAR SHOPS BURNED.

The cabinet, upholstering and paint shops of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, contained in one building 400x175 feet, located on the meadows between Jersey City and Newark, N. J. were totally burned. The shops contained three Pullman coaches, one of which was saved badly scorched, eighteen passenger coaches, Eastlake design, three locomotives, six tenders and a vast quantity of paints, cushions plush and other car fittings. The watchman got freight engine 449, but was unable to save engine 537, and a large locomotive owned by the New York, West Shore & Buffalo Railway Company. The loss is estimated as follows: On the building $80,000; two Pullman coaches, $52,000; two locomotives, $24,000; eighteen passenger coaches, $14,400; six tenders, $2,000; total, $312,000. To the above must be added material and fittings, the value of which will not fall short of $100,000; total, $412,000. The company has a large reserve for meeting fire losses. Nearly five hundred men are thrown out of work. The company will rebuild at once.

A FAMILIAR FACE GONE.

Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, whose face is so familiar to newspaper readers, and whose name has become a household word all over the country, died at her home in Lynn, Mass., recently.

AN OLD SOLDIER GONE.

Martin Talele, aged 90, died at Lock Haven, Pa., recently. He served in Napoleon's war. It is believed he is the last of the One hundred and forty-ninth regiment. In 1860 he received a gold medal from the last of the companions of Napoleon while in exile on Helena. The medal is dated St. Helena, May 5, 1821.

Wicked Winds.

A cyclone passed over Racine, Wis., May 18, passing through the extreme nothwestern portion of the city, demolishing 150 houses and barns, and causing a loss of life of about twenty, besides 100 more or less seriously injured. The day was ushered in bright and cool, with a fresh wind blowing from the southeast. Towards noon the sky was overcast and about 4 o'clock a sharp electric storm prevailed, although but little rain fell. The sun again came out for about an hour. During the afternoon the temperature rose about twenty degrees and about 6 o'clock, when heavy masses of clouds which again gathered in the west, portended a storm, the air was oppressively warm. The cyclone was announced by a break in the clouds, which took on a whirling motion and struck the earth with a noise which might be compared with the roar and rumble of a thousand railroad trains thundering over a bridge. The path of the storm is little over half a mile long and perhaps a quarter of a mile wide. All brick and frame buildings alike collapsed, and their sites are marked only by heaps of formless debris. Many occupants of houses escaped by seeking cellars and other places of comparative safety, but the cyclone came with such lightning quickness that many were killed before reaching the cellars. In only a few cases were houses moved from their foundations. Those in the center of the storm-path simply exploded and fell in ruins. It is reported some light articles, such as wagons, were swept into the lake. The cyclone as it moved from the city out upon the waters of Lake Michigan, presented a grand spectacle, such as is seen but once in a lifetime. The whirling columns of air formed monster wreaths of smoke as they whirled over the waters expanse, bearing with them spiral columns of water. No ship that encountered this monster of the air could by any possible escape destruction. Chemung, Harvard and Belvidere, Ill., were also visited on the same day. In all these places considerable property was destroyed, and several lives lost.

LATER.

The cyclone that devastated the beautiful city of Racine, Wis., was the most terrible ever witnessed in that section, and the scene of desolation and misery at that place is beyond description. The list of the dead will reach about 25, and 100 are more or less injured. The loss to property and farm stock cannot be told, for much has been destroyed that money can never replace. The cyclone visited other points in Wisconsin, and also Duluth, Minn., and Morgan county, Illinois, killing a number of people and destroying thousands of dollars worth of property. It is a pitiful sight in all these places to see the homeless ones, whose little all has been taken from them.

CRIME.

LYNCH LAW.

D. C. Hutchins, who murdered William H. Lyon at the ferry landing in Bossier Parish opposite Shereveport, La., while being conveyed to Bellevue jail was taken from the guards by a crowd of 75 or 100 men and hanged in the woods. As soon as Hutchins saw the masked men coming he pulled a huge dirk-knife from his pocket and stabbed himself three times near the heart. After hanging him the following placards were pinned to the body: "There is a point where forbearance ceases to be a virtue.—Citizens." "Fettermans (both of you) never return; if you do you will follow this desperado and thief." The two Fettermans keep stores on the opposite side of the river and are in some way mixed up with Hutchins and the murder.

A PEACEMAKER'S BLESSING.

At Ashland, Mo., while a man named Hull was quarreling with his wife about whipping one of their children, a lady neighbor interfered in the interest of peace, which so exasperated Hull that he struck her on the head with a brick, killing her instantly. The murderer fled and has not been captured.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE HANGMAN'S ROPE.

Joe Brady, the first "Invincible" convicted of participation in the Phoenix Park murders, was hung on the 14th inst. in Dublin. An immense throng assembled outside the jail, but only officials witnessed the execution. Masses were said in all the Catholic churches in Ireland on that day, for the repose of the soul of the doomed man. Contrary to the expectation of many, Brady made no statement on the scaffold.

FRIGHTENED TRADESMEN.

The tradesmen of Dublin are greatly excited over a circular which has been sent them. The title of the document is "An analysis of the special jurors on eighteen trials under the crimes act." With the circular was a slip paper with these words: "Woe to you if you have any of the goods of these jurors, for you and likewise they, will have the blood and suffering of innocent people on your heads. By Hook or Crook."

THE COST OF ORDER.

The canal company at Panama have been warned that they must pay the expense of keeping between 2,000 and 3,000 men on the isthmus to maintain order. The Minister of the Treasury estimates that the cost thus imposed on the company during the fourteen years contract for the completion of the canal will amount to $7,000,000, and might even reach $10,000,000 or $12,000,000.

A PEACE TREATY.

A treaty of peace between Chili and Peru has been confirmed.

A COMPLIMENT.

For variety and completeness of illustration, the American exhibit at the international fisheries exhibition, is said to be unsurpassed.

FITZHARRIS' FATE.

Fitzharris, better known as "Skin the Goat," has been convicted as being accessory after the fact to the Cavendish murder, and sentenced to penal servitude for life.

DEATH OF JAMES YOUNG.

James Young, the inventor of the process of manufacturing paraffine oil, died in London recently. He leaves a large fortune as the result of his industry and talents, and a name that is universally honored and respected.

CETAWAYO'S FORCES SLAUGHTERED.

In an engagement at D'Urran, South Africa, Chiefs Oham and Usibegu utterly routed Cetawayo's forces. Six thousand men were slaughtered.

MORE CONSPIRATORS.

James Mullett, Edward O'Brien, Ed. McCaffrey, Daniel Delaney, William Moroney and Thos. Doyle pleaded guilty of conspiracy to murder in the Dublin court the other day. All but Doyle and McCaffrey were sentenced to 10 years. Doyle and McCaffrey are to be tried for the Burke murder.

THE LAST OF CURLEY.

Daniel Curley, another of the Phœnix Park murderers, has been hanged. Before his execution he left a letter to his wife, practically admitting his guilt.

A COWARDLY CZAR.

It having come to the ears of the czar that several officers of the guard were members of the revolutionary club, his majesty decided to postpone his coronation, but has been dissuaded from so doing.

REVOLUTION IN HAYTI.

Advices from West Indian ports are that the steamer Alene, just arrived at New York, was engaged by the Government of Hayti to convey arms and ammunition to Miragoane. A great battle took place April 27. Barzalene slaughtered the government troops until they were forced to send a flag of truce, asking a suspension of hostilities to bury the dead. Two government vessels came in shore to render assistance, but Barzalene covered them with his guns and sunk them. The schooner immediately after landed arms and ammunition for rebels.

BITS OF NEWS.

It is estimated that the Apaches cannot be subdued in six months.

Wheat in the north-western states promises well.

Amasa Stone's estate is valued at $10,000,000.

Extra guard on the Welland canal owing to dynamite threats.

Salmi Morse has been granted a license for three months for his dramatic temple in New York provided he does not present the passion play.

Panama threatened with famine in consequence of the ravages of locusts.

The threatened raid of northern Crees into Montana has been averted by the prompt action of the Canadian mounted police.

Minister Lowell doesn't believe that dynamite is the raw material of politics. Neither does any true man.

The pugilist, Jere Dunn, who has been on trial in Chicago for the murder of Elliot, was acquited.

France sent 12 policemen to protect the person of her representative to the Czar's coronation.

A SESTINA.

[LEGEND.—In New Hampshire, near the banks of the Connecticut river, there is a small pond, very deep, and whose waters are of a deep crimson color. The country adjacent, in the colonial days, was occupied by the Abenaki tribe of Indians, who were driven away by the English settlers. Associated with the pool is the following legend.]

Beside the rushing stream that vainly tries
To woo the banks away, and long has fought
With angry flood and unexpected rise
To kiss their mossy brows; as if it thought
To win it's prize by passion. Then swift dies
And shuns the heights which it so madly sought.

Within a whispering wood, undoubted sought,
You think, by fays and sprites, but when one tries
To picture it their home, the fancy dies;
For ghostly red, as if souls tortured fought
To hide beneath, and leave their bleeding thought,
There lurks a pool whence mocking shadows rise.

From midnight shadows of the pool doth rise
An Indian girl, by peeping moonbeams sought,
And clad with silver light, as if they thought
To make the maid more beautiful. She tries
To still her heart, which bleeds as if it fought
With some great grief whose memory ne'er dies.

The maiden, fairer than the West where dies
The day, with plaintive song sings of Love's rise
And fall. How in the olden time they fought
Against her tribe, a youth so fair, who sought
Her love. Now changed her song; a captive tries
To conquer, conquer with amorous thought.

A day he madly loves; but when she thought
Elysium was won, his passion dies.
Mad with hot love, to win a kiss she tries,
Low kneeling at his feet, where, ne'er to rise
He kills her: and her heart-blood streaming sought
This pool. Lost the fierce battle she had fought.

Her traitrous lover sought the pool, and fought
With his mad dreams; to cool his fevered thought
He drank. Exultant, to the depths she sought
To tempt him. Lo! he falls, and struggling dies.

* * * * * * *

Her song is done, and as the sun doth rise,
He seeth naught but shadows, though he tries.

L'ENVOI.

And to this day, they say, a mortal dies,
If faithless to his love, and will ne'er rise
If stopping there to quench his thirst he tries.
—The Continent.

RUBY'S "EASTER HAT."

"I wish I was dead, so there;" and Ruby Brown stood the picture of lovely despair, gazing down at a yellow mass at her feet, consisting of six dozen crushed eggs. Poor Ruby had been a whole month saving and hoarding these treasures which were to play an important part in the purchase of a lovely "Easter bonnit," Aunt Rushy had contemptuously called it, when Ruby had said in a pleading tone:

"But auntie, all the girls are going to have pretty new hats to wear Easter Sunday."

"Easter bonnits," snapped Aunt Rushy, "better be thinkin' of the good Lord, and how he riz on that day, then hev their minds on bonnits."

"But auntie—"

"Now, no buts, Ruby Brown; girls in my time wasn't thinkin' eternally 'bout bonnits and gimcracks; and Easter Sunday wasn't made a show-day for bonnits, either."

"If I could have the eggs, auntie," pleaded Ruby, ignoring her last remarks.

"Well, take 'em; I don't know as I care, if you can save enuff 'tween this and then. You'll hev to hev a bonnit eny how shortly after Easter."

Ruby ran joyfully out into the coop to gather the first installment, after giving Aunt Rushy an affectionate little hug.

"That child always will get the best of me long as grass grows and water runs," smiled the spinster aunt, grimly—who had been mother and aunt for many years, nearly eighteen now, since her dearest and youngest sister had died, putting baby Ruby into Jerusha's arms, murmuring "Be kind to her, love her for my sake," and had died; and the young girl well repaid the care and grim sort of love lavished upon her. No one knew what ever had become of gay, wild, dissipated Will Brown, Ruby's father, whom people said had once been Jerusha's lover, and who had deserted her for the younger sister, pretty Helen.

The eventful morning had come on which Ruby's eggs were to be disposed of. Blithely and gayly she started forth, a neat willow basket on her arm, her eyes shining like twin stars, and cheeks rivaling summer roses. A stray robin chirped dubiously overhead in the budding but leafless tress, and visions of the "Easter hat" floated before Ruby's vision, with which the young minister who had just been settled at the "Caworth village" church, should be ensnared; for all the girls, Aunt Rushy said, "was casting sheep's eyes that way."

Ruby tripped along in the crisp March air, satisfied with herself and the whole world, when alas! for human hopes and joys how fleeting, Ruby caught her foot in some tangled weeds, and fell headlong upon her precious basket of eggs, and for a moment felt as if the whole world had crushed all the joy and happiness out of her young heart and life. In her great sorrow she gave vent to the ejaculation, "I wish I was dead," as she slowly arose from the ruins of all her (eggs) hopes.

"Can I be of any assistance?" asked some one behind her.

Ruby started and looked around, to encounter the amused smile on the young minister's face.

"I hardly think any one can remedy this disaster," stammered Ruby, dismally viewing the mass at their feet.

"Eggsactly" laughed Mr. Howard "Don't laugh," said Ruby, suddenly bursing into tears

"Don't cry, I beg. I will try not to laugh," he said anxiously.

"How foolish I am," said Ruby, bravely trying to smile, "but I have lost my Easter hat"

"Your Easter hat?" he asked, a little nonplussed.

"Yes. With those eggs I should have bought it," sighed Ruby.

"Hem! Well, is it absolutely necessary to have Easter hats, Miss Brown?"

"Oh, no. Still, every one does, you know," said Ruby, gravely.

"No, I did not know it before. Do you not think you could enjoy that grandest and loveliest of anniversaries without a new hat, Miss Brown?" he asked, looking into her sweet face searchingly.

"Oh, yes I could," replied Ruby, blushing rosily. "I think I have been a little vain, and I am punished this way" and Ruby laughed quite merrily.

"Not one left to tell the tale," he answered, joining in her laughter.

"Only on my dress and mantle," laughingly said Ruby; "that will tell tl."

"Allow me to remove a few flecks from your hair," and he bent forward with a dainty cambric handkerchief, removing the golden spots from the soft, curling brown hair; both faces had taken on an added hue of pink.

"May I walk back with you?" he asked a little eagerly, as she turned to go home, after their united efforts to clean the basket, which they partially succeeded in doing, Permission was shyly given, and soon they were chatting like old friends, and Ruth was surprised that she felt no greater disappointment over the loss of her "Easter hat."

"Well I swun if here doesn't come the minister 'long with Miss Ruby," ejaculated Aunt Jerusha, peering out of the window. "But—heavings and airth, what is that yaller all over the front of your dress, Ruby? How de do, Mister Howard: walk in. What on airth—"

"Oh Auntie, it's my 'Easter hat,'" cried Ruby, almost hysterically, "look at me! Only for Mr. Howard coming to the rescue, I don't know what would have become of me."

"Well I never! Such a child," gasped Aunt Rushy, shocked beyond measure at Ruby's appearance before the new minister.

How was she to know that he was thinking shs was the loveliest and most sensible girl he had ever met?

Ruby went to church "Easter Sunday" with her winter's hat, and the Rev. Clinton Howard thought the face so sweet and good beneath it, that all the new "Easter hats" sank into insignificance in contrast: but Ruby looked around at the pretty sprays of rose-buds, mignonette, violets, and pansies, and could not help but feel a little pang of envy. How could she know that the young minister was not admiring the pretty faces so sweetly adorned? And how could she know that while the organ sent forth its grandest music, and the anthem, "He has arisen from the dead," swelled from the lips and hearts of that Christian congregation, that the thought had come to him (and was not an irreligious one) that the Lord had ordained Ruby Brown for a minister's wife, and that another Easter she should wear an "Easter hat," and it should be bridal white.

So Rupy's "Easter hat" was worn the very next "Easter," and all the good folks said never a sweeter bride blushed beneath an "Easter hat," than the minister's young wife, nee Ruby Brown, now Mrs. Clinton Howard. Even Aunt Rushy had indulged in the fashion for once, and came out in an astonishing beflowered hat, and she explained in her earnest emphatic way: "I don't know but it is a sort of a hanging out of a signal, of how happy you air, by decking out in posies, that our blessed Saviour riz to glory that day; never quite looked at it in that air light before, come to think of't. I don't see how I ever wanted to put down sich kind of rejoicing. Ruby does look like a picture in hern, and the eggs after all did get her 'Easter hat,' so Clinton says."

Setting it up for the Old Folks.

A dilapidated man walked into a Pittsburg shoe-store a few days ago and said that he desired to make a purchase. His need of a new outfit was apparent, but his coarse, soiled and ragged clothes and general air of decay forbade the supposition that he would desire or could pay for a fine article. But he contemptuously rejected the clerk's first offers and finally accepted an excellent pair of hand made shoes. When he had ascertained the price he drew from a bundle of various articles held together by a bandanna handkerchief a cigar box, and, quietly opening it, disclosed to the clerk's astonished gaze about $15,000 in bills and coin. After some adroit questioning he explained that he had wandered away from his father's farm many years ago and had drifted around the country without gathering any moss, until finally, not long ago, he "struck it rich" Western mine and had made a fortune, of which the contents of the cigar box were only a small part. He was on his way home to see his parents, and in order to make their consternation and his own amusement complete he proposed to appear before them in a poverty-stricken guise and not divulge his real condition until he had enjoyed their tears and welcome and sympathy. Then he intended to complete the melodrama by "setting it up for the old folks in gorgeous style," and the new shoes were for use in the transformation scene.

Checkers is looked upon as a square game.—N. O. Picayune.

Who Their Pa Was.

Drummer.

A Cincinnati traveling man has a bright little daughter who doesn't get to see him very often, as his business keeps him away from home a great deal. The other day the members of the family and several visitors were watching her playing with a lot of kittens. She was talking to them, and coddling them in the sweetest kind of way, and this is what the folks heard her say:

'Oh, you cute little kittens. You dear, sweet little things. Here comes your mamma, and you will be so glad to see her, won't you?" Then her voice became sad—"But where is your papa? I never see him around, and he doesn't come to see you, does he? I wonder who your papa is. Oh, I know, I guess he must be a traveling man!" and the laugh the company gave the little girl was the first intimation she had that she was being overheard.

The truly wise man should have no keeper of his secret but himself.

Truth is the highest thing that man may keep.—Chaucer.

Cleanliness of body was ever esteemed to proceed from a due reverence to God.

Out on a fly—the insect's wing.—Harlem Times.

The Jersey mosquito, like charity, begins to hum.—N. Y. Advertiser.

The noblest mind the best contentment has.

The issue of standard silver dollars from the mints for the week ended ending May 12 was $165,000; issue for the corresponding period last year

As every thread of gold is valuable so is every minute of time.—Rev. John Madison.

You can hardly make a friend in a year, but you can easily offend one in an hour.

Nothing is politically right which is morally wrong.

Vital Questions!!

Ask the most eminent physician
Of any school, what is the best thing in the world for quieting and allaying all irritation of the nerves and curing all forms of nervous complaints, giving natural, childlike refreshing sleep always?

And they will tell you unhesitatingly "Some form of Hops!

CHAPTER I.

Ask any or all of the most eminent physicians:

"What is the best and only remedy that can be relied on to cure all diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs; such as Bright's disease, diabetes, retention or inability to retain urine, and all the diseases and ailments peculiar to Women"—

"And they will tell you explicitly and emphatically "Buchu."

Ask the same physicians

"What is the most reliable and surest cure for all liver diseases or dyspepsia, constipation, indigestion, biliousness, malarial fever, ague, &c.," and they will tell you:

Mandrake or Dandelion!"

Hence, when these remedies are combined with others equally valuable

And compounded into Hop Bitters, such a wonderful and mysterious curative power is developed which is so varied in its operations that no disease or ill health can possibly exist or resist its power, and yet it is

Harmless for the most frail woman, weakest invalid or smallest child to use.

CHAPTER II.

"Patients

"Almost dead or nearly dying"

For years, and given up by physicians of Bright's and other kidney diseases, liver complaints, severe coughs called consumption, have been cured.

Women gone nearly crazy!

From agony of neuralgia, nervousness, wakefulness and various diseases peculiar to women.

People drawn out of shape from excruciating pangs of Rheumatism.

Inflammatory and chronic, or suffering from scrofula!

Erysipelas!

Salt rheum, blood poisoning, dyspepsia, indigestion, and in fact almost all diseases frail Nature is heir to

Have been cured by Hop Bitters, proof of which can be found in every neighborhood in the known world.

The Sun ONE MILLION A WEEK.

THE SUN now has a circulation very much larger than that of any other American newspaper. Last year it printed 55,540,000 copies of its several editions. People of all conditions of life and all ways of thinking buy and read and like THE SUN. Subscription Rates: DAILY 4 pages, by mail, 55c. a month, or $6.50 a year. SUNDAY 18 pages, $1.20 per year; Weekly 8 pages, $1 per year. I. W. ENGLAND, Publisher, New York City.

W. N. U.—D. 21.

The Lion In Art

No animal has been treated so variously as the lion. Seeing that he is a beast showing little difference of [illegible]—not having been given over to the dilettantism of the breeder who has done so much for the race-horse, nor to the experiments of the servant who has played such pranks with the pigeon—it is wonderful how different he looks in art at different times and under different hands. He has been more conventionalized than any object in nature, and no "allegory on the banks of the Nile" can ever have been quite so allegorical as the allusive fancy of man has made him. He has done decorative duty, preserving only hints of his own form, and he has passed with art and literature through the phases of the heroic, romantic and realistic conception and treatment. It must be added that the royal beast has been fortunate in his laureates. Rubens—the true Lion of Flanders!—preferred him over all other beasts, and painted him with the whole might of his vast and enterprising genius. His imagination had continual food in his contemplation; his imperial hand found continual pastime in his portraiture. The savage majesty, the brute romance, the bestial royalty of the creature were depicted by him as by no other painter in all time. It is to be noted that the passion for painting lions [illegible] the master distinguishes his followers and scholars likewise. Thus his friend and collaborator, Franz Snyders, was inspired by the great man's encouragement and example to add the living lion to his models, and to paint lion hunts and lions in fight where once he had only painted fruits and flowers and the fur and feathers of dead game. Again, the man among moderns who has best succeeded with the lion is unquestionably Eugene Delacroix, who was perhaps the best and strongest pupil the Antwerp master ever had, and who has drawn and painted lions and lionesses with an intensity of imagination, a vigor of line and color, a mastery of gesture, an energy of conception and execution, that Rubens himself would certainly have been proud to own. After the lions of these two great men, the lions of Landseer and Rosa Bonheur, good as in some ways they are, are apt to seem a little tame, and, as it were, to fall a little flat. It must be owned that the lions of Mr. Briton Riviere are in much the same case. That lion of his, for instance, who is guarding the gentle Una through the perils of the present exhibition at Burlington House, is not a bit romantic or impressive; he is a kind of carpet lion—a lion to do duty in the pages of Mme. d'Aulney, and behave with politeness and grace to such heroes as Prince Azor and Prince Charming, and such heroines as Princess Fair Star and the Damsel with the Golden Locks.—*From Cassell's Art Magazine.*

The Bear Not in Winter Society.

Like the hedgehog, the bear depends entirely upon its accumulation of fat, and during the fall is in prime condition, when, in October or November, it enters upon its winter home. One of these nests of the black bear, found by the writer several miles from Lake Utowana, in the Adirondacks, was beneath a huge tree, four or five of whose great roots branched out on each side. The earth had been removed on the south side, the interior lined with leaves, twigs and other refuse matter that would make a comfortable bed, and, covered with snow in a dense jungle, the animal had perfect security. Soon after the bear has retired the intestines shrink and become clogged or hardened with a substance known as tappan, in reality pine leaves and the bark of fir trees that they eat immediately prior to entering upon the state of hibernation, that remains in position until spring, and so slow is the exhaustion of fat, that is now the food-supply, that animals have been found five months after their involuntary intombment as fat as when they went in. During the sleep the skin upon the balls of the feet is renewed. The males of the polar bear do not hibernate, a fact proved by the late polar expedition of the yacht Eira.

A Joke of Associate Justice Story's.

The invitation to go to Washington with Judge Story did not imply any promise of attention after we arrived in that city, as he was careful to point out when I received it. "The fact is," said he, "I can do very little for you there, as we Judges take no part in the society of the place. We dine once a year with the President, and that is all. On other days we take our dinner together, and discuss at table the questions which are argued before us. We are great ascetics, and even deny ourselves wine, except in wet weather." Here the Judge paused, as if thinking that the act of mortification he had mentioned placed too severe a tax upon human credulity, and presently added: "What I say about the wine, sir, gives you our rule; but it does sometimes happen that the Chief Justice will say to me, when the cloth is removed, 'Brother Story, step to the window and see if it does not look like rain.' And if I tell him that the sun is shining brightly, Judge Marshall will sometimes reply: 'All the better, for our jurisdiction extends over so large a territory that the doctrine of chances make it certain that it must be raining somewhere, and it will be safe to take something.'"—*Josiah Quincy's Diary.*

TWENTY-SEVEN women working in a chain-gang were a sad sight at Atlanta.

A Georgia Sketch.

Hank, in reply to Julia's inquiry as to "old man Johnson," who, leather, was engaged in the business [illegible] shining, soberly told of his fate. "You see, he and old man Bascomb bought a sow together a year ago last October. They were partners like. The beast ran wild in the woods. This fall they drove her up to the still house, and she and her seven shoats lived on the slops of the still. Along in early December Johnson sent word to Bascomb to come over and divide the young stock, as he wanted to kill his meat. Now, you know that it would have been but fair, seeing that Johnson had fed the pigs, for him to have kept four of the shoats, but Bascomb he kicked him out of [illegible], and the old man was satisfied with three. The understanding was that no was to [illegible] odd pig [illegible] year, if there should be one. Bascomb allow [illegible] the world he was. Well, old woman Bascomb, when she heard of the trade, [illegible] there was [illegible] no odd pig [illegible] year, and she got Johnson up [illegible] and cabin the shoats, or at least one of them. The children he went across the valley to Bascomb's house. It is about two miles [illegible] the woods. Of course they fell out, and Johnson beat Bascomb [illegible] and [illegible] You know [illegible] Well, [illegible] and as [illegible] of the house, and [illegible] shotgun [illegible] the [illegible] knocked the wind out of him. [illegible] the corn [illegible] and he grabbed him by the gooseberry (windpipe) that seized him. When a [illegible] woman gets her hand on a man's gooseberry that way she can do anything mighty sudden, or it's all day with him. He was [illegible] for an instant, and gave a mighty out of the [illegible] daw. I [illegible] his [illegible] with 250 pound woman. He [illegible] little shortly, and resuming the [illegible] thrilling story, said: "Johnson got [illegible] away from him and broke for the timber. But's blood was up, and she took after him. She [illegible] on him, and he hit out Johnson. They chased him over the [illegible] every jump she threw stones at him. She hit him two, and the dog tore most of his clothes off. That he, [illegible] chasing him [illegible] was snagged out on [illegible] remarked: "[illegible] ers;" and, at [illegible] "Bet says she can [illegible] of him [illegible] John, he can't [illegible] smashed up" [illegible] his sympathy [illegible] Neither of [illegible] half-cocked [illegible] forest [illegible] warm [illegible] and [illegible] disposition [illegible] until [illegible] promptly [illegible] Bascomb [illegible] spoiled in [illegible] did not see [illegible] *Sun.*

Physiological Magnetism.

M. Zeigler, of Geneva, has discovered that two magnetized bars of metal, joined together in a certain manner, produce certain definite effects upon animals submitted to experimentation, which differ according to the angle of intersection. One of these bars can be replaced by terrestrial magnetism, and it is concluded that the latter mediates in the same way as light or heat, and that its rays are refracted in passing through certain bodies, such as crystals and iron. M. Zeigler says that the physiological effects of magnetism can be shown by concentrating its rays through a lens of soft iron on the heart of a rabbit, when circulatory disturbances will occur. Violent peristaltic movements are provoked by focusing in the same way the magnetic rays on the intestines. The effects thus produced on the bowels have been noticed by other medical observers, and the discovery will, it is believed, lead to important results in physics, physiology and medicine.

A Parisian Ant Merchant.

M. Grison, in "The Dark Corners of Paris," gives the following description of an ant merchant, a young woman named Blanche: "Her face and hands are tanned as though they had been prepared by some skillful tanner; she is clothed in buffalo skin, and in spite of this armor she is devoured by her stock in trade. But her skin has become so hardened and insensible from long practice that she can sleep surrounded with sacks full of her merchandise, undisturbed by their [illegible]. Mlle. Blanche has customers in the departments where there are extensive forests; she pay her employees [illegible] a day. Her business extends even as far as Germany. She never receives less than ten sacks (millers' sacks) of ants daily. The ants lay eggs, and these are used for feeding pheasants. At the present moment Mlle. Blanche is on the road to fortune."

A MAN is a good fellow until he gets an office that involves the disposal of patronage, and when he has done his best to please everybody he discovers, in the thousand ways by which disappointed friends can convey such an assurance, that he isn't that sort of a fellow at all.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Darwinianism.

Rudolf Schmid, President of the Theological Seminary at Schonthal, Wurtemburg, has done the reading public a great service in a volume on the theories of Darwin in their relation to philosophy, religion and morality. The public needs now and is ready for an analysis and calm estimate of the new theory of animal life on our globe. At no former date has it been in a frame of mind calm enough to make a fair estimate possible of the new descent of man. This work of Rudolf Schmid will not establish this Darwinian theory as a fact, but it will help all to understand the great and interesting question and to estimate its essential relations to a religious faith. The question of fact is at least shown to be a question of harmless fact; and such a result is at least shown to be a question of harmless fact; and such a result is of great value to an age which feels that its future depends rather upon a growth of religion than upon a decline. Darwin published his theory of natural selection in 1859. He was not the founder of this new temple but the finisher. The bottom stones had been put down and the coarser work done before our notorious scientist had come into being. It has often happened that honors have fallen upon the wrong forehead, or have at least been unjustly awarded. Bacon wears all the glory of a certain mode of reasoning, Morse carries all the telegraph laurels, Watt all the fame of the steam-engine. Thus our Darwin wears a fame which should be given in part to his ancestor, Erasmus Darwin, and in part to Lamarck, who first of all perhaps directed science toward the theory which now bears an English name. In 1801 and in 1809 this French student published a the invertebrate animals, and advocate idea that the higher order of animals, including man, had come up from the most simple organisms. His illustrations were the laughter of his day, just as we have all laughed at the more recent hint that our grandparents were monkeys. Lamarck labored under the two disadvantages of coming just after Linnaeus had drawn the world toward his principles and classifications, and the misfortune of being a Frenchman—a fact which made the men of the church fear that Lamarck was only some new shape of Voltaire or a remains of the Reign of Terror. The public was not ready even to listen much less to adopt. In truth, the Darwinian theory has consumed about a hundred years in getting into its present shape, and its present name comes not so much from justice or history as from the need each theory has of a name. This hundred of years has not brought anything like a demonstration of the notion that the human race came from the brute race, but they have brought an age which is not afraid to look coldly into the books of Lamarck and Darwin, and to affirm, if need be, that man might as well have come up slowly as rapidly, and might as well have risen up from an organism as from the dust of the earth. In the hands of this President Schmid the theory of selection seems almost to fall to the earth, so ably does he state the objections which rise up against its claims—objections which count the more now that simple hostility has passed away and has been followed by the general admission that the doctrine would not be harmful if true. If, as Darwin claims, use made legs for the serpent and wings for worms, there should be fort coming to the modern snake and the toad and tortoise of today should be growing wings, for they have long been engaged in the effort to get over the ground more quickly. Darwinianism in claiming that it may have taken many thousands of years of use to make a leg or wing, omits to state what was the sustaining philosophy of those thousands of years in which the new member could not be used! Did the animals grow these new limbs by a kind of cheering faith and hope? Were there Abrahams in the ancient oyster-beds? The only necessary tendency of all those theories, called for convenience Darwinian, is to induce the confession that man knows but little about the Being of God. But this littleness of our knowledge should clothe the Creator with only power and worship should rise more sublimely to the Jehovah of the nineteenth century than to one of the Jews or of the dark ages of Christian times.—*Prof. David Swing.*

RIPE tomatoes will remove ink and other stains from white cloth, also from the hands.

LAMP-WICK dipped in hot vinegar before using is said to [illegible] offensive smell from lamps.

Accidents Will Happen.

A farmer's wife bustled into a store in a town up the Hudson and went for the proprietor with: "Mr. Davis, I bought six pounds of sugar here the other day, and when I got it home I found a stone weighing three pounds in the package?" "Yes, ma'am." "Can you explain such a swindle, sir?" "I think I can," he placidly replied. "When I weighed your eight pounds of butter the other day, I found the three-pound stone in the crock, and when I weighed your sugar the stone must have slipped into the scales. We are both growing old, Mrs. Jones, and I presume our eyesight has become more or less affected." She looked at him for half a minute over her brass-bound spectacles; and then said she had three dozen eggs which she wanted to exchange for some hooks and eyes and red shirt-buttons.—*Wall Street News.*

OUR NEIGHBORS.

ANN ARBOR.

From the Courier.

Henry H. Cathins will represent the Young Men's Christian Association of the High School at the annual convention, to be held at Milwaukee, this week.

Every month or so there comes from the north a prediction concerning the extension of the Toledo road. Here is the last one, which appears in the Shiawassee American: The prospect now is that the Toledo, Ann Arbor and Northern railroad will soon be extended to the north-west by South Lyon, Durand, Corunna and Owosso.

Albert A. Van Denburg was arrested by deputy sheriff Palmer near Detroit on Saturday, charged with stealing sheep from Robert Martin, of Superior. He had in his possession at the time 72 sheep, all of which are supposed to have been stolen from farmers living north of Ypsilanti. Van Denburg is now confined in the county jail, and will probably have his examination before Justice Griffin, of Ypsilanti, sometime this week.

DEXTER.

From the Leader.

A. Mallion and family, formerly of Webster, have moved to the Grand Traverse county.

A daughter of J. D. Doane's from California, who has not been here before for thirty years, is now visiting relatives here.

Manny Vinkle has gone to Stockbridge to oversee the building of a house for himself. He is going into the lumber buisness there.

Last Monday morning before Justice Crane, John Dolan pleaded guilty of selling liquor to Joe Conklin, a minor, and was fined $25 and costs.

It seems rather early in the year to cut corn, but last Thursday Dr. Chase cut George Crane's corn, taking with it the whole little toe on his left foot.

On Thursday of last week, while Mr. James Clark, of Hudson, was absent from his home, some person to him unknown, entered his house, the door of which was fastened with a padlock, by drawing the staple. The house was ransacked, and some tax receipts and other papers, of no account except to the owner, taken. No clue to the trespasser.

SOUTH LYON.

From the Picket.

The Presbyterians of this place, on Tuesday, held a business meeting at their church and extended a call to Rev. G. D. Gourlay at $700 per annum.

Mrs. Lathrop, mother of Miss Carrie Hodgeman, has purchased the residence of R. Arnold on Lake street, and will rig it up and build thereto very soon.

Mr. Andy Laird will locate in South Lyon next week and engage in the business of buying produce of all kinds. He says farmers need not be afraid to raise any quanity of potatoes as he will purchase all they raise at the highest market price.

The tornado struck South Lyon and in its fury tore up 250 rods of fence for Mr. Marshall, took a wheel-barrow at Challet Calkins loaded with manure and hung it on a fence, took about 40 rods rail fence for Mr. Sherman and stuck the ends of the rails in the ground, tore off the stoops to Perrin Callon's house, and sped on to wreak its vengence on some other unfortunate community. We feel highly honored by being excused from further damage.

BRIGHTON.

From the Citizen.

Ruthvan White has bought a half interest in the Argus.

Philip Roper is building a 20x30 stock barn, on his farm in Green Oak.

August Lane, of Saline, and Luella Rice, of Brighton, were married at Howell Tuesday.

H. M. Rorabacher, of Webster township, has purchased the Cobb residence in this village, and will move here soon.

Mrs. Chas. Prout fell off the steps of the boarding train Friday, and was quite severely bruised and cut about her face.

Louis Meyer is erecting a new Iron Turbine wind engine for T. J. Conely.

Chas. Brooks has a new sheep barn, 20x40, just completed, on his farm.

Oscar E., seven-year-old son of Jefferson Weller, died, Wednesday, of dropsy of the heart.

Joseph Thayer is building a dwelling house on his farm three miles south of town.

W. H. Harder and Elnora Alvord, both of Conway, were married by Rev. R. Pattinson on Monday, May 11th.

FOWLERVILLE.

From the Review.

A one-year-old daughter of S. Dean, of Leroy township, died Saturday, May 12th, of inflammation of the liver.

Simon Kuhn, an old pioneer of this county, died at his home in Iosco Sunday May 13th, of typhoid fever, aged 63 years. The funeral services were held at the house, Tuesday, Rev. T. O. Hill officiating, and remains were interred in the dooryard.

Uriah Coffin, a much respected old resident of this village, died very suddenly of apoplexy, Wednesday night. He was about, apparently as well as usual in the morning and was at work at the bench in his shop when taken, about 10:30 o'clock, A. M. Dr. Austin was immediately summoned, but he was past medical aid, gradually sinking until about nine P. M., when he expired.

STOCKBRIDGE.

From the Sentinel.

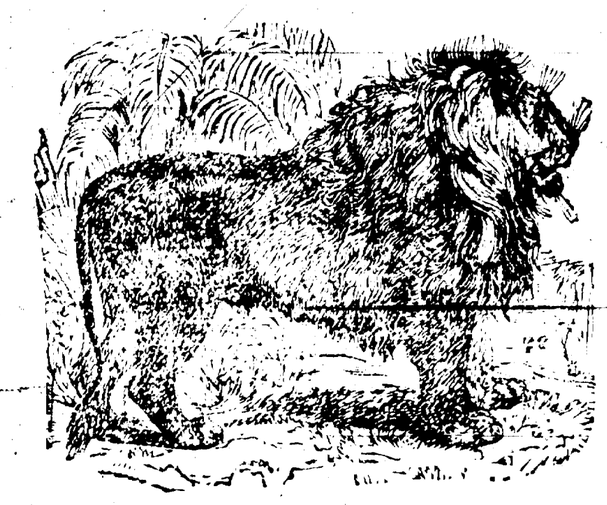
John Reshman sold his farm to his brother Henry, last Wednesday, for $1,800. John moves on to the Clark farm, where he takes an interest with his father, we understand.

Though much delay by the frequent rains, the grading east and west of town goes bravely on," much of the time.

May 7th, Joseph Bridge and son, on the Palmer farm, Lyndon, sheared a fleece from their ewe, "Nugget, jr." three years old, which weighed thirty eight pounds, of but eleven months growth.

Miss Susie Taylor, daughter of Elbridge Taylor, died of measles, last Friday afternoon. Funeral services at the Valley school house, by Elder Lowry of Waterloo. At this writing three others in the family are also sick with measles, but improving.

Emanuel Vinckle arrived yesterday with lumber and will commence building upon his lot right away. Some loads of machinery are also enroute via Chelsea for Stockbridge. We welcome Mr. Vinckle and his business associate, in the full assurance that energy and enterprise will be exhibited by them in whatever they may undertake.



Pinckney Dispatch.

JEROME WINCHELL, EDITOR.

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

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

ANOTHER mountain summit is to be conquered by steam the coming summer, provided Secretary Teller permits the construction of a cable tramway up Pike's Peak—a government reservation. The line will start from Manitou, and it is supposed that the summit, 14,200 feet away, can thus be reached in three hours. A stock company has been formed to carry out the project with a capital of $200,000, of which one-half has been subscribed, and it is said that work will begin as soon as permission is received.

WHATEVER motive may be at the bottom of Butler's remarkable zeal, or whatever phase of the question politicians may choose to consider, one thing is certain: the stir created by Benjamin in his "reform" is a new experience for the old Bay State. From present indications his reform is not to end with Tewksbury alms-house, for after he is through with the nastiness developed at the Tewksbury "tannery," the Industrial School for Girls and the State Insane Asylum will be shown up. It may be a question whether these searching examinations are to enhance his own glory or to promote the interests of the people, but so far the "charity" of Massachusetts has been shown to be naught but a "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal."

THE supply of salmon in the Columbia river, Oregon, is becoming so rapidly depleted as to seriously threaten the fishing and canning industries of that section and deprive lovers of salmon of their favorite fish. In fact, unless some action is taken toward increasing the supply of fish, the destruction of all the canneries is inevitable. Of course the only way this is possible is by prohibiting fishing for salmon for a certain period, or by "planting" three or four million young salmon each year, and of the two plans, the latter seems the wiser course to pursue. The people of Oregon are unwilling to go to the expense of this, and so long as it is the proprietors of the canneries who derive the most profit from this industry, it would seem that they ought to be willing to bear the expense, which would be but trifling to each of the forty canneries engaged in that business. The salmon catch this year will be unprecedently light, and it would be the part of wisdom to begin the work of replenishing the rapidly diminishing supply at once.

A BILL regulating the control of insane asylums, which has been pending in the Pennsylvania legislature, has at last passed both houses and been signed by the Governor. The bill is most humane in its provisions, placing, as it does, a safe-guard over those who, though sane, are sometimes confined in asylums, even in this enlightened land, and also over those who are rightfully confined there, but improperly treated. The bill provides that all places where the insane are kept for a compensation shall be subject to a board of charities, and be governed by rules and regulations adopted by that board. Books are to be kept, and everything about these instiutions are to be open for inspections not only by officials but by the friends of the patients confined in them. The measure was hotly contested in its passage, and bitterly fought by superintendents, whose power has hitherto been almost absolute. Violations of any of the provisions of the bill are to be punished as misdemeanors, and the whole bill commends itself to reformers in every state.

DR. MARY HOWARD, an American woman doctor, is creating quite a stir in social life in China. She attended the mother of Prince Li, Hung Chang, and although she did not save her life, she showed so much skill that she was called in to treat the wife of the great minister. From all parts of North China letters from the wives of mandarins and high officials letters are pouring in on her to come to them or to send other wise women from America. Eastern women of rank die with obscure diseases rather than submit to operations performed by male surgeons. An American physician who spent some time in Turkey was called in to prescribe for the wife of the Bey ill with typhoid fever. The patient was wholly covered with a sheet in which one hole was cut large enough for him to put his fingers in to feel her pulse, and another through which she thrust her tongue. Dr. Howard has been loaded not only with fees by her grateful patients, but jewelry, furniture and priceless curiosities enough to stock a bric-a-brac warehouse. Go East, young woman, go East!

THE most extraordinary and interesting subject brought before a Vienna clinic for many years was that of a little girl living in the city, Kleinmuller by name, and eighteen months old. The Vienna Neue Freie Presse reports the case with such evident fidelity that its truth must be accepted. The girl had shown for several days an utter aversion to food, and her mother finally took her to the general clinic for examination. The professors, perceiving that it was no common disorder, and ascertaining from the mother that the child on the night of March 13 had awakened suddenly with a loud scream from sleep, and continued in great pain for fourteen hours thereafter, determined to employ the gastroscope and explore her stomach with the aid of electricity. Not to enter into rather unpleasant details, they soon found the cause of disturbance, and extracted a mouse, minus the tail, which was subsequently removed. The only possible conclusion is that the mouse ran into the open mouth of the sleeping child, and down her gullet. Her immediate recovery was confidently expected.

SUNDAY, May 27th, is the day set apart for the Czar of Russia to clasp on his crown. Never in the history of Russia were such extreme precautions taken to prevent trouble as at the present time, and if these precautions avail anything there can be no doubt of a successful termination of the ceremonies. Moscow has for several days been under police and military guard. All cellars and store-houses are carefully searched for explosives, and the stranger must give a pretty clear account of himself before he is allowed to proceed. The magnificence of the coronation, as learned from the dispatches, will surpass anything ever witnessed, even in the long list of lavish autocrats of the old world. For what does it matter to his imperial majesty that the millions of roubles necessary to pay for this display are cruelly wrung from a poverty-ridden people? That in order to clear the way for this display, scores of lives have been sacrificed, and hundreds of others have been forced to leave home and all that was dear to them, and wear their lives out in far-off Siberia, the rights of manhood denied them, and sent forth branded as exiles.

OCCASIONALLY in the last ten years attention has been called by the Eastern press to the steady decadence of farming in New England and the falling off in the value of farming land, especially in Vermont and Massachusetts. But the real state of things is probably not fully understood by the public elsewhere. It is surprising to read in the Providence Journal that a farm of 160 acres with a comfortable house and barn is offered for sale in one of the towns of western Massachusetts for $800, and that this is by no means extraordinary or accidental, but a fair indication of the governing price of such property. The simple fact seems to be that, except in special cases, the rocky soil of New England requires a greater amount of labor every year and gives less and less returns. The profits of farming are below those of any other pursuits and still decreasing. Rural New Englanders have little advantage over Western farmers in the markets owing to the low rates of transportation. This man who wants to sell his farm for $800 can go to the Northwest, buy a quarter section of fertile land and realize more money than from his old place, with half the labor and expense.

About Peter Cooper.

The following account of what the life of the late venerable Peter Cooper covered, is furnished by "Gath" the New York correspondent. It shows that Mr. Cooper witnessed in his life more than any other man living in the present generation, and his life covered a remarkable period in the history of the country. Every one of the remaining body servants of Washington could hardly furnish such a record:

"He had seen the whole epoch of steam in this country, and was nearly a man when Robert Fulton set the first steam boat going on the North river, and was quite a man when Fulton's steam ferry began to operate to Brooklyn and New Jersey. He had seen all the conceivers of transportation, from Livingstone, Clinton, Fulton and Stephenson to Thomas Scott, Vanderbilt, Gould and Huntington. He had seen the majority of the American States arise and be born and takes names and enter the Union. He had lived in the administration of every American President. Vermont entered the Union the year he was born. He was a year old when Kentucky was admitted. He probably could read when Tennessee came into the Union. He was 11 years old when Ohio was admitted, and 21 when Louisiana came in. He was a married man when Indiana presented herself, and 27 years old when Illinois appeared."

How Much of the Doctrine of Evolution Beecher Believes.

"Many men, who believe in churches, say that it is a matter of grave doubt whether all natural phenomena cannot be accounted for by secondary causes. They read the works of Darwin, Spencer, Huxley, Tyndall and others. These writers have a clear style, and their utterances are frank and manly, not in the little sugared cooky style of religious discussion. I admire these writers. I have read them for years and years. Forty years ago I was inoculated with the doctrine of evolution. I found it in the Bible, and after scientific men accepted it I gladly accepted it. I hold it to-day more strongly than ever. I believe it will give Christianity more power than it has ever had, and more volume. But I do not accept all the grand principles of writers on evolution. The age is much indebted to Herbert Spencer for his study and presentation of the whole history of creation. On certain deep and subtle principles I differ with him, and not more in anything than in regard to agnosticism. I do think God is knowable, with proper limitations. If things in this world are evolved from foregoing elements, where did the force come from? Or the elements themselves? If a type can be traced back to the lowest form, where did that first form come from? Did natural law produce itself? Is nothing more powerful than something?

"It is not the same to ask where God came from. All material phenomena have causes, but in the region above matter the law is not the same. The law of cause and effect is in our cognition, and we must think that a creative force caused material things to be as they are. Much difficulty has arisen from the overpositiveness of theology. Its teachers overleap the bonds of the Scriptures. They have been supremely egotistical in their knowledge. Theology is voyaging from the icebergs of the north to the warmer waters of the south. The sacred Scriptures are modest as compared to theology. They present God as unknown and unknowable. No man can bound God. Such knowledge is not possible to him. The scope and grandeur of God cannot be grasped by the limited faculties of man. The animal development is first bodily and then cerebral. The eye of an eagle is far beyond the eye of the man, but his mind is far lower. The lion is far stronger than man but does not know as much. But man as an animal is first developed. In brain development there are both inferior and superior developments. The lower animals can only be trained in a very narrow limit. The dog cannot be taught anything about powder or the bird just shot. A horse is sagacious, but ask him what he would do in a time of dynamite revolution and he would say, 'neigh,' and canter off to the wilderness.

"There is an impassable gulf between the lower animals and man. In the human family there are grades, and the inferior in man or other animals cannot understand the superior. It is the same as to man and the power above him. He cannot understand. If we are told God is infinite we can only know that he is, but we cannot know what infinite is. Some men we find with the power of knowing and seeing things far beyond ordinary power. This power gives just a faint and remote conception of God's power. All the powers of men must be with a far wider scope in God Himself, with wonderful radiancy of taste, love and grace. It gives such a magnitudinous idea of God that no man can grasp it as cognizable. In any large sense God is unknowable. No man can sail round Him. It is not to be expected that men should know Him as they know each other. All of the problems of the mind cannot be wrought down to the tests of the senses. By obedience to God, He may become personally known as far as our faculties admit. We are going toward the full and perfect knowledge, in the light, glory, honor and love of the world beyond, where we will be forever with the Lord."

In a sermon on "Pain as an Educator," Mr. Beecher said that pain and sorrow were God's ministers, schoolmasters and police. They were vital to aid in evolving men. Men must be drawn up and thrust up. The former was done by joy and the latter by pain. Other animals than men suffer little. Their nervous systems were of a low grade, and there was no need of suffering to educate them. The calf needed no instruction to become an ox or a bull of Basham; he knew it all at first. But a baby has to learn. As the faculty of pleasure increases, so the susceptibility to pain increased. The process of human education went on to old age. Pain was a good thing that was perpetually lifting men; it was not punishment, but education.

There are said to be 100 practicing young lawyers in New Haven, Conn., whose income does not average $15 per week.

A BELL-BOY'S SECRETS.

Distinguished Hotel Guests and Their Peculiarities.

From the Chicago News.

"Front, take the gentleman's card to parlor. 7." A bell-boy, with hair the shade of shucks in the fall, went on the gallop with the silver plate, at the mandate of the diamond-decked clerk, of the Palmer. "A bell-boy in a hotel," said the clerk "has some chance to get a start if he understands his business. You ask that kid, on whom you have spent your sympathy, how much he makes. If he could be induced to tell the truth he will give you a good story."

It required a retainer to induce the chuck-haired youth to recover from his embarrassment, and then he wanted to begin by saying where he was born, and shed a tear over the early trials of his people. When he had passed all the mile-stones, he came down to the story. Sometimes he made as much as $12 a week on the outside. Ten dollars was a cold weather week, and no bell-boy who couldn't make that much in a first-class hotel in seven days, outside of his pittance of a salary, never rose to be a floor-walker or a steward.

"What's the name of that old man from down east—that fellow who was vice-president, or something of that sort, for half an hour down in Washington one day?" The boy recognized the name of Senator Bayard. "It seems to me," he resumed, "that he is a pretty old one to be so far away from home just for a frolic. He must want somethin' mighty bad." The listener sought to soothe the apparent unjust opinion of the urchin by remarking that Senator Bayard might be President some day. "It'll be a cold day when he is," the boy replied with promptness. "He hasn't spent a cent since he's been here. There hasn't been a ring of his bell since he went into his room. I've made a dozen trips there to-night with cards and things and I never got a glimpse of him. I never heard nothing from him but once. Then he came to the key-hole and said he didn't want to be annoyed any more, if he was he would get up and go to another tavern.

"Yes," resumed the boy, or, more properly man, for what had been at first a boy had developed into maturity. "I've waited on a good many big ones, and had chances to study 'em so that I can size up a man almost by the way he rings. The daisy men to wait upon are Mr. Ingersoll—I never would call him Bob—and Jere Black. I remember one time I made a run on Jere Black's room, and he says, 'How much did I give you on the first run?' 'Fifty cents.' 'Well,' says he, 'here's a $1.50.' He seemed as if he meant it when he gave it, and I put that in the bank just as I got it from him, and it's there yet. Mr. Ingersoll treats me more as I was brung up to believe Christians act than heathens. He always shakes hands with me, and talks with me, just as though I was necessary to him. 'Pon my soul, it always makes me feel mean to take any change from him. I am always winner at the rate of two and a half a day when he comes where I am. I wish they would put up Black for President and Mr. Ingersoll for Vice President. They'd ketch every hotel vote in the country."

The boy went on another run, and when he returned he seemed to have been attacked somewhere on the road with "dyspepsia." It makes me sick to have to go on a run for a woman's ring," he began. "They never want anything except somethin' from a drug store, or a magazine, and when you bring 'em back the change they look it over, and count it, and look at it, as if they wanted to say, 'how much did you steal?' There's one woman—I should say lady—who is an exception—that's Mrs. Logan, wife of the Senator. She beats him all holler. She never rings when she is in a hotel unless she wants somethin', and every ring she gives is worth a half case. I would vote for Senator Logan if he was runnin' for President, on account of his wife, Miss Logan."

"Who is worth the most to you, a Democrat, or a Republican?"

"Democrat, especially when they room together. I remember one nigh when Mr. Watterson, a newspaper editor in Kentucky, and Mayor Harrison and Mr. Tom. Hoyne and somebody else had a room together. My, what a gallus time they had. I bought one of Mr. Watterson's papers a few days after that, and the meanest thing I ever read was in his paper, written from here, about Mr. Mayor Harrison. I never heard of our Mayor gamblin', but I've always had a sneaking notion he "called" the Kentuckian that night."

"You were here when the last Republican national convention met?"

"Oh, my! Then he covered himself and remarked in a reviving tone, "It always makes me have the heart disease to think of that time. I think if I had been a delegate to that convention, knowin' what I saw and havin' a gift of gab, I could have made my reputation in one speech. Talk about a picnic! Why it was a circus with picnics for side-shows and a brass band for every act. Why, I saw Don Cameron and Mr. Arthur have a quarrel which I thought would result in a fight, and I saw Mr. Conklin make them make up and shake. Do you remember that feller from Texas who said he wanted everything he could get—I forget his name. Well, I heard him tell Mr. Foster of Ohio one night that if he ever hinted somthin'—I don't know what it was—he'd mop up the sidewalk with him. But it came near ruinin' Potter Palmer. I don't wonder at his being a Democrat. The nicest man I came across here durin' them stormy times was Senator Brace. He never seemed to think he was any better than anybody else, and he never met me that I didn't get a quarter, no matter whether he wanted anything or not. What was the name of that little man who wanted Mr. Blaine to beat Mr. Grant. Frye—yes, I think I could have been hired to tell him something one night that he asked me. What a red circus that was. I never expect another, if I was to live until my body got as big as David Davis.

"Actors are liberal," he said. "They want a heap, but they are willing to pay for it. Miss Abbott is an awful nice little one, and throws silver half dollars over the transoms when you take her up apollinaris. But if ever Catherine Lewis comes to this house while I'm here, I am going to ask for a vacation. Never mind askin' me anything. But there's a woman would break up any hotel on earth, if she stayed at it long enough. It don't require a very fly bell boy to tell a new married couple. Some times they try hide it by doublin' the hush money, but it is no use. What becomes of us when we grow up? Generally get to be a night clerk if we are honest, and then a day clerk, and when a day clerk gets a solid sit in a first-class hotel, he's good for about anything that happens to strike him. There's nothin' too good for a hotel clerk if he can throw sand in the drop's eyes. What I have said is straight, and the bar-keeper knows it. When I get through a runnin' calls my ambition is to be the main take of the gin mill."

Josh Billing's Guide to Health.

Never run into debt, not if yu can find anything else to run into.

Be honest, if you can; if you kant be honest pray for health.

Marry yung, and if yu make a hit, keep cool and don't brag about it.

Be kind to yure mother-in-law, and, if necessary pay for her board at some good hotel.

Bathe thoroly once a week in soft water, kastel sope, and avoid tite boots.

Exercise in open air, but don't saw wood until yu are obliged to.

Laff every time yu feel tickled, and laugh once in a while anyhow.

Eat hash washing days, and be thankphul if you have to shut your eyes to do it.

Hold the baby half the time, and allwuss start the fire in the morning and put on the tea-kittle.

Don't jaw back—it only proves that yu are az big a phool az the other phello.

Never borrow what you are able to buy and allwass have some things yu won't lend.

Never get in a hurry; yu can walk a good deal further in a day than yu can run.

Don't sware; it may convince yu, but it is sure not to convince others.

If yu have daughters let yure wife bring them up; if she has got common sense she can beat all yure theorys.

Don't drink too much nu cider, and, however mean yu may be, don't abuse a kow.

Not Left Out.

There were five of 'em on the corner. One said that his wife was cleaning house and had every room upset.

The second observed that he had just left six painters at work on his house.

The third said he was tearing out partitions and building on a wing.

The fourth smiled sadly, and added that he was going to have four ceilings whitewashed, three rooms re-papered, a chimney torn out, and his hall widened.

"Gentlemen," said the fifth man as he drew a long breath, "I don't want to be looked upon as one who is trying to crawl out of his fair share of this world's misery, and I therefore take this opportunity of informing you that in order to buy new carpets and a parlor suite I have been obliged to mortgage my house, and shall probably lose it."

The Junior Partner was Satisfied.

McCann, the porter, was late at the store yesterday morning. The junior partner tackled him.

"Patrick, you are very late this morning?"

"Yes, sor; but I belated messel' at the dapo to say an old friend off, sor."

"Just so. Was he going so very far, then?"

"Shure, sor, an' I can't be sworn—the resate fur him call'd Cincinnati fur the first shtopping place!"

"Indeed! How is that?"

"Faith, he died widout lavin' any further directions, sor."

The junior partner had no more to say.

Minnie—No, there is no stated rule for writing love letters, but a few general hints like the following may be of use: You should write on foolscap paper, and bear on as soft as you can, using such words or burning love that they will sizzle on the point of the pen. It is also advisable to sling in a hank of pathos occasionally, such as "Dearest James, I love you with a love larger than an elephant's. I think of you every day, and by-and-by when the days grow longer shall think of you twice a day." You might also put an ink blot in the corner, with the observation, "Darling, I kissed this spot," or "I have a sigh in this vicinity."—Oil City Derrick.

A TRIBUTE TO LINCOLN.

At the re-union of the Army of the Potomac, held in Washington on the 16th and 17th of May, George Alfred Townsend delivered the following poem, the reading of which was frequently interrupted by storms of applause.

Civil soldiers, reassembled by the river of your fame,
Ye who saw the Virgin City bathed in Washington's clear name,
Which of all your past commanders doth this day your memory haunt,
Scott, McDowell, Burnside, Hooker, Meade, McClellan, Halleck, Grant!

There is one too little mentioned when your proud reunions come,
And the thoughtful love of country dies upon the sounding drum;
Let me call him in your muster, let me wake him in your grief,
Captain by the constitution, Abram Lincoln was your chief.

Ever nearest to his person, ye were his defense and shield.
He alone of your commanders died upon the battlefield.
All your generals were his children leaning on him, childish-willed,
And they all were filial mourners 'round the mighty tomb he filled.

Tender as the harp of David his soft answers now become,
When amid the cares of kingdoms rose and fell some Absalom;
And his humor gilds his memory like a light within a tent,
Or the sunken sun that lingers on the lofty monument.

Let the slave that saw the sunrise with his face toward the west,
As it flashed as yet 'twas hidden on a slender steeple's crest;
So while Victory turned her from him ere the dawn in welcome came,
On his pen emancipation glittered like an altar flame.

Feeling for the doomed deserter, feeling for the drafted sire,
For the empty northern hearthstone and the southern home afar;
Mercy kept him grim as Moloch, all the future babes to free,
And eternal peace to garner for the millions yet to be.

Not a soldier of the classics, he could see through learned pretense,
Master of the greatest science, military common sense.
As he watched your marches, comrades, hither, thither, wayward years
In his map the roads you followed you can trace them by his tears.

In the rear the people clamored, in the front the generals missed,
In his inner councils harbored critic and antagonist,
But he ruled them by an instinct like the queens among the bees,
With a health of soul that honeyed Publicans and Pharisees.

Faint of faith we look behind us for a chief of higher tone,
While the voice that drowned the trumpets were the echo of our own.
Ever thus, my old companions, genius has us by the hand,
Walking in the tempest with us, every crisis to command.

Like the bugle blown at evening by some homesick son of art,
Lincoln's words unearthly quiver in the universal heart.
Not an echo left of malice, scarce of triumph in the strain,
As when summer thunder murmurs in pathetic showers of rain.

Years forever concentrated here he lived where duties be,
Never crying on the climate or the toil's monotony.
Here his darling boy he buried and the night in vigil wept,
Like his Lord within the garden while his tired disciples slept.

How his call for men went ringing round the world like a bell,
And the races of creation came the proud revolt to quell.
Standing in the last reaction of the rock of human rights,
Worn and mournful grew his features in the flash of battle lights.

Once like Moses on the mountain looked he on the realm he won,
When the slaves in burning Richmond knelt and thought him Washington
Then an envious bravo snatched him from the theatre of things
To become a saint of nature in the pantheon of kings.

Faded are the golden chevrons, vanished is the pride of war,
Mild in heaven his moral glory lingers like the morning star.
And the freemen's zone of cotton his white spirit seems to be,
And the insects in the harvest beat his army's reveille.

All around him spoiled or greedy, women vain and honor spent,
Still his faith in human nature lived without discouragement.
For his country which could raise him barefoot to the monarch's height,
Could he mock her of his mother, though her name she could not write?

Deep the wells of humble childhood, cool the spring beside the hut,
Millions more as poor as Lincoln see the door he has not shut.
Not till wealth has made its canker every poor white's cabin through,
Shall the great republic wither or the infidel subdue.

Stand around your great commander, lay aside your little fears;
Every Lincoln carries freedom's car along a hundred years.
And when next the call for soldiers rolls along the golden belt,
Look to see a mightier column rise and march prevail and melt.

A Sincere Prayer.

The Training School Tidings.

"One of God's little ones," a colored aunty of the south, prayed thus:

"Now Fadder, it is one more time you have permitted your unworthy servant to be knee-bent, body-bowed in the capacity for a prayer-meeting, bow my heart beneath my knees, and my knees way down in some lonesome valley where prayer and supplication are much needed at this present time. Now Fadder, bless all the sisters dat is knee-bent and body-bowed with me this evening; bless de one dat called on your unworthy servant to pray.

"Oh, my Fadder and my God, ever bless our white missionary sister dat come from a foreign country, and hap turned out to expound de word to us this evening. Ever go with her and stand by her; feed her when she is hungry, clothe her when she is naked; go before her as a leading light, and just behind her as a strong angel; prop her up on the right and on the left; don't let her get no ways uneary on the way. Now my Fadder and strong-armed God, bless my pastor whose head is blooming for the grave; rough-shod him with the gospel of peace; don't let him git no ways weary nor discouraged by the way, tell him 'tis de Fadder's good pleasure to give him the kingdom, by and by. Oh, my Fadder and Daniel's God, how long, how long will you keep your unworthy servant praying for her companion?

"Oh, oh oh my Fadder, bless my companion this evening, turn him all the way round; turn his back towards hell, and his face towards de star-pole in de kingdom; call him by his name; tell him if he don't repent, his soul will be damned. Bless de off-springs of my body; teach me how to bring dem up, and de way you would have dem go; you know who I am in duty bound to pray for. Bless de world as universe, and all the way round, every foot dat trod de sod, and ship dat sailed de briny ocean.

"Now my Fadder and my God, you have said in your word, it's not for long prayers nor much speaking, but son and daughter give me thy heart and I will give you eternal life. Accept of this prayer from your poor unworthy servant, and when I am done wid de world and the world done with me, lower my body to my other dusty, watery grave in peace, receive my soul on high, and my soul says Amen."

They Wanted Harmony.

Carl Pretzel.

A discontented couple had for months been devising schemes in order that happiness might once more perch on the center table of their home.

The husband loved his children and his home, and his wife. The wife loved her husband, the babies and her home, nevertheless, they quarreled constantly.

At last the husband said that he would comply with any request the wife might make for the sake of harmony.

"Agreed," said the wife. "You want harmony and so do I; give me fifteen dollars."

"Am I compelled to buy the commodity we seek?" asked the husband.

"Yes; a part of it," replied the lady.

"All right; I will pay that amount, that our purpose may be accomplished. But you will have no objection to explain what use you intend to make of the money," said the husband.

"None in the least. But those 'Langtry bangs' are so lovely, and I can obtain them for fifteen dollars, and I will be so good to you. Now give me greenbacks, and you'll have harmony and I will have hair-money, too."

A Thrifty Man.

Arkansaw Traveler.

"I cannot give my consent to your marriage with my daughter," said a father to an ardent lover.

"On what grounds do you base your objections?"

"On the grounds that you are a poor man, have no trade or profession, and are by no means capable of supporting a wife."

"Oh, that's it, eh! Look here," and he took out several papers showing that he owed four or five hundred dollars. "Don't this prove that I am a thrifty man; what more can you ask?"

"I can ask for nothing more. You have shown your ability. Take my daughter."

"I am thankful," said the young man. "I have only one more request."

"That the marriage shall take place immediately?"

"No; that you will lend me enough money to buy me a suit of clothes and pay the preacher. Let me see how much will be necessary. I can stand the preacher off. Let me have fifty dollars and your daughter shall be my wife."

The Most Wonderful Thing.

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A correspondent asked a Zuni Chief who came East last fall:

"What of all you saw in your journey impressed you most with the superiority of the white men over the Indians?"

The father of the Zunis turned his eyes toward me, and answer slowly:

"The ease with which they can get water. The white man takes the river into the walls of his house. By turning a little iron stick he can get that which we pray for all our lives."

This was the mind of the Zuni, the inhabitant of the barren, rainless land, the triumph of civilization.

I asked him if he wanted to go back to the States, and he said:

"Yes, I grow strong with anxiety that that I may grow again."

What He Wanted to Find Out.

A firm hired a new bookkeeper the other day, and on the second morning he failed to put in an appearance until 10 o'clock. Then he came to the office in such a condition that the senior partner felt called upon to say:

"Sir, you are drunk!"

"Yesh, shir," was the prompt reply.

"Do you suppose I want a drunken bookkeeper?"

"I doan' know, shir—I doan' know. Thas what I called f'r this morning—to find out, whether you want me to keep sober all 'er time or drunk all 'er week! Perfectly willin' to 'blige shir—perfectly willin'."

To Merchants and Farmers.

Send address to the Mutual Manufacturing Co., No. 9 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, and receive by return mail a circular and a sample of the cheapest and best barbed wire ever made.

Mr. and Mrs. Spoopendyke.

Brooklyn Eagle.

"Say, my dear," whispered Mr. Spoopendyke, closing the door carefully and approaching his wife with a broad grin on his visage. "Say, my dear, Specklewottle's down stairs in the parlor. He has come to take dinner with us!"

"Great gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Spoopendyke, dropping her work and bustling up to the glass to arrange her hair. "What did he come to-day for? Don't he know it's wash day?"

"He came for dinner!" retorted Mr. Spoopendyke, turning pale around the lips. "What d've s'pose he came for, to be washed? What's wash day got to do with it? Think the man can be soaked in a tub and hung over the clothes line with a measley wooden pin astride the small of his back? Well, he didn't, he came for grub, and you want to hustle around and get it pretty lively for him, or I'll begin to serve up things myself before long!"

"But, my dear," remonstrated Mrs. Spoopendyke, "there nothing in the house! The clothes—"

"Then serve up the clothes!" roared Mr. Spoopendyke, who had utterly forgotten the day of the week when he invited his friend, and now wanted his wife to get out of the scrape somehow, and at the same time not let him down with Specklewottle. "Just put the clothes on a platter and set 'em before him!"

"You don't imagine he would want to eat the clothes, do you?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, innocently.

"Just try him!" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke, enraged at the idea of being taken literally. "Just try him and sling in some of the natural grace you always put on at the table! 'Mr. Specklewottle, have some of this fricaseed petticoat?'" and Mr. Spoopendyke held out the legs of his trousers as a woman holds her skirts and waltzed around the room. "'Mr Specklewottle, have a little of this poached night shirt? Now, Mr. Specklewottle, do try one of those fried socks, and a slice of the pillow sham! Dear Mr. Specklewottle, please let me help you to a piece of this shirt and a pair of stuffed cuffs! I made them myself, and though they are not as good as— that's the way to do it!" continued Mr. Spoopendyke, suddenly concluding his remarks with a war whoop, and presenting himself before his wife all out of breath. "Think you've got that bill of fare all right? See your way to a successful dinner party now?"

"There's some cold shad, down stairs, and I think there is a raw ham in the cellar," ruminated Mrs. Spoopendyke, regarding her husband with a startled look of inquiry, as if asking if he thought Specklewottle would mind the meat being raw and the fish a trifle cold."

"That's what he wants!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke. "Bring forth the shad that froze to death in the house of Spoopendyke! Produce the ham with a crumpled horn that milked the shad that froze to death in the house of Spoopendyke! Develop the measly banquet and let joy be unconfined! Ain't you got any more sense than a bunghole? Think I'm going to bring the aristocracy here to fatten on dead fish and live hogs? How long are you going to let that man sit down stairs in a state of starvation? Where's that roast beef I brought home the other day?"

"I think we ate that all up the day it came home," sighed Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Do you mean that roast with the queer little sticks in it?"

"The same," replied Mr. Spoopendyke, nerving himself for another ordeal. "Did we eat the sticks? Am I to understand that there is not one little dogasted stick left of all that affluent luxuriousness? Lift the impenetrable vail of obscurity off the secluded bower of the shrinking sticks," he yelled, as it dawned on him that Specklewottle was in the parlor waiting to be fed, and that the social problem was no nearer solution than when he started. Let us unravel the mystery that hangs like a pall over the fate of the unhappy sticks, that they may come forth and fructify Specklewottle," and in the excess of his emotion Mr. Spoopendyke, gasped for breath, and resting his hands on his knees, looked as if he were inviting his wife to a little game of leapfrog.

"There's some lettuce in the house, and I bought some strawberries to-day, and I could cook the steak I had saved over for breakfast," murmured Mrs. Spoopenyke, coming out triumphantly at the end, woman like. "And I will put on my new wine colored satin, and we will give him a nice supper."

"Going to put that wine colored satin on the shad or the ham?" howled Mr. Spoopendyke, who had a man's idea that a dinner is not a dinner until it is roasted. "Think I brought that man here at six o'clock in the afternoon to take breakfast? Got some kind of a notion that cold fish, raw ham, wormy lettuce, green strawberries and a fried cow are going to satisfy the cravings of a man who has just won a bet of a dinner on—," but here Mr. Spoopendyke stopped short. The last revelation was unintentional.

"Was it a bet, dear?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, opening her eyes in astonishment. "If I had known that and you had given me time, I would have had a nice supper for you. I really think—"

"That settles it," squealed Mr. Spoopendyke, mad at himself for what he had done, and angrier still as he must explain to Specklewottle how he was fixed. "When you commence to think the free list is entirely suspended. Some day when I catch you thinking, I'm going to drive a spigot in your head and advertise science on tap; hock science a dime extra; free lunch from 11 to 1."

And with this prospectus Mr. Spoopendyke dashed down stairs and explained to Mr. Specklewottle that, owing to Mrs Spoopendyke having a severe headache, they had better postpone the dinner or go to a restaurant.

"I don't care," murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke, drawing a paper of candies from an upper bureau drawer. "I don't care; it must have been a very important thing they bet on, when cold shad warmed over and a nice beefsteak isn't good enough to pay it. Anyway, he'll be glad of it for breakfast, and the next time he brings a man here to dinner he'll pick out some other day than Monday. Though I suppose that Mr. Specklewottle will go home and tell his wife that we don't have anything to eat here from one week's end to the other. Anyhow, she owes me a call, and I hear that the dressmaker disappointed her all last week, so she won't pay much attention to what he does say." And Mrs. Spoopendyke went down to her supper of strawberries and lettuce, while her husband took it out with Specklewottle in fillets of beef and yellow Cliquot.

Importance of Roots, Herbs and Barks for the Cure of Chronic Diseases.

If the same amount of time in research and experiments had been expended on the vegetable kingdom as have been on the mineral for the cure of human ills, there would be much less disease and suffering in our land to day; for there are herbs provided by our Heavenly Father, to cure all diseases, if we but seek them out and test their virtues; and when properly combined, there is no disease but will yield to their curative powers. The discoveries of each succeeding day convince us of the importance of attending more strictly to the use of herbs, roots, barks, &c., for the treatment of *all diseases*. The most uninviting and noxious weeds frequently give relief in almost hopeless cases.

But, experiments on this subject have been too much neglected. Many of our best and most experienced physicians have within the last few years, largely changed their mode of treatment and are now using roots, herbs, etc., instead of minerals, such as mercury, arsenic, zinc and lead, which have done more to injure and break down the human system, all over the land, than any and all other causes. The patient calls his physician and relies on him to cure and bring him through a protracted illness, but, how frequently it is that the patient feels the injurious effects of the poisonous medicine in his or her system all through their remaining days.

We have known many cases, which have come under our own personal observation, where the patient has been covered with Salt Rheum, or Scrofulous Sores, and, where outward applications were used to heal these sores, and when healed over were pronounced cured; but, soon made their appearance on another part of the body in a much more aggravating and sickening form. It is very foolish and absurd to teach, or believe that such diseases as Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Rheumatism, or Neuralgia, all of which are caused by diseased and impure blood, can be cured by any other treatment than that which will first cleanse the blood of its impurities.

If those who suffer from these diseases would think for a moment as to what was the direct cause of Scrofula or Salt Rheum, they could readily understand why it is that outward applications work more injury than good. In Salt Rheum, the blood and fluids seem to be impregnated with a fiery element, which, when discharged through the pores upon the surface of the body, inflames and burns, until in his efforts for relief, the patient tears the skin with his nails, and not until the blood flows, does sufficient relief come to cause him to desist. Then the patient will grasp at anything he may see advertised, and there are scores of people who are eager to make money even at the expense of the poor sufferer, and who advertise that these, the *worst of all diseases*, can be cured by applying salves, or by bathing. The latter, we admit, is very necessary, for it helps greatly in opening the pores and largely prevents the extreme inflammation arising from this acrid discharge. But, we challenge the world to produce a single case where a permanent cure has ever been effected by any treatment, other than that of purifying the blood, and to do this, all know that we must begin at the primary cause or root of this terrible disease, viz: the Liver and Kidneys, for, by the derangement of these, the most important organs of the body, the poisonous or effete matter, which should pass off with the insensible perspiration outwardly, or the waste matter of the system inwardly, is sucked up with all its impurities and enters into and circulates in the blood until the whole system is impregnated with *uric or lithic acid*, and it soon shows itself on the skin in small watery blisters, discharging an acrid fluid, causing heat, inflammation and intense itching. Nothing short of a Remedy that will restore the Liver and Kidneys to healthy action and that will nourish and strengthen the debilitated system and thus supply the veins with pure and rich blood, can be of any avail.

Rheumatic Syrup has proven itself to be the safest and most effective remedy to regulate the liver and kidneys, and for expelling all impurities from the blood yet offered to the human family It is a compound of fruits, herbs, roots and barks, entirely free from all mineral or poisons of any kind, and acts direct on the liver, kidneys and blood, building up the debilitated system, leaving the patient free from the injurious effects in after years, such as is experienced after the use of mercury, arsenic, and other mineral substances. Whenever it has been used for any derangement of the liver, kidneys, or digestive organs, or for skin and blood diseases, its effects have been so marked and the improvement so plain that it was unnecessary to ask the patients if they were being benefitted by its use, for the life-like expression of the eye, the color on the cheek, the elastic step, the clear voice all told you that Rheumatic Syrup was doing its work, and that the title of "The Greatest Blood Purifier Known" rightfully belonged to it.

If you are a sufferer from Salt Rheum, Scrofula, Rheumatism, or Neuralgia, or if your blood is thin and unhealthy, rely on Rheumatic Syrup and be cured by its use.

Druggists sell it. Send for a circular of testimonials from those who have been cured of diseases so extraordinary that they desire to let their fellow-sufferers know of their superior merits. Manufactured by the Rheumatic Syrup Co., Rochester, N. Y.

For mice-gnawed trees, a correspondent of the Germantown Telegraph recommends covering the wounds with grafting wax at once, then pile earth and pack it around high above the place to keep covered, as it will settle and wash down some. This, if done early, will save thousands of trees that have been injured by mice and rabbits. Make wax of one pound of beeswax to four pounds resin and a half pint of linseed oil. If too soft add more resin; if too hard, more oil. The wounds must not be neglected till they are hard and dry.

A foe to God was never a friend to man.—Young.

Circumstantial Evidence.

A party of Georgia gentlemen were conversing upon the subject of circumstantial evidence, when one remarked that if he was a juror on a case where the life and liberty of a man was at stake no circumstantial evidence, however strong and well connected, could influence him against the accused sufficiently to render a verdict of guilty. He said that he had at one time been arraigned and tried for his life, and narrowly escaped an ignominious death. He had a difficulty at night with a young man, and was so exasperated that he threatened to kill him before morning. He went to his room, and his room-mate, observing his excited manner, asked him what was the matter. He replied that he had just had a difficulty with Ben Jones, and that he intended to kill him before he slept. His room-mate tried to quiet him, but he was determined and would listen to nothing he said.

He seized his pistol, rushed from the room, and was soon on Jones' track. Within half an hour from the time he left his room with a pistol in hand Jones was a dead man, weltering in his blood; a pistol shot had killed him just as the man who was hounding him was about to fire. Annoyed and confounded at seeing his intended victim fall simultaneously with the report of some other man's pistol, he rushed to the spot and bent over Jones' lifeless body, his own pistol still in hand, when a police officer appeared and arrested him. One barrel of the pistol he had was empty; all the others were loaded. Thus the evidence was conclusive, and after sentence had been passed on the innocent man the real culprit on his dying bed confessed his guilt.—*Rome (Ga.) Bulletin.*

What Parisians Dine Upon.

Paris is no longer the gastronomic paradise that it was of old. The Parisians dine on the architecture of set dishes, on damask linen, on the brilliancy of the glassware, on the flowers that are on the table, on the white cravats of the waiters, but on butter at 30 cents a pound, and on ordinary wine from the wine shops round the corner, on fish with the bones painted in bistre on the fillets by one of those mysterious and ingenious artists whose specialty it is to do "kitchen painting." The inventor of this industry was one named Chapellier, who invented the trade of "painter of turkey's feet." He had noticed that the poulterers lost largely on stale stock. The sign by which the staleness of a turkey, for instance, is betrayed is the increasing paleness of the legs and feet. Chapellier invented a varnish to tone up the color. His successors have invented many other tricks which are the providence of second-class game and fish dealers. Oh, the meanness of some apparently brilliant Parisian households is awful to think of! I think, perhaps, the painter Ziem's table is the most phenomenal. Ziem hires half the dishes by the hour, and the guests are, of course, not allowed to touch them. The dessert is generally in wax, except one plate of cheap apples and a dish of nuts!—*Correspondent New Y*

"Love me love my dog" sometimes shows itself in a very extravagant demonstration of feeling toward the favored cur. For instance: A party in Cincinnati not long sinc extended an order to the widely-known jeweler of the Pacific coast, Mr. E. F. Badgley, whose superb establishment is at 205 Montgomery street, San Francisco, for a dog collar in gold and silver quartz set in solid gold, which cost $300. Who would not be a dog catcher and rake in hounds thus decorated. Speaking of quartz reminds us that the most beautiful specimens in existence are owned by Mr. Badgley, and his orders for quartz jewelry and quartz specimens are received from all over the world—the agent of the British Museum offering him $450 recently for a single specimen. Next to his enthusiasm for St. Jacobs Oil, which cured him of a most severe attack of rheumatism, Mr. Badgley's highest interest is centered in his great specialty—quartz specimens and quartz jewelry. —*Oregon Exchange.*

Experiments on the Eye.

That sensations of light may be produced by mechanical irritation of the nerve of the eye is now shown to be the case, by observations recently made by Schmidt-Kimpler, on persons from whom an eye had been removed not long before. A blunt instrument was pressed against that part of the orbit in which the stump of the nerve was situated, and the observations were made in a room almost completely dark. Of six persons, in two pressure on this spot always caused a flash of light on the side of the enucleated eye, and one of them averred that the sensation exactly resembled that which he had before experienced when the eye-ball was galvanized; the same patients experienced a similar sensation when the stump of the nerve was galvanized. The negative result in other cases is explained by the more complete atrophy of the nerve, or greater retraction of the stump.

Brain Work.

Brain work that taxes too severely and exhausts the imaginative faculty is sure to bring upon itself a sudden and terrible reaction. This is a point beyond which imagination and invention cannot proceed. Hence it is that so many of the most brilliant poets and novelists pass the end of their days in mental imbelicity or prostration. They have strained one faculty at the expense of the rest.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Married Women in the English Mills.

Married women seldom think of forsaking the mill while their family is increasing, until, indeed, the number of little children—who must not be left altogether without some one to take care of them—should be so large as to make it as cheap to stay at home as to pay a substitute, and their only hope of release is from some of the older children being able to supply their mother's place. I could name more than one case where the aggregate yearly earnings of the family are nearer £300 than £200. Still, the mother trudges off to the mill daily along with her husband and her grown-up sons and daughters. The mill is the unfailing resort for employment, and is much preferred by the female section of the community to domestic service, on account of the greater freedom and better pay, for a smart young weaver or spinner is soon expert enough to earn 18s or 21s per week, beside having her evenings and Sundays all to herself. Talk of money-hunters in the better classes of society, the "lass" with the sturdy frame and the deft hand to earn big wages, like the boy with the cake, will have many friends, anxious to be placed on even a more familiar footing.

Steam Tricycles.

It seems an unfortunate thing that a steam tricycle should be subject to the same legal restrictions as a ponderous traction engine, but so it is. The rider of such a mechanical horse must confine himself to a snail's pace, and must be preceded by a man carrying a red danger-flag. There is a little doubt, however, that if the steam tricycle be brought to perfection, and proves itself safe and well under control, the law would be modified in favor of such a convenient mode of traveling. Sir T. Parkyn's steam tricycle has now been for some time before the public, but for the reasons just explained its use is impossible in our thoroughfares. Notwithstanding this the machine has undergone many improvements. As it is necessary that a motor for this purpose should be of the lightest description, the engine employed is small, but is run at a high speed, being connected with the driving axle of the tricycle by means of gearing. The fuel used is liquid, and of such a nature that it can be volatilized into inflammable gas at the point of combustion. The whole of the machinery packs into a small space below and behind the rider's seat. The steam is condensed, so that there is no nuisance of escaping steam, and from the nature of the fuel there can be no smoke.—*London Graphic.*

PRINCE CHARLES, the brother of the German Emperor, is said to be the greatest smoker in Germany. He consumes from eighteen to twenty strong Havanas every day, and is reported to possess a cigar-holder by which he is enabled to smoke three cigars at one time. The Prince is now 81 years old, is strong and active, still follows game in the field, works daily over military affairs, and wears no spectacles.

IT is proverbially hard to define a gentleman. Many standards exist, some of them very curious. A gentleman of Washington city, in describing a friend of his recently, has perhaps added another and useful definition to the list. "Yes," he said, "Judge —— is very much of a gentleman; he used to play poker with Jeff. Davis."

THE town of Durham, N. C., with 4,000 inhabitants, stands on the spot where Johnston surrendered to Sherman, seventeen years ago. It was then a pine barren.

LEGAL NOTICES.

PROBATE ORDER.—STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Livingston, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Livingston, holden at the Probate Office in the village of Howell, on Wednesday, the ninth day of May, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-three.—Present, GEORGE W. CROFOOT, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of

SARAH A. LA RUE, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Furman G. Rose, praying that a certain instrument now on file in this court, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, may be admitted to probate.

Thereupon, it is ordered that *Tuesday, the 5th Day of June* next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be holden at the Probate Office, in the village of Howell, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted. And it is further ordered that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the PINCKNEY DISPATCH, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Livingston, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

GEORGE W. CROFOOT,
Judge of Probate.

(A true copy.)