

PINCKNEY DISPATCH.

VOL. I.

PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1883,

NO. 27.

PINCKNEY DISPATCH

JEROME WINCHELL, PUBLISHER.

ISSUED THURSDAYS.

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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. PEABCE, 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. Teachers will be in waiting to best 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.

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

MARY VAN FLEET, Cor. Sec.

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

F. A. STOLER, Com.

L. D. BROOKAW, R. K.

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

C. D. VANWINKLE, W. M.

C. V. VANWINKLE, R. K. 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 constantly on hand.
PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN.

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

L. W. 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 BROS. DRUG STORE,
PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN.

WE HAVE OPENED
A REPAIR SHOP
In connection with our store, repairing neatly done. Give us a call. Cash for hides and pelts.
West of hotel.
W. B. HOFF.

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

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

A. L. HOYT
CARPENTER & JOINER.
For information inquire at Teeple & Cadwell's Hardware.
PINCKNEY, MICH.

NEW MEAT MARKET.
ALFRED DEVEREAUX,
Dealer in
FRESH AND CURED MEATS,
At the old stand on Howell St. PINCKNEY.
Will keep first class stock and sell at reasonable prices. A share of the public patronage is solicited.

FARM FOR SALE.
Eighty acre farm (sixty acres plowed and five miles west of Pinckney and three miles from Unadilla, on the Pinckney and Milan road, also on line of T. T. Railroad. Good house and barn. Fine Orchard and spring of cold water. Also several acres of timber. Call now and see farm while the crops are growing; will be sold on easy terms. This is a very desirable home. Apply on premises.

JAMES PANGBORN.
Desirable lots for sale.
A few desirable business lots for sale at reasonable prices. Enquire of
CHRISTIAN BROWN,
at the Blacksmith shop.

BUSINESS LOTS FOR SALE.
I offer for sale 12 lots fronting on Main Street east of Howell Street, and 4 lots on Howell South of Main, for business purposes only. These lots are 22x122 feet in size, are very desirably located in the center of the village, and will be sold at reasonable prices. Apply to
JAMES PEARSON, PINCKNEY, MICH.

BUSINESS NOTICES.
The village tax-roll is now in my hands for collection and I may be found at the store of W. B. Hoff every evening until half past nine o'clock. After two weeks an extra percentage will be added.
G. W. Hoff, Marshal.

Hall's Catarrh Cure, Keystone Catarrh Cure, etc., at Winchell's Drug Store.

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

Carter's Little Liver Pills, for nervous headache, biliousness, etc., at Winchell's Drug Store.

Walking Shoes and Slippers, at cost, at Hoff's.

WANTED.—A girl, to do housework. Enquire at this office.

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

Paris Green—large stock at Winchell's Drug Store.

Sanford's, Parker's and Browns' Ginger at Winchell's Drug Store.

Bird Seed, separate or mixed, at Winchell's Drug Store.

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

Flavoring Extracts fresh and reliable, Vanilla, Lemon, Rose, Strawberry, Pineapple, etc., at Winchell's Drug Store.

Thanking the people of Livingston and adjacent counties for the liberal patronage bestowed upon me as book agent for several years past, I beg leave to inform them that I am now selling Lord's Prayer and Commandments (Catholic, Protestant and Revised Version) also large steel engraving of the Presidents, pictorial Bibles, &c. Shall be pleased to have your orders for any of the above.

D. F. EWEN.
Cor. of Unadilla and Dexter Sts. Pinckney.

Kermott's Blackberry Cordial, at Winchell's Drug Store.

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 Hoxkins 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.
Horsford's Acid Phosphate, the most efficient and agreeable remedy for dyspepsia, nervousness, sick headache, etc. Call for it at Winchell's Drug Store.

Diamond Dyes all shades, at Winchell's Drug Store.

Ladies' (train) (Button) Shoes, solid leather soles, \$1.50, at Hoff's.

Teeples & Cadwell have sold one dozen two and three burner Jewell Vapor Stoves which are every day proving to the people that they are all they are claimed to be by the Manufacturers and Agents. Call and see them they are a comfort in hot weather.

Oat-Meal, Cracked Wheat, etc., at Winchell's Drug Store.

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

LOCAL JOTTINGS.

Mrs. E. A. Mann is very ill.

F. W. and Edwin Burgess, formerly of the Globe Hotel, were in town to-day.

Mr. W. I. Keal, Dexter's wide-awake druggist, paid the Dispatch office a brief visit while in town to-day.

Stack covers and hay tedders have found profitable use this year.

Mr. G. W. Teeples and family spent a few days with friends in Hastings and Leslie the past week.

Mr. Will Greig, of the G. T. engineers, is again "on the line" after a short visit among friends at home.

James McMamara, Esq., Editor of the Labor Journal, Alpena, formerly of Pinckney, is visiting friends in town.

Died in Fowlerville, Tuesday night, July 17th, Mrs. Libbie Pulten, wife of M. H. Pulten. Funeral this Thursday P. M.

Mr. J. D. Bennett and Mr. Fred Parker, of Saginaw, are visiting here this week.

Mr. Barnard has purchased the fine team of roans from Mr. Lennon, and will add them to the Monitor House livery.

The "young folks" had a social hop at the Monitor House, Saturday evening last.

Mr. L. C. Coste is building a new residence on his farm near this village.

Some of Pinckney's Main Streets are being graded up in true village style.

Mr. Kay of the G. T. engineers, spent Saturday and Sunday with Detroit friends.

Fruit on the cherry trees this year is too far apart to be neighborly. Canned cherries will be out of fashion next winter.

Benton township, Berrien County, has 262 acres of tomatoes this year. They will partially supply the canning factory at Benton Harbor.

Mr. Dwight Wood had a valuable horse injured a few days since by striking its leg against a cultivator tooth while working in a corn field.

Mr. George Harrington and wife, of Louisville, Ky., are visiting Mr. Harrington's parents near Chubb's Corners.

Mr. Teeples informs us that in his travels the past week he saw no portion of the State where the crops were looking better than in the immediate vicinity of Pinckney.

Miss Briley, of Whitesboro, N. Y., who has been visiting at the home of her uncle, Mr. E. A. Allen, started for home yesterday morning, accompanied by Mrs. Rogers and Mrs. Brough, who go east for a brief visit among old friends and relatives.

Marble & Coleman have established an office for their lumber yard at Teeple & Cadwell's hardware store, where parties in need of anything from the yard will please call.

We are informed that petty gambling is carried on to an alarming extent in this village, and that some young boys are being schooled in the vice by those who are old enough to know better. The village authorities should inquire into and if possible put a stop to this evil. The law provides a severe penalty.

Mr. John Docking informs us that he put up his new Deering twine binder, last Friday in just 14 hours, and cut 14 doz. bundles, without missing a single bundle. He says the new knotting arrangement works to perfection.

The "infantile" editor of the Dexter Leader denies having been "elose by" when the boys were having some fun, as we mentioned last week, and says he was in bed at the time, and furthermore that we misquoted his statement. We didn't pretend to quote his statement word for word, but we did quote it in substance, and we regret having unjustly charged the inconsistency to the junior editor of the Leader, when really it was the old boy who pulled on the other end of the evenor who was present and took in all the fun. We work to a disadvantage when we try to joke with a paper which has two editors. If we strike one he says "twasn't I" and then the other fellow says "twasn't I" so we have to square the thing up with the devil, after all, for he only knows who edits our Dexter contemporary.

Mr. Hussey, of Toledo, spent last Sabbath with his family here.

Dr. Turner spent Sunday at the Arbor.

Mr. W. F. Biggar "rested" at Whitmore Lake last Sunday.

Contractor Brooks and paymaster Fountain were guests of the Monitor House last night.

Michigan railroads generally are now run by Detroit time.

Justice Plimpton's docket, might have been longer if the "cornerib" had been stronger.

Mr. P. Monroe found a seven-leaved clover in his front yard the other morning.

After to-day the trade dollar will be worth only 35cts at the banks, and merchants will have to govern their receipts accordingly.

Could not the grayling and speckled trout of Northern Michigan waters be successfully planted in the spring brooks of this neighborhood?

The social at Mr. Elliot's, last Friday evening, was a grand success, over 80 persons being present. \$13.73 was the amount realized for Mr. Caster's benefit.

The Editor of the Springfield Signal having been beaten in a lawsuit recently, declares that both the Justice and Jury were biased, and didn't give him a "fair shake."

Doc Mann went fishing Monday. While picking "posies" along the shore he fell in with a bumble bee—result, one ear big as an elephant's, and mangled over left eye; refuses to be comforted.

Yesterday was pay-day for the railroad men, and several thousand dollars was left in the village and vicinity for last month's work.

New England girls smoke cigarettes on the streets—after dark. Michigan girls smoke them in the day time, "and don't you forget it."

Mrs. Westfall, of Rochester, N. Y., is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Jas. R. Hall, and will remain for several weeks in this vicinity.

Many of the farmers of this vicinity have their hay all in—and in first-rate shape. Wheat harvest is prospering finely also.

Miss Kate Brown is engaged as a teacher in the Fowlerville School for the coming year. Pinckney is unfortunate in losing so excellent a teacher, and Fowlerville lucky in securing her.

A few weeks more will finish the grade between South Lyon and Pinckney, and the tracklayers will follow up promptly. Contractor Brooks deserves special praise for pushing the work so energetically, in spite of the discouraging weather and scarcity of help.

Rev. K. H. Crane and wife are spending their summer vacation with friends in Hartland and in Genesee County. They will be absent about three weeks. There will be no preaching at the Congregational church during the pastor's absence, but the Sunday School will meet at the usual hour.

Mr. Whittlesey, who has been the guest of his sister, Mrs. L. A. Mann, for the past two months returned, to his home in Sedalia, Missouri, this week. Although nearly 80 years of age, he is still active, and travels alone with the ease and confidence of a man in the prime of life.

Mr. P. Monroe, who has been ill for several weeks, is convalescent but very feeble.

The Editor of the Dexter Leader says he was in Pinckney on the 4th, and heard the eagle scream, etc., but deplored the absence of anything stronger than lemonade to drink. Says he was unable even to find a drink of cold water to cool his parched tongue with, and intimates that all the pump handles were purposely broken for the benefit of the lemonade stands. If our editorial friend had called at the Dispatch office he might have found a drink of ice water—but as to the "something stronger" which he stood so greatly in need of, he should have brought along something more than a quart bottle full from home, so that he might have had enough to last him all day—then he could have stayed to see something more than "Roman Candles" in the evening's display of fireworks. Pinckney being a temperance town a Dexterite is a little out of his element here, and not expected to enjoy himself very well unless he leaves home thoroughly fortified.

Owosso votes \$20,000 for the T. A. A. and G. T. Railroad.

Pleasant fishing excursions are the every-day occurrence at the lakes now.

Kalamazoo and Allegan Counties were visited, yesterday by some of the worst hail storms ever known in that section of the State.

Ripe age met verdant maidenhood in Pinckney last February. Result: Marriage, honeymoon, quarrel, deserted husband, charge of assault and battery. Scene, Lyndon and an Ann Arbor justice office. Characters aged 58 and 18, respectively.—Ann Arbor Register.

Chelsea correspondent of Ann Arbor Register, learning that some teams had been taken off the grade at Stockbridge, at once concludes that the Air Line road is to be abandoned. Had he taken the trouble to inquire, he might have learned that the teams were only transferred to that part of the road east of Pinckney where the work is being pushed to the utmost in order to have the grade completed so that track-laying may not be delayed.

From the Brown County (Dakota) Sentinel (a copy of which is kindly handed us by Mr. S. N. Whitcomb) we learn that Messrs. C. C. & S. C. Hedger, who went from this section to Dakota are interested in a town site which promises to be something of a "point". They call the embryo city Detroit—and although it is not yet quite so large as our Michigan Metropolis, its growth is rapid and substantial. Mr. L. A. Nye is also located near that place.

Livingston County is said to have a school-house so old and dilapidated that teacher and pupils have to get under the desks when it rains. The floor is so weak that the teacher fell through, and had to be helped out of the cellar with ladder and ropes, and now the weak places are marked dangerous. The building is half a century old, and there is talk, which evidently ought to result in action, of putting up a new one.—Mich. Farmer.

Habov refers to Pinckney it is very nearly true, and we would like to see something better than "talk" simply toward providing a new building which will not be a disgrace to the village. The annual school meeting would be an excellent time to take some action in this matter. Shall it be done?

M. B. Pearson, a somewhat dissipated, vagabond young fellow who has been stopping about town for some time past, in a half drunken condition, broke into Mr. E. A. Allen's residence, Tuesday night, between 12 and 1 o'clock. He was discovered, arrested and put into the village "cornerib," but the marshal not taking the precaution to lock him into a cell, he in some way loosened a large iron bar which had been fastened across the door, and with this tool things up pretty generally, making his escape before daylight; and losing no time in getting out of the village, by way of Dexter, at which place he took an early eastward bound train. Young Pearson's career has been rather a checkered one, and this is not the first "indiscretion" he has indulged in. If he will only keep at a safe distance from the village, he will probably avoid arrest for burglary—and the community will be quite as well off without him.

Common Council Proceedings.

PINCKNEY, MICH., July 24, 1883.
Council convened and was called to order by President Grimes. Present: Trustees Haze, Rose, Jackson, and Richards.

Bill presented by J. Winchell, for printing ordinances, blanks, etc., amt. \$23.25. On motion the bill was accepted and an order drawn to pay the same, by vote: yea, Haze, Rose, Richards and Grimes.

Report of committee on liquor books of druggists was received.

On motion council adjourned for one week.

F. A. STOLER, Clerk.

The bee has long been a type of the industrious worker, but there are few people who know how much labor the sweet hoard of the hive represents. Each head of clover contains about sixty distinct flower tubes, each of which contains a portion of sugar not exceeding the five-hundredth part of a grain. Some patient apianar enthusiast, who has watched their movements, concludes that the proboscis of the bee must, therefore, be inserted into 500 flower tubes before one grain of sugar can be obtained. There are 7,000 grains in a pound, and as honey contains three-fourths of its weight of dry sugar, each pound of honey represents 2,600,000 clover tubes sucked by bees.

Pickney Dispatch.

JEROME WINCHELL, Editor.

Entered at the Postoffice as 2d class matter.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

ONE of the advantages on the side of the missionaries in Alaska, says the Rev. S. Hall Young, who has recently returned for a short rest from Fort Wrangell, lies in the fact that the women are in all respects the equals of the men. The principal obstacles to be overcome are superstition and drunkenness. There are at present twenty missionaries in that field and their labor is meeting with a satisfactory reward.

WHAT has become of the law which was to crush out polygamy and make the Mormon mourn? Never in the history of their church have the latter day saints prospered as they do now. Their missionaries are not only more active in this country than ever before, but they are making converts abroad by the thousand. Nearly seven hundred Mormon recruits landed in New York in one Sunday, and they are all represented to be thrifty and well-to-do emigrants. It really looks as if the government is not in earnest in its effort to eradicate the twin relic.

THE three-year-old son of an industrious San Francisco mechanic has developed an alarming passion and capacity for climbing in places which would make a wild goat dizzy. After performing in safety several perilous feats of this character, the youngster disappeared the other day and his father set out in great fear to look for him. Knowing his precocities, the father's eyes surveyed not back streets and cellar-ways, but the sky-line of the neighboring roofs. And sure enough, he presently discovered his hopeful perched upon an unfinished building's projecting cornice, his legs dangling over the edge, and his face wearing an expression of complacent enjoyment. To reach his seat he had climbed a tall ladder, walked across an eight-inch plank in a stiff breeze, and scrambled around the high front of the cornice.

CUSTOMS officers along the Canadian frontier naturally become expert in detecting smugglers and have many amusing stories to tell of the devices employed to cheat the Government. One of the traits constantly exemplified before their eyes is the passion for smuggling, apart from any hope of pecuniary advantage. People buy articles in Canada at a higher price than they would have to pay at home, apparently for the mere excitement of an attempt to escape detection. "We came across, the other day," said a customs officer at Detroit to a reporter, a "novel and very close costume for this hot weather. We had our eyes open for an old man whom we had come to look upon with suspicion, because of the frequency of his visits. So at last we took him in, and upon stripping him, found that his body, his arms and his legs were closely wrapped with straw braid—such as they use in hat-making—and upon divesting him of his unique armor, we measured over 500 yards of the material."

DAMIETTA, where there are over a hundred deaths from cholera every day, formerly ranked as the third city of Lower Egypt in population and importance. Its fortunes have steadily declined during the last quarter of a century, and it is doubtful if its population now exceeds 25,000. It is the centre of the rice-growing district, and among its other articles of export are dates, coffee, beans, and dried fish from Lake Menzaleh. Its trade has fallen off in consequence of the bar at the mouth of the eastern branch of the Nile, large steamers, which find ample anchorage ground in the harbor of Port Said, being unable to load and unload at Damietta. This is a fortunate circumstance, inasmuch as it diminishes the chances of the contagion being carried by ship to French, Italian and English ports. The three towns to which the disease has spread, Mansourah, Shirbin, and Samanoud, are collections of mud hovels on the Damietta branch of the Nile, a few miles further inland. No cases of cholera have yet been reported from either Alexandria or Port Said, whence the disease would be directly communicable to European ports.

A floating church dedicated exclusively to missionary purposes has been

projected by the Catholic Bishop of Para and Amazonas to ply upon the Amazon. If the Bishop's suggestion is carried out no expense will be spared in the construction of the vessel. It will be built in Europe, superbly decorated with rare Brazilian woods, furnished with all the requirements of Catholic worship and with every convenience for the priests who will live on board. "Propelled by steam," says The Tablet, "and drawing but little water, it will carry the zealous missionaries along the great natural highway to the most distant parts of the country as far as Bolivia, and Peru, Ecuador, and Columbia and Venezuela, and even to the more distant European colonies of Guayana. The dulcet sounds of the swelling organs accompanying the soft, sonorous chant of the priests will spread over the tranquil surface of the river, and give notice of the approach of Christ, ambulant super aquas." From time to time the good fathers will stop at convenient places, where the people will be collected to receive instruction and exhortation, where their children will be baptized, and where all who desire it will have an opportunity, now scarcely ever afforded, of going to confession and holy communion. Mass will be celebrated with much pomp and circumstance within the hallowed precincts of the anchored church, and all will be invited to attend. After a time regular stations will probably be formed from one extremity of the gigantic river to the other, which will be visited at certain stated intervals.

The Iron Duke.

Few persons are aware how Wellington obtained this sobriquet. According to the Rev. George Robert Gleig, his biographer, it arose out of the building of an iron steamboat, at first christened the "Duke of Wellington," and afterward known as the "Iron Duke." From the vessel the name was transferred, rather in jest than in earnest, to the Duke.

"It had," says Mr. Wheeler, "no reference, at the outset, to any peculiarities, or assumed peculiarities, in his disposition, though, from the popular belief that he never entertained a single generous feeling toward the masses, it is sometimes understood as a figurative allusion to his supposed hostility to the interest of the lower orders."

On the contrary, Wellington frequently exhibited an almost unparalleled generosity. His thoughtfulness, too, and love for his soldiers were marked traits in his character. When the terrible day at Waterloo was over, it is said that the Duke's feelings, so long kept at the highest tension, utterly gave away, and that as he rode amid the groans of the wounded and the reeking carnage, and heard the cries of the vanquished and the shout of the victors, fainter and fainter through the gloom of night, he burst into tears. Soon after he penned a letter, which concluded thus:

"I have escaped unhurt; the finger of Providence was on me." And later on he wrote these words: "My heart is broken by the terrible loss I have sustained in my old friends and companions and my poor soldiers. Believe me, nothing excepting a battle lost, can be half so melancholy as a battle won. The bravery of my troops has hitherto saved me from the greater evil, but to win such a battle as this of Waterloo, at the expense of so many gallant friends, could be termed only a heavy misfortune, but for the result to the public."

On the following morning, Dr. Hume hastened, by the Duke's orders, to his tent, there to read to him the terrible list of the dead and wounded. He found the Duke asleep, but not daring to break his commands, awoke him. "In an instant," we are told, "his Grace, dressed as he was, in full regiments, was sitting on the bedside. 'Read,' was the significant command. For more than an hour had the Doctor read aloud the harrowing list, and then his voice failed and his throat choked with emotion. He tried to continue, but could not. Instinctively he raised his eyes to the Duke. Wellington was still sitting, with his hands raised and clasped convulsively before him. Big tears were courting down his cheeks. In a moment the Duke was conscious of the Doctor's silence, and, recovering himself, looked up and caught his eye. 'Read on,' was the stern command, and, while his physician continued for four hours, the 'Iron Duke' sat by the bedside, clasping his hands and working his body to and fro with emotion. Such was the man his contemporaries charged with want of feeling."

MICHIGAN NEWS.

R. M. Young, of Marshall, has a flock of thirteen hens that have laid 735 eggs in the past three months, besides hatching ninety chickens.

Jackson has an ordinance forbidding anyone but regularly licensed scavengers to remove filth, and as Jackson has no such regularly licensed scavengers, the filth accumulates, and the people complain.

Hon. Newell Barnard, Representative in the State Legislature from the First Saginaw District, and prominently identified with the Saginaw lumber and saw interests since 1855, died suddenly the other day at his residence in Saginaw from apoplexy. He was born in New Hampshire in 1825 and came to Saginaw in 1855.

Aiden Lepper and John Schaefer, two residents of Ionia, got into an altercation over the conduct of certain hens, resulting in a quarrel, in which Schaefer stabbed Lepper in the left breast. The ribs protected the vital organs, however, and the wound is thought not to be fatal.

A runaway team belonging to Henry Howd and Lewis Fitts, of Rollin, collided with Dr. Chapman's vehicle in Hudson, throwing the driver and his horse against the wall, instantly killing both.

A gang of counterfeiters has been arrested in Clinton, Mich. One of the counterfeiters, a man named Ames, was shot with a revolver by his wife the other night. The ball struck him in the back, passed under the kidney and is lodged in his body in such a position as can not safely be got out. The cause of the shooting is given as follows: Ames was employed as a sort of private policeman at the county hall of Clinton, and his wife objected to his being in that place. As Ames refused to give up his position she got a revolver and started on the trail of her husband, declaring her intention of shooting him. She found him on Chisholm street, about two blocks from the county hall, and then discharged the revolver at him with the above stated result. She has been arrested, but was released on bail. Ames is in great danger.

Patrick Gunn, a woodsman, was instantly killed at the Flint River Mills, where he was employed. He was intoxicated, and attempted to cross the railroad track just ahead of an incoming train. He got safely across, and just as the locomotive was nearly opposite him he staggered back onto the track, was knocked down and run over, shockingly mangle his lower extremities.

The foundation walls of the new court house at Kalamazoo have been laid, and work is progressing finely.

G. A. Rumsey & Co., have just purchased of John Mason Loomis & Co., of Chicago, D. M. Benjamin, of Grand Rapids, and C. J. Hood, of Big Rapids, 200,000 feet of choice white pine. The purchasing firm think it will cut fifty per cent. better than common. They paid \$60,000. The tract is situated in towns 16-11 and 16-12, Newaygo County, twelve miles west of Big Rapids. The firm will remove their office to Big Rapids about September 1 and erect a mill on the above lands to manufacture lumber.

For the five months ending May 31, the Detroit, Lansing & Northern Railroad's earnings were \$1,000,000, a decrease of \$200,000 over the same period in 1882.

The earnings of the Flint & Pere Marquette for the four months ending June 1, 1883, show an increase of \$100,000 over the same period last year.

It is settled beyond dispute that Detroit is to have a permanent zoological garden, and the nucleus for it arrived the other day in the shape of a lion and a lioness, a deer and one hyena.

Robert McConnell, of Meridian, has been arrested on a charge of murdering Frank Price, of near that place. Price and McConnell had a quarrel in the woods and since then Price has never been seen thereabouts. Some think he has been murdered, but others think he has skipped out, being fearful that McConnell would kill him.

"Senator" Joe Ford, keeper of the senate cloak room at Lansing for the past two terms, has a son whom he named Chandler Lee Ford, in honor of Senator Joe Chandler, of Lake Superior, and A. S. Lee, of Petoskey. Lee has now given the baby a deed of 40 acres of good land, and Chandler is looking for him to take the place of his father.

A fire in Wakefield, Center, nine miles east of Vicksburg, burned the hotel, dwelling, two stores, including the postoffice, a brick nearly done, owned by Postmaster Cook, and a blacksmith shop where it started in the roof. The Methodist church caught and Dr. Pease's residence, one of the finest in the county, came near going. Costly loss is the result. The total loss about \$50,000.

W. R. Stansell's shingle mill, two miles west of Stanton was burned to the ground a few days ago. The fire originated in the shavings in the engine room, but the watchman could not tell how it happened. Loss about \$1,500. No insurance. The work of rebuilding has already commenced.

Benley, the colored janitor who robbed the Grand Hotel, has been sentenced to four years in state prison.

Lightning played some queer freaks at a saw mill in Saginaw City the other day. It struck the "pony house," tearing off one corner. The fluid then passed along the tramway, being divided, a part going into the mill, where some shavings were set on fire, and a part following the tram to the end, and thence going into the ground. The men were more or less injured. One Albert Paine, who was engaged as watchman, was standing near the pony house. As the lightning struck he jumped or was thrown upwards about four feet, and falling back struck on the tramway, cutting his face and sustaining other bruises. He was rendered unconscious and was picked up for dead, but a physician who was called, thinks his injuries are not serious. Frank Patrick was near the end of the tramway pling lumber. He was knocked down, but not seriously injured. A German named Fowell had taken refuge from the rain under the tramway. He received a severe shock and was picked up for dead, but under proper treatment he was rapidly restored. His lower limbs were paralyzed, and he was the worst hurt of three, but his condition is not regarded as dangerous. There were seven or eight men sitting in the pony house at the time, none of whom were injured.

A man named Le Fare was accidentally shot with a revolver on the 5th near False Presque Isle. It appears that the man and some of his neighbors had been loading a vessel near their home and had some difficulty with the captain, who drew a revolver, but did not shoot. When the men got home one of them got a revolver and was showing what the captain did to them. The revolver accidentally discharged and the ball struck Le Fare's left arm, then glanced and entered his side, breaking a rib and lodging in his lung. Two doctors from Alpena were sent for and on their arrival did all that was possible to help the wounded man. His chances of recovering are not bright.

The shipment of frogs has become quite an industry in Kalamazoo.

A Reading farmer last year kept his wool, though he was offered 37 cents per pound. This year he sold it, with his new clip, for 37 cents. Served him right.

Eight hundred thousand dollars represents the property taxable for school purposes in the corporation of St. Clair. There are 759 scholars enrolled within the district, and the citizens have voted to raise next year by tax the sum of \$40,000 for school purposes, in addition to the regular school tax.

Dr. James C. Wilson, whom Gov. Bagley removed from his position as trustee of the deaf and dumb institute at Flint, proposes to hold the position until the supreme court says he must not. He is still performing his regular duties, Gov. Bagley to the contrary notwithstanding.

The German Catholics at Muskegon talk of putting up a combined church and school house at that place.

It is stated that the average salary of Michigan ministers is only about \$200.

C. J. Benjamin S. Compton died at his residence in Monroe of Bright's disease of the kidneys. He was born in Seneca county, N. Y., July 17, 1824, and came to Monroe in 1853. He was a resident of St. Louis at the breaking out of the war, and with several others organized an independent regiment of sharpshooters, of which he was made colonel, and continued in the service two years. He was the originator of the West Virginia Oil and Oil Tank Company and its president from its organization to the day of his death.

Nathaniel Boughton, a farmer living at Peabody, near Battle Creek, had two horses and a valuable colt struck by lightning the other day.

Miss Frances L. Stewart, for many years deputy in the postoffice in Ypsilanti has been named by the president to succeed Capt. Spencer, recently removed on account of a shortage in his money order account.

The iron gang of the Michigan & Ohio Railroad, east of Marshall on the 11th inst., and a general jubilation was held by the citizens. There was music by the band, speeches were made by prominent gentlemen and a free lunch was spread for the laborers, who were greatly pleased with their reception. The work on the road is progressing finely.

Thos. Long, a farmer living near Buchanan, was found dead in the field, the other day, epilepsy, supposed to be the cause.

The Chicago & Grand Trunk Company have taken possession of the eating house at Battle Creek, and hereafter it will be managed as the company's property.

The boiler at Hoagstraet & Cousin's mill, near Custer, Mason county, exploded a few days ago, killing the engineer instantly, and scalding several other men.

Hon. D. Darwin Hughes, a leading lawyer of the West, died at his home in Grand Rapids, on the afternoon of the 12th. He gained considerable prominence in this state by his defense of Vanderpool, the man who was charged with the murder of Field in Mauntee some years ago.

The law relative to dentists passed by the last legislature, does not become operative until September, and then the tooth carpenters have 30 days in which to comply with its demands.

Another two-cent evening paper is to be started in Detroit in opposition to the Evening News. A stock company has been formed with a capital stock of \$5,000. The management will be in the hands of Mr. Packard, and J. Lloyd Breese, editor of the society paper, and both will hold the position of leading editorial writers. The paper will be called the Evening Journal and make its appearance in about a month.

The wheat blight has struck Southern Calhoun, and some fields in Tekonsha and Clarendon townships will be ruined from one fifth to one-half in value.

When John S. Barry was Governor of the State of Michigan, there was about an acre of ground around the capitol building, upon which the grass had been allowed to go to seed every year. Gov. Barry took great pains to have the grass cut at the proper time, and when properly cured he sold the hay and put the money in the state treasury. There was only a dollar in the state treasury when Barry took the chair of state and it was a hyacinth coin.

Col. F. W. Curtin of Kalamazoo, is dead. He was one of the most influential citizens of that place and his death, at the age of 77 years, is a great loss to that community.

F. B. McGregor, a laborer, who came to Jackson from Lockport, N. Y., only a few weeks ago, was killed a few days ago while loading boilers on a freight train back of the round house, at the M. C. junction yards in Jackson. He was 30 years old and leaves a wife and one child.

A distinguished Prussian official from Berlin—Dr. F. M. Wolf—is traveling through the country with the view of studying our mineral deposits and our advantages for mining and shipping the same. He is especially interested in the iron, copper and salt in Michigan. Dr. W. is officially connected with the department of mining in his own country and has a two years' leave of absence. He has been investigating the salt well at Marine City and considers it quite a marvel.

Official notice has been received by Collector Stone of Detroit of the consolidation of the Internal Revenue districts.

The entire Eastern District of Michigan and the Upper Peninsula, making a rearrangement of the subdivision of the new district necessary. The following counties are added: Alcona, Bangor, Bay, Chippewa, Glade, Clinton, Crawford, Delta, Genesee, Gladwin, Grafton, Houghton, Huron, Isabella, Keweenaw, Mackinaw, Marquette, Montcalm, Montmorency, Ogemaw, Ontonagon, Oshtemo, Otsego, Presque Isle, Roscommon, Saginaw, Sanilac, Shiawassee, Tuscola, Monroe, Lenawee, Washtenaw, Jackson, Ingham, Calhoun, Branch, Hillsdale and Cheboygan. The additions embrace the entire old Sixth District, one county from the Fourth and eight from the Third.

A new church, to be known as the People's church, has been established at Harrison, Clare county. It has eight trustees, one from each of the three denominations represented in Harrison, and five from among "the world's people."

Jacob Barton was arraigned at Monroe the other day before Justice Davis on charge of having committed rape upon Mary Robert, aged 12 years, in April last. The parties are residents of the Township of Exeter, this county. Barton is 25 years of age, and has a wife and child. The affair had lately come to the knowledge of the girl's parent, which is assigned as the reason of delay in the prosecution. Barton pleaded not guilty, and gave bail in the sum of \$500 for his appearance.

Rev. L. Gosenbaugh has completed his eight year as pastor of the Three Rivers-Reform Church. During that period he has received 150 new members. His church, preached 1,000 sermons, baptized 161 persons, preached 115 funeral sermons and married 190 couples.

The fifth annual reunion of the Soldiers and Sailors' Association of the Upper Peninsula of Michigan is to be held at Houghton on July 25, the arrangements for which are well under way.

The movement for the extension of the Erie & Huron Railroad to Sarnia is still alive. Elizabeth Newington, lately acquitted in the Wayne circuit court of the charge of murder has filed a bill for divorce from her husband. She alleges that the defendant has treated her with extreme cruelty since June, 1881, and that she is unable to support herself and her children, and efforts to obtain a divorce have failed.

The parish of St. Mary's, near Sarnia, has been accused of doing the same, and by false accusation has endeavored to force her to run away to Canada.

PICKNEY FLOURING & CUSTOM MILLS

GRIMES & JOHNSON, Proprietors.

We are known to our old and new customers that they are now prepared to do better work of all kinds than ever before. Their mills have been thoroughly refitted and repaired and improved, making it convenient for their customers. Good stone for flour in connection with the Mills. They have now on hand over 5000 bushels of dry, sound red and white winter wheat which they grind into first grade of flour, winter wheat. They grind no grown, or any wheat except for customers, and then it is ground on separate stone and bolted through separate bolts. This grinding flour of them will get no grown or musty wheat. Those bringing grain of good dry, sound wheat get good flour, and those bringing grown or musty wheat must expect flour from the same. They also have separate bolts for buckwheat, corn shelled with one of Hutto's sawmills improved. Distillers' Run, corn shellers, without extra charge. They pay cash for all kinds of grain. All persons having unsettled accounts with them, at the mill, are requested to call and pay the same.

PENSIONS TO ALL

SOLDIERS & SAILORS who were disabled by wounds, disease, accident or otherwise, the loss of a leg, palsy, various veins, chronic diarrhea, rupture, loss of sight or partially lost, loss of hearing, falling back of the neck, rheumatism, any disability, no matter how slight, gives you a pension. New and Honorable Discharge Obtained. Widows, children, mothers, and fathers of soldiers dying in the service, or afterwards, from disease contracted by or wounds received while in the service, are entitled to pension. Requested and abandoned claims a specialty. BOUNTY, BACK PAY, AND HORSE CLAIMS COLLECTED.

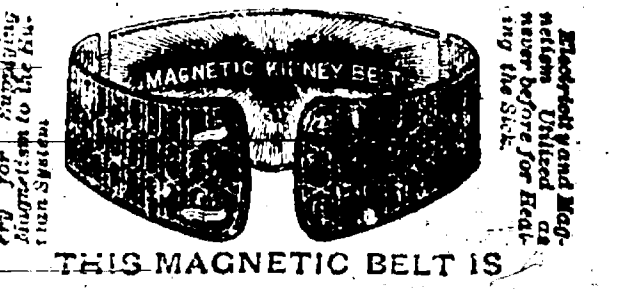
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WARRANTED TO CURE THE LADIES.

For all forms of Female Debility it is unparalleled by anything before invented, both as a curative agent and as a source of power and vitalization. Price of either Belt with Magnetic Pouch Batteries, \$10. Send by express C. O. D. and examination allowed only on receipt of price. In ordering, send measure of waist and size of bust. Remittance can be made in currency or sent in letter at our risk. The Magnetic Belts are adapted to all ages, are worn over the underclothing (not next to the body like the many Galvanic and Electric belts advertised as "extensive") and should be worn continuously, day and night, for several weeks, and are worn at all seasons of the year. Send stamp for the New Dispensary in Medical Treatment Without Medicine, with thousands of testimonials.

THE MAGNETIC APPLIANCE CO., 218 State St., Chicago, Ill.

The Magnetic appliances may be seen at Winchell's Drug Store, Pickney, Mich.

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STRICTLY VEGETABLE ACT WITHOUT PAIN. CURE Sick-Headache, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Indigestion, Constipation, and PURIFY THE BLOOD.

MANDRAKE PILLS.

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

Kermott's Pills always in stock at Winchell's Drug Store, Pickney, Mich.

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

"That is that, mother—that curious thing. Ambling the streets with a languid swing. With a spike-tail coat, a gorgeous vest And eye-glass dangling on his breast. With dog-skin gloves and bell-crowned hat, And such poor, thin legs, and a stomach that? Scarcely and well it looks to me. Oh, mother, what can the creature be?"

"Oh, hush, child! hush! 'tis no goblin rude— 'Tis only a harmless little 'dude!'"

"But what is a 'dude?' Oh, mother dear, How did they make a thing so queer? Did it grow white we were fast asleep, Like the grass and the goose and the pretty sheep? Do you think that Barnum drew the plan. To have something new for his caravan? It walks like a chicken. Can it fly? Will you tell me about it by-and-by?"

"There's little to tell, my child; 'tis plain— 'Tis the form of a man with a monkey's brain." —Lucy M. Blinn, in the *Continental*.

ABOUT HATS.

The Hat in Literature and Sentiment.
"It's strange how hats expand their brims as ripper years invade. As if, when life had reached its noon, it wanted them for shade."

"Shoot the hat!" cries the youthful street Arab whenever a particularly fashionable and elegant tile passes by. His remark is an abridgement of history, and had its origin, no doubt, with the renowned William Tell. Nothing would give the street gamins more pleasure than the destruction of this badge of aristocracy, which to his democratic fancy is very offensive, for he is a reader of character, and at once decides in his own mind that a fine glossy stove-pipe hat must of necessity belong either to a dandy—a creature he despises—or a newly-married man, his legitimate prey. He knows that a man who amounts to anything usually wears a shocking bad hat, with dents and disfigurements enough to give it character, and he has great respect for that kind of hat, and can easily distinguish it from the battered and disreputable sort that has been out over night with a "brick" in it. And the boy is right. A new hat has nothing to commend it. There is no individuality in it; it is simply a piece of merchandise; it has no idiosyncrasies; no magnetism. Let a party of gentlemen go out of a public hall or dining room and ask for their hats; Smith gets Brown's hat. They are both 7½ size; both look the same outwardly; Brown puts his on; his head at once becomes as uneasy as the one that wore a crown; he slants it down over his bump of benevolence; he tips it over on combativeness, then he tears it off and says: "This isn't my hat," just as Smith offers his solo: "This isn't my hat." They exchange, and the two hats that are as much alike as two peas fit their respective heads as if they had been molded into them.

The hat is so much a part of a man that it becomes responsive to his actions and opinions, and a silent but active expression of his thoughts. "Hats off," cries an authority, and off they go. You will know a gentleman by the manner of his touching his hat. It is a royal salute when lifted with a chivalrous hand. That business pendulum between the upper and the lower world—the elevator—may be filled with men all with their hats on; enter, one little weak, defenseless woman, instantly every hat is doffed. Why, they couldn't do more than that for the Queen of England! And it is thus they recognize the queen of womanhood.

The hat is often a vehicle for the transmission of charities. It was a colored minister who sent his hat down from the pulpit by his ancient deacon and received it back empty. The old preacher was equal to the occasion; he looked into the hat then at his people. "Let us pray," he said, "and thank de Lawd I got my hat back from dis congregation."

A woman's hat has no value, it can not be used to take up a collection or bail out a boat, nor can she cover her face with it at church while she says her prayers, like him of whom a poet wrote:

"To church he went with head bowed down To read 'best waterproof' within the crown."

Women's hats are not historic if we except the Gainsborough hat of the lovely Countess of Devonshire. Rubens painted the hat into immortality.

A political mass meeting is the place to study hats—one in Chicago, for instance, when Long John, Dandy Halpine and a few other notables were present. The Republican hat was a soft, wide-awake; the Democratic hat a stiff beaver with the nap crushed the wrong way, and it had a tread-on-my-coat-tails-if-you-dare air about it. It was well pulled back, and the brim spread like an awning.

There is the wedding hat—when grandpa was a young man—and it, though napless, has still an air of having been asleep for a quarter of a century. When a hat gets old enough it becomes picturesque and has a pathetic side, too, like the hat of the old schoolmaster:

"We sat down in a row to see His worn-out hat come up the hill. 'Twas hanging up at home—a quill Notched down and sticking in the band."

The tall hat enjoys the distinction of being the only one that can be used as a memorial to grief.

"Sundays all day in the door he sat, A string of withered-up crabs on his hat; The crown had fallen against his head, And half-sewed in with a shoemaker's thread."

Sometimes with his hand and soft worn hand He would smooth and straighten the faded band; Thinking, perhaps, of a little mound Black with nettles the whole year round."

There is a heroic quantity in a hat, too, as Bret Harte tells us in his fine poem John Burns, of Gettysburg, of whom he recites:

He wore a broad-brimmed, bell-crowned hat, Waits as the locks on which it sat.

And striplings downy of lip and chin, Clerks that the home guards mustered in; Glanced as they passed at the hat he wore Then at the riddle his right hand bore.

"How are you, white hat? Put her through, Your head's level! Bully for you."

But later on they learned to resp that old white hat, when the soldiers declared:

"That the gleam of his old white hat afar, Like the crested plume of the brave Napoleon; That day was their oriflamme of war."

There is a religious look about some hats—as the shovel hat of the clergy, the scarlet hat of the cardinal, to which frequent allusion is made in Shakespeare.

"That out of mere ambition you have caused your hat to be stamped on the King's coin," says the noble Suffolk to Cardinal Wolsey, in Henry VIII.

"Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat," Gloucester vehemently declares.

"What, man, ne'er pull your hat up on your brow," protests Malcom.

There is the broad-brim of the Quaker, sectarian in its might but gracious and benevolent as well. And there are patriotic hats like the old Continental. The hat was a dividing line between the Cavaliers and the Roundheads. History has many allusions to remarkable and distinguishing hats. Some give us this:

"Beyond the Egyptian room in the Louvre there used to be the cocked hat of the Emperor Napoleon." There was magic in it; it seemed to radiate power and glory as from a sun. Beside it were the green coat, the breeches, the boots of the great man; all hung over with interest and curiosity by visitors. But it was the little cocked hat that hid the scheming and insatiable brain which chiefly riveted all eyes.

An Indian chief considers himself in full dress when he is arrayed in hoop-rings and a tall silk hat, and there is probably no single object of civilized clothing which is as much admired by both the men and women of the aboriginal races.

While an old hat may be very dilapidated and yet retain the marks of better days, there are hats that fall very low in the world, such as the tramp's hat, which seems to shrink away and be ashamed of the bad company into which it has fallen. It is usually a slouch hat, not the rakish slouch of the brigand, but the furtive slouch of the creature of the slums. A boy's hat with the rim torn off is always a picture.

"An old round hat without a brim, Was all he had to cover him."

Whittier does not forget that crown-touch to his barefoot boy:

"With the sunshine on thy face Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace."

A hat is an important factor in deportment. To lift it from the head gracefully, give it just the requisite tilt, and restore it to its original position, is a work of art. Some people cling to their hats as a drowning man clings to a straw. They seem to think it some kind of an explosive substance, and if they let go of it that it will go off. An illustrated paper lately gave a spicy picture in which a gentleman who is making a call resigns his silk hat, and when he rises to go finds that the small boy of the family has been making an opera crush of it, and that it now resembles an accordion more than a hat.

It will be remembered that when Joe Gargery ate that memorable breakfast with Pip, and being "invited to sit down to table, looked all round the room for a suitable spot on which to deposit his hat—as if it were only on some few very rare substances in nature that it could find a resting-place—and ultimately stood it on an extreme corner of the chimney-piece from which it ever after fell off at intervals. Indeed, it demanded from him a constant attention and a quickness of eye and hand very like that exacted by wicket-keeping.

He made extraordinary play with it, and showed the greatest skill, now rushing at it and catching it neatly as it dropped; now merely stopping it midway; beating it up and humoring it in various parts of the room, and against a good deal of the pattern of the paper on the wall before he felt it safe to close with it; finally splashing it into the slop-basin, when I took the liberty of laying hands on it."—*Detroit Post and Tribune*.

How Cures Are Sometimes Effected.

Faith is a rare wonder-worker. Strong in the belief that every Frank is a doctor, an old Arab, who had been partially blind from birth, pestered an English traveler into giving him a sextant's powder and some pomatum. Next day the chief declared that he could see better than he had done for twenty years.

A sea Captain, when one of his crew craved something for his stomach's sake, on consulting his book, found "Number fifteen" was the thing for the occasion. Unfortunately there had been a run on that number, and the bottle was empty. Not caring to send the man away uncomfited, the skipper, remembering that eight and seven made fifteen, made up a dose from the bottles so numbered, which the seaman took with startling effects, never contemplated by himself or the cribbage-looking Captain. That worthy jumped too hastily at conclusions, like the Turkish physician of whom Mr. Oscaanyan tells the following story: Called in to a case of typhus, the doctor in question examined the patient (an upholsterer), prescribed, and departed. Passing the house the next day he inquired of a servant at the door if his master was dead, and to his astonishment heard he was much better.

Indoors he went, to learn from a convalescent that being consumed with thirst he had drunk a pailful of the juice of pickled cabbage. Soon afterward, a dealer in embroidered handkerchiefs, seized with the same malady, sent for the physician, who forthwith ordered him to take a pailful of pickled cabbage juice. The man died next day; and the doctor set down this memorandum in his book for future guidance: "Although in cases of typhus pickled cabbage juice is an efficient remedy, it is not, however, to be used unless the patient be by profession an upholsterer."

Lady Barker's New Zealand shepherd found a somewhat similar potion of infinite use. When his mistress expressed her surprise at his possession of a bottle of Worcestershire sauce, Salter said: "You see mum, although we get our health uncommon well in these salubrious mountings, still a drop of physic is often handy-like, and in a general way I always purchase myself a box of Holloway's Pills—of which you do get such a lot for your money—and also a bottle of Painkiller. But last shearing they was out o' Painkiller, so they put me up a bottle o' cayn pepper, and likewise that 'ere condiment, which was very efficacious, specially toward the end o' the bottle. It always took my mind off the loneliness, and cheered me up wonderful, especial if I added a little red pepper to it."

Sir Walter Scott's piper, John Bruce, spent a whole Sunday selecting twelve stones from twelve south running streams, with the purpose that his sick master might sleep upon them and become whole. Scott was not the man to hurt the honest fellow's feelings by ridiculing the notion of such a remedy proving of avail; so he caused Bruce to be told that the recipe was infallible; but that it was absolutely necessary to success that the stones should be wrapped in the petticoat of a widow who had never wished to marry again; upon learning which the Highlander renounced all hope of completing the charm.

Lady Duff Gordon once gave an old Egyptian woman a powder in a fragment of the *Saturday Review*. She came again to assure her benefactress the charm was a wonderfully powerful one; for, although she had not been able to wash off all the fine writing from the paper, even that little had done her a great deal of good. She would have made an excellent subject for a Llama doctor, who, if he does not happen to have any medicine handy, writes the name of the remedy he would administer on a scrap of paper, moistens it with his mouth, rolls it up in the form of a pill, which the patient tosses down his throat. In default of paper, the name of the drug is chalked on a board, and washed off again with water, which serves as a healing draught. These easy-going practitioners might probably cite plenty of instances of the efficacy of their method.

Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, once gave a laborer a prescription, saying: "Take that and come back in a fortnight, when you will be well." Obedient to the injunction, the patient presented himself at the fortnight's end, with a clean tongue and a happy face, proud of the fulfillment of his promise. Dr. Brown said: "Let me see what I gave you." "Oh," answered the man, "I took it doctor." "Yes, I know you did; but where is the prescription?" "I swallowed it," was the reply. The patient had made a pill of the paper, and faith in the physicians skill had done the rest.

In some Lancashire districts—the country people believe that to cure warts the same number of pebbles as warts should be placed in a bag, which is to be dropped where three or four roads converge, and that the person who picks it up will obtain the warts in addition. Warts are also said to disappear soon after they are rubbed with a black snail, but that it is essential that it must afterward be impaled on a spike of the hawthorn or no effect will be produced. Persons afflicted with tumors of any kind are advised to rub them with a dead man's hand. Whooping-cough is supposed to be cured by passing the patient nine times round the body of an ass.

Those who suffer from rheumatic pains are advised to carry small potatoes in their pockets, which are believed not only to cure, but to prevent a return of the disease.—*Exchange*.

While more boys are born than girls it is a singular fact that there is a surplus of female population. It is easily accounted for. Fooling with toy pistols, playing base ball, and falling off cherry trees, all boyish pastimes, are six times more hazardous than wearing corsets and jumping the rope 500 times in one inning.—*Norristown Herald*.

There is no excuse for the young man who complains that his fiancée kisses him so much, he can't get a chance to engage her in rational conversation. He ought to know that by rubbing a little sodium upon his mustache the abuse can be speedily checked. Sodium is a substance which seems to have been created especially to meet such a case as his. As soon as any moisture touches it it bursts into flame.—*Chicago Herald*.

A few nights ago an Austin man was awakened by a burglar opening a shutter. The disturbed proprietor of the house got out his pistol, remarking to his wife, "I am not quite sure this pistol is loaded." The burglar, however, overheard the remark, and being a reader of the newspapers, and remembering how many fatal accidents occur from handling unloaded pistols, fled in wild dismay, leaving his professional instruments behind him.—*Texas Siftings*.

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PINCKNEY, MICH.

DRUGS and MEDICINES,

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

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

OUR NEIGHBORS.

HOWELL.

From our Correspondent.

Mr. Davison, predecessor of Henry Crawford as dress-goods clerk in McPhersons, has resumed his old position.

The vote taken in the last school-meeting, favoring a \$5,000.00 addition to the school building has been adjudged not valid, owing to technicalities in regard to balloting, that were not heeded.

Owen Fawcett and Company, having changed their route, will not play here until the early part of August.

The older of the two Geary boys was sentenced to twenty days in jail for breaking open a boat-lock, by Justice Kiddle.

Etta, daughter of Wm. R. Miller, died Sabbath, aged 17 years. She has been a most patient martyr to consumption for two years, and found pleasure in nearing the end.

The Howell base-ball club went to Plymouth last Friday to play a return game of ball, and were victorious by a score of 11 to 9. On reaching home that evening the boys were met at the depot by the Howell Cornet Band, Ayers' Martial Band and a large crowd of town people. The ladies presented the boys with bouquets. Rollin H. Persons made a neat little speech and then the bands headed the procession towards the Opera Block Ice Cream parlors. While enjoying the refreshments there, the toast, "the Howell Base-Ball Club" was proposed. E. G. Embler, manager of the club, responded most acceptably. The boys desire credit for the complete absence of rowdiness during the entire enthusiastic reception given them. A match game is being arranged with Brown's Pittsburg club for some day next week.

UNADILLA.

From our Correspondent.

Mrs. W. D. Hartsuff, of Fort Wayne, Indiana, Thedie Joslin, of Oberlin, Ohio, Jennie Wortley, of Saline, and Miss Beam, of Chelsea, are visiting friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Harker, of Canada, The Misses Elizabeth, and Lucy Gilbert, of Jackson, and Nellie Weston, of Webster, have been here visiting friends.

Just returned, Little Livermore, from Chelsea, Mrs. Y. Harker and family, from South Lyon. Mr. D. Potter, wife and daughter, from Ing-ham.

Will Strickland lost the end of one of his fingers, by getting too near a buzz saw, a short time ago.

Cash and Albert Valentine, of Webster, were through here Monday, buying horses and sheep.

DEXTER.

From the Leader.

Wm. R. Waldron is building a residence in Jackson, where he will remove in a few weeks.

Rev. T. McNamara, of Notre Dame College, Ind., and J. McNamara, of Alpena, are here visiting their parents.

John D. Doane had another amputation on Sunday, and we hear he is doing well. We sincerely hope the old gentleman will recover.

SOUTH LYON.

From the Picket.

The Y. L. F. M. society are doing some effectual work and now have a young girl across the seas to whose support and education they are to contribute.

The band duly welcomed J. L. Newkirk and bride as residents of this village on Monday evening, by giving them a lively serenade, for which J. L. hereby extends thanks.

About 20 rods of iron has already been laid in the village on the G. T. and camp three of the iron gangs will be moved here in a few days when active business will begin.

The school board were authorized on Monday evening to inquire into the feasibility of heating the school building by furnace and if found practicable to procure one for that purpose.

ANN ARBOR.

From the Register.

One hundred and twenty-one deeds were recorded by the Register of Deeds during the month of June.

Prof. Geo. S. Morris has purchased for \$6,000 the Smith property at the corner of State and Jefferson streets.

The county-house has about 60 inmates at present. The general health of the occupants was never better than it is this summer.

The Supreme Court having granted Sophia Lyons a new trial, Sheriff Wallace went to Detroit Monday, and

brought that much tried woman from the house of correction to the Wash-tonaw county jail.

James Hobson, the taxidermist at the University museum, has made a collection of 306 species of Michigan birds. Since his connection with the University he has placed in the museum about 680 specimens of birds, mammals and reptiles.

FOWLERVILLE.

From the Review.

The Fowlerville Cornet Band will go into camp at Portage Lake some time next month.

Dr. Geo. O. Austin, of Morrice, and family, are visiting his brother, Dr. A. S. Austin, of this place, this week.

Martin W. Camp, who has been confined to his bed nearly four months, is now able to be upon the streets again.

The first car load of brick for the new Miller block arrived Monday. If the weather permits it will be enclosed within the next 30 days.

STOCKBRIDGE.

From the Sentinel.

J. D. Rogers has raised and gathered thirty-five bushels of strawberries from less than one half acre.

E. J. Bott, about two and a half miles west and south of this village, went into a field, last Sunday afternoon, to catch his horses, and found one of them dead. A few hours before, he had seen them, and they were apparently well.

Master Cordie Bowdish had a very narrow escape from a broken limb, on last Monday. He was driving a team and lost his balance and fell off the wagon, a wheel passing nearly lengthwise over one of his legs. No bones were broken, but the limb was considerably bruised, and it is no wonder that Cordie also received a severe nervous shock for the time being.

BRIGHTON.

From the Citizen.

Mr. Courtney's house, in Green Oak, was struck by lightning last week. The damage was slight.

Geo. Cushing had a large quantity of sugar wet Friday, by the water getting into his cellar during the hard shower.

Arrangements will be made to have a guard here in town during the coming encampment, with headquarters at the Village Hall.

Fred Derby intends going to Kansas next week to look over the country with the intention of settling there if the prospect suits.

At school meeting last Monday night, Fred T. Hyne and Eugene Hicks were elected trustees in the place of Dr. Boylan and S. L. King, whose terms had expired. A resolution was passed instructing the board not to pay over \$300 for a principal the coming year.

PITH AND POINT.

—The most difficult punctuation is putting a stop to a gossip's tongue.

—The slang phrase "a dead sure thing" has been superseded by the elegant expression, "a deceased surety."

—An old philosopher says sententiously: "Don't play with the devil while you are young, if you do not desire to associate with him in years to come."

—Literary Matron—What does Shakespeare mean by his frequent use of the phrase, "Go to?" Matter-of-fact Husband—Well, perhaps he thought it wouldn't be polite or proper to finish the sentence.—*London Punch.*

—Plantation philosophy: Pleasures decrease as da come near us. De fish is a heap bigger 'fore yer gits it outen de water. De injurious in dis world is alers de fanciest. De brandy bottle is fixed up finer dan de bread tray.—*Arkansas Traveller.*

—"Well, there is one thing sure," said Mr. Job Shuttle, as he closed a discussion on the wrong-sidedness of everything in general; "there is no justice in this world, and it makes me blue to think of it." "True, Job," said Patience, "but the reflection that there is justice in the next, ought to make you feel a great deal bluer."—*Hartford Post.*

—Brother Gardner draws the following conclusions: "Dat no man eber gets work sittin' on de fence an' discussin' de needs of de kentry. Dat de less pollyticks a man has de mo' cash he can pay his grocer. Dat arguments on religion won't build churches nor pay de preachers."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Queen Victoria is said to be suffering from fits of deep depression which neither her family nor her physicians have been able to alleviate. She is said to take a gloomy view of all occurrences, and refuses all advice. She was particularly concerned about the journey of her son, the Duke of Edinburgh and his wife, the sister-in-law of the Czar, to Moscow. The way she clings to her daughter, the Princess Beatrice, is pathetic, and she is said to be the only one who exercises the slightest influence over her imperial mother.

1883.

THE LIGHT RUNNING

1883.

HERO



REAPER.

TO THE FARMERS OF LIVINGSTON AND ADJOINING COUNTIES:

If you want to purchase a Reaper this year, examine the "Hero," look it over carefully and you will see it is up to the times. 1st. It is simply constructed, 2nd. It has no side draft. 3d. It is not liable to get out of order. 4th. It has no weight upon the horses' necks. 5th. It is a very light draft reaper. 6th. It is easily managed. 7th. It is just the machine you want. It can be had of our agents, on trial, and is warranted to give satisfaction. I refer you to the following named farmers who have purchased and are using the Hero Reaper, some of whom for the past four years, and they can testify to its merits:

Jesse W. Sheets, Unadilla,
Bernard M. Closkey, Putnam,
David Donovan, Northfield,
Aug. Belden,
George W. Reason, Unadilla,
Arthur Montague,
E. J. Wakeman, Tyrone,
Geo. B. Wilcox, White Oak,
Whedon York, Roscommon,
Asa H. Gray, Isoco,

James Spears, Putnam,
Owen Goodspeed, Hamburg,
William Cullen, Danville,
B. McCann, Bunker Hill,
Wm. Perry,
Owen McCann, Jr.,
John B. McCreery,
Henry Ward,
Fred Maycock, Isoco,
Elmer Chipman,

George Bauer, Brighton,
S. K. House, Putnam,
A. Force, Stockbridge,
Perry Barrett,
George Phelps, White Oak,
Henry B. Gardner, Putnam,
Daniel F. Webb,
Lewis Love,
John A. Ward, Leslie,
Mrs. J. Love and Sons, Marion,

Martin Melvin, Jr., Hamburg,
W. Nelson, Whitmore Lake,
Warren Munson, White Oak,
Frank Aldrich, Henrietta,
John Fleming,
Philo Durfee, Antrim,
H. G. Martin,
Seymour Brown, Conway,
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The Hero can be seen, and is for sale, at Pinckney by JAS. MARKEY, General Agent for Michigan.

TO THE PUBLIC:

We are selling a NAIL that beats all others manufactured. It beats the Jefferson nail, a fact which we have proven by actual test. Try a few pounds, and see for yourself. We are having a splendid trade, and shall continue to hold it by selling good goods cheaper than any other retail hardware store in the county. All goods marked in plain figures. We shall keep on hand during the season the Ann Arbor Sledge Hammer to supply those of our customers who shall need them. Respectfully,

BROWN & COLLIER.

THE CORNER DRUG STORE!

In connection with our large and varied stock of

DRUGS, MEDICINES,

AND FINE CHEMICALS,

We make a specialty of Nursery and Sick-Room Supplies, Trusses, Elastic Bandages, Shoulder Braces, and all articles kept in a first class Drug Store. Our Stock of

PATENT MEDICINES,

Is full and complete, embracing all the standard and reliable remedies, which we will sell as low as any reliable house in the county. We keep a full stock of all Botanic and Eclectic Remedies, and Parke, Davis & Co's New Remedies, enabling us to fill any prescription or family receipts. We shall keep everything pertaining to our trade. In our Grocery Department we have none but fresh and well selected goods, and will sell at bottom prices. To accommodate our patrons, we will take in exchange Butter and Eggs, and will pay the highest market price. Respectfully,

H. F. SIGLER & BRO.

NEW STORE! NEW FIRM!

NEW GOODS! WILLIAM DOLAN & CO.,

Have just received a new and complete stock of

DRY GOODS, BOOTS & SHOES, CROCKERY, GROCERIES

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Shop back of Mann's Block, PINCKNEY.

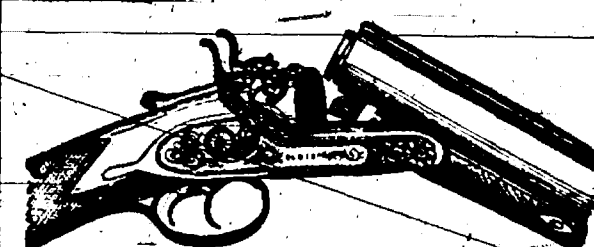
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BEST JAPAN TEA, 55 cts.

JAPAN TEA, 49 cts.

GROUND TEA, 20 cts.

GREEN COFFEE, 12 1/2 ct.

Roast Coffee, 15, 18 and 23 cts.

Saleratus, 8 cts. Bird Seed, 10 cts.

50c Tobacco at 40 cts.

60c Tobacco at 50 cts.

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

Canned Corn,

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O. A. WHEELER

WAIT A BIT, DINNA GET TIRED.

In the midst of the roses one glad June day,
My three-year-old darling was busy at play;
Midst the hum of bees and the twitter of birds
I caught the low ripple of baby-words.
The winds brought her tones to my question-
ing ear,
But the one word, "Patience," was all I could
hear.
"Patience," I asked, "what is patience, my little
pet?"
(No more ready reply I ne'er can forget,
And her answer was clear and direct,
"It is—wait a wee bit, and dinna get tired.")

My sweet baby darling! Oh, what could you
know—
You who were cherished and idolized so,
And clasped in the arms of the tenderest fate—
O, what could you know of the dire word
"wait."
When your life knew nothing of sorrow or
wrong,
And your heart was as glad as a summer
song;
When your skies were blue, and your little
feet
Knew no harder path than the meadows sweet,
O, how could you know, were you not in-
spired,
That the body or soul could ever get tired!

And oh! how often from day to day,
Since her childish prattle has died away,
When trials beset me on every hand,
Far more than my human strength can with-
stand:
When my heart refuses to look above,
And I doubt, at times, God's infinite love,
How oft, in life's moments of keenest pain,
The words of my baby come back again;
(And they fall on my heart like a voice in-
spired.)
"Wait—wait a wee bit, and dinna get tired."
—N. Y. Ledger.

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

MARY SCOTT BYRD, in the Illustrated World.

No place in the world was better
loved than the old homestead of Morton
Park. It was far down toward the
Connecticut line of Massachusetts, and
from the windows of the spacious end-
room—the ball-room of the old Colo-
nial days—we could look out upon the
beautiful banks of the Connecticut, as
it flowed swiftly into the state which
gave it its name.

That same stream ran by one edge of
the Morton estate, scarcely a hundred
yards from the house; and many were
the fishing and rowing parties that we
enjoyed on its blue, rippling surface.

Morton Park had been the great place
of the neighborhood, ever since the
proud young English officer had
brought home to it his beautiful bride.
Many and brilliant companies had
gathered within those walls in the
aud hall, and often through the oaken
banqueting-hall had echoed the ringing
cry, "God save the king!" Later, in
that same room, fair women had rever-
ently breathed the name of the "Father
of his country," and English-born peo-
ple brushed with pride and joy as they
swore to a new allegiance, and enter-
tained right regally George Washing-
ton at the ball which the graceful, once
Royalist, Richard Morton, with his fair
wife, Eleanor, tendered to the famous
general.

All the glories of those old times of
our great-grandfather had come down
to us with other treasured traditions,
and we never grew weary of visiting
the places of interest within the old
house and park.

Here under this oaken ceiling, Lord
Cornwallis smoked his last pipe with
Richard Morton. There beneath that
branching chestnut, General Washing-
ton had stood with a few staunch
friends, and talked of the glory won on
the 4th of July, 1776, the Independence
Day of our land.

All during the summer, Grandmother
Morton had her grandchildren about
her, but during August, in particular,
we grown-up ones came to enjoy the
freedom of the dear old place. Six of
us were domiciled there that "hottest
day of the season"—the proverbial day
from which one takes every event of a
summer—and it was a hot day, truly.
The sun blazed unwinkingly forth with
a blinding, scorching power. The birds
had ceased their song, the very insects
were silent; for it was too hot for even
a grasshopper or locust to fill the air
with their resonant cry.

We had gathered in the library, shut-
ting out light and heat as much as pos-
sible, and for the first time that day
I felt the luxury of being cool.
Grandmother, seated in an easy-chair,
with her soft white hair curled in fluffy
masses about her face, and wearing the
dainty widow's cap, was the central
figure of our group.

Eighty summers had she spent in this
busy world of ours, and she was ready
to spend as many more as God saw fit
to give her, she often said, so peaceful
and happy had been her days.

While we softly talked, grandmother's
head fell back a little, and very soon
we noticed her soft, regular breathing,
and knew the dear old lady had forgot-
ten the heat in her little noontime dream-
ing.

Suddenly the door from the veranda
was pushed open and Fanny Caxton
entered. With a little shriek of laugh-
ter, she gave her news.

"Charlie Camp is to marry Lucy
Monroe, and they say he has loved her
ever since the first moment they met all
those years ago."

"Perfectly absurd! The idea!" one
cried.

"I cannot imagine it!" exclaimed an-
other.

Each of us five listeners had, of
course, an opinion to give.

"I do not believe in love at first sight,
at all," said Fanny.

And just then grandmother stirred
uneasily, and murmured:

"Yes, yes, children."

"Why, grandmother, you don't be-
lieve in it, do you?" asked Fanny laugh-
ing, and slyly shaking her head at us.

I came to the rescue.

"It is too bad to fool your grand-
mother," I said; for the dear little lady

sat straight up, with a puzzled look,
saying:

"I think I must have dozed off a bit.
Were you laughing at me, dears? Did
not some one ask me a question?"

"I did," cried Fanny. "I wanted to
know if you believe in love at first
sight?"

Grandmother smiled a little, as she
replied, in her gentle, quavering voice:
"I certainly do, my child, for if
your grandfather had not fallen in love
with me at first sight, I would never
have been mistress of Morton Park."

Our curiosity was excited by this
little admission.

"Come, grandmother," we all cried,
"do tell us all about it. It will cool us
off to hear a love story."

And so, besought, grandmother
smiled her dear little smile and settling
herself comfortably, began:

"Once upon a time, as all story-tellers
say, there lived two young men, who
were the closest, dearest friends in the
world. The one was Richard Morton,
your grandfather, son of the English
officer of the same name, who built this
beautiful stone house; the other was
Jacob Vansiver, my own father. That
was long years ago, as you may imagine
—ninety years or more.

The young men had studied togeth-
er, had traveled together—in short,
from the time they were fifteen neither

one of them had ever been willing to
enjoy any pleasure or enter upon any
enterprise without the other.

"So things went on, until the winter
of 1780. Young and full of fun, they
were in the midst of all gaieties and
ready for any sport.

"One night they attended a very large
ball in New York city. Many beauti-
ful women were among the guests, but
of them all, no one was more lovely
than Catharine Livingston, a proud,
graceful girl, one of the belles of that
day.

"Both Richard and Jacob paid her
every attention during the evening, and
from that time on each was her devoted
slave. She was gay and thoughtless,
and it was with no thought of the pos-
sible consequences that she played her
little coquettish all through those hap-
py weeks which followed, favoring first
one admirer and then the other.

"Jacob Vansiver was a quiet, re-
served man, but he loved Catharine ten-
derly; and, after a time, endurance
ceased to be a virtue, and he resented
what he called her fickle favors.

"He had never looked upon Richard
Morton in the light of a rival, but sud-
denly it dawned upon his slow compre-
hension that they both loved the one
girl. Hitherto they had said, 'What is
mine is thine,' but now they could do it
no longer; for you know, girls, a man's
love for a woman is of a part far re-
moved from any other feeling of his be-
ing. It is an absorbing, exacting affec-
tion, and no man is content to share
her love for him with even the Jona-
than of his heart. Earnestly Jacob
Vansiver thought of the matter. He
found he could no longer stand calmly
by and keep silence; one must leave the
field. Apparently, both their chances
were equal, and, unselfishly he was
willing to give Richard the right to win
her love.

"This he told his friend in his manly,
straightforward way. Richard was
generous and quick-tempered, and Jac-
ob's words moved him strangely. He
looked upon their relation to Catharine
Livingston in a new light. He admired
her, perhaps loved her a little. He
never appreciated the intensity of Jac-
ob's affection, nor realized that his
words suggested a sacrifice. If one gave
her up, the other certainly could. Why
let such an affair interrupt their pleas-
ant friendship. They would both leave
New York and go over to England, as
they had long intended doing.

"Jacob acquiesced, and in a few days
the two young men had boarded a sail-
ing-vessel, the only means of ocean
travel at that time, and had crossed to
Great Britain. They rarely spoke of
the beautiful Catharine, so far away.
To Richard, the leaving her caused little
or no heartache, but Jacob grew
strangely quiet and dull. Poor fellow!
his thoughts were with the girl he had
left behind him in America; but, loyal
to his friend's supposed love for her, he
never spoke of his own consuming pas-
sion.

"Suddenly, word reached him of his
father's death, and of the necessity for
his immediate return to America. With-
out delay, he packed together his be-
longings, and, leaving Richard to visit
among his English relatives, he crossed
the wide ocean alone, and came back
to take care of his widowed mother.

"He had only been in New York a
few days when he learned that Cath-
arine Livingston was very ill—dying of
consumption," some said. Overcome
with grief at the news, he hurried to her
home—a beautiful house down on Bat-
tery Park, where were many of the
fashionable residences of the New
York of that day.

"Old Jackson, the faithful slave, who
had known him as 'one of Miss Cath-
arine's beaux,' ushered him into the
great parlor, into which ere he had
waited many moments, there came a
pale, shadowy girl—the ghost of the
Catharine he had known. Her chang-
ed appearance, and the sight of the
glad smile which lighted her face at see-
ing him, mad Jacob forget the com-
pact with his friend. He loved her,
and with a devotion that could no longer
be repressed. In passionate words,
he told her of his love and fears; and,
sheltered by his strong arms, she
whispered her own story of folly and
affection. It was for him she had long-
ed, growing pale and sad during the
weeks of his absence and silence. But
safe in his heart, at last, she was con-
tent, and happiness worked a marvel-

ous change; health and beauty were
restored, and in a few months Catharine
Livingston became Catharine Vansiver.

"Jacob wrote to Richard Morton of
his engagement, and subsequently of
the quiet wedding; but so soon did the
one follow the other that Richard re-
ceived and read both letters one bright
May morning.

"Unreasonable anger filled his heart
at what he termed their deception.
He thought hard thoughts of his friend
and his friend's wife, and the answer
that went over the ocean was very bit-
ter. 'I wish you both happiness, but
our friendship is at an end. I can trust
you no longer,' were the words that
closed the letter which filled the hearts
of the loving couple with sorrow.

"That was in the early summer of
1800, and three years passed swiftly by
—happy years to Jacob and his wife—
their one regret was the continued alie-
nation of Richard Morton.

"He had returned to America, and
upon his father's death had come into
possession of this beautiful old place.
He was a wealthy and a bright man,
respected by all who knew him. Very
much of his time was spent in New
York practicing his profession as a law-
yer. There he frequently met Jacob
Vansiver, but a cold bow was the
only sign of recognition between them.
"But at last a simple incident oc-
curred which altered the whole course
of their lives. It was on one frosty, bright
winter's morning that a stout comfort-
able-looking colored woman was walk-
ing down the street. The pavements
were very icy, and the people who hur-
ried and jostled by her found it hard
work to keep their footing.

"But she walked leisurely on, carry-
ing a little, golden-haired child in her
arms—a beautiful baby nearly two
years of age, who, looking over nurse's
shoulder, laughed and nodded to a gen-
tleman just behind them.

"Suddenly the woman's foot slipped,
and she fell heavily to the ground, but
not before the baby was caught in the
strong arms of the young man who had
been receiving her smiles.

"It was Richard Morton, girls, and I
was the little yellow-haired lassie.
Safely I was held in his loving clasp, un-
til a crowd had collected.

"My father was foremost among the
number. Imagine his feelings at find-
ing his baby—Kate—his precious little
daughter—saved from injury, perhaps
from death—by Richard Morton, his old
friend.

"After years of estrangement they
had met. It is hardly necessary to say
that hands were clasped in a long, lov-
ing pressure.

"As is so often the case, no words of
explanation were uttered. The friend-
ship of the past was renewed, and with
his arms about the innocent little child,
who clung lovingly to him, Richard
Morton felt all his hard feelings fade
away. The miserable years of aliena-
tion were forgotten, and he was again
Jacob Vansiver's faithful friend.

"It was very easy to fall into the
footing of a familiar and loved guest in
the home where Jacob so happily lived,
and whither Richard was at once taken.

"Over their wine that night I pre-
sided, sitting like a queen on her throne.
Then it was that Richard Morton said:
'I wish I was lord of a home like this,
and father of such a winsome girl.'
And my father said: 'Well marry my
little daughter, and I promise you the
happiest home. She shall learn of her
mother to be a true and loving wife.
The day she is fifteen I will give her to
you; you will be scarce forty.'

"I accept your trust, and I pray
God that I may be worthy of her pure,
young love," answered Richard Morton,
stooping to kiss my dimpled cheek, add-
ing, 'Why, I loved this little girl the
first minute I looked upon her.'

"Grandmother's smile was very ten-
der, and her eyes were bright with tears
as she repeated the words of her faith-
ful lover.

"Grandmother, dear," we cried,
"that is a charming love-story; but
you must tell us more. How did it all
come about? Did you love our dear
grandfather, too, from the very first?"

"Yes, dearies," she answered. "From
that day I was called 'Richard Morton's
little wife,' and I passed from child-
hood into girlhood, sheltered by his love,
and loving him with an idolatry which
grew with my growth and strengthened
with my strength, and which never
knew abatement. Who could help lov-
ing that noble, unselfish man who lived
his life for others? The day I was
fifteen, no happier bride could be
imagined than was I. Some few de-
plore the difference in our ages, but I
was content. The duties and cares
which come to every wife and mother
came to me, but guarded and shielded
by his loving care, my life was full of
joy, as full as the affection of a tender,
thoughtful man could make it.

"I have outlived him by more than
a score of years, but I have the sweet-
est memories of our life together ever
cheering me, and I am looking forward
to the heavenly home, where my Rich-
ard is waiting for me, and where there
will be no more parting forever."

"Dear grandmother's lips were wreath-
ed with the sweetest and saddest of
smiles, as she finished speaking, and in
her eyes was the far-away, expectant
look one so often sees in the eyes of
those saints who are living in the
blessed hope of an eternity above.

That when a man tells you of a chance
to make money, he neglects to mention
the hundred or more chances to lose it
in the same enterprise.

OUR FOOD PROSPECTS.

A More Favorable Report.

The July report of the department
of agriculture indicates a very general
improvement in the condition of cotton
rains was general up to the 15th or
20th of June, and local showers have been
frequent since. There has been an ex-
cess of moisture, interfering with cul-
tivation and promoting growth of grass.
Clear fields are found only in favored
districts and on the lands of prompt
and pushing cultivators. Since June
20 the growth has been rapid. In
grassy districts plants are still small,
but healthy, and are making great
progress with recent cultivation. The
only complaint of drought comes from
central and southwestern Texas, from
the Colorado to Guadalupe. A few
counties in South Carolina and Georgia
report present need of rain.

The recent distribution of moisture
has been quite unequal. Adams coun-
ty, Mississippi, has had showers daily
for five weeks, and Pike county for six
to eight weeks. The general average
advanced from 86 to 90. Last June
there was an improvement of 3 points,
from 89 to 92. The returns of July
since 1870 have indicated a higher con-
dition than in June, except in 1871,
1873 and 1879. Spring weather was too
variable in temperature and moisture,
as it usually has been in former years,
for the highest condition of the plant.
The only retrograde is reported for Ar-
kansas, where the loss at three points
is made from excessive rain, cool
nights and injuries from chinch-bugs,
red ants and rust. There is a promise
of improvement during July. A gain
of 10 points has been made in the north-
ern zone, North Carolina and Tennes-
see, 7 in Georgia, 6 in South Carolina,
4 in Texas, 3 in Mississippi, 2 in Vir-
ginia, and 1 in Florida. Alabama and
Louisiana stand as follows: Virginia
83, North Carolina 91, South Carolina
91, Georgia 93, Florida 95, Ala-
bama 87, Mississippi 89, Louisiana 91,
Texas 93, Arkansas 84, Tennessee 88.

Worms have wrought little injury as
yet. Caterpillars have appeared at a
few points from South Carolina to Tex-
as. In Butler county, Alabama, a sec-
ond brood of worms appeared June 29.
The boll-worm is at work in Denton
county, Texas.

Picking will commence in south-
western Texas about the 20th of July.

WHEAT.

There has been some improvement
in winter wheat in Connecticut, New
York, Virginia, South Carolina, Texas,
Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Mis-
souri, Kansas, and California, which
advances the general average condition
from 75 to 79. Spring wheat average
has advanced from 98 to 100. Indica-
tions for July point to a winter wheat
crop of fully 300,000,000 bushels, and a
product of about 125,000,000 of spring
wheat.

CORN.

The area of the corn crop has been
increased about 2,500,000 acres, mak-
ing the aggregate 68,000,000 acres.
There has been some extension of area
in nearly every state. The proportion
of increase is large in the northwest
and in the southwest. On the coast
from Virginia to Mississippi the ad-
vance has been small. In some places
the reduction in price from the enlarge-
ment of the supply last year has had a
discouraging effect.

There has been too much rain in the
great western maize districts, and fail-
ure of stands from planting poor seed,
making the crop late and the growth
small, but improvement of late has
been rapid. Taking all the states to-
gether the average for corn is 88,
against 85 last July, 90 in 1881 and 100
in 1880. The average of principal
states is as follows: New York 84,
Pennsylvania 89, Ohio 83, Michigan 78,
Indiana 90, Illinois 82, Iowa 84, Mis-
souri 82, Kansas 88, Nebraska 87, Dak-
ota 78. In the south the averages
range from 90 in Tennessee to 103 in
Louisiana.

OATS.

The prospect for oats is nearly as
good as in July last year, the average
being 98 against 103.

The condition of barley is represented
by 97. Last July it was 96; average in
New York, 193; Pennsylvania, 91; Wis-
consin, 102; California, 90.

POTATOES.

There has been an increase of about
5 per cent. in the area planted in
northern potatoes. They are reported
in high condition, averaging 101.

TOBACCO.

The average of tobacco appears to
have been diminished 7 per cent. in con-
dition, 95.

FOREIGN GRAIN.

A cable dispatch from the London
agent of the department of agricul-
ture, received a few days ago, says: "The
weather during the first ten days in
July has been hot and forcing, and
wheat estimates are increasing gen-
erally throughout Europe."

The Garfield Home Circle.

Mrs. Garfield, says the Pittsburg Dis-
patch, has made her home in Cleveland,
and selected her surroundings in so
quiet and careful a manner that com-
paratively few even of the late presi-
dent's more intimate associates have
any knowledge of her plans and of her
daily life. Her house is a plain brick
structure situated on a small lot in
Prospect street. She paid \$20,000 for
it, and regards it more in the light of an
investment than as a permanent home
for herself and children. The affections
of the Garfield family are evidently cen-
tered in the cottage at Mentor, and there
is an impression that their residence at
any other place will be temporary. The
occupants of the city home at present

are Mrs. Garfield; the late president's
mother, Mrs. Larabee, his sister, who is
in failing health; Miss Mollie Garfield,
and the younger boys, Irwin and Abram.
The solemn looking footman who ushers
the visitors into the drawing-room is the
only ceremonious person to be found in
the house. In consequence of Mrs.
Garfield's withdrawal from all society,
the family usually dine alone. Grand-
mother Garfield seldom sits a dinner
through, and when dessert is served she
takes whatever she fancies in her hands
and adjourns to the library. She is the
one occupant of the house who is always
visible. With her white hair and white
cap, she can be seen at the window, in
a little wicker rocking chair, buried
with her knitting or the daily news-
papers.

Hard on Poets.

Rockland Courier-Gazette.

"No," said the sad-faced man in
the corner, "I don't write poetry
any more. I used to write poetry
—dead loads of it. Good poems,
too, my family and nearest relatives
said. One day I read one of them,
—I mean one of the poems, of
course, and not one of the relatives—
to a party who was canvassing our
place for a life of the original John
Smith in sixty numbers. I asked
him his opinion of it. He said at
once that I ought to send it to some
one of the leading magazines. I
felt that a man with such judgment
as his ought to be encouraged and I
subscribed for his work. The next
day I mailed a copy of my poem to the
Century. It was a fine thing, I ac-
knowledge, about the west wind
blowing across the graveyards and
stirring the daisies and all that sort
of thing. I didn't hear from the
magazine folks, so I concluded the
poem had got lost in the mails—
postmasters are often dishonest and
will steal anything that is valuable—
so I sent another copy of the poem
and requested an immediate reply.
In three weeks I received an answer
saying that they were so crowded
with poetry that they begged to be
excused from using my really fine
effort. That was encouraging. I
mailed the poem to Harper. In
two weeks they said that they hoped
I would excuse them if they return-
ed it—which they did. Sent it to
Lippincott's, Peterson's, Indepen-
dent, Christian Union, New York
Weekly, Boy's Own—back it came
every time, with the politest accom-
panying note, saying that owing to
press of advertising on their columns,
or something of that sort, they would
have to decline. I grew
melancholy. Such repeated rebuffs
did not tend to encourage an aspirant
for literary honors. I grew desper-
ate, too, and wrote to a Boston
paper offering the poem at the paper's
own price. The editor didn't even
favor me with an answer and kept
my poem, which was a clear case of
larceny. The matter had by this
time cost me a large sum in postage,
and I felt bitter toward my fellow
men. Read the poem over again to
my family, drank in their applause,
and tried another paper, with the old
result. Then I remembered that
away up in a little town in Maine
where I was born, a genius was
publishing a local paper devoted to
patent medicine notices and anec-
dotes of Daniel Webster. I had
been a constant cash subscriber since
the paper's inception. I sat down
and wrote the editor a friendly let-
ter, spoke encouragingly of his pub-
lication, and ended by offering my
poem gratis for a place in his poet's
corner. The very next copy of his
paper—which he prints with far
from single mails—I opened with
feverish haste. To see my poem in
print had become the ruling ambition
of my life. The corner devoted to
poetry was occupied by "Lines to
M. A. R." I turned to the locals,
and read that the rhyme contributed
by so-and-so—meaning me—was de-
clined, as the editor could only con-
sent to print the better order of
amateur poetry. That settled me,"
said the sad-faced man; "I stopped
there. I could suffer under the re-
fusal of Century, but to have a
yellow-headed editor with a hair-lip
and only three hundred and thirty
subscribers to a paper that lives on
cordwood and beans turn me off
with scorn, was too much. I stop-
ped writing poetry then, and am
now, I hope, a respectable member
of society." Just then the stage
stopped and the sad-faced man got
out. Nobody spoke as the stage
drove on. It seemed no time for
idle words.

N. P. Williams, of the New Orleans
Times-Democrat, is the leader of a party
organized to explore a region of
Florida into which a remnant of the
Seminole Indians is supposed to have
fled, and where, it is said, no white
man has ever penetrated.

Siamese Women.

Hon. D. B. Sickles, late United States representative at the Court at Siam, in a recent lecture, thus describes the women of Siam and the Queen consort: "The native women of Siam are remarkably handsome, and, though somewhat diminutive, they are naturally graceful in their movements, and excel the men in intelligence and shrewdness. They are the cashiers in almost every native establishment, and are considered to be safer guardians of the money-box than the proprietors, or even their own husbands, to whom they dole out the copper *ots* or silver *frangs* with frequent precautions and admonitions. Although, in accordance with Eastern ideas, they are regarded as inferior to men in every respect, there are few countries where they so thoroughly demonstrate and maintain their equality as they do in Siam. In every well-organized and properly-conducted business house they are acknowledged to be indispensable, and nearly all the multitudinous native hongs and retail establishments at Bangkok, as well as those in the remote provinces of the realm, are either owned or managed by them. They seem to possess a genius for trade and are marvelously successful in all kinds of mercantile pursuits. As saleswomen in the native shops they are precise and persistent in making a bargain, and always win their customers by a genial craftiness that is too fascinating to resist, and unaffected plausibility that disarms suspicion. The Chinese merchants who settle in Siam and engage in trade have a keen appreciation of these qualities, and select Siamese women for their wives in preference to those of their own race, who are seldom capable of becoming anything but menials or toys. Thus, with the Eurasians on the one hand and the Siam-Chinese on the other, that section of the far East is being gradually peopled by new formed races, in which only a few distinguished traces of the ancestral type will ultimately be found.

Siamese women are also important factors in the body politic. In the State, as well as in the household, she performs a part which commands the respect of even those who pretend to despise her sex. In the palace her will is the power behind the throne greater than the throne itself. Her Majesty, the Queen Consort, though unproclaimed as the royal spouse, is nevertheless practically supreme in influence, if not in authority. She is less beautiful than some of the inmates of the royal mansion, but more noted for her ability and intelligence than any of the women that surround the court. The young King has been devotedly attached to her from his boyhood, and denies her nothing that his generous nature can bestow to complete her happiness. It is even asserted that he would destroy the time-honored custom of his country by casting aside his other wives, if she demanded it. She is his constant companion at home, and accompanies him on every journey, and was informed by a missionary lady who has been a frequent visitor at the palace for many years that, in the affairs of State he relies more upon her judgment than upon the advice of the members of the Privy Council, who are presumed to be skilled in the subtle art of Statecraft and diplomacy. Besides being amiable, industrious and frugal, she is gifted with good sense and endowed with other admirable virtues. When Mrs. Grant was presented to her in the private audience chamber of the royal palace, she conducted herself with a simplicity and dignity of manner that could not have been surpassed if she had been a well-trained scholar in the school of etiquette. Like Queen Amara, as described by McGloin in his charming romance of Cambodia, she always employs her talents and exerts her influence in the interest of her noble lord and for the welfare of his people."

A Calamitous War and Humiliating Peace.

Although the terms of the treaty of peace between Chili and Peru are of a most crushing character to the latter country, anything must be considered a deliverance from the reign of terror which has prevailed there since Peru was placed completely at the mercy of its conqueror in 1881. No unprovoked war of national aggrandizement has been as savage, as unrelenting, as successful as this descent of Chili upon Peru. The discovery of large beds of nitrate of soda and of borax, and almost inexhaustible deposits of guano in the Province of Tarapaca, excited the cupidity of the Chilean Government. With a desire to acquire this rich territory from a weaker neighbor it was not difficult for Chili to trump up a pretext to declare war. This was found in the consummation of a secret treaty of mutual defense against Chili entered into by Peru and Bolivia. Although this did not threaten any offensive war against Chili that country seized upon it as cause for war. Her demand that the treaty should be abrogated not being complied with, Chili declared war April 5, 1879. Peru had a nominal army of 40,000, poorly equipped, while Bolivia had virtually no army at all. Chili, on the other hand, was in good fighting trim. Her fleet was formidable, her cavalry well-mounted and armed; her artillery consisted of the best modern guns, and all told she was able to put about 75,000 men in the field. On land Peru made a stand against her enemy, but at sea her two ironclads, the celebrated Huascar and the unfortunate Independencia, held their own against superior numbers until the latter was wrecked. Even then, for four months the Huascar was a terror to the entire fleet of Chili. The terrible engagement in which

she was finally overcome, after the command of the vessel had devolved on five officers, who died at their posts, was the greatest naval fight of modern times. Her capture left the entire Peruvian coast line of 1,400 miles open to the Chilean fleet. Then disaster trod upon the heel of disaster, until Lima fell and the whole of Peru was overrun by the merciless invaders. All the industrial and commercial pursuits of Peru were prostrated by this ferocious and protracted war. Chili's loss was 3,276 killed and 5,610 wounded; Peru's, 9,672 killed, 4,431 wounded and 7,020 taken prisoners, and Bolivia's, 920 killed, 1,210 wounded and 800 taken prisoners. Chili has gained everything she wished. The treaty provides that Tarapaca shall become the territory of Chili. Also that she shall occupy the flourishing towns of Tacua and Arica for ten years. At the end of that time they are to decide by a popular vote to which country they will belong, when the country securing them shall pay the other \$10,000,000. Chili has to assume on the best terms possible for her the arrangement of the Peruvian foreign debt, for which the guano deposits of Tarapaca were mortgaged long before the war, but from the territory which passes into her control she will be able to do this and quickly repay herself for the expenses of her costly campaign. Peru is reduced and humiliated almost beyond recovery. —Chicago Herald.

An English Sale of Shares.

A few days ago a remarkable sale was held of shares in the New River Water Company—the oldest undertaking of the kind in England. One half of a "King's share," and smaller portions of other "King's shares" were up at auction together with twenty £100 shares of a new issue. The "King's shares" are freehold property, and are passed by deed like land. When James I. assisted the founder, Sir Hugh Middleton, with funds to complete his great undertaking, a moiety of the entire concern, divided, for the purpose of this arrangement, into seventy-two equal parts or shares, was assigned to the King, and subsequently this moiety, or thirty-six shares, was reassigned to the company in consideration of an annual payment of £500 forever. The present income of the shares so committed was last year £92,000. In twenty years the dividend per share has risen from £876 to £2,541, and the company's income from £210,000 to £473,000. At the sale the property was divided into eighty-three lots, the "King's shares" being sold in fractions of one-hundredths, one-hundred and sixtieths, sixtieths, and one-hundred and ninety-seconds. They realized at the rate of about £91,000 for an entire share. The new issue of shares of £100 each brought £385 apiece, and the entire proceeds of the sale, which extend over three days, amounted to upwards of £60,000.—London Cor. Philadelphia Telegram.

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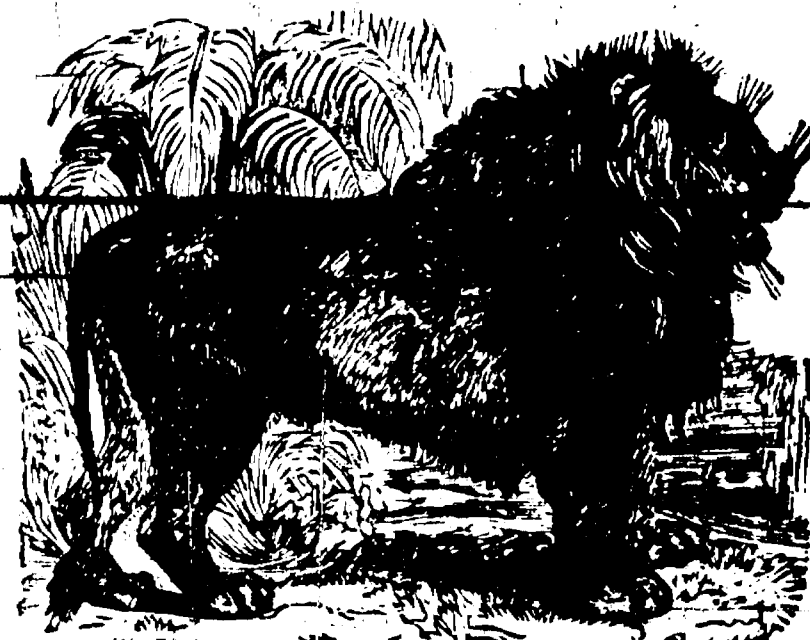
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