

PINCKNEY DISPATCH.

VOL. I.

PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, JULY 26, 1883.

NO. 28.

PINCKNEY DISPATCH

JEROME WINCHELL, PUBLISHER.

ISSUED THURSDAYS.

Subscription Price, \$1.00 per Year.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Transient advertisements, 25 cents per line for first insertion and ten cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Local notices, 5 cents per line for each insertion. Special rates for regular advertisements by the year or quarter.

PINCKNEY VILLAGE DIRECTORY.

CHURCHES.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—Services every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock. Also each alternate Sunday evening at 7 1/2 o'clock. Sunday School immediately after the morning service. Class meeting following the Sunday School.

Jas. F. E. Pearce, Pastor.

CONGREGATIONAL.—Services each Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock. Sunday School at 11 1/2. Also services each alternate Sabbath at 7 1/2 P. M. Strangers especially are invited to attend our services. Officers will be in waiting to seat those not familiar with the pews.

Rev. K. H. Crane, Pastor.

SOCIETIES.

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

Mrs. Dr. Stoler, Secretary.

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

Mary Van Fleet, Cor. Sec.

E. O. T. M.—Livingston Tent, No. 285, meets at Masonic Hall the first Friday evening on or before the full of the moon in each month.

F. A. Stoler, Com.

MASONIC.—Livingston Lodge, No. 78, meets at Masonic Hall, Main's Block, Tuesday evening on or before the full of the moon in each month.

C. D. Van Winkle, W. M.

C. V. VAN WINKLE, C. Sec.

BUSINESS CARDS.

S. GILCHRIST,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
HARNESS, COLLARS, SADDLES,
Whips, Robes, Brushes, etc.
Repairing done on short notice. Keeps a full stock of Diamond Black Leather Oil constantly on hand.
PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CALL BY TELEPHONE
At SIGLER 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. VAN WINKLE,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW
and SPECTATOR 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.

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 land) five miles west of Pinckney and three miles from Unadilla, on the Pinckney and Milan road, also on line of G. 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.

FOR SALE.

Fine Brick residence, desirably located in the village of Pinckney. Will be sold on reasonable terms. Good title, free from all incumbrance. For particulars apply on premises.

MRS. H. M. DARROW.

MARRIED.

At the M. E. Parsonage, Tuesday, July 24, 1883, by Rev. F. B. Pearce, Minister of the Gospel, and Miss Belle Hinchey, both of Putnam.

DIED.

In Unadilla, Monday afternoon, July 23rd, 1883, Mrs. Archibald Marshall. Funeral occurred on Wednesday, at 10:30 A. M.

Near Pinckney, Tuesday morning, July 24th, 1883, of erysipelas, Benny, oldest child of Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Bunning.

Benny's dead! How like a dream
To my heart those sad words seem—
"Today I clasped his little hand,
To-night he's in the spirit land."
Benny's dead! where'er I go,
Those words follow, sad and low;
Every breeze, to sorrow led,
Whispers sadly, "Benny's dead!"
Benny's dead! Each cherished toy
Sadly waits the absent boy;
And little Carrie seems to say,
"I wonder at his long delay."
Benny's dead! will I ever see
Benny run to welcome me?
Yes, when pallid death shall come,
Benny'll lead my spirit home!

BUSINESS NOTICES.

T. 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 Sun Fire 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 KRAPER a model of perfection in Reapers, also the new HOPKINS MOWER; the world is challenged to produce its equal. Don't fail to see and examine those beautiful Machines, every one warranted to give satisfaction or no sale; they can be had on trial.

JAMES MARKEY, Agent.

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.

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

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.

Chloride of Lime, handy packages, at Winchell's Drug Store.

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

The following new books have been added to the Pinckney Circulating Library:

In Trust—Douglass.
Real Folks—Whitney.
Inez—Evans.
Miriam—Harland.
Marian Grey—Holmes.
Millbank.
Ethelyn's Mistake.
Lena Rivers.
The Widower—Smith.
The Hall in the Grove—Pansy.

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.

Fresh Oranges and Lemons, at Winchell's Drug Store.

NOTICE.

I have let my whortleberry swamp north of this village, to Mrs. Charlotte Smith. Other persons are hereby forbidden to pick therein without her consent.

Mrs. O. W. Haze.

Try the Hiawatha Plug Tobacco, at C. A. Wheeler's.

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.

Robert Tiplady had six sheep killed by lightning Saturday morning last.

Henry and J. R. Myers and D. P. Markey, will leave Sunday for a ten days trip, to Duluth and several of the cities of the northwest.—Ogemaw Co. Herald.

The Messrs. York and son, who, removed from Howell to Roscommon County a couple of years ago, are said to have a model farm on the "sandy plains" near Roscommon.

The Stockbridge Sentinel publisher pieces out his slender resources by raising a patch of corn in the yard back of his office.

Prof. Geo. Sprout formerly of the Litchfield Public Schools, but for the coming year engaged as superintendent of the Union School at Pentwater, has been visiting friends at his old home near Pinckney, the past week.

Rev. M. O'Reilly, from Valparaiso, Ind., will officiate at the Catholic church in this village on Sunday, August 5th. Services at the usual hour. All are invited.

Premium lists for the fall fairs are gracing the columns of some of our exchanges.

The railroad contractors are scratching around pretty lively now in search of extra help to crowd their work on the grade.

The Eaton Rapids band will be one of those that will play at the encampment.

Washtenaw County is reported to have the worst county jail in the State. A member of the State Board of Reformatory Institutions, who has recently visited it, reports it unfit for a hog pen.

The striking telegraphic operators still hold their ground, and it is reported that their demands will be conceded.

The Howell B. B. Club was badly worsted by the Pittsburg Browns, Tuesday, and fall back on their laurels previously won to keep them from fainting.

Jade White had his foot bitten by a massasauga, Friday afternoon last, while working in the harvest field barefoot. Prompt treatment neutralized the poison so that he has suffered little inconvenience from it.

"Bennie" oldest child of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Dunning, died, Tuesday morning of erysipelas, after an illness of only four days. The parents have the sympathy of the community in their sorrowful affliction.

Some of our Howell friends, repenting of their former resolution to leave Pinckney out in the cold, think our citizens ought to begin to do something for the encouragement of the T. A. A. & N. extension. As we have before stated the people of this vicinity, we believe, will do their full share if the enterprise is put in such shape that they can have confidence in it—but they do not propose to waste either wind or money in a "wild goose chase."

Whortleberries are just beginning to make their appearance in this market.

A South Haven lady is making a good thing of the culture of silk worms.

Mr. Barnard announces a harvest party at the Monitor House, on Friday evening, August 10th. Chamberlain's Band will furnish the music.

Deacon Leonard Noble has gone to Napoleon for a brief visit with relatives residing there.

A blind beggar, from Jackson, perambulated the streets, yesterday. He had learned his piece very well and appeared quite pitifully in behalf of his "six childer all under 14 year old."

A number of our citizens are paying considerable attention to bee culture, and say they find it interesting and profitable.

Some grown wheat is reported already, but the evil does not prevail to a great extent yet and probably will not unless there should be continuous rainstorms.

Pinckney is just as good a point as there is in the State of Michigan for a certain class of manufactures, and it would be well for our citizens to keep an eye out for all chances to secure establishments of that kind which will give permanence to her already assured prosperity.

Mr. Ashley is figuring with the Brighton folks this week.

The summer resorts are not booming much yet. Damp weather is also unfavorable for camp-meetings.

Our system of erasing all names on the subscription list when the time paid for expires, we find gives pretty general satisfaction. We always notify the subscriber two weeks in advance, and if the paper is wanted this affords ample time for renewal. If not wanted, the subscriber is saved the annoyance of having to order the paper discontinued. Altogether we think our plan is the best one, and the subscription list of the Dispatch is not suffering from our adherence to it.

Stockbridge talks of a "hoss" fair—in other words, a series of races—some time next month.

Some sneak of a tramp was mean enough to steal \$4.00 out of a northern Michigan editor's pocket. Whose money was he carrying around so carelessly?

Vince Allport is again Jehu of the Dexter stage line.

On Friday morning last, Mr. Abram Taylor, of Unadilla township committed suicide, by hanging himself in the barn—where he was found by his son, suspended to a beam. He was cut down, taken to the house and signs of life still being present the physician was sent for, but strangulation had gone so far that it was impossible to revive him—and he died early Saturday morning. His family relations had not been pleasant for years, and he had expressed a desire that his life might be ended, though none of his family knew or thought of his intending to make way with himself. He was a sober, hard working man, and had been a resident of the township and vicinity for many years.

More stock and less wheat would improve the chances for profitable farming in this locality, if we mistake not. And while speaking of stock we would suggest that it costs no more to raise a fine blooded beast worth \$75 or \$100, than it does to raise a "native" worth \$30 or \$40. We don't see half the fine stock in this locality which there really ought to be.

Charlie Collier has just completed a beautiful upright show-case for displaying silver and plated ware, which the firm have recently added to their stock.

Miss Lizzie Darrow has gone to Three Rivers for a few weeks vacation.

A practical farmer says that a coating of boiled linsed oil and pulverized charcoal will preserve fence posts as long as any man will live to need them.

The Citizen thinks Brighton lies on the map just about where the Toledo and Ann Arbor extension ought to strike it.

"Keep out of this huckleberry patch" is the way notices read at the entrance to many a whortleberry swamp about now.

It is said that Jas. E. Scripps will soon retire from the editorial management of the Detroit Evening News. He is presumed to have wealth enough to live without labor if he chooses to do so, and will probably devote his time to literary pursuits, for which he has a great liking.

Mr. A. R. Griffith went to Kalamazoo to day on business.

The ground is so soft in many fields that it is impossible to use the binding machines at all, and the wheat must be cradled, or cut with the ordinary reaper.

Taking it up both sides and down the middle, there isn't a much better State than Michigan after all. If we do have rainy seasons once in a while they affect us less here than in many other localities, as the country is too well drained to admit of destructive floods, and the cyclones strike us gently compared with the breezes they get on the western border.

Remember, merchants of Pinckney the business of this town will depend more upon your enterprise than upon any advantages the railroad can bring, important as will be that accession to your facilities. It is the town which has wide-awake, business houses that makes itself felt for twenty miles on every side. Make the farmers of Livingston County feel that you appreciate their patronage and you will hold it and gain more all the time.

A large amount of harvesting was done last Sunday, by farmers who evidently believe it is "lawful to do well on the Sabbath day."

The question being discussed at Springport is whether on the 4th of July, in the absence of the duly appointed Chaplain, it was the duty of another minister when invited to do so, to make the opening prayer. The "other minister" says it was asking him to act as a "jack at the pinch," but the president of the day thought that was straining a point of etiquette a good ways, for a person who professed to be "God's servant." The President, however, probably forgot that God hasn't much to do with 4th of July celebrations in general.

Tom Swan feeds the "sojers" at Island Lake encampment.

Mr. Chas. Kellogg, of Detroit, is visiting his mother, Mrs. Kellogg and his aunt Mrs. Freeman Webb, near Pinckney this week.

Prof. Silas Wood, of the Clark School, Chicago, visited his father Mr. Garrett Wood, and his sister Mrs. Geo. W. Brown, the first of the week. He is on his way to the White Mountains, where he will spend a part of his vacation.

Dr. Thatcher goes to Corsicana, to form a partnership with Dr. Hinos, of that place. We are sorry to lose the doctor from our town, as he is a gentleman of rare qualities, and stands high in his profession. We congratulate the people of Corsicana on being the beneficiaries of our loss. —Gainesville (Texas) Register.

Just before noon, on Monday last, occurred one of the worst tornadoes which has visited this part of the State. It extended almost across the State from west to east, at Eaton Rapids, demolished barns and houses, killed two children and spread things around promiscuously. Near Leslie an old lady was killed and property destroyed to a considerable extent. In Waterloo we learn of another woman being killed, while a new church being built in that locality was nearly unroofed and the frame badly wrecked, trees torn up, etc. At Unadilla much of the rubbish which had been gathered up by the cyclone on its way was gently precipitated to the earth again in the form of twigs and limbs of trees, shingles, bits of boards, leaves, etc. The storm has evidently spent its fury before reaching this place where the only visible signs of it were flying leaves and small rubbish which had not yet fallen to the ground. The tornado was followed by a rain-storm of which this locality received its full share.

—Dr. Clauston, an Edinburgh physician, says: "All acute mental diseases, like most nervous diseases, tend to thinness of body, and therefore all foods and all medicines and all treatments that fatten are good. To my assistants and nurses and patients I preach the gospel of fatness as the great antidote to the exhausting tendencies of the disease we have to treat, and it would be well if all people of nervous constitution would obey this gospel."

—The electricity generated by the machinery in one of the great Harmony Mills at Cohoes, owing to peculiar conditions which are not perfectly understood, has of late so charged the atmosphere as to affect the employees unpleasantly. Various attempts were made without result to remove the nuisance, but at last a network of wires running through the mill has been successfully employed to collect the electricity and conduct it to the ground. —Troy (N. Y.) Times.

Educate the Hand.

The head of the American youth, male and female, has been too long educated at the expense of the hand. It is about time this sort of thing should stop, if the claim of the Yankee that he is nothing if not "practical" is to be in future anything more than an idle boast.

Let it not be understood that what is vulgarly known as "book learning" is to be despised or neglected; it ought not to be and must not be; the more of it the better. But in these days of concentration of wealth and capital, of production by great corporations, the proportion of those who work for wages is constantly growing larger. Agricultural independence is being encroached upon by industrial dependence, and how to use his hands in the coming battle of life is now, more than ever before, becoming the serious question for every American boy.

Industrial or manual education, then, is destined to become a feature of the education afforded by our public schools. Geometry and a jack-plane are no more incompatible than that delightful study and a blackboard. Arithmetic would cease to be stupid if mechanical education enough were sandwiched in between recitations to enable the boys to manufacture—that is, make with their hands, aided by proper tools—the conditions of their problems. Even text books would be doubly interesting if some of the scholars would spend time enough in a printing office to learn how it was made, and be able to describe the process intelligently.

There is not a blacksmith shop in the country but should have two or three boys in it a part of the summer vacation, if for nothing more than to consider whether they should like the business; not a carpenter shop but should tolerate a few school boys in it now and then, that they may learn how to drive a nail correctly; and so on throughout the trades. Division of labor, which has come with the introduction of machinery, while a good and necessary thing, is delinquent in that it has nothing in the place of the apprentice system which it has destroyed.

Let the school and the workshop co-operate in every community in the country, and the union of text books and tools will be consummated in a surprisingly short time with beneficial results. It is not proposed nor is it desirable to turn all schools into workshops; that would be as unfortunate as the present state of affairs, which is all books and no tools.

Thoughtful men interested in educational matters are not neglecting these phases of instruction for youth. In this city the institute of technology is not an experiment, it is an institution. Its methods duly modified are applicable to a country high school. It does not in the least interfere or obstruct the classical education which distinguishes the neighboring university at Cambridge. Its school of mechanic arts admits boys as young as fifteen. Several schools for manual education are already started in New York. St. Louis boasts of one of the best in the country. One of the most significant signs of the times is a recent circular of the Carriage Builders' National Association which has established in New York a school for the advancement of technical knowledge among apprentices and mechanics of the carriage trade. Why should not every trade have a like association for a like purpose?—*Miner-Gazette.*

What Fashion Says the Widow Shall Wear.

Some dresses of extraordinary beauty were made recently for a widow of thirty who is about to enter the matrimonial state a second time. One was of ivory satin, with long, plain train embroidered in a rich scroll pattern, with pearls, white jet, and heavy silk down the sides and around the bottom, which was edged with a narrow triple plaiting, lined interiorly with a double plaiting of lace. The front was cut out in leaves, in a triple series, embroidered and laid over flounces of pompadour lace, the width diminishing toward the bodice, which formed a very deep point, and the hollows of which, upon the hips, were filled in with embroidered leaves, below which were deep paniers of the lace. The bodice was cut square, embroidered in front, and surrounded with a standing frill of exquisite lace. The sleeves were formed of single puff of satin and double fall of lace, the lower one descending over the elbow.

Another dress was a very delicate combination of shrimp pink, with a lovely brocade on a tinted ground. The bodice of this dress was cut in one with the train, which was trimmed with regular falls of lace at the sides, and softly pulled at the back. The entire front was covered with a network of pearl embroidery as light almost as lace, and forming barred sections divided by twisted ropes of small seed pearls which cost as much in time and labor as jewels.

A dress of bronze satin and brocade, the latter in an olive pattern, is for walking or riding. It is all of a color and accompanied by an immense hat of bronze straw faced with velvet and trimmed with long and wide bronze plumes. A very rich short dress is for garden parties. It is a combination of cream and gold brocade, with old gold satin and beautiful lace. There is a hat for this dress of cream satin, edged with gold, and trimmed with magnificent plumes of old gold.

The simplest gowns in this trousseau are of India silk for morning wear,

very much trimmed with ribbon and lace. The traveling dress is of pin-checked surah, lined with strawberry and trimmed with Irish point under the mantle, which formed a very stylish visor high on the shoulders, tied in at the back, but with long ends in front. The bonnet of French straw matched the general tone of the dress, which was a sort of brown bronze, and the feathers, which formed its garniture, represented the colors in the minute checks and also the strawberry lining.

A Russian morning dress for present wear was of ivory cashmere lined with ivory surah and bordered with a broad band of black feather trimming. A very delicate one of white India twilled silk had a bodice composed of several rows of gathered lace studded with tiny white and pink silk pompons which looked like a garden border of English daisies.

The list seems endless, but a black toilet must be mentioned, composed entirely of black satin and lace, the lace mingled with white satin and the whole effect heightened by a mantle formed of deep plaitings of lace with a shower of fine jet down the center of the back, and high plaitings upon the shoulders forming deep epaulettes. With this dress came a small bonnet with sparkling jetted crowns and plaited brim of real lace.—*Chicago Herald.*

Captain Swagar's Nerve.

An incident illustrating the character of the late Captain Joseph Swagar, is related by Mrs. Tabitha P. Cunningham, a venerable lady over seventy years of age. In 1836, when Captain Swagar was commanding the steamer Diana, Mrs. Cunningham, her husband and little two-year-old daughter took a trip to New Orleans on the Captain's boat for their health. It was their intention to remain in the Crescent City for quite a while, and they engaged a suite of rooms with an old French lady, who had several persons stopping at her house. One of these boarders was a lady who, shortly after the arrival of the Cunninghams, was taken suddenly sick and her disease developed into a case of small-pox. The patient was removed to the post-house, and the bed upon which she had been lying placed in the yard to be fumigated. Mrs. Cunningham looked out of a window, and was horror-stricken to see her little daughter enjoying a fine tumbling on the infected bed.

Mrs. Cunningham was almost scared to death, and feeling sure that her little darling would sooner or later be stricken with the dread disease, informed her husband that she was going to get back to Louisville as soon as possible. She inquired what boat was going up the river, and was told that Captain Swagar's was the only boat running at that time. It appears that Mrs. Cunningham had formed rather a dislike for Captain Swagar on the down trip, on account of his too authoritative manner, as she supposed; but there was no other way for her to get home, and she was compelled to take passage on the Diana.

The boat was sixteen days reaching Louisville. She had an immense trip of passengers, both the cabin and deck being crowded. On the second day out the little girl was taken sick, and Captain Swagar had two physicians who were aboard the boat, to attend her. Before long they announced that the little sufferer had the most beautiful case of small-pox they had ever seen. An effort was made to keep the matter quiet but it finally leaked out that there was small-pox aboard the boat, and then such excitement never was seen. The hundreds of passengers rose up in a solid body and demanded of the Captain that the Cunningham family should be put ashore forthwith. They clamored around him, waiting to know whether or not he intended to comply with their demands, and threatening what they would do in case he refused. The passengers had mutinied, so to speak, and had turned into a howling mob.

The Captain saw that some decisive action was necessary, and drawing a revolver he leaped upon a chair, and pointed it straight at the heads of the leaders of the mob.

"Silence!" he roared, at the top of his voice. "I am commander of this boat, and these people have paid me their passage to Louisville, and I intend to carry them there unless the boat blows up or sinks. If any of you passengers desire to get off at the next landing, you can do so, and I will refund you your money. You now know what I intend to do, and the first man who opens his mouth again I'll blow his brains out." The determination depicted on the Captain's countenance had its effect upon the mob and it dispersed.

"I could have worshiped that man forever after that," said Mrs. Cunningham, in relating the story. "For it was his brave conduct that saved my little girl's life." When the boat reached Portland the Captain hired a carriage and had the family conveyed to their home. Strange as it may appear, not a single one of the passengers took the disease that the little girl had brought aboard the boat.—*Louisville Commercial.*

A Pennsylvania schoolmarm, who was doing Europe, was waited upon by a police officer in Berlin, who demanded her passport. She had none, but, luckily, did not say so. After debating the matter for some time, she finally remembered that she had an old teacher's certificate with her. This she produced and gave to the policeman. He carried it off to headquarters, had it registered and returned it next day with the remark that her papers were all right.

PITH AND POINT.

—The donkey never suffers from softening of the brayin'.

—Tight pants and tight dresses have both gone out of style, but it seems as if tight men never will.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—A crabbed old bachelor says: "When rain falls, if she gets the bigger half of the umbrella they are lovers; if he takes the bigger half they are married."

—The latest freak of fashion in New York is to have the feet photographed. It was tried in Chicago but given up because it was impossible to get a whole foot into focus.—*Philadelphia News.*

—A French lady at Nice went to her room, put on a white satin dress and blow out her brains. It ruined her dressmaker, as ladies considered she was driven to the deed by the baseness of the fit.—*Boston Post.*

—Two white tramps have been sent to the chain-gang for throwing kisses at the young ladies of a Georgia seminary. The privileges of the American citizen seem to be getting very limited indeed.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

—The average age of different men is put down thus: Merchants, 55; physicians and lawyers, 58; farmers, 61; clergymen, 64; and great geniuses, 75. It will be observed from the above that the journalistic profession tends to longevity.

—Edith.—The fact that you do not know what "rock salt" is shows that you have never kept house. Rock salt comes in little bags labeled "best family table salt." It has to be pounded with a flail-iron before you can get any out.—*Philadelphia News.*

—There is one good thing about this two-cent postage. The swarm of spring poets won't be compelled to face the dreadful fact that the stamp on the envelope is worth three times as much as the poem inside. It will only be worth twice as much.—*Chicago Times.*

—Little George, age four, saw and heard a violin for the first time. He thought it very funny, and this is the way he described it: "Why, mamma, I couldn't help laughing. The man had the funniest little piano you ever saw, and he held it up to his neck and pulled the music out with a stick."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—A correspondent of the Atlanta Constitution, after giving an account of the attempted suicide of a woman who choked herself with one of her stockings, adds: "I am informed that the stocking was a red and blue striped." Accuracy in details is an important article in the stock in trade of a newspaper man.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

—A bashful young man went three times to ask a beautiful young lady if he might be the partner of her joys and sorrows, and other household furniture, but each time his heart failed him and he took the question away unopened. She saw the anguish of his soul and had compassion on him. So the next time he came she asked him if he thought to bring a screw-driver with him. He blushed and wanted to know what for. And she, in the fullness of her heart, said she didn't know but he'd want to screw up his courage before he left. He took the hint and the girl.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The latest discovery is coal-tar sugar. Its advantage is said to lie in its superior sweetness.

—An electric light about the size of a small bear has been constructed and used successfully in illuminating interior portions of the human body.—*Cleveland Herald.*

—A citizen of Laurens County, South Carolina, has sixty specimens of wood grown on his plantation at that place. The blocks are round and show the girth of the trees with the bark on them.

—What one single industry is capable of doing by way of consuming what may be called raw material may be learned from the following: It is only, comparatively speaking, a few years ago that photographers began to use what they call albumen paper. Now in the United States alone three factories consume about 2,000,000 eggs a year in making that kind of paper.—*Exchange.*

—There has been an unusual awakening in scientific circles in Cincinnati during the past few months; a Polytechnic School has been organized; a State Forest Association formed, with its headquarters in Cincinnati; and courses of popular lectures on chemistry, zoology, botany and history have been given at the afternoon school in popular science and history.—*Scientific American.*

—Bromide of ethyl is the new substitute for chloroform. It is a powerful agent, and a teaspoonful, when inhaled, will put any one to sleep in thirty seconds, and keep him utterly oblivious to what is being done. The unconsciousness lasts only from three to four minutes, when the patient awakes as from a natural sleep without headache or other disturbances of any kind.—*Chicago Times.*

—The average distance at which thunder can be distinguished is declared to be seven miles, while the lightning of an ordinary thunderstorm, at midnight, may be seen forty miles. Perhaps lightning sometimes occurs at too great an elevation for the thunder to reach the earth's surface, particularly in the tropics, where the thunderstorms are at great heights. In rare instances, in Europe, lightning is observed in the zenith, followed at an interval of twenty seconds by faint rolling thunder immediately overhead. A slight increase of altitude would doubtless render the thunder inaudible.—*N. Y. Sun.*

SPECIAL SALE!

WE COMMENCE

THIS WEEK

A Special Sale to Clean up Stock.

HERE WE GO!

LOOK AT THESE PRICES:

Best Prints, Summer styles, 6 cts.
Best Gingham, dress plaids, (Cantons and Renfrews), 11 cts.
Best Gingham, small checks, 10 cts.
Best Pacific Lawns, 8 cts.

PARASOLS,
Lisle Thread Gloves,
Silk Gloves,
White Goods,
AT
Greatly Reduced Prices.

IN OUR
GROCERY
DEPARTMENT

We are giving equally good
BARGAINS!
TRY OUR FIFTY CENT TEA.

It beats them all.
We mean business. Don't buy until you look us through.

LAKIN & SYKES.

REMEMBER

WE STILL OFFER

EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS!

E. A. MANN, East Main St., Pinckney.

WINCHELL'S DRUG STORE

West Main St. Opposite Globe Hotel,
PINCKNEY, MICHAEL

DRUGS and MEDICINES,

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

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

BARGAINS IN GROCERIES.

REDUCTION IN DRY GOODS.

THE HOUSEWIFE.
Some of the duties that crowd the life of patient mother, of soulful wife; looking to do and dishes to wash; clothes to set for Tommy and John; the beds to make and lamps to fill; the water to draw, like Jack and Jill; the stove to black and the carpet to sweep; watch the baby just learning to creep; cutting and making jackets for boys; putting up preserves, throw-by toys; feeding the cat, chickens and hens; peeling out paper, pencils and pens; pressing children for school and for church; taking time to enforce with a birch; when to sit and wait to brew; clothes to boil, cranberries to stew; cleaning the deer-knives, winding the clocks; cleaning the silver, darning the socks; feeding down tracks in the wee girl's skirts; grinding the coffee, beating up cake; heating the oven just right to bake; washing the windows, scouring the sink; generally a moment to read or think; a little time for neighborly calls; shut up and huddled in by four square walls; how can the mind be free to expand when work is pressing on every hand.

OUR NEIGHBORS.

DEXTER.

From the Leader.

C. A. Valentine, of North Webster, last week sold to Dr. C. Howell, of Alpena, a Stoneyford colt, three years old, for \$200.

Miss Louisa Bushford started for Bay View last Monday. She will spend the remainder of the summer at that beautiful and healthy resort.

Tuesday afternoon of this week, while a little son of George Black was playing around some empty cars at the depot, he fell from the top of one, breaking his left arm in two places, fracturing it so badly that the bones protruded through the flesh. Dr. C. A. Wright attended, and set the arm.

ANN ARBOR.

From the Register.

The house on the corner of Ingalls and North streets, formerly owned by Col. Grant, will be removed this week, and in its place Prof. A. H. Pattengill will erect a fine residence.

Ann Arbor people's favorite summer resort, Whitmore Lake, is destined to become quite a popular retreat for residents of this and adjoining counties. The Air Line of the Grand Trunk runs within a few rods of the northern shore of the lake and will make it accessible from Jackson, Pontiac and other large cities. Many people from the first named place now spend their vacations at Whitmore, and with the completion of the road the number will be greatly increased.

James M. Kelsey, of York township, while driving across the Toledo railroad on the Milan road last Monday evening, was struck by a south bound freight train. The wagon was completely demolished and the occupant thrown a distance of nearly sixty feet. Fortunately for Mr. Kelsey, none of the bones were broken, but the bruises and fall sustained were so severe that he has been confined to Geo. W. Cropsey's house, where under the treatment of Dr. Sullivan, he has been doing very well.

SOUTH LYON.

From the Picket.

Large gang of men arrived Friday to work upon the M. A. L.

C. M. Bush, son of contractor Bush, of the M. A. L., is now stopping in town.

Mrs. Vealey is packing up, preparatory to moving to Fort Gratiot, where she will engage in the millinery business.

A new platform will be built at the depot of the D. L. & N., 50 by 14 ft., for the better accommodation of freight. Lee Waring is the builder.

G. F. Newkirk was taken with a severe attack of bilious cholera or lead poisoning, on Thursday evening of last week, and the struggle of life and death was very close for several hours. The fatal crisis is at last passed and he is now gaining rapidly.

FOWLERVILLE.

From the Review.

Geo. Bush and Myron Green left on Monday for Stockbridge, where they will build a dwelling house on some lots recently purchased in that place by Mr. Bush.

About 4 o'clock on Saturday afternoon the instrument in Spencer Bro's drug store was connected with the main line.

The G. A. R. Post, of this place, will go into camp for a week at Long Lake, on the 11th of August. They have also in contemplation a reunion at this place between the 11th and 15th of September.

A young adopted daughter of Mr. John Boyd fell from a cherry tree on Saturday striking upon her head upon a pile of stones, inflicting a severe cut over the right eye. She was brought to Dr. Brown who sewed up the wound and it is hoped she will be able to prospect for cherries again in a few days.

STOCKBRIDGE.

From the Sentinel.

An infant child of Mr. and Mrs. McCloy died last Saturday.

Born to Rev and Mrs. S. A. Dean; Stockbridge, on Sunday, July 15th, a daughter.

Wm. R. Perry, from Webberville, is here with household goods and platform spring dray, intending to locate and shortly commence draying.

Mr. Bush from Fowlerville, who purchased two lots of Thomas Bain, has returned with workmen and team and they are now digging cellar preparatory to building.

Monday afternoon a two years old child of Mason Carter, living about five miles north-west of town swallowed fully half an ounce of turpentine. Mrs. Carter fortunately had the presence of mind immediately give a good antidote, viz., cream, followed this by salt and water, producing vomiting. The child went into convulsions, and remained unconscious half an hour. When the physician arrived it was improving and will recover. Its lips and mouth are badly burned.

BRIGHTON.

From the Citizen.

Susie Elliott, of Deerfield, has a broken arm.

The new carpets are being put down in the Presbyterian church this week.

David Vinton's barn, in Tyrone, has been struck by lightning twice within a week.

A lot of eels have been planted in some of the lakes in the northern part of town.

Lightning struck the telegraph wire near Green Oak station again Thursday, and splintered some eight or ten poles and played havoc about the office.

A little daughter of John Howard, of Green Oak, was buried Sunday. On the 3rd or 4th, she fell from a hammock and received internal injuries, which finally caused her death, on Friday last.

HOWELL.

From our Correspondent.

Jas. Fahey recovered the fine team of horses and set of harness, and Mr. Sayers his wagon, that were stolen about two weeks ago from their homes in Hartland. The horses were found running at large near Flushing.

The private boxes of the telephone service are now in use, and the merchant can sit in his office and do business with Detroit, Lansing and intermediate points.

Phil. Mack, of Marion, had forty one sheep killed, one day last week, by lightning.

J. M. Sterling, with his assistants, are surveying prospective railroad routes between here and Owosso. A committee follows getting the right of way. The committee's success so far has been flattering. Should it continue as well until the finish the doubt of the Dispatch as to the security furnished for funds advanced to the company will be a measure removed.

Ed. Donley (more generally known as Pat Donley) attempted suicide last Sunday morning by means of morphine. He took an equivalent of over twenty-five doses and went at once into a stupor from which he has not yet aroused (Monday night). After he was discovered, emetics were applied to, then a stomach-pump, but the poison was too thoroughly through his system to be withdrawn. Life has been maintained by almost constant use of electric batteries. Recovery very doubtful. Cause, said to be intoxication.

Monday, Douglas Marr was tried in justice court for disturbing a religious meeting at the Marr school house. A verdict of Not Guilty was rendered, the complaint seeming to arise more from a desire to satisfy an old grudge than from cause. Two other complaints arise from the same alleged disturbance against two young fellows by name of Ackerman and Burkhardt. Ackerman compromised, Burkhardt will be tried to-morrow (Tuesday).

The Philadelphia Times very pertinently speaks a good word for the primary school, which nowadays is somewhat to be neglected. "There is," it says, "very much talk about the higher education, but it is the lower education that is really important to most of us, and there is no more gratifying evidence of progress than the gradually developed recognition among those who have charge of our public educational system of the essential importance of the primary schools. The work of the primary schools is the foundation and the main structure of all public education. Many children never go beyond this, and in every case it is the first bending of the twig that determines the inclination of the tree. We have been giving attention in Philadelphia to high schools and grammar schools, which are for the few; the primary and secondary schools, which are for the many, have been left too much to chance and to the ignorant blundering of imperfectly educated teachers."

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:

James W. Sheets, Unadilla,
Bernard McCloskey, Putnam,
David Donovan, Northfield,
Aug. Balden,
George W. Reason, Unadilla,
Arthur Montague,
E. J. Wakeman, Tyrone,
Geo. H. Wilcox, White Oak,
Whedon York, Roscommon,
Asa H. Gray, Iosco.

James Spears, Putnam,
Owen Goodspeed, Hamburg,
William Cullen, Danville,
P. McLean, Bunker Hill,
Wm. Perry,
Owen McCann, Jr.,
John B. McCree, "
Henry Ward, "
Fred Maycock, Iosco,
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. C. Martin, "
Seymour Brown, Conway,
O. C. Sawdy, Iosco,

The Hero can be seen, and is for sale, at Pinckney by JAS. MARKEY, General Agent for Michigan.

SHOES!



We invite every one who has shoes to buy to visit our store.

We keep a full assortment of the celebrated

H. S. ROBINSON & BURTENSHAW SHOES.

Our prices are as low as good goods can be bought for anywhere.

Walking Shoes at cost.

W. B. HOFF.

★ 1847.

We have just added to our stock a general assortment of

ROGERS BROS

GENUINE 1847

PLATED WARE.

Call and examine our stock, whether you wish to purchase or not.

BROWN & COLLIER.

NEW STORE! NEW FIRM!

NEW GOODS!

WILLIAM DOLAN & CO.,

Have just received a new and complete stock of

DRY GOODS, BOOTS & SHOES, CROCKERY, GROCERIES

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

BUSINESS LOTS FOR SALE.

Offer for sale 12 lots fronting on Main Street east of Howell Street, and 6 lots on Howell Street of Main, for business purposes only. These lots are 22, 12 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.

DETROIT CITY LAUNDRY.

Finest Laundry in the West. Goods called for and delivered. Price list furnished on application. A. J. HALL, DETROIT. Agents for Pinckney, Michigan.

CHRISTIAN BROWN, BLACKSMITH

All kinds of custom work, and general repairing, including

HORSE SHOEING.

Shop back of Mann's Block, PINCKNEY.

PINCKNEY CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

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

6 Tickets for 25 cts.

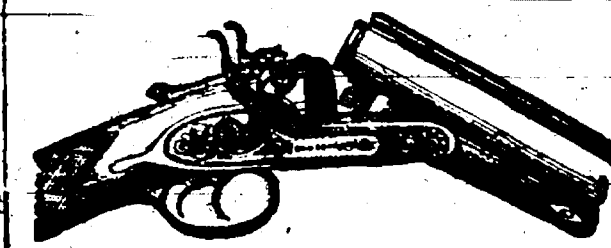
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New books are being added every week, and the proceeds will be devoted to increasing and improving the library.

For books or further information apply at

WINCHELL'S DRUG STORE, PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN.

BARTON & CAMPBELL,



GUNSMITHS

& JEWELERS,

WEST MAIN STREET,

PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN.

GROCERIES, AT WHEELER'S:

BEST JAPAN TEA, 55 cts.

JAPAN TEA, 49 cts.

GROUND TEA, 20 cts.

GREEN COFFEE, 12 1/2 ct.

Roast Coffee, 15, 18 and 20 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, Canned Beef, Canned Salmon, Canned Tomatoes. C. A. WHEELER.

MICHIGAN NEWS.

William Garrick, head carpenter and bridge inspector of the Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee railroad for the past 25 years, died in Grand Rapids of cancer of the stomach. He was 61 years old.

Maggie Peak, an insane woman, was found dead in her bed at the Kalamazoo insane asylum. She had been strangled.

A train on the Flint & Pere Marquette railway broke in two at Mount Morris, and James Cooley, a tramp, who was stealing a ride on the train, was crushed to death between two cars of lumber, which the sections of the train were brought together.

The sawmill, retorts and chemical works at Newberry, belonging to the Vulcan Furnace Co. of Detroit, was destroyed by fire a few days ago. The furnace was saved by hard work, and is running yet. The loss is estimated at \$150,000, partially insured.

William J. Williams, a married man with four children, was killed at the Champlain mine at Isabella by a rock from a blast. He was working in No. 4 pit and blasting was going on in No. 3. The rock struck him in the abdomen, killing him instantly.

Sawyer's mill at Nirvana was struck by lightning, and considerably damaged by fire. John Youth was instantly killed, and several others rendered insensible by the shock.

Fenton Glassbrook, engineer of a mill in North Lansing, was caught in the shafting and terribly injured. His left arm was torn completely off, and his right leg injured so badly that amputation was necessary.

Charles Baker, a tailor of Escanaba, was shot by Charles Groulx, his son-in-law. The wound was fatal.

The boiler in Noble & Bennett's saw-mill, six miles west of Saint Beach, burst, instantly killing the engineer, Chas. Stover, a resident of Fremont, Sanilac Co. The mill and machinery were left and too high pressure of steam was the cause of the explosion. Stover leaves two children.

The Rev. J. G. Portman died very suddenly at Benton Harbor, recently. He came down to his store in his usual health and was taken with apoplexy. He was superintendent of the state fisheries four years and was highly esteemed by all who knew him throughout the state.

Flushing is to have a new Methodist church. Cass county farmers are jubilant because they have completed their wheat harvest and have saved the crop in such good condition.

Chas. Schermerhorn, the man under arrest at Flint, charged with having outraged a girl named Kerr, has been bound over for trial.

Lansing purchased nearly 450,000 pounds of wool this year.

Lansing is troubled with a gang of burglars.

The reports from the Posts of the Grand Army of the Republic in this state made to W. H. Tallman, Assistant Adjutant-General of the department of Michigan, for the quarter ending June 30, have just been consolidated and forwarded to national headquarters at Omaha. These reports show a total membership in the order in this state of 7,528, an increase of 2,373 members during that quarter. Thirty-three new posts were organized and one reconstituted during that quarter, making the total number of posts now in good standing in this department 157. Six new posts have been organized since the first of July, and there are three more applications for new posts on file in the Assistant Adjutant-General's office.

The Michigan association of spiritualists will hold a camp meeting at Island Park, Orion, Michigan from Aug. 10 to 20 inclusive. Speakers will be present from Tennessee, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan. Reduced rates on all railroads.

Temperance people of Hillsdale are engaged in liquor prosecutions.

Eaton county farmers benevolence because the apple crop will be so small.

Battle Creek saloon-keepers have formed a union, and are going to petition the city fathers to allow them to keep open after 10 o'clock P. M.

Muskegon Union the trimmers badly cut a large number of Maple Grove Cemetery shade trees in Hudson. The parties have been arrested and the village comes in the company for large damages.

Warren Scranton, of Aubrey, will be 101 years old next September. He is believed to be the oldest person in Hillsdale County.

Norman Townsend, of Brooklyn, says of the law which gives a man 100 acres of land in Dakota after five years' residence upon it: "The government gets a man there, and then lets him acquire section against nothing that he'll starve to death if he tries to live there five years." And Uncle Sam wins nine times in ten.

A few evenings ago one of Detroit's wealthy citizens was waylaid by robbers in front of his own house, and relieved of jewelry and money to the amount of about \$1,000. He at once offered a reward of \$500 for the return of the stolen property, and less than five hours after the stolen goods had been returned to him. Superintendent of Police Conley has offered a reward of \$1,000 for the arrest of the robbers. A company has been organized to bore for salt in Jackson.

Work was commenced on the 17th on the extension of the Detroit, Mackinac & Marquette road to the mines at Ishpeming and Negaunee.

Michigan fruit-growers are invited to send fruit to the Southern Exposition at Louisville, Ky.

Benjamin Clott, a man about 35 years of age, who has been in Wells, Stone & Co.'s camp, near West Branch, attempted to commit an outrage upon the person of Miss Blanche Jackson of Ogemaw Springs, aged 15 years. She was picking huckleberries one mile west of that village with several other little girls when the brute grabbed hold of her, tore her clothes and in attempting to hold his hand over her mouth scratched her face. Her cries and struggles finally caused the fiend to release her without accomplishing his foul purpose. He fled into the woods, but was finally captured in the school house, where he was found waiting for the morning train. He was brought before Justice Lynch of West Branch and bound over to appear at the next term of the circuit court with a surety of \$1,000 each. He went to jail. Much indignation is expressed over the affair.

Mrs. Wm. H. Shields, pastry cook at Rice's Hotel, Detroit, died seven different places by age under very suspicious circumstances. It was thought poison had been administered by her husband, and he was arrested to await the result of an investigation.

Sherwood Mather, aged 13, son of E. B. Mather, of Muskegon, who with his brother and sister, has been visiting friends in St. Clair, for the past few weeks, while out-hunting with three other boys, was accidentally shot in the chest by a companion named Bert O'Dell. The boys were fooling with their guns and pointing them at one another, when O'Dell's gun, a smooth bore rifle, loaded with shot, went off, the charge striking young Mather in the chest, tearing it under jaw and fatally off.

Miss Maggie Leighton, living near Arnala, who models in clay, is now at work on busts of Lincoln and Garfield.

An unburning mercenary, mixed Paris-green with salt and left it at seven different places by the roadside in Marshallville. Cows came up and tasted the mixture, and one belonging to old, poor and crippled Mr. Snow, died in consequence. A subscription made good Mr. Snow's loss.

Lightning struck the barn of Ed. Hoff, in Medina, Leeward county, killing one horse and setting the barn on fire, which with its contents, was entirely consumed. Loss about

\$2,000; insured for \$800 in the Home Insurance Company.

A. F. Carr, one of the oldest residents of Ionia, engaged in the mercantile business for a number of years and cashier of the First National bank for a long time, is dead.

Everett Sprague was crushed by a log in a camp near Baldwin and died of his injuries. He was aged 37, and leaves a widow and two small children.

Devil's Lake, northeast of Hudson, is becoming one of the most noted summer resorts in the state.

A Bold Robbery.

A bold bank robbery was committed at the Coldwater National bank a few days ago. The cashier, George Starr, was alone in the bank, when a stranger came in and asked for a blank check. Mr. Starr gave him one, and he stepped to the side desk and wrote a minute and walked out. Immediately another stranger stepped in and asked Mr. Starr to count a package of money—about a hundred \$1 bills—which Mr. Starr proceeded to do; but soon thought he heard a noise in the vault, and saw a third stranger in the vault. Starr at once laid down the money and started towards the vault and asked the man what he was doing there and to put down the package he had in his hand. The man met Mr. Starr with a cocked revolver, and held it on Starr till he backed out of the back door of the bank. All the men had gone. Starr gave an alarm and Marshal Ide started in pursuit on the road toward Battle Creek. He overtook the robbers about three miles out and halted them, but the three were armed, and Marshal Ide had no weapon. Neither did Mr. Vassago, who accompanied Ide, and the robbers drove the marshal and his aid back towards the city and then continued their journey unmolested. The package taken from the bank contained jewelry belonging to H. C. Lewis, who is president of the bank.

A Rather Mixed Affair.

In April last one Sturdivant began proceedings for divorce from his wife in the Ottawa county circuit court. His petition alleged that his wife was a woman of feeble mind, living in Kalamazoo; that she had treated him cruelly and threatened to kill him with a butcher knife, etc. Judge Tate heard of the case and informed the court that the woman is in the insane asylum at Kalamazoo; that she was sent there by her husband; that the butcher-knife affair and other such performances were used as proofs of her insanity; that the alleged desertion was simply her absence by reason of being in the insane asylum. This revelation upset the proceedings, and Judge Hoyt, Sturdivant's lawyer, was surprised at the developments, of which he was ignorant, that he declined to continue the case for his client. So says the Grand Rapids Democrat. At the same time Mrs. Giles B. Shaw, wife of Sturdivant's next door neighbor was trying to get a divorce. Her husband, in his defense, alleges her adultery with Sturdivant, and that there was a scheme for Sturdivant and Mrs. Shaw to elope get a divorce and marry each other.

Where the Pedagogues will Assemble.

The following list gives the county, place, date and local director of the summer and autumn series of the Michigan State Teachers' Institute:

Muskegon—North Muskegon, July 16-23, C. N. Storrs; Mrs. George Arms; Clara Harrison, July 30 August 3, W. H. Browne; Cass—Cassopolis, August 6-12, D. B. Ferris; Cassopolis, M. Pemberton; Vandana, C. A. Mosher; Assopolis, C. A. Mosher; Charlevoix—Charlevoix, E. H. Brown; Leelanau—Leelanau, August 6-12, D. A. Hammond; Wayne—Wayne, August 6-12, C. O. Hoyt; Berrien—Benton Harbor, August 13-17, W. S. Webster; Branch—Bronson, August 13-17, W. H. Wile; Cheboygan—Cheboygan, August 13-17, E. D. Sutherland; Genesee—Fentonville, August 13-17, C. A. Mosher; Leelanau—Leelanau, August 13-17, E. H. Brown; Clinton—Ovid, August 20-24, S. W. Baker; Eaton—Charlotte, August 20-24, Miss M. L. Jones; Emmet—Harbor Springs, August 20-24, E. L. Powell; Hillsdale—August 20-24, C. G. Robertson; Isabella—East Tawas, August 20-24, A. M. Webster; Isabella—Mt. Pleasant, August 20-24, E. L. Powell; Kalamazoo—August 20-24, W. E. Martin; Macomb—Mt. Clemens, August 20-24, Wesley Sears; Oakland—Pontiac, August 20-24, E. R. Webster; Ontonagon—Ontonagon, August 20-24, J. S. Monroe; Saginaw—Cheesecake, August 20-24, R. C. Selman; St. Joseph—Sturgis, August 20-24, S. H. Osborn; Allegan—Allegan, August 27-31, Rev. W. C. Miller; Livingston—Howell, August 27-31, Geo. Barnes; Marquette—Marquette, August 27-31, C. Kelsey; Mason—Ludington, August 27-31, G. H. Blodgett; Mecosta—Big Rapids, August 27-31, G. R. Malone; Montcalm—Montcalm, August 27-31, T. W. Crissey; Monroe—Monroe, August 27-31, J. A. Stevens; Montmorency—Stanton, August 27-31, A. Lyon; Miss Della Brown; St. Clair—Marine City, August 27-31, Frank McElroy; Tascosa—Caro, August 27-31, Geo. Getty; Van Buren—Lawrence, August 27-31, A. E. Jennings; Washtenaw—Saline, August 27-31, C. H. Cole; Alpena—Alpena, September 3-7, Rev. E. L. Little; Antrim—Manistowick, September 10-14, W. R. Grant; Benzie—Frankfort, September 10-14, Mrs. Rose Woodward; Kalamazoo—Schoelcraft, September 10-14, T. H. Clayton; Lake—Chase, September 17-21, Henry Amick; Oceola—Evanston, October 3-7, A. Smith; Shiawassee—Vernon, October 3-7, E. M. Hopkins; Alcona—Harrisville, October 15-19, J. E. Fair; Newburgh—Newburgh, October 15-19, John Harwood; White Cloud—Oscoda—Shelby, October 15-19, E. J. Van Winkle; Delta—Escanaba, October 22-27, W. H. Tibbals; Ionia—Ionia, October 29 November 2, Chester Davison.

DETROIT MARKETS.

Wheat—No. 1, white	95	@ 1 65
Flour	5 00	@ 5 50
Corn	45	@ 54
Barley	95	@ 9 25
Clover hay	7 00	@ 8 50
Apples, 4 lbs.	2 25	@ 3 50
Dried Apples	5	@ 5 25
Peaches	14	@ 15
Cherries	15	@ 16
Butter, 4 lbs.	14	@ 15
Eggs	15	@ 16
Potatoes new	2 00	@ 2 25
Honey	18	@ 20
Beans picked	2 10	@ 2 15
Beans, unpicked	1 00	@ 1 50
Hay	0 00	@ 1 00
Straw	7 00	@ 7 50
Cord dressed, 100	9 00	@ 9 25
Porkmoss	17 00	@ 17 50
Pork, family	19 00	@ 19 50
Beef extra mess	15 00	@ 15 50
Wood, Beech and Maple	8 00	
Wood, Maple	8 00	
Wood Hickory	8 00	

Large tracts of land in Texas are fenced with hedges of roses which, in a few years, cheaper than wire, rails, or lumber, form a barrier that neither man nor beast can pass.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

WASHINGTON.

FROM THE POSTOFFICE DEPARTMENT.

Postmasters throughout the country have been notified to begin preparations for the postal reduction which will take effect October 1. The preparation consists in closing out their present supply of stamps and stamped envelopes as closely as possible, so that when the new law becomes operative they will not have a surplus on hand. In this same circular postmasters are notified that as the two and four cent stamps and envelopes are issued they must be accepted in payment of postage when offered in proper amount; and that three cent stamps can be used in combination with other denominations on letters requiring more than one rate of postage, and on parcels of third and fourth class matter. The circular also announces that the department will be ready to issue two cent stamps of new design September 15, but that these stamps and envelopes must not be placed on sale or used by postmasters before October 1; also that no three cent stamps will be issued after September 14 unless the requisition therefor is accompanied by the statement that they are needed for immediate use and that the full supply called for will be exhausted by October 1; and further, that no three cent stamped envelopes will be issued after August 31 unless the requisition for them is accompanied by a similar statement. The circular further instructs postmasters as to the design for the two-cent and four-cent stamps and stamped envelopes, and notifies them that the prices of envelopes, exclusive of postage, will remain the same as at present; that no change will be made in postage due stamps; and that the rates on drop letters will remain the same as at present.

FALLING OFF IN STAMP SALES.

The figures of sales of postage stamps had stamped envelopes at the postoffices throughout the country for the quarter ending June 30, 1883, indicate a falling off in the sale of stamps for the quarter ending March 30, the percentage of increase was smaller than that for the corresponding quarter last year over the quarter which immediately preceded it. The falling off in sales is not to be considered as evidence of a prospective continued reduction in the postal revenues after the rates take effect, but simply indicates that the stock in the hands of the public is being reduced in anticipation of the issue of new stamps; that the stamps and stamped envelopes on which the government has already realized are being used up; and that no orders are coming in for large quantities of these articles of the present denominations.

IMPROVING RIVERS AND HARBORS.

The report of Capt. Thos. H. Handbury of the Corps of Engineers in charge of the river and harbor improvements upon the Arkansas River, has been received at the War Department. From the report it appears that improvements were made during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1883, upon the Arkansas River, the White and St. Francis Rivers, Arkansas, the Arkansas River at Pine Bluff, Arkansas, the Arkansas River between Fort Smith and Wichita, the White River between Jacksonville and Buffalo Shoals, Ark., White River above Buffalo Shoals, Ark., L'Angeville River, Arkansas, Force La Feve River, Arkansas, Black River, Arkansas, Black River, Arkansas and Missouri, Saline River, Arkansas, and Current River, Mississippi. A number of surveys were made during the year. The sum of \$21,313 was expended, and it is estimated \$57,000 could be profitably expended during the fiscal year 1885 in continuing the work.

NEWS NOTES.

The ledger stolen several days ago from the office of the treasurer of Tennessee has been recovered. It was inclosed in a paper wrapper, addressed to the editor of the Arkansas and laid in front of his office with anonymous instructions to turn it over to the proper authorities and make his own terms as to reward. The book upon examination was found to be intact, without mutilation or erasure in any part. Roland O. Swayne, formerly deputy clerk of the supreme court, has been arrested, charged with having stolen the book.

DEATH OF "TOM TUMB.".

"Tom Tumb," died in Middleboro, Mass., a few days ago. His remains were taken to Bridgeport, Conn., for interment. Charles S. Stratton, a well-known citizen of the town and born at Bridgeport, Conn., Jan. 4, 1838, and first gained notoriety through the great showman, P. T. Barnum, who, stopping one night with his brother, Philo, E. Barnum, at Bridgeport, in November, 1842, heard of a remarkably small child and requested Philo to bring him to the hotel, which he did. Barnum then secured the custody of the child, and at that time "Tom" was not two feet high, he weighed less than 16 pounds, and was the smallest child I ever saw that could walk alone; but he was a perfectly formed, bright-eyed little fellow, with light hair and ruddy cheeks, and he enjoyed the best of health. After seeing several children of his kind at one time, Barnum decided to secure his services from his parents and to exhibit him to the public. His first engagement was for \$3 per week. His popularity increased so rapidly, and his fame became so wide spread that in a very short time he received \$50 per week and all his expenses paid. In 1844 he was taken to Europe, and the home of the child passed to his mother, the crowd heads is known to all. After a brilliant season the party returned to America. He traveled under Barnum's management and alone until 1853, when he was united in marriage to Miss Lavina Warren, a dwarf, who at that time was on exhibition in Barnum's museum in New York. They then retired to private life, and for many months he and his wife had too long been accustomed to excitement, and after a few months' retirement again longed for the peculiar pleasures of public life, and the public were eager to welcome them once more. They resumed their public career, and have since traveled several years in Europe and elsewhere, and have been the subject of public exhibitions more than half the time and spending the residue in leisurely viewing such cities and portions of the country as they happened to be in. There were stories of a child being born to them, but they were simply stories. He leaves only a little widow.

NO MERCY FOR A FALLEN ANGEL.

Gov. Hamilton, of Illinois, has declined to pardon Chas. W. Angell, convicted in 1879 of the embezzlement of a large sum of money from the Pullman Palace Car Company. Angell returned to the United States from his exile in Portugal and turned over to the Pullman Company \$50,000 of the stolen funds. The petition for his release was unanimously signed, and among others by the Prosecuting Attorney and the Judge before whom he was convicted. He has six years longer to serve.

ANOTHER SIDE OF THE STORY.

Senator Barnett (Gibbs), of Dallas, Tex., who has just returned from an extended tour in Europe, says that the publishers of the Crook's victory are grossly incorrect and that instead of Crook capturing the Indians the Indians captured Crook. According to Senator Gibbs, after Crook captured the squaws in the mountains he was pursued and captured by a force of hostile Indians. They would not allow him to depart, except on condition that he should secure from the government permission for the renegade "Apaches" to return to their reservation. This he promised, because he could not help himself. Crook's Indian scouts were on the most friendly terms with the renegades, and they divided their ammunition with them, and under no circumstances would have fired on them. As an instance of this friendly

feeling Senator Gibbs says one of Crook's Indians received from a squaw a knife with which the renegade was killed by the hostiles, and son of the judge had to pay \$25 for the recovery of the watch. Crook not daring to incur their ill will by ordering the Indian to give it up.

THEY WERE ON A VARIATION.

R. C. Mitchell, editor of the Duluth Tribune and H. L. Gordon, of Minneapolis, both prominent politicians of Minnesota, have been arrested on a charge of attempting to secure by fraud some 5,000 acres of land, covered by 60,000,000 feet of pine timber. Mitchell and Gordon appeared before United States Commissioner Spencer and gave bonds for their appearance in the United States Court at the October term. All citizens of Duluth are aroused either against or in support of Mitchell. The latter has been in Duluth fifteen years publishing the Tribune of that city, and became noted throughout the country for his editorial and religious utterances in every issue of his paper, which continued for several years. He made uncompromising warfare upon churches and the Christian community generally and created such bitter enemies that two years ago he lost a remunerative position as Register of the Land Office, which he held under the administration of Presidents Grant and Hayes. A few weeks ago he was appointed receiver as a reward for services to Congressman Nelson, of the Fifth District, but his commission has not been made out, and it is said pending proceedings against him will result in his losing the office and another man being appointed. It is impossible to conceive the extent to which factionalism in this matter has been carried at Duluth. Gordon is a capitalist of Minneapolis and is widely known. He is an active politician and has been State Senator. He is a poet, being the author of "Pauline" and other volumes which meet with considerable favor in the East as well as the West.

DOCK PROPERTY AND SHIPPING BURNED.

Harbeck's dock, Brooklyn, N. Y., was set on fire by a spark from an engine falling on a pile of junk which had just been unloaded from a returned vessel. The flames reached three vessels, all of which were burned to the water's edge. The loss is estimated at about \$1,000,000. Twelve firemen were badly injured by the fall of the roof of the pier.

THE SECOND DAY.

Of the telegraphers' strike found the strikers kept it up after the first day. They declared they will not yield. A few of the large cities were badly crippled by the strike, but in a majority of cases the work went on with very little interruption. Both sides are confident of success.

JUMBO MEET STEPS ASIDE.

In the town of Martinsville, N. Y., a workman digging gravel from a pit at the West Shore railroad came upon the remains of an extinct animal, and brought to Syracuse the next day a huge animal weighing about 25 pounds, also a piece of a tusk nearly five feet long and eight inches in diameter in the thickest part. The next day other portions of the tusk and part of a shin bone were found. The remains lay about 13 feet below the surface of the gravel. Prof. Boynton, Brooklyn, who exposed the Cardiff Giant fraud, says that these are the relics of a mastodon which must have been fully 14 feet high, and probably weighed a third more than Jumbo. The tusk, he says, must have been at least 11 feet long. The animal lived in the post-pliocene period of the tertiary age. Prof. Boynton is of the opinion that the remains were washed into the gravel pit where they were found. Prof. Brown, instructor in natural history at Syracuse university, thinks the bones are those of a mammoth rather than a mastodon. The tusk, he says, indicates one of the largest skeletons that has ever been examined. The tooth and the tusk are in a state of excellent preservation. The tip of the tusk shows the natural color of the ivory.

IN FAVOR OF THE STRIKERS.

In 1859 a law was passed at Enclava, Springs, Ark., and for nearly a year nothing was done to give any prospects for the future success, but in 1859 upwards of 4,000 persons settled there, and now the number of inhabitants is 10,000. Outside parties have pre-empted certain lands within the city limits, and have built a city. At the same time they gave out a report that the waters there possessed great curative properties, and thereby they claim caused a heavy emigration and caused property to sell rapidly and increase in value. The question arose: who owned the town—the people who have gone there, or those who pre-empted a portion of the town and wish to sell at high figures? The Commission of the Land Office decided in favor of the former.

ABOUT THE STRIKE.

The striking telegraphers are all determined to "fight it out on this line," while the different companies declare they will not yield, and that in a very short time the comparative inexperience of operators who have been called to the front by this action of the strikers will be perfectly competent to manipulate the wires and cause the telegraph to perform its portion of communication has already been experienced by business men, and it will very soon become a question whether the companies can hold out as private employers, or whether as public carriers they will not have to yield to the demands of the strikers in order to satisfy the demands of the public.

THE GARFIELD CAMPAIGN.

Dorsey Writes it up—How the Politicians Raise Money—Is it true or False?

Ex-Senator (star route) Dorsey has just published an alleged history of the Republican national committee's work during the Garfield campaign, and has been the subject of much discussion. How he, with the assistance of Gen. Garfield, Brady, and others managed to raise a corruption fund for use in Indiana and elsewhere. Jay Gould was induced (the article states) by a written promise from Garfield that Stanley Matthews would be appointed to the supreme court, to give \$150,000. The article shows how Gen. Garfield manipulated the star route during his visits to New York by agreeing to appoint Levi P. Morton Secretary of the treasury, and then proceeds: "But this was a trifle compared with that which followed. This only secured the active support of the star route. That was nothing without money. Whether Garfield made or received the proposition that men set was made, it is now asserted by those who know that another memorandum was drawn up. In that it is asserted that the candidate for the presidency of the republican party agreed with the cool, remorseless politicians who had him in their power, that the operation of refunding the government five millions, which must soon take place, should be given to such syndicate of New York bankers as should be designated by the star route, and at such commission as should be fair. Here were millions in prospect. The operation, as has since been shown, was an enormous one, and at an apparently trifling commission would have given the fortune-hunters such profits as has not been realized since the days when the great government loans were placed. With such an agreement the problem of raising campaign funds was solved, and the mysterious 'Fifth avenue lot' conference was ended. The bargain was made. Within a week after the Fifth avenue conference, Mr. Grant had subscribed not far from \$300,000, and at the same time the campaign that remarkable zeal of the old star route leaders in the republican canvass. Grant, Conkling and Don Cameron took hold, and the political temperature sprang from zero to fever heat. The three star route leaders made their memorable visit to Garfield at Mentor, and

Grant and Conkling took the stump. Meanwhile Dorsey was busy organizing for an October victory in Indiana. Every voter was enrolled, and the first canvass showed that the state was Dorsey's part in this organizing and strategic work that Garfield spoke enthusiastically of him as a "prodigy of political ability."

In the latter part of September after Dorsey's canvass had been completed, every voter placed, and the influence that could be brought to bear on him had been learned, a special messenger left New York for Indianapolis, taking with him over \$400,000 in money and convertible paper. This money had been raised in New York. Dorsey was urged to see to its distribution, and to prevent as far as possible dishonesty on the part of those distributing it. When the money reached the local committees it was found to be largely in crisp, new \$2 bills, and Dorsey suggested that Assistant Treasurer John C. New, could, if he chose, tell how the bills and drafts of large denominations were so quickly converted into small bills. These bills were distributed through the state post as ballots were, in great bunches. The destination of each was perfectly well known, and by noon of election day they had fallen like snow flakes silently all over the state. In the evening when the polls were counted, it was seen that the \$2 bills and the \$400,000, combined with Dorsey's plan, had won. The democratic party was snuffed under by greenbacks. Garfield, Arthur, James, Wayne MacVeagh, and other republicans all knew at the time what had been done, and all yield in doing Dorsey honor.

GARFIELD ASKS THE STAR ROUTE TRIALS.

Dorsey hurried to Washington, and with Col. Ingersoll went to see MacVeagh, who told him bluntly he expected to send him to the penitentiary. He then went to the White House, where he denounced MacVeagh as a personal and malicious enemy who was using his power in the administration to "rule him." He asked Garfield to look into the matter himself, and if anything was found implicating him, he (Dorsey) was willing to stand the consequences. He said he did not want to have it done by any man with a personal malice to satisfy. Garfield heard him through, and then went up to him, put his arm around him, and said: "Steve, old boy, don't worry; go back to your ranch." He also said to him that he had the whole business thoroughly in his own hands, where he proposed to keep it. Dorsey went away feeling relieved. The matter, however, hardly got home before news came that distressed him. He learned that MacVeagh expected soon to get an indictment against him. Back he came to Washington. Garfield told Dorsey that not a step was taken without his knowledge, and he told him that if he would be at his room at a certain hour that evening he would send him a transcript of all the evidence. This was done. The papers were taken to Dorsey by a member of the celebrated "chum cabinet." In the first report of the progress of the investigation, the name of Dorsey appeared many times, but before that report was given to the public, all allusions to his connection with the star route system had been stricken out by lead pencils. Dorsey and Brady both had a strong friend in the administration. Mr. Blaine, while moving very circumspectly, felt very bitterly about the treatment they were receiving. He had besides his own grievances arising from MacVeagh's outspoken hostility, and he early began to prepare the way for the speedy retirement of MacVeagh and James from the cabinet. So much fuss had been made about the star route cases that it was thought unwise to shut down all proceedings at once, and the whole business was to be slowly and gradually brought to light, and to disappear from public view. MacVeagh knew this, and he also had reason to believe that on the morning of July 2, 1881, when Garfield rode to the depot with Blaine, the interesting conversation in which they were engaged had reference to early changes in the offices of attorney general and postmaster general. Garfield's star route prosecutions to be handed over to a legacy from the old to the new administration.

Strike of Telegraph Operators.

Several days ago the announcement was made that at noon on Wednesday the 18th inst., unless their demands were complied with, all telegraph operators belonging to the telegraphers' brotherhood, would leave their keys. The operators among other things demanded an increase of salary and fewer hours of labor. Their grievances were laid before the managers of the different companies, who made vain endeavors to effect an compromise with the dissatisfied wire workers. The operators were firm, and would not yield, though they did grant one day's time to the managers, and did not strike until the 19th inst. But prompt at noon of that day, every operator belonging to the brotherhood left work, only to return when the companies shall grant their request. The strike is general, both in the United States and Canada. In Michigan, with the exception of Detroit, where the strikers are the full force of operators remain at their posts in Jackson, Lansing, Grand Rapids, Port Huron, Ann Arbor, Adrian, Marshall and Battle Creek. At Bay City all left the office except the managers, and East Saginaw telegraphers also generally struck. A partial force remains at Kalamazoo, and other cities. In nearly every case the men are orderly and decent, and say that they are prepared to stay out three months. It is impossible to predict the outcome of the strike, though its disastrous effects upon business are plain to be seen. Both factions are determined. The managers of the companies are confident that they can easily obtain other operators, and that strikers are equally certain that competent ones can be secured. It is a significant fact that the dissatisfied workers have the sympathy of men whose interests are most seriously affected by the strike.

POLITICAL.

ROLLINS WITHDRAWS.

After the 21st ballot had been taken in the New Hampshire legislature, Rollins withdrew his name from the contest, and the 22d vote taken gave Bingham 113 and Wm. E. Chandler 73.

BINGHAM AHEAD.

The 23d joint ballot for United States Senator, resulted in 113 votes for Bingham and 52 for Wm. E. Chandler. It takes 157 votes to elect the prize.

MUCH TO BE MIXED.

The Senatorial contest in New Hampshire is assuming such proportions as to the probability of its speedy settlement out of the question. On the 17th inst. when the ballot was taken, 20 different candidates were voted for the leading one being Harry Bingham, who received 112 votes. Wm. E. Chandler received 65.

THE BALLOT.

BE OF GOOD CHEER.

BY MRS. JENNIE E. NEILL.

"Be of good cheer," oh, smiling soul!
Thou art the trumpet of the willows.
Be of good cheer!
But hark the trumpeting cry
From o'er the stormy wave, "It is I!"
Be of good cheer.
Even though the furnace fires burn high,
In its embrace thy fainting spirit lie.
Be not afraid!
His precious arms of love will thee enfold,
His crucible refines the purest gold.
Be of good cheer!
Earth hath no suffering that He cannot feel,
No darkness where His light is not revealed.
Be not afraid.
Or doubt His tender, loving care,
His presence shall go with you everywhere.
Be of good cheer.
Here we may learn to know His holy will,
Who to the angry waves cries, "Peace be still!"
Be not afraid!
There we shall see His smiling face
Illumined with ineffable grace.
Be of good cheer!
Then shall we fall to answer His request,
Or doubt the wisdom of the sweet request?
Be not afraid!
Resting with faith upon His holy word,
Succored in doubt by our most gracious Lord.
Be of good cheer!
"I will not leave you comfortless," ah, no!
When the fierce furnace fires burn low,
Be not afraid!
From out their ashes, Abeniz-like shall rise
A purer temple for the skies.
Be of good cheer!

AN AMUSING COLLEGE STORY.

Hazing Freshman Solberg.

Youth's Companion.
Solberg was effeminate in appearance and not more than five feet four in height, with slight form and a pale face. Notwithstanding this, he acquired and retained, all through his Freshman year, the reputation of being the most expert boxer, and withal the "heaviest" man in a melee that ever entered our college.
This disproportionate reputation was gained by a single act, or adventure, but the facts in the cases were not known until Solberg was in his senior year. He then gave the true version of the story at one of our class dinners. At commencement the class historian incorporated a humorous account of it in the class annuals, which was read, to the great amusement of the audience.
Up to that time there had been a good deal of "hazing" at P—. The first week after our class entered, Solberg was marked as a "victim" by the Sophomores of the class above us. For though so small and slight of build, he had an independent bearing, and had already committed the indiscretion of appearing on the campus with a cane in his hand. It was whispered, too, that he had a "stall" in his room, which he designed to wear on Sundays.
Cane and "stove-pipe" hats were then the undisputed prerogatives of the Sophomores. They allowed no Freshman to sport these supposed emblems of manly dignity, and various were the penalties which they inflicted on the "Freshies" who ventured to make a display of them.
There was the "Thompsonian treatment" which consisted in introducing the nozzle of a hose, connected with the pump, down the back of the Freshman's neck, or up a leg of his pantaloons, and then vigorously using the pump handle for two or three minutes.
There was the "plum duck," which was the simple inversion of a water-bucket—two or three perhaps—from the second or third story window upon the head of the unsuspecting Freshman who was walking below.
There was also the "midnight vigil," for the keeping of which the newly-arrived undergraduate was first seized in his bed, blindfolded, and then "lost" by devious windings through a neighboring grove, to be subsequently bound to a tree and left to confer with the owls during the remainder of the night.
Somewhat similar to this last method of treatment was the "gathered-to-his-knees" method, which consisted in tying out the bewildered victim of Sophomore displeasure, at dead of night, in a remote old grave-yard, where he was first stretched on his back upon one of the sarcophagus-shaped tombs, and then bound fast to the memorial slab which served as a lid to the stone chest.
Here he was left to "count the stars," and commune with silent nature for the rest of the night, or until his cries and struggles brought relief from some chance source.
Then, too, there was the "barber's job," during which the devoted Freshman's head was either wholly or half shaved. These are but a few of the ways of "hazing" then in vogue, but they will serve to convey some idea of the dangers which beset a lower classman who fell into disfavor with the Sophomores, or who showed any symptoms whatever of "putting on style," or asserting his personal independence.
By the second week of the term, Solberg had been twice "ducked" while going to or returning from recitations. His room, too, had been forcibly entered, and the reported tall hat roughly searched for. Our wary classmate had, however, taken the precaution to conceal the hat in the room of a friend.
The following morning he found a mysterious notice posted on his door, hinting darkly that if a certain Freshman was again seen supporting his tottering steps with a cane, "Cain" would be raised in his behalf at a short notice.
Hot with inward rage, Solberg brooded over these insults, and vainly longed for the strength of Achilles to set his

tormentors at defiance. He regarded it as brutal tyranny, a mean triumph of the strong over the weak; and out of the simmering of his wrath he conceived a method of retaliation that was at once striking and effective.
There was then living in the outskirts of the town a man who had achieved a wide notoriety, in a profession which the good sense of the country has since seen fit to restrict by stringent legal penalties.
"Old Beeze Forgerly," as he was called, had been a professional pugilist and prize-fighter. For some years he had held the heavy weight championship in a certain great city, whose pugilistic celebrities obtain far larger and more frequent mention, in the public press, than the nature of their craft, or the people at large, seem to require.
In his retirement, this former prize-fighter was tending a "saloon,"—a business often entered upon by decayed gentry of his stamp,—and by way of keeping up his "manly practice," he would occasionally punish some bullying customer—to the great admiration of the crop of younger roughs who made his place their nightly resort.
But this was not often, for the brawny, ponderous old bruiser was a rather good-natured animal at heart, and if he sometimes struck hard, it was rather in the cause of his "science" than out of malice.
To this unsavory personage young Solberg applied, calling upon him not at his saloon, but at his hotel, on private business. He had, I think, good reasons for putting the Sophomores and their coarse tyranny on a level with roughs and prize-fighters and their methods of self-assertion. One was well-matched against the other.
Solberg stated his case to the ex-prize fighter and unfolded a plan of operations. As he was a young gentleman of means, he had no difficulty in securing the offices of the good-natured bully,—all the more readily, perhaps, because the old king of the ring may have been sighing in spirit over the too peaceful life into which public sentiment had latterly forced him.
It was arranged that immediately after dark that evening, "Old Beeze" should go quietly to Solberg's room at the college, and place himself at this young gentleman's disposal.
Meantime our threatened Freshman went about the business of his studies for the rest of the day, but during the afternoon he took occasion to indulge in a walk about the college campus, and carried his cane as usual. The letter to show his contempt of the Freshman notice placed on his door, he twisted it after the most foppish fashion of the day.
The Sophomores saw him and boiled with indignation. The Freshman was defying them. Word was rapidly passed among the faithful, and a class-meeting was called to take immediate action.
The charge was, that Freshman Solberg had not only been out with a cane, since he had been specially warned, but had flouted it defiantly.
All the Sophs agreed that he must be dealt with summarily; and the unanimous vote was that he should suffer "Thompsonian treatment" that very night, and then be "gathered to his fathers."
Solberg felt that the crisis was approaching. At twilight he retired to his room and locked the door. About half an hour later his heart was gladdened to hear three taps on the panel. The pugilist had reached him.
A whispered consultation was held, all the preliminaries were arranged, and the man of the ring was hidden away under the bed, upon a pillow and blanket.
Solberg then trimmed his lamp, and fell to work upon his next morning's Odyssey lesson. Old Beeze snored.
Ten o'clock struck, and still no movement on the part of the Sophomores; but not very long after Solberg heard muffled footfalls outside his door, and low voices in the hall.
He blew out his lamp and hastened to shake the slumbering Ajax under the bed. "The Philistines are upon us, Forgerly!"
"Ay, sor, and it's fun we'll have, thin!" was the hoarse whisper from beneath. A few minutes later they heard a loud and peremptory knock. Solberg threw himself upon the bed; but after a decent pause, called out—
"Who's there?"
"The Vigilance committee," was the stern response. "Open!"
"I know no Vigilance committee," replied Solberg. "I decline to open the door at this unreasonable hour."
"Open your door within one minute, or we will burst it!" was the next summons.
"Burst my door at your peril, gentlemen!" cried Solberg. "I warn you."
This defiance was soon followed by a heavy blow as if from a log of wood—then another—and another.
With the third blow the bolt was torn from its socket, the door flew open, and in rushed three Sophs to seize the rebellious cane-flourisher.
But at this juncture uprose old Beeze, met them before they reached the middle of the room in the conscious glory of his old renown—while Solberg, rolling on the back side of the bed, took his place under it.
The foremost Soph, as he rushed forward, received a blow which fairly threw him out into the hall. A like infliction on the nose of the second man landed him in a breathless condition over the table into the glass door of the book-case; the third Soph was struck by the open head of the prize-fighter on the ear, followed by a sledge blow in the ribs, by which he was hurled—in company with a chair and two bassocks—out beneath the staircase in the hall.

where he lay very quiet for some time. A shout rose from the invaders! Within the room all was silent. It was too dark for them to see what the force was against them, but they rallied. They were too plucky to give up, even if three of their men were disabled. They had not given Solberg credit for such pluck and muscle, but they would not have the mortification of not taking him from his room.
Eight or ten of them now made a desperate rush together into the room, to overpower him. Old Beeze allowed several of them to come in, and then went to work in earnest.
He was just warmed up to it; and his big, hard fists made the round of their heads with astonishing rapidity.
Solberg lay under the bed and shook with laughter, being amply solaced for the crashes among his furniture by the resounding thumps on the craniums of his enemies.
Two of the invaders were hurled out through the mosquito nets and landed on the ground beneath the windows; the rest were knocked sprawling into corners.
By way of finishing up the encounter, the old brute pitched these last out into the hall, as if they had been so many sacks of bran, and shut the door. He then calmly sat down on the bed, while Solberg came out from under it. They remained silent, waiting further developments.
But no further developments came. The wounded were too numerous to make a rally acceptable on the part of the Sophs. They had had enough. Some of them, indeed, had quite too much, and required to be assisted to their rooms. There were no further demonstrations at Solberg's door, and after waiting an hour or two, he dismissed his rough assistant and sent him on his way with a liberal fee.
Ten Sophomores were absent from prayers and early recitation the next morning. The excuses rendered by them were various. It is said that their recitation room, for the ensuing week, presented so diversified and obtrusive an array of black eyes and bandaged heads, that the matter became the subject of a Faculty meeting.
Meantime, it was rumored through out the college that the new Freshman, Solberg, was a trained pugilist—a terrible fellow!
Solberg himself made no comment on these stories. He flourished his cane, and at proper intervals sported his tall hat during the entire year; but for some reason or other not one of the Sophs seemed to see any presumption in his conduct.
Bill Nye's Recipes.
To remove oils, varnishes, resins, tar, oyster soup, currant jelly, and other selections from the bill of fare, use benzine, soap, and chloroform cautiously with whitewash brush and garden-hose. Then hang on a wood pile to remove the pungent effluvia of the benzine.
To clean ceilings that have been smeared by kerosene lamps or the fragrance from fried salt pork, remove the ceiling, was thoroughly, with borax, turpentine and rain-water, then hang up the clothes-line to dry. After pulverize and spread over the pie-plant bed for spring wear.
To remove starch and roughness from flat-irons, hold the iron on a large grind stone for 20 minutes or so, then wipe off carefully with a rag. To make this effective the grindstone should be in motion while the iron is applied. Should the iron still stick to the goods when in use, spit on it.
To soften water for household purposes, put an ounce of quick-lime in a certain quantity of water. If it is not sufficient, use less water or more quick-lime. Should the immediate lime continue to remain deliberative, lay the water down on a stone and pound it with a base-ball club.
To give relief to a burn—apply the white of an egg. The yolk of the egg may be eaten or placed on the shirt bosom according to the taste of the person. If the burn should occur on a lady she may omit the last instruction.
To wash black silk stockings, prepare a tub of lather composed of tepid rain-water and white soap, with a little ammonia. Then stand in the tub till dinner is ready. Roll in a cloth to dry. Do not wring, but press the water out. This will necessitate the removal of the stockings.
If your hands are badly chapped, wet them in warm water, rub them all over with Indian meal, then put on a coat of glycerine and keep them in your pockets for ten days. If you have no pockets convenient, insert them in the pocket of a friend.
Woolen goods may be nicely washed if you put half an ox-gall into two gallons of tepid water. It might be good to put the goods in the water also. If the mixture is not strong enough, put in another ox-gall. Should this fail to do the work, put in the entire ox, reserving the tail for soup. The ox-gall is comparatively useless for soup, and should not be preserved as an article of diet.
RATHER INDISCREET—A year or two ago young A., aged 25 and impecunious, married the widow B., aged 40 and possessing a comfortable property. A day or two since they were inspecting their new house. "Tidy little property, isn't it?" remarked the gentleman. "Yes," remarked the lady, "but it wouldn't have been here if it hadn't been for my money." "True," said A., calmly, "neither would you." To this indiscreet remark may, perhaps, be attributed the court plaster that adorns Mr. A.'s countenance.—Lansing Journal.

THE STRANGER.

AN EASTERN LEGEND.

An aged man came late to Abraham's tent. The city was dark, and all the plain was bare. He asked for bread: his strength was well-nigh spent. His haggard look implored the tenderest care. The food was brought. He sat with thankful eyes. But spoke no grace, nor bowed his toward the east. Safe-sheltered here from dark and angry skies, The bounteous table seemed a royal feast. But ere his hand had touched the tempting fare, The patriarch rose, and leaning on his rod, "Stranger," he said, "dost thou not bow in prayer?" Dost thou not fear, dost thou not worship, Yod?" He answered, "Nay." The Patriarch sadly said: "Thou hast my pity. God eat not my bread." Another came that wild and fearful night. The fierce winds raged, and darker grew the sky. But all the tent was filled with wondrous light, And Abraham knew the Lord his God was nigh. "Where is that aged man?" the Presence said. "That asked for shelter from the driving blast? Who made thee master of thy Master's bread? What right hadst thou to the wanderer forth to cast?" "Forgive me, Lord," the Patriarch answer made, With downcast look, with bowed and trembling knee. "Ah, me! the stranger might with me have staid. But, O my God, he would not worship Thee." "I've borne him long," God said, "and still I wait. Couldst thou not lodge him one night in thy gate?" —Harper's Magazine.

WIT AND HUMOR.

"You just take a bottle of my medicine," said a quack doctor to a consumptive, "and you'll never cough again." "Is it as fatal as that?" gasped the consumptive.
"It is true that when a wild goose's mate dies it never takes another," asks a young widow. Yes, but don't worry about that. The reason it acts that way is because it is a goose.
"We want your custom, not your money," advertised a St. Louis firm, and the Rochester Post-Express wished that they would start a branch establishment in that city.—Blizzard.
"Somebody substituted a pile of corn cobs for the doughnuts on an Omaha railway restaurant counter, and they were about two-thirds eaten before anybody discovered what had occurred."—Rome Sentinel.
Mr. Hammer is a Chicago man who is dreadfully bored by having people tell him he ought to be able to hit the nail on the head. He, however, retorts that he never does, as he's wholly in the hands of his wife.—Boston Post.
They were courting. "Don't sit so near me," she said. "I can't hear you." said he. "You see?" "I ain't." "But you will be." "No, I won't neither." "Then you'd better go home, for I ain't got no use for you." No words. Departure.
"That dog of yours howls at me this morning and bit me on the leg, and now I notify you that I intend to shoot the first time I see it." "The dog is not mad." "Mad? I know he is not mad. What's he got to be mad about? I'm the one that's mad!"
One of the charges against a Chicago wife in divorce proceedings, was that she would put her feet on the table during meals. It is a terrible temptation man has who will get mad at a thing like that that a little number one and a half foot.
A Scotch minister, very active in denouncing the use of artificial helps in public worship, was recently "stumped" by the question whether he himself was not violating the rule he was contending for by using artificial teeth as a help in praying and preaching.
The old weapon used by David to slay Goliath, seems, looking at it in the light of these latter days, to knock the romance all out of the great victory of the former. The "slings" slings giants and plagues alike even unto this day, and people marvel not to meet a Peck's Sun.
Willie has a twelve-year-old sister, Mary, who complained to mamma that her button shoes were hurting her. "Why, Mattie, you've put them on the wrong feet." Puzzled and ready to cry, she made answer: "What'll I do, mamma?" "They're all the feet I've got."—Hartford Times.
An Irishman, riding to market with a sack of potatoes before him, discovered that his horse was getting tired, whereupon he dismounted, put the potatoes on his shoulders, and again mounted, saying, "it was better that he should carry the potatoes, as he was fresher than the poor baste."
Seminarian who has an asthmatic dog at home is calling on young lady. As a suspicious sound issues from an adjoining apartment, he remarks: "How homelike it sounds to hear the old dog snore." A few moments later the young lady observed that "Papa seems to be sound asleep in the other room."—Targum.
One of the incidents of our rapidly increasing civilization, is the decline of ladies' sewing circles. The explanation appears to be that the newspapers so eagerly appropriate, and so exhaustively discuss all items of scandal that a really enterprising woman can't afford the time to attend the meetings.—Brooklyn Eagle.
"All right; the clothes are done up in tip-top style. Couldn't you call in Saturday night after your pay?" "Not if I leads de clothes, boss." "Not if you leave the clothes! Why not?" "Case yer nobber at home when you has a clean shirt to yer back, an' ef

wouldn't do me no good ter call, Saturday."—Chicago Cheek.
It was a funeral of a dear friend. "It's just like her," whispered one lady to another. "I was dying to know just how old she was, and to think of such meanness in a solemn moment! Is this! There's no age on the coffin plate! She always was a selfish thing, I never would give anybody a little pleasure when she could just as well as not."
"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 their is a justice in the next ought to make you feel a great deal bluer."
A Connecticut cat brought a bag to its mistress, and there was a rat in the bag. This may show a high degree of intelligence, but we don't believe the animal would have brought the bag if it had expected its mistress to gather up her skirts, mount the piano and scream like a fog-horn. It must have surprised the cat like fury.—Somerville Journal.
During a house-cleaning panic, in a New York state town, a woman found a roll of bank bills amounting to several thousand dollars. The bills were of an old state bank that had failed years before. That shows what some people lose by not cleaning house often. Had she cleaned house before, when the bank was solid, the bills would have been good.—Peck's Sun.
A party whose soberest moments are when he first awakens in the morning, attempted to lean against the shadow of a post the other night and fell on the sidewalk. Getting up with difficulty, and seeing a policeman approaching, he thrust his head into a neighboring store and exclaimed: "A nice way to treat a gentleman. I'll have the whole av' ye arrested for kaping a disorderly house."
A young man dressed in the highest of fashion, and with a poetic turn of mind, was driving along a country road, and, upon gazing at the pond which skirted the highway, said: "Oh, how I would like to have my heated head in those cooling waters!" An Irishman, overhearing the exclamation, immediately replied, "Bedad, you might have it there, and it wouldn't sink."—Pretzel's Weekly.
A lady won the literary prize essay at the recent commencement exercises of an eastern university, in competition with over one hundred men. In the years to come, when she is married to some one of the students who got left in the competition essay business, great heavens, how she will paralyze him with rhetoric, and let his rights go with out buttons and allow him to eat cold dinners on washdays. Essays may be all right enough now, but she may find her paper life to contain business that higher education will not perform.
A conductor on one of the railroads entering in this city has a peculiar way of adding to his income. Before passing through the train he counts two No. 1 onions and drinks about the same quantity of ninety-cent gin. He then takes a glass of pure gin, and proceeds to collect his tickets. When a passenger who has only a few miles to ride proffers him a bottle of the conductor just leans down and, breathing heavily, remarks: "How far did you say you wished to go, sir?" And the passenger, hardly turns with, throws up both hands and shouts: "Never mind the change!"—Rochester Post-Express.
A man in Scotland had for years been afflicted with some cutaneous disease that almost rendered life a burden to him. He had tried doctors and patent medicines until he was sick of them, and had allowed the inevitable old woman with her poots and "yarbs" to torture him almost into idleness. One of the latter, however, stuck to the case until she got the upper hand of it. She told him of a man who told her husband that he knew a woman who heard her mother say that in her young days it was generally known that by saturating the body with kerosene and standing by a bonfire until the oil was well dried in, any disease to which the cuticle is heir could be effectually cured. The poor fellow tried it and was cured. When the experiment was completed there was nothing left of him but a few steel pantaloon buttons and an unpleasant aroma in the air, but the disease was knocked higher than Mr. Gilderoy's balloon.
A Stumbling Block to Hogs.
Negroes are sometimes very careful not to say anything to injure the reputation of a neighbor. A gentleman stopped at a cabin where an old negro woman lived, and while waiting for one of the children to get a bucket of fresh water, entered into conversation with her concerning the crop prospects.
"I did hab fo' or five fine hogs," said the old woman. "But da's dwindled down till I ain't got but one now."
"Somebody steal them?"
"I neber talks 'bout my neighbors, an' I don't care to say what become of de shoats. I neber make mischief, I doesn't."
"Did the hogs die?"
"Da muster died, but yer ain't agwine ter git me ter say nuthin' agin my neighbors. De man what libed up dar is dead now, and I ain't agwine to say nuthin' agin him. De hogs disappeared away from heah while dat man was libin', but I ain't agwine to say nuthin' agin him."
"Do you think he took them?"
"Mister, dat man's dead, and I doan wantter say nuthin' agin him; but, lemme tell yer, while dat man was libin' he was a powerful stumblin' block to

West Point Hardships.

"The boys who pass the examinations are only furnished with cap and jacket at first, and have to go about in their civilian trousers. On the first day I was about dead. Going through the severe physical examination is hard enough work itself. I reported in the old hospital building, and was ordered into a back room to prepare for examination. There were fourteen or fifteen other young fellows there, all with the same amount of clothing on that I had, which is just about as much as you wear in a Turkish bath, barring the towel. There we sat, like so many beautiful young cupids. We talked a little and sympathized with each other. Each of us was given a number, and when our number was called out we went out into the surgeon's hands. He fixed me around pretty lively, made me run around the room three or four times to see whether my heart was all right, and then made me blow in a respirator to test my lungs. I was so confused I couldn't make the thing stir. He said I was nervous, and should try it again, and in a few minutes I made the old thing hum. After examining every muscle in my body, I guess, and looking for more, he said I was a very good specimen, and passed me. I felt as if I might have been sewed to a card like a horn button and sold at six for a quarter."

"Then I was marched to the quarter-master's, or some place, and furnished with a mattress, a wash-stand, two pails, and a whole lot of back-scratching-keeping-trick. A cadet officer took me in charge and took me to barracks. He put on more airs than a hand-organ, and I couldn't do anything to suit him. He made me open what little baggage I had and show him everything I brought along. He was particularly anxious about tobacco and cigars, I guess because he wanted some, for they used to let the cadets smoke in those days. He was hardly gone before another cadet officer slammed open the door, bounced in, and made me go all through my baggage again. The room was a fair size, with two little alcoves and an iron bedstead in each, for each room is occupied by two cadets, each with a bed to himself. I had to put my bed in shape and fix up the room. Then they brought me some red stuff, and I had to make a curtain for the window. All this time cadet officers were coming in, ordering me to do this and that till I was about wild and nearly dead. I had to say 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir,' to them all, and it was impossible to do anything to please them."

"The second day I was here," the cadet continued, "one of the first-class fellows walked into my room without knocking and began to talk to me. I had a little onyx-pin in my scarf, for I had not yet put on the cadet clothes, and I saw that he had a wicked eye on it. After a while he said: 'That pin of yours makes me feel very bad, Mr. Smith. I had one exactly like it when I came here.' It was given me by my grandmother, and had been in the family over a hundred years. I was so unfortunate as to lose it, and when I got home the first thing they will ask me about will be that pin. I suppose you wouldn't care to part with yours, Mr. Smith?"

"I was not quite so fresh as some of the boys coming from New York, and of course I saw the dodge. So I told him I could not part with the onyx pin, but that I had a small cameo pin in my trunk that I would be happy to give him, when it was unpacked. He said he supposed that would do nearly as well, and he would call in the next morning to get it."

"What is your name?" I asked him; and his face immediately stretched out about a yard long. Of course, he had no notion of telling me his name, and he was so taken back by my effrontery in asking it that I had to laugh, and this made him as mad as a hornet."

"Don't you know, you beastly, ill-mannered young plebe," said he, "that the greatest affront you can give a cadet after asking his name is to laugh in his face?" I told him I didn't know it, and that I was very sorry to have offended him. So he went off, and I never saw anything more of him. I still have the pin. A few days afterward I was in need of a postage stamp, and a cadet I had got acquainted with said he would find me one if I would go with him to his room. I went, and when he handed me the stamp I offered him three cents. He looked at me as if I had asked him to black my boots. 'Young man,' said he, 'as long as you're in this academy never offer money to a cadet. A cadet never takes pay for anything! One evening during visiting hours four or five fellows had come into my room, and we had been smoking pipes till the smoke was so thick you could cut it. We were all fresh enough about the rules, and were singing about a song. Suddenly the door flew open and a cadet officer looked in. He was fairly paralyzed at first to see what was going on, but as soon as he recovered his breath he gave us a good rating and told us if we wanted to be reported we should just open our heads again that night. Nobody dared say a word for you don't know the dignity of a cadet officer, I tell you. They are very strict about having the rooms kept in order and having everybody in. At taps, which is at ten o'clock all lights have to be out and everybody in bed. Sometimes there are three cadets in a room, and one of them is appointed orderly and held responsible for the others being in bed and everything in order. The minute the taps cease a cadet officer comes flying around, bangs open the door and asks:

"All in?"

"All in, sir," replies the orderly

and the door slams and the officer skips on to the next room. If anybody is out, or not in bed, the orderly has to report it. There are no locks on the doors, and a cadet officer is likely to bounce in at any minute, day or night, to see that everything is all right. When he comes in the night without a lantern he challenges the orderly, and the orderly has to answer him. But if he comes with a lantern he goes right up to the beds and flashes the light in your face to see that you are there. Sometimes at taps the boys have not taken time to undress and pile into bed with their clothes on. If the cadet officer suspects anything he comes in to see that everybody is undressed, and if he finds a man in bed in his clothes there is music. Every morning a cadet officer and a regular officer go around inspecting the rooms. The cadet throws open the door and the officer marches in as stiff and dignified as a statue. If he finds as much as a scrap of paper on the floor he points to it, the cadet makes a minute of it in a book, and you get so many demerits for it. The officer swings around on his heel, the cadet slams the door, and they go on to the next room. Oh, it's a lovely time of it the boys have. And I'm so sorry I studied too hard and got bounced out." — *Ex-Clack, in N. Y. Times.*

Greasing Wagons.

This is of more importance than wagon owners imagine. The following, from an unknown source, is valuable information on the subject, which we trust will be duly heeded. Few people are aware that they do wagons and carriages more injury by greasing too plentifully than in any other way. A well-greased wheel will endure constant wear from ten to twenty-five years, if care is taken to use the right kind and proper amount of grease; but if this matter is not attended to, they will be used up in five or six years. Lard should never be used on a wagon, for it will penetrate the hub and work its way out around the tenons of the spokes and spoil the wheel. Tallow is the best lubricator for wooden axle-trees, and castor-oil for iron. Just grease enough should be applied to the spindle of a wagon to give it a light coating; this is better than more, for the surplus put on will work out at the ends and be forced into the shoulder bands and nut-washer into the hub around the outside of the tenons. To oil an iron axle-tree first wipe the spindle clean with a cloth wet with spirits of turpentine, and then apply a few drops of castor-oil near the shoulder and end. One teaspoonful is sufficient for the whole. We would add that for journals on which there is a heavy pressure it is a good plan to mix with the oil some lamp-black or common soot. Powdered plumbago or black lead is also employed for the same purpose.

—Why wouldn't "crushed hopes" make a popular color for dress goods?
—*Detroit Free Press.*

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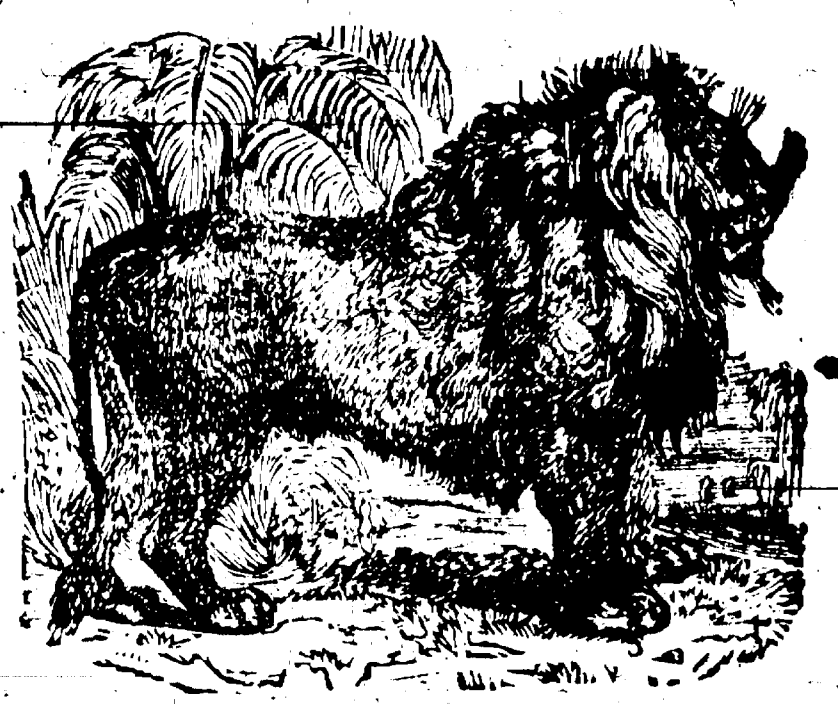
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