

PINCKNEY DISPATCH.

VOL. I.

PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4; 1883,

NO. 38

PINCKNEY DISPATCH

JEROME WINCHELL, PUBLISHER.

ISSUED THURSDAYS.

Subscription Price, \$1.00 per Year.

ADVERTISING RATES:

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

BUSINESS CARDS.

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

NEW MEAT MARKET.

DEVEREAUX BROS.
Dealers in
FRESH AND CURED MEATS.
FRESH WHITEFISH EVERY
THURSDAY.
Monitor House Block, PINCKNEY.
Will keep first class stock and sell at reasonable prices. A share of the public patronage is solicited.

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

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

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

L. E. RICHARDS & CO.,
NEWSDEALERS,
BOOKSELLERS & STATIONERS,
Dealers in Tobacco and Cigars, Musical and Optical Goods, Clocks, Jewelry, Toys, Novelties, Etc., Etc.
Confectionery & 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 SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
Office over Sigler's Drug Store, PINCKNEY.

RESIDENCE FOR SALE.
The residence of Mrs. A. Collier, in the eastern part of the village of Pinckney will be sold on reasonable terms. For further information, apply to
THOMPSON GRIMES.

L. H. BEEBE,
UNDERTAKER,
AND DEALER IN
FURNITURE.
Picture Framing, Repairing, Upholstering, Etc.
WEST MAIN STREET,
PINCKNEY MICHIGAN

MARBLE & COLEMAN
DEALERS IN
LUMBER,
LATH & SHINGLES,
Yard on Howell Street, north of the
Brick Store.

TEEPLE & CADWELL'S
HARDWARE STORE.
OFFICE AT

FARM FOR SALE!

Having made arrangements for the purchase of some land in the northern part of the State, I wish to sell my farm of 80 acres, 1 1/2 miles west of Pinckney, either with or without stock and tools, for cash, or on nearly as may be, at a reasonable price. This farm is desirable, with good buildings, and well watered. For further information, apply to
W. B. JENKINS.

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

FARMING LANDS FOR SALE.

One hundred and sixty acres of farming land, in the township of Genoa, in two lots, both improved, 4 miles from Howell and 9 miles from Pinckney. Address Elizabeth Crowley, Howell, Mich. Box 118.

BUSINESS LOTS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale 12 lots fronting on Main Street east of Howell Street, and 6 lots on Howell Street, for business purposes only. These lots are 22x12 feet in size, and are very desirably located in the center of the village, and will be sold at reasonable prices. Apply to
JAMES PEARSON, PINCKNEY, MICH.

MARRIED.

At the M. E. parsonage, Unadilla, Tuesday, Oct. 2d, 1883, by Rev. Geo. Stover, Mr. Robert Marshall and Miss Bettie Denton, both of Unadilla.

At the Congregational parsonage, Jackson, Sept. 24th, 1883, by Rev. J. W. Hough, Mr. Geo. H. Merrill of Bay City, and Mrs. Edna VanBlaricum, formerly of Pinckney.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Cloth Brushes, Hat Brushes, Flesh Brushes, Tooth Brushes, Nail Brushes, Shaving Brushes, Bottle Brushes—in great variety, at Winchell's Drug Store.

Young ladies should not forget that Goliath died from the effects of a bang on his forehead. [New York Commercial Advertiser.]

Came into the inclosure of the undersigned on Friday, Sept. 28th, 1883, three steer calves, one roan, one dark red with white spots, one light red with white spots. Owner is notified to call, prove property, pay charges and take them away.
E. Fishbeck, Marion.

A prominent Jewish rabbi calls newspapers "the bible of to-day." He possibly means to imply that they are wholly writ. [Chicago News.]

We have received this week a consignment of Black Silks, which we will sell 20 per cent cheaper than the same quality can be bought elsewhere. Come and see us. Lakin & Sykes.

The good young man dies young when his moustache comes out red. [Ex.]

MONEY TO LOAN

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

Harpers Bazar says that a widow should be married in a bonnet. She would have to be an exceedingly diminutive widow for the bonnets nowadays are not big enough to marry a mouse in.

D. R. Bogue, druggist at East Saginaw, says: "It gives me pleasure to state that I have sold and recommended Dennis Mehan's Medicines for fifteen years past with the greatest satisfaction to myself and customers. They are all he represents them to be. Mehan's Medicines may be had at Winchell's Drug Store in Pinckney."

"Illuminated Cashmeres" the "newest thing" in dress goods, at Lakin & Sykes.

Dog days are now over, and sausage is now in the market. [Oil City Blitzard.]

Fine line of Stationery, either plain as printed to order at Winchell's Drug Store.

TEAM FOR SALE!

A good work team, weight about 2,500, will be sold cheap for cash. Apply to
Deveraux Bros.
at Meat Market.

Full line of pure Drugs and Medicines at Winchell's Drug Store. Prices as low as anywhere in the County.

SHEEP FOR SALE.

85 half-bred early lambs, suitable for feeding. Also about 100 Graded Merino Ewes, good shearers. Time given if required.
T. Birkett.
Dover Mills, Sept. 13th, 1883.

Hatch's Universal Cough Syrup gives your kidneys and liver a jog to relieve your lungs of a bad cough, or your child of croup. There can be no membranous croup when Universal Cough Syrup is used in the first symptoms of the disease. No family with children can afford to be without it one day. 25 and 50 cents.

James Burden, of Marion, lost his pocket-book, the latter part of last week, near Plainfield. Pocket-book contained between twenty and thirty dollars in money. Thinks his name was on the pocket-book. Five dollars reward is offered for the return of pocket-book with money therein to the postoffice at Pinckney.

Jersey Jackets in all shades. Call and see them, at Lakin & Sykes.

I have lately learned the Goldsberry drafting system of cutting, and am better prepared than ever to give satisfaction in cutting and fitting dresses and cloaks, etc. I shall keep on hand constantly the latest fashion plates and am acquainted with all the latest styles. I also cut patterns to fit from measure. Please give me a call, you will find me in my rooms over Brown & Collier's hardware store.
Mrs. Frank L. Brown.

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.

The band will give an open air concert Saturday evening.

Mr. G. Wood is visiting his son at North Lake.

W. P. VanWinkle, Esq., has been at Howell, most of the week—"courting."

Grand Trunk pile drivers passed through town Monday, and are at work on the bridges across and near Honey Creek.

Dr. Kingsberry talks of moving his drug store from Brighton to Hamburg.

Chelsea has been invaded by the "bicycle." One of the machines frightened a team the other day, and the result was broken carriage and driver badly injured.

The County Board of Supervisors will meet on Monday next, October 8th.

Mr. B. W. Yates, of the Grand Trunk R'y. was a caller at the Dispatch office, Monday.

Mr. Benedict, of Ann Arbor, was in town Monday. He is looking for a location for business.

Remember the adjourned school meeting at the school house on Wednesday next, Oct. 10th.

Mr. C. N. Plimpton went to Lansing, on business, Monday.

Mrs. C. N. Plimpton visited Fowlerville friends this week.

Dr. H. E. Brown, of Stockbridge, has been attending his father Erasmus Brown, Esq., near this village. We learn that the patient is improving.

There is a bad sink-hole in Henrietta township about 10 miles north of Jackson, which is now giving the Air Line contractors a good deal of trouble.

The Stockbridge Sentinel fears that the opening of a saloon in that village will injure their local fair.

The fall series of teachers examinations for this county will be held as follows:

Pinckney, Friday Oct. 19th.
Fowlerville, Monday, Oct. 22d.
Brighton, Wednesday, Oct. 24th.
Howell, Friday, Oct. 26th.
Hartland, Friday Nov. 2d.
Thos. Gordon, Jr., Sec'y.

Rev. D. R. Shier was greeted by a very fair audience at the M. E. Church, Monday night, and although we were unable to be present, we can safely say from reports that the lecture was one of the best ever delivered in this village. The Temperance Alliance, in the interest of which Mr. Shier is working, has 21 members in Pinckney.

Regarding the extension of Grand Trunk Air Line via Dansville, Mason, &c., we learn since our paper went to press last week that F. Reason and Dan'l Wright have made a very thorough canvas of the proposed route and have flattering assurances backed by substantial men at the various points guaranteeing the raising of the required bonus, and also a fine showing of freight business for the road. These gentlemen visited Detroit Friday and laid the results of their canvas before Chief Engineer Yates who was favorably impressed therewith and promises to bring the matter before the Grand Trunk officials at Buffalo and Montreal. It is probable that a preliminary survey of the line will soon be ordered, when the people can show their appreciation of the enterprise by coming up with their little bonus and securing a line which promises to be the through line of the Grand Trunk between Detroit and Chicago.

Pinckney will send numerous delegates to Stockbridge's fair, next week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Pyper visit Stockbridge and Waterloo friends this week.

Mr. J. Green goes to Ann Arbor, to enter the medical department of the State University.

Hon. Chas. M. Wood started, Monday, for Iowa, where he will spend a few weeks visiting friends.

Mrs. Dr. Thatcher and Miss Craig will stay for a little time with Unadilla friends, previous to their departure for Texas.

The ordinance of the Lord's Supper will be administered at the usual hour of morning service in the Congregational church, Sunday next. The pastor expects to be present—and officiate.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Campbell, of Chili, N. Y., are the guests of the Misses Kate and Mr. Brokaw's family.

Mr. L. V. Brokaw had a little runaway experience just as he was leaving Howell, Thursday last. The horse he was driving (not his own) became frightened at the cars, and overturned the carriage. Mrs. Brokaw and Miss Reeves, who were in the buggy with him at the time, received slight bruises and Mr. Brokaw a painful gash on the head.

Mr. D. G. Clark started yesterday for his home in York, Nebraska, after a visit of several months with friends in and about Pinckney. Mrs. Clark will remain here for a few weeks more.

Mr. C. N. Bullis, of Unadilla, harvested 1,202 beans from one stalk of the Mexican tree-bean variety. The story of "little Jack and his bean stalk" is nowhere nowadays.

The iron was laid across the first sink hole in Green Oak yesterday, and the other one is up to grade, so it is thought the way is now clear for the iron gang, who will push the track westward as rapidly as possible. Iron is now laid about four miles out from Jackson.

Sanford Reason fell from a ladder, Sunday evening last, dislocating his left shoulder. Dr. Sigler replaced the limb, and it is "mending" rapidly.

Mr. J. Haze has been the guest of his son, Dr. C. W. Haze, during the past week, but will return to the Pine Lake country, near Lansing soon, for the winter.

The Junior Exercises of the class of '84, Michigan Agricultural College, were held at the Michigan Exchange, Detroit, Thursday, Sept. 20th. Chas. L. Grimes, of Pinckney, was selected as class orator for the occasion, and his subject "Faded Flowers" was appropriately and ably handled. Mr. Grimes will do what few students have ever done in that institution—complete the four years course in three years.

UNADILLA.

From our Correspondent.

Mrs. W. S. Livermore has gone to Bancroft to visit her daughter, Lillie J. Douglas.

Gerry Briggs and wife of Dexter, are visiting at D. Potter's.

Willie Lindsay, of Stockbridge, made a short visit at the hotel, a few days ago.

Edith and Holden DuBois have just returned from Mason, where they went last week to attend the fair.

Fred and Mollie Livermore have been to Saline visiting friends.

Will Tyler has sold his house and lot to Fred Livermore, and expects to occupy a part of Mrs. Letts's house, for the winter.

Chamber Bird is worse again. Dr. Brown of Stockbridge, who is treating him, says it is doubtful if he ever recovers entirely, as his left lung is badly diseased.

Sam Denton is going to Ann Arbor again in a few days, to have another operation on his eye. Dr. Frothingham has promised him that he can see again, and we sincerely hope that he may.

Mrs. Nutting was much surprised, last Monday evening, by being presented with a very nice sewing machine, from some of her friends. She is the widow of Rev. Wm. G. J. Nutting, who was pastor of the Presbyterian church in this place, a few years ago. She is highly esteemed by every body.

Wm. J. May started, Monday morning, with his team and wagon, for his farm in Antrim county. He intends to drive all the way there. Mrs. May and her two youngest boys went about three weeks ago. George, Fred and

Dora will go before long. Mrs. Watts has taken Mrs. May's rooms and goods, so we will not be without a milliner, as we were afraid we would.
AZIE.

HOWELL.

From our Correspondent.

Styles & Brown took possession of the new store fitted up for them in the Opera House Block, October 1st.

E. A. Loveland, recently arrived from Hartland has re-opened the blacksmith shop opposite Knapp's carriage factory.

Mr. Fred Wetzel, of Imlay City, takes Sam'l Rose's position in Chas. G. Jewett's Hardware store.

Al. A. Bush began working for Hickey & Goodnow on Monday.

Chas. H. Brown returned from Kansas City to sell goods at auction during the fair.

S. S. Wescot is helping Fuller & Warren in their hardware store.

The fair was an improvement over those of the few preceding years in nearly every particular. A goodly number of people attended Wednesday and Thursday. Friday saw no one, comparatively, in attendance. Either the extension was not fully understood or else the interest all subsided after the distribution of the premiums. Noticeable among the improvements were the exhibitions of cattle and horses. Mr. Hendrick Sexton's herd of Holsteins and Mr. Alex. McPherson's herd of short-horns deserve special mention. In her horses, Livingston County may well have pride. Not only was the exhibition good, but the streets seemed full of horses that merited ribbons either red or blue. The races were very unsatisfactory to sporting men and other spectators. P. Kennedy's Fannie easily took the farmer's race, trotting before a buggy in 3:16. The races between horses and bicyclers were void of all interest, for the horses merely "jogged" around the track and so were easily beaten by the wheelmen. The open-to-all race caused great dissatisfaction. The real contest was between Albert Wilson's Mambrino Rattler and Wm. Goodrich's Joe Jefferson. The race was easily "Rattler's" but twice Joe Jefferson was run right before the old favorite Rattler, and so passed over the score ahead of him. The judges gave the race to Joe Jefferson but popular sentiment gives it to Rattler. We have not heard as yet as to the financial success of the exhibition but infer from the frequency of hearing "The Life Membership tickets must go" that the society lost money. Louis H. Theile and company did not come with their "Trapper's Son" so it is well that your correspondent did not "hoof it over" to announce their appearance here.

Jos. Wallace while sitting on the fair ground fence viewing the races, fell backwards causing severe internal injuries. He still lies very sick and sore.

A. Tomlinson, photographer, after receiving pay for some four or five hundred dozens of pictures packed up his household goods and gallery furnishings and attempted to move Tuesday night last. A few persons learned of his intended departure in time to call and demand the pictures or money. They received nothing but abuse for taking this precaution.

This spread the news of his proposed departure among many of his patrons, in consequence of which a mob of a hundred persons or more went to the depot as he was preparing his goods for shipment. He discovered his visitors and guessing at their design fled with all speed before a rabble that pelted him with tomatoes, eggs and other kind of groceries too numerous to mention. He was soon captured, when he told the crowd that he would refund the money to all who held his tickets, if they would go to his office with him. This they did, but the bank had broken. He then led them to his home, there he would make good his debts, but alas! no money awaited the swindled ones there. A long party ensued which at times was exciting, made more so by Tomlinson's father (considered equally blameable with his son) violent demonstrations, he going even so far as to draw a revolver. This was promptly taken from him. Both father and son were badly smeared with the tomatoes and eggs before the mob withdrew. Three officers of the law witnessed the scene, one presiding over an attempt at compromise. Little blame can be laid to those connected with the affair for Mr. Tomlinson had so transferred his property that no legal redress was obtainable. Had not a few old and respectable heads been in the affair it would probably have resulted seriously.

PINCKNEY DISPATCH

THURSDAY, OCT. 4, 1883.

There are over 1,000 different kinds of religion in the world, and yet there are some men who cannot be suited with any of these, and the main difficulty seems to be that they cannot comprehend the existence of a divine being who knows more than they do.

The question of "who captured Jeff Davis" is to be again brought before the public, and this time Mr. Benton N. Harrison will tell what he knows about it in an article for the Century Magazine. If Mr. Harrison had attempted to tell "who struck Billy Patterson" he would undoubtedly have pleased the readers of the Century just as well, and not have opened the vortex of the "bloody chasm" half so wide.

While our people are buying their matches at reduced rates, getting their spices at half price, &c., and now paying 2 cents instead of 3 for ordinary letter postage, few have any idea to what an extent the revenues of the government will be reduced by the changes in revenue, tariff, and postage laws which occasion this saving to the people. It is estimated that the internal revenue alone will be reduced \$25,000,000, and although cheaper postage may stimulate correspondence to such an extent as to make up the deficiency in that department, it cannot do so for a year or two at the least. It is fortunate, however, that the government can spare so large an amount from its annual income, and it is gratifying to know that even after this great reduction, there will be enough of surplus to still continue a rapid reduction of the national debt.

Jay Gould is reported to have said that he believed that the State has a right to fix a limit of rates for corporations (railroads, telegraph companies, etc.) but he did not think it was wisdom to do so, as the limit of a man's capacity to acquire wealth should not be restricted. It is probably not well to restrict a man's power to acquire wealth honestly, but the fact is that no corporation has a right to become a monopoly, and exact exorbitant returns for its services. The right it acquires as a corporation and the protection it enjoys, as well as the exemption from local taxation, are all benefits conferred by the State, which in return has a right to demand the privilege of restricting rates and otherwise regulating the affairs of such corporations, even revoking charters when it may seem necessary to protect the rights of the people. It is very natural that Jay Gould, who is so largely interested in corporations (some of which have become monopolies) should selfishly oppose any restriction of the powers of those corporations. He should remember, however, that without the protection of the State his property would be of no value to him, but would at once fall into the hands of vandals who are as greedy for plunder as himself, but whose desire for gain is restrained instead of being protected by the laws of the State.

A correspondent of the Detroit Herald, the Baptist organ of the State, has been figuring out (basing his calculations on Rev. 21:16) how much room there will be in heaven for each occupant supposing that the world should stand 100,000 years and all its inhabitants from Adam to the last of his race should succeed in entering the pearly gates. He concluded there would be room enough, even were there eleven thousand worlds like ours, to give each inhabitant a room 16 feet square, (and a few corner lots for favorites) and then only occupy the northeast quarter of the "golden city." Some of our very orthodox friends should just ponder on how very lonesome they would be if their doctrine of the "salvation of the few and the everlasting destruction of the many" was carried out, we think it might tend to make them feel a little more charitable to their fellow beings who are just a little bit wicked because they don't know any better, and because it is so very, very natural for humanity to go wrong. We expect to meet some of our friends up there who will be surprised to learn that we did not go off on an excursion to the "Black River Country."

OUR NEIGHBORS.

DEXTER.

From the Leader.

Last Thursday morning while hunting ducks in Base River near White-wood lake, the "associate editor" shot a large Osprey, the wings of which when spread measured five feet and four inches from tip to tip. It is a fine specimen and John Bross will mount it.

Mrs. Clark, residing with her daughter on C street, in going up the steps of their house, fell and broke her arm, on Monday afternoon.

Orr Waite has moved his stock of jewelry from Keal's to his house. It is not known whether he is going to some other place or not. We hope not for Orr is a good workman and we should like to have him stay.

Thomas Chamberlain came to town with his whole family on Saturday to see the circus. While they were away some one broke into the house and stole all his and Charles clothing. At last account none of the property had been found.

In 1830, when Dexter was a wilderness, John Deane laid out and cleared off C street, chopping the woods into corn wood. Fifty-three years after he died at his residence on C street, now one of the handsomest streets in the village, and this after having lived in various parts of the State. Truly he has seen the "desert blossom as the rose."

ANN ARBOR.

From the Register.

Henry Haskill was thrown from a buggy last Friday and badly bruised about the head.

Ed Mack left on Monday morning for Detroit, where he takes a responsible position in the office of the Barnum iron and wire works.

At the annual conference of the A. M. E. Church at New Canaan, Ontario, Rev. Willis Chandler was appointed to the Ypsilanti and Ann Arbor circuit.

Mr. A. G. Surkey, a graduate of Heidelberg and Wurtzburg Universities, and the Stuttgart Polytechnicum, Germany, is visiting Mr. August Herz of this city.

The house on 13th street, near Ann street, owned and occupied by Andrew J. Lucas was destroyed by fire about 2 o'clock Saturday morning. The loss was fully covered by insurance of \$900 on the house and furniture.

John Rathbone has sold his farm on the south Ypsilanti road to Lillie A. Chandler for \$6,500. The property consists of 80 acres and is one of the prettiest pieces of land in Pittsfield township.

The happiest man in Ann Arbor is Alfred Thomas, the colored cook at the Cook House. He has received notice from the pension office at Washington that he is entitled to a pension of \$48 per year. The back pension money due him therefore amounts to about \$900.

FOWLERVILLE.

From the Review.

C. E. Hopkins is building an addition to his dwelling house.

John E. Brown, of Conway, died on Thursday of paralysis, aged 78 years. The funeral services were held at the Benjamin school house to-day.

Mr. Holly Pullen has sold his furniture stock to L. H. Beebe who will remove it to Pinckney. Mr. Pullen still retains the undertaking and will divide his attention between that and the foundry.

Mr. I. B. Turner will go to Ionia next month where he will take charge of the business of the Singer sewing machine company for that city. While we dislike very much to lose Mr. Turner we can assure the Singer company that they have secured the right man for the place and one who will be faithful to all his trusts.

Mr. Hiram Person, living just south of this village, was very seriously injured by falling from an apple tree one day last week. Mrs. Person found him trying to get up off the ground and being unable to do so, whereupon she called Mr. Geo. Curtis, who was also at work in another part of the orchard, and they carried him to the house. He has no recollection of falling or in fact of anything that happened that day, but as his hat was found in the tree and he had several bruises upon his body it is supposed that he must have fallen. His mind is badly shattered and it is feared he has suffered severe internal injuries which may yet prove fatal.

BRIGHTON.

From the Argus.

Mr. McCabe, of Green Oak, has lost the sight of one eye.

Rev. Hastings departed for his new field of labor to-day at Neganec, in the Upper Peninsula.

The South Lyon Band will furnish music for the Brighton fair.

The old Pless store is being vastly improved inside and out. We understand Mr. Royce is about to put in a stock of goods, which we hope is true.

The railroad's right of way calls for a depot at Genoa, and the people thereabouts are putting their heads together and wondering why the trains won't even stop any more of late.

A fight that was a fight occurred with pitchforks, last week Tuesday, on the farm of Mr. Schuyler Hayes, in Green Oak, the contestants being Johnny Corson and Richard Peet. We did not learn the cause of the fracas, but Corson had a pitchfork run through his cheek, which had to be sewed up by a South Lyon doctor, after Corson returned from South Lyon, he walked up to Mr. Peet and knocked him over with the handle of the fork. We do not know what the outcome of the matter will be but we saw sheriff Axtel making his way in that direction a few days afterwards.

Little Ward Charles, son of Mr. Frank Charles, tried to walk the railing of the trestle bridge Monday, but became giddy and slipped off into the mill-pond. He was first discovered by Freddie Pratt, who with the aid of his father, is entitled to the credit of saving the drowning boy's life. He had sunk for the last time, and it was no easy task to resuscitate him after being fished out. This should be a timely warning to all the little folks who seem to think they can find no other place to play but near the mill-pond.

STOCKBRIDGE.

From the Sentinel.

The exciting topic of the week, in everybody's mouth, has been and is the new saloon.

Lew Morgan and Pickett have rented the dining hall on the fair ground.

Several gangs are finishing the grading at various points between here and Jackson.

We are informed that there have been years when Stockbridge township did not cost the county a cent for criminal proceedings.

The first indispensable act in the saloon programme was duly performed. Tuesday—the painting of the front windows to screen the managers of the rag factory.

Quite a large congregation listened to the sermon, Sunday evening, by Rev. G. A. Lowry, the new M. E. minister. The Sentinel hopes he may find this a pleasant field of labor.

Chill & O'Connell were the first contractors on the line to finish their allotted work, and will receive \$200 bonus therefor. This week they have been settling up miscellaneous matters hereabouts, preparatory to leaving. They have won the good opinion of their hands and of the community.

SOUTH LYON.

From the Excelsior.

A. E. Bullock and family have moved into their new and pleasant residence on East Lake street.

A long piece of side track is being put down for the G. T. between the depot and water tank.

The G. T. turntable was put in position on its well prepared circle, Sunday.

When disturbances occur on our streets now our genial officers bristle up and say, "Just hold on here, old budger, we are building a trap here, and don't you forget it."

Last Saturday Mrs. Dr. Knapp and her two sons exchanged residences with Arthur Peck and family. The former moved in with Martin Bentley, and the latter into Mrs. Knapp's residence for the winter.

Alban Smith has made a success in bee culture this season. He started in the spring with eleven swarms of bees, he now has thirty-six thriving swarms, and he has sold \$100 worth of honey. Mr. S. informs us that he will devote his time entirely to bee culture next season.

A meeting was held Tuesday evening to consider steps to re-build the sash and blind factory lately burned. A committee of five were appointed to solicit stock and subscriptions.

A wood stove explosion at Kingsley Calkins, Tuesday morning, excited the family to lively work to save the house from taking fire.

It is believed in Boston that Prof. Sluggs S. Sullivan is the inventor of the reversible cuff. —[Life.]

"Is that gentleman a friend of yours?" asked a newly-introduced lady of another at a reception. "Oh, no, he's my husband," was the innocent reply. —[Merchant Traveler.]

"MARRIAGE," says a cynic, "is like putting your hand into a bag containing ninety-nine snakes and one eel. You may get the eel, but the chances are against you."

WE HAVE, WITHOUT AN EXCEPTION,

THE

MOST COMPLETE ASSORTMENT

OR

LADIES' CHILDREN'S AND GENTLEMEN'S

FALL AND WINTER

UNDER CLOTHES

Ever shown in Livingston County.

EVERY BODY

WELCOME

TO CALL, COMPARE AND EXAMINE OUR

NEW GOODS.

Our new Ottoman Brocade Dress Goods, the newest out; examine them. Good Gingham selling for 8 cents per yard. We have added to our grocery line the finest assortment of Canned Goods in town.

THE W. S. MANN ESTATE,

PINCKNEY

THE CORNER DRUG STORE!

We have just received a large stock

CANNED GOODS!

(Of this year's preparation), which we offer as low as any dealer can sell them

Our stock consists of:
Apricots, Peaches, Tomatoes, Strawberries, Succotash,
Sweet Corn, Cherries, Blueberries, Green Chiles, Peas,
Pumpkin, Catsup, Pickles, Blackberries, Beans.
We warrant every can to be good and fresh.

We have Canned Beef, Dried Beef, Prunes, Citron, English Currants, and in fact everything kept in a first-class grocery stock. Call and get our prices.

WALL PAPER.

We are constantly receiving small consignments of wall paper, and we now have a good assortment which we offer cheap. Window shades and fixtures in all the desirable patterns.

In enlarging our grocery department we shall not infringe on our drug and medicine stock, and we shall in the future as in the past give this part of our business our first attention.

SIGLER BROS.

RICE'S HOTEL



RICE'S
TEMPERANCE
HOTEL,
Cor. Congress and Bates Sts.,
DETROIT, MICH.
Rates, \$1 to \$1.25 per day. Single meals, 30 cents. Lodging 35 to 50c. We make a specialty of dinner, and it is always ready at 11 o'clock sharp. Come early and be served promptly.

ATTENTION FARMERS AND THRESHERS.

A fresh new stock of the following goods just received, all of which we guarantee to be the purest and best quality made in the world:

N. K. Fairbanks' Ex. Winter-strained Lard Oil.
No. 1 Lard Oil.

Best Quality Lardoline.

A. No. 1 Golden Engine Oil. Zero Black Oil.
Old Process Boiled and Raw inseed Oil.

TURPENTINE, OIL DRIER
VARNISH, XXX CASTOR OIL,

Gasoline 74° and Naptha. Water-White and Legal Test Kerosene Oil, Pure White Lead, Colored Paints by the gallon and in paste form in 25 pound tin pails. We are making Oils, Paints and Painters' Materials a specialty, and will quote LOWER PRICES than any other dealers in Livingston County. Give us a call and see.

TEEPL & CADWELL,

First door East of W. Main Street.

All About a Dog Collar

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

A Misnomer.

The Live Stock Journal makes a vigorous protest against what it calls the misnomer—Texas fever. It says there is no disease, no fever germ in Texas cattle. It holds the disease to be an acclimating fever brought on by bad usage or sudden change. It denies that Texas cattle have it or a predisposition to it at home. It will result from transporting cattle from one locality to another anywhere within a malarial altitude and below a given latitude. Northern cattle taken South will bring it into a Texas herd where it had never before been known, and the newspaper habit of reporting outbreaks of "Texas fever" in Maine, Pennsylvania, Illinois and other Northern States is considered of a piece with the fashion of calling Texas robbers "cowboys."

So Kind!

A Bear which had been caught in a Trap was moaning and sighing and wondering if every cloud had a Silver Lining, when along came a Cow and asked what particular ward caucus that was, and who had been elected Chairman. "I'm caught in a Trap," moaned the Bear. "Can't you get away?" "No, indeed." "Have you been here long?" "Yes; for five or six hours." "And you must suffer dreadfully?" "I certainly do." "Well, as there is no chance to escape, and you must continue to suffer until released, I will at once go and inform my master and let him come at once and knock you on the head."

It is the veriest nonsense for one to say that he can tell what the weather will be a week, a month or a year beforehand. If science could predict or calculate it, all the scientific men in the country could foretell it, but all scientific men laugh at such predictions, and none but humbugs make them.

A PAPER FOR THE TIMES.

The CHICAGO DAILY NEWS is the pioneer of cheap journalism in the West. It was founded Dec. 20, 1875, as an evening paper with editions at noon, 8 and 5 o'clock. A complete newspaper, complete in the one essential feature of American journalism, i. e., presenting all the news, sold on the street at any price less than the conventional nickel, was an innovation in western journalism, and, like all new enterprises, the "cheap paper" had to contend with long-established custom and even prejudice before securing the recognition it sought and deserved. At the end of the first year, 1876, it had achieved a daily sale ranging from 8,000 to 10,000 copies. From this time forward its progress was beyond all precedent in American journalism. In 1877 its average daily circulation was 22,037 copies; in 1878, 33,314 copies; in 1879, 45,194 copies; in 1880, 54,801 copies. On the morning of March 21, 1881, the CHICAGO MORNING NEWS made its first appearance. In September following, the sixth month of its publication, its circulation amounted to 490,019 copies, or a daily average of 18,846 copies—a circulation never before attained by any daily paper in the United States, within a corresponding time.

The CHICAGO DAILY NEWS, therefore, as now published, consists of MORNING, NOON, and EVENING ISSUES, known respectively as the MORNING NEWS, NOON NEWS, and EVENING NEWS. The average combined circulation of the three issues of the DAILY NEWS now exceeds 90,000 copies each day. To appreciate the exceptional extent of this vast circulation it is only necessary to state that it is over three times the circulation of any other daily paper in Chicago or the West, while its circulation in the city of Chicago is greater than all other Chicago daily papers combined. Being an independent paper, the organ of no party, sect, or class, it is the one universally read Chicago paper. The subscription price of the DAILY NEWS, either MORNING or EVENING issue, is \$6.00 per year, or \$2.00 for four months, postage included.

On July 2, 1878, the DAILY NEWS purchased the CHICAGO EVENING POST, consolidated its daily issue with the DAILY NEWS, and continued its weekly issue under the name of the CHICAGO WEEKLY NEWS. The WEEKLY NEWS under the present name and management is therefore less than five years old, though as a consecutive weekly publication it is now in its twentieth year. The CHICAGO WEEKLY NEWS takes a corresponding field among weekly newspapers to that occupied by the DAILY NEWS among dailies. It gives the news of the world in condensed yet complete form. Its Chicago market quotations are especially complete and trustworthy. That the CHICAGO WEEKLY NEWS has been correct in its judgment of the requirements of a large class of readers of the weekly press is best evidenced by the extent of its circulation, which aggregated in the month immediately preceding the date of this writing, 202,053 copies, or a weekly average of 50,513 copies. The subscription price of the WEEKLY NEWS is but seventy-five cents per year, postage included.

The phenomenal success of the CHICAGO NEWS in both its DAILY and WEEKLY ISSUES has been achieved by observing that fundamental principle of offering the best article of its kind in the market at the lowest cost to the purchaser. The CHICAGO NEWS is cheap only in price. The character of its news service is unsurpassed. It is a member of the Western Associated Press, and in addition to the unrivaled news service furnished by this Association, it enjoys the exceptional advantage of its own special telegraphic wire from Chicago to Washington and New York on the East, and to Milwaukee and St. Paul on the North. Giving all the news through reporter and telegraphic facilities unsurpassed by those of any other Chicago paper, it commends itself to all classes in the community, to rich and poor alike, in that it offers an absolutely complete record of the news of the day in concise form, without the needless verbiage and amplification which render so many metropolitan journals "a weariness to the flesh," while its price brings it within the reach of all classes. It is a paper for the times.

Experiments on the Eye

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

Poisonous Plants.

In gardens poisonous plants are declared by the Gardeners' Magazine to be few in number, and of no great value for decorative purposes. A very large proportion of the plants that are in highest repute for beauty, such as the rose, dahlia, pelargonium, begonia, wall-flower stock, carnation and primula are altogether harmless, although for the most part of no value whatever as articles of food. But as there are so many decorative plants that will not injure, even if eaten, it is easy to exclude from the garden a certain few that are noxious, and that sometimes have been associated with sad fatalities. The rooting-out of the great blue aconite, or monk's-hood, the root of which contains a virulent poison, and has yet been many times served on the table as horseradish, is therefore recommended.

Draining the Dismal Swamp.

The Dismal swamp in Virginia is much reduced in extent compared to what it was twenty years ago. It now contains, says a recent visitor there, some of the best farming land of the State. A railroad runs across it and it is on its way to final extinction. The drainage of Lake Drummond, a central body of water lying higher than the average level of the swamp, would make the whole area fertile. This is a project of Gov. Benjamin F. Butler, who once had surveys made, but at length abandoned it. The one great industry of the swamp is lumbering. It is penetrated by small ditches in connection with the larger canals, and by rude tramroads, over which the logs are hauled to be sawed up into shingles, railroad ties and fencing. The lake, however, with its fringes of cypress and its projecting roots and stumps, is just as dismal as ever. —Scientific American.

A CAVE of considerable size is reported to have been found in the neighborhood of Sierra Valley, California. It was explored a distance of some five hundred feet, when further progress was cut off by a chasm.

REMEMBER

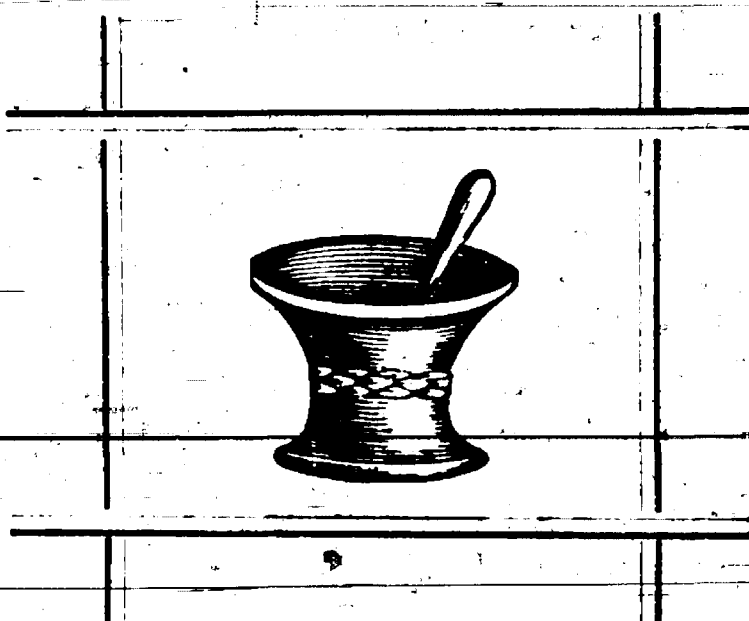
WE STILL OFFER

EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS!

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

WINCHELL'S DRUG STORE.

STATIONERY



CONFECTIONS

FINE TOILET GOODS, CIGARS,

And a full line of Druggist's Sundries. Our line of Patent Medicines is very complete. Prescription carefully and accurately compounded. Prices as low as can be made by any house in Livingston County. Your patronage will be kindly appreciated. Call and see us.

JEROME WINCHELL.

★1847.

We have just added to our stock a general assortment of

ROGERS BROS JEWELRY

GENUINE 1847

PLATED WARE.

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

BROWN & COLLIER.

HAND MADE BOOTS!

SNEDICOR & HATHAWAY'S HAND MADE BOOTS, PINGREE & SMITH'S HAND MADE BOOTS.

ROBINSON & BURTENSHAW'S HAND MADE BOOTS. Lester Bros. & Co's Hand Made Boots.

We have a large stock of the above make of goods which we are offering cheap.

ON OR ABOUT SEPT. 21ST,

Shall open a large line of

LADIES, MISSES AND CHILDREN'S SHOES,

in all the latest styles. Inspect the goods and get our prices before buying.

W. B. HOFF.

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 23 cts.

Saleratus, 8 cts. Bird Seed, 10 cts.

50c Tobacco at 40 cts.

60c Tobacco at 50 cts.

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

Canned Corn, Canned Salmon, Canned Beef, Canned Tomatoes. C. A. WHEELER.

CHRISTIAN BROWN, BLACKSMITH

All kinds of custom work, and general

repairing, including

HORSE SHOEING.

Shop back of Mann's Block, Pinckney.

ATTENTION.

If you use my

BLOOD & LIVER SYRUP

you will not have typhoid or any other fever; you will never have a cancer, never die with Dropsy, heart disease or apoplexy, for it will

EQUALIZE THE CIRCULATION.

You will never have Ague or Kidney Complaint; you will not have

RHEUMATISM!

for it drives away the uric acid out of the blood,

MY OTHER MEDICINES

are well known and will do all that is claimed for them. Try them and keep healthy, as I do.

DENNIS MEHAN, FOWLERVILLE, MICH. All of Dennis Mehan's Medicines will be found on sale, at Winchell's Drug Store, in Pinckney.

BARTON & CAMPBELL, JEWELRY

SILVER WARE.

We are now prepared to furnish the people of Pinckney and surrounding country with the best quadruple silver plated ware, at bottom prices—Also a fine assortment of Jewelry.

Vest Chains and Guard Chains, Necklaces, Lockets, Charms, Solid Gold Band and Set Rings, Gold Silver and Nickel Watches.

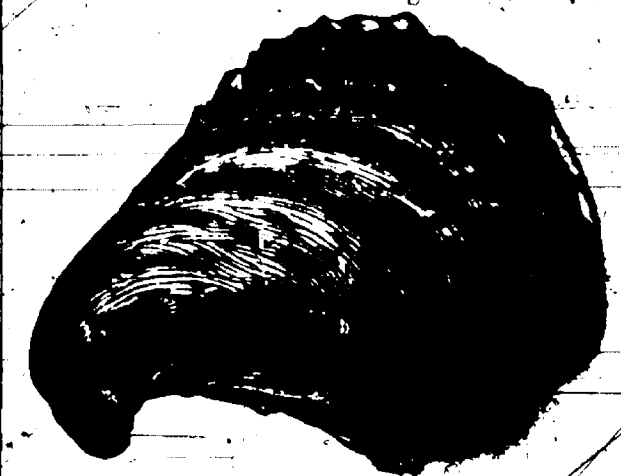
Latest designs in Eight-day and Thirty-hour Clocks Full line of breech and muzzle-loading

Guns, also Revolvers, Ammunition and Sporting Goods Generally.

BARTON & CAMPBELL, West Main Street, Pinckney, Michigan.

D. D. MALLORY & CO.

Wholesale Dealers in OYSTERS AND FOREIGN FRUITS.



Manufacturers of Horizontally Roasted Pickles, Preserves, etc. 53, 55 AND 57 JEFFERSON AVE., Detroit, Mich.

THE GRAND RAPIDS BUSINESS COLLEGE

(Established 1886) is acknowledged to be the most complete, thorough, practical, economical and frugal popular school of its kind. Its graduates are GRADUATES GREATER THAN THE SUPPLY. For particulars enclose stamp for College Journal. Address C. G. Swensberg, Proprietor, Grand Rapids, Mich.

THE DEACON.

The deacon was sitting as stony could be. His minister looked on as a briar; he ministered while the ceiling removed, but never could get his desire.

One day a piece of the plastering fell, with which you and I will agree, who sprang from his seat and offered a ten to have things secure overhead.

"Lord, hit him again!" said the minister keen, with which you and I will agree, for if plaster will open the heart of a man, the plaster that man should have free.

DR. JEX'S PREDICAMENT.

It was the funniest thing that I ever saw in my life. Grunkshank would have gloried in it. I wish I had him here to illustrate that scene with the spirited vigor that only his dancing pencil gives.

It was in Kentucky that it happened—the pleasant land of blue grass and tobacco, and fine stock, and white-teethed girls. Mabel my sister, had married Dick Hucklestone, and they had begun life in great contentment, and a little roomed house scarcely big enough to hold the bridal presents. But they were happy, hearty, healthy. They had two cows, ice cream every day, a charming baby, and Uncle Brimmer. Who shall say that their cup was not full? Indeed, they thought it full before Uncle Brimmer added himself there—a very ponderous rose leaf. He was one of our old family servants, who fondly believed that Miss Mabel and her husband would never be able to get on without him. He walked all the way from Mississippi to Kentucky, with his things tied up in a meal sack, and presented himself before Mabel, announcing affably that he had come to "stay on."

"But I haven't any place for you, Uncle Brimmer," said Mabel, divided between hospitality and embarrassment. "Lord, honey, you kin jes tuck me aroun' anyhow. I don't take up no room."

Mabel looked thoughtfully upon the big, brown, gray-whiskered old negro, whose proportions were those of a Hercules, and shook her head. "You not Tom Thumb, Uncle Brimmer?" "No ma'am," said he submissively, "but I've got his spirit. Couldn't I leap in the kitchen, honey?" he went on, with insinuating sweetness.

"No, indeed," cried the young housekeeper. "I put my foot down on anybody sleeping in the kitchen." Aunt Patsy, the cook, stood by, balancing a pan of flour on her head, one fat hand on her hip. I suspected her of a personal interest in the matter, and indeed she afterward said that she thought Uncle Brimmer's coming would prove a "blessin' to her feet." Those feet of hers had been saved many steps through the service of her ten-years-old daughter, Nancy Palnira Kate, called Nanky Pal for short. But of late Nanky's services had been called into requisition as a nurse, and Aunt Patsy, who was fat and scant of breath thought she had too much to do; and so she viewed with evident delight the stalwart proportions of our good-natured giant from the South.

"Dar's de lof, Miss Mable," she suggested. "It is too small, and is cluttered up with things already."

"Oh, sho, chile, dar ain't nothin' in dat lof cep' the taters, an' de dried apples, and some strings o' taterbaker, de broken plough, an' some odds and ends o' de children's an' Lucy Crittenden's pups. Lor' dar ain't nothin' ter speak of in de lof."

"He can't get in at de window," said Mabel, shifting her ground.

"Lemme try," said Uncle Brimmer.

The kitchen was a small log cabin, some distance from the house—"ingood hollerin' reach," to quote Aunt Patsy. Above it was a low room, or loft, crowded with the miscellaneous articles enumerated. The only way of getting into it was from the outside. A ladder against the side of the cabin admitted one, through a little window, no larger, I am sure, than that of a railway coach, into this storehouse of treasures. Nanky Pal, who was slim as a snake, was usually selected to fetch and carry through the small. But Uncle Brimmer?

"I'm pretty sho I kin do it," he said, squinting up one eye, as he took off his coat and prepared to try.

We stood in the doorway as he cautiously went up the ladder; and after an exciting moment, he pushed himself through the window, and, turning, smiled triumphantly.

This settled the matter. A cot bed was procured for Uncle Brimmer, and he soon became one of the family. Cheerfully avoiding all the work possible; indifferently as an ostrich, eating all he could find in cup-boards or high-ways; grimly playing, hobgoblins for baby; gayly twanging his banjo on moonlight nights—memory recalls their with a smile Uncle Brimmer! I can close my eyes now and recall him, big, shapeless, indistinct in the semi-darkness as he sat under the mulberry tree singing:

"Wish I was in Tennessee,
A settlin' in my cheer,
Jag o' whiskey by my side,
An' spurs aroun' my dear!"

This was his favorite. Who shall doubt that it expressed to him all the poetry, romance, passion, of life? After a time Uncle Brimmer fell ill, and was sent for a doctor.

Dr. Trattles Jex was the medical man of our county. He lived in Middleburn, seven miles away, and he came trotting over on a gray horse, with a pair of saddle-bags hanging like gillip's bottles, one on each side. He looked as diminutive as a monkey perched on the tall horse's back, and indeed he was "a wee-bit pawky body," as was said of

Tommy Moore. But, bless me! he was as pompous and self-important as though he had found the place to stand on, and could move the world with his little lever. A red handkerchief carefully pinned across his chest showed that he had lungs and a voice; his boots were polished to the last degree. His pink and beardless face betrayed his youth; and his voice, what a treasure it would have been could we have let it out to masqueraders! Whether it was just changing from that of youth to that of man, or whether, like reading and writing, "it came by nature," I can't tell. One instant it was deep and bass, the next, squaking and soprano. No even tenor about that voice.

He held out his hand, with "good-morning, Mrs. Hucklestone. I hope the baby has not had an attack."

I popped into the dining-room to giggle, but little well-bred Mabel did not even smile.

"Oh, no," she cried, "its Uncle Brimmer."

The doctor offered to see him at once. Mabel got up to lead the way. Up to this moment I warrant it had not struck her as anything out of the way that she must invite Dr. Jex to climb a ladder and crawl through a window to get at the big patient. But as she looked at him speckless, spotless, gloved, scented, curled, then at the ladder leaning against the wall in a disreputable, rickety sort of a way, a sense of incongruity seemed borne in on her soul. To add to her distress and my hilarity we saw that Uncle Brimmer had hung out the window some mysterious under-riggering that he wore. Long, red, and ragged it "daunted in the breeze" as picturesquely as the American flag on a Fourth of July.

"I am afraid, doctor, it will be a little awkward," faltered Mabel; "Uncle Brimmer is up there," and she waved her tiny hand.

"An' you'll have ter clime de ladder," put in Nanky Pal, with a disrespectful chuckle.

I thought the little doctor gasped; but he recovered himself gallantly, and said:

"As a boy I have climbed trees, and think I can ascend a ladder as a man," and he smiled heroically.

We watched him—He was encumbered by the saddle-bags, but he managed very well, and had nearly reached the top, when suddenly Uncle Brimmer's head and shoulders protruded giving him the look of a snail half out of its shell.

"Here's my pulse, doctor," he cried, blandly extending his bared arm. "Tain't no place for you up here. An' here's my tongue." Then out went his tongue for Dr. Jex's inspection.

The doctor settled himself on a rung of the ladder, quite willing to be met half way. Professional inquiries began, when "A deep sound like a rickety knell!"

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mabel; "what is that?"

Nanky Pal sprang up, with distended eyes, almost letting the baby fall.

Again,

"Nearer, clearer, deadlier, before!"

"Sakes alive Miss Mabel," cried Nanky, "ole Mr. Simmons' bull done broke loose."

She was right. A moment more, and in rushed the splendid angry beast, bellowing, pawing the ground shaking his evil, lowered head, as if the devil were contradicting him.

Dr. Jex turned a scared face. My lord, bull caught sight of the fluttering red rags, and charged the side of the house. And I give you my word, the next instant the ladder was knocked from under the doctor's feet, and he was clinging frantically round the neck of Uncle Brimmer.

Fearful moment.

"Pull him in Uncle Brimmer—pull him in," shrieked Mabel, dancing about.

"I can't honey—I can't," grasped the choking giant; "I'm stuck."

"Hold me up," cried the doctor; "and for help."

Uncle Brimmer seized him by the arm pits. The saddle-bags went clattering down, and about the head of Master Bull a cloud of quinine, calomel, Dover's and divers other powders and pills, broke in blinding confusion.

"Aunt Patsy, go for Mr. Hucklestone at once," called Mabel.

Aunt Patsy looked cautiously out from the kitchen door. "Yer don't ketok me in de yard wid ole Simmons' bull," she said, with alarming independence.

"Then I shall send Nanky Pal."

"If Nanky Pal goes outen dat house I'll break every bone in her body."

Then Mabel began to beg: "Aunt Patsy, let her go, please; I'll give you a whole bag full of quilt pieces, and my rubby red polonaise that you begged me for yesterday."

Aunt Patsy's head came out a little further. "An' what else?"

"And a ruff d' pillow sham," said Mabel, almost in tears, "and some white sugar, and I'll make you a hat—and that's all. Now."

"I reckon dat's about as much as de chile is wuth," said the philosophic mother. "Let her go."

"Fly! fly!" cried Mabel.

"I ain't skeered," said Nanky. "I ain't dat sort. Mammy ain't nuther. She was jes waitin' ter see how much you'd give."

Nanny's bare legs scudded swiftly across the yard. The bull took no notice of her. He was still stamping and bellowing under that window. Uncle Brimmer and the doctor clung together, and only a convulsive kick now and then testified to the little man's agony.

"Suppose Uncle Brimmer should let go?" I suggested in a hollow whisper.

"Oh, hush!" cried Mabel. "The doctor's blood would be on our heads."

"Or the bull's horns."

It was not far to the tobacco field, and in an incredible short time Brother John came riding in, followed by half a dozen stout negroes. With some delightful play that gave one quite an idea of a Spanish bull-fight his lordship was captured, and our little doctor was assisted to the house.

Gone was the glory of Dr. Trattles Jex. His coat was torn, his knees grimy, his hands scratched, and he looked—yes—as if he had been crying.

"Can you ever forgive us?" said Mabel, piteously. She hovered about him like a mother. She made him drink two glasses of wine; she mended his coat; she asked him if he would not like to kiss the baby. And finally a wan smile shone in the countenance of Dr. Jex. For me, I felt my face purpling, and leaving him to Mabel, I fled with Brother John to the smoke-house, where we roared.

Uncle Brimmer got well, and went in to see the doctor. He returned with a new cravat, a cane, and several small articles of attire, from which we inferred that in those trying moments when he supported the suspended doctor, that little gentleman had offered many inducements for him to hold fast. When questioned, he responded chiefly with a cavernous and mysterious smile, only saying:

"Master Dr. Jex is a gentleman; starch in or starch out, he's de gentleman straight."

And Brother John, who is somewhat acquainted with slang, said, with a great laugh, "Well, old man, you had a bully chance to judge, so you must be right."

Trotting Time.

Harper's Magazine.

"It is but a short time, I know," said General Withers, "since people have begun to be convinced that the trotter was not merely a happy accident, and could be bred at all, but look at the uniform improvement in the record since scientific breeding began:

Lady Suffolk, one mile	1849	2:34
Flora Temple	1853	2:19 1/2
Dexter	1857	2:17 1/2
Goldsmith Maid	1874	2:14
Rarus	1875	2:14
St. Julien	1880	2:11 1/2
Mauds	1881	2:10 1/2

Failures are frequent, of course, but nothing is more certain now than that trotters are begotten by trotters. As any thoroughbred can beat any common horse at the run, so that it is not even necessary to have a trial to be sure of it, we expect to arrive at the same accuracy with the trotting horse."

"And what is the limit of time at which you will finally arrive?" "Two minutes now is not more incredible than was 2:20 a quarter of a century ago," replied the general.

The Blue Grass Country.

Harper's Magazine.

The blue grass country is reached by traversing central Virginia and Kentucky along the line of the picturesque Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, unless, indeed, one prefers the swift and solid Pennsylvania route to Cincinnati, and drops down to it from the north. On this particular journey, at any rate, it was reached past the battle-fields and springs of Virginia, and up and down the long slopes of the Blue Ridge and gorges of the Greenbrier and Kanawha, in the wilder Alleghenies. It is found to be a little cluster of peculiarly favored counties in the center of the State. Marked out on the map, it is like the kernel of which Kentucky is the nut; or like one of those "pockets" of precious metals happened upon by miners in their researches. The soil is of a rich fertility, the surface charmingly undulating. Poverty seems abolished. On every hand are evidences of thrift corresponding with the genial bounty of nature. A leading crop in times past has been hemp, and land that will grow hemp will grow anything. This is being more and more withdrawn in favor of stock-raising exclusively, but the tall stalks of hemp, in shape like Zulu wigwags, still plentifully dot the landscape.

One drops into horse talk immediately on alighting from the train at Lexington, and does not emerge from it again till he takes his departure. It is the one subject always in order. Each successive proprietor, as he tucks you into his wagon, if you will go with him—and if you will go with him there is no limit to the courtesy he will show you—declares that now, after having seen animals more or less well in their way, he proposes to show you a horse. Fortunately there are many kinds of perfection. He may have the best horse or colt of a certain age, the one which has made the best single heat, or fourth heat, or quarter of a mile, or average at all distances, or the best stallion, or brood-mare, or the one which has done some of these things at private or public trials. Each one has, at any rate, the colt which is going to be the great horse of the world. This is an amiable vanity easily pardoned, and the enthusiasm is rather catching. A man's stock is greatly to his credit, and standing in this section while he lives, and when he dies is printed prominently among the list of his virtues.

"When are you going to make me that pair of boots I ordered?" asked Gus DeSmith of his shoemaker. "When you pay me for the last pair I made you." "Whew! I can't wait so long as that; I must trade somewhere else."

"Is that dog mad?" he asked the boy, as the animal dashed by. "I reckon he is," replied the boy; "I just see a butcher take a piece o' meat away from him and kick him six times into the air."

Italian Doctors.

The October Century contains some amusing experiences of "A Foreigner in Florence," who says of Italian doctors: "Physicians have, like judges of the criminal courts, no social position and no knowledge of medicine, according to our ideas. They are, as a rule, far behind the age. They still cling blindly to bleeding, unless they have changed during the last few years, and weaken their patients by the old system of dieting. I have seen cases conducted with such ignorance of the commonest laws of nature as would make any of our physicians faint with horror. Heat, starvation, and dirt are their general remedies for almost every thing. In cases of scarlet fever, which are not common, however, they order the doors and windows to be carefully shut, that no breath of air may get to the patient—absolutely drawing the bed-curtains around them; forbidding washing of any description, even to the hands and face, and no change of bed or body linen during the entire illness."

"There is one malady prevalent in Italy which I sincerely believe to be produced, nine times out of ten, by their doctors, and that is miliary fever. Unless a patient's symptoms in the beginning of an illness indicate the disease very clearly, the doctor, on the principle of 'when in doubt play trumps,' pronounces it miliary; but there being no eruption, which is an evidence of that disease, they regard it as suppressed, and so, very dangerous. They then proceed to produce a rash by covering the poor sufferer with as many blankets as he can bear, excluding every breath of air from the room (causing him so to speak), and then forbidding any nourishment saving the weakest of weak broth. Now, as this special fever is usually brought on by overheating, and consequently should be treated by a cooling system, they succeed in producing the disease in its full glory, rash and all, and they then set about curing it, which, of course, becomes a doubtful undertaking, so weak is the patient from heat and fasting."

"A friend of mine, spending a few weeks in Florence, was taken ill, with what proved afterward to be an internal cancer. She sent for Doctor Z—one of the most noted of the Florentine doctors. It was August and very hot, and his orders were not only to shut out the air and cover herself with blankets, but to remain entirely immovable—not to stir hand or foot. She carried his wishes out faithfully for twenty-four hours, not even raising her hand to brush a fly away, and then, becoming nearly crazy with nervousness and weakness, she sent for an English physician. If you had seen his look of horror when he came into the room! "Open the window," he almost shouted; "take off those coverings; get right up and lie on the sofa. In a week you will be able to go on to Paris."

"And in a week she did go on to Paris. "The Italians love medicine, and have the greatest faith in it. They take it not only for every little ailment, but after a fit of anger or grief."

Sermons of the Future.

Talmage, the Brooklyn divine, spoke upon "The Coming Sermon" on a recent Sunday. He said:

"The sermon of to-day doesn't reach the world," he said. "Not a tenth part even of those who attend church are helped or injured by what they hear. The matter is with the sermons—not with religion. They are like the canal-boat in the age of the locomotive and the electric telegraph. Before the world can be converted, the sermonizing must be converted. Jonathan Edwards' sermons suited the age he lived in; preached to day they would divide audience into two classes—those who were all asleep and those who wanted to go home. The coming sermon, wherever born or by whom ever preached will be full of Christ, in contradistinction to the didactic technicalities—a Christ who means pardon, sympathy, condolence; a poor man's, an over-worked man's, a mechanic's, an artisan's, every man's Christ. It will be full of vicarious suffering, have living illustrations from daily life, and a living Christ. The world does not want a cold, intellectual, magisterial Christ, but a kind, loving one, who spreads his arms and takes all to his heart. The coming sermon will be short; condensation is the need of the age. Napoleon thrilled his army in a speech of seven minutes, and Christ's sermon on the Mount took eighteen minutes as ordinarily delivered. It will be a popular sermon. Some think there must be something wrong about a sermon unless it is stupid. Christ was the most popular preacher the world ever saw. He drew illustrations from daily life, and all understood him."

"When the coming sermon comes there will be a thousand gleaming omens to charge on it. People don't go to church because the sermons are not interesting—some one might as well tell the truth. Yet, if a minister does this the old school preachers cry 'Tut, tut! Sensational! It will be an awakening sermon, and from altar-rail to front doorstep the audience will get up and start for Heaven. It will contain many staccato passages. It will be an everyday sermon, and teach men how to vote, bargain, hold the plough, wield the pen, pencil and yardstick. It will be a reported sermon. The printing-press will be the great agency of Gospel proclamation. It is high time good men should invite instead of denouncing the press. I can't understand the nervousness of some preachers at the sight

of a newspaper man. The time will come when the village and city newspaper will reproduce the Sunday sermons.

Southern Industries.

Ctn. Times-Star.

The industrial progress of the South is no less remarkable than the rapid development of the Northwest. A study of the facts, as presented in trustworthy tables of statistics, excites wonder.

In 1860 the value of manufactured products in the sixteen Southern States was \$181,994,154, while in 1880 it amounted to \$442,831,031—an increase of \$260,836,877, or 143 per cent. The increase averaged over 71 per cent for each decade. During the past four years especially, the material growth of that prosperous section has been surprising. The assessed value of property in Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, Tennessee and Texas was \$1,216,662,128 in 1873, and this year the assessment was \$1,710,498,798—an increase of nearly half a billion dollars. There is nothing fictitious about the present assessed value. It is solid wealth, created by industry and enterprise, which built factories, opened mines and developed more rapidly than before the agricultural resources of the Sunny South. It is noteworthy in this connection that while wealth has vastly increased there has been no tendency toward extravagance in public expenditures, and the rate of taxation is lower to-day than it was four years ago. No important interest has suffered, however, in consequence of the reduction of taxes. Schools have been well provided for in nearly all of these states, and public improvements have gone on actively.

The natural wealth of the South is enormous. Iron ore and coal abound, and the capabilities of the soil have not yet been fully tested. Nowadays we hear much about the riches of the great Northwest, and probably they are not overestimated. But the great South is in some respects a more inviting field for enterprising men with capital. A golden era has dawned. No limit can be placed to the prosperity which industrial activity, under favorable conditions, has brought, and which the wonderful growth of manufactures will bring.

Longfellow's Mission.

Leading features of the October Century are an admirable frontispiece of Longfellow, and E. C. Stedman's essay, which opens with this summary of Longfellow's mission: "Our poet of grace and sentiment left us in the after-glow of an almost ideal career. He had lived at the right time, and with the gift of years; and he died before the years came for him to say, I have no pleasure in them. Not all the daughters of Music were brought low. He scarcely could have realized that people were calling his work elementary, that men whose originality had isolated them, like Emerson and Browning, and even metrical experts, the inventors of new modes, were gaining favor with a public which had somewhat outgrown him; that he was to be slighted for the very qualities which had made him beloved and famous, or that other qualities too long needed, were to be overvalued as if partly for the need's sake."

"But they are wrong, it seems to me, who now make light of Longfellow's service as an American poet. His admirers may form no longer a critical majority, yet he surely helped to quicken the New World sense of beauty, and to lead a movement second only to that which begets a national school. I think that the poet himself, reading his own sweet songs, felt the apostolic nature of his mission,—that it was religious, in the etymological sense of the word, the binding back of America to the Old World taste and imagination."

Martin Luther's Influence To-Day.

Professor Fisher, of Yale, who writes in the October Century of "Martin Luther, after Four Hundred Years," says of the strength of his influence in our day: "Now that the period of Protestant Scholasticism that followed the first age of the Reformation is passing away, the spirit of Luther, even as a Biblical critic, whatever may be thought of the soundness of particular utterances of his, is more justly appreciated. He stands in closer sympathy with the Church of to-day, in its efforts to recognize and define the human as well as divine factor in the books of the Bible, than do the array of Protestant theologians in the century or two that followed him, whose orthodoxy was largely molded by the polemical interest, especially by antagonism to the creed of Trent."

Items for the River and Harbor Bill.

St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

There is one effect the completion of the Northern Pacific will have that has not been dwelt upon to any great extent. It is the redoubled need of improvement by government of the navigable waters of Washington and Oregon. The Willamette especially demands work at once to clear it of bars and allow ocean steamers a fair channel even as far as Portland. It is estimated that \$350,000 is needed for this purpose alone. Other navigable streams will require aid equally important when the tide of transportation once gets in full motion eastward over the new road.

M. Victor Hugo has run foul of the majesty of the law. His name is posted among the delinquent tax-payers of Jersey for non-payment of taxes on two dogs.

