

PINCKNEY DISPATCH.

VOL. I.

PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1883.

NO. 41.

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,

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, MICHIGAN.
PINCKNEY.

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 Main Sts. PINCKNEY.

R. E. FINCH,

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTING,
Kalsomining and Paper-hanging,
GRAINING A SPECIALTY.
PINCKNEY, Mich.

E. A. MANN,

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 nearly done. Give us a call. Cash for hides and pelts.
West of hotel. W. B. ROFF.

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.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Prof. Bigg desires us to say that he will be prepared on and after Monday next to give private lessons in penmanship. Apply at his residence. Terms, \$2 for a term of twelve lessons, payable in advance.

MONEY TO LOAN

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

FOR SALE CHEAP!

A nice gray mare, four years old, good roadster, weight about 1,000 lbs.
F. Grisson, Hamburg.

THE SUN FIRE OFFICE COMPANY is the oldest purely fire company in the world. Date of organization 1710. Assets in the United States \$1,232,754.26. Call and get rates and have your property insured in a good sound and first class company, delays are dangerous and may bring disaster; a word to the wise is sufficient.
JAMES MASKEY, AGENT,
Pinckney, Mich.

SHEEP FOR SALE.
85 half-breed early lambs, suitable for feeding. Also about 100 Graded Merino Ewes, good shearers. Time given if required.

T. Birkett.

Dover Mills, Sept. 13th, 1883.

The lamentation of Mrs. Bunsby is not so bad over the fire as bursting their hose at the great fire: "Poor fellows! what a pity they can't wear our home knit stockings that won't burst."—[Cambridge Tribune.]

CHOPPERS WANTED.

I want cut into Cord-wood, this fall or winter, the timber of about 18 acres, will let the entire job together or in parcels. A house can be rented near by. This is a good chance for a winter's work.

T. Birkett.

Dover Mills Oct. 15, 1883

An exchange notes the fact that a complete piece of music can now be bought for the same price as a five-cent cigar. Yes, but the bother of it is, it's just about the same quality.—[Burlington Free Press.]

No family can afford to be without the following Remedies in the house to use in case of emergencies, before a physician can be called—often times saving calling one, and also saving the lives of the little ones: A bottle of Hatch's Universal Cough Syrup, which cures coughs, colds, croup, &c.; a bottle of Home Relief for sudden attacks of colic, cramps, cuts, bruises, sprains, etc.; a box of Dr. A. A. Davis' Family Pills, for constipation, torpid liver, kidney difficulties, headache, bones ache, and fever symptoms. 25 cent sizes will cost only 75 cents for the outfit.

"Do you know why you and George remind me of two shades of one color?" asked a young lady who had been engaged for a good many years. "I'll tell you; it's because you don't match."—[Philadelphia Call.]

The HERO REAPER which took the first premium at the Stockbridge Union Fair last week is manufactured by the Sandusky Machine & Agricultural Works at Sandusky, Ohio.

This machine is admitted to be one of the best single reapers made, having many advantages over other reapers. It has won for its hosts of friends among the farmers of our State wherever it has been introduced. The Hero Reaper is for sale by

JAMES MASKEY,
General Agent, Pinckney, Mich.

Wild rose pink will be a fashionable color for the thick-shouldered silk gown worn as dinner and reception dresses this winter, and by the bridesmaids at October weddings.

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

John Rusk says "that which was beautiful yesterday is beautiful to-day." A nation of old maids will arise and call Mr. Rusk blessed.—[Chicago News.]

A couple of pickpockets followed a gentleman some blocks, with a view of availing themselves of the first opportunity to relieve him of his purse. He suddenly turned into a lawyer's office. "What shall we do now?" asked one. "Wait for the lawyer," said the other.—[Exchange.]

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.

Miss Lizzie Thompson returned from Bay City, Monday.

Fred A. Daniels is hunting in Muskegon County.

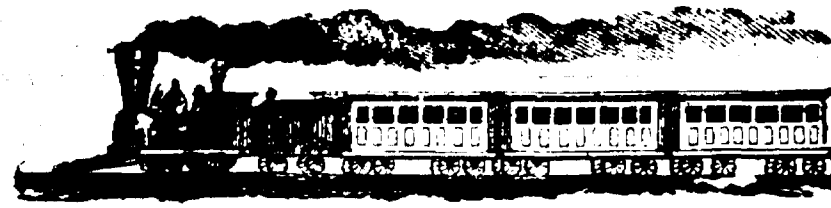
The postoffice at Unadilla is now located in Mr. Dunning's store.

The public square suit comes to trial one week from to-day.

Glen Richards will teach the Reeves district school the coming term.

Mr. Hollister returned, Saturday, from a brief visit among Jackson county friends.

Miss Cora Brokaw rode down to see the cars yesterday, the first time she has been away from the house for many months.



THE GRAND TRUNK AIR LINE.

The cars are here, and the people are coming to town to see them. Arrangements have been made for a reception to the railroad employees, on or near the depot grounds, this afternoon. There will be speaking, and music—and eating. Those who desire can get on the train and take a ride. All of the stores will be closed from 4 to 6 o'clock p. m. Many visitors from neighboring towns are expected.

There will be a social party, at N. Coleman's in West Putnam to-morrow evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Fitch returned the first of the week from a brief visit in Ogemaw County.

Mr. McIntyre is taking from the kiln the last burning of brick for this season.

The horse population of the United States is now about 11,000,000, a good deal of "hoss census" about that.

Mr. W. F. Biggar has returned from the Lake Superior region and accepted a position with T. C. Brooks & Co., as contractors' engineer.

The editor of the Milford Review speaks of his "four fathers." He should divide with some of those fellows who haven't any father "that they know of."

The railroaders worked again last Sunday. One would think they needed a rest occasionally, but they don't seem to get it unless rain prevents them from working.

P. O'Brien, editor and manager of the Black River Falls (Wis.) Independent, paid the DISPATCH office a brief visit Saturday last. Mr. O'Brien was formerly a resident of this county, learning his trade with Mr. Axtell, former publisher of the Brighton Citizen.

W. B. Jenkins has sold his farm just west of the village to Burdick Hinchey, the price paid we understand being \$6,000 for the eighty acres. Mr. Jenkins goes to Antrim County, where he has purchased a large tract of hard-wood land.

A Frenchman is expending much time and patience in the effort to teach a donkey to talk. Should he succeed he will accomplish nothing new. Balaam's ass spoke centuries ago, and the Parisian may find when he succeeds in conversing with the animal that his donkey is also the wiser of the two.

The Howell Republican says we are inclined to find fault with the county fair and its management, and thinks we ought not to do so. Why, bless your innocent soul, Bro. Miller, if the so-called county fair suits you and your town, just rechristen it "Howell Fair," and we shall cease to find fault with it henceforth, but so long as it purports to be a county fair and appeals to the county at large for support, we have a right to criticize its management, and shall do so at our own sweet will.

The telephone line between Pinckney and Howell is now in complete working order and is a great convenience, saving some of our citizens many a trip to the county-seat. A new line is being built from Birkett's to Dexter the old line over that ground to be hereafter employed only for Mr. Birkett's private use. This will make the connection with Detroit by way of Dexter, better than heretofore. Let us hear from Plainfield now, we want telephonic communication with that lively little town.

Dr. D. M. Greene has rented the Caffrey homestead recently vacated by Mr. Markey and will bring his family to this village in about two weeks or sooner. Dr. Greene is a graduate of the State University Medical School and has been for some time a resident of Plainfield where he had a good practice, before removing to Lansing a short time since. Having decided to locate at Pinckney, we bespeak for him a cordial reception by the people of this vicinity and trust he may find his new home a pleasant one.

Would it not be well to have a short course of lectures this winter.

The new furnace in the basement of the brick store works very nicely.

Rev. Mr. Osinga, of Pewamo, will preach at the Congregational church, Sunday next, morning and evening.

The man who doesn't keep his woodpile down cellar nowadays is a poor financier.

We print our paper this week several hours earlier than usual, in order to allow all to join in the railroad reception.

Eugene Markey has been engaged to teach a school in the township of Webster, and will commence the first week in November.

One of Parker Allen's horses caught its foot in crossing the railroad track yesterday, and broke its leg. He was obliged to kill it.

One car of the construction train was thrown off the track, yesterday morning, near the bridge on Mr. Hodgman's farm, and delayed operations for an hour or two.

A railroader and two Hamburg village boys were considerably bruised by being thrown from a hand-car, Sunday last. The car struck a spike and bounced them.

The Review says Milford has a man who is so stingy that he talks through his nose to save the wear of his false teeth. Tut, tut! Bro. Ayres, that fellow lived down east a few weeks ago.

The Maple Rapids Dispatch has been "on deck" five years, and comes to us this week in enlarged form—same size and style as PINCKNEY DISPATCH. It is a live paper, and deserves to see a great many times five years of future prosperity.

An exchange proposes to publish a list of all the marriageable old maids in its village. We are not rash enough to make such a promise!—firstly, because we have no old maids (except a few in the village council); secondly, we couldn't spare them if we had; and thirdly, because we never do any free advertising even for the benefit of the fair sex—though we used to when we were younger and better looking, cared more for flattery and less for shekels.

Just now when Pinckney people are tossing their hats in the air and hurrahing at the idea that their town is "out of the woods," old Bruin steps in to remind them that he hasn't yet relinquished his claim to the adjacent groves as a play ground. For the first time in a score of years, on Monday morning last, was seen in the fields west of town a genuine black bear, or a couple of our young men say they saw it, and as they are sober and truthful young men we believe they did see it. Whether his bearship was snooping around with the idea of reducing our growing population by gobbling up some irreverent gamins on their early march to the village school or perchance in search of soft corn, we know not, but he has dissipated all our thoughts of metropolitan greatness, and started many of our gentlemen of leisure off on a bear hunt—and bare hunt it proved to be. Notwithstanding their faithful search Bruin fails to show up, and allow himself to be sacrificed as the last trophy of our rural history. The "keepers" have come and the "bar" is nowhere—if he ever was. Pinckney is out of the woods, Bruin, Pinckney is out of the woods, and don't you forget it again.

Chief Engineer Yates of the Grand Trunk Railway, was in town Tuesday.

The gravel train is working near Whitmore Lake. Ballasting is being pushed as rapidly as possible.

The merchant who draws trade by advertising is not selfish. He benefits his town as well as himself.

Mr. Coleman has the frame of his new residence up, and partially enclosed.

Beautiful poems on the "Autumn Leaves" waste their sweetness to kindle our fire.

Died, in Hamburg, Monday Oct. 22, 1883, Frank, infant son of Orin Clark, aged 2 months and 12 days.

A Mr. Judson had quite a drove of Texas ponies corralled on the "square" yesterday morning. They were for sale of course.

Some of the farmers are finding fault with the barbed-wire fence being built by the R. R. Co. They think it should at least have a board on top.

The Brighton Citizen gravely asks: "What is better than beans?" That depends on what you want of them. Onions are more fragrant.

The weight social at Dr. Haze's Tuesday evening was a very pleasant affair. Receipts something over seven dollars.

F. Reason returned from Detroit, Tuesday, having spent several days in looking after railroad matters. He came home on the Air Line train from South Lyon.

The jury in the first of the Brighton liquor cases rendered a verdict of "NOT GUILTY UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES." That jury should be awarded a medal as the champion jokers—or sent to jail for perjury, we hardly know which.

Messrs. Tompkins & Ismon have rented Pearson's brick block and will soon open therein a first class clothing store. This will supply a long felt need in our village. They will also commence the purchase of wheat as soon as they can arrange for its shipment.

Mr. Jennings, agent for Bronson, Hopkins & Co., of Geneva, N. Y., nurseries, made a large delivery of fruit trees at this place last Saturday. Mr. H. Harrington, of north Putnam received 1,000 peach trees, which he will plant on his farm. He has soil well adapted to peach culture, and we hope his enterprise may prove a success.

The Grand Trunk Company having put on a corps of engineers from the Great Western road to make final estimate of work on the Air Line contract, Messrs. Brooks & Co. refuse to accept for payment on their estimate, believing it to be unfair. As a result the Grand Trunk folks have sent back to Montreal the money intended for last month's pay. The contractors, however, are paying off the men with their own money. Mr. Brooks was here on Tuesday, and with his assistants, worked all night paying off the men in this locality. He informs us that the work will go right on without interruption. They have employed Mr. Biggar and Mr. Briggs as contractors' engineers, will complete their work and present their estimates to the company for settlement.

The following letter explains itself:

Unadilla, Oct. 22d, 1883.
I have just returned from Chicago, where I went with my sisters, Mrs. Thatcher and Miss Craig. They left Friday evening, for Greenfield, Mo., by the Chicago, St. Louis & Alton road. They expect to stay a few days there, then go to Neosho, where Dr. s. father lives, and stay until their goods get to Paris, Tex. We were in Chicago three days, attended the exposition, and had a splendid time, only when it rained. In haste.

Mrs. A. G. Weston.

Pinckney Dispatch.

JEROME WINCHELL, EDITOR.

Entered at the Postoffice as 2d class matter.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

THE KING OF SIAM, who is only a boy of twenty years, has allowed his finger nails, it is said, to grow until they are more than a foot in length. This deformity reduces the monarch to a state of absolute helplessness, and for that reason, probably, the Siamese regard long nails as one of the peculiar attributes of sovereignty.

THE bill granting the right of suffrage in Washington Territory appears to be in a fair way to become a law. - Wyoming and Utah now have woman suffrage, but the operation of the law in those Territories has not been such as to make it desirable to extend the act elsewhere. Washington Territory will be knocking at the doors of Congress next winter for admission as a State, its population now being about five times greater than that of Oregon when it was organized as a State.

THE trustees of the Garfield National Monument Association invite an international competition open to all artists, for a design for a monument in honor of the late President Garfield. For the design possessing the highest merit \$1,000 will be paid; for the second, \$750, and for the third, \$500. The amount is not to exceed in cost when completed the sum of \$150,000. It will be erected in Lake View Cemetery, Cleveland, on a commanding eminence. The monument is to be of granite, of approved quality and color, with emblems and statuary of bronze.

THE mystery of the whereabouts of Mary Churchill, the sixteen-year-old daughter of Colonel Churchill, of St. Louis, is still unsolved, and the father is issuing circulars yet to different parts of the country giving a description of the girl, with her portrait. The case is a pathetic one, in every respect. The girl has been missing now for two months. Unless she is in the power of unscrupulous persons, or is dead, she can end the suspense of her parents at any time. She is not so completely helpless as a child would be, even in the hands of abductors, and the supposition which her parents seem to indulge, that she has gone on the stage or is trying to get there, and still conceals herself from them, is one that could be welcome only to an agonized father and mother whose overwhelming desire is simply to find her alive. To others such cold-hearted indifference will seem almost incredible, and they will be inclined to believe that it is not in her power to communicate with her parents.

MISS JENNIE COLLINS, so well known in connection with Boffin's Bower, in Boston, has just sent out her thirteenth annual report. She gives many pitiful instances of the straits to which working women are reduced by the keen competition of trade, which keeps wages down. In the course of the past year, she says, five young women in whom she was particularly interested died of consumption, and one committed suicide by drowning—all under twenty-five years of age. "They could earn from three to four dollars per week. It would be impossible for them to get twenty-one of the plainest meals for less than three dollars, consequently they had to resort to one meal, or a meal and a half, a day." Exhaustion and consumption soon followed. One item in the work of Boffin's Bower shows its usefulness to this unfortunate class. For nine years it has furnished free dinners to women out of employment during the hard part of the winter. During the past year 3,150 meals were furnished, and in many cases this dinner was the only meal they had during the day.

AN intimate personal friend of Senator Anthony visited Washington recently. He said that the Senator was looking forward with some impatience to the reassembling of Congress, when he hopes to be able to take his seat in the Senate Chamber, where for a quarter of a century he has been a familiar figure. "I want to go to Washington and die in the harness," it is said, has been a frequent remark of Mr. Anthony since he rallied from his severe illness of last summer. "While Senator Anthony is likely to die suddenly any day," said his friend, "it is fairly probable that his desire to come to Washington and enter

formally upon his fifth term of service will be gratified. His friends all hope so and he seems to expect it. There is no man in the Senate now who was a member of it when he was sworn March 4, 1859, and of the eight Senators who began their first term of service on that day, he and Willard Saulsbury, of Delaware, are the only survivors. Robert Toombs and James Chesnut, jr., of South Carolina, who are both living, were sworn in on the same day, but Toombs had served one term of six years and Chesnut had already served one year under an appointment from the Governor of South Carolina. Judah P. Benjamin also is yet living and he began a new term in the Senate, March 4, 1859, but was not sworn until the following day. He was first elected for the term which he began March 4, 1853. Simon Cameron, Daniel Clark, of New Hampshire, Clingman of North Carolina, Jefferson Davis, Lyman Trumbull, Hannibal Hamlin, Yulee, Harlan, Doolittle, Gwin and Henry M. Rice, of Minnesota are, the only other survivors of that Senate, which numbered sixty-two members.

A Dakota Liar's Very Worst.

Bismarck Tribune.
"Talkin' about high winds," said a seedy stranger to a crowd who were discussing the Rochester disaster. "Talkin' about high winds, that wasn't nothin'. Why out yar on the Tongue River in '69 I seed it blow so hard that it peeled the bark off'n every bush an' tree in the valley. It actually blew every drop of water outen the river, and for three days the cattail laid around under the stones with their tongues lollin' out a pantin' an' prayin' fur rain!"

When he had ceased a small man advanced toward him and said:
"I'll bet that I prove you the biggest liar in America!"
The stranger drew him aside and asked:
"Are you from Clay Co., Mo?"
"I am not."
"Ever live in Coffee Co., Ks?"
"Never did."
"Then yer assertion that I am a liar is entirely based on recent observation and not on previous knowledge of my acquaintances?"
"Entirely so."
"Then, pardner, I'm disappointed. You spoke so confident like that I thought you might a knowed me down below and that I might get some late home news from you. Come up an' drink with the worst liar that ever helped to swell the tide o' Dakota immigration."

New Somewhere.

Travelers Magazine.
It was on the first train out of Joppa, and the pilgrims had only just pulled the peas out of their shoes when the fat Sheikh tuned up.
"I say, dog of a conductor, why don't you put the cow-catcher on the rear end of this train and keep the cows off?"
The other passengers roared, and the fat Sheikh shook his sides and repeated his joke, whereat the passengers roared again, and a woman of Samaria, who was going down to have her sandals half soled and heeled, observed between her screams of merriment that "it was pretty good."

"When I came up from Jerusalem," continued the fat Sheikh, emboldened by his former success. "I stopped at the restaurant for dinner. What do you think they had?"

All hands gave it up with suppressed enthusiasm.
"Boot leg fat steak!" roared the Sheikh, "and doughnuts made of rubber! What do you think the pie was composed of?"

The woman of Samaria gave it up, imploring the Sheikh to be merciful.
"Spider webs, as hard as iron in the crust!" protested the fat Sheikh, and the yell of laughter told him that he had made another ten strike.

Abba Hassan approached the Sheikh with all the gravity he could assume and asked him to let up. "It was too much, he said, and he hoped the Sheikh would forbear being funny any longer."

"That's all right," persisted the Sheikh, "but just as we rounded the shore of Galilee, the conductor noticed a tramp on the train. He put him off at four stations, and at the fifth, by the beard of my father, there was the tramp again. Then the conductor kicked him off, and at the next station there sat the tramp on the back platform of the last car. 'Where are you going?' asked the conductor. 'I have kicked you off this train nine times. I'm going to Jerusalem, if my pants hold out!' replied the tramp."

Abba Hassan stroked his stomach and yelled with delight, while the woman of Samaria remarked to a prodigal son on his way home that if the fat Sheikh didn't stop before long, she would have to get her corsets half soled with her sandals.

"It's a poor generation that can't do something for its ancestors, and as the world got its enlightenment from the Holy Land, so it pays back in jokes as old as Christianity for the steam travelers of the day of civilization."

A Pennsylvania farmer recommends orchard grass on land infested with daisies; the grass smother them out by the third year. He would sow two bushels of orchard grass, four quarts of red top, four quarts of timothy, and four pounds of clover.

MICHIGAN NEWS.

At the last session of the Circuit Court, at Marquette, the Michigan State Prison, because a man had taken the pledge of a Civil Temperance Union, was ordered to sit as a juror in the trial of a liquor case.

A. V. Monroe, an old-time resident of Cooper, Kalamazoo county, committed suicide the other night by cutting his throat with a razor.

C. D. Townsend, an old-time resident of Vassar and vicinity, blew his brains out the other day, and the only reason assigned for the act was that he had lived long enough.

C. L. Budd, a Hillsdale jeweler, has been appointed inspector for that district.

Conductor Jensen is recovering from the effects of the murderous assault made upon him at East Saginaw by John Sweeney. Sweeney has been held to answer a charge of assault with intent to commit murder. Bail \$10,000, which he could not furnish.

An Adrian man asked for quinine at a drug store there, four days ago. The same night he took the prescribed dose and it made him so ill that the doctors had difficulty in saving his life. The dispenser of drugs gave him morphine by mistake.

The Union bank has been organized at Jackson with a capital of \$100,000.

Marshallfield, in Tuscola county, has been deprived of its railroad station, and Remus is by so much the better off. Marshallfield's railroad business has been declining for a long time past, while that of Remus has increased, wherefore the station was put upon a flat car and taken from the former to the latter town.

The Marinette North Star says, in speaking of the river that divides Wisconsin from Michigan: "It is estimated that there is yet 5,000,000,000 feet of standing pine on the Menominee river and its tributaries, 3,000,000,000 of which is owned by the companies and the remainder by the speculators. How long will this crop last? The Star doesn't know, but it may be fairly estimated. For instance, last year the mills of the Menominee river cut 450,000,000 feet."

A. V. Monroe, a well-to-do farmer of Cooper township, Kalamazoo county, recently committed suicide by cutting his throat with a razor at his residence in the presence of his family. It was a most ghastly spectacle. He went to the buttery, got up on a chair, reached for the razor, took it in his left hand and drew it across his throat with such force and purpose that the neck was almost severed from his body. The blood gushing against the bone. Then he got down and ran about the room, a great stream of blood spurting out, and finally he fell exhausted and died before his horror-stricken family. He has before had symptoms of insanity, and once attempted to drown himself. His family are all grown up. He was one of the earliest settlers of the county, and was a very comfortable and prosperous man. His delusion was that his family would soon come to him.

Pat Cavanaugh, a member of the fire department of Muskegon, while under the influence of liquor forced an entrance into the house of Mrs. J. P. Magoon, getting in at a window. A Mr. Collins, an engineer on the C. & W. M. railway, who with his wife occupied a room upstairs, hearing the crash of the glass, rushed down stairs with his revolver and fired at the supposed burglar. The bullet entered Cavanaugh's neck, the right side, coming out at the left shoulder. It is supposed he will recover. No one believes Cavanaugh had any criminal intention in entering the house. Collins has been arrested.

A few nights ago, five head of cattle were stolen from the farm of Alexander Paul, of Austin township, Sanilac county. The news of the theft was brought to Bay City and the chief of police captured the thief and recovered the cattle six miles out of town. When Paul saw the thief he found it was his brother who had been missing for three years and was supposed to be lost. The prisoner confessed his guilt and was taken back to Sanilac county for punishment.

The sheriff of Genesee county allows the prisoners the liberty of the institution, and the poor prisoners enjoy themselves by getting clubs and mauling each other.

Representative French of Monroe boasts that the finest cheese in the state is made in his district.

State Salt Inspector Hill has inspected the new salt well at Marquette City and gives his opinion that the stream of brine drawn up from the well is the most remarkable one he has ever seen. It is said that the salt water of Bay City, deputy inspector for St. Clair district.

Rev. A. W. Mann, at one time connected with the deaf and dumb institution in Flint, was ordained a priest in the Protestant Episcopal Church at Philadelphia recently.

Clark Rawlson, an energetic young citizen of Hillsdale, son of the editor of the Hillsdale Standard, will soon open an eating house at the Lake Shore depot in that city. By the new deal in railroad affairs in that place, the situation will be a good one for the business.

Wm. Lennon, baggage-master for the Michigan Southern railroad at Lansing, but whose family reside at Ann Arbor, received fatal injuries by falling under the cars of the Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee railway at Tonia, near Lansing, on the morning of the 24th inst. Lennon & Northern and reaching the Milwaukee depot just as a west-bound freight was moving out to take the side track he attempted to climb upon a freight car, slipping, he fell under the wheels. His injuries were almost certain to prove fatal, but there being a bare possibility of life his left leg was amputated above the knee. He died however, in great agony a few hours later.

Pontiac are quoted higher in Detroit than at any other point in the west.

The new jail and the new asylum at Traverse City are nearly completed.

Prof. Kedzie, of the Michigan Agricultural College, is making experiments that this far show that in a room in a close room, and most of the implements of the farm are not injurious to human life. He says that the notion that it is unhealthy to sleep in a room containing plants is sheer nonsense.

Pontiac will soon have an electric fire alarm system.

A six-inch pipe sunk in the center of the great 40 foot well at the Adrian water works spouts a clear stream of excellent water. The water supply question at Adrian is solved.

Ex-Senator Swift, of Ishpeming, has been over the Vermillion iron district in Minnesota and says the district is rich in ore. It is his opinion that the iron will find its outlet at Duluth, it not being practicable to make a harbor at Agate Bay.

A large frame barn belonging to Wesley J. Post, in township of Argonne, Genesee county, burned recently. It contained 300 bushels of wheat, a quantity of oats and hay, and most of the implements of the farm are supposed to have been fired by some tramp who had taken refuge for the night. Insured for \$700.

Owosso has 25 manufacturing concerns, and a prospect of more.

The wheat crop of Michigan for 1883, will average 12 bushels to the acre.

The inhabitants of Corunna are greatly excited over the finding of the skeleton of an enormous mastodon. The discovery was made on the farm of A. Frazer. A ditch was being dug, when a round hard substance was struck which proved to be a tusk, about 14 feet long. Further search revealed a rib, part of the jaw bone, and several teeth. One of the teeth was 4 1/2 inches long, the crown, and the enamel a quarter of an inch thick, the root of the tooth being 18 inches long.

Judge Giddes, of Lenawee county, has appointed Josephus M. Robertson, of Hillsdale, a special commissioner to straighten, clean out, widen and deepen the river Raisin from the junction of its two branches in the township of Raisin, Lenawee county, to its outlet in Lake Erie.

In the United States court at Grand Rapids, Mrs. Sophia Williams has sued the Muskegon booming company to recover \$20,000 for pine cut in 1879 by J. H. Norton from a large tract of land owned by her in Marquette township, Muskegon county, and floated in the Little Muskegon river. The logs were floated down the river to Muskegon by the booming company and disposed of to J. H. Skeels & Co., of Chicago. Norton admits all the premises but the ownership of the land. He claims to hold title on it that were sufficient to give him the right to cut the timber. The result of the suit will fall upon Skeels & Co., who gave an indemnity bond to the booming company when that corporation delivered to them the logs, which were at once cut and put upon the market.

Cedar Springs invites capitalists to come there and start a native bank.

Chauncey W. Calkins, superintendent of the poor for Allegan county, has been arrested for sending paupers to Kent county to be cared for.

Mrs. L. H. Stevens, having twice married the same man, has just secured her second divorce from him at Grand Rapids, \$1,500 being awarded her. She lived with her husband in all 14 years.

Members of the Penitentiary club at Grand Rapids, among which was a member, are circulating subscription papers among the business men of the city for a monument to the late J. Morgan Smith, the eminent Congregational pastor. It is proposed to raise \$1,500 for the purpose.

Patrick Cavanaugh, of Muskegon whom C. J. Collins took for a burglar, and shot, died the other day.

According to the latest reports, only nine Michigan cooperative insurance companies have rendered their reports to the state commissioner of insurance as required by the law of 1883, viz: Farmers' mutual benefit association of Calhoun county; Mutual aid association, Grand Rapids; Michigan mutual benefit, Hillsdale; Mutual sickness and accident association, Redfing; National accident, Detroit; People's accident, Kalamazoo; Sons of industry, Detroit; Union M. A., Battle Creek.

Michael Holland, a brakeman on the Chicago & Grand Trunk railroad fell from a car at Charlotte, the other, and both legs were cut off at the knees.

Ed. Crum, living in Vergennes, three miles northwest of Lowell, committed suicide the other evening by hanging himself in his barn. He had his breakfast, washed, went off to the barn, shortly after calling to his wife with some remarks about his chores or work, and that was the last seen of him alive. At nine o'clock he was found hanging by his neck from a beam in the barn, dead. Justice Hunter, of Lowell, was summoned to hold an inquest. The verdict of the jury was in accord with the above facts. He was the son of Abraham Crum, of Vergennes, one of the first settlers of Kent county.

The supreme court is now wrestling with the question of the governor's right to remove Justice Willson from the Flint institution.

The recent heavy rains have done wonders for the wheat in St. Joseph county, and it never was more promising for the season of the year.

A. O. Hyde has been re-elected superintendent of the poor of Calhoun county by the supervisors. He has held the office already 15 years, and gives the best of satisfaction.

Thieves stole Richard Trumble's horse from his farm near the state line south of Monroe, drove to Monroe, and exchanged it for a \$325 rig belonging to J. M. Sterling. They are expected to be Toledo thieves en route for Detroit.

The Pontiac asylum is overcrowded and there are 200 more patients at the Kalamazoo asylum than the accommodations provide for. It will be two years before the northern asylum is ready for occupancy, and meantime the applications for admission are unusually numerous.

"One More Unfortunate,"
A young woman named Susan Williams, but known to her associates as "Jennie Clark," was found dead under bed in Maggie Stewart's house of ill-fame, at East Saginaw. She was only 19 years of age, but has lived a life of sin for many years in East Saginaw, Jackson and Detroit. The verdict over her remains was "death from an overdose of morphine and excessive use of liquor." The funeral was held under the charge of the fallen women of that city.

Down in Grand River.
The third car from the end of a long northward bound freight train on the Grand Rapids & Indiana railroad jumped the track just before entering the bridge across Grand river at Grand Rapids early the other morning. The accident was not noticed and the derailed car was dragged along and finally toppled over into the river, carrying with it two other cars. The bridge was torn up for 100 feet. The cars were loaded with merchandise, upon which there is a loss of \$1,000. The caboose, with three men, at the end of the train, was left standing on the bridge.

Iron Mining Notes.
W. F. Swift, of Ishpeming, returned from a four weeks' examination of the Vermillion (Minnesota) iron district on Thursday. During his absence Mr. Swift traveled the entire length of the range, and brought with him specimens taken from all the located mining properties. To a reporter of the Mining Journal he expressed the opinion that the Minnesota Iron Company will find it impossible to make a harbor at Agate Bay, owing to the great depth of water, and thinks that Duluth will be the most available shipping point for the ore from this district, thus making a railroad haul of twenty-five miles. The railroad company already has grading one for thirty miles and iron has been laid on six miles of this distance. At the Breitung and Stone mines considerable work has been done in every way of building.

F. E. Broenertson is just east from his explorations on section 9 just east of Sunday lake, where he reports having a very fine show of first-class ore. He reports a great deal of activity in the way of exploration all along the range, from the south end of Lake Agassie to the Montreal River. The latest important find is on section 13, town 47, range 49, where Bardou, Vaughn and Moore have struck a vein of very rich, red hematite.

Total lake shipments last week were as follows:

Port of Escanaba	Gross tons
Port of Marquette	54,285
Port of L'Anse	23,537
Port of St. Ignace	1,006

Total.....58,249
For the corresponding week last year the shipments were 8,427 tons less. Of the last week's output, the mines of Marquette county, including those having no outlet save by way of Escanaba contributed 58,757, and those of Menominee and Florence counties 24,492 tons. Of the entire season's output of the district, up to and including the 19th inst., 1,387,064 tons were from the mines of Marquette county, 699,576 tons from those of the Menominee county, while those of Florence, Wis., and Baraga contributed 59,617 and 12,474 tons respectively.—Marquette Mining Journal.

PINCKNEY FLOURING & CUSTOM MILLS

GRIMES & JOHNSON, Proprietors,
wish to make known to their old and new customers that they are now prepared to do better work of all kinds in their line of business than ever before. Their mills having been thoroughly refitted inside, repaired and improved outside, making it convenient for their customers. Good sheds for teams in connection with the Mills. They have now on hand over 5,000 bushels of dry, sound red and white wheat from which they make their best grade of flour, warranted. They grind no grove or musty wheat except for customers, and then it is ground on separate stone and bolted through separate bolts. These bolting flour of them will get no grove or musty flour. Those bringing grain of dry, sound wheat get good flour, and those bringing grove or musty wheat must expect flour from the same. They also have separate bolts for buckwheat. Corn shelled with one of Hutchinson's new improved Buckless Iron Corn Shellers without extra charge. They pay cash for all kinds of grain. All persons having unsettled accounts with them at the mill, are requested to call and pay the same.

PENSIONS TO ALL

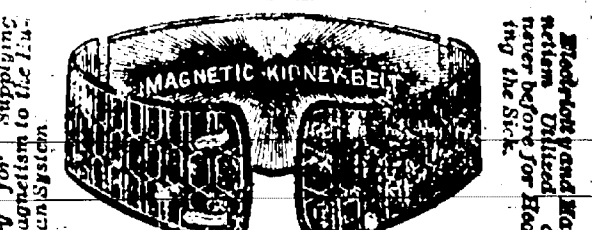
SOLDIERS & SAILORS.
Who were disabled by wounds, disease, accident, or otherwise, the loss of a toe, pincer, various chronic diarrhoea, rupture, loss of sight or (partially so), loss of hearing, falling back of measles, rheumatism, any disability, no matter how slight, gives you a pension. *Read and Honorably Discharged* obtained. Widows, children, mothers, and fathers of soldiers dying in the service, or afterwards, from disease contracted or wounds received while in the service, are entitled to pension. Respected and abandoned claims, a specialty. BOUNTY, BACK PAY, AND HORSE CLAIMS COLLECTED.

INCREASE YOUR PENSION.
A pension can be increased at any time when the disability warrants it. As you grow older the wound has gradually undermined the constitution, the disability has surely increased. In some cases the disability has increased, so apply for an increase at once.

LAND AND PATENT CLAIMS SOLICITED.

My experience, and being here at headquarters enable me to attend promptly to all claims against the Government. Circulars free. Address, with stamp:
M. V. TIERNEY,
Box 485, WASHINGTON, D. C.

DISEASE CURED WITHOUT MEDICINE.



THIS MAGNETIC BELT IS

WARRANTED TO CURE

Without medicine. Pain in the back, hips, head or limbs, nervous debility, lumbago, general debility, rheumatism, paralysis, neuralgia, sciatica, dropsy, catarrhs, hemorrhoids, piles, constipation, hernia or rupture, catarrhs, piles, ophthalmia, etc. With a perfect knowledge of the GENERATIVE ORGANS, and their vitality, lack of nerve force and vigor, resulting from the use of the Magnetic Belt, is a natural nature, from whatever cause, the continuous stream of Magnetism permeating through the parts must restore them to healthy action. Trust in this! Beware of cheap imitations.

TRY ONE.

LADIES' MAGNETIC ABDOMINAL SUPPORTER.

TO THE LADIES:—If you are afflicted with Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Exhaustion, Dropsy, or with weakness of the Kidneys, Headache or Cold Feet, Swollen or Weak Anles, or Swollen Feet, an Abdominal Belt and a pair of Elastic Supporters have no superior in the relief of any of all these complaints. They carry a powerful magnetic force to the seat of the disease.

For Female Back, Weakness of the Spine, Falling of the womb, Leucorrhoea, Chronic Inflammation and Eversion of the Uterus, Incidental Hemorrhage or Flooding, Painful Suppression and Irregular Menstruation, Menorrhagia, etc., etc., this is the Best Appliance and Curative Agent known.

For all forms of Female Difficulties it is unsurpassed by anything being invented, but as a curative agent and as a source of power and vitalization, it is of other value. It is sold for \$10, \$15, \$20, \$25, \$30, \$35, \$40, \$45, \$50, \$55, \$60, \$65, \$70, \$75, \$80, \$85, \$90, \$95, \$1.00, \$1.05, \$1.10, \$1.15, \$1.20, \$1.25, \$1.30, \$1.35, \$1.40, \$1.45, \$1.50, \$1.55, \$1.60, \$1.65, \$1.70, \$1.75, \$1.80, \$1.85, \$1.90, \$1.95, \$2.00, \$2.05, \$2.10, \$2.15, \$2.20, \$2.25, \$2.30, \$2.35, \$2.40, \$2.45, \$2.50, \$2.55, \$2.60, \$2.65, \$2.70, \$2.75, \$2.80, \$2.85, \$2.90, \$2.95, \$3.00, \$3.05, \$3.10, \$3.15, \$3.20, \$3.25, \$3.30, \$3.35, \$3.40, \$3.45, \$3.50, \$3.55, \$3.60, \$3.65, \$3.70, \$3.75, \$3.80, \$3.85, \$3.90, \$3.95, \$4.00, \$4.05, \$4.10, \$4.15, \$4.20, \$4.25, \$4.30, \$4.35, \$4.40, \$4.45, \$4.50, \$4.55, \$4.60, \$4.65, \$4.70, \$4.75, \$4.80, \$4.85, \$4.90, \$4.95, \$5.00, \$5.05, \$5.10, \$5.15, \$5.20, \$5.25, \$5.30, \$5.35, \$5.40, \$5.45, \$5.50, \$5.55, \$5.60, \$5.65, \$5.70, \$5.75, \$5.80, \$5.85, \$5.90, \$5.95, \$6.00, \$6.05, \$6.10, \$6.15, \$6.20, \$6.25, \$6.30, \$6.35, \$6.40, \$6.45, \$6.50, \$6.55, \$6.60, \$6.65, \$6.70, \$6.75, \$6.80, \$6.85, \$6.90, \$6.95, \$7.00, \$7.05, \$7.10, \$7.15, \$7.20, \$7.25, \$7.30, \$7.35, \$7.40, \$7.45, \$7.50, \$7.55, \$7.60, \$7.65, \$7.70, \$7.75, \$7.80, \$7.85, \$7.90, \$7.95, \$8.00, \$8.05, \$8.10, \$8.15, \$8.20, \$8.25, \$8.30, \$8.35, \$8.40, \$8.45, \$8.50, \$8.55, \$8.60, \$8.65, \$8.70, \$8.75, \$8.80, \$8.85, \$8.90, \$8.95, \$9.00, \$9.05, \$9.10, \$9.15, \$9.20, \$9.25, \$9.30, \$9.35, \$9.40, \$9.45, \$9.50, \$9.55, \$9.60, \$9.65, \$9.70, \$9.75, \$9.80, \$9.85, \$9.90, \$9.95, \$10.00, \$10.05, \$10.10, \$10.15, \$10.20, \$10.25, \$10.30, \$10.35, \$10.40, \$10.45, \$10.50, \$10.55, \$10.60, \$10.65, \$10.70, \$10.75, \$10.80, \$10.85, \$10.90, \$10.95, \$11.00, \$11.05, \$11.10, \$11.15, \$11.20, \$11.25, \$11.30, \$11.35, \$11.40, \$11.45, \$11.50, \$11.55, \$11.60, \$11.65, \$11.70, \$11.75, \$11.80, \$11.85, \$11.90, \$11.95, \$12.00, \$12.05, \$12.10, \$12.15, \$12.20, \$12.25, \$12.30, \$12.35, \$12.40, \$12.45, \$12.50, \$12.55, \$12.60, \$12.65, \$12.70, \$12.75, \$12.80, \$12.85, \$12.90, \$12.95, \$13.00, \$13.05, \$13.10, \$13.15, \$13.20, \$13.25, \$13.30, \$13.35, \$13.40, \$13.45, \$13.50, \$13.55, \$13.60, \$13.65, \$13.70, \$13.75, \$13.80, \$13.85, \$13.90, \$13.95, \$14.00, \$14.05, \$14.10, \$14.15, \$14.20, \$14.25, \$14.30, \$14.35, \$14.40, \$14.45, \$14.50, \$14.55, \$14.60, \$14.65, \$14.70, \$14.75, \$14.80, \$14.85, \$14.90, \$14.95, \$15.00, \$15.05, \$15.10, \$15.15, \$15.20, \$15.25, \$15.30, \$15.35, \$15.40, \$15.45, \$15.50, \$15.55, \$15.60, \$15.65, \$15.70, \$15.75, \$15.80, \$15.85, \$15.90, \$15.95, \$16.00, \$16.05, \$16.10, \$16.15, \$16.20, \$16.25, \$16.30, \$16.35, \$16.40, \$16.45, \$16.50, \$16.55, \$16.60, \$16.65, \$16.70, \$16.75, \$16.80, \$16.85, \$16.90, \$16.95, \$17.00, \$17.05, \$17.10, \$17.15, \$17.20, \$17.25, \$17.30, \$17.35, \$17.40, \$17.45, \$17.50, \$17.55, \$17.60, \$17.65, \$17.70, \$17.75, \$17.80, \$17.85, \$17.90, \$17.95, \$18.00, \$18.05, \$18.10, \$18.15, \$18.20, \$18.25, \$18.30, \$18.35, \$18.40, \$18.45, \$18.50, \$18.55, \$18.60, \$18.65, \$18.70, \$18.75, \$18.80, \$18.85, \$18.90, \$18.95, \$19.00, \$19.05, \$19.10, \$19.15, \$19.20, \$19.25, \$19.30, \$19.35, \$19.40, \$19.45, \$19.50, \$19.55, \$19.60, \$19.65, \$19.70, \$19.75, \$19.80, \$19.85, \$19.90, \$19.95, \$20.00, \$20.05, \$20.10, \$20.15, \$20.20, \$20.25, \$20.30, \$20.35, \$20.40, \$20.45, \$20.50, \$20.55, \$20.60, \$20.65, \$20.70, \$20.75, \$20.80, \$20.85, \$20.90, \$20.95, \$21.00, \$21.05, \$21.10, \$21.15, \$21.20, \$21.25, \$21.30, \$21.35

COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.

FRANK H. WILLARD.

In the City of Cologne
Tells in deep and doleful tone,
The Cathedral's ancient light,
No one living now can tell
By whose hand was rung
First, when consecrated hung.
If that ancient bell could talk
To the people as they walk
'Neath the great Cathedral's spire
Looking at its cross on fire,
Blazing, in the sun on high,
Like a comet in the sky,
Many secrets it had hurled
From its belfry on the world
Silent in its iron breast,
Many joys and sorrows rest.
Silently, those lips of iron
Many mysteries enfold.
Once for Charlemagne it tolled:
Once for holy Hildebold.
Once it tolled, when Frederic's grace
Buried, 'neath the altar place,
Holy kings he thither brought,
Which, in far Milan, he sought,
Once in far, in merry birth,
Over Frederic William's birth.
Once it rang for Frederic's bride,
And it tolled when Frederic died.
But no writer ever said
Tolled that bell when countless dead
Died for men along the Rhine,
On the rock, in ancient time.
At the stake, and on the tree,
That all people might be free.
And no poet ever sang
That throughout Cologne, it rang
When, along the Rhine, men cried—
"Strike for liberty" and died.
When, Oh old cathedral bell,
Shall your voice of freedom tell?
When, Oh bells, along the line
Of the wide and winding Rhine,
Shall some sturdy patriot's hand,
In the German Fatherland,
Strike a blow and make you free
For King and Truth and Liberty?

THE FATAL PRESCRIPTION.

"An Ower True Tale."

Arthur's Home Magazine.

You ask me why I am so opposed to the use of alcohol in sickness. You tell me that good physicians have told you that no substitute for pure liquor can be found. That is, nothing that will stimulate as surely and as quickly.

I do not believe it. But I do believe it is the easiest to procure, and where a stimulant is required it is generally given because it is pleasant to take. But the idea that the medical profession is compelled to make use of alcohol is absurd.

Just now, however, I will give you the story of a friend of mine, as one of my reasons for condemning the use of liquor in the sick-room.

You remember meeting at our house just before you moved West a Mr. Lester and his beautiful young wife. You thought their prospects for happiness bright, I know, as you remarked to me at the time, that you had seldom met with a couple who were so attractive and apparently so well suited to one another. Mr. Lester and my husband had been intimate friends for years, and when at the age of thirty-five he married a fair girl of twenty, with whom he fell in love when on a business trip, and brought her home, we were delighted. For, as Fred said, "Lester was too good a man to live a bachelor."

Mrs. Lester we found a charming woman, bright and intelligent. I became quite intimate with her, and did not wonder at her husband's very evident devotion to her. They went into society a good deal for the first year of their married life; but during the second a haze was born to them and, of course, that made a change. They seemed, however, happier than ever. But alas! the child, when about a year old, sickened and died. Mrs. Lester, who had idolized the little one, became low spirited, and at last fell ill of low fever, and for some time her life was despaired of. Just at this time my own domestic affairs confined me closely. My mother was in delicate health, and our little Nellie had a long illness, so that for almost a year I scarcely left the house and saw very little society.

As soon as Mrs. Lester recovered she called to see me; at first her visits were tolerably frequent, but I suppose, absorbed in my own troubles, I was not very entertaining, as they became further and farther apart, until sometimes months lay between them. I asked my husband one day what had become of the Lesters, as I had not seen Mrs. Lester for some time. He said he knew little about them.

"Some unaccountable change," he went on, "has taken place in Lester; he is totally unlike himself, scarcely ever smiles, seems to take no interest in anything or anybody."

"Perhaps," said I, "he has business troubles."

"I think not," said Fred, "his business appears to be prosperous."

The subject was dropped; but I thought a good deal about it, and at last determined to visit my old friends and see if they really were in trouble. I was kindly received by both Mr. and Mrs. Lester, and could detect no difference in their manner to each other or to me, and yet there was something different. There seemed to be an invisible barrier between us, and I was kept, as it were, at arm's length. A feeling of restraint troubled me, and there was an air of mystery about the house which perplexed me. I soon learned that out-

ers felt as I did, and of course, there was "talk."

Servants told strange tales of Mrs. Lester's "hysterics" and "queerspells," which often confined her to her room for days, during which no one but her husband was permitted to see her. One girl told a wonderful story of Mr. Lester's violent anger at her for having entered his wife's room during his temporary absence. She said she knew there was a mystery somewhere and she was bound to see what it was. All she saw, however, was the lady lying on the bed apparently asleep and in a high fever; before she could speak to her Mr. Lester came in, and she found herself in the hall, with her wages in her hand, in less time than it took to tell it.

This is but one of the many such stories that were in the mouths of gossips. After awhile Mr. Lester and his wife left home ostensibly to travel for the benefit of Mrs. L.'s health.

Two years passed, when one day my husband said:

"The Lesters are home again, Nellie. I met Lester this morning, and of all sad faces I think his is the saddest. I was afraid to ask after his wife, for I felt sure she was dead."

"And is she?" I asked.

"No; he told me she was well and would be glad to see you. Shall we go round this evening?" he went on. "I really feel anxious about my old friend."

Company came and prevented our contemplated visit. But in a few days I called at the house and inquired for Mrs. Lester. The old woman who came to the door had lived in Mr. Lester's mother's family until it was broken up by the death of old Mrs. Lester, and since then had lived with the son. I knew her well, and was somewhat surprised at the appearance of embarrassment she showed when I asked for Mrs. Lester. She did not invite me to enter; but after a moment's hesitation said she hoped I would excuse Mrs. Lester, as she was attending on Mr. L., who was quite sick.

I accordingly returned home without seeing Mrs. Lester. About dark that evening I received a message summoning me to her side. Mr. Lester's illness was very violent and proved fatal in a few days. Whatever the trouble in the family, it was one of mutual affection, for his dying eyes sought hers, his hand clasped hers until it was cold in death. As for her, she neither ate nor slept during the time his sufferings lasted, but was constantly with him, allowing no one to assist in anything she was able to do for him. And when all was over, her agony was terrible to see. It was with difficulty I persuaded her at length to leave her dead in order that the body might be prepared for burial.

About midnight I succeeded in persuading her to lie down, and, exhausted in body and mind, threw myself on the bed by her side and fell into an uneasy slumber, from which some slight noise aroused me. Looking around, I saw by the dim light Mrs. Lester, standing in front of the dresser with what appeared to be a bottle in her hand. I spoke to her, asking if anything was the matter. She seemed confused, and put her hand to her head, then replied that her head was aching badly. I offered to get up, but she begged me to lie still, and in a short time returned to bed and apparently fell asleep. After this I must have slept soundly, for when I awoke it was daylight.

Dressing myself quickly and quietly, to avoid disturbing my companion, I was about to leave the room, when my eye fell on her face. It frightened me. The eye, half open, were blood-shot, while the whole countenance was flushed almost to a purple hue.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, "she is very sick."

And hastily ringing the bell, I stooped and tried to arouse her. As I did so, the fumes of alcohol surprised me. I did not know what to think, but I proceeded to bathe her head in cold water and comb the tangled locks away from her face. While I was thus engaged, old Rachel entered the room.

"Just let her alone, Mrs. C—," she said; "she is drunk, and that is all there is about it. O you wretched creature!" she continued, addressing the unconscious woman, "couldn't you wait until she was under the ground to make your shame known? Now," she cried, turning to me, while tears streamed down her wrinkled face, "you know the life he led, do you wonder he was changed? O ma'am! if ever there was a sinner on earth, that poor man that lies a corpse down-stairs was one."

I was so surprised and horrified I could scarcely speak.

"O Rachel!" I said at last, "I never dreamed of this; how long has it been going on?"

"Why, almost ever since baby died. She was so very feeble, you know," said Rachel, "that the doctor said she must have wine every day. Of course, nobody thought of harm until it was too late. Poor thing! she did try to break herself of it, but it seemed she couldn't."

I thought Mr. Lester would go crazy. He would try to scold her sometimes, but more times he would coax her. I have seen her get down on her knees before him and promise, with tears running down her cheeks, never to touch the stuff again, and I believe she meant it, for she loved her husband dearly."

"It seems strange, Rachel," said I, "that loving him as she did, she would persist in doing what she knew, or at what she might have expected, would drive him from her. There are few men, I think, who would prove faithful to a drunken wife."

"That is the truth," answered the old woman. "Women are expected to live with drunken men, but not men with drinking women, and she knew it; she used to tell him that, and beg him not to leave her. Oh! if love could save the drunkards, Mrs. C—, there would be few unsaved, but I tell you the craving for whisky—it is not always love of it—is stronger than love or hate or any other passion in this world, I believe. I know that woman," pointing to Mrs. Lester, "loved her husband better than her own life; she would have died for him gladly. Sometimes there would be weeks during which she would not touch liquor. Once she went three months without it, and they were so happy! That was while they were traveling. They thought she had lost all desire for it, and he brought her back, thinking to have a happy home again. But they were invited to dinner at the Rev. Mr. Brown's. They never thought of danger there. But a friend had sent him some fine 'old port,' and his guests were invited to taste it. Immediately after dinner had been eaten, Mr. Lester brought Mrs. Lester home on the plea of his own head aching. Poor man! if he has said heart-aching he would have told the truth. I saw at once by her flushed cheeks and loud talk that somehow she had got liquor. But I helped him coax her to lie down, and together we watched by her until we thought her asleep. Then, as he had some business to see to, he left me in charge and went to the store. O Mrs. C—, she was not asleep; as soon as he left the house she got up, and in spite of me left her room. I ran to fasten the doors, but she was too strong for me. It was dark and raining hard; she got away from me and ran out in the street bare-headed. I followed her, begging, praying her to go home. But it was no use. In the darkness I lost her, she was so quick. Then I went to the store for Mr. Lester and told him. I think death struck him then, for he turned gray in the face, not white, Mrs. C—, but gray, and he staggered like a drunken man. As he hurried past me, I tried to follow him, but I am old and weak, it was so cold and dark I thought I had better go home and get things ready for them when they come back."

It was nearly midnight when they came. I don't know where he found her; but he was half-carrying her. They were both wet through with rain, and her beautiful dress was covered with mud. He only said, "Help me, Rachel," and we got her clothes off and put her in bed. Then I got him dry clothes and wanted him to lie down, but he did not—he was sitting just where I left him when I went to bed next morning, and had that same strange gray color on his face."

Mrs. Lester was still asleep and breathing loud, or it seemed loud in the still room as Rachel paused in her sad story.

"When did you say this was, Rachel?" I asked.

"Just the day before Mr. Lester took down," she replied. "He had not been well for several days—in fact, he had not wanted to go to the dinner-party. He only went to please his wife, and next morning when she roused up he told her he was sick and if she would stay with him he would lie down."

"O Rachel! How did she act? How could she look him in the face?" said I.

"She felt bad, I know," said Rachel; "but she did not allude to the occurrences of the night before. She was pale and weak, but she tried to keep up, and drank the strong coffee I gave her and stayed in the room with her husband all day, lying by his side the most of the time."

"She got frightened at last, as he got no better and she noticed that strange look on his face."

"What does it mean, Rachel?" she whispered to me. "Go for the doctor. O Rachel! have I killed him?"

"I did not tell her what I thought, but I brought the doctor as quick as I could. You know the rest. How he never rallied, and how she nursed him. I will tell you one thing more, in justice to her. Mr. Lester told me that his wife inherited her love of liquor from her father, who died a drunkard. If so, we ought to pity her; ought we not?"

Mrs. Lester attended her husband's funeral in a calm decorous manner. After it was over, she disappeared, no one knew whither, nor could the utmost efforts of lawyers or friends discover her whereabouts.

With the exception of a handsome legacy to Rachel, her husband had left all his property—which was large—to his wife, in charge of a lawyer friend, with particular instructions in regard to his wife, which the lawyer kept secret, while he spared neither time nor money in his endeavors to find his charge.

Years passed with no tidings from the wanderer, when, one bitter cold winter morning, I received a note from an intimate lady friend and acquaintance stating that she would call for me in an hour, in company with Dr. Bland, in order that we might go with him to see a sick friend.

Wondering somewhat, as I knew of none of our friends being ill, I soon made ready, and when the carriage arrived stepped in at once. We were driven to a distant part of the city, tenanted by the lowest class of people, and I suppose I looked my surprise, for Dr. Bland remarked:

"You will know all soon enough. Mrs. C—, I cannot bear to tell you."

At last the carriage drew up at the door of a miserable house and we alighted. The doctor preceded up a rickety flight of stairs and into a room near the top of the house. Oh! the wretched, wretched place. The bare, dirty floor; the uncurtained, grimy windows; the broken, smoky grate, with just a handful of coals; the mass

of rags, on which, in lieu of a bed, lay all that was left of our once beautiful, happy Annie Lester.

She extended her hand to me. I took it, while unbidden tears filled my eyes. He smiled.

"Do not cry now," she said, in a faint voice; "rather be glad that a miserable life is about to end. I never would have returned but for that. It is only a question of hours, Doctor; isn't it?"

The Doctor bent his head. And she continued brokenly:

"I would have spared you, dear friends, this, to you painful scene, but I have a favor to ask. I want to be buried near my husband. She paused, and a thin stream of blood trickled from her lips, I wiped it off and she went on, still more faintly: "Near him, friends; not at his side, ah! no, not there, but at his feet. I killed him. Oh! I who loved him so, I killed him as surely as if I had driven a knife into his heart. O Dr. Bland!—that fatal prescription of yours. If it had not been for that, O my God!"

She half raised up, but fell back exhausted, while the pallor of death settled on her wasted features.

"Doctor," she gasped, pushing away the spoon he placed to her lips, "don't try to prolong this misery." She raised her dim eyes to his face. "I forgive you," she said, "as I hope to be forgiven. You—you," she went on, a word at a time, while each laboring breath grew shorter; "did not mean, but oh! that daily glass of wine; it found its way to the hidden taint in my blood. O my father! What a heritage you left your child; but it might have never been awakened if it had not been for that—I tried so hard—I have suffered so—a thousand deaths—my husband's feet, remember, re—"

Death sealed her lips. As the Doctor bent to close the gazing eyes and fold the cold hands, he trembled as with an ague.

Next day, while snow fell fast from the dull, grey sky, we laid poor Annie Lester's body, not at her husband's feet, but by his side, where, while life lasted, he had so nobly kept her and where we knew he would have wished her to rest at last.

As Dr. Bland left me at my home, after the last sad rites were over, he retained my hand in his a moment, his face was pale, and his firm lips quivered a little as he said:

"Mrs. C—, I think I fully realize the woe of him who putteth the cup to his brother's lips, and I am resolved that no human being shall ever again lay their ruin at my door."

"Amen!" I answered. "Would that every member of your grand and useful profession would make the same resolution and abide by it, for I am sure the sum of human sin and suffering would thereby be greatly lessened."

The Doctor bowed gravely, and stepping into his carriage, was driven homeward, while I entered my own happy home, and in the society of my dear ones strove to recover my usual cheerfulness, and after a time succeeded. But still my heart is sad whenever I think of those wretched lives, and I thought perhaps a knowledge of their pitiful fate might cause some good physician to ponder awhile when next he prescribed alcohol, and perhaps he might, thinking of possible unforeseen results, make some other than that often "Fatal Prescription."

Selling Sewing Machines.

Peck's Journal.

"I thought you were traveling for a sewing machine house," said a man to a friend whom he found standing on a corner with a strip of court plaster on his nose to hold it on. "You have not thrown up the job have you?"

"Yes, I have thrown up the job," said the stricken man, as he felt of his left leg to see if it was growing on all right. "I was the victim of misplaced confidence. The boss started me out wrong. He gave me Utah instructions to work on in Wisconsin, and my being alive is a miracle."

"I don't seem to understand what Utah instructions have to do with it. Let's go in and take a drink and you can explain," and the two went into a saloon followed by a newspaper man, who sat down at the same table. After the martyr to Utah instructions had got his arm, which was done up in splints, into an easy position on the table, and his lame leg into another chair, and blown the foam off his beer, he said:

"You see the general agent of the sewing machine company wanted me to travel through western Wisconsin with a wagon, selling sewing machines on the installment plan, to farmers, and in towns where they had no regular agent. Before I started out he called me into his office and gave me some instructions. He said the only sure way to sell machines was to deal directly with the ladies of the house, and have nothing to do with the men folks at all. If a woman could be induced to like a machine, and she wanted it, that settled it, and they would do all the talking to the men, and the sale would be made. He told me that their most successful agents all over the country were men who could talk sweet to women, and make them believe they were handsome, or smarter than their neighbors, or more tasty, or kept their houses cleaner, or something, and he bade me never attempt to sell a machine until I had got on the right side of the woman whom I was dealing with. He said sometimes a playful pat on the cheek, or a chuck under the chin of a woman in the country, by an agent, would do more to help along a sale than a week's talk about the merits of a machine, and as I was pretty good looking, and real smart, he had no doubt I would succeed

and soon become the leading agent, and eventually be promoted to the management of the state agency. I was looking for him on the corner when you spoke to me," said the amateur agent, as he felt of the strip of plaster on his nose, "to kill him. He must have known just how it would be, and I think he wanted to get me killed, so it would be in the papers, and advertise the machine. These general agents will do any thing to advertise. Well, I had my machines shipped out to Portage, and drove there, and took a few on my wagon and started out towards Fox Lake, and after I had got out about ten miles, outside the territory of the local agent, I stopped at a house, and went in and tackled the lady. She was a real good looking, red faced woman, of about forty, and after talking with her about the crops, and a few things like that, and complimenting her on her looks, I put my hand up to her face and patted it, and told her she was a fat little rascal. Have you ever been in a railroad accident? No? Ever been in a cyclone? No? Well, you don't know anything about it. I thought the chimney fell on me, but I guess it was only a mop, but it knocked me under a table, and the pail of dirty water she had been using to mop the floor rolled over on me, and I saw her step on a chair and reach for a gun that was hanging on a couple of wooden hooks, and I happened to think of my horse, and I rushed out and cut the halter, and it is lucky for me that I did, for I just had time to get into the wagon ahead of a yellow dog which had me by the pants. As I drove off I heard the gun, and all I could see was three men coming on a run from a wheat field with pitch forks, and the dog in the road sneezing and picking pieces of my pants out of his teeth. I swear to you I was never so scared in my life, and I ran the horse two miles, and then I took out a pocket mirror and looked at myself and I was as white as your shirt bosom. Did I sell a machine? Thunder no! Never took a machine out of the wagon. I thought I was lucky to get away alive. Every hill I came to I looked back expecting to see them grangers coming with pitch forks, but I guess she told them it was nothing serious. Well, I didn't make another break until I had got about eleven miles from there and then I went to a house and enquired if they kept a dog, and a little woman told me they had no dog, and I went in. She asked me if I was not well, and if I had fallen into a mud hole, and then I looked at my clothes, and that mop water had spoiled them. Then I thought of where the dog took the mouthful out of my pants, and I kept my shoulders against the wall, and began to get solid with her. I asked about her husband and she said he was sick and then I went in to sell a machine. Here was a little woman that I could whip, if worse came to worse, who had a husband who was sick, and I regained confidence and told her she was a daisy. I said to her that it pained me to see a woman like her, endowed with all the charms of her sex doomed to wear her life out on a sandy farm, in a God-forsaken country, when she was calculated to adorn a mansion. I told her her hands were made for playing the piano, instead of working in a bread foundry, or washing red flannel shirts for harvest hands, or frying pork for threshing machine pirates, and then I chuckled her under the chin and told her she reminded me of the Princess Louise. I thought I heard a bedroom door squeak, as I had my hand on her chin, and she looked around and said, loud enough to be heard in the next room, "Nathan, here is a man you want to tend to, and just then the door opened and Nathan came out in his stocking feet, with a blue vasum on. Well, he was the healthiest invalid I ever saw. He was about nineteen feet high, and had a foot like a fiddle box. He had heard every word I said, as he laid there on his sick bed, and—yes you say never was in a cyclone? Ever been struck by lightning or a pile driver, or run through a stone crusher? Then I can't explain it to you. He took me by the neck, and his bony fingers were so long they went twice around my throat. He choked me until my tongue ran out, and then he began to break up furniture with me. He mauled me all around out in the yard, and I guess he would have killed me, only his wife came to the door, and said, 'come, Nathan, it is time for you to take your medicine,' when he let me alone long enough to go in and take some pills, and I made for the wagon. The horse wasn't tied this time, and the animal seemed to have learned that when I came out on a gallop, that it was his business to light out, and he ran down the road like split. I looked around, and Nathan had come out into the door-yard, to commence where he left off, and whip me some more, and I shall never forget the look of disappointment on his face, when he found I had decided to terminate the interview, and not sell any machine there. Well, in going down the hill, one of the sewing machines got loose and fell on my back and broke that, and I got to the depot at Cambria just in time to catch a freight train for Horicon, and I got in here at midnight, and notified the office that the horse and wagon and machines were at a tavern at Cambria, and that I resigned. The general agent was not in, and I am trying to catch him on the street. One of the clerks told me that the general agent remarked the day before, that he was afraid I would get into trouble, as he had given me Utah instructions. But that experience let me out. I had rather rob trains than sell sewing machines," and the two men got up and went out to look for the general agent.

PINCKNEY DISPATCH

THURSDAY, OCT. 25, 1883.

Monsignor Capel lectures at the Detroit Opera House, Sunday evening, November 4th, subject: "The Catholic Church and Christian Art."

We hope the Monsignor will give a better picture of modern Catholicism than the one sent by the Pope to the Detroit Art Loan. If so, he may succeed in removing, to some extent, the unfavorable impression that contribution has made on the minds of many who were inclined to believe that Catholicism was sharing equally with Protestantism the beneficent influence of modern common-sense, as applied to art symbols of its faith. While there is nothing offensive in the picture representing "The Spiritual Betrothal of St. Catherine with the Infant Jesus," yet the subject and its manner of treatment in the 16th century were not as well calculated to strengthen the impression of the Pope's modern way of thinking as some other that must have been at his disposal in that renowned home of art where his pontifical seat is located.

The liberal element is rapidly growing in the Catholic church, and Leo XIII is said to favor its development, but while he may be the most liberal of all in the long line of pontifical succession, he might be benefitted by a whiff of free American air if he would only come over here and take it in.

The Detroit Democratic city ticket has at its head, as candidate for mayor, Marvin H. Chamberlain, a wholesale liquor dealer. Personally, Mr. Chamberlain is a respectable citizen of some business capacity to say the least, but as a representative of the saloon interests of the city of Detroit, he should be signally defeated, for whatever may be said of the whiskey traffic in general it is an undoubted fact that Detroit has a very bad element engaged in that business. Mr. Chamberlain is an apologist for that class, and associates with the very worst of them, and if elected is undoubtedly pledged to allow them the utmost privileges which can be secured by the use of his municipal office. The present Mayor, Mr. Thompson, though not a model of temperance and morality, has done much to restrain the liquor traffic and has completely done away with many of the evils thereof. Detroit needs just now a man no less emphatically in favor of law and order. Criminals seem to have made that city a rendezvous of late and it will be difficult to regain and maintain the reputation it has hitherto borne of the model city of the Republic.

Whoever is Mr. Chamberlain's opponent, he should be a man who owes nothing to the very worst business element of the city. He should not only be an honorable man personally, but should be the associate of honorable men.

There are several suits in progress at the county-seat, this week, for violation of the liquor law, the occasion being Sunday of the Brighton encampment. The evidence against the saloon keepers is said to be very conclusive, and if that is so they will probably be convicted, as they would certainly deserve to be for an open and wilful violation of the law. The case is further aggravated by the fact that property belonging to one of the complaining witnesses has been destroyed or badly injured presumably by those against whom the complaints were made or by unscrupulous parties who were hired to do the dirty work for the saloonists. Evidently Brighton has some very unprincipled saloon keepers, as unfortunately nearly every town has which has any saloons at all. But while the saloonists are being punished there are another class of offenders who were equally guilty of violating the laws of the State and primarily responsible for the guilt of the saloon keepers. We refer to the military authorities who yearly plan what they must know will be a disgraceful Sunday carouse. If a State encampment is necessary at all (with all its attendant evils) it is not necessary that such an encampment should be continued over Sunday. A military parade is not a "work of necessity," and is clearly a violation of the State

law which recognizes Sunday as a day of rest and a day set apart for religious worship. The gentlemen who have had the pluck to complain of the saloon keepers, and bring them before the bar of justice, will earn a double knight-hood if they continue the good work and bring those other offenders into the courts for trial. Their offence is doubly rank because it was perpetrated under the cloak of respectability, and over the seal of State authority.

OUR NEIGHBORS.

FOWLerville.

From the Review.

Warren A., only child of Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Coats, died Tuesday, of diphtheria, aged three years.

F. H. Starkey has moved into his handsome new residence, the finest in town, last week.

F. G. Rounsville has purchased the Ruel Curtis residence and will put extensive repairs upon it at an early date.

Fowlerville vs. Howell, in a game of ball Wednesday at the latter place. Result 6 to 5 in favor of Fowlerville.

Dr. A. W. Camper has been tracking his three-year-old Pasquas cat this fall and has succeeded in bringing him down to three minutes. He has been offered large sums for the cat, but is not at all anxious to sell.

Mr. James Camp, who for a number of years has occupied responsible positions in different stores in this village, leaves the employ of Messrs. Knapp, Parker & Co. on Monday for Lansing, where he has accepted a position in the store of B. F. Simons. He leaves many warm friends behind who will wish him abundant success in his new home.

ANN ARBOR.

From the Register.

Mrs. J. Q. A. Sessions fell down a flight of stairs at her home one night last week, receiving severe bruises about the face and head.

The Student's Lecture Association make the announcement that the opening lecture in this year's course will be given by Hon. D. W. Voorhees, United States Senator from Indiana, on Friday evening, Oct. 26th.

The telephone company are just completing a line between Pinckney and Howell, and by the end of the week Ann Arbor will have direct communication with Livingston's county seat. The new line will also be used for business between this city and Lansing.

While riding along State street yesterday afternoon, James E. Beal was thrown from his bicycle and badly bruised and cut about the face. His condition is very comfortable today, but he is not able to leave his room. The accident was caused by a carriage running into the machine.

The superintendent of the insane asylum at Pontiac has notified the Judge of Probate that no more female patients can be received at that institution at present. Judge Hariman suggests to the board of supervisors that it will therefore be necessary to provide a place at the county jail for such patients until they can be accommodated at the state asylum.

DEXTER.

From the Leader.

J. D. Miles and Dr. A. D. Bangham have purchased a drug store at Homer, Calhoun county.

Wm. R. Waldron and family have taken up their residence in Jackson.

Morell Goodrich claims to have had the Asiatic cholera lately, but is now convalescent.

Mr. John Roberts, of Base Lake, died Monday morning, of congestion of the lungs. The funeral was held at St. Joseph's Church Wednesday forenoon.

T. F. Bigg, professor of art of penmanship, has taken up his residence in Pinckney. Mr. Bigg has the faculty of teaching penmanship far in excess of any person we ever knew, and never fails to make good penmen of all his pupils. During a residence here of nearly four years, he was a member of the Red Ribbon Club, and showed himself a good citizen, and to be proof against the temptations that beset him on every hand in this rum-cursed village. The Club and many friends wish him prosperity.

SOUTH LYON.

From the Excelsior.

We learn that H. L. Alderman has pulled up at Bay City, where he will commence the practice of dentistry.

W. A. Weatherhead has his three residences completed on Detroit street. He says if he owned the remainder of the land on that street he would fill it full of residences. We only wish he did.

Wm. Stricker is receiving a visit from his brother from near Jackson,

whom he has not seen for thirty years before this fall.

The daily passenger train on the Grand Trunk between South Lyon and Pontiac arrives in South Lyon at 12:30, leaves at 1 o'clock p. m.

Lute Calkins has engaged for the coming year with Parke, Davis & Co., manufacturing chemists, Detroit, as traveling salesman. We believe Lute will prove the right man in the right place, as he takes much pride in the druggist's profession.

A hunting party left town Monday for the north. Pussy Jim, Slim Jim, A. F. Van Atta and Uncle John Jacobus as cook, comprise the company. To-day Charles Ellis, Dick Callen, and Jim Duncan follow suit. It is expected that the dearest deer and the bardest bear must consent to accompany our South Lyon sports home in a short time.

STOCKBRIDGE.

From the Sentinel.

The golden wedding of Abram and Betsey VanHuren took place in White Oak, Tuesday evening, Oct. 16th. Invitations were extended by Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Collier. Perhaps a report will appear in correspondence from that township.

Welcome Weeks of Waterloo, on Wednesday night had forty sheep killed and wounded by dogs. One of the mutton mashers has skipped the place and the others "bedder look a bodle out," as vengeance is on their track.

Married: at the residence of the bride's brother, Dr. Brown, in the village of Stockbridge, on the morning of the 16th inst., by the Rev. J. H. Kershaw, Mr. Walter Nichols to Miss E. May Brown. [The happy pair departed immediately on a tour west, taking with them the benedictions of many friends, while the whole community joins in wishing the worthy young couple a joyous wedded life.]

Not wishing to do bondsman Brownell any injustice, we state cheerfully, at his request, that he did not bring the first lot of whiskey into Stockbridge for his saloon. The Pinckney Dispatch having copied the item, perhaps Bro. Winchell will join us in the correction. We are now told that he only helped to select the goods his minor son is helping to sell, and that the first load was brought in by a teamster.

During the last few days there has been a decided quickening of railroad interest here, and citizens have a sort of happy look, as if Jackson, Detroit, etc., had already moved up within stone's throw!

Andrew Allen is building a story and a half house on his lot north of the Coulson, 14x24, with 14ft posts.

M. G. Richmond has purchased the Frank Bowditch property and will become a resident here.

DETROIT CEMENT SEWER PIPE WORKS, E. M. CANN, PROPRIETOR.—To those who have never witnessed it, the process of cement-pipe manufacture is quite interesting. A few moments' ride by Michigan avenue car from the center of the city will land one almost before the door of the above named establishment at 256 Trumbull avenue. One may see here large quantities of solid looking

pipes, and upon inquiry learn that some are intended for wells, others for chimneys, sewers, drains, etc. Special attention is called to their Well pipe from 2 to 30 inches in diameter, the latter size being large enough to admit a man to work inside, thereby saving expense in excavation.

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.

OFFICE AT
TEEPL & CADWELL'S
HARDWARE STORE.

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, Box 118, Howell, Mich.

WE HAVE, WITHOUT AN EXCEPTION,

THE

MOST COMPLETE ASSORTMENT

OF

LADIES', CHILDREN'S AND GENTLEMEN'S

FALL AND WINTER

UNDERCLOTHING

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

LOOK OUT

FOR THE

CARS!

Also look out for

TEEPL & CADWELL'S

ADVERTISEMENT

NEXT WEEK!



RICE'S
TEMPERANCE
HOTEL.

Cor. Congress and Bates Sts.,

DETROIT, MICH.

Rates, \$1 to \$1.25 per day. Single meals, 25 cents. Lodgings, 25 to 50c. We make a specialty of dinner, and it is always ready at 11 o'clock sharp. Come early and be served promptly.

FAY Currant CRAPES ALL BEST, NEW AND OLD.
HEAD-QUARTERS.
SMALL FRUITS AND TREES. LOW TO DEALERS AND PLANTERS.
Stock First-Class. Free Catalogues. GEO. S. JONSELYN, Fredonia, N.Y.

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

Apricots, Peaches, Our stock consists of:
Sweet Corn, Cherries, Tomatoes, Strawberries, Succotash,
Pumpkin, Catsup, Blueberries, Green Gages, Peas,
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.

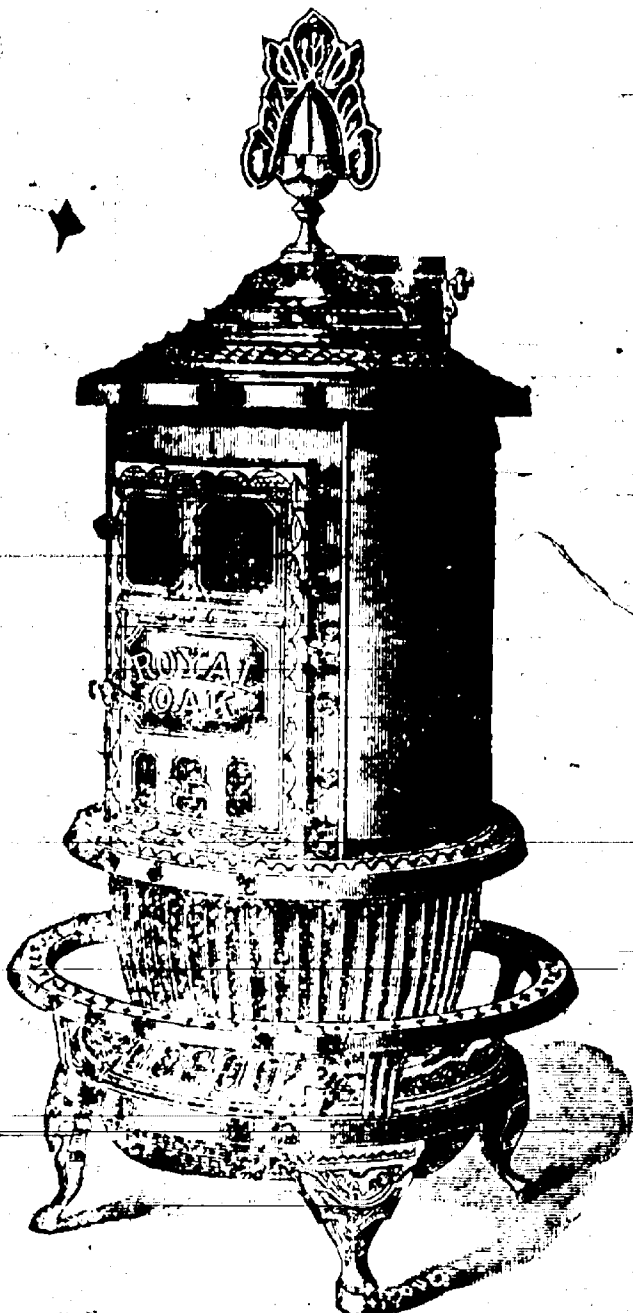
SIGLER BROS.

CRASH, SMASH, DOWN GO THE PRICES AGAIN!

THE FIRST SIX MONTHS OF OUR BUSINESS IS JUST PASSED.

OUR SALES FOR THAT TIME HAVE FAR EXCEEDED OUR EXPECTATIONS!

THE SUCCESS OF OUR BUSINESS IS ASSURED.



GOOD GOODS, LOW PRICES,
FAIR DEALING!

Tell the secret of our success. In anticipation of the arrival of the RAILROAD, when goods can be sold for less money, we have

MARKED OUR GOODS DOWN AGAIN,

Until we have them lower than they were ever heard of before in this county. Some say we are selling goods at less than they cost us. This is not so

BUT WE BOUGHT THEM WAY DOWN!

THIS IS THE "ROYAL OAK," AND WILL SELL THEM ACCORDINGLY. DON'T BUY WITHOUT GETTING OUR PRICES.

The best heating stove in the world. We have a full line of IT WILL PAY YOU TWENTY-FIVE TO FIFTY PER CENT.

SHERMAN S. JEWETT & CO'S
Cook Stoves, acknowledged to be the best made stoves manufactured.

BROWN & COLLIER, PINCKNEY, MICH.

BOOTS & SHOES!

We wish to call your attention to our large and elegant stock of Boots and Shoes, which is well assorted and comprises all the latest and choicest styles that are made. In Ladies shoes, we are showing:
American Kids, button and lace,
French Kids, button,
Old Goat, button,
Gaiter, button,
American Kids, polished patent leather tips, etc., etc., etc.
Curacao Kids, button and lace,
Rhinoceros Hand-sewed, button,
Pebble Goat, button,
Calf, button and lace,
etc., etc., etc.

MEN'S, YOUTH'S AND BOYS' BOOTS.

We have a large stock of the Robinson & Burtons, Pinckney & Smith, and Snellicor & Hathaway Hand-Made Boots, which will be sold cheap.

MISSSES' & CHILDREN'S SHOES.

A large assortment of the best makes to select from.

A large line of Rubber Goods just received.

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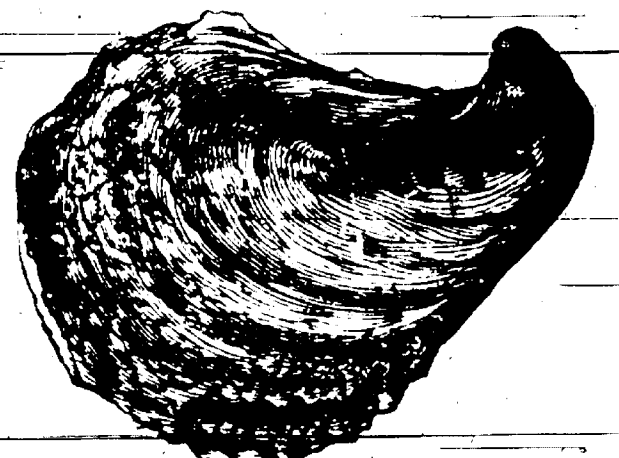
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