

# PINCKNEY DISPATCH.

VOL. I.

PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1883.

NO. 46

## 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.

**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

**D. M. GREENE, M. D.,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.  
Office in the Rose building, east side of Public Square, Pinckney. Special attention given to surgery and diseases of the throat and lungs.

**JAMES MARKEY,**  
NOTARY PUBLIC  
And Insurance Agent. Legal papers made on short notice, and reasonable terms. Office at residence, Pinckney, Mich.

**S. GILCHRIST,**  
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN  
HARNESS, COLLARS, SADDLES,  
Whips, Robes, Brushes, etc.

Repairing done on short notice. Keeps a full stock of Diamond Black Leather Oil constantly on hand. PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN.

**NEW MEAT MARKET.**  
**DEVEREAUX BROS.,**  
Dealers in  
FRESH AND CURED MEATS,  
FRESH WHITEFISH EVERY  
THURSDAY.  
Morning hours. Stock. 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.  
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 Mill Sts., PINCKNEY.

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

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

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

**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.

**CHRISTIAN BROWN,**  
BLACKSMITH  
All kinds of custom work, and general

repairing, including

**HORSE SHOEING.**  
Shop back of Mann's Block, PINCKNEY

**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 5 miles from Pinckney. Address Elizabeth Crowley, Howell, Mich. Box 116

### MARRIED.

In Chelsea, Tuesday, Nov. 27th, 1883, by Rev. St. Dunig, Clarence McClear, of Unadilla, and Miss Anna Ruen, of Putnam.

### ITEMS OF INTEREST.

**CLOTHING HOUSE.**  
Ladies—By request we have bought a stock of Ladies' Cloaks, would not have bought them only that there were none kept here. We bought them at a special sale and will sell them very cheap. Call and see them.  
Tompkins & Ismon,  
Star Clothiers.

**STAR CLOTHING HOUSE.**  
You can buy an Over Coat cheaper of us than in Howell or Dexter. A large stock of Men's, Youth's and Boys' on hand. Call and see for yourself.  
Tompkins & Ismon,  
Star Clothiers.

**STAR CLOTHING HOUSE.**  
For the Holidays. No nicer present than a Fur Cap, Gloves, Silk Hkf. Latest style in Neck Wear and Linen Hkfs. Every one is invited to call. No trouble to show goods.  
Tompkins & Ismon,  
Star Clothiers.

**STAR CLOTHING HOUSE.**  
From now until the first of January we will give you special bargains in Over Coats, Under Wear, Over Shirts, Gloves, Mittens, in fact every thing in our line. Call and be convinced.  
Tompkins & Ismon,  
Star Clothiers.

**THE STAR CLOTHING HOUSE.**  
We shall receive, Saturday, Dec. 1, a large invoice of Buffalo Robes. Call and see them.  
Tompkins & Ismon,  
Star Clothiers.

Beautiful line of Christmas and New Years Cards, at  
Winchell's Drug Store.

All the leading Periodicals, Magazines, Illustrated Papers, Novels, Libraries, etc., at  
Richards' News Depot.

Anyone wishing minnows for bait will find a good supply by applying to  
Chas. Ellis.

**SUFFERER FROM RHEUMATISM.** Write for "Free 40-Page Pamphlet, on Rheumatism to R. K. Helphenstine, druggist, Washington, D. C. (Mention this paper.)

Pickles, White Fish and Trout, at  
Richards'.

**FOR SALE.** A nice lot of ladies' fancy knit mittens, a variety of work and color.  
Mrs. C. Brown,  
West Main Street, Pinckney.

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

I have several good farm horses for sale cheap.  
J. T. EAMAN.

Toy Books from 1 cent to 75cts. each—  
elegant goods, at  
Winchell's Drug Store.

Best Cream Cheese in town, at  
Richards'.

**THE SUN FIRE OFFICE COMPANY** is the oldest purely fire company in the world. Date of organization 1710. Assets in the United States \$1,252,754.26. 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 MARKEY, AGENT,  
Pinckney, Mich.

Clapp & Bailey's remnants of Laces, at Richards'.

Large line of Canned Goods, at  
Richards'.

All family medicine chests should contain at least one 25 cent bottle of Hatch's Universal Cough Syrup, for sudden colds, croup and other lung difficulties.

**FOR SALE CHEAP!**  
A nice bay mare, four years old, good roadster, weight about 1,000 lbs.  
F. Grisson, Hamburg

Richards keep a full-line of Lewis, Sykes & Co's. Crackers, Biscuits, etc. The best in the market.

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.

Canned Goods. A full line, at  
Richards'.

A good line of Cutters, at Richards'.

\$60 buys a Linden Wagon complete at Richards'.

**FOR SALE.**—Seventy Sabbath School Song Books, "Brightest and Best," as good as new. Price 10 cents. They cost 35 cents. F. E. Pearce, Pinckney.

Have on hand a good assortment of winter style Hats, Plumes, Fancy Feathers and Ribbons, which I will sell at cost to close out, as I propose discontinuing the business, on account of poor health.  
Mrs. C. E. Hicks.

Handsome Frames, Albums and Novelties, at  
Winchell's Drug Store.

Found—Pair of leather mittens which the owner can recover by calling at Teeples & Cadwell's Hardware Store.

American Sewing Machines, at  
Richards'.

New Holiday Goods arriving continually, at  
Winchell's Drug Store.

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

### LOCAL JOTTINGS.

John and Thos. Farley, of Hamburg, have over one hundred bushels of clover seed this year.

Mr. Jerome Drown was the first man, and Miss Kate Geary was the first woman to pay their railroad aid notes.

Since January 1st, Washtenaw County Circuit Court has had forty divorce cases.

Rev. Boyd, a traveling preacher, filled the M. E. pulpit Sunday morning last.

J. H. Morris, Esq., of Ann Arbor, was in town Tuesday.

The funeral of Uncle John Love, Thursday last, was attended by a very large number of old settlers and other friends.

Dance at the Monitor House to-night.

Venison steaks have been plentiful in town the past week. Nearly all the hunting parties brought home some trophies of their skill as marksmen.

D. P. Markey, of West Branch, son of Jas. Markey, Esq., of this village, has just been appointed Judge of Probate for Ogemaw County.

There are 17 saloons in Livingston County, and of these Howell has 8, Fowlerville and Brighton each has 4, and Plainfield 1. The amount of tax paid for the year is \$4,825.

The Toledo, Ann Arbor and Northern railroad has constructed twenty-two miles of road during the past summer.—Ann Arbor Register.

Where?

The Michigan University Foot Ball Team have met with signal defeat so far on their eastern trip. We are glad of it. We hope they will be so badly defeated that they will return home content to devote a few weeks to the occupation for which they were sent to our noble State institution. In view of the recent reverses the Evening News very pertinently inquires:

Is this what we pay taxes for? There must be something wrong in a system of education whose best results is an adverse record of 56 to 0 in a game of foot-ball.

The friends and relatives of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Fick gave them a pleasant surprise on Tuesday evening, that being the anniversary of their marriage.

A new extension table, was spread across the dining room and loaded with a sumptuous banquet. Easy chairs were also brought for the unexpected host and hostess. In due time the tables were relieved of their burdens, after which Elder Pearce, in a few well chosen words, presented the articles of furniture on behalf of the friends. A few hours were spent in social chat, after which the guests dispersed wishing their grateful host and his bride many happy returns of the anniversary.

Howell Street is being graded from Main to Unadilla St., under the supervision of Commissioner Allen. Good job.

The Common Council should make provision at once for a sidewalk from the business part of the village to the railroad depot.

As soon as the depot building is up, effort will be made for telephone connection between the telegraph office and the up town telephone office.

Will Crofoot and wife, of Mecosta, called on Pinckney friends the latter part of the past week.

A rumor reaches us of a project for another new railroad line—this time a branch of the Wabash—from some point south, via Chelsea, Pinckney, Howell, etc., to Saginaw. Such a line, if undertaken by the Wabash, will be much more worthy of confidence than the schemes of Mr. Ashley who has been figuring so conspicuously in this region for the past half year.

An Illinois editor has just died of dropsy. He could not get anything else to "fill up" with, so he filled up with water. Result fatal. Poor man!

There was a social dance at Jas. Brogan's Tuesday evening last.

South Lyon will have telephone communication before Christmas.

Christmas is the all-absorbing topic of household conversation now-a-days.

Mr. Geo. Hoyland, of Unadilla, is quite ill.

A social gathering occurred at Mr. A. H. Watson's, Unadilla, last night, his friends coming to bid him good-bye previous to his departure to Florida.

The foundation for the passenger depot and telegraph office has been laid, and the lumber is expected immediately to erect the building with. It stands quite near to the Howell road.

A temporary freight house will be built near Webster street. Passenger trains will be running to Pinckney, it is said, by the middle of December.

Henry Ewen, who recently returned from Dakota, started for Nebraska, yesterday morning. He has a farm near the Niobrara Ford, in that state.

The two Sunday schools of this village will have a union Christmas tree this year, at the M. E. Church.

J. T. Eaman, Esq., has the railroad aid notes for this vicinity in his hands for collection.

Richards' store is being greatly improved by repainting.

Mr. Dolan is failing rapidly in consequence of the cancer in his face.

Mr. Burch, of Converse, Oakland County, is the guest of Mr. S. N. Whitcomb.

Andrew Jackson and family, of Unadilla, are spending Thanksgiving with Pinckney friends.

Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Plimpton returned from the north country, Tuesday evening.

A quarterly meeting will be held at the Lakin School House, next Saturday and Sunday. Preaching at 2 P. M., Saturday, and at 2 1/2 P. M., Sunday, by Rev. H. L. Crittenden, of Howell. Sacrament of the Lord's Supper immediately after sermon on Sunday.

Dr. Greene says any reasonable subscription can be raised at Plainfield to secure the extension of the telephone line to that village. An effort is being made to secure a proposition from the telephone company.

Scarcity of local news this week.

Mr. Hartsuff had a lively chase after a pair of runaway horses, yesterday.

The Thanksgiving service at the M. E. Church, this morning, was well attended, and highly complimented.

Schoolmistress—"You see, my love, if I puncture this india-rubber ball, it will collapse. Do you understand?" Child—"O yes, I understand; if you prick it, it will squash."

Did you eat your share of the turkey to-day?

Bro. Adams takes us somewhat to task because we stated that there were not in the county manufacturing establishments of any considerable magnitude. We must confess to have been ignorant of the extent of Fowlerville's manufacturing interests and gladly correct our error. From the Review's statement we readily see that Fowlerville has the lion's share of manufacturing interests, and that accounts for its being the liveliest town in the county. But for all this our statement was in the main correct as its purpose was to call attention to the meagerness of manufacturing industries in the county, which is so apparent as to demand inquiry as to its cause. We did not ignore the fact that there were many small manufacturing establishments, mills, etc., all over the county, but where is there another county in Southern Michigan whose manufacturing interests are so inconsiderable as those of Livingston?

—Mr. Blaine gets from the publishers of his new book \$75,000 cash down and a royalty of 15 cents a volume. There are advance orders for 100,000 copies, and it is expected that fully \$300,000 will be sold. This would yield the author \$120,000 in all.—N. Y. Tribune.

—Miss Emily Thompson, a reigning belle of Roanoke County, Va., was married the other day to Napoleon B. Ainsworth, he being a full-blooded Choctaw Indian, a college graduate and a successful lawyer. The strangely-mated pair have gone to Indian Territory to live.—Chicago Times.

—Mr. John Wanamaker, the great dry-goods merchant of Philadelphia, has resigned the Presidency of the Young Men's Christian Association of that city, which he has held for thirteen years. During that time he has contributed to its funds about \$100,000. Philadelphia Press.

—Miss Bertha Crowley, a sixteen-year-old girl of Deposit, N. Y., always supposed that she was Bertha Crowley until the other day she learned that her father, General J. J. Byrne, had, when her mother died, placed her in the Crowley's care and had himself died recently in Texas, and left her a \$55,000 estate.—N. Y. Sun.

—Dr. Phillip Livingstone Jones, a Brooklyn physician, was reported to be worth about \$1,000,000. According to his will, offered for probate recently, he is worth only about \$1,000, but it is thought he had forgotten that he was the owner of several valuable pieces of suburban property, being very absent-minded about everything except matters relating to his profession.—Brooklyn (N. Y.) Eagle.

—It is said of Charles Hazewell, late one of the editors of the Boston Traveler, that he knew the 5,000 books in his library as a mother knows her child. He could repeat the "Scarlet Letter" word for word, from lid to lid. But his greatest feat of memory was to repeat the sovereigns of England from the old Danish days to Victoria, giving the number of children each had, the dates of their birth and death, and the entire collateral connections.

—The death is announced in Paris of the wife of John Russell Young, Minister to China. Mrs. Young was a niece of the late Governor Marshall Jewell, of Connecticut. She was married about two years ago, and journeyed to China with her husband. She was taken ill, and was on the continent for her health. She was alone in Paris, having no one with her but a babe a few weeks old, and her nurse and maid. She was a brilliant conversationalist, and was greatly admired for her talents and beauty.—N. Y. Times.

—George Bancroft, the venerable historian, is a man of fixed and steady habits. Though now past his eighty-third year, he still rises at six o'clock every morning, works until two o'clock in the afternoon, and then rides generally horseback the remainder of the day.

—The London Times accredits America with a more genuine love for literature than England possesses. "The Americans," says this critic, "as a Nation, are more active-minded than we, though they fall short of us in solidity and stamina. They are genuinely fond of literature, and literary men are, perhaps, more highly valued than here. Nothing literary is really popular in England, except fiction, gossip and sermons."

—She laid her head upon his shoulder as he held her close to his bosom. Her eyes beamed love, etc., into his. "Do you love me, Alphonso?" "Yes, sweetest." "Then why delay naming the day?" "I will not delay, love. It will be some pretty day in the next spring-time when the flowers are budding forth in beauty and delightful fragrance." "Oh, pahaw! Why, Will Jones said he'd marry me next week. But if you can beat that time, dearest, I am yours, for I love you so much." Alphonso took his hat and retired from the race.—N. Y. Graphic.



ket. Having been before the public for a quarter of a century, and having always performed more than was promised for them, they merit the success that they have attained. **Price, 25c. per box.**  
For sale by all druggists.

**Kernotts Pills** always in stock at  
Wheeler & Davis, Druggists.



## A SUSCEPTIBLE BACHELOR.

ROBERT BRIDGES, IN 1878.

"So, Arthur, you say you're not married?"  
 "Sure, but you know you have to be!"  
 "If you're not married, why don't you get married?"  
 "I've got a girl, but she's not the kind of girl I want."  
 "You're a little bit of a dandy, aren't you?"  
 "Yes, with a little bit of a knowledge of the world."  
 "Your affection is not a little bit of a knowledge of the world?"  
 "Old fellow, I'll make an explanation!"  
 "The first of this is a little bit of a knowledge of the world."  
 "A full substitute for a wife?"  
 "Now, gentle affection is a little bit of a knowledge of the world."  
 "A substitution of affection?"  
 "But an affectionate substitute is a little bit of a knowledge of the world."  
 "There's Nell, whom I take to the opera—  
 Fine figure, blue eyes and light hair—  
 She's equally nice for a hop, or a  
 Tote on the front stair;  
 There's Hattie, so very artistic,  
 Gentle Jane, and the gay E. canor,  
 Louise, Frances, who's quite a little bit of a knowledge of the world—  
 And all the rest of a score—"  
 "All charming—and really I loved them;  
 Would wed any one for a time;  
 Yet, if married life did not improve them,  
 Would look for a happier time.  
 Each is fine for the moment or occasion;  
 But for ever—the risk is too great,  
 I repel matrimonial invasion  
 And remain in my bachelor estate."  
 "What of Belle—bright country born maid—  
 The sweet heart of old college days!  
 Even now boy fancy is laden  
 With dreams of her lovable ways;  
 All the rest are but toys of the dance, sir;  
 Dear Belle, a companion for life;  
 Your hand—how I'd whisper my answer—  
 She has promised to be my true wife."

## THE HAUNTED POOL.

BY DAVID KEL.

### The Continent.

The sun was setting over the Ganges one bright summer evening in 1871. The day had been a hot one, even for India, and it was an unspeakable relief to every one when the scorching sun began to decline at last, and the lengthening shadows of the tall palms along the riverbank told that night was at hand.

And now the Hindu inhabitants of the neighboring village, who had been lying motionless all the afternoon under the shade of their re-thatched roofs, or of the vast overhanging banyan trees around them, came creeping down to the water in a body.

Instantly the whole bank of the great river—so lovely and silent all through the long, burning day—became, all alive with noise and bustle. Children paddled in the broad, still pools, or chased each other in and out of the tall, feathery bamboo clump that grew along the bank. Women filled their earthen pitchers from the stream, or washed their threadbare clothes. Men began to scour their brass lotials (drinking vessels), or to kindle fires for the cooking of their evening meals; while a little farther down the stream, a group of young girls, wading out into the shallow water, fell to splashing each other with might and main, amid shouts of merry laughter.

To any one unaccustomed to the ways of India, it would have seemed strange enough to see, upon the wrists and ankles of nearly all the girls, and many of their mothers likewise, heavy bangles of solid silver, which any Western lady might have been proud to wear. But the Hindu peasants, to whom savings banks are utterly unknown, have no way of keeping their money safe except by carrying it about with them in this fashion—a somewhat hazardous plan, it must be owned, in a country swarming with the most expert and daring thieves in the world.

Suddenly one of the girls, who had ventured a little farther out into the stream than the rest, disappeared under the water with a piercing shriek, as if drawn down by some overpowering force. A few bubbles that rose sullenly to the surface were the only token of her fate, while her terrified companions turned and rushed back to the shore as fast as possible, screaming:

"A crocodile! a crocodile!"  
 Several days passed before any of the village women dared to approach the scene of this terrible mischance. At length one, bolder than the rest, ventured in again, and the others, seeing that no harm came of her daring, began to follow her example. More than a week passed without any accident, and everything was beginning to go on as usual, when, one evening, a second girl disappeared in precisely the same manner as the first.

The terror was now universal, and all the best hunters of the village set themselves with one accord to get rid of this destroying crocodile. Bait was laid, traps set, men posted along the bank with loaded guns to keep watch for the monster; but look for him as they might, nothing was to be seen of him.

Several days later the wife of one of the villagers was washing her white wrapper on the bank of the river, when it slipped from her hands and floated slowly out into the wide, still pool formed by the band of the stream. The woman at once waded after it, and had just succeeded in clutching it, when she was seen by those on the bank to give a sudden start, throw her arms convulsively into the air and disappear under the water just as the other two had done before.

About three days after this last catastrophe, Mr. Henry Sparks, the British Commissioner for the District of Jungley wallah, was at work in his office amid a perfect mound of papers, hating every now and then to wipe his streaming face (which, despite the enormous bukah, or swinging fan, worked by his native servant outside

with a cord passed through a hole in the wall, looked very much like a half-melted snowball), when he was suddenly disturbed by a knock at the door. "Come in!" called he impulsively, expecting the entrance of some Hindu farmer or peasant with a complaint as long and unintelligible as an Assyrian inscription. But at the first glimpse of the person who entered his face cleared at once.

The visitor was a tall native, with the handsome features and stately bearing of a Maharatta. His figure, nearly six feet in height, was so gaunt and sinewy that it seemed to be made of pin-wire, and his piercing black eyes looked out from beneath the folds of his white turban with the quick, keen, watchful glance of a practical hunter.

In truth, Ismail, the Maharatta, was well used to tracking other game beside deer or tigers. Over and above his occupations as scout, hunter and government courier, he was in constant request as a detective, and, for tracking down either a wild beast or a criminal, he had no equal in Bengal.

Gliding into the room as noiselessly as a shadow, he made a low salaam, and said in his own language:

"May the humblest of his servants speak to the Sahib?" (master.)

There was nothing particularly humble, it must be admitted, in the speaker's bearing; on the contrary, he held himself erect, and looked the Commissioner full in the face with the air of a man who knew his own value, and had something to tell which he felt to be worth hearing; but Mr. Sparks, with whom Ismail was an old acquaintance, appeared to understand these signs perfectly, and said:

"What has Ismail to tell? I am listening."

"I have been at the village of Ramganj," answered the Maharatta, laying a slight stress upon the last word.

"Ramganj?" echoed Mr. Sparks. "Ah, to be sure; the place where that crocodile's been eating up so many people."

"Are you quite sure, Sahib?" asked the Hindu, keenly watching the effect of his words, "that it was a crocodile that did it?"

The Englishman started, and looked fixedly at Ismail's immovable face.

"That's how I heard the story told," rejoined he. "If it wasn't a crocodile what was it?"

"Did the Commissioner, Sahib," inquired Ismail, "ever hear of a crocodile being so nice in his eating as to devour only men and women, and only such women as had plenty of silver bangles on?"

Again Mr. Sparks gave a slight start, and the sparkle of his eye showed that he was beginning to guess the riddle, but he took care to make no interruption, seeing that Ismail wished to have the pleasure of telling the whole story himself.

"I went to the village," continued Ismail, and talked with the people. Then I dived into the river (my lord knows that I can find my way through water as well as through thickets), and at the bottom I came upon a noosed rope.

The Commissioner nodded with the air of a man who understood the whole affair perfectly, but still he said nothing.

"The Sahib understands how it was done," proceeded the Hindu. "When any woman worth robbing went into the water, the noose tangled her feet, and the robber, hidden among the bushes on the opposite bank, dragged her down and drowned her, and then plundered the corpse at his leisure."

"I see," said Mr. Sparks. "Well, Ismail, you know there's a Government reward of a thousand rupees (\$500) for every murderer brought to justice; see what you can make of the case."

The Maharatta's black eyes flashed fire, for \$500 is more to a Hindu than \$5,000 to a white man, and such a chance did not come to him every day. He went out without a word, but Mr. Sparks felt satisfied that there would be news of the criminal before long.

Ismail plunged at once into the surrounding jungle and traversed it at apace which few men could have kept up over such ground and in such a climate, till he came in sight of Ramganj, but instead of entering the village he struck down a by-path to the river, swam across, went slowly up the opposite side till he came to two bamboo clumps close together, and groping in the water beside them, pulled up a rope.

His next was to hunt out a big stone, upon the sharp edge of which he sawed the cord to and fro till it held only by one strand. One slash of his long, sharp knife would have done the work much quicker, but Ismail doubtless had his reasons for what he did. Then, placing the stone in the shallow water, with the sharp side uppermost, and the rope lying right across it, he vanished into the thicket.

An hour had passed since his disappearance, and night had already set in, when a dark figure came creeping up to the same spot, and pulled at the half-severed cord, which instantly parted in his hand.

The man started, and held up the broken ends to the light of the rising moon, but finding them rough and frayed as if by constant rubbing, and feeling the sharp edged stone lying just underneath, he appeared satisfied that it must have been an accident, and knelt down to knot the cord together again.

So engrossed was the villain with his treacherous work that he never lifted his head to look around him, but even had he been less preoccupied he would scarcely have heard the noiseless footfall of one who had been tracking the tiger and the antelope through their native jungles ever since he was ten years

old. The rogue was still quite unsuspecting of harm, when a tall, shadowy figure rose behind him as suddenly as if it had started up through the earth, and a tremendous blow from a heavy bamboo club, falling upon his bowed head like a thunderbolt, felled him senseless to the earth.

That very night the crocodile-robber was sent off to the nearest British station, escorted by a strong guard of native policemen, to be tried and executed, as he deserved, while Ismail received from the hands of the Commissioner himself, together with a warm commendation of his shrewdness, the thousand rupees which he had so well earned.

## A Temperance Man's Endurance.

Mr. Keeble, the noted temperance advocate, has become quite a lion among the temperance and church people. He recently completed in London, Eng., one of the greatest feats of physical endurance on record. Its accomplishment was undertaken for the purpose of proving to the world that the physical system of a sound man, who never uses alcohol, is capable of sustaining greater and more protracted fatigue than is the system of an equally sound man accustomed to its use, even in moderation. Mr. Keeble had, in most of his temperance lectures, insisted on this point, and generally challenged his opponents to undertake a test with him. Being a man of fine physique, his challenges were not accepted. He then determined to exemplify in his own powers of endurance the virtues of temperance, by a feat of endurance in walking, choosing that because he had no experience, either as a professional or amateur pedestrian, and regarding walking as the simplest form of physical exertion. He undertook to walk 1,000 miles within 45 hours, and to average during the entire period two and one-quarter miles per hour. No person but himself believed he would ever succeed, but he said he would, because he meant to be in the interest of religion and humanity. He finished his thousandth mile in the allotted time, and ended apparently fresh, and certainly in excellent spirits and health. A dispute arose at the completion of the next to the last mile, growing out of the decimal difficulty in adjusting the time in the last mile to the total distance to be covered, and Mr. Keeble continued walking until the dispute was settled. It was referred to sporting judges, who happened to be at the time in another part of the city and before the decision, which was in favor of the pedestrian, was delivered, Keeble had walked 456 hours and covered a total of 1,025 miles, finishing in good condition. An admirer of Mr. Keeble has offered to back him against any other pedestrian in the world in an attempt to walk 2,500 miles in 1,000 hours, and make two and a quarter miles in each and every hour.

## Old Age a Matter of Temperament.

Brooklyn Eagle.

Our esteemed contemporary, the Sun, takes exception to the idea that a man is necessarily old at the age of 70; and the exception is well taken. Three score and ten is merely a ripe manhood for one who unites a cheerful spirit with vigor of body and mind. There are many septuagenarians better entitled to be called young men than some at 45 or 50. Old age, properly so called, does not supervene in any case where all the faculties have been preserved by judicious exercise and a careful observance of the laws of health. Until the vital powers begin to decay, until the spirits lose their exuberance, until the step falters and interest in surrounding things shows signs of failing, a man can not with propriety be called old. The lamented Peter Cooper at eighty would have scorned the aspersions. David Dudley Field in his seventy-ninth year retains the vigor and freshness of middle life. Charles O'Connor at about the same age defied the efforts of half a dozen doctors to kill him, and the veteran Samuel J. Tilden still preserves the playful disposition, even if he does not possess the physical elasticity of the lamb. No, old age is not so much a matter of years as of temperament and feeling—of mental and bodily condition.

## A Remarkable Family.

Mortimer Dancher, aged 121 years, died at the residence of his son in Derrynane, Lesueur County, Minn., a short time ago. Mr. Dancher was the last surviving brother of a remarkable family, which for downright longevity surpasses anything in the records of modern times. Not only this, but in another county Mr. Dancher's mother died in the 101st year, his eldest brother at the age of 108 years, his second at the age of 117 years, 7 months and twenty days, and himself soon after at the age of 121 years.

The father was the shortest-lived of the family, having died at the age of eighty. The combined ages of the three brothers reached 346 years; including the mother, 446 years, and taking in the father, 526 years. Mr. Dancher has been a remarkably healthy and active man, never having been really ill in his life. Lately, however, he has, through sheer old age, been confined more or less to his bed, but was never ill—even got up and dressed himself a few days before his death. The gentleman came from the County Clare, Ireland, and could speak nothing outside the Celtic tongue of his ancestors. Mr. Dancher possessed the full use of all his faculties till the very last.

A farmer in Alma, Mich., offers \$100 bonus for a wife.

## FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

**Low Ground for Orchards.**—It is claimed that experience has shown pretty conclusively that the healthiest and best bearing orchards are those on low ground, where the blue clay comes near the surface. By low lands it is not meant that on which water stands in wet times, but comparatively low land that needs drainage.

**Turkeys for Thanksgiving Dinners.**—Before killing the turkeys, and, in fact, any kind of poultry for the market, they should be kept away from litters and shut up in an enclosure for some time. The food should be rich and clean, with pure water or sweet milk. This is especially needed before Thanksgiving day, when there is so great a demand for turkeys. It is known that the flesh of fowls is flavored by whatever it eats, and care should be taken that the food should be the sweetest possible.

## Transplanting in November.

According to the Germantown Telegraph, trees of any kind can be transplanted in November or December with perfect safety when there is no frost in the ground, care being taken to hill up the earth from six to ten inches around the stem. It further says: "Large trees can be transplanted from one place to another with more certainty of growing, late in the fall, when the frost will admit of it, than at any other time. In all cases of transplanting—it may not be out of place to mention here—be sure to retain, in digging up trees, whether large or small, the rootlets, and when setting again spread them and all the others out as carefully as possible, which will be following their natural position, and shovel among them the finest soil, and then mingle it among the roots with the hands, and then firmly press down with the boot when the hole is filled up."

## Domestic Recipes.

**Indian Suet Pudding.**—One-half pound suet, chopped fine; one cup molasses, one pint milk, one egg, meal to make a very thin batter, teaspoonful ground cloves, teaspoonful ground cinnamon, one teaspoonful salt, a little nutmeg, a few currents or chopped raisins. Boil or steam three hours. Serve with sauce.

**Sago.**—Sago, prepared like custard and then baked with apples or other fresh or canned fruit is a nice dish for a convalescent.

**Dutch Sauce.**—Thicken a little drawn butter with the yolks of two eggs, take care the yolks do not curdle. Add a little lemon-juice the last thing, some grated nutmeg, and a little pepper and salt. About a teaspoonful of lemon-juice to two yolks of eggs.

**Cake Fritters.**—Cut any kind of plain cake in neat slices, drop each slice in very hot lard, and fry until they are a delicate brown. Place on a platter with a teaspoonful of sour jelly on each slice. Serve hot for dessert.

**Turkey Soup.**—Boil all the bones of roasted turkey, with the remnants of the dressing and gravy. When cold, remove the fat, add a teaspoonful of grated onion, one teaspoonful of grated carrot, one teaspoonful of cold boiled turnip, two tablespoonfuls of Italian paste, salt and pepper as you please.

**Potato Sandwiches.**—These may be made from any kind of cold fresh meat, but preferably of beef. Fry slices of beef, rather thinly cut, in butter; they must be gently done, and not too dry. Cover one side of each slice with mashed potatoes, free from lumps, a quarter of an inch in thickness, egg and bread-crumbs over; then proceed in the same way with the other side. With a sharp knife trim them into pieces of equal size and shape, square or three-cornered. Fry them in hot fat a light brown color and serve.

**Vanilla Jumbles.**—One cup of butter, two of sugar, three eggs, one spoonful of vanilla, and flour enough to roll out. Roll as thin as the blade of a knife and cut with an oval cutter. Bake on tin sheets in a quick oven until a dark brown. These jumbles will keep for a year if put in a tin box and in a dry place.

## Useful Hints.

Fire in chimneys may be checked, if not arrested, by throwing salt on the fire below. Stopping the chimney at the top with a broad board, or wet hay, arrests the current of air and helps to extinguish it.

**Rats and Mice.**—If a mouse, or rat makes entrance into any part of the dwelling, saturate a rag with cayenne pepper in solution, and stuff it into the hole, which can then be repaired with wood or mortar. Neither rat nor mouse will eat this rag, which should be large enough to fill the hole completely.

To prevent the fading of calico during washing, use no soap, but instead, very thick starch tied a cloth. Wash on a clear day; hang out as quickly as possible, and allow them to be in the sun only to dry. Few calicos are worth this trouble, to be sure, but it is an excellent method with delicate cambric and lawns.

A strengthening drink, for a very feeble invalid is made as follows: Beat the yolk of one egg with a heaping teaspoonful of sugar, and add a dessert-spoonful of brandy. Beat the white to a stiff froth and stir it into the yolk. Pour the whole into a tumbler and fill up with fresh milk.

The best way to clean marble is to take one-quarter pint of soap lye, one-half gill of turpentine, and sufficient pipe clay and bullocks' gall to make a thick paste. Apply it to the

marble with a soft brush, and after a day or two, when quite dry, rub it off with a soft rag. A simple and quicker method is to take two parts of soda, one of pumice stone and one of finely powdered chalk. Rub this well over the marble, and the stains will be removed, then wash it with soap and water and a beautiful bright polish will be produced.

The rubber rings used to assist in keeping the air from fruit cans—sometimes become so dry and brittle as to be almost useless. They can be restored to a normal condition, usually, by letting them lie in water in which you have put a little ammonia. Mix in this proportion: One part ammonia and two parts water. Sometimes they do not need to lie in this more than five minutes, but frequently a half-hour is needed to restore their elasticity.

Inexpensive but pleasing lavender water is made by mixing the following ingredients together: Three ounces of the essence of bergamot, six drachms of the tincture of musk, one drachm of the oil of cloves, four drachms of the English oil of lavender, twelve ounces of rose water and seven and one-half pints of alcohol. A smaller quantity can be made, but these proportions must be preserved.

## A Popular Novelist.

Literary World.

The story of how E. P. Roe found his right place in the world, as a writer of religious novels, would make an interesting illustration for one of Samuel Smiles's pleasant books. He was an army chaplain during the war, and afterward became pastor of the little church at Highland Falls, near West Point. A new church was needed, and to build it the pastor himself went pluckily to work to raise the money. The summer visitors at the Point did their share, but there remained a gap, to fill which Mr. Roe began to lecture about the country on the facts of his army life, but without any notion that he was a writer of fiction. Meanwhile the Chicago fire occurred, and under a strong spell of a desire to visit the scene, though without special purpose in view, he made a "forced march" by railroad, and reached there while the ruins were still smoking. In his study there are some curious relics of the fire in the shape of china, which he found in the ruins, on which the intense heat had burned in a smoky iridescence. Out of this journey there gradually developed

"Barriers Burned Away," his first work of fiction. It was published in 1872, and at once had an enormous sale. Up to this fall he had published nine novels—missing only two years, when he issued, instead of a novel, his "Success with Small Fruits"—and their sales aggregated 346,000 copies. The tenth novel, "His Sombre Rivals," utilizes his experiences of the way; and the season's sale of this and the previous books promises to bring the total up to 400,000 copies—an extraordinary result for little over ten years of literary work. At the usual return of 10 per cent., this would come to \$60,000, but this, which represents very nearly the high-water mark of successful authorship is, after all, little in comparison with the returns of successful business men. Mr. Roe's method of work has been peculiar. He writes his MS. in a huge ledger or hand-book, and usually finishes a novel under tremendous pressure, sometimes shutting himself up in a room in a New York hotel, and driving away on a diet of beefsteak and coffee, allowing himself only the recreation of an evening of good music, till his book is finished. This method occasionally results in a visible carelessness of construction, which his readers however, easily forgive. Besides writing novels, Mr. Roe has been very successful as a grower of small fruits, and does one of the largest businesses of the country in strawberry-plants. His present residence and fruit-farm is at Cornwall, on the side of old Storm King. He is now finishing a story of a novel kind; the plan of which was suggested to him by the editor of Harper's Magazine, and which will begin in the forthcoming Christmas number of that periodical, and run in company with William Black's "Judith Shakespeare," for a year. The title is "Nature's Serial Story," and the life (and love-making) of a country home is followed month by month through the year, with careful study of the out-door phases of nature, of plant and animal life. Mr. W. H. Gibson is associated with Mr. Roe in this work, and has been making studies for lavish illustration in the neighborhood of Storm King, where the scene of the story is realistically placed. His pictures will be supplemented by figure illustrations from Mr. Frederick Delman, who drew "A Girl I Know" in the mammoth Harper's Christmas of last year. Mr. Roe's books have also had considerable sales in England, sometimes with, oftener without, profit to him; but his American returns alone would have made him, had it not been for his having some of the misfortunes of others, the owner of what for an author might be called a considerable fortune. But his own satisfaction seems to be rather in the good the stories have been to others, in their thousand-pupit power, than in the returns they have brought to himself.

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Farmers should make calculation to devote a few days before winter sets in to prepare shrubs to resist the cold. Surface water should be drained away, most small fruits should be mulched, grape vines laid down in sections, and other work done before cold weather makes its appearance.



## OUR NEIGHBORS.

### WEBSTER.

From our Correspondent.

School commenced last Monday in Dist. No. 8 with 33 names on the roll.

There is some talk of starting a writing school here but we prefer a ciphering match.

Johnie Monihen departed for his home in New York, Tuesday.

Miss Ida Watts the well known music teacher is frequently seen in our midst.

Stephen Divine returned from Ann Arbor, Wednesday, and will commence school in Dexter soon.

Fred Warren is teaching in the Cashion District.

### PLAINFIELD.

From our Correspondent.

School opened Nov. 19th, in Dist. No. 6, Miss Lucy Mapes teacher.

During the heavy gale of Wednesday night Nov. 21st, the wind mill of Wm. H. Wood was blown over. It had been lately erected, and is again under process of erection.

The thanksgiving number of Youth's Companion is again before us, and is as usual a thing of beauty, and a joy forever.

Mr. C. T. Bush expects to close up cider making and evaporating apples this week. No doubt but that evaporator is a fine thing for Mr. Bush, but how about us young folks that are cheated out of the good old fashioned paring bees.

Mr. S. G. Topping and Dr. M. K. McKenzie have been improving their places with new barns, Mr. Charles Ingles, builder.

Charles E. Chipman started for the northern part of the state, Nov. 22d, land looking.

BLINN.

### DEXTER.

From the Leader.

J. O. Thompson, one of Dexter's first young men, went West last Tuesday evening, to seek a livelihood. His first stopping place will be Denver, Colorado.

Steve Crane and Tom Curtis started last week for Nebraska, with three head of blooded cattle, and eight head of blooded sheep, to be put into a ranche owned by Dr. Jeffreys. The stock was purchased of Mr. Whitaker, of Lima.

The posts have been set for lamps to light our principal streets with, and our citizens should remember the present Council in their prayers, for if there is one blessing more than another which our village needs it is light on our moonless nights.

The Methodist Social Circle have fixed on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, afternoon and evening, December 14, 15 and 16, 1883, for their Fair and Supper, and expect to make it one of the most successful affairs ever produced in Dexter. The features of it will be novel, to say the least.

About Aug. 27th last, James Rabbitt, about 23 years old, son of the widow Rabbitt, living in the town of Dexter, and who has for some time been partially insane, disappeared, and all trace of him lost until last Tuesday morning. Ed. Ferris and his boy were hunting that morning in a tamarack swamp on the Rabbitt farm, and there discovered a man face downward, in an open ditch. On turning the body over it was easily recognized as that of young Rabbitt. He had been seen in the swamp about the last of September, and it is thought from the condition that the body was in, that it had lain there about six weeks. A thin shirt and a pair of overalls constituted the clothing of the corpse.

### SOUTH LYON.

From the Picket.

Win. Grieg's mill is fast nearing completion and apparently will out do the old one.

The C. T. now runs two trains each way per day. Going east at 5:20 and 9 a. m., returning at 2:10 and 7:40 p. m., run by the Central Standard time which is 28 minutes slower than our time. This is important as it gives persons a chance to visit Pontiac and return the same day.

About four o'clock Monday morning, James Ellis woke up and found his bedfellow, Jerry Kiniff lying upon his back and breathing very heavily. He tried to awake him but to no avail. He then aroused the rest of the family and the neighbors were called in, and finally Dr. Brucker, but all attempts to arouse him were fruitless, and he stopped breathing about seven o'clock. Justice Catkins was notified, who held an inquest at once, the jury rendering a verdict "that deceased came to his death by eating an overdose of opium administered by his own hand."

### ANN ARBOR.

From the Register.

The collection taken up at the Methodist church Sunday night for the

benefit of the Ladies' Charitable Union amounted to nearly \$90.

The electric block switch system will be applied to the railroad crossing of the Michigan Central at Hammond. If it works satisfactorily there, the same system will be introduced at all the road crossings.

At the meeting of company A., Monday, J. F. Schuh was elected captain to succeed Capt. Manly, resigned; Chas. E. Hiscock was chosen first lieutenant in place of Mr. Schuh; and the position of second lieutenant, made vacant by Mr. Hiscock's promotion, was filled by the election of Morgan O'Brien.

The Rev. Wyllvs Hall has resigned the rectorship of St. Andrew's and on Sunday preached his last sermon as rector of that parish. Dr. Hall's plans for the future are indefinite, but it is probable that he will retain his residence in Ann Arbor for some time, supplying empty pulpits and doing such missionary work as may come to hand. For the present, however, he wishes to be relieved of parochial responsibility.

### THE HEN BUSINESS.

A pen and ink wrestler has untied a book and let it loose upon the patient people, which book bears the title 'How to make \$500 a Year from Twelve Hens.' We tried this getting rich out of the hen business last year, and while it looks nice and pretty in gilt letters on blue binding, to save \$500 a year from twelve hens our experience was different. We secured, last spring, a collection of six lady hens and a male companion, and domiciled them in an extensive hen pasture in the rear of our premises. We figured it all out that with six eggs a day, and occasional vacations which would be paid for in chickens, we would soon have money enough to go to Europe or run for office. Early in the season, the brown Leghorn troops fought nobly, and we began to look around with the idea of getting a safe to put our egg money in. Just at this juncture corn stepped up to \$1 a bushel, and our hens ceased laying and turned all their attention to their appetite.

During the interim (interim is a word that we found in the office when we bought it), one of our hens had succeeded in presenting to the world a dozen little brown balls, which imagination told us would make excellent chicken pies along in December. Imagination lied to us, however, for in less than four weeks every one of the little brown darlings had been referred to the interior department of a confounded skunk, and there was seven weeks lost time to be charged up to the hen's profit and loss account. We forbear telling of our midnight ramble in the drowsy mazes of our garden, clad in modesty and a night-shirt, with a revolver filled with 32-100 cartridges and a heart filled with animosity toward that skunk. We draw a curtain over that scene.

When fall came, and after we had bought eggs to feed ourselves and corn to feed our hens awhile, we retired from the hen business, and we have made up our minds that it takes something more than a book and a dozen of hens to make \$500 a year. Of course there are hen artists who can play the game for all it is worth, and make it pay; but for a greenhorn to think that twenty-four hens are worth a cool thousand a year to him, is folly. If you can make hens lay every day, and bring chickens up on a bottle in some secluded corner where skunks could not get at them, it would pay for novices to establish hen dairies. As it is, however, we novices had better save our money from buying such books as the one described, to buy eggs with, and let those who understand egg harvesting do the work. There is too much responsibility; too much getting up nights to shoot skunks, and too few eggs in the business, to offer inducements to amateurs. —(Marathon Independent.)

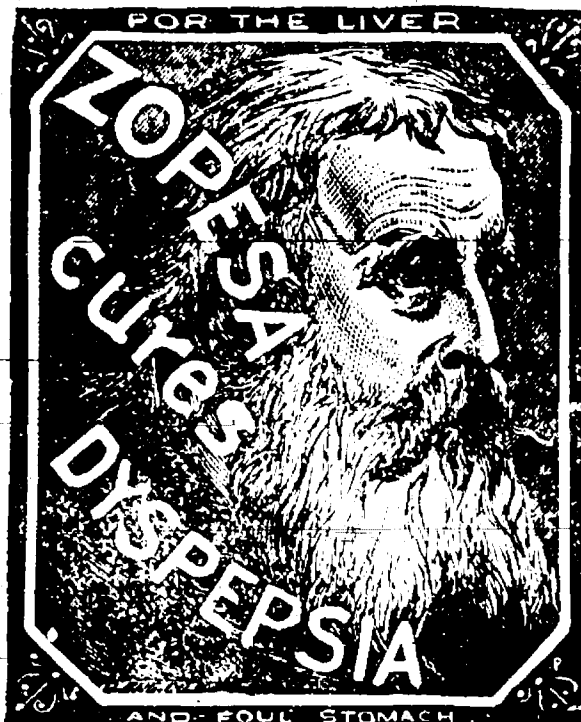
The various phases of the tender passion have thus been exemplified: A ship is foolishly in love when she is attracted to a buoy; she is prudently in love when she leaves the buoy for the pier; she places her affection beneath her when she is anchoring after a heavy swell, and she is desperately in love when she is tender to a man-of-war. —The Judge.

"Jakey," cried Mrs. Rosenberg, as she discovered twenty-five letters in her son's bureau drawer, "there was all these letters I got you since last spring, to put the mail-box down!" "Vy for hat you forgot dem?" "So fellup me I don't forgot em!" replied Jakey, "I been waitin' for dot two-cent postage!" —Arkansas Traveller.

A rural young lady visited the Philadelphia Zoological Garden, and when she returned home she told her mother that one of the monkeys spoke to her. A girl who can't distinguish a dude from a monkey should be given a few lessons in natural history. The monkey is the most intelligent-looking, but doesn't wear such ridiculous clothes.

## BARCAINS IN GROCERIES, GLOVES AND MITTENS, AT C. A. WHEELER'S.

Let no one now omit to buy  
The fragrant "TEABERRY," and try  
Upon the Teeth its cleansing powers,  
And gain a Breath like scent of flowers.



### CARRY THE NEWS.

Near Tusconburg, Ont., Dec. 14, 1881.

I have been ailing for years with Billiousness and Dyspepsia, and was reduced to a mere skeleton. Last fall I weighed only eighty-six pounds. I was induced to try ZOPERA by Mr. Thompson of the firm of C. Thompson & Co., druggists, of this place, and, many thanks to him, I am now an entirely new woman and weigh 141 pounds, through the use of this new compound.

MRS. CAROLINE FORBES.

Wife of Mr. R. G. Forbes.

JAMES E. DAVIS & CO.,

Wholesale Agents, Detroit, Michigan.

TOOT! TOOT! TOOT!

BLOW YOUR BUGLE, GRAND TRUNK.

## HOLLISTER

Will blow his a Little.

We will mention a few articles that we have in stock: One ounce Nutmegs, 1 box pills, 2 herring, 5 sticks candy, 1 lb. mixed candy, a tooth brush, 1 bottle perfume, 2 or 3 kinds patent medicines, 1 sack of salt, 2 lbs. coffee (and we will roast it for you), 1 box cigars, 1 lb. smoking tobacco, etc., and a great many other articles we have not room to mention—so just go to Hollister's

## Drug and Grocery STORE.

And go quick and get the best goods, and lowest prices. Remember the place—Red Front West End Drug and Grocery House.

C. E. HOLLISTER,

PROPRIETOR.

P. S.—Highest price paid for Butter and Eggs.

## 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.

## NOTICE!

On account of ill health, am obliged to withdraw from business, and wish to sell out my interest in stock of merchandise, offering a desirable opportunity for any person wishing to engage in business. Also will sell goods at retail for cash.

## AT COST FOR NEXT 30 DAYS.

Those indebted to the firm of Wm. Dolan & Co., on account,

## MUST CALL AND SETTLE

Within 30 days, or accounts will be left for collection as we must make provision for paying off creditors.

WILLIAM DOLAN.

PINCKNEY, NOVEMBER 22, 1883.

N. B.—Those indebted to William Dolan individually will please call and settle same.

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

RICE'S  
TEMPERANCE  
HOTEL,

Cor. Congress and Bates Sts.,

DETROIT, MICH.

Rates, \$1 to \$1.25 per day. Single meals, 30 cents. Lodgings 35 to 50c. We make a specialty of dinner, and are 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. JORSELYN, Fredonia, N. Y.

## SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT!

FOR THE NEXT THIRTY DAYS

WE OFFER

## GREAT BARGAINS

ALL ALONG THE LINE,

"AND DON'T YOU FORGET IT."

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



### Our New Dog.

I've had another dog. That makes three dogs that I've had, and I haven't been allowed to keep any of them. Grown-up folks don't seem to care how much a boy wants society. Perhaps if they were better acquainted with dogs they'd understand boys better than they do.

About a month ago there were lots of dogs in our town, and father said he'd have to get a dog. Mr. Wilson told father he'd get a dog for him, and the next day he brought the most beautiful Siberian blood-hound you ever saw.

The first night we had him we chained him up in the yard, and the neighbors threw things at him all night. Nobody in our house got a wink of sleep, for the dog never stopped barking except just long enough to yell something hit him. There was a scuffle of big lumps of coal in the yard in the morning, besides seven old boots, two chunks of wood, and a bushel of broken crockery.

Father said the house was the proper place for the dog at night; so the next night we left him in the front hall. He didn't bark any all night, but he got tired of staying in the front hall, and wandered all over the house. I suppose he felt lonesome, for he came into my room, and got on to the bed, and nearly suffocated me. I woke up dreaming that I was in a melon patch, and had to eat three hundred green water-melons or be sent to jail, and it was a great comfort when I woke up and found it was only the dog. He knocked the water pitcher over with his tail in the morning, and then thought he saw a cat under my bed, and made such an awful noise that father came up and told me I ought to be ashamed to disturb the whole family so early in the morning. After that the dog was locked up in the kitchen at night, and father had to come down early and let him out, because the cook didn't dare to go into the kitchen.

We let him run loose in the yard in the day-time, until he had an accident with Mr. Martin. We'd all been out to take tea and spend the evening with the Wilkinsons, and when we got home about nine o'clock there was Mr. Martin standing on the piazza, with the dog holding on to his cork leg. Mr. Martin had come to the house to make a call at about seven o'clock, and as soon as he stepped on the piazza the dog caught him by the leg without saying a word. Every once in awhile the dog would let go just long enough to spit out a few pieces of cork and take a fresh hold, but Mr. Martin didn't dare stir for fear he would take hold of the other leg, which of course would have hurt more than the cork one. Mr. Martin was a good deal tired and discouraged, and couldn't be made to understand that the dog thought he was a burglar, and tried to do his duty, as we should all try to do.

The way I came to lose the dog was this: Aunt Eliza came to see us last week, and brought her little boy Harry with her. Harry is six years old, and he isn't so bad as he might be, considering his age. The second day after they came Harry and I were in Tom McGinnis' yard, when Tom said he knew where there was a woodchuck down in the pasture, and sup we go and hunt him. So I told Harry to go home and get the dog, and bring him down to the pasture where Tom said the woodchuck lived. I told him to untie the dog—for we had kept him tied up since his accident with Mr. Martin—and to keep tight hold of the rope, so that the dog couldn't get away from him. Harry said he'd tie the rope around his waist, and then the dog couldn't possibly pull it away from him, and Tom and I both said it was a good plan.

Well, we waited for that boy and the dog till six o'clock, and they never came. When I got home everybody wanted to know what had become of Harry. He was gone and the dog was gone, and nobody knew where they were, and Aunt Eliza was crying, and said she knew that horrid dog had eaten her boy up. Father and I and Mr. Travers had to go and hunt for Harry. We hunted all over the town, and at last a man told us that he had seen a boy and a dog going on a run across Deacon Smith's corn-field. So we went through the corn-field and found their track, for they had broken down the corn just as if a wagon had driven through it. When we came to the fence on the other side of the field we found Harry on one side of the fence and the dog on the other. Harry had tied the dog's rope round his waist, and couldn't untie it again, and the dog had run away with him. When they came to the fence the dog had squeezed through a hole that was too small for Harry, and wouldn't come back again. So they were both caught in a trap. How that dog did pull! Harry was almost cut in two, for the dog kept pulling at the rope all the time with all his might.

When we got home Aunt Eliza said that either she or that brute must leave, and father gave the dog away to the butcher. He was the most elegant dog I ever had, and I don't suppose I shall ever have another. —*Jimmy Brown, in Harper's Young People.*

The young woman who was courted by an old millionaire, but loved another fellow, said the old man's entire fortune, as far as she was concerned, was not worth a cent. —*Merchant Traveler.*

"Oh! he's a green hand," remarked a book-agent, contemptuously. "He thinks that he can sell books, and he has not yet learned the first principles of the business. Only yesterday he was picked up all in a heap at the bottom of a stairway. Now, an experienced book-agent always lands on his feet."

### How Telescopes Are Made.

Prof. J. K. Rees, of Columbia College, lectured last night in the hall of the Packer Collegiate Institute, Brooklyn, to an audience of about six hundred people. The subject of the lecture was "The Great Telescopes of the World," and it was illustrated with dissolving views. The professor read from manuscript in an easy and clear voice, and dressed his thoughts in simple and appropriate language, using but very few technical terms. He began with a description of the manufacture of the different parts of the modern telescope, describing minutely the process of grinding the lenses. In America this is done by means of an iron polisher, made to fit the convex of the lens as near as possible. The inside of this polishing iron is coated with pitch, and the glass, having been first roughly ground, is placed inside, and the workman walks around the polisher pressing on the lens. In Europe the polishing is done by machinery, the lens being held against the revolving polisher. This, it is claimed, insures a more uniform surface, but experience has demonstrated that no lenses as yet made have given such general satisfaction as those ground by Alvin Clark, of Cambridge, Mass., and all glasses from him are ground by hand. It seems singular, thinking of the fame that this man now enjoys, that it was in another country he first gained a reputation for fine work. Alvin Clark was a portrait-painter, and took up the study of optics as a diversion. For ten years he turned out glasses without attracting any notice, but at last the merit of his lenses was published by English astronomers. Just before the outbreak of the war, Prof. Bernard, now President of Columbia College and then the head of the University of Mississippi, gave Alvin Clark an order for a lens fifteen inches in diameter. The rebellion prevented the sending of the glass to Mississippi, and finally it was bought for the Dearborn Observatory, of Chicago, where it now is. It is a singular fact that New York City, occupying the commercial supremacy which it does, can not boast of anything in the line of astronomical research; but it is hoped that in the near future some one will endow an observatory which will be a monument more enduring to the donor's memory than the commonplace successes of life. The views with which the lecture was illustrated embraced photographs of the primitive appliances of the Chaldean shepherds for determining the equinoxes, the telescopes of Galileo and Herschel, and Tycho Brahe's observatory on the Island of Huen. Among the famous modern instruments were shown the mammoth refractors in the Naval Observatory at Princeton College and the reflectors at Paris and Melbourne. In conclusion the speaker, after mentioning the divided opinions regarding the merits of refractors and reflectors, said: "The future optician who may discover the means of avoiding the secondary observation and change of color, the present drawbacks in refractors, will demonstrate the paramount utility of the refractor, or the one who finds the way to provide against all atmospheric changes in the reflector may give the palm to that style of glass, but up to the present time all practical tests have shown the superiority of the refractor for astronomical work." Prof. Rees was loudly applauded. —*N. Y. Times.*

### The Way He Plays It.

He is a young man with a thorough understanding of the leading traits in human nature. He dresses well, carries an extra cigar, and he drops in and presents a card to the effect that he is engaged in canvassing for an embryo work to be known as "The Encyclopedia of States."

"Y-e-s, but I guess I don't care to subscribe," replies the citizen.

"Oh, but I don't want you to. The book will be sold on its merits. I am calling upon a few of the most eminent—"

Here he makes a pause to allow the shot to strike, and then continues:

"Citizens of Detroit, the most eminent and prominent citizens of Detroit to secure brief sketches of their lives."

"Ah!" says the other, as he begins to melt.

"We desire to take five of the most prominent citizens of this country. In the sketches we desire to show how they have risen from poor boys to great and honored men."

[Here occurs another pause to allow the victim to tinkle himself.]

"Well—a—well—"

"You were the first of the five selected," chirps in the young man. "My mission is to secure your photograph in order to make a steel engraving. In the course of ten days I will be followed by the gentleman who writes the biographies. Have you a photograph?"

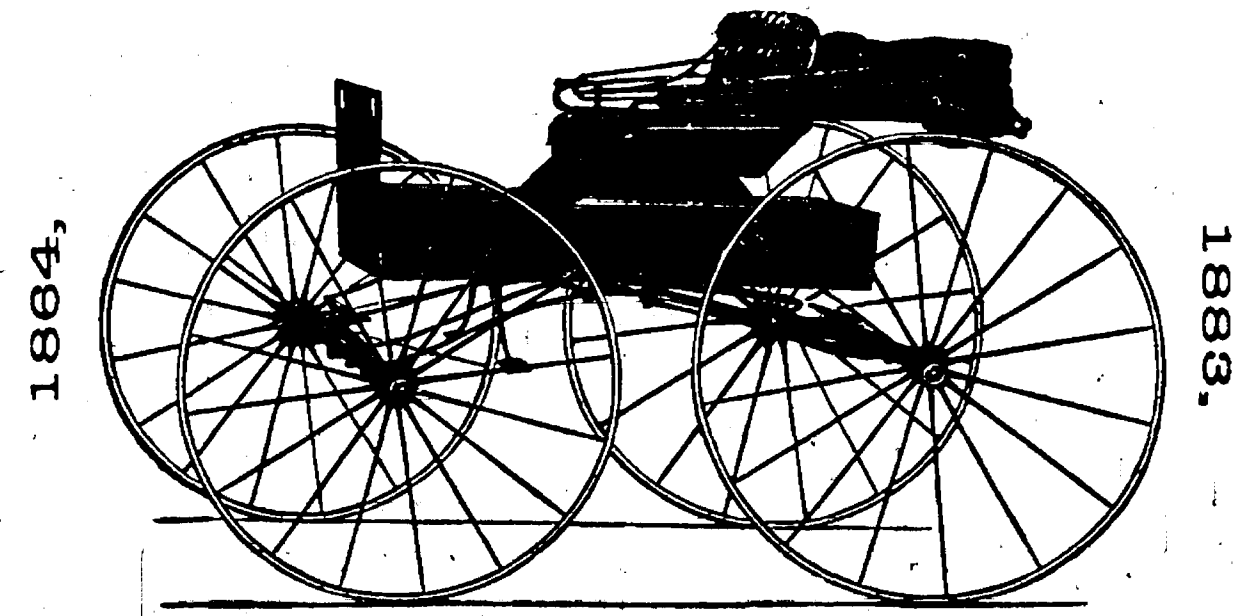
"Well—ah—I think so."

"We want one which does you full justice. The engraving costs us fifty-five dollars each. This we pay out of our own pockets, but are compelled to make a charge of five dollars each for the tint paper and the reference in the index. Let's see. What does the initial in your middle name stand for?"

It invariably stands for a five-dollar bill, and the young man leaves behind him such a pleasant impression that the victim keeps grinning for two weeks. At the end of that time he becomes suspicious, and in the course of a month he becomes a dangerous man to society. —*Detroit Free Press.*

A ridiculous and painful error was made by two weekly society papers in London, published on the day of the funeral of the late Earl of Mount Cashell, in announcing the approaching marriage of the venerable peer. They had not observed the notice of his death.

## SYKES & SON



### LOW PRICES FOR GOOD WORK.

We have now on hand and in process of construction an unusually large stock of fine carriages, consequently we shall be crowded to overflowing before spring unless large sales are made. We prefer to SELL. Call and view our stock.

SYKES & SON, Pinckney, Mich

## GREAT REDUCTION

—IN—

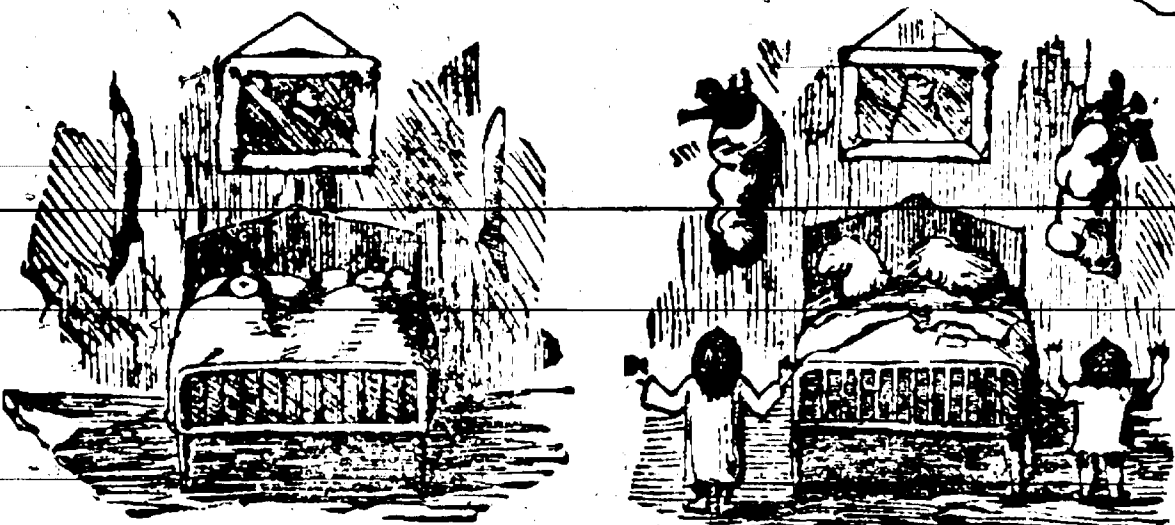


## PRICES AT HOFF'S.

We desire to close out our entire stock by Jan. 1, 1884, to make room for new goods. Call and examine goods and get prices before making purchases.

W. B. HOFF.

## WINCHELL'S DRUG STORE.



## THE HOLIDAYS ARE COMING!

And we have not forgotten the "little ones" whose stockings must be filled on Christmas morning—even if the corn crop is short. We have tried to appreciate the thin condition of Santa Claus' pocket-book, but at the same time bearing in mind the fact that the old gentleman will have no shoddy goods when he wishes to make presents his little friends. Our stock embraces

## SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY,

And having bought at very lowest cash prices, we feel certain that we can sell as cheap as the same quality of goods can be bought anywhere. We haven't much room for displaying stock, but are always pleased to show goods whether you wish to purchase or not.

JEROME WINCHELL.

## HALLOA, HALLOA, EVERYBODY!

### TO OUR FRIENDS AND PATRONS:

We wish to congratulate you all on the success in obtaining a railroad to Pinckney, and now to show you our gratitude for the advantages we shall derive from it, we shall offer you extra inducements, by

## CUTTING PRICES

Down to the lowest notch. For the next thirty days we will sell you

## HARDWARE

Cheaper than any other Dealer in Michigan.

We have an over stock of Heating Stoves which we will close out at prices far below what they cost us. We also have a stock of the Sherman S. Jewett & Co. Cooking Stoves that shall go CHEAP. We have in stock a complete line of the

### "GARLAND" STOVES AND RANGES,

Which lead the world in this line of goods, and we are selling at as low prices as other dealers are asking for inferior goods. We have a large stock of the Wetmore and the Simpson Axes, every one warranted. Our "ROUND OAK" Heaters are the best heating stoves in the market—every one made air tight, and so warranted by the manufacturer, and they will hold fire longer and better than any other boiler iron stove we ever sold. Thanking you for past favors, we are,

Respectfully Yours,

TEEPLE & CADWELL.

\$1 A YEAR. \$1



\$1 A YEAR. \$1

TWO PAPERS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE  
THE WEEKLY  
**Detroit Free Press**  
AND  
THE HOUSEHOLD  
ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.  
Ten Large Pages of News and Reading Matter.  
The Free Press is Michigan's largest and most influential newspaper. Its circulation of colored matter is all that is most desirable in a family paper.  
PUBLISHED WEEKLY.  
J. P. HARRIS, Proprietor.  
DETROIT, MICH.

\$1 A YEAR. \$1



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BARTON & CAMPBELL,

DEALERS IN

## JEWELRY

AND

### 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 the 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.

### LAKE SUPERIOR TRANSIT COMPANY!

### THE GREAT DULUTH ROUTE!

Intended sailings of steamers from Detroit for Sault Ste. Marie and other Lake Superior ports: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays, 11 P. M.

For Cleveland, Erie and Buffalo: Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 5 p. m., making railroad connections for points east and south. Rail connections at Duluth for St. Paul, Minneapolis, Bismarck, Manitoba and other points north, south and west. Baggage checked to destination. For tickets and other information apply to J. T. WHITING, Gen'l Agent. Dock and office at Brady & Co's warehouse, foot of Woodward Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

L. H. BEBBE,

## 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

## TEEPLE & CADWELL'S

HARDWARE STORE.

### 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.











## PINCKNEY DISPATCH

THURSDAY, NOV. 29, 1883.

The Howell Republican, in last week's issue, denies our charge that it attempted to "screen the principal defendants in the public square case" in the report it gave of decision in that case. We copied its report entire, and we repeat the charge that it did attempt to do so, the fact that it did not mention Bullock and Havens at all, but did say that the case was decided against Mr. Pearson—thus leading persons unacquainted with the case to suppose that Mr. Pearson was the party and the only one whom the court found guilty of "fraud and deception in obtaining the quitclaim deed"—is sufficient of itself to sustain our charge. For the Republican to plead that it made no comment on the case because it "hadn't given attention enough to it to form a careful and just estimate of the question in all its bearings," does not sound very well coming from a paper which claims to be the leading paper of the county. Its office is located within a few blocks of the court house, and this was one of the most important cases which has been brought before the circuit court for years, yet the Republican hadn't enterprise enough according to its own statement, to take notice of the case at all. The evidence which was and is within its reach, furnishes ample information upon which to base its comments.

Our statements were clear and explicit. They were true. We have ample evidence to substantiate them, and we have no hesitation in repeating them. Our motive is not to disparage any person or town, but it is to do our part toward exposing and suppressing a gross evil which is being harbored, as we stated, within the walls of the county buildings. The Republican says we are guilty of a base insinuation against the character and integrity of the Register of Deeds—Mr. Dudley. This is the first time we have mentioned Mr. Dudley's name, and for aught we know he is the "son of honor," but it is a fact as we stated that Bullock has not only been allowed to use the Register's office for his private business, but holds the office of deputy Register of Deeds, when the character of his business operations must be well known to Mr. Dudley. Has Mr. Bullock been asked to vacate the premises or resign his position of deputy since the evidence in the public square case so clearly showed him guilty of fraud and deception? If so, the Republican has forgotten to remind us of the fact. Did Judge Newton defame Mr. Dudley when he warned him that he was elected to "protect the interests of the public and not to assist the designs of land sharks."

The fact is that the public square case has brought to light a system of "land shark" operations as disgraceful as was the "tax title" frauds in Detroit a few years ago, and which prospered finely until the city press took the matter up and made it so hot for the frauds that they were obliged to drop the business to a great extent and disgorge a portion of their ill gotten gains.

The Republican knows well the existence of the evil we have called attention to, and by attempting to screen it, does make itself in a measure responsible for the evil. The public square case is one which regarded the growth and unsettled the business interests of our village for months, at a critical period. The Republican expressed no regret even for this feature of the case, but its editor did personally express sympathy for the man who aimed this "blow in the dark" at our town, and now supplements this course by screening the party from public view and attempting to charge all the blame upon a one who was used as a tool by the land sharks, and whom they have left thus far to bear the burden—financially—for their misdeeds.

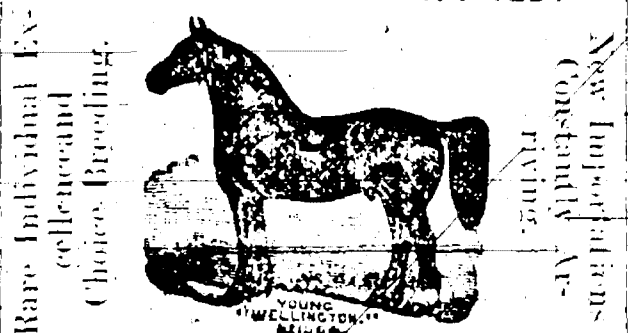
—This public square case is an insolent one. There are people all over the county who have felt the merciless grip of the land sharks. What honest purpose could Mr. Bullock have in procuring quitclaim deeds to the property of the House of Marjion, Mr. Pearson, and others we might mention, if he had no knowledge of the frauds which were being

edge of his efforts in that direction? If the Republican is so ignorant of the facts regarding these matters we may see fit to publish the evidence in the public square case. We shall do so if necessary to convince our contemporaries that we have grounds for our statements. As to its charge that we take refuge behind "financial irresponsibility," as cover from the consequences of our statements, the Republican does not need to go very far to be convinced of its error. We hold ourselves both financially and morally responsible for all our statements, and no amount of "bulldozing" or silly and unprofessional personalities can silence us when we know we are doing our duty.

The Republican truthfully says that we consider it our duty to do all we can for our own town. That's one very important purpose of our paper. It is also right when it says we think we must do something for ourselves—the man who doesn't do something for himself, don't deserve that even God shall do anything for him. When it further asserts, however, that our paper is devoted to "pulling down" other towns and other characters, its charge is as senseless as it is untrue.

If the Republican will forget "Gov. Beagle and his little red book" long enough to call attention to the wrongs which flourish right under its own nose, it will render its readers and the public generally better service, and improve its reputation as a wide-awake local paper. As for the remark aimed at the drug business owned by the editor of this paper, we will simply say that when that establishment is not conducted in as honorable and conscientious a manner as any drug store in Livingston county we shall thank the Republican for calling our attention to the fact and promise immediate reform.

### THE MOST EXTENSIVE PURE-BRED LIVE-STOCK ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WORLD.



Powell Bros.,  
Springboro, Crawford Co., Penn.  
Mention Pinckney Dispatch.

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Manufacturers of Home-Cured Sealed Goods, Pickles, Preserves, etc.  
52, 55 AND 57 JEFFERSON AVE.,  
Detroit, Mich.

UNABLE TO LIFT HIS ARM.  
CRAWFORD COUNTY, PA. CITY OF TITUSVILLE.  
There personally appeared George Netcher, who being duly sworn according to law, depose and say: That he is a resident at the Windsor House, Titusville, that he is fifty-eight years of age, and that he has been afflicted with a severe, more especially in the right shoulder, so as to be unable to lift my arm without the aid of the other arm. After taking the second dose of Wilson's Lightning Remedy for Rheumatism, the pain left my arm and I could handle it with ease as if it had not been afflicted. Now I am relieved entirely after taking second dose.

THE GRAND RAPIDS BUSINESS COLLEGE  
(Established 1860) is acknowledged to be the most complete, thorough, practical, economical and popular school of its kind. DEMAND FOR ITS GRADUATES GREATER THAN SUPPLY. For particulars, send for Circular. College Journal, Address U. G. Swensberg, Proprietor, Grand Rapids, Mich.

## EAST END

### GROCERY

### HOUSE!

Again to the Front.

### PATRONIZE

### A LIVE HOUSE.

We intend to keep abreast of the times; we do not believe in joggling along in the old ruts, but we rather favor a

### WIDE-AWAKE

Aggressive policy. We believe that

### SOMETHING NEW

Is the continual demand of the people of this country, and this demand we are constantly on the alert to supply.

### PEOPLE

### BECOME TIRED

Of looking over the various goods that are sold from time to time to cause they find nothing there in but the same old things year after year. You will have

### NO CAUSE

To Criticise our Stock,

On that ground, as we have lots of brand new goods. Look our stock over and

### JUDGE FOR YOURSELVES

Whether or not we are a live house. We are anxious to promote your interests because we know that your interests are identical with our own, and we know that through dealing in

### THE BEST

And fastest selling goods, at the lowest prices only can our mutual interests be conserved.

### HOLIDAY GOODS

LINEN & PAPER COLLARS AND CUFFS, HATS,

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS

STATIONERY, OVERALLS,

MUSICAL MERCHANDISE, JEWELRY, PERFUMERY, &C.

A full line of

GROCERIES,

TOBACCO & CIGARS.

Teas a Specialty.

Highest price paid for Butter, Eggs, Chickens, Etc.

East End Grocery,  
(Cor. Main and Mill Streets, Pinckney.

## LOOK OUT

FOR THE

### HOLIDAY STOCK

OF

### SILVER

AND SILVER-PLATED WARE,

AT

### BROWN & COLLIER'S.

### HOLIDAY ANNOUNCEMENT.

We have just received at the Corner Drug Store as rich and beautiful a line of Holiday Goods as can be found in the County, which we are offering at prices that are bound to sell them. We respectfully invite all to

Call and Examine our Stock

Before it is too Much Broken.

We cannot enumerate the different articles here. Call and see for yourselves.

CHRISTMAS, NEW YEAR, BIRTHDAY CARDS,

An endless variety, and so cheap that all can afford them.

DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

In this line of goods, we can give you as good an assortment to select from as any city house can offer.

LUNG PROTECTORS.

Call and see the best and cheapest Chest Protector made. This is an article that our changeable climate renders necessary for everyone. Atomizers, steam and rubber bulbs, for the treatment of bronchial and lung diseases.

"WASH AND BE CLEAN."

Call and see our Bath Towels, Bath Soaps, Flesh Brushes, etc. We make a specialty of Trusses, Rubber Bandages, Elastic Stockings and Shoulder Braces, and fit them without charge. When in need of anything in the drug or prescription line, call at the Corner Drug Store, where quality and prices are guaranteed.

Your friends,

SIGLER BROS.

"HELLO, EVERYBODY!"

We invite you to inspect our stock and get our prices before making your purchases for Fall and Winter. We feel confident that such inspection will convince you that it is for your interest to trade with us.

### DRESS

### GOODS.

Our stock in this department is the largest ever shown in Pinckney, consisting of Jamestown Alpaca, single and double width Cashmeres, Suitings, all wool Flannels, etc. Silks, Satins and Velvets to match.

### DOMESTIC DRY GOODS!

Bleached and Brown Sheetings, Ginghams, Shirtings, Denims; full line of the celebrated Flint all wool Flannels and Cassimeres. Everything in this department is new, and at lower prices than ever before.

Full Line Beaver Shawls, Jersey Jackets, Flannel Skirts, All Wool Hosiery for both Ladies and Misses, Leggings, Mittens, Etc.

### IN UNDERWEAR

We are discounting all other dealers' prices from five to twenty per cent. Suits to fit everybody, from the smallest child to the largest man.

READY-MADE SHIRTS, OVERALLS, JACKETS. LOOK AT THOSE ALL-WOOL PANTS FOR ONLY \$2.50.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENT.

We are now offering the best bargains in Black Silks that can be found anywhere. We will save you ten per cent on everything in this line.

FULL LINE OF PONTIAC MITTENS, GLOVES, ETC., FOR MEN.

Our trade in Groceries is large, and constantly increasing. We buy our coffee direct from the roasters, and guarantee them fresh and pure. We sell the best 50 cent Tea ever sold in the town. Try our 60 cent uncolored, basket fired Jap. Tea; it will please you. We pay the highest market price for produce. We will save you money. Try us. Thankful for past favors, and soliciting a continuance of the same, we remain,

Yours respectfully,

LAKIN & SYKES.