

PINCKNEY DISPATCH.

VOL. I.

PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1883.

NO. 49

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 House Block, PINCKNEY.
Will keep first class stock and sell at reasonable
prices. A share of the public patronage is solicited.

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.

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

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

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

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

CALL BY TELEPHONE
At SIGLER BROS. DRUG STORE,
PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN.

WE HAVE OPENED
A REPAIR SHOP
connection with our store, repairing neatly
(Give us a call. Cash for hides and pelts.)
W. B. HOFF.

There's Nothing so Successful as Success.
The Detroit White Lead Works, the Hinchman
Dean & Rogers Company, is just closing the
third year of its corporate existence. This com-
pany furnishes a notable instance of extraordi-
nary success achieved in a short time by enter-
prise, energy, fair dealing and good goods. They
have attained a position in three years that it has
taken other houses a quarter of a century to reach,
and they are now the leading paint house of Mich-
igan and one of the foremost in the country.—DE-
TROT COMMERCIAL.

PINCKNEY PRODUCE MARKET.

COLLECTED WEEKLY BY

December 20, 1883. TOMPKINS & ISMON.

Wheat, No. 1 white,	95¢
" " " " "	90¢
" " " " "	85¢
" " " " "	80¢
Oats,	30¢
Barley,	1 00¢
Beans,	1 00¢
Dried Apples,	10¢
Potatoes,	15¢
Butter,	20¢
Eggs,	25¢
Dressed Hens, per 100 lbs.,	5 00¢
Dressed Chickens,	4 00¢
Clover Seed,	50¢

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

There are two cats at the Crystal Palace Exhibit of London priced at \$50,000 each. Five hundred dollars is a common price fixed on the exhibits.

STAR CLOTHING HOUSE.

For the Holidays—Fur Caps, Silk and Woollen Mufflers, Silk Hkts., something new in that line. Call and see nice presents and useful. All new goods.

Tompkins & Ismon,
Star Clothiers.

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.

The underground railway system, which will soon encircle London, is being built at a cost of \$15,000,000 per mile.

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

While a marriage ceremony was being performed in a house at Bryan, Tex., thieves stole the wedding feast from the dining-room.

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

I am trying to break myself of slang phrases," said the Centralville girl, "and have been for some time. But actually I used the word racket to-day, before I thought, and I'm so ashamed of myself. You won't give it away, will you?"

STAR CLOTHING HOUSE.

Clothing, Over Coats and everything in our line marked way down. Call. No trouble to show goods.

Tompkins & Ismon,
Star Clothiers.

FOR SALE—A nice lot of ladies' fancy knit mittens, a variety of work and color.

Mrs. C. Brown,
West Main Street, Pinckney.

In France bachelors have to serve in the army twice as long as married men, and those same bachelors, after they do get married, often sigh for the comparatively peaceful life of a soldier, and wish they were back.

MONEY TO LOAN

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

JAS. T. EAMAN.

Massachusetts heads the list of states in wealth per capita, averaging \$1,500. The individual wealth of Great Britain is the highest in the world, France coming next and the United States third.

FOR SALE CHEAP!

A nice bay mare, four years old, good roadster, weight about 1,000 lbs.

F. Grisson, Hamburg.

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.

A child that wakes with' croup should have a dose of Piso's Cure.

Strayed from the premises of the subscriber, three spring calves (one spotted steer and two red heifers.) Any one giving information of their whereabouts will be liberally rewarded.

LYMAN JUDSON.

Brighton, Dec. 5, 1883.

NOTICE.

All persons having unsettled accounts with Grimes & Johnson are respectfully requested to call and pay the same.

I have several good farm horses for sale cheap.

J. T. EAMAN.

CLOTHING HOUSE—
Over Coats and Suits
cheaper than ever this
week. Call and price
our goods.

Tompkins & Ismon,
Star Clothiers.

We still hold the fort, and continue to sell at Rock Bottom prices the best Quadruple Plated Casters, Rogers Bros. Knives and Forks, Gold, Silver and Nickel Watches. The largest and best selected stock of Jewelry ever brought to Pinckney. Also a fine assortment of Goods suitable for Holidays. Please call and get our prices before purchasing elsewhere. Respectfully,
Barton & Campbell.

Fine Mixed Candy—nice and fresh—
10cts a pound, at Winchell's Drug Store.

Great variety of choice Confections for the holidays, at Winchell's Drug Store.

Tube Paints, both American and Winsor & Newton's (imported), brushes, pallets, plaques for decorating, etc., at Winchell's Drug Store.

Notwithstanding our sales of holiday goods have been so large, we still have beautiful goods to select from, and something new arriving every day at Winchell's Drug Store.

A CARD.

For the benefit of the reporter of the Livingston Republican and others, we would state that Mr. A. R. Griffith is our head miller and has been for the past 3 years, not Mr. W. C. Pyper as was stated by the Pinckney reporter in the last issue of the Republican.

Mr. Chas. Babcock of Unadilla, with eight years of experience in milling, takes Mr. Pyper's place as second miller in our Custom and Flouring Mill. Yours Respectfully,
Grimes and Johnson.

DIED.

In Putnam, Wednesday, Dec. 19th, 1883, Church-ill Hendee, aged 72 years. Funeral at the North Hamburg Church, Sunday next, at 10 a. m.

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.

James White, of East Saginaw, called on Pinckney friends the first of the week.

The railroad bridge at Hamburg was cut down a little on Sunday last. It was built too high for the grade. Two or three of the bridges in Unadilla township were also served in like manner.

The construction trains worked all day last Sunday. They were trying to improve the time before winter sets in.

Prof. Bigg has a very prosperous writing school in the Eaman school house.

Wm. Yancy, from Northville, has opened a barber shop in the room west of the Monitor House office. He appears to be a business-like young man, and worthy of liberal patronage.

Geo. Stocken formerly of this village, has bought out his partner in the furniture and undertaking business at West Branch, and now runs the machine alone.

Friends of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Hoff, of Unadilla, treated them to a pleasant little surprise party, yesterday, the occasion being the fifth anniversary of their wedding day.

Mr. F. H. Johnson, formerly of this place, but for the past few years a resident of Springport, Mich., has been spending the past week at "The Maples."

Tompkins & Ismon are not to blame for not having the grain market established here yet. They have been ready a long time to handle all grain as soon as the freight house was up. The sink hole between here and Jackson has prevented the Company bringing the timber here (which is all framed and ready to be put together) but as soon as there is a possible chance they will be in the market.

Richmond, Macomb Co., a village of about 1,200 population expects to receive \$2,100 from liquor tax next year. Seven saloons for a town of that size is a pretty strong dose—don't it?

Mr. Jas. Timmons has taken the contract for building the board fence between Pinckney and Stockbridge.

Mr. John Ryan, father of Supervisor Ryan of Hamburg whose illness is mentioned in our Webster correspondence, died Saturday. Mr. Ryan was an old resident and a much respected citizen.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Hause are detained at Williamston by the serious illness of their son, Wm. R., who has been sick "nigh unto death" with diphtheria.

As this issue will be the last before that annual holiday, we wish all our friends a "Merry Christmas." This is the Dispatch's first Christmas, and the liberal patronage and friendly encouragement of the people of Pinckney and surrounding country have made it a cheerful and hopeful one.

Tuesday last, Dr. D. M. Greene removed a cancer from the lip of Mr. J. Ruttman, of Iosco. He was obliged to cut away the entire center of the lower lip, but by drawing it together will form a very good lip again. The operation is a very important one, and it is hoped may prove successful.

Brighton hopes to raise money enough to secure the extension of the T. A. & N. Ry through that place.

Mrs. Chas Webb and son, of East Saginaw, are visiting friends in this vicinity.

Frank Hecox, who recently returned from Dakota, will spend the winter at Jackson.

Hamburg people decline paying their railroad notes until their depot grounds are located according to agreement by the company.

Mr. Culver and Mr. Buerman, with Westminster & O'Hearn, of Howell, were callers at the Dispatch office, when in town on business, Monday.

The timber for the Grand Trunk freight house arrived this morning and the building will be erected immediately.

The "Weekly News," is Owosso's brand new paper, and the publishers Arthur W. Hurst, formerly of the Bancroft Advertiser, and Mr. Allen. It is a six-column folio, well filled with spicy home and selected matter and promises a good record.

Monday last, while the section gang of the Air Line road were eating their dinner around the fire built near the track, one of the men, named Riley, imagining that Wili Darrow had played some joke on him, attempted to retaliate by throwing his dinner pail at him. Will dodged behind the foreman, Mr. Craik, who received the blow from the dinner pail just over his left eye. It cut a very ugly gash over two inches long and quite deep.

The Pinckney correspondent of the Howell Republican, erroneously, but unintentionally, stated last week that Mr. Pyper, who has just left this place to take charge of Mr. Hoyland's Mill at Unadilla, was foreman of the Pinckney Mill. Mr. A. R. Griffith has been and is foreman of the Pinckney Mill and fills that position with credit to himself and satisfaction to his employers. The correspondent referred to will, of course, correct the mistake as promptly as possible.

Monday afternoon, Henry Gillet, who has been employed as a carpenter on the new depot building, had occasion to go upon the roof, and as will be remembered, the wind blowing quite briskly at the time, he lost his footing when near the top of the roof. Sliding in a standing position until his foot struck the eave trough, he pitched head foremost over the edge of the roof upon the ground, breaking his right leg just above the ankle, cutting an ugly gash over his eye, and bruising him very badly all over. He was immediately removed to his home, and his wounds dressed by Dr. Sigler, who reports him doing well. The accident is especially unfortunate for Mr. Gillet as he has a family dependent upon his labor for support, and it will be a long time before he can hope to be out again.

At a joint meeting of the two Sunday Schools, Tuesday evening, it was voted to have two Christmas trees and a boat on Christmas eve, (Monday), and to have a Santa Claus and a Mrs. Christmas to deal out the presents. Friends of the school are invited to bring in their family presents and have them displayed with the school presents. The doors will open (at the M. E. church) 9 o'clock Monday morning, and all are requested to hand in their presents before noon if possible. The exercises for the evening will consist of music, short speeches by the pastors and distribution of the gifts. It is the intention to make it a right merry Christmas.

The little Jubilee Singers of Howell sang well, for young people who have had only amateur training. Among them are some voices especially fine. They have no reason to feel ashamed of their first appearance before a strange audience.

Frank Moran had the bones of his right foot badly crushed. Tuesday morning, while climbing upon a flat car of the construction train. It was caught between the bumpers. He is under care of Dr. Sigler, and will be laid up some time.

In looking about for an acceptable present to send to a friend at a distance, did it ever occur to you that the Dispatch might be a suitable one. It is like a "letter from home" to hundreds of families to whom we are already sending it. For one dollar it gives you 50 per cent. more reading matter than some papers in the county for which you would have to pay more money. It is also the earnest advocate of home interests—its purpose being to confer some benefit upon the farmer as well as the mercantile interests of the community in which it is published. For one dollar a year we pay postage to any part of the United States.

Profs. Weeks and Hall will give a Scientific Entertainment in the Monitor House Hall, to-morrow evening (Friday), Dec. 21st. This entertainment is to consist of "Beautiful and Brilliant Experiments explanatory of Natural Phenomena" including the following:

Boiling water by the application of cold water, the leaping egg, singing flames, the volcanic iceberg, Chinese tumblers, air torpedoes, rain of meteors, the lake of fire, the waterhammer, the brilliant light of burning steel, candle contest, the vacuum fountain, the Paddie's ingenuity, explosion of bubbles, the wonderful divers, the electric ball and rod, firing a cannon with an icicle. To conclude with exhibition of "The Mock Sun." Admission 15cts for adults, and 10cts for children under 12 years old.

On and after Monday next, the Grand Trunk will run passenger trains over the Air Line to and from Jackson. There will be two passenger trains each way daily and one mixed train. The first train east will pass Pinckney about 10 a. m., and the second about 8:30 p. m. Going west, at about 11 a. m. and 4 p. m. Also one mixed train each way daily. We shall probably be able to publish time-table next week.

The Tenth Anniversary of the Crusade will be celebrated at the Congregational Church, in Pinckney, Sunday, Dec. 23, 1883.

ORDER OF EXERCISES:

7 P. M. Singing, "Give to the Winds Thy Fears."
Reading of the Crusade Psalm, (Psalm 146) by Miss Kate Geary.
Prayer by Rev. Mr. Mercer of Hartland.
Reading—Short sketch of the Crusade, by Mrs. Pearce.
Remarks by Rev. Mr. Crane.
Paper—"Crusade of Demons," by Mrs. Crane.
Remarks by Rev. Mr. Pearce.
Singing—"How Firm a Foundation," Address by Rev. Mrs. Walters.
Singing—"All Hail the Power of Jesus Name."
Doxology, Benediction.
(Additional local on last page.)

KRISS KRINGLE'S CLERK.

S. A. SHEILDS.

She was not fitted for a heroine, this little maiden who was so early called to fight life's battles. Small and weak, with fair hair and blue eyes, she was also timid and gentle, shrinking from notice, shy as a fawn. A pretty child herself, she could fully realize the hope of her brothers, and enter into the agony they must suffer if Peter Piper proved to be a dream.

"It was odd, too, they both should dream the same thing," she thought, and then asked:

"Shan't I tell you a story, Charlie?" "Yes, please—only—oh! oh! there he is!—there's the cart and the man is lifting out a basket, a big, big basket!"

Down the stairs flew the expectant children, presently returning followed by two men, carrying between them an enormous basket, marked—"Harry and Charlie Jackson."

"He said he would tell Kriss Kringle," the children shrieked. "Open it, Ethel! oh, open it quick! quick!"

Margaret and a knife soon removed the stout cover, and then followed treasures of toys, books, games, confectionery, fruit and boy delights on top. Then the sled, and under that dry goods selected with a remembrance of recent mourning, new suits for the boys, and a package of calico new shawl, and money marked "Margaret." Underneath all a small box marked "Ethel," most daintily decorated, full of burnt almonds, and on the top a bank note for five hundred dollars, attached to a scrap of paper, upon which was written, "From an old friend of Ethel's father."

CHAPTER II.

The week that followed Charles Bradley's return to New York was filled with business cares belonging to his father's estate, but not so full but he had many lonely hours. He had been so long away that there were gaps in the list of his old friends, and his recent mourning kept him from accepting the invitations that came to him. Fred Grainger was with him often, and finally coaxed him to a quiet family dinner at his brother "Tom's," not guessing how much the acceptance was influenced by the casual remark:

"By the way, Kate has engaged Ethel Jackson as daily governess, and you will meet her. Kate thinks she will never be fit to struggle with pupils here, there and everywhere, and she is like one of the family at Tom's."

"Kate was always kind-hearted," said Charles Bradley, heartily.

"Yes, and fond of Ethel. She is a dear little thing, sweet as a violet, but not fit to manage children, except by coaxing. Kate's worship her, and Kate comes in for the 'heavy business' when they rebel; so they get along very well."

"She lives now with her, you said?" "No, she has a floor, because there are the boys; but she comes early in the morning, and is there all day, gives Mary and Lil music lessons, and a B C's the little ones."

"Sweet as a violet!" The description came at once to Charles Bradley's memory, when Mrs. Grainger introduced her friend, Miss Jackson, to him. So slight and child-like that her heavy mourning became more than usually pitiful; so graceful and modest that Charles Bradley, before he had known her an hour, longed to fold her in his strong arms and defy the world to harm her.

It was a pleasant dinner party, a still more pleasant evening. Kate Grainger possessed the rare gift of drawing shy people out of themselves, and her heart was set upon showing Ethel off to the best advantage. Memory helped, too, as the girl had a very good recollection of the lad who was her friend when she was still a child. Then there was so much to tell of that seven years when the two were separated; and while Fred Grainger was confidently asking if "those two were not getting on famously," Charles Bradley was once more blessing his father's resolution, that had kept him from a life of misery with a vulgar wife.

"You will come in often?" Kate said, when her guest stood ready to escort her governess home.

"I am afraid if I come as often as I would, you will regret your invitation," he said, cheerily.

"I will risk it! Consider this a second home," said Tom, who had been sleeping peacefully in his chair for an hour or so.

And Charles Bradley availed himself of the offered hospitality to the most liberal extent.

It was amazing to see the ingenuity of Mrs. Grainger in devising excuses to detain Ethel beyond her duty hours. Now it was some new music to be tried, now a knitting stitch to be explained, now a hand wanted for whist; but always before the evening was over Charles Bradley was sure to appear and act as escort to her home.

And the hours so spent flew by upon rosy wings for Ethel. Safe in the protection of her friend, questioning nothing of the cause of her new content, the gentle girl let her love go from her, not knowing the loss. It was enough for her that this old-new friend was always ready to meet her in every thought she expressed, so full of sympathy, so interested in all concerning her. Sometimes she sighed a wish that he had been her brother, the protector of her darling boys; but she did not yet realize his desire to be their brother and not hers.

In the summer-time the Graingers

went to a farm-house, where Tom had sent them for several years, and where Ethel carried Harry and Charlie, breaking into that Christmas gift to pay their board. Mr. Bradley did not join the party, owing to the advice of that arch schemer, Kate Grainger. Long before she had seen his love and Ethel's quiet friendship, and she advised:

"Don't come near us all summer. I want Ethel to miss you."

"But she will forget me!" "A likely story."

"Or somebody else—" "Trust me for that. Besides, if somebody else is preferred you would not care for supplanting him."

"You are right. But, Kate, don't let her forget me."

And Kate did not. Never were a lover's praises more judiciously sounded, never a hero more skillfully painted. If Ethel had not already loved, Kate must have won her heart for Charles Bradley in those long summer days. And her friend's own heart was in the tender task. Since her own marriage Kate Grainger had been thrown into Charles Bradley's society constantly, before his long absence from home, and had become fond of him. On his return she had seen at once how the seven years of self-dependence had turned the

after the first start of delight. Nobody came to them for a long—no, a short, short hour; and then a bell tinkled.

"Oh," Ethel cried, "the Christmas tree is ready, and the boys must be here. You will see my brothers at last."

"Yes—I hope—" "What?"

"Nothing! nothing! I shall be very glad to see them," was the reply.

But he was dreading it all the time. Would they remember him? They were such little fellows, and a year was such a long time. Still he was nervous as he followed Ethel up stairs to a sitting-room, where children were screaming with delight over a huge Christmas-tree. The room was brilliantly lighted as they came in, and Ethel's blushing happiness plainly visible.

But the Graingers wondered "what ailed Charles Bradley" for fully two minutes. Then they knew, for a voice full of the most eager joy shouted:

"Oh, Harry! There is Ethel and Peter Piper!"

And the deep mystery of Kriss Kringle's Clerk was a secret no longer. Ethel could not be angry, and the boys were quite sure that there must be full and complete happiness in possessing for a brother such a guardian genius of



THE BUNNIES' CHRISTMAS.

petted boy into a man worthy of all honor. Not that he was remarkable for any exceptional genius or excellence, but he was manly, frank, honorable, and better than all, in Kate's eyes, tender of heart, sympathetic and domestic.

"He will be like a father to those boys," she thought, "for my children think him only second to Uncle Fred."

In the autumn, to Charles Bradley's great disgust, he was asked to go to Chicago to give evidence in a lawsuit for the firm in which he had been employed. There was no compulsion, but he was a valuable witness and too good-natured to refuse a favor where he had been well treated. The "law's delay" justified its proverbial tardiness, and the young man was detained until December. The time would have passed pleasantly amongst friends, but for his anxiety to return to Ethel.

Kate's letters kept him informed of their movements, and messages passed through every missive; but it was with a thrill of delight that Charles Bradley found himself once more in New York upon the anniversary of his previous return. A little note awaited him:

"Be sure you come to see our tree. If you should be a little early, you may possibly find somebody practicing cotillon music in the little room off the parlor."

Was ever a more delicious prospect? Love's feet are light, and Ethel, sitting at the piano, did not hear the foot-fall upon the carpet, but steadily played on. Her pretty face was far more cheerful than it had been a year before, and soft white lace at throat and wrist took off something of the sombre look of her black silk dress. Her fair hair clustered in a baby fringe over her sweet face, and little smiles crept over her lips, as she thought of the delight of Harry and Charlie, who were to come with Margaret to see the tree. The year before they had not been invited to the house where she had gone to play for a children's party, but her own eyes had seen Kate's kind provision for her boys.

Shut your eyes, dear reader. Never mind what was said in that little room,

Christmas as Peter Piper had already proved himself to be.

Give Credit When it is Due.

How often we complain of our Government without reason! Great Britain has a territory of 121,000 square miles to guard and watch; the United States 3,600,000 square miles. To collect the internal revenue over these areas, Great Britain employs 5,965 officials and other persons, at a cost of about \$10,000,000 yearly. We employ, to watch a territory thirty times as large, only 4,098 persons, and the total cost of collecting the internal revenue is \$5,113,736. For the current year the number of persons employed will be still smaller and the expenses less. To watch its coast line and collect duties on imports, Great Britain employs 5,223 officials and other persons, and the cost of collection is about \$5,000,000. To watch a coast-line many times as long, our Government spends in collection of customs only \$6,500,000. We collect \$214,700,000 from customs, at a cost of about 3 cents for every dollar collected; Great Britain collects \$98,300,000 from customs, at a cost of about 5 cents for every dollar collected. We collect \$144,700,000 internal revenue, at a cost of only 3.5 cents on the dollar, though the territory to be guarded is thirty times that of Great Britain, but the British internal revenue is \$267,350,000, collected at a cost of 3.7 cents on the dollar. Perhaps it would be as well not to abuse our own administration of affairs so often.

China and Japan buy our dried-apples freely. Thus does American industry help to swell the population of the Orient.

It is stated that W. E. Curtis, of the Chicago Inter-Ocean, is the author of "The Bread Winners," now being published anonymously in the Century.

The "Sandown" for ladies, is a variation of the Newmarket coat with a movable cape.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

God comes to dwell in mortal flesh, He comes in childhood's form; Not with imperial pomp He comes, Nor riding on the storm.

His mission is to save the world, To comfort the forlorn, Yet in no dazzling shape appears, But as a babe is born.

The light that shines o'er Bethlehem's plain Is radiant, pure, and calm; The heavenly host in softest strain Sing forth the joyful psalm.

They tell of One of highest name, Whose wondrous choice is made, Of David's Son and David's Lord, Now in a manger laid.

May we be like that Holy Child, And lowly as was He, That we God's children may be called, His face in glory see!

—Dawson Burns.

THE SNOW-BIRD'S CHRISTMAS-TREE.

Mable Jones in St. Nicholas.

Yes, the snow-birds had a Christmas-tree at our house last year—a real tree, just big enough for the dear little things. I'll tell you about it.

We were as happy as we could be around our beautiful tree, when all at once Roy gave a shout, and pointed to the win-dow. (Roy is my littlest brother. He has lovely brown hair, and it's banged in front and hangs way down behind. Mam-ma says he is the pet of the house or that Lulu and he are the pets of the house. For Lulu looks very much like Roy, and has the same kind of lovely hair, and it's banged in front and long behind, just like Roy's. Only Lulu is older than Roy.)

Well, when Roy pointed to the win-dow that morn-ing, he called out: "See! See! they want a Christmas-tree, too!"

And we all looked a-round, and—what do you think? There on the win-dow sill were four lovely little snow-birds, looking in at our tree! And they would peck, peck, at the pane, as if they wanted to open the win-dow.

"Let 'em in! Let 'em in!" shouted Lulu, and she ran to raise the win-dow, but the little birds were afraid of her, and flew a-way.

But they did not fly very far a-way—only to a tree out in the yard. And we opened the win-dow and called, "Bird-ie! Bird-ie!" again and again, and tried every way we knew to get them to come in. But just then it began to snow real hard, and the little birds flew down to a little, low ever-green, and a-way in to the center of it, where the snow couldn't fall on them.

But the best thing is to come yet. Lulu thought of it. Just when we said the poor little birds would have a real dull Christmas-day, Lulu shouted out: "Oh, I know! We'll make them a Christmas-tree of their own, and take it out and give it to them there in the ever-green."

And then Lulu got Mam-ma to cut off a little bough from our Christmas-tree, and she stood it up in a paper box, and packed the box all a-round with pretty blue paper, so that the bough would stand up straight all by itself.

And then she hung the little tree all over with bread-crumbs, and the first thing we knew, there it was, a perfect little snow-bird's Christmas-tree!

Then Lulu and Roy put on their pretty, new red caps, and their warm coats, and they took that little Christmas-tree out in to the yard, and up to the ever-green where the birds were, and they pushed the limbs away, and set the little box and the little tree in a corner of the ever-green, where it stood up straight. And—if you'll believe it—those birds never flew a-way at all, but looked just as if they expected it all a-long! And Lulu and Roy went a few steps a-way, and turned a-round, and stood perfectly still, and in a min-ute all four of those little birds flew down, and helped them-selves from their pretty little Christmas-tree, and were just as happy o-ver it as we were o-ver ours. Lulu and Roy stood out there in the snow and watched them ever so long. And we could see them from the win-dow, too.

We hope the same little birds will come back this year, and if they do, we're go-ing to give them an-oth-er Christmas-tree. Wouldn't you?

How Times Have Changed.

St. Nicholas.

"Changed!" exclaimed Deacon Green to the dear Little School-ma'am, a year ago come Christmas, "I should think they had changed. Why, many's the time I've heard my dear old father tell

how, years ago, when he and Aunt Mary were children living on their father's farm in old England, the least little present used to delight them."

"They were well-to-do-people, too, the Greens were; but to find one book or a ball or a shepherd's pipe in his Christmas stocking would make father perfectly happy when he was a boy; and his sister thought a box of sugar-plums or a new doll, or any one pretty gimcrack, was a joy indeed. Changed

well, I'd like to know! Why, I am told that a boy of this day, a real boy of the period, would consider himself a much-abused fellow if he didn't find on his Christmas tree a ball, a six-bladed knife, a scientific tool, a box of carpenter's tools, a printing press, a jig-saw, a sled, a bicycle, ice-skates, roller-skates, a Punch-and-Judy show, a telephone, a steam-engine, a microscope, a steamboat, a working train of cars, a box of

parlor magic, a pistol, a performing acrobat, a real watch, a gold scarf-pin, gold cuff-buttons, a bound volume of St. Nicholas, and twenty or thirty other books, more or less, besides a pocket-book with gold money in it, and a pair of kid gloves.

"I may have forgotten something," added the deacon, wiping his brow, "but, so far as I can make out, that's the proper thing for an average boy's Christmas, nowadays."

"As for the girls," the good man went on, raising his voice, "as for the girls—as for—"

How she did it, I do not know; but the wonderful Little School-ma'am actually stopped the proceedings then and there. So, to this day your Jack doesn't know what an average girl of the present day does, might, could, would, or should find on a Christmas-tree.

The Knickerbocker Christmas.

George Wm. Curtis in December Harper's.

While their neighbors upon Massachusetts Bay were banning Christmas, the Dutch at New Amsterdam gladly welcomed and honored him, and nowhere has he been so truly at home upon the continent as in the Dutch city.

The character of the inhabitants naturally determined that of the day. It was less an ecclesiastical festival than a social and domestic holiday. The glittering tree of gifts was its lighted and decorated altar, and hearty good-eating and drinking were its genial ceremonial rites.

Hereditary Dutch pride sometimes looks askance and even angrily at Deidrich Knickerbocker's story. But it is plain that the gay exaggeration of the old chronicler only emphasized the truth, and that his humorous imaginative touch produced a likeness as accurate as that of Bradford of the Pilgrims, or that of Winthrop and Sewall of the Puritans.

The tranquil, contented burghers whom he drew were sure to make the most of Christmastide; and their neighbors who cursed it must have seemed to them the most whimsical of lunatics.

It was natural that the genius which described those burghers with so subtle a sympathy should seem to be kindred with them. Indeed, there was so much of the true Knickerbocker spirit in Irving that he is usually supposed, by those who do not reflect, to be of Dutch descent. It is this quality, perhaps,

this ready sympathy with cheerful and simple domestic enjoyment, which made the author of Knickerbocker's History the laureate of English Christmas.

The holiday that he describes affects him as it affected the citizen of New Amsterdam, as a day of pleasure consecrated by religious association. And the enduring popularity of his charming essay shows that this is the Christmas of the English-speaking race. Even the New England air, which was so black with sermons that it suffocated Christmas,

now murmurs softly with Christmas bells. The children of the resolute God-fearing men who did not rest from labor on that first Christmas morning now rest and rejoice in the happy day whose dawn is a benediction.

But it is no longer a supersition of any scarlet woman, no longer a festival whose observance implies perilous adherence to papal or prelatial errors. The purifying spiritual fire, historically known as Puritanism, has purged the theological and ecclesiastical dross away, and has left the pure gold of religious faith and human sympathy.

When the neophyte asked his confessor what was the central truth of Christianity, the old man answered, "Charity." Then he explained that charity meant love, and that love meant the spirit of universal fraternity. The almsgiving which is the technical interpretation of the word is but a symbol of that giving of the heart and soul and life to help others of which the supreme sacrifice of Christ is the accepted type. The day that commemorates His birth is the festival of humanity, as the inspiring sentiment of actual life. The lovely legends of the day, the stories, and the songs, and the half fairy-tale that gathers around it, the ancient traditions of dusky woods and mystic rites; the magnificence or simplicity of Christian observance, from the Pope in his triple tiara, borne upon his portative throne in gorgeous state to celebrate pontifical high mass at the great altar of St. Peter's, to George Herbert humbly kneeling in his rustic church at Bemerton, or to the bare service in some missionary chapel upon the American frontier; the lighting of Christmas trees and hanging up of Christmas stockings, the happy family meetings, the dinner, the game, the dance—they are all the natural signs and symbols, the flower and fruit, of Christmas. For Christmas is the day of days which declares the universal human consciousness that peace on earth comes only from good-will to man.

A Clapboard Supper Down East.

Leviston Journal.

We've heard of sawdust pudding, but never until now of a "clapboard supper." According to one of our Maine exchanges, a small but wide awake religious society is raising funds with which to build a chapel, and proposes to invited its friends to a "clapboard supper." The clapboards are not to be fried, nor stewed, nor eaten on the half-shell. Nobody at the supper will be permitted to eat a slice of clapboard. Nobody will be asked to please pass the clapboards. But each gentleman is expected to bring a bundle of clapboards under one arm and a lady under the other. In return for the lumber, the two will be given an entertainment of baked beans, Indian pudding and other things sweet to think of. This is the

Clapboard Supper.

Clapboard supper.

OUR NEIGHBORS.

WEBSTER.

From our Correspondent.

Professor Sage of Ann Arbor, is conducting singing schools in the Webster Congregational church. A large class are in attendance.

Mr. John Devine was home from Buffalo, Wednesday, on a short visit.

Mr. Ryan who has been ill for some time past, is gradually failing in health.

Mrs. O. Hara of Ann Arbor, is visiting friends in Webster.

Captain Arms, an old resident of this township but now a resident of Dexter, was visiting his many friends in this vicinity during the first part of the week.

SOUTH LYON.

From the Picket.

Work has begun again on the R. R. well and James G. has charge, who says water must come if boring will bring it.

There is talk of making Conductor McIntyre Superintendent of the M. A. L. Ry.

L. A. Baker and Adelbert Hopkins have purchased of John Brumby the lot on east side M. A. L. passenger house for a consideration of \$675, and will in the spring erect a hotel thereon. Many think they made a sad mistake in not putting it down town, as railroad hotels are generally pretty poor property. However, it is their own money and nobody's business.

There is talk of a block of three brick stores on the vacant space north of W. H. Ellis.

STOCKBRIDGE.

From the Sentinel.

H. L. Nims has sold a lot to Frank Bowditch.

Fayette Reason has rented his building to Foot & Johnson, of Williamston, merchants.

James Coulson has bought the lot east of Longyear building and commenced digging cellar for a structure 70x22 and 20 ft. high—to be occupied by himself and David Coulson.

James Coulson has sold his hotel to P. Ryan, Mark Smith. It is understood, will continue as landlord. Success, gentlemen, in every praiseworthy and improving enterprise.

E. A. Hollbrook, from Muir, Mich., spent part of the week here "fixing up" with regard to location and prospects for lumber yard. He is favorably impressed. We hope the enterprise will fully mature, and have assurance that such will be the case.

Joseph, son of Emmanuel Hawley, aged about eleven, was taking a horse out to water the other day, when the animal reared, jumped up and threw him off, falling against a stone, which cut an ugly gash in his head and knocking him senseless for a while. He is getting well and is coming out all right, but does not want to ride horses out to water any more at present.

BRIGHTON.

From the Argus.

The donation for the Rev. Dean last week amounted to something like \$100.

Prof. Forbes has tendered his resignation as principal of the Union School, and a meeting of the school officers will be held this Wednesday eve, to take action in regard to it.

Mr. Forbes' new field of action will be at Caro, instead of Wayne, as we stated last week.

From considerable observation of late, we should say that the Brighton mill was having a prolonged boom.

Mr. Miller, of the Brighton mill was tripped up by a loose plank near Fillmore's shop one day last week, and received injuries from which he has been confined to the house ever since.

The Howell folks are now convinced, said Register of Deeds Dudley to us Saturday, that the new railroad must go via Hartland and Brighton townships. However, it may not strike the village of Brighton without some energy displayed by its inhabitants, he says, as the direct line would be about three or four miles east.

ANN ARBOR.

From the Register.

The Christian association of the High School is experiencing a very decided growth this year. Its members now number 55.

Judge Joslyn has decided that the register of deeds shall use sun time in his office in recording the time at which papers are filed with him.

A dispatch received Saturday morning from Dakota announces the death of Mrs. Mary Taylor who moved there from Howell last spring. She has relatives in Dexter and her remains will be brought there for interment.

Mrs. Mary Bailey was at Schuh's paying her taxes last Saturday, when she remarked on receiving her receipt that it was the fortieth. This was considered quite remarkable until David B. Brown stepped up a moment later and called for his 57th receipt.

The funeral of the late Henry C. McCullom, who died in Arizona, December 2, took place from the family residence in lower town last Sunday afternoon. The Rev. Dr. Steele officiated.

The general manager of the Michigan Bell telephone company announces that arrangements have been perfected with Prof. Harrington, of the observatory for the furnishing of the standard time, by the use of an automatic machine which gives the beats of the clock at the observatory. This time may be had on Tuesday and Fridays between 8 and 9 o'clock a. m., the charge for which will be the usual tariff for a message of 5 minutes duration.

PLAINFIELD.

From our Correspondent.

Wednesday eve, Dec. 19th, the Presbyterian society of Plainfield will give a donation party at the Odd Fellows hall, when they have kindly opened for them for the benefit of their minister, the Rev. Mr. Kershaw.

The I. O. O. F. of Plainfield, gave their annual Oyster Supper, Wednesday eve, Dec. 12th. It was in every way a success both in attendance and in the quality and quantity of oysters and side dishes. None of your charity fair oyster suppers for the Odd Fellows, but dishes heaped and crammed so full there is hardly room left for the crackers. Before partaking of the repast we listened to some very happy and suitable remarks made by the Rev. Thomas Riley, also music by the choir. Some very fine music both vocal and instrumental was furnished by the young people. Just so far as laughter, repartee, cordial greetings and hand shaking go, toward making a good time, just so far we had that good time Wednesday eve. Good Odd Fellows, and well go with you, especially to your oyster suppers. The tickets were sold.

Bliss.

FOWLerville.

From the Review.

Mrs. Reta Casner was treated to a surprise party at the house of her parents on Wednesday evening, at the hands of the young people of the village.

C. D. Boutell and wife, of Cohasset, departed for Florida last week. Mrs. Boutell intending to remain there during the winter, for her health.

About one o'clock Sunday morning last, the lamp which James Dean keeps lighted in his store nights exploded, and had it not been for our night-watchman, James Mc Carty, who is ever on the alert, a terrible conflagration might ensued. The contents of the lamp was spilled upon the floor and counter beneath and was burning, or was when discovered by Mr. Mc Carty. He immediately aroused Mr. Dean, who lives above the store, and the fire was extinguished, with no very great amount of damage.

UNADILLA.

From our Correspondent.

I'll bet you can't guess what Dr. has done (you know he does very strange things).—This time he has taken to Davis and Jane a sweet little bird—without wings.

Will Pyper brought his first load of goods Monday, and we are glad to see them come.

A. H. Watson has not stayed yet for Florida, on account of the severe sickness of his son, Bertie.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Grimes, from near Dansville, made a visit at the "Unadilla House," a few days ago.

Ada Tuttle has gone to Ohio, to spend a year in the study of music, with her cousin, Professor Tuttle.

Mrs. B. M. Palmer has just returned from a visit of several months, with her daughter, in Galesburg, Ill. Her grandson, Leon Waggoner, came home with her.

Next Sabbath evening our "Union Sunday School" expect to hold a Christmas concert in the M. E. Church, and the Saturday evening following, (Dec. 29th) the "Unadilla Greek Club," will give us one of their grand entertainments, at "Young Men's Hall." Great preparations are being made to make them a success. Come over, Pinckney people, and see what we can do when we try.

AXIE.

Margaret Washington is George Washington's great-granddaughter, and, being a cousin of hers who keeps the old family place down on the east shore of Virginia, she has more of the Washington blood in her veins than any other American. She keeps a boarding house just back of the Riggs Hotel, in the Capital. Although seventy years old, she is active and alert. Her features have a strong resemblance to those of Washington. She is deep in every charitable work in the city, and a manager of a home for old ladies. —N. Y. Sun.

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

NEURALGIA,
Rheumatism and all other
Neuralgic, Acute or Chronic
Lumbago, Sciatica and
Nervous Headache.
LACTEAL Their complete and perfect cure.
NEVINE Placed in a few hours, with a degree
of certainty that challenges dispute. For sale by
all druggists. Price \$1. Ask for circular.
JAMES E. DAVIS & CO., Agents, Detroit.

ATTENTION.

If you use my

BLOOD & LIVER
SYRUP

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

EQUALIZE THE CIRCULATION.

You will never have Ague or Kid-
ney 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.

This is the only fact all people should know—
Everybody high, everybody low—
All who, by using my Teeth to look white,
Brush with "TEA-BERRY" each morning,
each night,
Each speck of Tartar will yield to its power.
It is an instantly substantial source.
Really, can't find it a very great treasure.
You'll prove by its use—try it at once.



STICK A PIN HERE.

Union, N. Y., Dec. 14, 1881.

ZOPESA Chemical Co.
Your ZOPESA is selling beyond my expectations.
After a trial bottle is sold they always get a large
size, and not one of them but says it helps them
more than any medicine they ever took. Some
who have had Dyspepsia for years are almost cured
already. The doctors are beginning to prescribe
it.

H. L. WHITNEY, Druggist.

JAMES E. DAVIS & CO.,
Wholesale Agents, Detroit, Michigan.

SHE WAS SCREAMING WITH PAIN.

CRAWFORD COUNTY, PA. CITY OF TRUSVILLE.
Personally appeared before me Mary Murry,
who, being duly sworn according to law, deposes
and says: That she resides at the corner of
Franklin and Water Streets in said city. That
she was suffering with excruciating pain from
the inflammatory Rheumatism for the space of
seven days, that she was screaming from the pain
and got no rest during all this time. That she
received relief within twenty minutes after tak-
ing the first dose of Wilson's Lightning Remedy
for Rheumatism, and went to sleep. And that
she has had a permanent cure within ten days,
and that she was up and about within five days.

Sworn and subscribed to before me April
15th, 1880.
J. D. B. CLARK,
Justice of the Peace.

FARRAND WILLIAMS & CO., AGENTS
Detroit, Michigan. 31-14

FARMING LANDS FOR SALE.

One hundred and sixty acres of farming land in
the township of Genoa, in two lots, both im-
proved, miles from Howell and 4 miles from
Pinckney. Address Elizabeth Crowley,
Box 174, Howell, Mich.

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 bulb, 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 price
are guaranteed. Your friends.

SIGLER BROS.

"HELLO, EVERYBODY!"

We invite you to inspect our stock and get our prices before making your pur-
chases 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, Shirts, Denims; full line of the
celebrated Flint all wool Flannels and Cassimeres. Everything in this depart-
ment is new, and at lower prices than ever before.

**Full Line Beaver Shawls, Jersey Jackets, Flan-
nel Skirts, All Wool Hosiery for both La-
dies and Misses, Leggings, Mittens, Etc.**

IN UNDERWARE

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 any-
where. 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 cof-
ees 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.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT!

FOR THE NEXT THIRTY DAYS

WE OFFER

GREAT BARGAINS

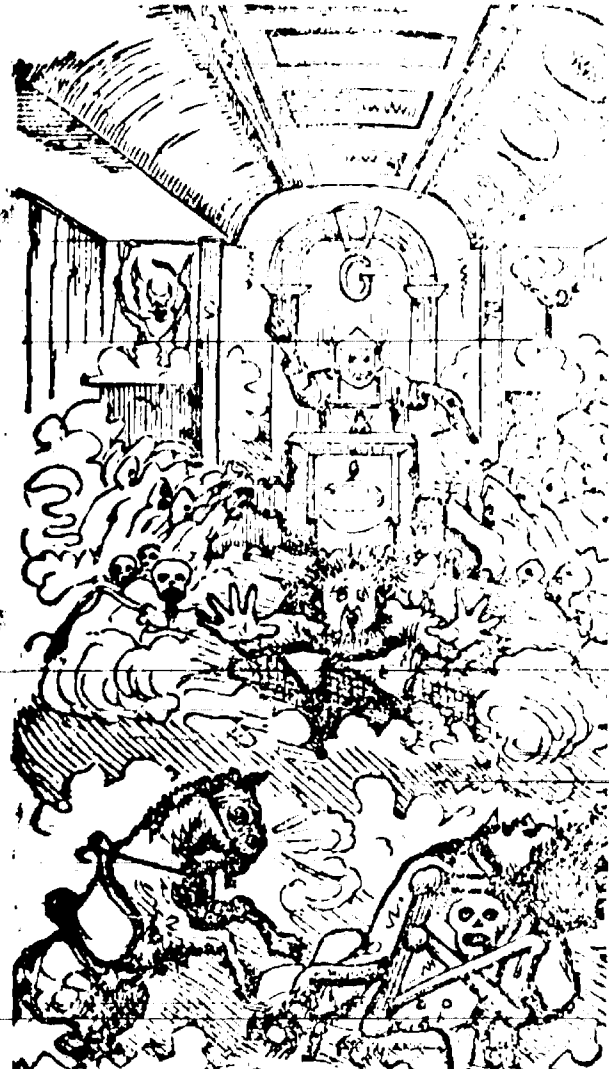
ALL ALONG THE LINE,

"AND DON'T YOU FORGET IT!"

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

"THE ROYAL BUMPER."

"Can such things be
And overcome like summer cloud
Without our special wonder?"



Curiosity is a predominant feature of some minds, but we must confess to have never possessed a large share of it. Had we done so, the tale we shall unfold would have gladdened our appetite in that direction—and to gratify other hearts that ache to know the grand mysteries of a secret order we have concluded to give a little sketch of our terrible experience in prying into the mysteries of that noble institution whose billy-goat has tested the courage of the faithful ever since Solomon's thousand wives kicked because their wise liege lord came, (hic) home from the (hic) lodge so late of an evening. Whether it is fortunate or unfortunate that the writer's sleeping rooms are located just beneath the hall where the ancient orders congregate, we know not, nor if perchance his nerves have now and then been slightly jarred by the "beats" whose knightly bumble includes dancing an Indian break-down with drum and gun attachment, but certain it is that when the Solomonish order of the tower and billy-goat assembled for "special business" one evening recently, and being tired we retired to sleep, perchance to dream—and in that dream what ghostly sights and traumas yebled our eyes and pierced our heart no words can tell. Oh, Morpheus, did we ever ask of thee a sight like this? Scarcely had our eyelids closed in slumber ere we were mysteriously transported to that upper room and stood up like a broomstick in one corner to see but hot to be seen. The worshipful Muckadory sat upon his throne with face crimsoned, midst all the pomp and circumstance of power supreme. Bowing in humble adoration like frogs round a mud puddle were his motley host of obedient subjects. Sweet incense rose in sulphurous fumes from winnows of smoking wool upon the floor. The grand Pota Tah stood amid the smouldering mass with robe of sackcloth girt, and loudly called for him whose rash young heart had dared intrude upon the sacred confines of this room. They brought him forth and then we knew a candidate had come; with muffled eyes and hand-cuffed limbs a young man stood before Jerub Pasha loudly calling, "Who have we here?" The bow of whippers arose and looked askance. "He is a spy," they cried, "his fate is death." But the Jerub Pasha laid his hand upon the youth and said, "He looks not like a spy—but didn't he know, young man, that we must meet out death to all who dare intrude?" Then found the stranger voice to say, "I seek to be a Knight." And Jerub Pasha thus: "Not, my friend, that those who serve do hearts of iron and steel require? And must we fail to stand the test, in vats of boiling oil must fry, nor come they out from hence at all until our Muckadory's heart to pity melt, though suffering flesh may fail?" Then did the young man, bold reply: "Drive on your steers, and let the Billy do his best." "Bring forth the royal Billy-goat," the motley host they cried, and Billy on the scene appeared with wool-sack round him girt. Upon a chair the culprit bound, his stomach soon was bared; with careful poise of hoary head, and tightened belt, the goat did aim with yow intent to make his presence felt. His doom is sealed, "the Pasha said" with grim malicious wink. A shout arose—the sleeper woke—the goat had done his work. Of Masons' direst deeds if you would know some more, go sleep where we have slept, beneath that lodge-room floor.

Riddleberger still perches upon the political fence.

The Mystery of Suicide.

There is often an unfathomable mystery about suicide. In some instances self-destruction tells its own tale. The causes that lead to it are not in doubt. But in others they are hidden from all human eyes. No conceivable explanation presents itself and the deliberation and method attending the act only serve to render it the more unaccountable. It confounds the understanding when an individual who seems to have every inducement to live voluntarily seeks death. In such a case the mystery can never be solved. The grave is silent.

It has been said that suicide is never committed except when the functions of the brain are impaired by the action of the mind perverted and directed in improper channels. Yet history furnishes instances which seem to destroy this theory. Among the ancient self-destructions is that of the most considered act of courage and virtue. Cleopatra killed herself by the poison of an asp in preference to being carried in a triumphal procession to Rome by Augustus. The Carthaginian Hannibal sought death rather than surrender himself a prisoner to the Romans. He died by his own hand to avoid living under the domination of Caesar. It is only by a fine-spun theory that such acts can be attributed to a disordered brain.

Monsieur de Staël believed that suicide was sometimes justifiable. Of Seneca and Horace he tended what most people regard as a crime. Commanders have differed as well as individuals in their views of self-destruction. Suicide has sometimes been pronounced a felony, to be followed by penalties after death in the confiscation of the property of the deceased and the refusal of a Christian burial to his remains. Today an attempt at suicide is made a penal offense under our new code.

In very many instances, doubtless, disorder of the brain is the cause of suicide. An illustration of this was afforded by the case of Sir Samuel Romilly, the famous English Chancery lawyer, who cut his throat while in a temporarily insane condition at his wife's death. The loss of blood relieved the pressure on the brain, restored the suicide's rich mind and caused him to look with horror on the deed.

The deliberate and scientific manner in which suicides sometimes perform their work is remarkable and does not fit with the theory of a disordered brain. The laminale case at Leam is an illustration. There is no mystery about the causes which led to that sad tragedy. But the method with which Mr. Jones proceeded is most singular. He had studied from a work on anatomy the exact position of the heart, and directed the pistol with his left hand while he pulled the trigger with his right. The book lay open on the table. He had left his lesson to carry its teachings in a letter. Lord Castlehaven, the British statesman who killed himself sixty years ago, studied anatomy to find out the exact position of the cardiac artery. He attended lectures and dissections to perfect his knowledge, and when confident in his skill on bedstead he severed that artery with the point of a pen-knife.

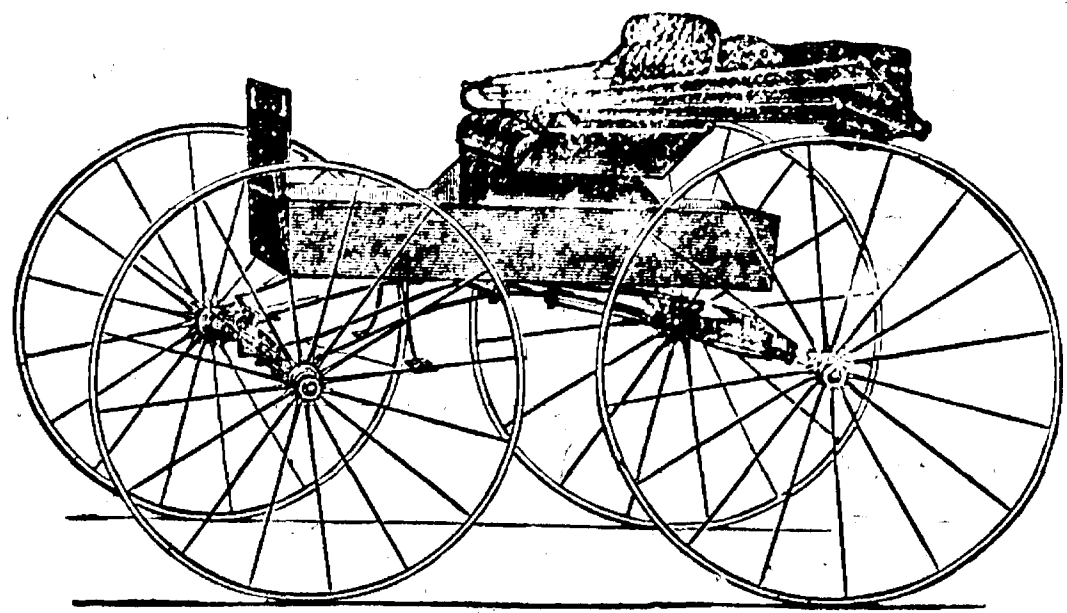
Many singular suicides have recently occurred. A boy fourteen years of age killed himself not many weeks ago. The suicide of Amasa Stone, the Cleveland millionaire, was remarkable. Others quite as unaccountable are within everybody's recollection. How can we account for such acts on the part of persons to whom it would appear that life must be very desirable? Is it true that these are skeletons in closets of which the world does not dream, and that the heart is a locked book which no one but the man in whose frame it beats can read?—N. E. P.

Faithful Servants.

Among the Government employees here there are a few who, although less efficient than the average are retained on the rolls, partly in consideration of the long and faithful service in the past and partly for other reasons. In the Post-office Department for example, the chief clerk in the office of the First Assistant Postmaster-General is the venerable James H. Marrs. Congress has provided that, so long as he holds the office, he shall receive \$2,500 a year, \$500 more than the regular compensation. Another clerk in the same department has been in the postal service more than half a century. Probably neither of these men can do as much work as younger men would in the same places. In the Interior Department a clerk recently died who had been employed in one of the bureaus nearly thirty years. In another department a needy female descendant of George Washington was appointed not long ago, it is understood, at the personal solicitation of General W. S. Hancock and others, who knew of her merits and necessities. In the War Department is a grand-niece of the Revolutionary patriot Kosciuszko, and it is understood that ex-Governor Curtin, who is deeply interested in her welfare, secured her appointment. In the Interior Department is employed a great-granddaughter of Thomas Jefferson. Her little salary supports her aged and invalid mother, who is the last surviving grandchild of Jefferson. It is possible that in some of these cases, and perhaps in a few like other cases, the persons employed are not able to do as much for the money they receive as others do, yet they perform their duties to the best of their ability, and none of them receive large salaries.—Washington Cor. Boston Herald.

During the last thirty years the church of England has raised \$250,000,000 for the building and repairing of churches and cathedrals, and \$800,000 for endowments.

SYKES & SON

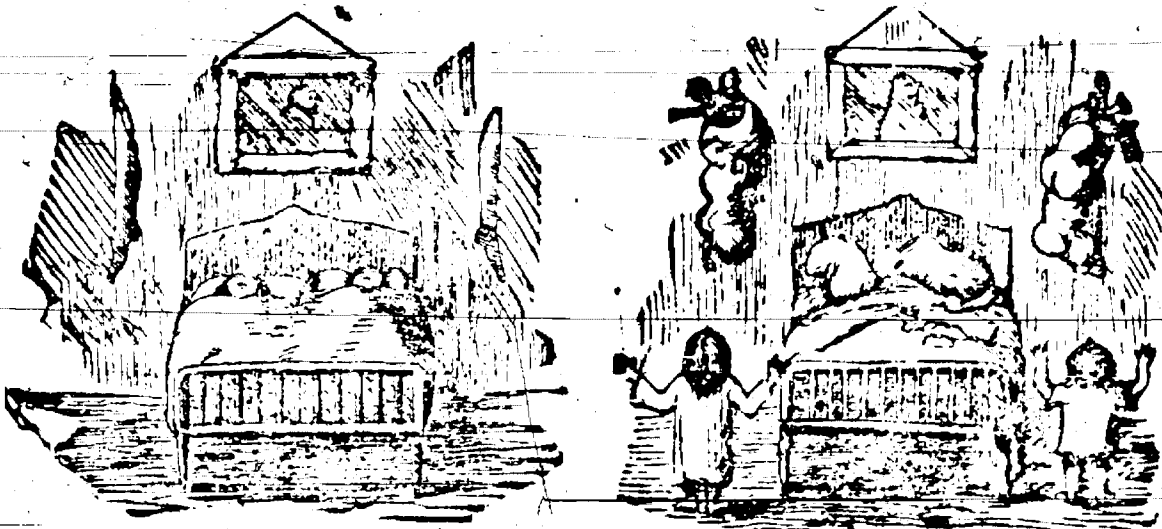


LOW PRICES FOR GOOD WORK.

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 long, unless large sales are made. We prefer to SELL. Can and view our stock.

SYKES & SON, Pinckney, Mich.

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 room 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 ANN 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 Jewell & 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 wanted. 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.

LOOK OUT

FOR THE

HOLIDAY STOCK

OF

SILVER

AND SILVER-PLATED WARE.

AT

BRWON & COLLIER'S.

\$1 A YEAR. \$1



\$1 A YEAR. \$1

TWO PAPERS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE
THE WEEKLY
Detroit Free Press
AND
THE HOBBLESHOOTER
ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.
Ten Large Pages of News and Reading Matter.
The Greatest of Detroit Newspapers.
Five Pages of Advertising Matter.
Subscription Office: 100 N. Main St., Detroit, Mich.

\$1 A YEAR. \$1



\$1 A YEAR. \$1

BARTON & CAMPBELL,

DEALERS IN

JEWELRY

AND

SILVER WARE.

We are now prepared to furnish the people of Pinckney and vicinity with the best quadruple silverware at bottom prices. Also a fine assortment of jewelry.

Vest Chains and Guard Chains,

Necklaces, Lockets, Charms,

Solid Gold Band and Set Rings,

Gold Silver and Nickel Watches,

Latest designs in

Eight-day and Thirty-hour Clocks

Full line of pocket and fob chain loading

Guns, also Revolvers, Ammunition

and Sporting Goods of all kinds.

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 railroads connections for points east and south.

Rail connections at Duluth for St. Paul, Minneapolis, St. James, and other points north, south and west. Baggage checked to destination.

For tickets and other information apply to J. T. WITTING, Gen'l Agent, Dock and office at Brady & Co's Warehouse, foot of Woodward Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

L. H. BEEBE,

UNDERTAKER,

AND DEALER IN

FURNITURE.

Picture Framing, Repainting, 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.

[REDACTED]

There is talk of giving the Howell Jubilee singers a "benefit" some evening after the holidays.

Prof. Egg's writing school at the public school building is doing very nicely.

The Sunday School Concert at the M. E. Church, Sunday last, was a complete success, the large audience room and gallery being well filled by an appreciative audience. The following programme shows the "substance" of the entertainment:

PROGRAMME.
Music: "We Welcome You all,"—School.

Prayer:—Rev. F. E. Pearce.

Song: "Lord's Prayer,"—Jubilee Singers.

Anthem:—Choir.

Reading: "What is Life,"—Lola Baker.

Music: "Arise and Shine,"—Jubilee Singers.

Reading:—Anna Howard.

Music: Nora Henry, Rua Henry, Harvey Pearce.

Music: "I'm Rolling,"—Jubilee Singers.

Recitation: "Grand-mother's Waiting,"—Belle Jacobs.

Solo: "Beautiful To-Morrow,"—Mrs. Deveraux.

Reading: "Come to our Church,"—Frankie Birch.

Music: "Steal Away,"—Jubilee Singers.

Class Exercise and Song,—Rev. Pearce's Class.

Solo: "Children may Come,"—Myrtle Finch.

Music: "Sabbath Bells,"—School.

Music: "I'm Going to Sing,"—Jubilee Singers.

Reading: "A Penitentiary Chaplain's Reminiscence,"—Dr. C. W. Haze.

Music: "Far Away,"—Nellie Bennett, Julia Bennett, Anna Howard.

Duo: Miss Anderson, Miss Martin.

Reading: "A Beautiful Child,"—Pr. Haze.

Solo:—Jennie Haze.

Music: Song "Benediction,"—Jubilee Singers.

He Was Too Late.

Among the passengers on the train over the Lansing Road the other day was an old man with a sore eye and a squeaky voice and a stiff neck. The train had scarcely left the capital city when he caught the conductor's arm, and asked if the next station was Livonia.

"No, sir, Livonia is fifty miles down the road," was the reply.

At Okemos the old gent asked the same question, and received about the same reply. At Williamstown he appeared to the passengers, and, refusing to be convinced he pushed his head out of the window and lost his hat. As the brakeman announced Fowlerville the old man suddenly stood up and a keel.

"Did I understand you to say Livonia?"

"No, sir, Livonia is still beyond," was the reply.

He doubted it and going out on the platform he got a cinder in the well eye and was prevented from seeing at all. A kind hearted man lent him a handkerchief and when the train reached Howell he was able to run down the conductor and repeat his former inquiry.

"No, sir, no, sir," sharply replied the official, "Livonia is still further on. I can't get beyond."

"No, I'm going beyond."

"Then what are you so anxious about?"

"Well, the last time I came through Livonia there was a little red-headed man behind a pile of staves with a corn in his hand, and just around the corner a pile of singles was a big-lad headed man with a rock in his fist. They were daring each other to come out, but the red-headed fellow being the climber, I was kinder thinking you know that is, I was kinder hoping that by the time we got there this morning the red-headed fellow would have got his dander up 'nuff to sail in."

"How long ago was this?"

"'Bout six weeks."

"You'd better go off and soak your head," snapped the official as he walked away.

"Yes, may be I had," sighed the old man, as he sat down. "I'd do it in a minute if I knew twould help my eyes. We're gittin' dus down to Livonia now, and the way my eyes are I couldn't tell red-head from bald-head nor make out who was on top. I wonder where the son-of-a-bitch place is on this car!" —Detroit Free Press.

—John G. Whittier was recently compelled to decline to write a poem for a special occasion, because he can not write even a letter without pain, and dreads to take up a pen. —Boston Post.

—The man who sleeps on an ornamental feather bed generally feels down in the mouth in the morning. —Burlington Free Press.

—In order that your husband may not forget to bring in coal, place the hod near the door where he can fall over it. —Ottawa Journal.

—My Willie is like your Johnnie," yelled Mrs. Smithers to Mrs. Jepsen over the back fence. "You are mistaken; my gentle lamb would not strike a match." —Oak City Derrick.

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 jogging 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 seen from time to time because they find nothing therein 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 and 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.

BOOTS & SHOES.

We have more pleasing styles in our last assortment of

BOOTS AND SHOES

THAN ALL OTHERS COMBINED,

And for Cheapness of Price will not be Un-

dersold by any House in Pinckney.

W. B. HOFF.

AT OUR STORE

A CHILD CAN TRADE AS CHEAP

AS ANY MAN!

AND

16 OUNCES MAKE A POUND.

DRY GOODS,

GROCERIES,

HATS AND CAPS,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

GLOVES AND MITTENS,

IN FACT ANYTHING TO BE FOUND IN A

GENERAL STORE.

You can convince yourselves by coming and getting prices.

Understand: We will not be UNDERSOLD.

THE W. S. MANN ESTATE,

PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN

December 11, 1883.



FAY CARRANT HEAD-QUARTERS. ALL BEST NEW AND OLD.

SMALL FRUITS AND TREES. LOW TO DEALERS AND PLANTERS. Stock First-Class. Free Catalogues. GEO. S. JOSSELYN, Fredonia, N. Y.

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.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING!

AND SO IS

SANTA CLAUS,

For I saw the old fellow in Detroit last week; he said he was so busy he did not think he could get to Pinckney on time, but would make me his agent—so if there is anything you want for

HOLIDAY PRESENTS,

Just come to Hollister's, and you will be sure to find it. Old Santa Claus has left us just stacks of goods, and we are going to sell them if we don't make a cent. We want everybody and his wife and children to have a present. We have a very fine assortment of

LAMPS

And Lamp Trimmings, which we shall sell very cheap for the holiday trade.

CONFECTIONERY

of all kinds—a wheelbarrow full of

candy, wheelbarrow and all for 45 cts.

ATTENTION SMOKERS:—We have the finest line of Cigars ever offered in Pinckney. Give us a call when you want a first-class smoke.

Yours till January 1st, 1884, with a "Merry Christmas" and "Happy New-Year."

C. E. HOLLISTER.

SOMETHING NEW!

I WILL SELL

HARNESS!

For the next 30 days, as follows:

Heavy Double Harness, . . . \$25 to \$28.

Single Harness, 9 to 10.

Pure Oak-Tanned Leather and all my own make.

Joseph Sykes.

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



Clydesdale Horses, Percheron-Norman Horses, English Draft Horses, Coachers, Shetland Ponies, Holstein and Devon Cattle.

Our customers have the advantage of our many years experience in breeding and importing; large collections; opportunity of comparing different breeds; low prices because of extent of business; and low rates of transportation. Catalogues free. Correspondence solicited.

POWELL BROS.,

SPRINGBORO, Crawford Co., PENN.

Mention FISCALY TREATMENT.

PINCKNEY

CIRCULATING

LIBRARY.

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

6 Tickets for 25 " " " " " " 50 "

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

For books or further information apply at

WINCHELL'S DRUG STORE

PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN.

CHRISTIAN BROWN,

BLACKSMITH

All kinds of custom work, and general

repairing, including

HORSE SHOEING.

Shop back of Mann's Block, Pinckney

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