

PINCKNEY DISPATCH.

VOL. III

PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, FEB. 14, 1885.

NO. 5

PINCKNEY DISPATCH.

J. L. NEWKIRK, PUBLISHER.

ISSUED THURSDAYS.

Subscription Price, \$1.00 per Year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Transient advertisements, 25 cents per inch for first insertion and 10 cents for each subsequent insertion. For regular advertisements by the year or quarter.

RAILROAD CARDS.

Grand Trunk Railway Time Table.

MICH. AIR LINE DIVISION.

STATIONS.	WEST BOUND TRAINS.		
	No. 6. Mixed.	No. 4. Pass.	No. 2. Pass.
RIDGEWAY	9:55 a. m.	5:35 a. m.	7:45 a. m.
Armadale	10:30	6:15	8:20
Romeo	10:50	6:35	8:40
Rochester	11:32	7:10	9:22
Pontiac	12:45 p. m.	7:35	9:45
Wixom	1:15	8:05	10:10
South Lyon	1:30	8:20	10:40
Hamburg	4:05	11:50	10:50
PINCKNEY	4:40	11:50	11:00
Mount Pleasant	5:15	12:08 p. m.	11:30
Stockbridge	5:35	12:20 p. m.	11:50
Henrietta	5:55	12:30 p. m.	12:10
JACKSON	6:45 p. m.	12:50 p. m.	12:50 p. m.

STATIONS.	EAST BOUND TRAINS.		
	No. 5. Mixed.	No. 7. Mixed.	No. 3. Pass.
JACKSON	6:15 a. m.	7:20	4:20 p. m.
Henrietta	7:00	8:05	4:40
Stockbridge	7:30	8:35	5:05
Mount Pleasant	7:55	8:55	5:15
PINCKNEY	8:30	9:05	5:35
Hamburg	9:00	9:35	5:55
South Lyon	9:35	9:50 p. m.	6:30
Wixom	10:30	7:20	
Pontiac	12:30 p. m.	8:15	
Rochester	1:40	9:05	
Romeo	2:35	9:55	
Armadale	3:05	10:20	
RIDGEWAY	3:30	10:50	

All trains run by "central standard" time.
All trains run daily, Sundays excepted.
W. J. SPICER, JOSEPH HICKSON,
Superintendent. General Manager.

BUSINESS CARDS.

J. H. HOAG, M. D.,
(HOMOEOPATHIC.)
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office at residence first door south of Monitor House.

D. M. GREENE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
PLAINFIELD, MICHIGAN.
Office at residence. Special attention given to surgery and diseases of the throat and lungs.

JAMES MANKEY,
NOTARY PUBLIC
And Insurance Agent. Legal papers made on short notice at reasonable terms. Office on Main St., near Postoffice Pinckney, Mich.

G. RIMES & JOHNSON,
Proprietors of
PINCKNEY FLOURING AND CUS-
TOM MILLS.

Dealers in Flour and Feed. Cash paid for all kinds of grain. Pinckney, Michigan.

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. D. BENNETT,
PAINTER AND PAPER HANGER.
All work in this line executed with neatness and dispatch.

NEWTON T. KIRK,
NOTARY PUBLIC AND PENSION
CLAIM AGENT.

(Successor to the late M. L. GAY) attends to all kinds of Pension business, including Bounties, Office claims, &c. Thousands of soldiers are yet entitled. I will be glad to attend to the cases of all who have not yet secured their pensions, or who may be entitled to increase. Will call at residence and prepare papers when requested. Correspondence solicited. Office with J. L. Newkirk, in Jewett Block, Howell, Mich.

PINCKNEY EXCHANGE BANK
G. W. TEEPLE,
BANKER.

Does a General Banking Business.

Money Loaned on Approved Notes.

Deposits received.

Certificates issued on time deposits.

And payable on demand.

COLLECTIONS A SPECIALTY.

EXPLANATORY.

We beg the pardon of our readers for the two days' delay in this issue, but hope it will be overlooked, as we were wholly unaccountable for it. Our papers were "snow-bound" for three days at South Lyon, and this we think should be excuse enough, when we are all now so well aware of the true meaning of that little word.

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.

HOME NEWS.

Remember to send your valentine to-day.

Jas. Hoyland, of Howell, was in town Thursday.

W. P. Van Winkle has purchased the M. E. parsonage.

Francis Reason has been on a business trip to Cheshing.

C. E. Hollister Saturday closed out his groceries at auction.

Miss Millie Barnard visited Dexter friends a few days last week.

The best excursion of the season to New Orleans is now open to you.

Mrs. Fred Parker returned to her home in East Saginaw Monday last.

Edward Haynes, of Marion, is visiting friends and relatives in East Saginaw.

I. S. Jenkins and family, of Mason, were guests of Pinckney friends over Sunday.

A fine stock of calling cards just received at this office. Call and make your selections.

Mrs. Jacob Sigler is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. John Vaughn, in the township of Dexter.

An oyster supper was held at the residence of Valentine Dinkle on Friday evening, for the benefit of Rev. H. Cartledge.

C. B. Benchley, of near Fowlerville, stopped to see us a few moments as he was on a business trip to this village on Saturday.

Don't forget that the Colored Concert Co. will be here next Wednesday evening. They are good. Admission 10 and 15 cents.

Station agent Marr, of South Lyon, was in town Thursday of last week on business connected with the New Orleans Exposition.

"Rink" for breakfast, "roller rink" for dinner, "roller skates" for supper, and "rink jam" for desert at 8 p. m., says an exchange.

Those intending to visit the World's Exposition should join the Grand Trunk excursion. Read elsewhere the advantages it offers.

W. M. Birkett, of Coral, Mich., the head of the firm of Birkett & Cowen, proprietors of the Pinckney lumber yard, is in town this week.

Hon. P. Hankred, of Henrietta, Jackson county, now serving his third term in the State Legislature, visited the Murphy Bros. and J. Monks a few days last week.

Mr. Geo. Mapes and Miss Ettie Cool were married at the residence of the bride's parents in Plainfield on Wednesday, Feb. 4th, 1885. Rev. Mr. Kershaw tying the knot.

Married, by Rev. K. H. Crane, Jan. 29, at the residence of Hon. C. M. Wood in West Putnam, Miss Jennie I. Wood and Mr. Augustos Wegener, both of this township.

The business meeting which was to be held at the M. E. church on Tuesday last was postponed till Tuesday, Feb. 17, at 2 p. m. on account of the extreme bad weather.

Mr. Editor:—Please allow us through your excellent paper, to thank the kind friends of Pinckney and vicinity for their generous donation given at the Monitor House last Wednesday evening. May the Lord bless and

reward you, is our sincere wish and prayer.

MR. AND MRS. K. H. CRANE.

County Clerk Ryan has received notary commissions for the following named persons:

Jeptba C. Carmer, Henry N. Clark, H. T. Brouning, Chas. Curtis, Wm. P. Van Winkle, Benj. F. Button, Homer N. Beach, Sardis F. Hubbell, John Ryan, Henry T. Hewen, Newton T. Kirk, Rollin H. Person, Frank E. Duffee, Jas. T. Eaman, Louis G. Pasquell, Geo. P. Dudley, Miles W. Bullock, Thos. G. Switzer, Edward G. Embler, Joseph Loree, Sidney C. Carpenter, Aldert Dodge, D. Shields, Wm. R. Miller, Louis C. Miller, Chas. E. Beurmann, Neal O'Hearn, B. Howard Lawson, Geo. W. Crofoot, Isaac Stow, Wm. Ball, Joseph T. Titus, Walter D. Whelan, Ella Briggs, Luke S. Montague, Benjamin F. Batchler, J. C. Dickerson, Geo. W. Fitch, John A. Browning, Frank O. Burt and Geo. W. Axtell.

"Incorporation or disincorporation" is the question of the hour. A remonstrance to the petition sent to the legislature has been circulated and about 100 citizens have signed it. Nearly two-thirds of these signatures also appeared upon the petition to repeal the charter, which shows very conclusively that there was a misunderstanding about the matter and they are now willing to rectify their error. A petition has also been started to enlarge the corporate limits of the village by extending the boundary 80 rods farther north and 40 rods west, so as to put us all on an EQUALIZATION and place the center of the village on the four corners. But few signers were obtained on it, however, and we understand its projectors have withdrawn it from the field. Without doubt our corporation will still be maintained, and we had better turn our minds toward the coming charter election.

"I was afraid of intruding," he

gravely. "My friends can never intrude on me," answered Margie, and she sat down upon a stool at Mrs. Maynard's feet, and John, who, poor fellow, had thought his love dead buried years ago, sat upon the door and watched every motion of the girl figure, and listened to every tone of the well-known voice, and dreamed he had dreamed four years ago.

So Margie fell into the old habit of going and often down the lady the old-fashioned horse of her father and John fell into the habit of coming up to the farm, as he had done in the by-gone days. He had not been idle those years, and Margie found a strange pleasure in hearing talk of his busy life and his plan the future and daily the starry grew brighter, and the fresh color warmer on the roughest cheek.

Thus another year glided by, and Maynard felt that existence might be something for him yet in the future. But he told himself to be patient, not startle by unseemly haste the person of their intercourse, and so he tight reign over his lips and waited for the time when his imposed probation should be at an end.

And at last June blossomed, sent abroad over the earth her store sweets.

Margie went as usual one evening spend a short time with her old friend. She had lingered talking with Maynard, until the night had fallen the stars glowed in the purple of overhead; then kissing her companion good-night, she went slowly out the beautiful night.

John stood awaiting her at the gate and the two passed out and strode along the familiar path as they done five years ago.

They walked silently along until reached the point where John had that other opportunity of speaking words that burned on his tongue. Thought of all that had passed since the time of his once blighted hopes, did not him from asking the question the answer of which was to determine the future of his life. Glancing into love-lit face and eyes only rivaled brightness by the stars which witnessed the plighting of their troth, he read answer to the question asked "many years."

[THE END]

"Yes," said the Idaho man, "dreadful unfortunate that my gal hugg'd by that ar' b'ar. Do you k' she's sorter held me in contempt at that occurrence?"

The statute of Garfield at the Capitol Hill, Washington, will face the hall of the House of Representatives.

MICHIGAN'S BLIZZARD.

TRAINS SNOW-BOUND, BUSINESS STOPPED AND PEOPLE FROZEN.

On Monday last the snow came down thick and fast; and, added to the already heavy coating of snow on the ground, began to impede the progress of trains and vehicles. The west bound mixed train that is due here at 4:40 p. m. got within about two miles of here at eleven o'clock and in backing and starting ahead so much in trying to make her way through the snow banks the engine used up all her water and coal and could make her way no farther. The train hands and the passengers therefore made their way to the village on foot and put up for the night. The east bound passenger train due here at 5:35 p. m. made the station about 8 o'clock and of course had to lay over. The weather during the night did not change any for the better, but the thermometer went lower and a good strong wind and continual furries of snow caused nearly everything to be buried in snow. Gangs of shovelers went to work on the road Tuesday morning, and finally a little after noon the "dead" engine and her train were pulled on to the siding by the east bound engine. An engine also came up from South Lyon and one from Jackson and the three hooked together and started east, but did not make South Lyon till Wednesday afternoon.

The worst of the weather began Tuesday afternoon and lasted about 24 hours. The wind was very biting and cold and the flying snow almost cut into one's face, and some of the shovelers who worked in that blinding blizzard will be reminded of it for some time to come. Some had their faces frozen, others their ears, noses, legs, feet and hands.

Wednesday morning the thermometer registered 28 degrees below zero—the lowest known in this section for many years. With the exception of playing dominoes and talking "disincorporation" business has been exceedingly dull. The only mail arriving at this office from Monday night to Friday afternoon consisted in one postal letter by the Dexter stage Tuesday and three letters by the Howell stage Thursday. A snow plow was run over the M. A. road last night and it is expected that trains will run to-day as usual. Our village officials were prompt in action and Wednesday morning placed a gang of shovelers upon the highways and the roads are now getting quite passable.

Not only has this vast avalanche of snow and cold been drifted upon us, but it is universal throughout the state as far as we have learned by telephone—our only source of information.

The Howell Colored Concert Co. will give an entertainment at the Pinckney skating rink on Wednesday evening, Feb. 18, of which the following is the program:

- (PART FIRST, OVERTURE.)
1. Chorus, "We're a Band," Compray.
2. Song and Chorus, "On the Banks of the Old Tennessee," Company.
3. Chorus, "Poor Old Slave," Company.
4. Song and Chorus, "Lurannah," Co.
5. Quartet, "Close the Shutters," Misses Dora Prichard, Lula Childers, and Messrs. Walter Prichard and Joshua Binga.
6. Solo, "Wait Till the Cloud Rolls By," Scott Straws.
7. Solo, "I'll Wait Till the Cloud Rolls By," Miss Dora Prichard.
8. Chinese Song, Walter Prichard.
9. Solo, "Dropping Down the Hill of Life," Miss Minnie Johnson.
10. "Dancing in the Barn," Messrs. Will Hackley and Walter Prichard.
11. Jubilee Song, Company.
12. "Those Jolly Five," Messrs. Straws, Hackle, Lewis, Childers and Prichard.

(PART SECOND.)
Comedy, Entitled, "Cabin Scenes," by the Company.

Stockbridge Sun: Charles Hollis asked and received of his wife \$75 on a settlement of a family difficulty, and promised to shake the dust of Stockbridge off his brogans for all time to come.

To the World's Exposition.

Arrangements have been made with the Grand Trunk company for a very cheap and pleasant excursion to the New Orleans Exposition, starting on or about the 18th of this month. The beauty of this excursion is that the company furnish a dining and sleeping car for the use of the party along the line. It also sidetracks at the grounds for 10 days and is at the exclusive use of the party for eating and sleeping while there at the small cost of about 25 cents per day. The fare for the round trip is only \$25.10, and anyone going on this excursion can be sure of a good time and of going in company with those from near home, which will make it much more enjoyable. To insure a passage you should deposit \$10 immediately with F. A. Sigler, Mann Bros. or the Station agent, E. McGarigle.

Real Estate Transfers.

Chas. Plimpton to Harriet M. Colby, lot in Pinckney.

Harriet M. Colby to John McGuiness, lot in Pinckney for \$1,200.

Harriet M. Colby to Levi Beebe, lot in Pinckney for \$1,200.

H. N. Spencer as administrator to Esther Marion, lot in Fowlerville for \$500.

George Hoagland to Caleb H. Powell, 60 acres in Tyrone for \$2,400.

Elisha Case to Harriet Tanner, 80 acres in Hamburg for \$600.

Wm. Jarvis to Wilber Jarvis, 40 acres in Hamburg for \$1,200.

Emma J. Colby to Geo. A. White, lot in Howell for \$5.

Geo. A. White to Emma J. Colby, 3½ acres in Howell for \$2.

The Way it is Received.

Salt River, Feb. 3, 1885.

J. L. NEWKIRK, SIR:

If I remember right my time has about expired for the DISPATCH (Feb. 8, I believe). Enclosed you will find one dollar for which please send me another year's subscription for the same. We esteem it very highly in our family as there is scarcely a week but what it brings us news from some of our friends or relatives. Success to the DISPATCH. WELLINGTON LIVER.

Salt River, Isabella Co., Mich.

LOCAL NOTICES.

Easel and Box Valentines cheap, at SIGLER BROS.

VALENTINES!
A fine assortment of the most artistic goods to select from, at WINCHELL'S DRUG STORE.

BLACKSMITHING.—Reduced rates at Wagner's. New shoeing, \$2 per span, toeing and setting, 15 cents. G. A. WAGNER, Pinckney.

Call on Sigler Bros. for your Valentines.

NOTICE.—Dr. W. R. Rainey, dentist, will be at the Monitor House, Pinckney, Mich., from Feb. 16, to Feb. 23, will also be in Unadilla from March 2d to 9th.

WANTED.—Dressed Hogs. Tompkins & Ismon.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.
We are obliged to ask all customers that have not settled their book account for 1884 to do so at once and oblige. Teeple & Cadwell.

Pinckney, Dec. 1st, 1884.

Don't buy Valentines until you have examined our stock. SIGLER BROS.

Farm of 160 acres in the town of Hamburg for sale cheap. Will exchange for small farm. Apply to G. W. TEEPLE.

WANTED.
Wheat, Beans and Clover Seed, highest prices paid. Tompkins & Ismon.

WOOD FOR SALE.
I have about 400 cords of seasoned wood for sale in quantities to suit purchaser—will deliver it or sell it on the ground. T. Birkett.

Birkett, Oct. 30th, 1884.

All persons owing us on account are requested to call and settle at once.

Respectfully, Hoff & Hoff.

Bush's Beehives and Section Boxes, at Bush's Planing Mill, Plainfield.

Stick a Pin in This.

The Allan Line of Steamers, swift, safe and reliable. Parties intending to send for their relatives or friends to the "Old Country" or any part of Europe, this spring, would do well while the rates are low to apply at once for passage tickets, which will be good to the end of June or July. These rates may and will probably advance, therefore no time should be lost in procuring them now. Full information on application by letter or otherwise, to E. McGARIGLE, Pinckney, Mich. Agent for the U. T. R. & M. A. L. R. R. Agent for the Allan Line of Steamers. Agent for American Express Company.

THE WOOD CHOPPER'S CHILD.

The smoke of the Indian Summer
Darkened and doubled the hills,
And the ripe corn, like a sunset,
Shimmered along the hills:
Like a gracious glowing sunset,
Interlaced with the rainbow light
Of vanishing wings a trailing
Of trembling out of sight;
As, with the briar-buds gleaming
In her darling, dimpled hands,
Teddling slow down the sheep-paths
Of the yellow stubble-lands—
Her sweet eyes full of the shadows
Of the woodland, darkly brown—
Came the chopper's little daughter,
In her simple hood and gown.
Behind her streamed the splendors
Of the oaks and elms so grand,
Before her gleamed the gardens
Of the rich man of the land;
Gardens about whose gateways
The gloomy ivy swayed,
Setting all her heart a-tremble
As she struck within their shade.
Now the chopper's lowly cabin
It lay nestled in the wood,
And the dwelling of the rich man
By the open high way stood,
With its pleasant porches facing
All against the morning hills,
And each separate window shining
Like a bed of daffodils.
Up above the tallest poplars
In its stateliness it rose,
With its carved and curious gables,
And its marble porticoes:
But she did not see the grandeur,
And she thought her father's oaks
Were finer than the cedars
Clipped so close along the walks.
So, in that full confiding
Unworldly only know,
Through the gateway down the garden,
Up the marble portico,
Her bare feet brown as bee's wings,
And her hands of briar-buds full,
On, along the fleecy crimson
Of the carpets of dyed wool.
With a modest glance uplifted
Through the leaves drooping down,
Came the chopper's little daughter
In her simple hood and gown;
Still and steady, like a shadow,
Sliding toward from the wood,
Till before the lady-mistress
Of the house, at last, she stood.
Oh, as sweet as summer sunshine
Was that lady-came to see,
With the chopper's little daughter,
Like a shadow at her knee:
Oh, green as leaves of clover
Were the brotheries of her train,
And her hand it shone with jewels
Like a lily with the train.
And the priest before the altar,
As she went along the aisle,
Reading out the sacred lesson,
Read it consciously, the while,
The long roll of the organ
Drew across a silken stir,
And when he named a saint, it was
As if he named but her.
But the chopper's child undazzled
In her lady's presence stood—
She was born amid the splendors
Of the glorious autumn wood—
And so sweetly and serenely
Met the cold and careless face,
Her own alive with blushes,
Even as who gives a grace.
As she said, the accents falling
In a pretty childish way:
"To-morrow, then to-morrow
Will have brought Thanksgiving day,
And my mother will be happy,
And be honored, so she said,
To have the landlord's lady
Taste her honey and her bread."
Then slowly spoke the lady,
As disdainfully she smiled,
"Live you not in yonder cabin?
Are you not the chopper's child?
And your foolish mother bids me
To Thanksgiving, do you say?
What is it, little starveling,
That you give your thanks for, pray?"
One bashful moment's silence—
Then bustling up her pale,
And sweetly growing out of it
As the rose does out of rain—
She stripped the woolen kerchief
From off her shining head,
As one might strip the outer husk
From the golden ear, and said:
"What have we to give thanks for?
Why, just for daily bread!"
And then, with all her little pride
A-blushing out so red—
"Perhaps, too, that the sunshine
Can come and lie on our door,
With none of your icy column,
To shut it from the door!"
"What have we to give thanks for?"
And a smile illumined her face,
As a star the broken vapors,
When it suddenly appears;
And she answered, all her bloom
Throbbing up and down so fast:
"Because my poor sick brother
Is asleep at last, at last."
"Asleep beneath the daisies:
But when the drenching rain
Has put them out, we know the dew
Will light them up again:
And we make and keep Thanksgiving
With the best the house affords,
Since, if we live, or if we die,
We know we are the Lord's."
"That out His hands of mercy
Not the least of us can fall;
But we have ten thousand blessings,
And I cannot name them all!
Oh, see them yourself, good madam—
I will come and show you the way—
After the morrow, the morrow again
Will be the great, glad day!"
And, tucking up her tresses
In the kerchief of gray wool,
Where they gleamed like golden woodlights
In the autumn mists so dull,
She crossed the crimson carpets,
With her rose-buds in her hands,
And, climbing up the sheep-paths
Of the yellow stubble-lands.
Passed the marsh wherein the starlings
Shut so close their horny bills,
And lighted with her loveliness
The gate way of the hills,
Oh, the eagle has the sunshine,
And his way is grand and swift,
But the lark can turn the cloud into
A temple when she will!
That evening, when the corn fields
Had lost the rainbow light
Of vanishing wings a-trailing
Of trembling out of sight,
Apart from her great possessions
And from all the world apart,
Kneelt the lady-wife and mistress
Of the richman's house and heart.
Kneelt she, all her spirit broken,
And the shame she could not speak,
Burning out upon the darkness
From her eyes upon her cheek,
And prayed the Lord of the harvest
To make her meek and mild,
And as faithful in Thanksgiving
As the chopper's little child.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

CHAPTER III.

Never, during all the bright, idle summer, had he seen a tear dim the pretty eyes, nor an expression of trouble cross the mobile features. He flattered himself he knew the cause of this sorrow, and he reproached himself for his selfishness in desiring to keep for the last moment the sweet assurance that she was as dear to him as he had become to her. He crossed the room and lifted her head, taking the trembling little hands in his own, and looked into her eyes, his own shining with a light she had never seen in human eyes before.
"Margie! little pearl," he said abruptly, "do you know I love you and want you for my own?"
Margie caught her breath. Did sudden happiness ever come to you, reader? So sudden that it seemed as though a flash of some magnetic light had glanced through your heart, and stilled for a moment your very breath? Leonard saw her start; saw the bright, vivid love-light gleam from the uplifted eyes, and knew this sweet, guileless life was all his own.
"I am going home to-morrow, little pearl," he continued, "but I will come again before the trees have put off their autumn glory, and take my bride to her city home. Will you come?"
"I think so," Margie said gravely. Then yielding to the intense happiness that filled her heart, she reached both arms up and drew his face down to hers, and kissed both bronzed cheeks. A moment after John Maynard and Vi stepped softly back from the open door, where they had been involuntary witnesses of the scene.
Vi, in talking to Clarice afterward said—she never heard of anything so absurd as making love over a pan full of apple peelings, while John Maynard went home after doing his errand, and coming into the sitting room where his mother was, dropped down on his knees at her side and laid his head in her lap.
"It's all over with me, mother," he said.
Mrs. Maynard had long known of John's untold love for Margie Lee, and now her heart ached for the sorrow of this, her only son.
"Has she said 'no' to you, John?" she asked presently, wondering how any woman could find it in her heart to refuse the love of so noble a heart.
"I have not asked her," he answered, "but I saw enough to tell me she is not to be mine."
So Leonard Bryant bade them all good-bye and went his way to prepare a home for his bride.
Margie was very busy after her lover's departure making ready all the garments befitting the adornment of a bride-elect.
Even Clarice was aroused enough to forsake her loved books and take part in this romance in real life; and Vi, stitched industriously and vowed in her impulsive manner never to be married if she had to have so many tucks and frills and puffs upon her own wedding garments.
So the autumn weeks passed rapidly and one golden day late in October, when nature was looking royally lovely, giving to the earth a short season of regal beauty before donning her gold and crimson, Leonard Bryant came to the farmhouse and bore from it the fairest and sweetest of its inmates.
The wedding was very quiet, none but the near neighbors and friends being invited. John Maynard received a business call that took him from home at the time, but his mother was present, and none kissed the pretty bride more warmly, or wished her more happiness, than she.
So Margie went to her new, strange life in the city, and the old homestead saw her no more for many, many days.
And then she came alone, her pale, beautiful face, with its large, starry eyes gleaming amid the sombre draperies of a widow's garment. Margie's married life was as a sealed book to those left behind at the farm. Brief letters carried the information that she was well and happy, and for two years the loving hearts that waited for news dreamed of no shadow existing in the bright sky of Margie's life.
The letters grew shorter and less frequent, giving the merest general facts concerning her manner of existence, and then Mr. and Mrs. Bryant had gone abroad, and all intercourse had ceased, owing, the family believed, to the wandering life of the pair.
Dr. Lee had passed from life; leaving a legacy of blessing and loving farewell for his daughter; and Vi had married a thriving young farmer, and the young couple lived with Clarice at the homestead. Near the close of the second year of wandering, a letter, deeply edged with black, came to the little circle at the home. Her husband had died, after seeking long for some climate to restore health to his wasting frame, and now Margie was coming home, to the dear old farm, never to leave it, she fondly hoped, while life should last.
Had life and love been all it had promised to the innocent, trusting girl who had so fearlessly given herself into the keeping of a stranger? Had naught but happiness come to fill the years since she left her childhood's home? None knew; for although the letter told of her utter loneliness now, it breathed of nothing else, and when she arrived at home, the pale, weary face, with its sorrowful dark eyes, told no more.
So Margie took up life again after its long break at the old farm house, and went quietly helping Clarice at her household duties, or playing with Vi's baby, and gradually losing the shadow

from her eyes, and the white, listless look from her features.

The years, whatever they may have held of disappointment, had not taken away any of the beauty that marked her girlhood, but had, on the contrary, developed into full perfection the promise of those early years, and at twenty-six Margie Bryant was a beautiful woman. Those four years of intercourse with the world had polished and refined the naturally delicate perceptions, and Margie might never more say she felt "ashamed" of her mental acquirements.

At first, upon coming home, she had remained entirely secluded from all society, not caring to meet any of the curious acquaintances who came often to the house, but gradually she overcame this feeling of reticence and mingled more freely with the friends of her girlhood days.

Among the first whom she visited was Mrs. Maynard. Time had not dealt lightly with the old lady, and she was unable to leave the house. The first time Margie went to see her old friend she walked up the path and in at the open door without knocking. How familiar everything was! The same bright rag-carpet on the floor, the same brass candle-sticks and china shepherdesses upon the high old-fashioned mantel-piece. Margie stood a moment silent, looking at the old lady as she sat in her high-backed rocking-chair, her eyes closed in a light sleep, then crossing the room, she bent and softly kissed the faded cheek of the sleeper. Light as was the touch of her lips it awoke the old lady, who opened her eyes and gazed half-bewildered at the smiling vision before her. Margie knelt down and put her arms around the figure in the chair.

"You have not forgotten me, dear Mrs. Maynard," she said softly.

"Forgotten you, little Margie Lee!" said the old lady earnestly. "I have thought of you every day since you left us. Oh! how lonely we were after you were gone. But you have come back to us now?"

"Yes I have come back," said Margie simply.

A slight noise at the door caused her to turn, and John Maynard stood before her. He knew she had returned, but could this beautiful—royally beautiful—woman, that rose from her knees and came forward to greet him, her silken robe trailing upon the carpet, be little Margie, the bright, pretty girl to whom he had given his heart so many years ago? It must be, for she held out two pretty hands and said brightly, in the familiar voice of his little girl-sweetheart:

"Aren't you glad to see me, John? I can hardly think so, though, for you have left two weeks go by since I came home and you have not shown your face."

John took the outstretched hands in his a moment and looked into the perfect face.

"I was afraid of intruding," he said gravely.

"My friends can never intrude upon me," answered Margie, and then she sat down upon a stool at Mrs. Maynard's feet, and John, who, poor, simple fellow, had thought his love dead and buried years ago, sat upon the doorstep and watched every motion of the graceful figure, and listened to every tone of the well-known voice, and dreamed, as he had dreamed four years ago.

So Margie fell into the old habit of going and often down the lane to the old-fashioned house of her friend, and John fell into the habit of coming up to the farm, as he had done in those by-gone days. He had not been idle all those years, and Margie found a new and strange pleasure in hearing him talk of his busy life and his plans for the future and daily the starry eyes grew brighter, and the fresh color grew warmer on the roughest cheek. And thus another year glided by, and John Maynard felt that existence might hold something for him yet in the future. But he told himself to be patient, not to startle by unseemly haste the perfectness of their intercourse, and so he held tight reign over his lips and actions, and waited for the time when his self-imposed probation should be at an end.

And at last June blossomed, and sent abroad over the earth her store of sweets.

Margie went as usual one evening to spend a short time with her old friend. She had lingered talking with Mrs. Maynard, until the night had fallen and the stars glowed in the purple dome overhead; then kissing her companion good-night, she went slowly out into the beautiful night.

John stood awaiting her at the gate, and the two passed out and strolled along the familiar path as they had done five years ago.

They walked silently along until they reached the point where John had lost that other opportunity of speaking the words that burned on his tongue. The thought of all that had passed since then, of his once blighted hopes, did not deter him from asking, the question the answer of which was to determine the future of his life. Glancing into the love-lit face and eyes only rivaled in brightness by the stars which witnessed the plighting of their troth, he read the answer to the question asked "after many years."

[THE END]

"Yes," said the Idaho man, "it's dreadful unfortunate that my gal got huggid by that ar' bar. Do you know she's sorter held me in contempt since that occurrence?"

The statute of Garfield at the foot of Capitol Hill, Washington, will directly face the hall of the House of Representatives.

A SERIOUS DISASTER.

Carelessness Causes a Terrible Calamity With Fatal and Damaging Results.

Several Lives Lost and Much Valuable Property Destroyed.

A collision occurred between a freight and an oil train on the iron and wooden bridge of the Pennsylvania railroad spanning the Raritan river at New Brunswick, N. J., shortly before 3 o'clock on the morning of Feb. 7, resulting in the loss of four lives, the destruction of two locomotives and many cars, the partial wreck of one span of the bridge and the burning of two factories, six dwellings and one hotel in this city. The damage is placed at between \$800,000 and \$1,000,000. The collision, so far as can be learned, was due to the carelessness of the conductor of the freight train. The train consisted of freight and oil cars, the latter being in the rear, and was east-bound. For some unknown reason, the train stopped on the bridge with the tail standing on the shore spans. No flagmen, it is alleged, were sent back to warn the approaching trains of danger. The result was, the locomotive of a fast east-bound freight train plunged into the rear of the oil train. The shock was terrific and caused the explosion of an oil car. Streams of burning oil speedily overspread the bridge and ran down to the street below, igniting everything combustible in its course. Two brakemen of the oil train fell through the bridge to the street with the car on which they were, and were burned up. The engineer and fireman of the rear train jumped from the cab at the George street crossing, seeing the collision was inevitable, and saved their lives.

The shock of the explosion aroused the people from their slumbers and, attracted by the bright light of the burning cars, they ran to the bridge and attempted to stay the progress of the flames. The entire fire department also was on hand promptly but the gutters were filled with blazing oil, which could not be turned from its course toward the river, and soon Janeway & Son's immense paper factory, close to the river, caught fire. The chief of the fire department, recognizing the dangerous straits in which he was placed, owing to his small force, telegraphed to Elizabeth and Jersey City for assistance, but before steamers from that place arrived Janeway's factory burned to the ground. John Dougherty, an employe, entered the office of this building to try and save the books, but was overcome by the smoke and perished. The fire extended to the large factory of the New Brunswick consolidated fruit jar company which was soon totally consumed. Next the stream of oil reached the row of dwelling houses on Washington street opposite the two factories, and they burned, together with the hotel adjoining. It is believed they were partly insured. Among the cars burned were two each containing 12 horses. The mystery is that the whole town was not burned. The accident is now said to have been due to the carelessness of the Raritan, who operated the block signals. He cannot be found.

CONDENSED NEWS.

A Negro was burned at the stake in Santa Cruz, Mexico, Jan. 31.

There are 10,000 men, women and girls out of work in Manayunk, Pa.

The French force in Tonquin consumes \$1,800 worth of quinine a month.

Talk of forming an international secret service bureau to track out dynamiters.

Paris will raise a loan of \$40,000,000 for the public works, to supply employment.

Congress is to be asked to help the New Orleans exposition out of its present difficulties.

The old liberty bell reached New Orleans safely. Its arrival was heralded by a befitting reception.

The French intimate their willingness to have a finger in the Soudan pie if England cannot master it.

An extensive fire is raging in a coal mine at Elerrave, Pa. All efforts to check the flames prove unavailing.

If Congressmen Dingely is authority, there is no hope for any financial legislation at this session of Congress.

The citizens law and order leagues of the United States will hold a meeting in New York City Feb. 22 and 23.

Dr. Christopher C. Graham, 100 years old, died at Louisville, Ky., Feb. 3. He was an associate of Daniel Boone.

Turkey very modestly requested Italy to keep out of the Egyptian muddle. Italy is little, but she says she won't.

The New York legislature petitions congress for the immediate appropriation of \$300,000 for the Hannepin canal.

Explosions of gas in a coal mine in Indian Territory, on the 23, killed three men, injured eighty-nine seriously and forty-two slightly.

United Ireland, speaking of the shooting of O'Donovan Rossa, says, "Rossa cannot with any show of reason squeal over the occurrence."

A rich widow lady of St. Rochs, Que., 74 years of age, was married on the 3d at St. Rochs church to her coachman, a youth 19 years of age.

Laura De Force Gordon of San Francisco, the second woman allowed to practice before the U. S. supreme court, has been admitted. She is a Californian.

Matilda Chase, a lineal descendant of Daniel Chase, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was burned to death in Annapolis, Md., recently.

The Harvard alumni association of Washington have refused admission to Prof. Richard T. Greener and Robert H. Terrell, both prominent colored gentlemen of that city.

President Arthur sent a message to the House on the 3, transmitting Mrs. Grant's offer to give to the government in perpetual trust Gen. Grant's collection of relics and memorabilia.

The numerous incendiary fires which destroyed millions worth of property in Cleveland, O., some months ago, it is claimed, were started by a Chicago socialist who has escaped.

Dr. Henry T. Hembold, the inventor of the famous Hembold "buckin," is now in a lunatic asylum, while his wife claims he is perfectly sane. A suit is now in progress to prove his sanity.

The North Carolina house of representatives has passed a bill to pension ex-confederate soldiers who lost limbs in the service

of the state or who by reason of wounds are incapacitated for labor.

The draft of the extradition treaty which has been agreed to by the United States and British governments has been submitted to and approved by the Dominion government and returned to London.

John Sampson, a boiler maker, while engaged in repairing a boiler at Auburn, N. Y., was scalded to death, the engineer turning on steam, thinking the boiler in which Sampson was at work was cut off.

A statement has been made by a Chinese orphan girl to a Chicago customs officer that her sister sold her in Hong Kong for \$402, and she was brought to Chicago to buy her freedom by engaging in a life of shame.

It is stated that five Americans, officers of the Chinese army, have arrived in England and are making contracts for the supply of war stores. When these arrangements are completed they will proceed to China via the Suez Canal.

In view of warnings of the intentions of the dynamiters to destroy the Victoria Bridge, at Montreal, wooden shanties have been built on the ice near both ends of the bridge, and three guards posted at night. It will be maintained all winter.

In the past year 20,297 patents were issued, 19,018 of which were to citizens of the United States. Receipts of the patent office were \$1,075,799, and expenses \$970,580. There were 1,021 trade marks and 518 labels registered.

An investigation by the governor of Missouri into the alleged abduction of Alfred Sheldon from Kansas City last May, has resulted in the knowledge that Sheldon is now in England, and planned the abduction himself to escape his creditors.

Secretary Lincoln has given orders that the leaders of the Oklahoma invaders be turned over to the civil authorities. The settlers threaten to return to the lands with reinforcements, starting from Arkansas City March 5, with thirty days' rations.

Judges Maxwell, Connor and Robertson today ordered that T. O. Campbell, the criminal lawyer of Cincinnati, who played so important a part in the riots last summer, be suspended for 10 days and pay the costs of the trial. Campbell will appeal to the supreme court.

The Portuguese government has formally taken possession of both banks of the Lower Congo. This action confirms the opinion that Portugal will not deviate in the slightest degree from the position concerning its rights in Africa announced at the beginning of the Congo conference.

The Ohio legislature passed a bill providing for the piece price contract system in the Ohio penitentiary. The contract labor system was abolished a year ago and proved a failure without anything for prisoners to do. The piece contract system was opposed by many members who favored returning to the contract system.

Col. Stewart, it now appears, was inhumanly butchered by natives on the island of Wady Gams. Gen. Stewart, two European Consuls and Hassan Bey went by invitation of Suelim Pasha, to the house of Etinder Fakier to drink coffee. Shalman called in a band of natives who killed Stewart and the two Consuls with their spears. Hassan escaped badly wounded. The bodies were thrown into the river.

The man John A. Smythe, Joel J. Wilson and Coero B. Jellerson, who murdered Hiram Jellerson in April 1884, were taken from the jail at Audubon, Ia., in the morning of the 4th, and killed by a mob of incensed citizens. In reply to the sheriff who refused to give up the prisoners a voice cried, "Herbert, every man here is your friend and we know your duty as well as you do, but we are here on business and for business and we want no fooling about it; we are no mob, but a body of determined citizens. We came for the Jellerson murderers, and we are going to have them at whatever cost. We will not interfere with you unless compelled to do so, but we warn you not to stop us."

Not Beneficial in its Effects.

The first case under the law by which a convict may be tried for certain offenses committed while in prison was tried in Jackson recently. One Shannon was arraigned on charge of assault with intent to kill one of the keepers. The jury found him guilty simply of assault and battery, and he was remanded to the care of the prison authorities. Speaking of the case the Jackson Patriot says:—So far as its effect on discipline at the prison is concerned the verdict of the jury in the case of the convict Shannon, on the charge of assaulting Keeper Howe with intent to kill, must be exceedingly detrimental. It was in evidence that Shannon had threatened to take Howe's life and the fact that he made the assault in a ferocious manner with a hammer was additional evidence that murder was the object he sought to accomplish. The jury, however, rendered a verdict that he was simply guilty of assault and battery. This reached the ears of the convicts in some mysterious way, and when they had been locked up in their cells yesterday afternoon they indulged in a triumphant yell that resounded throughout the institution. The probability is that with this verdict before them as an example of what convicts may expect for committing deadly assaults upon keepers, these occurrences will be hereafter be more frequent. Only last Friday a keeper in the wagon blacksmith shop, named Coleman, was brutally assaulted and disabled for two days by a convict whom he had reported, but no complaint was made in consequence of the pendency of that suit against Shannon, which was decided yesterday. Of course under the circumstances no complaint will now be made in the case of Coleman. Under Gov. Begole's administration the warden has been greatly restricted in the punishment of refractory convicts, but inasmuch as it seems impossible to reach them through the medium of the courts we should think it proper for the warden to exercise his own judgment and inflict just such punishment as in his own opinion the emergency of the case might demand or require.

As an illustration of the ridiculous result produced by bill-stickers posting one bill over another, Mr. C. Spurgeon, son of the great preacher, mentioned in a recent lecture that on one occasion in London when he and another gentleman were announced to preach he was astonished to read the following announcement: "Ten Pounds Reward. Lost—Two fat heifers, Mr. J. J. Knight and Mr. C. Spurgeon." Another read: "Pigs fattened in six weeks on the Englishman, edited by Dr. Kenely, price 2d weekly, and kills fleas, beetles, insects, and all kinds of vermin. Perry Davis' pain-killer cures smoky kidneys and notice to mothers, feed your infants on Bond's marking ink, 6d per bottle."

PINCKNEY DISPATCH.

J. L. NEWKIRK, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Pinckney, Michigan, Saturday, February 14, 1885.

Carl Schurz gives his audiences in the South some precious lumps of information. For example, he said to the Charleston people: "Yesterday is past; to-day is present, and to-morrow is surely to come."

If Italy goes in with England to help hold down the False Profit, France will begin to think her interests in Egypt need looking after. At any rate, French holders of Egyptian bonds will want to know a thing or two about the situation.

As soon as the barbed wire manufacturers succeeded in getting a reduction of royalty on patent from thirty cents to twelve and a half cents per 100 pounds of wire they turned about and advanced the price of their goods 25@37 1/2 cents per 100 pounds. If the royalty had been reduced to a cent or a cent and a half they would probably have advanced their goods a dollar.—Free Press.

The following clipped from a foreign paper shows the meaning of a heavy fall of snow at Paris:

Paris, Wednesday evening. Snow has been falling heavily all day and lies an inch thick in many places. The boulevards, streets, and houses present a most picturesque appearance to-night, as the lights from lamps and kiosques gleam brilliantly on the whitened ground.

The Southern States can not complain of neglect in the matter of appropriations for rivers and harbors. They are to get \$3,032,900—that is, if the pending bill becomes a law. While the Mississippi from the Ohio to the head waters get \$850,000, the sum of \$2,090,000 is appropriated for the Mississippi from Ohio to the Gulf. For half of the Ohio there is but \$175,000, and the Missouri will have only \$540,000. An early flood helped the Mississippi schemers and it seems also that the lobby has been unusually active.

Next year the French parliament will elect a successor of M. Grevy as President of the Republic. There are indications that the bee is buzzing in the bonnet of M. Ferry. Hints have been thrown out that the Franco-Chinese war is essentially part and parcel of M. Ferry's campaign for the Presidency. He thus aims to make himself popular. The Premier is able and keen and smart, an aristocratic Republican, and has the reputation of a man who needs watching.

Rossa is a bold fellow—very bold—when fighting women and children, by means of a substitute, three thousand miles from home. But when a woman pulled a little pistol on him in the street this terrible dynamiter shook like a leaf and made no effort to defend himself, but, with only a trifling wound in his back, "lay down"—so the New York Times describes the scene—"and rolled, and bellowed for mercy." Imagine this blustering coward personally taking part in the execution of any plot involving danger to the plotters. He will ask to be excused from all such proceedings. It is Rossa's mission to get money out of the gullible.

President Arthur performed a graceful and popular act to mark the closing period of his administration, in strongly urging the passage of the bill which will enable him to reappoint General Grant to an appropriate position in the army, for the purpose of going on the retired list. The entire American people are in favor of this measure, and it is only a low order of political chicane that attempts to interfere with the method and form in which such an act of national justice shall be accomplished. A law for that purpose will be enacted sooner or later, and to delay its consummation is neither wise, politic nor decent.

After the Senate had finished its routine business Friday, Senator Palmer, of Michigan, asked and obtained unanimous consent to call up the resolution proposing a woman suffrage amendment to the Constitution, and began a speech on the subject. The galleries were crowded with ladies, all eager to hear the first set speech in Congress in favor of woman suffrage. The Senator reviewed the history of the movement and showed how it had grown little by little until now 12 States have extended limited suffrage to women and three territories had admitted them to the ballot box. After dwelling on these points at considerable length, he took up the objections embodied in the report of the minority and ridiculed the one citing the physical superiority of men, and asking if a Sullivan should have more power at the polls than a lame or blind man. As to the objection that women were incapable of military service, he asks whether the minority would disfranchise men too old for service, Quakers and professional men and civil officers now exempt from military duty. To the charge that few women would exercise suffrage if they had it, he declared that all women had not yet reflected upon the great possibilities to society and humanity involved in the exercise of so powerful an influence. He did not believe women would be degraded by the ballot, but thought they would elevate man, improve the tone of political gatherings, free the polls of vulgarity, which now too often characterized them, and cause better public officers to be chosen.

A Great Discovery.
Mr. Wm. Thomas, of Newton, Ia., says: "My wife has been seriously affected with a cough for twenty-five years, and this spring more severely than ever before. She had used many remedies without relief, and being urged to use Dr. King's New Discovery, did so, with most gratifying results. The first bottle relieved her very much, and the second bottle has absolutely cured her. She has not had so good health for thirty years." Trial bottle free at WINCHELL'S DRUG STORE. Large size \$1.

Never Give Up.
If you are suffering with low and depressed spirits, loss of appetite, general debility, disordered blood, weak constitution, headache, or any disease of a bilious nature, by all means procure a bottle of Electric Bitters. You will be surprised to see the rapid improvement that will follow; you will be inspired with new life; strength will return; pain and misery will cease, and henceforth you will rejoice in the praise of Electric Bitters. Sold at 50 cents a bottle at WINCHELL'S DRUG STORE.

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Pronounced A Great Remedy.
Dr. Warner:—Dear Sir:—In behalf of the White Wine of Tar Syrup, I can say it is a great remedy for weak lungs. I had pneumonia eight years ago which left my lungs in bad condition. I used the White Wine of Tar Syrup you sent me, and am greatly benefited. I can recommend it as a good medicine. I hope you will supply our druggist at Cabool, Mr. Gorman, as I would like more of it. Yours truly, Rev. J. W. Brown, Hickory Corners, Mich., Aug. 25, 1881.

J. D. Kellogg, Dear Sir:—I have been afflicted for some years with rheumatism in my back and limbs, and could get no permanent relief. My mother-in-law recommended your Columbian Oil, which entirely cured her of inflammatory rheumatism. I have taken one bottle, which has cured me. My wife has also used it for neuralgia, and other aches and pains, it always curing almost instantly. Send me five dollars worth, as I want several of my neighbors to use it. Respectfully yours, L. Hoyt.

The Best in the World.
Dr. J. W. Hamilton, of Merrillan, Wis., says: I have sold Warner's White Wine of Tar Syrup for years. It is the best cough medicine in the world and has no equal for asthma. For sale at C. E. Hollister's, Sigler Bros., and Winchell's Drug Store.

Rev. L. S. Coulton, of Circleville, Kansas, says: Dr. Warner. Your White Wine of Tar Syrup has been in my family and found to be all and even more than you claim for it. It is a speedy cure for all Throat and Lung diseases.

Marshall, Mich., Oct. 10, 1881.
Mr. J. D. Kellogg, Dear Sir:—For upwards of five years I was troubled very much with my kidneys. At times I could not sleep at night and I steadily grew worse. I used several remedies highly recommended for the kidneys, but obtained no benefit. I was finally induced to try your Columbian Oil, which began to help me from the start, and after using five bottles I find myself cured. I am yours truly, Frank B. Wright.

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A. L. HOYT, Manager.

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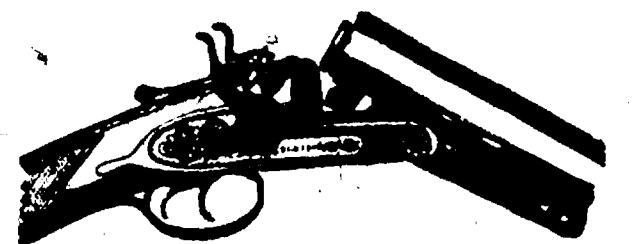
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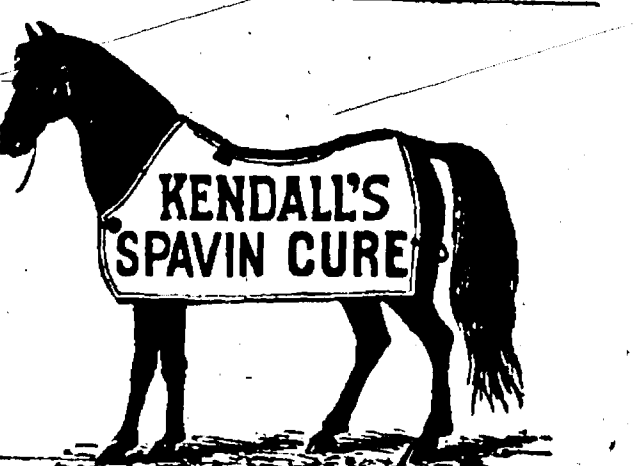
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THE MOST SUCCESSFUL REMEDY ever discovered and it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below:
FROM THE "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES" JULY 26, '84
Horses in the stable, paddock, or when at exercise, are always liable to accidental bruises, etc., which frequently result in enlarging the joints and forming unsightly bunches on the knees and feet. Dr. B. J. Kendall, of Enosburgh Falls, Vt., has discovered a most successful remedy for these troubles, which is certain in its effects and does not blister. The Doctor is in daily receipt of testimonials of the good effect of his remedy. It should always be kept on hand by owners of horses and keepers of livery stables. Price \$1 per bottle, six bottles \$5. For sale by druggists everywhere, and by Dr. B. J. Kendall Company, Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

AGENTS WANTED To sell the best Medical Work and Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases combined, entitled THE DOCTOR AT HOME. This work gives every disease of man and horse and the best known recipes for their cure, and will save many dollars to the family. It is worth its weight in gold. Just published. 100 Illustrations. The profits to Agents are immense. Full particulars sent free. Don't delay. Address at once MANLEY & OSBORNE, 21 Pemberton Square, Boston, Mass.

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

SUPERIOR.

From our Correspondent.

Quite a large quantity of the Bohemian Oats will be sowed in this township the coming spring.

George Wilber has leased his farm to Clarence Crippen. It was reported that he was about to commit matrimony, but he positively denies the charge. Hooking up the second time don't take worth a cent in this township is seen in the fact that there are at least twenty-five widows and widowers who seem bound to hold out to the bitter end.

The Grangers of Salem and Superior will hold a union meeting at the Free church Friday next.

J. A. Campbell has succeeded Wm. Romig in the grocery business at Duxboro.

C. M. Sly has just sold a three-year-old steer weighing 2,100 pounds.

FOWLerville.

From the Review.

Mrs. R. Phelps, who is spending the winter in Florida, sent a box of fine oranges to Mr. W. B. Gale this week.

A little daughter of S. S. Abbott, aged 19 months, fell out of her cab on Sunday morning and fractured her collar bone.

Mr. T. V. Case, of Howell, and A. Thynne, of Lansing, have formed a co-partnership and will open a first class tailor shop in the Scofield building. Both gentlemen have moved their families to this place.

The G. A. R. Post of this place will present "Blue and Gray" the thrilling military allegory in the Opera House about the 4th of March.

STOCKBRIDGE.

From the Sun.

Geo. Glazier and wife have gone to New Orleans, to attend the exposition.

The donation for Rev. O. N. Hunt at W. C. Nichol's residence last Saturday evening was well attended and a pleasant affair. The receipts were \$58.

We have called in vain for the "Call Publishing Co." of Chicago, whose ad. "\$5 for 25 cents" has appeared in this paper during the past four weeks. There is no such company in existence. They are a fraud, we have been duped, and we have no patent on our experience, it is yours, save your 25 cents.

The result of the three weeks series of meetings at the Presbyterian church at Unadilla, conducted by the pastor and assisted by Rev. Lowry and the Christian people generally, is a great quickening of old professors and twenty-seven conversions. This has been one of the most satisfactory church revivals ever held in the place.

HOWELL.

From the Republican.

The Howell roller rink closed up Saturday evening and will not open doors again for a couple of weeks, due notice of which will be given.

One of Howell's observing batchelors has figured out the duration of a kiss to be from half a second to one and one quarter minutes, according to whether it is the wife or the hired girl that is being kissed. He does not give the time required by a pair of lovers to coöperate.

On Saturday last while Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lee were driving on East street their cutter was overturned by striking the protruding reach of a sleigh which crossed the road just in front of them. Though falling but a few feet Mrs. Lee sustained the very painful fracture of a broken hip, while Mr. Lee and the baby escaped unharm. Mrs. Lee is doing well, but will be confined to the bed for some time.

The annual meeting of the Livingston County Council Patrons, held in Howell Tuesday last, is reported to have been a very pleasant occasion. Aside from the program announced last week a very pleasant banquet was enjoyed, the tables being supplied in a bounteousness attainable only by the wives of farmers. Officers were elected as follows: Master, A. J. Wickman; Overseer, John Fishbeck; Steward, Joel Briggs; Assistants, Harrison Dean and wife; Chaplain, A. M. Wells; Gate keeper, Conrad Schoenhals; Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. W. K. Sexton.

Horses That Love Their Master.

On a recent afternoon a team stood harnessed to a light wagon in a stable in Fifty-sixth Street, near Seventh Avenue. The stable is said to have cost more money than any other in this country. Its appearance does not belie the statement. The horses were blanketed. They stood on the clean, matted floor, with their feet close together and their heads hanging in a sleepy manner. Three other horses were drowsing in their spacious boxes. An electric bell struck a sharp note. Every horse in the stable pricked his ears and seemed imbued with new life. Two bull-dogs jumped in front of the massive doors that swing on 150-pound hinges. William, better known as Boston, who has charge of the horses, remarked, "Here he is."

A side door opened, and a handsome man who has grown gray in New York walked noiselessly in the direction of the team. The bull-dogs bounded playfully by his side.

"Take off the blankets," said the man.

The blankets were pulled off. The horses were Edward and a young bay mare. The man stepped to the horses' heads. The mare rubbed her nose slowly up and down her master's face and appeared to kiss him. The horse rubbed his head against his master, also seeming to kiss him, and then, when he turned away, snapped with a little show of jealousy at the mare's neck. Hearing the rattle of the harness, the man looked around, remarking, "He's full of fun." At the same time he places pieces of sugar in each of the horses' mouths.

"Mr. Work, I hear that you have developed some remarkable traits in your horses."

"Nothing particularly worth speaking about. I have horses and am kind to them, and they are fond of me. There's Dick Swiveller. He had the reputation of being cross when I got him. Now see Dick!" The horse heard the call and endeavored to get to his master.

"If I should call him when he was hitched to a wagon he would wheel around and turn the wagon over to get to me. All I have to do when out with Dick and anybody tries to pass us is to let the lines rest lightly on his back, and away he goes in the lead. I never urge my horses. That mare, Regina, hitched with Edward, is very fast. She is a five-year-old. I shall hold her back until she is six, and then I will let her show what she can do."

"I heard that you had a mare that always joined in the circle around the fire and inhaled tobacco smoke over your shoulder."

"That was old Kate. Whenever she heard us talking she would pound away in her box, and kick something loose if she was not released. When at liberty she would walk up and poke her head in the circle and listen quietly to the conversation."

"Do you believe that she understood anything that was said?"

"She appeared to. I think that horses understand more than most people give them credit for. Now, there is a horse in that box yonder that is very fond of the smoke from a cigar. If you were to light one and go in his box he would place his head over yours and take in all the smoke he possibly could. If you were to leave the box he would follow you as long as he could get a whiff of smoke."

"The horses are restless and want to get out. William will show you the stable and give any desired information."

The huge thousand-dollar doors opened silently and the horses started for the road.

"I have lived with many men who owned horses," said William, "but there goes the only real horse lover I ever saw. They follow him all over the place like children. He is kind to all animals. One day he saw these bull-dogs bounding over the tan bark in the walking ring on the other side of the stable. 'Do they like to play in there?' 'Yes,' I replied. 'Then always leave the door open for them,' he said."

"He never overworks his horses. One day he will drive Edward and Dick, then Edward and Regina, or Dick or Edward singly, and so change and give them all exercise. There is a horse sixteen years old that many men would think a great trotter if they owned him. I had quite an offer for him lately, so I mentioned it to Mr. Work. 'William,' he said, 'we'll never sell that horse. He has given me many enjoyable rides, and I guess I can take care of him for the remainder of his life.'"

"Mr. Work is very much pleased with the way Regina goes to the pole with Edward. I shouldn't wonder if she turned out a clipper. Then he gets all the improved rigs and harness, and anything that helps horses along. There are a lot of wagons of different kinds. Up stairs I will show you a pole sleigh that weighs only fifty pounds, and will carry double. It is very strong, and built so in front that no matter how hard a driver has to pull on his horses at times, it will not pull over in front on the horses' heels, as some of the fancy affairs do. Mr. Vanderbilt got one like it as soon as he saw Mr. Work's."—N. Y. Sun

"What do circus folks do in winter?" asks a contemporary. The clown devotes the season to gleaning a fresh crop of jokes from the almanac printed prior to the American Revolution, and occasionally writes for the London comic weeklies, and the "strong man," who splinters rocks with his fist, secures employment in a cheap boarding-house at hammering tough beef. No doubt the others find employment adapted to their respective talents. —Norristown Herald.

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—OF—

1847

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Headquarters for Picture Frames, Framed Chromos, and Artists' Materials. I have a neat assortment of mouldings from which I will cut frames to order at reasonable prices.

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WEST MAIN ST., PINCKNEY.

AT COST! AT COST!

—We will sell you—

UNDERWEAR, GLOVES & MITTENS

FLANNEL SHIRTS, ETC., ETC.

We Keep a Full Line of

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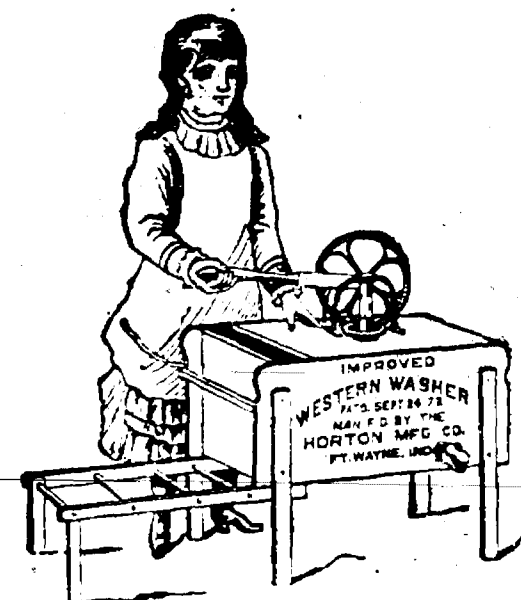
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Improved Western Washer

PRICE. No. 1 for family of 6..... \$ 9
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Over 20,000 in use.



Thousands of ladies are using it, and they speak of it in the highest terms, saying that they would rather dispense with any other household article than this excellent Washer. No well-regulated family will be without it, as it saves the clothes, saves labor, saves time, saves fuel, saves soap, and makes washday no longer a dread, but rather a pleasant recreation, as much as such is possible.

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25 YEARS IN USE.

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SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

Loss of appetite, Bowels constive, Pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulders, Blad, Fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluctuating at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Headache over the right eye, Restlessness, with awful dreams, Highly colored Urine, and CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, and all ailments such as change of liver, indigestion, constipation, They increase the appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, and the system is nourished, and the Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, is regular, stools are produced, and the system is healthy.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OF MEN AND WOMEN, and a Glossy Black, can be obtained by the use of this DYE. It is permanent, and does not wash out. It is sold by all Druggists, and sent by mail on receipt of the price.

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And all Bilious Complaints
Safe to take, being purely vegetable, no griping. Price 25 cts. All Druggists.

CURRENT TOPICS.

OREGON has had a phenomenal experience this winter in the matter of snow. In Wasco county the last twenty days of the old year were marked by an almost continuous snow storm which made a total of 106 inches, which when it had settled down still gave the enormous depth of 60 inches. Railroad and even mail communication was completely blocked, the only means of transportation being by carriers on snowshoes. The people in the town whiled away the tedious blockade with social intercourse, but the advent of trains and mail matter was hailed with joy.

THREE new telephones invented by Webster Gillette of Ypsilanti, Mich., in position at New York, Meadville, Pa., and Chicago, have been thoroughly tested. Singing, whistling and talking in New York could be heard through the instrument in Chicago. In the Bell telephone there is but one point of contact, while in this there can be used from two to twenty wires, each with a direct battery of two cells and separate induction coil, acting on a single diaphragm. The sound from the wires concentrates on the coil, where it is condensed and transmitted as one sound.

DR. GRAHAM of Louisville, Ky., has just died at the age of 100. He was one of the pioneers of the state that knew Daniel Boone. He has always been well and strong. He never lost a tooth and had only one filled. He did not use tobacco in any form. Within two or three years he was not afraid to try his skill with any one at shooting the rifle. At ninety-four he was able to repeat three pages of Pope's translation of Homer's Iliad, which he had not seen for thirty years. During the war of 1812 he was present at the attack upon the fort on Mackinac island, was captured on the lake by the British, and, subsequently, went to Malden, just below Detroit on the Canada side, where he was captured by the Indians while gathering fruit in the hazel brush. During the night he rubbed his bark fetters loose and got away. Several years later, being again at Malden in search of his fugitive slaves, he was nabbed, but escaped through the intervention of General Ironsides, a half-brother of Tecumseh. Dr. Graham owned a band of superior Negro musicians and after the election of Harrison he took them to Cincinnati to welcome Harrison to Kentucky. At Cincinnati, the musicians found their way to Canada. Their owners pursued them but failed to recover them.

THE London Pall Mall Gazette, in speaking of the fall of Khartoum, says: Nobody can accuse our gallant troops of losing a single moment in their fierce race against time in hastening to the rescue of the garrison of Khartoum. The responsibility rests solely with the ministers who refused to allow the Nile expedition to start, in spite of warnings and entreaties, until too late. The vote of parliament in favor of the appropriation of £300,000 for the relief of Gen. Gordon was deferred until August 5. Even then, if the expedition had been sanctioned forthwith, a precious day would have been gained; but it was not sanctioned until August 12, when the government finally resolved it must relieve Gen Gordon. That period of hesitation sacrificed Khartoum. Islam is now victorious. The revolt and fall of Khartoum will permeate the arch of the world, and unless the ministry display boldness and wariness equal to their former dilatoriness, a catastrophe worse than that of Khartoum will follow. England dare not fly before the Eastern foe. It would mean war and mutiny from one end of Asia to the other. She must reinforce her garrison everywhere, including India, even if it shall be necessary to call for volunteers to do the work. Gen. Estlin must advance rapidly to Berber and Metemneh. The Suakin garrison must be reinforced and the road to Berber cleared. Every nerve must be strained to prove that the Khartoum disaster has stiffened the resolution to hold England's flag aloft in the face of every foe. Our duty is not to flinch, but prepare for eventualities, and relieve Metemneh by water. We have failed to save Gordon. We have now to save Stewart.

ROSSA'S TURN.

The Boss Dynamiter Shot by an English Woman.

The Wound not Dangerous, to the Regret of the Woman.

O'Donovan Rossa, the "Irish Dynamiter," was shot on Chambers St., New York, on the afternoon of the 23d inst., by a woman who gave her name as Yvonne Dudley. The first shot took effect in O'Donovan's body and he fell to the sidewalk. The woman continued to shoot until she had emptied her five-chambered revolver. Only the first shot took effect. City Marshal James McAuley was present at the time, and breaking through the crowd that had collected even before the shooting was over, seized the woman, who still held the smoking pistol in her hand, and told her she was under arrest. The woman offered no resistance, but allowed herself to be taken through the mass of citizens and to the city hall station house.

After the woman had been taken away Rossa attempted to rise and go to his office, but he was unable to walk and was taken to the hospital instead. He walked all the way there, a distance of nearly a quarter of a mile. He bled considerably on the way.

Once in the hospital he was undressed and examined by Dr. Dennison. It was found the bullet had entered the back, directly below the left shoulder blade. The doctor pronounced the wound not of a dangerous character, and began to probe for the ball. A great crowd of people had followed the wounded man down Chambers street, and blocked the roadway in front of the hospital after the door was locked behind O'Donovan and his escort.

The woman was cool and collected in her statements. She expressed great regret that one of the five shots had not killed Rossa, and wished that she could have fired five more at him.

Rossa says:—It was a premeditated affair, and this woman was simply the engine by which the cowardly work was accomplished. She had no private revenge to gratify. No relative of mine had been injured in the English explosion. It is the work of the English government, whose policy has always been to assassinate men they could not otherwise reach. She is the agent of the British minister or somebody else. This woman came to me and said she was Irish, but that her husband did not sympathize with the cause of Ireland. She is rabid in her view on dynamite. She said the London explosion was no good, and wanted a horrible sacrifice of life to strike terror to the hearts of Ireland's enemies. I told her I was not engaged in that business, and that I received no money for such purposes, but only to help the Irish cause. She reiterated that thousands of lives should be sacrificed in London. I had been to see my printer at 4 o'clock, when I started out to meet her. She wanted me to sign a receipt for money. The receipt contained the word "dynamite" and I declined to sign it. I put the paper in my pocket and walked out with her. She is nothing more or less than an agent of the British government employed to assassinate me.

GENERAL NEWS.

DYNAMITERS IN NEW YORK.

An attempt was made early Sunday morning Feb. 1, to blow up the dry goods establishments of Garry Bros. and Ridley & Co., on Grand and Allen streets in New York city. Dynamite was used, and the force of the explosion was felt a long distance away. The walls were badly wrecked and glass in the buildings several blocks away was broken. Several slight injuries were received by persons in the immediate vicinity, but no serious injury was received by any one. The damage to the buildings is estimated at about \$2,000. Four suspicious characters have been arrested and lodged in jail. It is believed that the explosion was planned, if not perpetrated by discharged employees of one of the dry-goods firms named.

ALUMNI MEETING.

The dinner of the alumni of Michigan University who are residents of Washington is to be given at Willard's hotel in that city on the evening of the 17th inst.

A HORRIBLE CONFESSION.

A Cincinnati Times-Star special from Petersburg W. Va., says: Sunday, Feb. 1st, Elijah Wease, aged seventy-five, was arrested for the murder of Hiram Ault, in October, 1861. Wease was arrested at the time and confined in jail at Moorefield. He was then removed to Harrisonville, but was released by the Union soldiers. There were only two witnesses to the murder, George Reed and Anne Gun. Reed was killed in the war. Anne Gun disappeared. Wease went to Virginia and stayed till two years ago and then came back. Recently a sister of the murdered man visited in the West. She there met Anna Gun and was told the story of her brother's murder. She came back and had Wease arrested. The fact of his former arrest was proven and he was bound over to the Grand Jury. Later in the day the astounding discovery was made that Wease was captain of a band of desperadoes, who committed robbery and murder. Twelve murders are charged to the old man. He has confessed to six, among others that of his own son. The method was to take the victim to a place called the "Leap" and throw them over. At the place designated and throw of five men were found at one time. They were discovered by dogs bringing the legs and arm of a man home. The murderer was not suspected then. The men killed, with two exceptions, were killed because they were Union men. He also confessed burning many houses. The whole country is aroused. Owing to the lack of telegraph facilities names and full details are difficult to get at. The Wheeling Register publishes nearly a two-column article and says "Wease killed a dozen men. The names of but three are given."

LYNCH LAW NEEDED.

A Louisville Courier-Journal special tells of the doings of a band of Ku-Klux or regulators in Grayson Co., Ky., which of late have been going the rounds at night whipping and otherwise outraging persons who fall under their ban. About 70 of them surrounded the house of a family named Forbes; but the Forbes brothers fled upon them and succeeded in running them away, killing James Shiley, one of the regulators. It is said that the regulators have whipped helpless women, and have by threats run parties out of the country, and not long since whipped an old man named Tom Green nearly to death because he didn't go with his family. Bud Graham was also whipped so that it is thought he will not recover.

STATE MILITIAS.

The secretary of war has transmitted to congress a statement showing the number of militia men organized and unorganized in different states of the Union. The total number of commissioned officers in the or-

ganized militia service is 7,811; the non-commissioned officers, privates, etc., number 88,979; the total number of unorganized militia men, (or men available for military duty) is 6,850,506. New York ranks first in number of organized men with 11,688 men; Pennsylvania second with 8,380; Florida third, with 7,283 and Ohio fourth, with 6,843. In Georgia, Mississippi, Arkansas, Tennessee and Oregon there is no organized militia service.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S OFFER.

The Queen has expressed a desire to contribute from her private purse a sum sufficient to supplant and make effective any reward which the government may decide to offer for the arrest and conviction of criminals guilty of the recent dynamite outrages. The announcement of this wish on the part of Her Majesty has so stimulated popular feeling that it is believed the immediate result will be the organization of a national fund for the object suggested by the Queen.

BAD FOR CUNNINGHAM.

Cunningham, the dynamite suspect, now confined in Clarksburg prison, was unexpectedly brought into the examination room of the jail the other morning and confronted by a number of persons, some of whom at once identified him as the man seen there acting in a suspicious manner in the neighborhood of the underground railway explosions. Among those who confronted him were a policeman and brakeman connected with the underground railway. They positively identified him having traveled on the train from the car window of which the dynamite package was thrown on Jan. 2 last, between the stations at Gower street and Kings' Cross, which partially wrecked several of the railway carriages and destroyed a part of the wall of the tunnel. Several "accomplices" have been arrested.

BURSTING THE BOXES.

The appropriation of \$100,000 made in 1883 for vaults, storage and transportation of silver dollars is now exhausted. The assistant treasurer at San Francisco reports that he has no more space in his office for vaults, and those already built are full, containing \$39,489,000 silver dollars, \$7,893,970 fractional silver and \$86,490,000 of gold coin. The storage vaults at the San Francisco mint are full to the last limit, and the department is urged to remove at least a portion of \$33,000,000 stored there. The vaults at the Carson branch mint are also crowded and transfers are requested. The assistant treasurer at Cincinnati reports that his vault is full. The Assistant Treasurer at Philadelphia holds \$9,927,340 of silver dollars and \$3,826,070 of fractional silver coin. He reports that no further amounts can be accommodated there unless a sub-basement room, not originally intended for the storage of silver, and not burglar-proof, be used. The total coinage of standard silver dollars for the ensuing twelve months is expected to be not less than \$27,000,000. In order to avail itself of the storage-room mentioned above the department must transport the coins (regardless, it may be remarked, of any question of convenience connected with their possible ultimate use as money) from the several assistant treasurers' offices, and from the mints where coined, to Washington, thence to be reshipped to other places, should they be required for circulating purposes in the future. The adoption of this course doubles the cost of transportation. To take care of this mass of silver Secretary McCulloch recommends the appropriation of \$500,000.

A PENSION DECISION.

Assistant Secretary Joselyn, of the interior department, has rendered a decision in the case of the application for pension of Martha Lawson, a minor child of a deceased private soldier. The question presented was whether the soldier at the date of his death was in the line of duty, and the decision broadens sensibly the construction heretofore placed on the pension laws. Mr. Joselyn says: In this case it appears that the soldier was granted permission by his superior officer to go to his home for the purpose of seeing his wife, who was very ill. After his arrival at his home his wife died and immediately after her death and before her burial the soldier started back to his company, and while on his way back was captured by the enemy and taken to Andersonville prison, where he died, September 13, 1864. His absence from his regiment was authorized; he attempted to return and was prevented by an act of the enemy from doing so. After the expiration of his furlough, which must be considered to have expired at the time when he would have arrived at his company, if he had not been captured, which was within a few days. Certainly, after he had been entered upon the government records as a deserter, he was no longer on a furlough, but was either a deserter or in the line of duty. The evidence shows that he was not a deserter, and therefore he was in the line of duty. The soldier's disease, which resulted in his death, having been received while in captivity, and after the expiration of his furlough, and while it was beyond his power to return to his regiment by reason of such captivity, his disease and death should be treated as incurred in the line of duty.

CHIEF SPOONENDYKE.

A special from Standing Rock Indian agency states that by the recent death of Young Antelope, Stanley Huntley, the newspaper man, who was at one time connected with the Dakota press, now in New York, became chief of the Teton nation. The manner in which Huntley became chief of all the Sioux tribes is like a fable. Years ago, before Sitting Bull surrendered, Huntley was sent by a Chicago paper to Northern Montana to interview the warriors. Tired of scouring the plains he crossed the border, and became the guest of Maj. Walsh at Wood Mountain, in the British north-western territory. Here camped around the major's post were old men and squaws, among whom were Little Knife, hereditary chief of the Teton, who was too old for war, and buffalo trails. Little Knife injured his leg while dismounting from his pony and his medicine man failed to give him any relief, and the old chief was given up to die. Huntley appeared on the scene, and with a newspaper man's extensive knowledge of the world, he brought him back to life and Little Knife recovered. Huntley was adopted, and last fall when Sitting Bull and his warriors went east an adopted sister of Huntley's was with them and recognized Huntley. Little Knife had two sons, Mountain Bull and Young Antelope; the former was killed some time ago and now by Antelope's death Huntley becomes chief, as a male relative by adoption is as strong as through blood among Indians. Huntley's Indian name is Wank-pay Wankan or Holy Leaf. Huntley is the author of the well known "Spoonendyke papers."

A FATAL SLEIGH-RIDE.

A sleighing party, consisting of nine persons, was run down by the limited express on the Lake Shore road early on the morning of Jan. 31, at Port Clinton, O., 40 miles west of Cleveland. Stephen Hall of Detroit, Mich., and Miss Jennie Hoople, of Oak Harbor, O.,

were instantly killed and terribly mangled. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Vogle of Oak Harbor, were fatally injured. Mr. A. D. Thayer, who was so seriously hurt that there are no hopes of her recovery. The horses were killed instantly and the sleigh totally demolished. The injured were conveyed to Oak Harbor with their dead companions. The driver of the team, and in fact the whole party, either failed to hear the rumble and warning whistle of the train or did not see it, for the horses mounted the track just at the moment the train was dashing by. No blame is attached to the railroad company.

DEFIANT REBELS.

Gen. Wolseley telegraphs from Korti to the War Office on the 6th that a courier has arrived from the British camp near Metemneh, who reports that the rebels at Metemneh have become defiant since hearing of the fall of Khartoum. The courier also says an attack on Gubat may be looked for at any moment, as the rebels expect reinforcements from Khartoum. Lord Wolseley states that he will remain quiet pending further orders from the government. At a Cabinet meeting on the morning of the 6th, to consider what course should be taken in regard to the present Egyptian emergency, it was decided to send telegraphic orders to India for the dispatch of Indian troops to Suakin and meanwhile reinforce the garrison at Suakin by drafts of troops from England and the Mediterranean. The consensus of opinion in the ministry is in favor of a strong, active and vigorous policy. The ministry sanction any demand of Lord Wolseley which will aid in the defeat of the mahdi and will secure the release of Gen. Gordon, if alive, or wreak vengeance upon the Arabs, if slain. Gen. Wolseley says the necessary operations will be difficult and hazardous, and that it will require five weeks to reach Khartoum.

The First President's Journey to New York.

Troy Times.

If the election of Washington were unique, his arrival was no less so. He was the first President, and probably will be the last, to reach the seat of Government in an open boat. Going back to his election, it may be mentioned that Congress sent one of its Members' journey, the messenger reached Mount Vernon by the 11th. Washington was soon ready, and made the journey on horseback attended by his suite, which included Tobias Lear, his faithful secretary. He was welcomed everywhere with the highest honors, and his route lay through Trenton, which was the scene of his first victory. On reaching New Brunswick he found a barge of state awaiting him, each of its rowers being the captain of a ship. In addition to the crew was the committee of reception, which included the magistrates of the Nation, and on this barge the first President was conveyed to New York city. It was a rather slow voyage of fifteen miles down to the mouth of the Raritan, and then from the Staten Island channel (better known as the Kill von Kull) was a heavy pull of eight miles, but, slow as it might be, it was better than land carriage, and six hours after leaving New Brunswick the first President landed at the foot of Wall Street. The same distance is now made by rail in less than an hour. He reached New York City just seventeen days after his election, and his inauguration took place just a week after his arrival. He was the only President elected and inaugurated in New York city, and the city has responded to the honor by erecting a statue to the Father of his Country on the very spot where he took the oath of office.

A Oudorous Mercy.

Buffalo Commercial.

A story is told of Bishop Bloomfield revisiting the university chapel at Cambridge after long absence. Finding the same verger whom he remembered in his college days, he said to him: "You have much to be grateful for." "I have, indeed, my lord," replied the old man, "for I have heard every sermon that has been preached in the chapel for fifty years; and, bless the Lord, I am a Christian still."

DETROIT MARKETS.

Wheat—No. 1 white	50	@	35
Wheat—No. 2 red	45	@	35
Flour	40	@	40
Corn	40	@	42
Oats	32	@	38
Barley	1 25	@	1 35
Rye per bu.	4 15	@	4 25
Buckwheat	2 15	@	2 25
Corn meal 200	18 50	@	22 00
Flour feed, 1 bu.	4 30	@	4 40
Timothy seed	1 55	@	1 60
Apples per bu.	1 75	@	2 25
Apples per bu.	50	@	65
Butter, 1 lb.	15	@	18
Eggs	13	@	20
Chickens	11	@	12
Turkeys	13	@	14
Ducks	12	@	13
Geese	10	@	11
Potatoes	38	@	40
Turnips	30	@	35
Onions, 1 bu.	40	@	70
Honey	12	@	15
Beans, picked	1 40	@	1 45
Beans, unpicked	80	@	90
Hay	13 00	@	17 00
Straw	6 00	@	7 00
Pork, dressed, 100	5 30	@	5 35
Pork, mess new	12 50	@	13 75
Pork, family	13 50	@	13 75
Ham, 1 lb.	12	@	11
Shoulders	12	@	11
Lard	6	@	7
Tallow	5	@	5 75
Beef extra mess	12 00	@	12 50
Wood, Beech and Maple	8 75	@	6 00
Wood, Maple	8 35	@	6 50
Wood Hickory	8 75	@	7 00

LIVE STOCK.

Hogs—Rough packing, 4 25 @ 4 55; packing and shipping, 4 85 @ 4 90; light, 4 30 @ 4 60; skips, 3 25 @ 3 50.

CATTLE—good to choice shipping, 55 50 @ 60; common to medium, 44 @ 50; corn-fed Texan, 44 @ 50.

SHEEP—Common to medium, 30 20 @ 30; good, 33 25 @ 34; choice lambs and sheep, 34 to 40.

"I-T-A-K-E my text," said the colored preacher, "from de Ax of Apostulus Dis, my friends, am a bigger ax; and a ax of mo' importance to us dan de hatchet ob George Washington, about which you all hears so much now 'mong de school children."

The Management of Diphtheria.

Sanitary Engineer.

There are many cases in which at first a skilled physician can not say positively whether it is contagious diphtheria or a simple non-specific inflammation with which he has to deal, and this uncertainty may continue for a considerable time. If Dr. Jacob's views are correct, and he is certainly very high authority on this subject, diphtheria may exist, especially in the adult, in a chronic form, not greatly disturbing the health, or at all events not preventing the person so affected from going about and performing his or her usual duties, and yet making the secretions from such person capable of conveying the disease.

The precautions to be taken in the management of a well-marked case of diphtheria are, or should be, generally known; they have been published as particulars by many health boards, and through the secular and medical press, and may be summed up as follows: Isolate the patient in an airy room having the least possible amount of furniture, especially that which is upholstered, and having no carpet or curtains. Disinfect all excretions and secretions, and especially those from the throat, nose, and mouth, and all articles soiled by them, promptly, while they are yet moist, and thoroughly. Use clean soft rags for receiving the discharges from the nose and mouth, and burn them as fast as soiled. If other articles are soiled, use solutions of chloride of zinc or bichloride of mercury, under the instructions of the physician. Be especially careful as regards toys, pencils or other articles which may be given a child for its amusement, of the articles used in giving it food or drink, and of the remnants of such food or drink. Everything that has been touched by the patient's lips is dangerous.

When convalescence has set in do not yield too soon to the importunities of the patient to be allowed to see his friends or to go out, nor to your own feelings of weariness at the long-continued confinement. Above all things do not, under the excuse of giving change of air and scene, send him off to some other place to complete his recovery; you might send dynamite about the country with scarcely more risk. Do not send the child back to school in less than six weeks after the attack, about two weeks after you are satisfied that he is entirely well is a very good rule.

If the little life is not strong enough to withstand the attack, and is cut short, do not in your grief forget the danger to other lives which the house and contents may yet cause. Do not allow sympathizing friends and playmates to enter; do not have any funeral ceremonies in the house; treat the sick room and its contents as being dangerously infected.

In mild and doubtful cases follow the plan above indicated as nearly as you can, and be sure that all your care and patience will be needed if you wish to obtain security for other members of the family and for friends.

A Washington in a Poor-House.

The Adairville correspondent of the Franklin Favorite says: "Robert Washington, a relative of the first president, was accidentally killed by a train on the Memphis branch of the L. & N. railroad some time in the month of February, 1883. His administrator sued the corporation for damages, and the matter was compromised last week in the Logan circuit court by the company agreeing to pay \$1,000 damages. Mr. Washington was old, decrepit, deaf and almost blind, and at the time of the accident was trespassing on the company's property, and as he was an inmate of the county poor house it is reasonable to suppose he left no estate on which to administer other than the prospective assets arising from a damage suit. Whether Mr. Washington left any heirs at law to inherit his posthumous estate we are not aware, but the railroad will have to pay the little thousand and all the same. The tendency of the judge and jury and all the machinery of our civil courts is now dead against corporations, and oh, don't the lawyers know it? But the saddest part and most disgraceful of the whole Washington affair is the fact that the state government or the federal government should suffer any of the name and blood of Washington to go to the poor house or even to remain in decent poverty."

Sleigh Bells.

Popular Science Monthly.

How many boys and girls know how sleigh bells are made? The little iron ball is too big to be put through the holes in the bell, and yet it is inside. How did it get there?

This little iron ball is called "the jinglet." When you shake the sleigh bell it jingles. When the horse treads the bells jingle, jingle, jingle. In making the bell this jingle is put inside a little ball of mud, just the shape of the inside of the bell. Then a mold is made just the shape of the outside of the bell. This mud ball, with the jingle inside, is placed in the mold of the outside, and the melted metal is poured in, which fills up the space between the ball and the mold. When the mold is taken off you see a sleigh bell, but it will not ring, as it is full of dirt. The hot metal dries the dirt that the bell is made of, so it can be shaken out. After the dirt is all shaken out of the holes in the bell the little jinglet will still be in the bell, and will ring. It took a good many years to think how to make a sleigh bell.

Why is a falling star like a fog? One is missed from heaven and the other is mist from earth.

Russian Espionage.

At masquerades in Russia the ladies often venture to give their tongues more freedom than is anywhere else allowed in that despotic country. Presuming to be protected by the disguise of their dominoes, some have even found out the Emperor himself on the dancing floor, and pretending not to know him, talked of the affairs of the Government and condemned the abuses which the public feel more than they dare to complain. Experience shows that this liberty is very hazardous, and the arm of Russian power has a grim way of terrifying the detected critic whom it does not choose to destroy.

A noble lady of St. Petersburg had been imprudent enough to converse with a foreigner on the institutions of her country, and comment severely on some of the most galling evils of its government.

Retiring from the ball where she had committed this indiscretion, instead of being driven home, she found herself set down at the door of the Bureau of Secret Police. Being ushered into the official presence, she was summarily informed that she was condemned to exile in Siberia, and that she would be taken there without delay.

Without being allowed an interview with a single friend, or even an opportunity of exchanging her gay costume for a more suitable traveling dress, she was hurried into another vehicle and driven off to her destination in the inhospitable wilds of Russia's penal settlements.

The carriage in which she was now placed was kept entirely closed, and the officer who accompanied her, while he prevented communication with any one without, resolutely declined all conversation with her. The only alleviation to the monotony and protracted suffering of hurrying along in a close carriage, abandoned to her own melanchooly thoughts, was the stopping at certain stages, where the horses and guard were changed, and where she was allowed to light a few minutes (after being blindfolded) and enter a rude wooden building, or post-house. In one of these, at the end of the first day's journey, she was allowed a few hours' repose on a rough truckle-bed.

In the same way the unhappy lady was hurried on, during a second and third day, with an ever-widening distance, as she believed, from friends and hope and all that made life supportable. It struck her, however, as she grew more calm, that there was a remarkable similarity between the various post-houses at which they stopped, and blindfolded as she was, she contrived to secrete a ribbon torn from her dress in a crevice of the wood during one of these stoppages. Hope revived in her breast on discovering, at the next stoppage, that they had come back to the same post-house; and pursuing her observations, she at length satisfied herself that she was being driven all the time between two stations.

She kept the discovery to herself, and at the end of the third day, on the bandage being removed from her eyes, she found herself once more in the Bureau of the chief officer of the secret police, having in reality spent the previous three days in driving back and forth on the great post-road within a few miles of St. Petersburg. She was now dismissed with a warning not to give her tongue the same dangerous license again, or she would very likely realize the frightful exile to which, for a time, she had supposed herself to be doomed.

—Stories from Russia.

A Cold Day for Snakes.

A hunter, while wandering around the foot of a mountain in Indiana County, Pa., was overtaken by darkness. Coming to a sheltered place he prepared to camp for the night. In searching for wood he found buried under a pile of leaves a lot of sticks, or what appeared to be long pegs sharpened at one end. These he supposed had been hidden there by a party of railroad engineers who had gone over the ground not long before. After starting a fire beside a big log he drove several of these pegs around in front of it, on which to hang a blanket to keep the cutting wind off his back. He was scarcely through with his lunch when he noticed one of the pegs, which was about three feet high, begin to lop over to one side and then straighten up again. Then a twinkle of light, like a day's flash of lightning, would emanate from the crack in the end of the stick. Supposing that his lunch had affected his sight, he went to sleep only to be awakened by the gum blanket falling on him. Getting up to investigate, he found half a dozen big snakes trying to get their frozen tails out of the holes he had driven them into, supposing them to be surveyors' pegs.

—A minister who was recently interviewed on the subject of marriage fees, said that, as a rule, wealthy bridegrooms did not pay any better than those in moderate circumstances. Ten and twenty dollars and expenses are the average figures, but one hundred and two hundred dollars fees are given to big preachers. Sometimes a generous bride hears of the small fee paid by the groom, and attempts to remedy the matter by sending the preacher a handsome present. But this is rare. —N. Y. Tribune.

—Rev. J. G. Wood possessed for four years a large lump of dry Nile mud, a sole in one of its sides showing that mudfish was within it. The other day, he carefully cut the lump open, and found the inhabitant in good condition, doubled up, with its tail over its head, just as when it went in to sleep more than twenty years ago. —Harper's.

Facts Relating to the Draft Horses of France.

While some people in America call all horses imported from France Normans, it is a fact that there is no breed in France called by that name by the French people; the name Norman, therefore, is purely American. The principal breeds of France are known as Percherons and Boulonnais. The Percherons are the most highly prized of all French races, and all departments of France go to the Perche for stallions to improve their local breeds. The Percheron Stud Book of France is published under the authority of French Government and admits only animals of pure Percheron origin and birth, established by their pedigrees and the pedigree of their ancestors for generations. The fact that no recorded pedigree can be furnished with any of the more common breeds of France, explains the eagerness of many importers in insisting that all horses imported from France are alike, and that pedigrees are useless.

It is a well known fact that what a man gives for a horse over from \$500 to \$800—the price of a good grade—is paid for purity of blood; and where the sellers are not able to give the recorded pedigree of the animal sold as evidence of additional value, he has no right to ask it. With these facts before him, no intelligent man will buy a horse imported from France unless he is recorded with his pedigree in full in the stud book in France, and the importer furnishes with his bill of sale, the French certificate of registration, as this is the only guarantee of safety, a large number of horses of unknown blood being imported to this country and sold as pure bred.

To the Afflicted.

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STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF LIVINGSTON, ss.

Probate Court for said County, Estate of LILLIS G. SPALDING, Deceased.

The undersigned having been appointed by the Judge of Probate of said County, Commissioners on claims in the matter of said estate, and six months from the twenty third day of January, A. D. 1885, having been allowed by said Judge of Probate to all persons holding claims against said estate, in which to present their claims to us for examination and adjustment.

Notice is hereby given that we will meet on Monday the twenty third day of March, A. D. 1885, and on Friday, the twenty fourth day of April, D. 1885, at ten o'clock, A. M. of each day at the residence of ALBERT G. WILSON, in the township of Putnam, in said County, to receive and examine such claims.

Dated, Howell, January 23d, 1885.
James T. Egan, Commissioners
James Marble, on Claims
Chas. W. Haze.

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