

PINCKNEY DISPATCH.

VOL. III

PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, JULY 2, 1885.

NO. 25

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

ALL ADVERTISING BILLS DUE QUARTERLY.

This paper may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.) where advertising contracts may be made for it in New York.

RAILROAD CARD.

Grand Trunk Railway Time Table.

MICH. AIR LINE DIVISION.

GOING EAST.	STATIONS.	GOING WEST.
P. M. A. M. P. M. A. M.		P. M. A. M. P. M. A. M.
4:50 7:35	RIDGEWAY	9:35 5:55
4:20 7:05	Armad	10:00 6:15
3:50 6:35	Home	10:30 6:40
2:40 5:30	Rochester	11:00 7:05
2:00 6:10	dp Pontiac	ar 12:10 7:30
8:05 9:40	Wixom	dp 5:30 2:25
7:30 9:15	So. Lyon	ar 6:05 3:50
6:40 8:25	Hamburg	dp 7:30 3:30
5:50 7:35	PINCKNEY	ar 8:40 3:55
4:55 6:40	Mount Perrier	dp 9:15 4:10
4:25 6:10	Stockbridge	ar 9:35 4:25
3:40 5:25	Henrietta	dp 10:05 4:50
3:00 4:45	JACKSON	ar 10:45 5:05

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

BUSINESS CARDS.

J. H. HOAG, M. D.,
(HOMOEOPATHIC.)
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office at residence on East Main street.

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

GRIMES & JOHNSON,
Proprietors of
PINCKNEY FLOURING AND CUS-
TOM MILLS,
Dealers in Flour and Feed. Cash paid for all kinds of grain. Pinckney, Michigan.

W. P. VAN WINKLE,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW
and SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
Office over Jigler's Drug Store. PINCKNEY

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

BANGS & KIRKLAND,
ATTORNEYS,
330 OPERA HOUSE BLOCK, CHICAGO, attend carefully to business sent them from other places.

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.

The Hero to the front again for 1885. Farmers, look to your interest and get the Hero Reaper and save your grain and clover seed, a reaper that you can depend upon in all kinds and conditions of grain. Don't be deceived by buying a poor, cheap machine because you can get it at a low price. The Hero is sold on its merits, any good farmer can have one on trial. I keep a few here in stock, also a full line of repairs always on hand. I also sell the Hoosier Grain Drills which are acknowledged to be the best drill made. I have corn and field cultivators for one or two horses, shovel plows and horse hoes and plow repairs for various bottles. I am also agent for the J. I. Case celebrated threshing machines and steam engines.

JAS. MARKEY, General Agent.
22tf Pinckney, Mich.

INTERESTING TOPICS.

TRESPASS NOTICE.

All persons are hereby forbid trespassing in my huckleberry swamp and picking berries therefrom after this date.
LEWIS LOVE.
Dated, Pinckney, July 2, 1885.

WAIT FOR CATHCART—The photographer. He will be in Pinckney soon with his car, and make you pictures satisfactory and reasonable.

Flags and Fourth of July goods at Winchell's Drug Store.

BOWERY DANCE AT THE RINK—day and evening of the 4th.

C. F. LARUE.

CATHCART, THE PHOTOGRAPHER—intends coming here soon. If you want some good pictures taken wait for him and he will give you satisfaction.

ABERDEEN ANGUS GRADES.—The Poiled Aberdeen bull, "The Don" at the Scotch Stock Farm, will serve a limited number of cows at not less than \$5 per cow, cash. Apply early to 23tf W. M. COLLIE, Herdsman.

Japanese Lanterns and Fireworks at Winchell's Drug Store.

I have on hand some first class cider vinegar which I will sell cheap. Inquire at Pettysville cider mill.
24w3 S. M. COOKE.

PETTSVILLE MILLS.—Having repaired my mills I am now ready to do first class work. Flour, as good as any brand on hand, we also keep feed for sale.
24w5 S. A. PETTYS.

James Markey, of this place, has secured the agency of the Allan Line of Steamers. He is also agent for the celebrated Jones Scales.

Farmers, call at Markey's and see the new Climax light Mower, for which he is agent. It is a model of beauty and perfection.

WANTED.

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

The Greatest Medicine of the Age.

Kellogg's Columbian Oil is a powerful remedy, which can be taken internally as well as externally by the tenderest infant. It cures almost instantly, is pleasant, acting directly upon the nervous system, causing a sudden buoyancy of the mind. In short, the wonderful effects of this wonderful remedy cannot be explained in written language. A single dose inhaled and taken according to directions will convince anyone that it is all that is claimed for it. Warranted to cure the following diseases: Rheumatism or Kidney Disease in any form, Headache, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Sprains, Bruises, Flesh Wounds, Blisters, Burns, Corns, Spinal Affections, Colic, Cramping Pains, Cholera Morbus, Flux, Diarrhoea, Coughs, Colds, Bronchial Affection, Catarrh, and all aches and pains, external or internal. Full directions with each bottle.
For Sale at WINCHELL'S DRUG STORE.

The kidneys cannot perform their proper office when diseased and at the same time expel the impurities that should pass off through their proper action. A few doses of Kellogg's Columbian Oil will convince the most skeptical that it acts directly on the kidneys.

Kellogg's Columbian Oil is composed of vegetable products in a highly concentrated form, and acts directly on the kidneys. It cures rheumatism and all other aches and pains.

THAT HACKING COUGH can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it.

WILL YOU SUFFER with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you.

CATARRH CURED, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free.

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cts.

SHILOH'S COUGH and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures consumption.

SHILOH'S VITALIZER is what you need for constipation, loss of appetite, dizziness, and all symptoms of dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle.

CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH and bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure.

For sale by H. F. Stigler & Bro.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

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.

Full program of the 4th on last page.
Pretty cool for ice cream and lemonade.

Last Thursday was a good business day for Pinckney.

M. W. Bullock, of Howell, was in the village last week.

John Weimerster, Howell, visited Pinckney Tuesday.

Chas. Ellis erected his swing on the square Wednesday.

Much wool has been marketed here and still some comes in.

Chas. Root, of Ann Arbor, is visiting his nephew, R. W. Lake.

J. Winchell and Dr. J. H. Hoag visited Stockbridge Friday.

Don't forget the dance at the Monitor House Friday evening.

Mrs. Frank Rumsey, of Jackson, visited Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Parker last week.

Mr. F. N. Monroe, of Howell, was over to see the machinery display last Thursday.

The M. E. parsonage has received a coat of paint; as has also J. H. Barton's new barn.

Two excursion trains to Whitmore Lake passed over this road from Jackson Saturday.

T. R. Shields will orate at Gregory, and the old Unadilla band will furnish music the 4th.

Miss Millie Barnard will have an ice cream parlor in Reason's new store on the Fourth.

Salaried postoffices are on the decline. The reduction in postage makes their earnings less.

An exhibition of Waldon's combined road builder will be held on the streets to-morrow afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Ransome Densmore, of Dansville, were guests at Wm. Hendee's Thursday last.

The M. E. Sunday school is planning an excursion to Whitmore Lake to take place in the near future.

Master Jay Wilcox, of Jackson, is visiting his grandfather, W. A. Wilcox, and other Pinckney friends.

None should miss seeing the street parade Saturday, as it will be one of magnitude and composed of many new features.

J. Croulea and family start to-day for his former home in Ohio. He has not made up his mind definitely where he will locate.

Mat. Wixom's show exhibited here last night to a good sized audience and all seemed to be well pleased with the entertainment.

J. McGuiness and wife were called to Dexter Monday to attend the funeral of Miss Rose Dolan, (Mrs. M's sister) who died Sunday.

Rev. Fred M. Coddington has accepted the call to become pastor of Congregational church at this place and will begin his labors on Sunday, July 12.

The Pinckney base ball club proved an easy victim to the Pleasant Lake team last Saturday, and not a very close game was played on either side.

G. A. Richards, who is at Grand Rapids learning the tinner's trade, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. Richards and other Pinckney friends this week.

An Ann Arbor man whose eyesight is a little dim planted some glass beads this spring and was sorely disappointed that they sent forth no pea sprouts.

Added to the many attractions of our celebration will be a wrestling match between Mr. Heine, of Fowlerville, and Chas. Burden, of this township, for \$10 a side.

Parker & Spears have built a very neat and strong iron door for G. W.

Teeple's bank building. Mr. Teeple has also added some fine curtains to his windows.

F. G. Rose, of this place, while visiting his sons at Bay City last week, received a severe paralytic stroke, and still lies quite low from its effects. This is the second shock that Mr. Rose has received.

C. R. Mabley, Detroit's great business man, died at his residence in that place on Tuesday morning, the funeral services being held to-day at his late residence and the remains will be laid at rest at his former home, Pontiac.

The schools at this place close to-morrow afternoon with rhetorical exercises, beginning about 2 o'clock. It would show to both teachers and pupils that their labors and efforts are appreciated if you would visit them on this occasion.

Leslie Local:—"A soap man struck Leslie last week and instantly quite a crowd gathered, bent on swindling him right under the nose of the village officers. As to how badly he was beaten you are referred to Mr. C. Mr. and Mr. —."

About 20 tickets were sold at this station yesterday for Jackson, but a break-down to the engine at Pontiac delayed the morning train so that it did not reach here until about noon, and we hardly think the passengers enjoyed the Fourpaugh afternoon performance.

Miss Kate Brown closed her labors as teacher in the Fowlerville Union School on Friday last, and Saturday returned to her home near this place. Miss Brown has taught at that place two years and leaves with the best of recommendations from both officers and patrons of the school.

We will print 1000 4th of July programs and scatter them among the crowd Saturday morning. We have secured a card from most of our business firms to place upon it, and if there are any whom we have not seen that wish one inserted they should make arrangements with us to-day.

The 4th of July subscription list is now in the hands of the treasurer, J. McGuiness, and it is to be hoped that all who have subscribed will march promptly up to the "captain's office" and pay the same. The money ought all to be in the hands of the treasurer at least by to-morrow night, so that he can meet the expenses that must be paid.

The Air Line road will sell round trip tickets at half fare on July 3d and 4th, good to return until the 6th, inclusive. A special train will also be run on the 4th between South Lyon and Jackson, leaving this place at 8:05 A. M. and returning it leaves Jackson at 6:30. On that day the mixed trains (No. 5 and 6) will be cancelled between South Lyon and Jackson.

An exchange tells of a scheme by which farmers are being swindled this spring. A soft-spoken individual approaches the tiller of the soil with a document which appears to be a petition to reduce taxes. The petition properly cut up becomes a note due in ninety days, and this note is sold and the soft individual collars the proceeds and skips, while the paper getting into the hands of another purchaser, the farmer has to pay it.

One of S. Andrews' Deering agents from Howell by the name of McManis came over to this place on Thursday last with the intention of dissuading some from taking the Buckeye machines that they had purchased from Mr. Reason. While this was a low, mean and contemptible little trick, we can not say that it did any particular harm to any one with the exception of himself, and the standing of his machine (the Deering) we think was somewhat diminished, as he took all kinds of "bluffs" from both Reason and State agent Sellman and the crowd sent up three cheers for the Buckeyes.

Delivery Day.

The delivery day of machinery sold by G. W. Reason held at this place on Thursday last was the grandest thing of the kind ever known in this section. It was also a good boom for the Buckeye machines and showed that the farmers in this vicinity consider them the best. Mr. Reason had sold this season and delivered that day 21 mowers, 16 binders, 3 reapers (mostly Buckeye) and a Birdsall traction engine, amounting in all to about \$5,000.00 worth. By noon on that day the streets of the village were well crowded with people and teams and it appeared to be quite a gala day, the purchasers of machines taking dinner at the Monitor House at Mr. Reason's expense. At about 2:30 o'clock P. M.—the machines having been previously loaded into the farmers' wagons at the depot—the procession was formed on Pearl street, headed by the Birdsall traction engine drawing a Birdsall separator and the Cornet Band, after which came a Buckeye binder in motion, the loaded binders, reapers and mowers, on some of which were appropriate mottoes and banners such as "The Buckeyes leads them all."

"We are at the Deering's wake," etc., while at the horses heads were attached streamers with the word "Buckeye" upon them. The procession passed west down Main St., to Marion St., thence south to Livingston St., thence east to Mill St., thence north to Unadilla St., thence west to Howell St., thence south to Main, where they disbanded, each going his respective way seemingly happy and well satisfied with his purchase.

Last week's Journal alluded to the yield of wool this spring from 20 sheep owned by "R. W. Clark," Newark. The name should have read "R. W. Lake." Their respective fleeces were as follows, the figures given denoting pounds and ounces: 13.14, 12.12, 12.12, 14.04, 13.09, 13.08, 13.04, 14, 15, 13.08, 15.08, 13.08, 14, 12.12, 20.11, 17, 15.04, 17. One two-year-ram sheared 24 lbs. Mr. Lake purchased the sheep of Henry Padley and Stephen Teeple, of Livingston county, this State, and they are good ones.—Gartiot Co. Journal.

A petition has been extensively circulated and largely signed, asking for the establishment of a tri-weekly mail route between this place and Gregory Station. The purpose is to go by the way of the County house, Wimble's Corners and Plainfield to Gregory Station. The new route would establish two new postoffices—one at the County house and the other at Wimble's Corners. The southern portion of the county is greatly in need of better communication with the county seat, and we hope they will succeed in establishing the route.—Democrat.

The people of Howell are making a gigantic effort to secure the closing up of the gap existing in the T. A. A. & N. M. R. R., between South Lyon and Owosso. They have raised a huge bonus, and are using all the influence they can wield to have the line extended via that place. This route would run parallel with the D. L. & N. R. R. from South Lyon to Howell, and also parallel with the D. & M. R. R. from Durand to Owosso. A far better paying route would have been from Ann Arbor through Pinckney and Howell to Owosso, but it's too late for that.—Ann Arbor Courier.

At Howell, Mich., the trial of a man who fired into a party of men engaged in a charivari about the house of a newly married couple, whereby one of the hoodlums was killed, has just terminated in a failure of the jury to convict. The telegraphic dispatches to-day tell of a similar case in Illinois, where a brother of the bride fired twice at the charivari party, and killed one of them. He will probably be acquitted; at least it is hardly to be expected that any jury will convict him. Popular feeling is such that every person who joins in a charivari, or "horning" as the rural roughs call it, takes his life in his hand; and if he is shot by the victim of the insulting hubbub, a jury will be almost certain to take the view that it served him so nearly right that the shooter will not be convicted. Post.

IN THE DEEP WOODS.

There is a spring-time in my soul to-day,
A peace of peace I seldom reach,
As the solemn woods my footsteps stray,
Where brooks have voices and the shadows
speech.

Silent as one who treads dark minister's shoes,
I wander onward past these leafy shrines,
While sunset thro' green casements softly
smiles
And swings its rosy censers mid the pines.

Far overhead the beech-trees' spreading net
Lies in faint glimpses of the sky's blue roof;
The tired leaves, dyed scarlet by sunset,
Fall tangled in the brown earth's dusky wool.

I hear the young brook whisper to the leaves,
And mark its scattered silver on the moss;
In dreamy air the spider darts weaves
A filmy sail for idle winds to toss.

I pause beside the altars of the trees,
Where incense floats from every budding
spray,
And like some distant sighing of the seas,
Sound the soft wind-harps waking far away.

The air seems as a chalice, and its rim
Is overflowed by sunlight's yellow wine,
And some falling shadows softly dim
The mystery of its coloring divine.

I smell the vague, sweet odor of the grass,
The perfume of past spring-times come again,
And every breeze that down the glades doth
pass,
Bears whispers of the silvery, summer rain.

In these deep woods immortal yearnings wake
The cares of yesterday become as dreams;
All lesser things my soul would e'er forsake
To linger here, where such enchantment
speaks.

What is it to wander from the world's set free,
To feel the soft air blow upon my face;
Oh! no more rapture, he who knows not thee,
Hath never known life's one supreme grace.

The leaves and flowers are poems, every brook
That laves the slim stalk of some bending
reed.

Is but a sentence in that wondrous book
Where Goutie finds its grand, eternal creed.

Here Nature wakes about her haunts divine
Far sweeter than earth's feeble
blyss,
What strains aerial haunt the dusky pine,
Whose blackened shade the star of evening
dime.

All better, nobler feelings come on me more
To meet with me as I wander here,
Like ship returning from a brighter shore,
I greet them with the silence of a tear.

Fain would I dwell forever here alone
In the great world's untroubled and forgot,
An ever-living calm about me thrown,
The stars of eve to soothe the spot.

I would not hear the far off city's hum,
The tumult of the roadside life should cease,
To this dim refuge naught should ever come
To mar the blissful perfectness of peace.

Oh, song immortal, oh, divinely sung!
Where shall I find thee, if it be not here?
I will no more return unto the throng;
Here will I rest and dream thee ever near.

The woods shall yield their secrets unto me,
The sky smile softly thro' these leafy bars
While evermore my feet shall follow thee
Up paths leading to a land of stars.

—Evelyn Alden Miller, in *The Current*.

FOURTH COUSINS.

In the early summer of 1860 I went upon a visit to a distant relative of mine who lived in one of the Shetland Islands. It was early summer with myself then; I was a medical student with life all before me—life and hope, and joy and sorrow as well. I went north with the intention of working hard, and took quite a small library with me; there was nothing in the shape of study I did not mean to do, and to drive at; the flora of the Ultima Thule, its fauna and geology, too, to say nothing of chemistry and therapeutics. So much for good intentions, but—I may as well confess it as not—I never once opened my huge box of books during the five months I lived at R—, and if I studied at all it was from the book of nature, which is open to every one who cares to con its pages.

The steamboat landed me at Lerwick, and I completed my journey, with my boxes, next day in an open boat.

It was a very cold morning, with a gray, cold, choppy sea on, the spray from which dashed over the boat, wetting me thoroughly, and making me feel pinched, bleak-eyed and miserable. I even envied the seals I saw cosily asleep in dry, sandy caves, at the foot of the black and beetling rocks.

How very fantastic those rocks were, but cheerless, so cheerless! Even the sea-birds that circled around them seemed screaming a dirge. An opening in a wall of rock took us at length into a long, winding fiord, or arm of the sea, with green bare fields on every side, and wild, weird-like sheep that gazed on us for a moment, then blinked and fled. Right at the end of this fiord stood my friend's house, comfortable and solid-looking, but unsheltered by a single tree.

"I shan't stay long here," I said to myself, as I landed.

An hour or two afterward I had changed my mind entirely. I was seated in a charmingly and easily furnished drawing-room upstairs. The windows looked out to and away across the broad Atlantic. How strange it was; for the loch that had led me to the front of the house, and the waters of which rippled up and down the very lawn, was part of the German ocean, and here at the back, and not a stone's throw distant, was the Atlantic! Its great, green, dark billows rolled up and broke into foam against the black breastwork of cliffs beneath us. The immense depth of its waves could be judged of by keeping the eye fixed upon the tall, steep-like rocks which shot up here and there through the water a little way out to sea—at one moment these would appear like lofty spires, and next they would be almost entirely swallowed up.

Beside the fire, in an easy chair, sat my gray-haired old relation and host, and not far off his wife. Hospitable, warm-hearted and genial both of them were. If marriage really were made in heaven, I could not help thinking

theirs must have been, so much did they seem each other's counterpart.

Presently Cousin Maggie entered, smiling to me as she did so; her left hand lingered fondly for a moment on her father's gray locks, then she sat down unbidden to the piano.

On the strength of my blood relationship, distant though it was, for we were really only third or fourth cousins, I was made a member of this family from the first, and Maggie treated me as a brother. I was not entirely pleased with the latter arrangement, because many days had not passed ere I concluded it would be a pleasant pastime for me to make love to Cousin Maggie. But weeks went by, and my love making was still postponed; it became a sine die kind of a probability. Maggie was constantly with me when out of doors—my companion in all my fishing and shooting trips. But she carried not only a red but even a rifle herself; she could give me lessons in casting the fly—and did; she often shot dead the seals that I had merely wounded, and her prowess in rowing astonished me, and her daring in venturing so far to sea in our broad, open boat, often made me tremble for our safety.

A frequent visitor for the first two months of my stay at R— was a young and well-to-do farmer and fisher who came in his boat from a neighboring island, always accompanied by his sister and they usually stayed a day or two. I was not long in perceiving that this Mr. Thorforth was deeply in love with my cousin; the state of her feeling toward him it was some time before I could fathom, but the revelation came at last and quite unexpectedly.

There was an old ruin some distance from the house, where, one lovely moonlight night, I happened to be seated alone. I was not alone, however; from a window I could see my cousin and Thorforth coming toward the place, and thinking to surprise them, I drew back under the shadow of a portion of the wall. But I was not to be an actor in that scene, though it was one I shall never forget. I could not see his face, but hers, on which the moonbeams fell, was pained, half-frightened, impatient. He was pleading his cause, he was telling the old, old story, with an earnestness and eloquence I had never heard surpassed. She stopped it at last.

"Oh! Magnus," she cried. "Oh! Magnus Thorforth, I never dreamed it would come to this! Oh! what grief you cause me, my poor Magnus, my poor Magnus, my more than friend!"

What more was said need not be told. In a few moments he was gone, and she was kneeling on the green sward, just on the spot where he had left her, her hands clasped, and her face upturned to heaven.

Next day, Magnus Thorforth went sadly away; even his sister looked sad. She must have known it all. I never saw them again.

One day, about a month after this, Maggie and I were together in a cave close by the ocean—a favorite haunt of ours on hot afternoons. Our boat was drawn up close by. The day was bright and the sea calm, its tiny wavelets making drowsy, dreamy music on the yellow sands.

She had been reading aloud, and I was gazing at her face.

"I begin to think you are beautiful," I said.

She looked down at me where I lay with those innocent eyes of hers that always looked into mine as frankly as a child's would.

"I'm not sure," I continued, "that I shan't commence making love to you, and perhaps I might marry you. What would you think of that?"

"Love!" she laughed, as musically as a sea-nymph. "Love? Love betwixt a cousin and a cousin? Preposterous!"

"I dare say," I resumed, pretending to pout, "you wouldn't marry me because I'm poor."

"Poor!" she repeated, looking very firm and earnest now. "If the man I loved were poor I'd carry a creel for him. I'd gather shells for his sake; but I don't love anybody and don't mean to. Come!"

So that was the beginning and the end of my love-making with Cousin Maggie.

And Maggie had said she had never meant to love anyone. Well, we never can tell what may be in our immediate future.

Hardly had we left the cave that day, and put off from the shore, ere cat-paws began to ruffle the water. They came in from the west, and before we had got half way to the distant headland, a steady breeze was blowing. We had hoisted our sail and were running before it with the speed of a gull on the wing.

Once round the point we had a beam wind till we entered the fiord, then we had to beat to windward all the way home, by which time it was blowing quite a gale.

It went round more to the north about sunset, and then, for the first time, we noticed a yacht of small dimensions on the distant horizon. Her intention appeared to be that of rounding the island and probably anchoring on the lee side of it. She was in an ugly position, however, and we all watched her anxiously till nightfall hid her from our view.

I retired early, but sleep was out of the question, for the wind raged and howled around the house like wild wolves. About 12 o'clock the sound of a gun fell on my ears. I could not be mistaken, for the window rattled in sharp response.

I sprang from my couch and began to dress, and immediately after, my aged relative entered the room. He

looked younger and taller than I had seen him, but very serious.

"The yacht is on the Ba," he said solemnly.

They were words to me of fearful significance. The yacht, I knew, must soon break up, and nothing could save the crew.

I quickly followed my relative into the back drawing-room, where Maggie was with her mother. We gazed out into the night, out and across the sea. At the same moment, out there on the terrible Ba, a blue light sprang up, revealing the yacht and even its people on board. She was leaning well over to one side, her masts gone, and the spray dashing over her.

"Come," cried Maggie, "there is no time to lose. We can guide their boat to the cave. Come, cousin!"

I felt dazed, thunderstruck. Was I to take part in a forlorn hope? Was Maggie—how beautiful and darling she looked now—to assume the robe of a modern Grace Darling? So it appeared.

The events of that night came back to my memory now as if they had happened but yesterday. It is a page in my past life that can never be obliterated.

We pulled out the fiord, Maggie and I, and up under the lee of the island, then, on rounding the point, we encountered the whole force of the sea and wind. There was a glimmering light on the wrecked yacht, and for that we rowed, or rather were borne along on the gale. No boat save a Shetland skiff could have been trusted in such a sea.

As we neared the Ba, steadying herself by leaning on my shoulder, Maggie stood half up and waved the lantern, and it was answered from the wreck. Next moment it seemed to me we were on the lee side, and Maggie herself hailed the shipwrecked people.

"We cannot come nearer," she cried; "lower your boat and follow our light closely."

"Take the tiller, now," she continued, addressing me, "and steer for the light you see on the cliff. Keep her well up, though, or all will be lost."

We waited—and that with difficulty—for a few minutes—till we saw by the starlight that the yacht's boat was lowered, then away we went.

The light on the cliff-top moved slowly down the wind. I kept the boat's head a point or two above it, and on she dashed. The rocks loomed black and high as we neared them, the waves breaking in terrible turmoil beneath.

Suddenly the light was lowered over the cliff down to the very water's edge.

"Steady now," cried my brave cousin, and the next moment we were round a point and into smooth water, with the yacht's boat close beside us. The place was partly cave, partly "noose." We beached our boats and here we remained all night, and were all rescued next morning by a fisherman's yawl.

The yacht's people were the captain, his wife and one boy—Norwegians all, Brinster by name.

My story is nearly done. What need to tell of the gratitude of those whom Maggie's heroism had saved from a watery grave?

But it came to pass that when, a few months afterward, a beautiful new yacht came round to the fiord to take those shipwrecked mariners away, Cousin Maggie went with them on a cruise.

It came to pass also that when I paid my very next visit to R—, in the following summer, I found living in my relatives' house a Major Brinster and a Mrs. Brinster.

And Mrs. Brinster was my Cousin Maggie, and Major Brinster was my Cousin Maggie's "fate."—*Gordon Stables*.

The Happy Men in Hospitality.

The Canadian, as any one will admit who has been his guest, possesses in an eminent and most enjoyable degree the virtue of hospitality. In him are happily blended the best characteristics of the Englishman and the American. The Englishman, hearty as the welcome which he extends to a guest, still compasses his house and his heart round about with barriers of reserve and suspicion, which it is not always easy to surmount, or to throw down. The American on the other hand, for all his prompt courtesies and willingness to oblige and to entertain, is often apt to carry what we might call the hotel and business atmosphere into his acquaintanceships. He entertains royally, but it often seems as if he grudged the time and the personal attention which are requisite in order that the guest may enjoy himself to the utmost. The Canadian, as we have already said, blends in a happy measure the best traits of his British progenitor and his American neighbor.

—*Philadelphia Record*.

A Faithful Secretary.

Sir Henry Taylor's "Autobiography" is a very entertaining work, and contains many good stories of well-known characters. He tells an amusing anecdote of how he once called at the foreign office to see the present Lord Hammond, then the permanent under secretary, or whom it used to be said that he never was absent from his post. On this occasion he was away, and when the doorkeeper was questioned, he said: Mr Hammond has gone to funeral and it's the only day's pleasure he has had for two years." Sir Henry thus distinguishes between the wit of three bright spirits: "While the wit of Rogers was the wit of satire, and that of Sydney Smith the wit of comedy the wit of archbishop Whately might be described as the wit of logic."

—*London Truth*.

DISCIPLINE IN THE NAVY.

Commodore Hollins' Amusing Substitute for Floggings.

"Veritas," in a letter to *The Sun*, supplies the following interesting reminiscences of the late Commodore Hollins, who was the first officer to put in force the new system of punishing insubordinate seamen after the abolition of flogging in the United States navy. The letter, suggested by reading a condensation of Commander Farquhar's prize essay before the naval institute, which was published in *The Sun* of April 6, is as follows:

On reading an article in this morning's issue of *The Sun* discussing a prize essay by Commander Farquhar, I recalled an episode in the life of the late Commodore Hollins that I think will be of interest to those who remember that gallant officer and excellent seaman.

Some time between the years 1848 and 1850 the navy department sent circulars to all the senior officers of the navy, asking their opinions and sentiments as to abolishing corporal punishment in the navy, and suggestions as to the best methods of improving the condition of the sailors in the government employ. Three officers only advocated the abolition of corporal punishment, or, as it used to be termed, "flogging," in the navy. They were Capt. McKeever, Capt. Levy, and (then) Commander Hollins.

Commander Hollins, than whom no officer ever had better discipline when in command of men, urged the abolition of flogging, and at the same time commutation of the spirit ration, giving the men money instead of grog. At that time he was stationed at Pensacola. His suggestions caused both to be thought by his brother officers, who thought the service would go to the "d—!" if flogging and grog were done away with. He bore their laughter and jokes with his unvarying amiability and good humor, but remained in a woful minority.

In 1852 he was detached from the naval station in Florida. In the meantime the law had been passed by congress abolishing whipping in the navy. Hollins came north. A sloop-of-war (I think the *Cyane*) was at that time being fitted out for sea. Although the law had been passed, there was no substitute enacted for the proper enforcement of discipline, and many of Hollins' brother officers suggested to the secretary of the navy that he should be sent in command of the sloop, on the ground that Hollins advocated "no flogging," and they were curious to see how he would get on without it. He received orders at once, and with his usual promptitude proceeded to take command of the first man-of-war (I imagine) that ever went to sea without rules and regulations. Shortly after the vessel had sailed the officer of the day appeared in the cabin with the report that one of the seamen was openly insubordinate, and refused to do his duty. The officer retired, and Capt. Hollins remained in thought as to what measures he should adopt. His ready wit soon suggested an experiment. He went on deck and ordered the delinquent to his presence. The man appeared, a healthy, hardy-looking fellow of fine physique and in full vigor.

"Well, my man," said Hollins, "I hear you do not want to work; are you sick?"

"No, sir."

"What, well, and not want to do your work?"

"Oh, you must be ill. Quarter-master," called Hollins—the quarter-master was there. "Take this man and carry him below. Put him to bed carefully, tuck him in; don't let him catch cold; put a screen around his cot and place a sentry, and see that he is not disturbed. He does not like work nor exertion. Feed him yourself; put a napkin under his chin, keep him warm and comfortable, but by no means let him exert himself."

The whole ship's crew were on the alert to see what was to be the result of this (no doubt) test case. The man, W., I will call him, was escorted below, and the captain's orders were carried out to a letter. W. was put to bed, tucked in, fed by the quarter-master, his meals served on a waiter, and tended with great care. He was also screened from view, but the men were seen getting on gun-carriages or anything else, peeping from a distance to get a glimpse of the invalid. Had severe measures been adopted he would have had the sympathy and support of the crew, but this treatment excited ridicule and amusement, not sympathy for suffering or a feeling that their messmate was a martyr to tyranny and oppression. Thus matters rested for perhaps thirty-six hours. At the expiration of that time, when Hollins appeared on deck after breakfast, he observed a group of sailors at the mizenmast. As he approached they touched their hats, and he knowing by the position they occupied that they wanted a parley, remarked to the leader:

"Well, do you want anything?"

"Yes, sir," said an old salt, "we come to speak for W., sir."

"Speak for W.?" said Capt. Hollins. "Why, is he not comfortable and well cared for?"

"Oh, yes, sir," was the reply, "he's too comfortable, and we've come to speak for him, sir. I think he'll die, he's so ashamed, sir, and we"—with a wave of his hand toward his companions—"we are willing to stand for him and go to his security, sir."

"Well," replied the captain, "under these circumstances, I'll let him get on."

From that day there was no insubordination on board that ship, and on more than one occasion when any one of the men in the watch was suspected of a desire to skulk some of his messmates were overheard saying, "You'd better look out; the 'old man' will put you to bed."

It was an experiment that acted admirably, and was always a source of great satisfaction to Capt. Hollins, as it proved to him that men could be governed by other means than flogging. On another occasion, when Hollins went on board to take command of another ship, and while being shown around, he saw a mysterious-looking concern, and said: "What's this?"

"A sweat-box,"

"A what?" he asked. "A sweat-box? Open the door." He looked in, perhaps got in, and then said: "Call the carpenter." The carpenter came. "Knock that thing down and throw it overboard," said he. It was done at once. "Jack" was looking on, and the incident had its effect on those hardy, brave, and often ill-used sons of Neptune, for there was little or no trouble on that cruise. Doubtless Capt. Farquhar's suggestions will have most excellent effects if carried out, for, as he says, the men must be educated and trained, and, if this is done, success will be the result.—*Baltimore Sun*.

The Tyrant Habit.

The Emperor William is a man of exceedingly economical habits, and the study lamp on his work-table is a simple oil lamp of a pattern such as since the introduction of petroleum lamps can hardly be met with on the table of the humblest citizen of Berlin. But it was not economy that accounts for the fact, so much as the difficulty which an old man has in changing a habit. The explanation is given by *The British American Register*.

The Emperor has for years been accustomed to screw down the wick whenever he ceases writing or reading or leaves the room. When the petroleum lamps finally came into general use, the Emperor's valet, Krause, brought one and put it on the work-table.

True to his habit, his imperial master screwed down the wick on leaving off writing; and, as a matter of course, the room was soon filled with an insupportable smoke, which greatly affected the nose and eyes of the monarch, and necessitated the opening of doors and windows.

Krause finally volunteered the remark: "No, your Majesty, that sort of lamp will not suit."

"But what are we to do, Krause? Had we better get our oil lamp back again? You know my eyes are weaker, and require a brighter light."

"Well, your Majesty, we can have a new lamp made with an extra large burner, so as to do away with petroleum altogether."

"Quite right, Krause; let us try it."

And Krause got a lamp of the old pattern, had the burner enlarged to an almost colossal size, a green glass shade added to it, and to this day the new lamp, defying all innovations, asserts its place of honor on the work-table of the most diligent of all monarchs.—*Youth's Companion*.

Snuffing.

A High School girl in a West End car, yesterday afternoon, took a flat oxidized silver box from her hand-bag, carefully removed the cover, pinched a few grains of snuff-colored powder on the pink tips of her dainty fingers, and pushed it up her nostrils with a dexterous grace that a confirmed snuff-taker would have envied. Half a dozen passengers stared at her in amazement. She smiled placidly, brushed off her upper lip with a lace handkerchief, and remarked to her companion:

"Oh, I've such a cold."

"So've I," was the meek response.

Off came the cover again, the silver box was passed over as a man hands out a paper of tobacco and another pinch of the brown powder vanished up another charming little nose. Both girls sneezed once, very mildly, and got off the car.

A fashionable jeweller said: "We have frequent calls for snuff-boxes, silver and gold ones, from young men as well as young women. It is simply what you might call a 'fashion'." I can't say whether anything is put in the boxes, but I do know that young people buy them and carry them."

A druggist said: Oh, no; it wasn't snuff. The girls have an idea that it is fashionable to carry those boxes, and naturally enough they want something to put in them. Genuine fermented tobacco snuff would make them sick. We mix them up a harmless compound, perfumed like sachet powder, put in a little pearlash to keep it damp, and just enough Scotch yellow to tinkle them a little and make them sneeze. When a girl puts one of those boxes on the counter and says that she wants something to clear a cold in the head, we know what she means."

—*Nashville American*.

A Dakota Town.

"We've got a beautiful town," said a Dakota man at the Palmer house. "Eighteen months ago it was a bare prairie. Now we have 2,000 population, forty stores, seventeen saloons—elegant, some of them—an opera-house, four variety shows, eight beer gardens, thirteen hotels, two breweries and a stock for another one all sold, a dime museum, three gambling houses, a distillery, a paid police force, and two steam fire engines."

"How many churches and schools?"

"Oh, yes; and they're talking about building a church and a school."

—*Chicago Herald*.

PINCKNEY DISPATCH.

J. L. NEWKIRK, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
Pinckney, Michigan, Thursday, July 2, 1885.

Dr. Hall, the distinguished writer hygiene says that breakfast should be eaten in the morning before leaving the house for exercise or labor of any description. This advice is followed by many men who not only do no work before breakfast, but do not get up until their wives have been at their work for an hour or more and have breakfast already to eat. This great care on the part of the husband is a preventive measure against malaria.

The Democratic Administration is now nearly four months old. Democratic officials have been in charge of "the books" (vide Mr. Hendricks' campaign speeches), and their eagle eyes have swept over the records, page by page. Where are the startling disclosures which were promised? The profound and impressive silence on this subject is broken only when Commissioner Sparks now and then thinks he has discovered some more "India rubber" contracts in the Land Office. And it seems that these generally prove to be mere stretches of the Commissioner's India rubber imagination.

The law which yesterday went into effect raising the limit of weight of single-rate letters from half an ounce to an ounce will be greatly appreciated by the millions of letter-writers. Aside from the apprehension that the Government may find the increased burden of the mails a considerable inconvenience, we see but one possible objection to the change, and that concerns only the newspapers. The thousands of inspired (or dyspeptic) persons in this country who are in the habit of inditing rhymes may be impelled to enlarge their productions to the full weight of the two-cent rate. An ounce of poetry will take up a good deal of room in the waste-basket.

Reports from Mount McGregor concerning the nuisance of sightseers around the Grant cottage indicate that when the General escaped from the city he did not get away from all its discomforts and annoyances. Full-grown residents of the neighborhood, who ought to know something about the every-day rules of decency if not of politeness, gather in front of the veranda and feast their eyes upon the sufferer as he rests in his arm chair. These people would no doubt consider themselves insulted if told their conduct was vulgar and boorish. Yet it would be the plain truth. If they possessed the faintest suggestion of a sense of propriety, or of that feeling of consideration for others which all intelligent human beings ought to have, the dying soldier in his mountain retreat would be left alone with his family and friends as he desires.

News from the Indian reservations in the far Northwest seems to indicate that the general Indian war which those familiar with the Redskins have been expecting for several years may break out this summer. The Indians realize that they have been driven before the white man about as far as they can go without jumping into the sea and drowning, or exterminating the whites, or being themselves exterminated in battle, or yielding absolutely to the dominion of the whites. But few of them knowing anything of the power of whites, the majority of the males are said to be anxious to have a war, not of a single tribe with the whites, but of all the tribes in the Northwest. If they could by any method unite their forces they would make a formidable foe, and it would require a large army to conquer them. What the result would be there is of course no doubt; but this, of which they are ignorant, will not deter the Indians from making the attempt, and should they determine to do so, a pretext will easily be found.

MICHIGAN PATENTS.

The following patents were granted to citizens of Michigan bearing date June 23, 1885. Reported expressly for this paper by Louis Bagger & Co., Mechanical Experts and Solicitors of Patents.

Crane, O. S., Detroit, feather renovator.
Duke, J. H., Jr., Grand Rapids, paving sidewalks.
Harmon, W. S., Detroit, anti-friction bearing for roller-skates.
Jacobi, Alex., St. Clair, burglar alarm.
Jarvis, Deming, Detroit, gas-tight expansion joint.
Lehmer, Isaac, Sturgis, reversing gear for traction engine.
Parrish, M. F., and S. J. Munn, Niles, train signal.
Perkins, W. J., Grand Rapids, circular saw.
Roberts, G. A., Three Rivers, conveyor for threshing machine.
Sherwood, J. A., Plainwell, jeweler's dust box.
Townsend, W. R., Grand Rapids, automatic waste-valve for engine cylinders.
Woodbury, L. S., Calumet, piston head packing for rock drills.

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Rise and Fall of the Roller Rinkist.

BY BILL NYE.

I have once tried to ride a pair of roller skates. That is the reason I got down on the rink and down on roller skates. That is the reason several people got down on me. That is also the reason why I now state in public manner to a lost and undone race; and unless the roller rink is at once abolished, the whole civilized world will be plunged into arnica.

I had tried it once before, but had not carried my experiments to a successful determination. I made a trial trip around the rink last August, but was ruled out by the judges for incompetency, and advised to skate among people who were hostile to the Government of the United States, while the proprietors repaired the rink.

On the 9th of September, I nestled in the bosom of a cyclone to excess, and it has required the bulk of the preceding months for nature to glue the bones of my leg together in proper shape. That is the reason I have not given the attention to roller skating that I should.

A few weeks ago, I read what Mr. Talmage said about this great national vice. It was his opinion that if we skated in a proper spirit we could leave the rink each evening with our immortal souls in good shape.

Somehow it got out that on Thursday evening I would undertake the feat of skating three rounds in three hours with no protection to my scruples, for one-half the gate money, Talmage rules. So there was quite a large audience present with opera-glasses. Some had umbrellas, especially on the front rows. These were worn spread, in order to ward off fragments of the rink which might become disengaged and set in motion by atmospheric disturbances.

In obedience to a wild Wagnerian snort from the orchestra, I came forth into the arena with my skates in my hand. It is a morbid desire to wear the skates on my feet that has always been my BITE NOIR. Will the office boy please give me a brass check for that word so that I can get it when I go away?

My first thought, after getting myself secured to the skates, was this: "Am I in the proper frame of mind?" "Am I doing this in the right spirit?" "Am I about to skate in such a way as to lift the fog of unbelief which now envelopes a sinful world, or shall I deepen the opaque night in which my race is rapped?"

Just then, that end of the rink erupted in a manner so forthwith and so TOUT ENSEMBLE that I had to push it back in place with my person. I never saw anything done with less delay or less languor.

The audience went wild with enthusiasm, and I responded to the encore by writing my name in the air with my skates.

This closed the first seance, and my trainer took me in the dressing room to attend a consultation of physicians. After the rink carpenter had jacked up the floor a little, I went out again. I had no tears about my ability to perform the mechanical part assigned me, but I was still worried over the question whether it would or would not be of lasting benefit to mankind.

Those who have closely scrutinized my frame in repose, have admitted that I was fearfully and wonderfully made. Students of the human frame say that they never saw such a wealth of limberness and looseness lavished upon one person. They maintained that nature had bestowed upon me the hinges and joints intended for a whole family, and therefore when I skate, the air seems to be perfectly lurid with limbs. I presume that this is true, though I have so little leisure while skating in which to observe the method itself, the plot or animus of the thing, as it were, that my opinion would be of little value to the scientist.

I am led to believe that the roller skate is certainly a great civilizer and a wonderful leveler of mankind. If we so skate that when the summons comes to seek our ward within the general hospital, where each shall heal his busted cuticle within the walls where rinkists squirm, we go not like the social wreck, morally paralyzed, but like a hired man taking his medicine, and so forth—we may skate with

perfect impunity, or any one else to whom we may be properly introduced by our cook.

Skating on the roller skate is like riding on a railway train. If the management is good and we behave ourselves, we feel safe. Rinking in and of itself is not dangerous from a moral point of view—with good associates and a solid road-bed we are safe. So it is also in traveling. If our rink tickets are good in a well conducted rink, and our railway tickets read over the Great Rock Island Route, we have done wisely and the rest remains with us. We may wreck ourselves in front of the engine or injure ourselves morally and physically at the rink if we wish to. There are many, however, who are not agitated over the rink question. To such it might be well to say that the Rock Island Road is still carrying people with comfort, elegance, economy and despatch.

SOUTH LYON DOTS.

From the Picket.

The 6-year-old daughter of Ed. Peach who lives near Silver Lake, fell off a gate last Saturday and broke both bones of the fore arm.

Since last issue we have been looking up the record of "Dr." Wood who put up at the Moody House a short time since and succeeded in fleecing at least one innocent person out of \$15. We now have a pigeon-hole full of correspondence to prove him to be the fraud we supposed him. Should he see fit to darken the doors of our village again we shall publish them.

Dr. Brown has been having a severe time with his teeth lately and yesterday went to Brighton to have them extracted. One of them was broken off and in cutting out the root the dentist must have cut an artery as he bled profusely, hemorrhage finally set in, which came near ending his life. Everything that could be thought of was tried to stop the blood, but all to no avail and when Dr. Howes arrived at 7 o'clock last evening his pulse had ceased to beat. An operation was performed however which soon brought him to, and stopped the flow of blood. This morning, although very weak from the loss of blood, he is somewhat better and if he has no relapse will come out all right. He certainly will if kind friends will do it, of which he has a host, which was shown yesterday as the house and yard were over-run with friends all more than anxious to do something for the "Doc."

From the Excelsior.

Monday night when about time for the 7:48 west bound passenger on the D. L. & N., a drunken crank, who probably had experienced enough of this wicked world, determined to bid it adeau, but was caught in the act. He ran up the D. L. & N. track near the mill, and lay down across one of the rails. The hand-car with a gang of men and boys came to his rescue and brought him back to the Commercial House just in time to prevent him carrying out this rash act.

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SUMMER TOUR

Palace Steamers. Low Rates.

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Write for our

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NEW GOODS, NEW GOOSD, NEW GOODS,

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WEST END DRY GOODS STORE

NEW LAWNS, CHAMBRAYS, GINGHAMS, PRINTS,
WORSTED DRESS GOODS, LACES, GLOVES, Etc.

A fine line of PARASOLS including

THE POPULAR COOCHING PARASOLS.

We are constantly in receipt of New Goods in every Department. Everything marked in plain figures. The lowest possible price guaranteed on every article.

BUTTER and EGGS wanted at the highest Market Price in exchange for GOODS. No trouble to show goods whether you want to buy or not. Come and see us.

LAKIN & SYKES.

FARMERS, READ THIS

The undersigned having a large stock of all kinds of Lumber, Lath and Shingles at their lumber yard in Pinckney, have decided to reduce their stock and for the **NEXT SIXTY DAYS** will sell

—AT—

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.

Parties about to build will find it to their interest to get our prices. We manufacture our own lumber and shingles and will sell according to the times. We keep on hand a full stock of Flooring, Siding and Barn Boards, also all lengths of Bill Stuff and Timbers, and on all bills will give special prices. You will find our Agent, A. L. HOYT, always on hand. Come and see us, we will satisfy you that we mean business.

BIRKETT, COWIN & CO.,

PINCKNEY.

WEEKLY CINCINNATI TIMES.

The Oldest, Brightest, and best of Western Weeklies. Eight pages, fifty-six columns, fine paper, new type, clear print, and the most entertaining paper offered the reading public. Every locality, discusses subjects with fairness, contains all the news of the world attractively presented, and is without a competitor in general excellence as a family paper. It costs but

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, and every subscriber receives free of charge postage paid, a copy of

THE TIMES ILLUSTRATED HAND-BOOK, alone worth the price of subscription. The Hand-book is a publication of one hundred pages of useful and entertaining reading matter, especially prepared and published for the subscribers of the "Weekly Times." All who take the paper are delighted with it, and the Hand-book will be equally satisfactory. Send for specimen copy of the paper. Address, THE TIMES, 230 Walnut St., CINCINNATI, O.

THE CINCINNATI TIMES-STAR,

Is the best and cheapest daily paper published in the West. Eight pages—forty-eight columns—and only six dollars a year, or twelve cents a week. Its independent in politics, but aims to be fair in everything, and just to all parties, individuals, sections, and nationalities. If you want all the news attractively and honestly presented, subscribe for it. THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY PAPER IN THE WEST. Address, THE TIMES-STAR, 230 Walnut St., CINCINNATI, O.

WOOL, WOOL, WOOL,

W O O L

CASH FOR WOOL!

The undersigned respectfully announce to their friends and patrons that —they have completed arrangements for all the—

WOOL MONEY

Each and every one can spare. Please remember for

THE NEXT THIRTY DAYS!

we shall need all the money we can get.

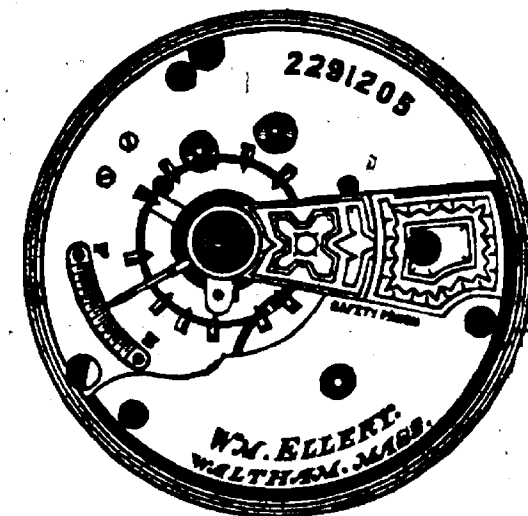
Every thing in our store will be sold way down to the lowest notch.

Respectfully Yours,

TEEPLE & CADWELL.

PINCKNEY JUNE 15, 1885.

FOURTH OF JULY GOODS!



All kinds of repairing promptly attended to.

WATCH AND CLOCK
—repairing a specialty.—

EUGENE CAMPBELL.



—Having rented D. Richards'

BLACKSMITH SHOP!

we are now prepared to do all kinds of

REPAIRING.

Including Horse-Shoeing.

Machine and Steel Work done to order.

PARKER & SPEARS.

A PRESENT!

Our readers for 12 cents in postage stamps to pay for mailing and wrapping, and names of two book agents, will receive FREE a Great Fine Pen-Engraving of all OUR PRESIDENTS, including CLEVELAND, size 2 1/2 inches, worth \$4.00. ADDRESS ELDER PUB. CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

THE FARMERS' STORE, —AT—

ANDERSON STATION!

Is now filled to overflowing with a fresh, new and complete stock of Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots & Shoes and Hardware, to which we invite public inspection.

The ladies especially will find it to their interest to see our novelties in Dress Goods before buying elsewhere. Every variety of country produce taken in exchange for goods or money.

JAMES T. EAMAN & CO.

Pinchney Dispatch.

J. L. NEWKIRK, Publisher.

Entered at the Postoffice as 2d class matter.

TIMELY TOPICS.

The principal of one of the public schools in the state, in his address to the graduating class, gave them a most important bit of advice when he told them to "concentrate their energies." One of the alarming evils of the times is the indecision of young men just starting in life. First one thing is tried, and then another, in the vain pursuit of some means of earning a livelihood without work. All start out with an ambition to occupy positions of honor and trust, forgetting that those who hold such places are the ones who have labored long and indefatigably in a hand to hand fight with obstacles which have beset them on every hand. These men marked out a course in life, and for the attainment of the object sought brought to bear all the energies of mind and body. There are others waiting Micawber-like, for something to turn up. Men who have tried law, medicine, the arts, and almost every profession except downright hard work, and are not as near the goal now as when in early manhood they started, for the very reason that the energy which, if rightly applied, would have been all potent in their aid, has been weakened in the aimless wandering after that which can be gained only by work.

The legislature of Pennsylvania has passed an act which provides that "from and after the first day of October, 1885, no persons within the commonwealth shall be joined in marriage until a license shall have been obtained." Licenses must be obtained of the clerk of the orphan's court in the county where the marriage is celebrated. This does not contain a clause declaring unlicensed marriages illegal; but decisions of state supreme courts in several other states, where licenses are required agree in holding that unlicensed marriages are illegal under such a statute. The act provides for a special form of license for parties desiring to be married in unusual methods, especially when "the parties intend solemnizing their marriages themselves." And a record of each marriage must be filed. If, therefore, the governor approves the act, no marriage in Pennsylvania will be legal without a license. One intent of the law is to reduce the number of improper marriages, bigamies, elopements, and especially the marriage of children of immature age, and deception of women by mock marriages, etc.

Two men in New York, out of work, adopted rather a novel method to get money. Armed with a pail of bright colored paint and a brush, they went to a number of houses on one of the principal streets, and painted a panel of the front doors. They would ring the bell, and when the lady of the house appeared, politely inform her that they would paint the whole door the same color for only \$5. Several houses were visited, when one irate female had the painters arrested, the officers compelling the men to clean the paint off and restore the door to its original condition.

A RECENT London dispatch says that 341 Mormon recruits for Utah, mostly women, sailed on the steamer Wisconsin for New York. The authorities have stopped and arrested in New York nine Irish girls who came over to the United States to work in a linen mill. But we have no law to stop these Mormon immigrants. Men and women are prohibited by law of congress from entering this country under a contract to work, but Mormons, under a bargain to settle in Utah and swell the evil of polygamy, are unhindered.

KUDNER, of the Lapeer Democrat, has a shrewd head, as the following item from that worthy paper indicates. Hear him: "Oats thrive best in an elevator. A farmer who has 30,000 bushels of oats in an elevator need not worry about the weather. Always raise oats in a good elevator and keep out of a deal with the Chicago man."

THE Rev. Dr. Wells of San Francisco very tersely says that what the Apaches who have gone on the warpath need is "a gospel that will get hell out of the Indians—not a gospel that will get the Indians out of hell." Let it be so proved. At any rate the war department will do well to act upon this doctrine for the present.

INTRODUCING A NEW INDUSTRY.

A Scientist's Invention for Extracting Aluminium from Clay.

Important facts bearing on the extraction of aluminium from kaolin (clay) on a commercial basis have been developed in Cleveland, O., within the past few weeks. Aluminium has long been known as the metallic basis of clay but in its nature is so ethereal that heretofore its elimination has been attended with great difficulty and much expense. Within the past few years, however, French and English inventors have obtained results more or less important, so that the present importing price of aluminium in this country, duty free, is \$14.25 a pound. In England a man named Webster has established very large works for the manufacture of articles from the new metal, but the cost of production has as yet limited its use merely to tableware and small utensils for household use. The problem now is to devise a method of extraction which shall reduce the cost to from \$2 to \$3 per pound, at which figure it can be used for a great variety of manufactures, such as gun barrels, propeller blades, wire, and possibly bridge and railroad works. As aluminium is four times lighter than silver and three times lighter than iron, is non-oxidizable, of great tenacity and strength, ductile, and of superior electric conductivity, and is, moreover, very widely diffused throughout the country—appearing in all ordinary clay banks, but more particularly in the immense deposits of kaolin in Connecticut, New York, Virginia, and Georgia, and in a veritable mountain of sulphate of alumina in New Mexico—the importance of the present search for a cheap method of production is apparent. Aluminium will bear several times more strain than gun metal, and much more than Bessemer steel. It also possesses sonorous qualities superior to those of any other metal, and alloys beautifully with almost any known metal. When the secret of its cheap production is generally known a revolution in the metal world will be the certain result.

A Philadelphia chemist named Friess muth about a year ago announced the discovery of a very cheap method, but it has remained for Cleveland parties to bring the much-desired end nearer practical accomplishment than ever before. Mr. F. J. Seymour, a well-known practical metallurgist, late of Bridgeport, Conn., has as the result of years of study, succeeded in producing aluminium at a low figure at cost, and by the aid of a novel furnace, just designed, asserts that he can extract the metal on a commercial basis and in large quantities. Not to go into all the technical details, which are extremely interesting to metallurgists, it is sufficient to say that Mr. Seymour has discovered that the close affinity existing between zinc and aluminium can be utilized in vaporizing, "capturing," and depositing the latter, the separation being effected by the application of heat through a furnace, or rather a series of furnaces, of peculiar construction. The charge for each furnace is: Zinc ore, 100 parts; kaolin, 50 parts; carbon, either anthracite coal or its equivalent in hydrocarbon gas, 125 parts; pearl-ash, or its equivalent, 15 parts; chloride of sodium, 10 parts, all intimately mixed. The retorts are of steel, and 36 inches long by 12 wide, sides 1/2 inches thick. The amount of heat necessary to produce the desired result is about 2,500 degrees Fahrenheit. Properly handled, one furnace should make two charges in 24 to 30 hours. Four men can operate fifty retorts. The number of retorts can be increased several hundred in a single system. Capitalists have already manifested an interest in this new process, and the prospects are that operations on an extensive scale will soon follow. Independent investigations in the same line in this city have resulted in the recent incorporation of a company with ample capital for the extraction of aluminium by means of electricity. Thus far the secret of the process has been strictly guarded, and nothing can therefore be given as to its details. —New York Times.

Optical Illusions.

"Many people," writes a lady correspondent from Newark, "are deceived by optical illusions. On a recent morning I looked into my brother's room, and saw him standing at his dressing-case. Then I remembered that I had heard him go downstairs, and I said to myself: 'This is an optical illusion.' Knowing that it was such, I looked at the figure until it slowly faded away. Let me add that I am in good bodily health, cheerful, and, I believe, sound in mind. A friend who died lately said in her last hours, when apparently she was rational, that she saw her dead parents and brother in her room. She exclaimed, addressing the friends who stood at her bedside: 'There they are, right there. Can't you see them?' I repeat that, as far as any one could judge, she was thoroughly conscious. But we will pass over her case, for it is not exceptional, and while we can not say she was delirious, neither can we affirm positively that she had her senses.

"But here, I think, is an unusual form of optical illusion, if it was an illusion at all. A few days ago a well-known business man of New York passed away. His widow is a clear-minded and educated lady, without any morbid or superstitious taint in her nature, or any belief in spiritualism. While bending over her husband shortly before his death she observed that the expression of his face was changing, and the next moment saw

there, instead, the dead face of her brother. The two men were entirely unlike in appearance, one being light and having a blond beard, and the other very dark. Shortly afterwards the lady saw on her husband's face the expression of another deceased friend, and a little later that of a third. Her morbid and overwrought fancy deceived her, someone says. Could two persons be deceived at the same time and in the same way? I ask this because three years ago this lady and her sister watched beside the dying child of the latter. The little girl's face suddenly changed. One of the ladies saw that the other observed this, and said:

"Emily, who was it?"
"Adelaide," was the answer.
"Yes, Adelaide."
"The two ladies have told me that they saw unmistakably the face of their dead cousin, a woman, shining out through the face of the dying child. I offer no explanation of these phenomena, and present them only because to me they seem very interesting." —Philadelphia North American.

Grant as a Smoker.

The cancer of the throat which is slowly but surely eating away the life of Gen. Grant, has by some medical authorities been attributed to the inveterate smoking for which the hero of Appomattox is noted. Others again ridicule the theory. The subject is one that has received considerable discussion in the medical journals.

In the popular imagination Gen. Grant has always been associated with a cigar. He has been called the greatest smoker in the world. It is a marked peculiarity of the man. When at The Hague, on his tour around the world, at the dinner tendered in honor by the Dutch King, cigars were either omitted in the menu, or perhaps it was thought discourteous to smoke in the presence of royalty. When Gen. Grant was, therefore, observed to take a cigar from his pocket and complacently light it—in the presence of the King, there was a murmur of surprise. "But, then," it was said, "he is a great man—a very great man." In the simplicity of the Dutch Court it was thought probably that none but the very great would dare to smoke on such an occasion. It is generally believed that Gen. Grant has been an incessant smoker ever since his boyhood. It may be news to many to learn that it is only since the famous battle of Shiloh that the General became so fond of the weed. A Commercial Gazette reporter, in conversation with an intimate Cincinnati friend of Grant, was told the story of the "cigar."

The General, in speaking to his Cincinnati friend of the popular idea that he was a life-long smoker, said that prior to the battle of Shiloh he rarely—very rarely—smoked; that only once in a great while did he "take a smoke," and that it had never been a habit, much less a pleasure. At the battle of Shiloh he chanced to smoke a cigar, while riding over the field, and the newspaper correspondents, seizing upon the incident, described it graphically in their accounts of the battle to the papers in the North. The idea of a victorious commander of a great army, in the midst of frightful scenes of carnage and destruction, surrounded by the dangers of battle, with a nation's life hanging on the result, looking on calmly and serenely—complacently smoking a cigar—when most men would be overcome with excitement, if not nervousness, was something that appealed irresistibly to popular admiration. Here was a man who was not to be frightened by the dangers of war; who knew that in war the mass of men are almost frantic with fire of battle; that it meant death and destruction; that this was the business of war; and the coolness of his mind seemed to say: "The only way to do is to strike blow upon blow, and thus crush the rebellion."

It was not the idea of a butcher, but the idea of war, and the mistake of the Army of the Potomac was in not recognizing it and failing to follow up a victory, or "leaving its work only half finished," as Gen. Grant expresses it, for fear that there would be greater losses.

Grant's admirers and friends, reading the accounts of the battle, supposed him to be a great smoker, and almost deluged him with cigars. Every express brought boxes of cigars as presents from his Northern friends. As the General said, "There were always two or three boxes on the table in my tent or headquarters free for the use of my staff and visitors. Having them always at hand, it was but natural that I should every little while take a fresh cigar, and in that way the habit grew upon me so that it became irresistible, and the people no doubt are right in calling me an inveterate smoker." —Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

She Got the Best of Him.

A wicked chap with plenty of money was taken into camp by a keen widow, who made him settle \$100,000 on her before marriage. Shortly after the wedding a friend was asking her about it.

"How did you happen to marry such a man?" she inquired impudently.

"Oh, I don't know," replied the lady slightly embarrassed.

"And you are so attractive, too, and could have had your choice, while that man is no earthly good?"

"Don't worry about how good I am, or how bad he is, I got the best of him, rest assured of that."

"How could you?"

"I got his money." —Merchant Traveller.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Dissolve four ounces of Paris white in one pint of water; boil it, and when cool add one ounce of ammonia. This will make a good silver polish.

Sulphur matches placed in flower pots, the sulphur ends down, have been found to destroy the worms which are so fatal to house plants.

A solution of six grains of chloride of tin and six grains of sulphate of copper dissolved in one quart of water will be useful in plating small articles with brass.

For a square hall or a dining room in a country house a dado of colored matting is very effective. It should be surmounted by a shelf, on which may be arrayed any ceramic treasures in the way of plates, cups, vases and the like.

To cause griddle cakes to brown nicely, add a little molasses or coffee to the batter; and to bake them without that blinding smoke use a soapstone griddle, and simply rub it over with a damp cloth each time before putting on cakes.

Polish salad is very easily made. Cut in very small pieces any sort of baked or roast meat (veal, mutton or beef,) add soft-boiled eggs and finely minced onion, lettuce or endive. Mix all thoroughly with a dressing of oil, vinegar, mustard and pepper, and serve.

A charming panel for a square screen is made of plush of "old red" color, with conventionalized poppies in silk embroidery. The deep red and the brilliant flame color of the flowers, and the cool green of the foliage, are very effective upon the soft background.

A very good sugar cake may be made by this recipe: One cupful of sugar and a tablespoonful of butter, mixed together; two cupfuls of flour, two table spoonfuls of baking powder, one cupful of milk, a little salt and one well-beaten egg. Flavor with nutmeg or lemon, and bake in a loaf.

Try this recipe for cooking cabbage: Boil the cabbage gently until cooked, and drain it. Put two ounces of butter into a saucepan; set it on a good fire and, when melted, put in the cabbage with some salt and pepper. Add half a pint of cream or milk and one teaspoonful of flour, stirring constantly with a wooden spoon. Simmer until the sauce is reduced, and serve hot.

Don't put elaborate brass grates in your rooms unless you intend to use them. A showy brass grate unstained by smoke or ashes suggests in all its glittering newness a showroom at I not a home. A fire place not consecrated to a fire, that has neither warmth nor suggestion of warmth, is a dreadful sham; it is not artistic; it is not decorative; it kills rather than gives pleasure.

Cold meat may be used to advantage in the following way: Rub half a pound of beef dripping into one-half pound of flour, with a little salt. Moisten the paste with the water and roll it out half an inch thick. Mince any kind of cold meat, season it and add a few spoonfuls of gravy. Spread the minced meat on the paste and roll it up. Tie it up in a cloth buttered and floured and boil for an hour and a half.

To clean and freshen old matting rub it with a cloth wet in salt water, being careful not to allow any drops of water to dry in the matting, as they will leave spots difficult to remove. Heavy varnished furniture should never rest directly upon the matting, for even good varnish, becoming soft in warm weather, will stain the straw. Matting may be turned if the loose ends of the cords are threaded in a large needle and drawn through to the other side.

Don't hang upon your walls huge black engravings set in vast spaces of white margin. Pictures of this sort are very depressing. Instead of white margins substitute a gray paper, and if you must have black prints select those that have a good deal of gray in them—pictures with tone and mellow effects. Etchings commonly have more softness and artistic effect than engravings. Don't hang chromes on your wall, or colored prints; don't display long lines of family photographs; don't hang mosses or colored leaves or dried grasses about.

You can iron a table cloth so as to have a good center piece to put your flower pot or glass of cut flowers on. Fold the cloth, whether square or oblong, in four, so that the center shall be in the doubled corner at your left hand. Begin at this corner and turn over about an inch, creasing it sharply and pressing the iron firmly down on it. Then move this fold forward on the cloth and crease another half inch, not doubling under the part already ironed, but making a fresh crease. So proceed until you have as large a center-square as you wish. You can vary the distance given to accommodate the thickness of your cloth.

An excellent rice pudding is made by this recipe: Wash four ounces of rice in cold water and set it on the fire with a pint of milk and the rind of half a lemon. When nearly done, if the milk be absorbed by the rice, add a little more, so that the rice may be nearly covered with it. When done, remove it from the fire and mix with it two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two ounces of butter, two tablespoonfuls of milk, three yolks of eggs, a pinch of salt, and, if liked a very little nutmeg. Put back on the fire for a minute, stirring constantly. Butter a mold well and dust it with sugar, and turn the rice in it. Bake in a moderate oven for half an hour. Serve with a sauce.

TUTT'S PILLS

25 YEARS IN USE.

The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age

SYMPTOMS OF A

TORPID LIVER.

Loss of appetite, Bile secreted, Pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder blade, Fullness after eating, with a distention 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 a full dream, Nightly colored urine, and

CONSTITUTION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to render the sufferer. They increase the Appetite, and cause the body to take a Pleasure in the system is purified, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, regular Stools are produced. Price 25c. 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR or WHISKERS changed to GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this Dye. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of \$1. Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

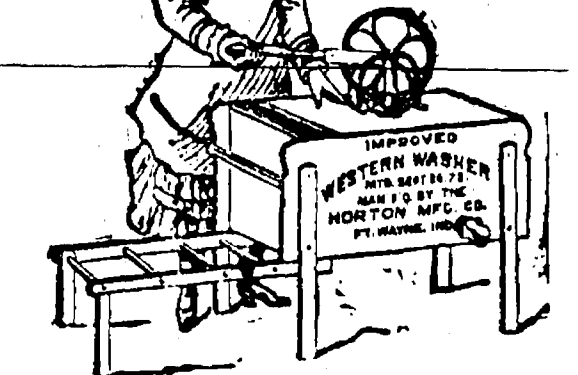
Improved Western Washer

PRICE: No. 1 for family of 6..... \$3

No. 2 for large family..... 5

No. 3 for Hotel and Laundry, 10

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.

HORTON MFG CO.,

Agents Wanted. Ft. Wayne, Ind.

The Bryan Sulky Plow,

Unrivalled for SIMPLICITY, DURABILITY, STRENGTH & LIGHTNESS OF DRAFT

THE BRYAN WALKING FLOW

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UNADILLA REMARKS.

From our Correspondent.

Where are you going the 4th?

Minnie Newton, of Dexter, is a guest at the Unadilla House this week.

Sammie Nutting has engaged to work for A. S. Montague for three months.

An ice cream and strawberry festival at the basement of the M. E. church this week.

Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Bignall, Mr. Glenn and Maggie Anderson, of Fowlerville, were in town a few days ago.

Katie Doty is visiting Fred and Mollie Livermore at White Oak, and Kittie Livermore has gone to Chelsea to see her many friends in that city.

The Presbyterian festival at the rink last week was a complete success in every respect, the receipts were about \$18.

M. C. Weston and Maggie Marshall attended the graduating exercises of the Dexter Union School last Friday evening, and felt well repaid for their long ride in the hot sun.

Mr. Davis, of Leslie, who is visiting Dr. DuBois, made a splendid addition to the M. E. choir last Sunday evening with his fine tenor voice.

There are many false reports in the papers in regard to the depredations committed in our little town. There has been much really done without trying to add anything which has not been done.

PLAINFIELD SPLASHES

From our Correspondent.

Fine weather for haying.

The last end of this year's clip of wool is near at hand and the money changed hands two or three times. We hope some will find its way around here.

Martin Kuhn, who has been attending school at Yrsilanti, is home to spend the vacation. We wish him well, as he is one of the self-made men.

The ice cream and strawberry festival held last week by the M. P. society was well attended and an enjoyable time was had.

The Plainfield nine expect to match the Stockbridge team at Gregory the 4th.

M. Topping & Son have bought and shipped 100,000 pounds of wool and still it comes.

Mr. and Mrs. N. Greene, of the Michigan University, are spending their vacation with his brother, Dr. Greene, of this place.

Mr. Day, of the Topping House, has sent for 20 pair of roller skates and Plainfield youngsters expect to take a tumble and learn to skate.

FOWLERVILLE PARAGRAPHS.

From the Review.

There are nine graduates from the Fowlerville Union School this year. They are Ella Nichols, Belle Smith, Tillie Dunn, Olive Bohm, M. Edith Baldwin, Della Greenaway, Eva Austin, Dollie Nichols and Bennett Benjamin.

Mr. Arthur Austin received a telegram on Wednesday notifying him of his appointment as resident house physician of St. Mary's Hospital, at Detroit. He is working hard at his profession and the above appointment shows how well he is succeeding.

Rev. Geo. Paddock, of Wayne, and Miss Anna Ruel, of this place, who has been teaching at Henefer, Utah, for the past two years, were married at Kansas City, Mo., on Monday, June 15th. Mr. Paddock has accepted a call to Argentine, Kan., and will preach there during the coming year.

DEXTER CLIPPINGS.

From the Leader.

During 1884 there were in our country 579 births and 347 deaths.

Wm. Andrews, of Dexter township, has received \$400 back pension, and will also receive a monthly pension.

The Congregational church have extended a call to Rev. Mr. Bailey to become their pastor. He will commence his labors the first Sunday in July.

SCENE 1.—The wakening hour of midnight, under a bedroom window on Piety Hill. Laddie and Lassie so engaged in courtship they did not notice the omnibus cloud approaching until suddenly the full contents of a water-spout deluged them. The most singular phenomena was that a dipper descended with the water.

SCENE 2.—Laddie clears the fence at a bound, nor did he stop till safe in the paternal home.

STOCKBRIDGE NOTES.

From the Sun.

Born, Monday June 22, to Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Nims, an 8 pound girl.

Caleb Clark, son of E. S., who has been absent for the past nine years, returned home last week. He had changed so that his father did not recognize him.

Mrs. David Leek was buried at Waterloo last Monday. Her illness was very brief, having been sick but two or three days. She died of a congestive chill.

Marshall Isbell, of Jackson, and co-workers have begun laying the foundation walls for Isbell & Co's. grain elevator. This building which is to be placed at the west end of their produce house, will be one of the most useful buildings in the village, and with their present one will give the above enterprising firm the best of facilities for handling whatever the farmers have to sell.

GRAND FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION

—AT—

PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN

Oration by

TERRENCE J. McDONNELL,

—of Toledo.—

MUSIC BY

PINCKNEY and STOCKBRIDGE

CORNET BANDS.

Grand Street Parade

Of Bands, Emblematic Representations, Equestrian and Comic Troops, Four Horse Turn-outs, Carriages, etc.—

MATCH GAME OF BASE BALL,

Athletic Sports, Races and Oddities, Bowery Dances, Swings, Booths and Stands for the Amusement and Entertainment of the People.

OFFICERS OF DAY.

President, - W. P. VAN WINKLE

Orator, TERRENCE J. McDONNELL

Reader, Dr. C. W. HAZE

Chaplain, - Rev. H. CARTLEDGE

Marshal, - Dr. J. H. HOAG

As't Marshals, D. HALL, E. MURPHY

VICE PRESIDENTS:—DR. H. BROWN,

Stockbridge; THOMAS BIRKETT,

Birkett; Hon. E. B. WINANS, Ham-

burg; Hon. THOMPSON GRIMES,

Pinckney; Hon. GEO. COLEMAN,

Marion; HALSTEAD GREGORY,

Gregory; E. G. EMBLER, Howell; F.

A. WARREN, Fowlerville; L. D. AL-

LEY, Dexter; JAMES GILBERT,

Chelsea.

PROGRAMME:

SALUTE AT SUNRISE, 13 Guns.

STREET PARADE at 9:30 a. m.

EXERCISES at SPEAKER'S STAND

at 11 a. m.

Music by Cornet Band.

Prayer by Chaplain.

Vocal Music.

Reading of the Declaration.

Music by Cornet Band.

Oration.

Vocal Music.

Adjournment for Dinner.

BASE BALL GAME at 2 p. m.

March and Drill of KU-KLUX-KLAN

at 3 p. m.

Sports & Athletic Games at 3:30 p. m.

BRILLIANT DISPLAY OF FIRE WORKS

AT 8 P. M.

PRIZES WILL BE OFFERED FOR THE FOLLOWING:—
Handsome Baby (in carriage) under one year of age. Baby show to be held on the square at 8 P. M. Fat man's Race, for men weighing over 22 pounds, distance 80 yards; Climbing Greased Pole; Sack Race; Boy's Race, (age between 10 and 14); Girl's Race, (between 10 and 14); Running Race, open to all; Wheelbarrow Race; Hunting Race between man and horse, 10 rods and return; a prize also awarded to most comical character (horse and rider) for Ku-Klux-Klan.

PRICE LIST

—of—

GROCERIES

—at—

RICHARDS' 16

Sugar, Granulated.....	7c
" Confectioners A.....	7c
" Extra C. Yellow.....	6c
" Brown.....	5c
Coffee, Arbuckles.....	18c
" Dilworth.....	18c
" McLaughlin's xxxx.....	18c
" Old Government Java and Mo-	
cho mixed.....	30c
" Green Rio.....	12c
Teas.....	15, 25, 40, 50, 60c
Pure Spices, per lb.....	40c
Bird Seed.....	8c
Saleratus.....	7c
Corn Starch.....	8c
Gloss Starch.....	8c
Raisins.....	10 to 12c
Rice.....	8c
Prunes.....	7c
Oat Meal.....	4c
Soap, 3 bars for 25c.....	Galvanic
Soap, 4 bars for 25c.....	Ivory
Town Talk, 6 bars.....	Magnetic
Lard, per lb.....	Lenox
Herring, per box.....	Anti washboard
White Fish, 10 lb kits.....	25c
Mackerel, 15 lb kits.....	10c
Dried Beef, sliced, per lb.....	20c
Sugar-cured Hams.....	\$1.00
Mason Fruit Cans, 1 qt., per doz.....	\$1.25
" " 2 qt., per doz.....	\$1.50

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE

—for—

BUTTER & EGGS

\$1.25 \$1.25

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GENERAL AGENT, PINCKNEY, MICH.

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GOODS

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GROCERIES

BOOTS & SHOES

CHEAP

E. A. MANN, PINCKNEY.



PINCKNEY WILL CELEBRATE THE 4TH

And we will endeavor to do our share towards making it a GRAND GALA DAY for THE PEOPLE.

Among the seasonable attractions offered just now are

FLAGS, FLAGS, FLAGS!

Beautiful Flags, from 1c. up to 50c. each.

Japanese Lanterns for Evening Decoration,

Firecrackers, Torpedos and other popular Fireworks for the boys, Confectionery, Nuts and Fruits,

ICE CREAM AND SODA WATER.

Please remember also that our line of DRUGS & MEDICINES is very complete and prices as low as the lowest. We shall try to appreciate your trade, and to deal fairly with you. Give us a call.

WINCHELL'S DRUG STORE, PINCKNEY.