

PINCKNEY DISPATCH.

J. L. NEWKIRK, PUBLISHER.

OUR AIM--TO PUBLISH A NEWSPAPER WORTHY YOUR PATRONAGE.

\$1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. III

PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY SEPT. 24, 1885.

NO. 37

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.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
4:30	7:30				9:30	10:00	8:15	
4:40	7:40		RIDGEWAY		10:10	10:30	8:25	
5:00	7:50		Romeo		10:30	10:50	8:40	
5:10	8:00		Rochester		10:50	11:10	8:50	
5:30	8:20				11:30	11:50	9:10	
6:00	8:50	dp	Pontiac	ar	12:10	12:30	9:30	7:30
6:10	9:00	ar	Wixom	dp	5:00	5:20	9:40	
6:20	9:10				5:05	5:25	9:50	
6:30	9:20		So. Lyon		5:40	6:00	10:00	
6:40	9:30				5:45	6:05	10:10	
6:50	9:40		Hamburg		5:50	6:10	10:20	
7:00	9:50		PINCKNEY		5:55	6:15	10:30	
7:10	10:00		Mount Perry		6:00	6:20	10:40	
7:20	10:10		Stockbridge		6:05	6:25	10:50	
7:30	10:20		Henrietta		6:10	6:30	11:00	
7:40	10:30		JACKSON		6:15	6:35	11:10	

All trains run by "central standard" time.
All trains run daily, Sundays excepted.
W. J. SPICER, 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. Also agent
for the Allen Line of Ocean Steamers. 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. VANWINKLE,
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.

W. C. PYPEH,
PROPRIETOR OF THE
CUSTOM FLOURING MILL, UNA-
DILLA, MICH.—

Having recently leased and overhauled and re-
paired the mill, he is now prepared to do the
best of work in this line and hopes by square
dealing to receive his share of your patronage.
Take your grain to the Unadilla Custom Mill.

COUNTY SURVEYOR.
I WILL ATTEND TO SURVEYING AND LEVEL-
ING DITCHES AT ALL TIMES.

ADDRESS,
ISAAC TELLER,
County Surveyor, Cohoctah, 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.

NEW BARBER SHOP!

I have opened a shop in the Monitor

House, where I am prepared to do

HAIR CUTTING, SHAVING,

CHAMPOOING, Etc.,

IN THE NEATEST STYLE.

Hoping for a share of your patronage,
I am

Yours Truly,

IRA COOK.

NOTICE!

For sale, on reasonable terms, a VALUABLE
DWELLING HOUSE and Barn, located in the
eastern part of the village of Pinckney, on two
village lots, with good well and cistern. For par-
ticulars enquire of T. GUNDS, Pinckney.

IMPORTANT.

When you visit or leave New York City, save
baggage expressage and carriage hire and stop at
the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central
Depot.

Elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one mil-
lion dollars, reduced to \$1.00 and upwards per
day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant sup-
plied with the best. Horse cars, stages and cabs
readily at all depots. Families can live bet-
ter for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than
any other first-class hotel in the city.

DRY

GOODS,

GROCERIES,

BOOTS

AND

SHOES

At Prices

to Suit

the Times.

E. A. MANN.

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 ac-
cordance with our rules, the paper will be discon-
tinued until subscription is renewed.

HOME NEWS.

HOW TO KILL AN OYSTER.
Don't drown deep in the vinegar,
Or season him at all;
Don't cover up his shining form
With pepper, like a pal;
But gently lift him from the shell
And firmly hold your breath,
Then, with your eager tongue and teeth
Just tickle him to death.

Corn cutting progresses.
Standard time is now legal.
The grist mill has been reshingled.
We have a correspondent at Ander-
son.
E. A. Mann visited Jackson yester-
day.

Sigler's drug store has been reshin-
gled.
Ugh! how cold Tuesday and Wed-
nesday.

Did you "catch on" to the horse trot
Friday?

The 10 hour law went into effect
the 18th.

The receipts of the state fair were
\$15,039.15.

Advertisers' camp meeting at Jack-
son this week.

Joseph E. Sawyer, of Pontiac, was
in town last week.

S. Sykes is making some repairs to
his dwelling house.

Read the card of the Unadilla cus-
tom mill in this issue.

John Jackson and wife spent a few
days in Unadilla last week.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Teeple visited
Stockbridge friends Sunday.

Chester Newman, of Indiana, is visit-
ing old friends here this week.

S. N. Whitcomb is placing new
four-light windows in his house.

O. D. Weller and wife, of near Fow-
lerville, were in town last week.

The county fair is in progress this
week; consequently an outpouring
thither.

Dr. J. H. Hoag recently received
some vaccine points, and is doing some
vaccinating.

Martin VanVuren, near Fow-
lerville, died Monday morning. Funer-
al yesterday.

A farewell social was given to Rev.
H. and Mrs. Cartledge at the parson-
age last evening.

Chas. Ellis has removed to Howell,
and has opened up a boarding house,
for railroad hands.

The cornet band serenaded E. L.
Thompson and his newly made bride
on Thursday evening last.

Dr. John Greene, of Plainfield, met
his wife here yesterday, who came on
the train from Ann Arbor.

The social at Jacob Teeple's Friday
night was not very largely attended,
but a good time is reported.

Are you going to Port Huron Sat-
urday? Only \$1.25 for round trip,
and a good time is promised.

J. C. Winchell and family have begun
living in their rooms over the store,
which are very neat and pleasant.

The Tuesday morning west bound
train was nearly an hour behind time,
the cause of which we did not learn.

Mr. E. G. Fish has our thanks for a
quantity of as fine potatoes as we have
seen this year, and also a nice bouquet.

Rev. Mr. Clemons and wife, of Port
Austin, have been visiting her parents,
Mr. and Mrs. Moses Fuller, of this
place.

James Jeffreys and Miss Biddie Cul-
hane, of this place, were united in
matrimony at Chelsea Tuesday, the
22d inst.

Look out for Richards' advertise-
ment next week. They have just pur-
chased one of the finest line of gentle-
men's hats ever brought to this vil-
lage, and expect them on soon.

Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Beebe and Mr.
and Mrs. J. L. Newkirk, visited friends
and relatives in Stockbridge and
Waterloo over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Harris started
Tuesday for Chicago, to see the Cali-
fornia and Kentucky flyers compete for
the greatest prizes ever offered for fast
trotting.

Mr. Patrick Nash, of Dexter, while
working on the steel gang, four miles
west of Chelsea Tuesday, fell between
the cars and had both leg taken off.
He died in about two hours.

At 10 o'clock Tuesday the marriage
of Mr. Jeffreys and Miss Culhane was
consummated, a child was born to Mr.
and Mrs. John Patent, and the funeral
services of Mr. Pangborn were held.

The M. E. appointments in this
vicinity for the coming year are as fol-
lows:

Brighton.—Samuel Bird,
Howell.—J. S. Joslin.
Iscoco and Marion.—B. Goodson.
Pinckney and North Lake.—H. Marshall.
South Lyon.—Franklin Bradley,
Stockbridge and Unadilla.—D. S. Millar.
Dexter.—W. M. Campbell.
Fowlerville.—Jesse E. Patrick.
Chelsea.—J. A. McIlwain.

There seems to be a slight misunder-
standing about the prices at the skat-
ing rink, which are as follows: Ad-
mission, for gents' 10 cents; gents'
skates, 5 cts. Ladies admitted free;
ladies' skates 10 cts. Skating from
6:30 to 9 p. m. Tuesday and Saturday
evenings. Look out for a "sunflow-
er" party at the rink Saturday eve,
Oct. 3.

A short time since the citizens of
Bancroft gave Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fish
a surprise party, presenting him with
a \$35 rolling invalid chair, and her a
willow chair. This shows very plainly
that Mr. Fish has many friends who
sympathize with and aid him in his
affliction. Although not yet recovered
from his stroke enough to converse, he
is gaining slowly, and the doctors
speak more encouragingly of him.

As will be seen by reference to ad-
vertisement in this issue, the Bigh-
ton fair is to be held on Oct. 6, 7, 8
and 9, this season, and all are request-
ed to attend. The officers and society
have done their utmost to arrange
everything satisfactory for this coming
fair, and we expect that it will not
fall short of exhibits of previous years.
It has borne the reputation for a few
years back of being the best fair held
in this section.

Here is a late decision of the su-
preme court: "No town or city has a
right to give a man license or permit
to sell any wares or merchandise on
the sidewalk or on the street in front
of the property of another person.
The street in front of a man's place of
business is held to be an appurtenance
to the lot upon which his store is
erected and situated, and belongs to
him and his business as against all
others except only the right to travel
thereon."

Our colored inhabitants have flown.
The two Yanceys have gone, we know
not whither, but we suppose the
haunts of Pinckney are to know them
no more forever. This leaves Mr. Ira
Cook sole manipulator of the razor
and shears in Pinckney, and we ex-
pect ere long he will be a bloated bond
holder from the effect of the monopoly.
Well, well, Ira is a fine boy, and we
will not begrudge him his good for-
tune. He is cosily settled in the shop
in the hotel.

"Among the Breakers," by request of
citizens of Stockbridge, will be repeat-
ed at that place on Saturday evening
next. The house was crowded last
Saturday evening, and the windows
were occupied as well, from the outside,
while many went away unable to get a
glimpse of the stage. At Unadilla al-
so a nice little crowd turned out, and
expressed their appreciation of the en-
tertainment by giving almost a unani-
mous vote that it was the best thing of
the kind that had visited their "burg."
As this the season when grunting is
indulged in more or less, a little
friendly advice may be in order for

those who do not use fire-arms fre-
quently. Never point a gun or revol-
ver at any one, whether known to be
loaded or not; when loading a gun, or
going through the woods, never hold
or carry it so that it discharged, it
would shoot yourself or anyone else.
Never drag a gun through a fence, a
brush heap or out of a boat, with the
muzzle toward you. If you must
drag it, hitch a string on the butt end
and drag it about ten rods to the
windward. And last but not least,
never discharge your gun until you see
the game and know what you are
shooting at; if not positive on this
point, you had better go home and
dispose of the deadly weapon than as-
sume the life-time responsibility of
shooting a fellow man.—Ogemaw Co.
Herald.

List of Petit Jurors.

The following are the list of jurors
drawn to serve at the October term of
court, which begins October 13th, at
1 p. m.

H. S. Holdridge, Hartland.
Chas. O. Dell, Isoco.
John T. Carr, Marion.
Lucius E. Riddle, Ocoola.
Dan Jackson, Putnam.
George Cornell, Jr., Tyrone.
Albert G. Weston, Unadilla.
John Hilton, Brighton.
C. M. Hart, Cohoctah.
Frank E. Dailey, Conway.
Richard Hunt, Deerfield.
Cyrus S. Sweet, Genoa.
Frank Holden, Green Oak.
John C. McDonnell, Hamburg.
John Daniels, Hamburg.
Charles S. Benjamin, Handy.
J. S. Griswold, Hartland.
Elbert Foster, Isoco.
Albert H. Drewery, Marion.
Byron Fisher, Ocoola.
Frank Reason, Putnam.
J. B. Murbey, Tyrone.
Wm. S. Holmes, Unadilla.
Ira Bradley, Brighton.

LOCAL NOTICES.

NOTICE TO TEACHERS.—The fall ses-
sion of Teachers' Examinations for Liv-
ingston County will be held as follows:
Brighton, September 25; Fowlerville,
October 23; Howell, October 30; Pinck-
ney, November 6; Hartland, Novem-
ber 28. By order of County Board of
School Examiners.

M. M. Abbott, Secretary.

Children's shoes way down at

Don't fail to see that new corn cut-
ter at

LADIES, your choice of fine kid shoes
for \$2.35 Saturday next.

See that line of plaid Dress Goods
only 5 cts. per yard at

Will positively close our store Oct.
1st. Special bargaining in order to
close stock by that time.

MONEY TO LOAN!

On farm security, at current rate of
interest. JOHN DUNNING,
34w8 Unadilla, Mich.

Special sale Saturday. Call in and
see the bargains we offer.

PRITTSVILLE CIDER MILL.—I am
ready to receive cider apples for the
making of cider, apple jelly, etc.

James Markey, of this place, has re-
ceived the agency of the Union School
Furniture Co. of Battle Creek, Mich.
He has the best school desk and seat
made. The seat is automatic or self-
folding. Call and see samples at his
office.

New styles in Jersey Jackets at

Big bargains for the next 10 days.
Will close out Oct. 1st.

WAIT FOR CATHCART.—The photo-
grapher. He will be in Pinckney
soon with his car, and make you pic-
tures satisfactory and reasonable.

WANTED.

Wheat, Beans and Clover Seed,
highest prices paid.

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

ABERDEEN ANGUS GRADES.—The Pol-
led Aberdeen bull, "The Don" at the
Scotch Stock Farm, will serve a limit-
ed number of cows at not less than
\$5 per cow, cash. Apply early to
23tf. Wm. COLLIE, Herdsman.

All persons owing me on account
are respectfully notified that the same
must be settled immediately.

NOTICE.—All those indebted to the
firm of McGinness & Towner must
settle their accounts by Oct. 1, 1885.
(30tf.) J. H. Towner.

JENNIE JUNE IN EUROPE.

Genevieve Ward's Home and Her Mother's Early Recollections of New York.

Genevieve on a Tour Around the World Preparatory to Leaving the Stage and Becoming a Sculptress.

The Botanic and Other Fetes—Minister Phelps and Wife—A Call on Oscar Wilde and His Eccentric Mother.

NO. 10 CAVENDISH ROAD, REGENT'S PARK, LONDON, July 22.—London is a marvel; it is the many-sided representative of all cities, of all nations, of all peoples, of all arts, and all industries, simple and almost rustic in some of its ways, majestic in its achievements, grand and munificent in its charities and its hospitable. In comparison with its methods, its vastness, its population, its real, its immense diversity of interests, New York seems like a village of one or two streets. From the Isle of Wight we reach the metropolis by the Northwestern Railway in three hours and a half, one hour of which is consumed by boat to Southampton. We are a party of three, with three trunks and any quantity of smaller impediments. It is a problem how to reach our destination north of Regent's Park and take our luggage along, for we are booked for a concert and cricket match immediately upon our arrival. The station agent advises a private "bus," which takes our party and its belongings the three miles for four shillings, trunks included, with sixpence extra for the driver, and a shilling extra for handling.

Our stopping place is a charming home outside the noise and bustle of London, but within fifteen minutes of Oxford and Regent Circus by bus and close by Regent's Park upon a "road" lined with trees, where the houses have walled gardens front and back, and the birds sing in the trees all the day long. The neighborhood is a favorite one with artists and professional people, for it is quiet yet easily accessible, and the drives in every direction are through the finest neighborhood by Regent's Park to the business part of the city, and through Hyde Park to South Kensington and its Museum. South Kensington is more modern and professionally fashionable, but it is also much more crowded and said to be less healthy. Among the artists, dramatic and other, whose homes are in this neighborhood is Miss Genevieve Ward, who is now in Australia on a tour around the world, signaled by many curious adventures. Miss Ward's mother, who was a daughter of Gilbert Leigh, one of the early Mayors of New York, and her brother Albert, who was attached to the American Legation in Paris during the Franco-Prussian war, constituted the residential family and relate with infinite gusto the offer of a Maori chief in New Zealand to Miss Ward to put away all his wives if she would consent to take their place. Mrs. Lucie Leigh Ward is a very remarkable woman, and it is from her that Miss Ward derives her remarkable gifts. She was seventy-six the 22d of last May, yet she was the feature of a brilliant "at home" the other afternoon, when she recited at Dr. Langdon Downes, with infinite expression Thackeray's "Canoebottomed Chair." Her voice is of extraordinary compass, and when she was a younger woman was really three distinct voices—soprano, tenor and bass—its depth it still retains, but the higher notes have lost their clearness and purity, though it is still capable of wide variations which are very effective in recitations, in which, however, of late she seldom indulges. She paints also so well that she devoted herself to that art as a profession she must have become eminent in it. Her pictures, with which the walls of her drawing room are filled, lack the technique which is the result of training, but they are excellent in color and feeling. Her son has a collection of upwards of thirty miniatures painted by his mother and which he calls his "treasures," and which are most interesting and valuable as studies. Mrs. Ward's memory dates back to the time when a stream ran through Canal street in New York, and Eighth street was a sandy lane leading to rich green fields, and a hill upon which the elegant out-of-town residences were built—her father's among the number. Mr. Leigh built and occupied the first marble house in New York, at 15 Broadway, and imported for it the first marble bath ever brought to the young city from Italy.

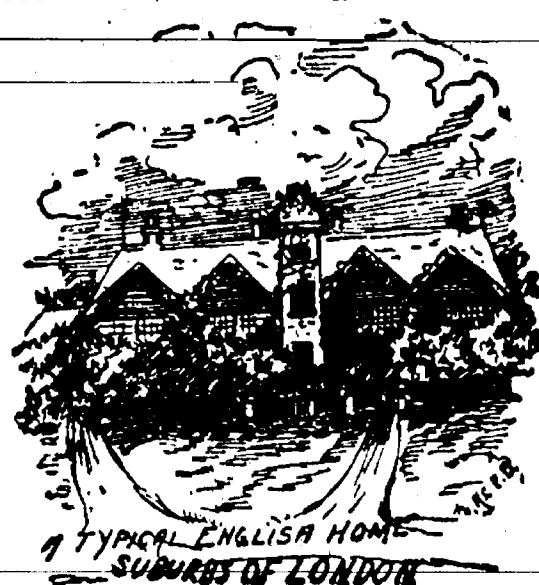


GENEVIEW WARD'S HOME

The home of Miss Genevieve Ward is a three-story house of stone, with bay windows opening respectively upon the drawing room, the library and Miss Ward's own rooms, consisting of a suite of three upon the third floor, with attics above, which do not show from the front of the house. The dining room is upon the ground floor and opens upon a walled garden covered with ivy, and climbing roses, with a balcony between it and the wide French windows of the room and lined

with creepers, so luxuriant in foliage as to give the effect of a conservatory, and to every meal the al fresco character in which Londoners seem to delight as much as their continental neighbors. A door set deep in massive stone admits to "Corda Lodge," and if the visitor has a horse and carriage it is hospitably entertained in the stable, the iron door of which is visible at the left of the picture. The house is rented upon one of the ninety-nine year leases—common in London, by virtue of which the tenant is practically the owner, paying the taxes, being responsible for repairs and for the good sanitary condition of the premises, the original proprietor simply receiving his rental without further responsibility. Americans in London have many pleasant associations connected with Miss Ward's hospitable house and her mother's weekly reunions, and lament the probability of a breaking up of a bright international circle, for the English climate is hard upon maladies contracted by Mr. Albert Ward, from exposure and actual want of proper food while a member of the United States Legation in Paris during the Franco-Prussian war; and as Miss Ward possesses equal talent in sculpture as in dramatic art her tour around the world is an actual and positive farewell of the stage, and its completion in New York next March will be the signal for retirement from the stage, the adoption of the Riviera as a home and sculpture as a pastime, if not a profession. Naturally, her first appearances will be made in London, Paris, or Manchester, where her first triumphs were achieved. But she has refused a new and powerful play, "Bosadicea," written expressly for her, in anticipation of retirement, not "banking," as she says, after public applause, but loving "outdoor" life, and determined to find a home where her mother, her devoted brother and herself can enjoy sunny days all the year round.

About the suburbs of London there are many beautiful, homelike cottages, surrounded with gardens, and covered with vines and flowers, roses, creepers, &c., presenting a very homelike and cheerful aspect. The homes of England are noted the world over. Below is presented a picture of one of these vine-clad dwellings.



A TYPICAL ENGLISH HOME

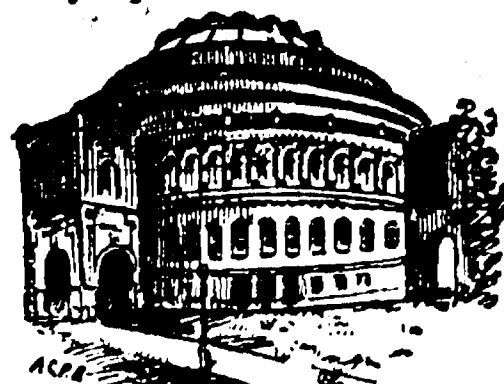
We think we do things on a large scale in New York, but they are very trivial compared with the magnitude of London enterprises. At Lord's all the worms will seem to have turned out to a cricket match—ten thousand people and from twenty to thirty drags on the ground at one time, and all in the gayest of toilets, and the liveliest of holiday humor. On the same day the trains will be crowded with their thousands bound to see a regatta, and in the evening one will sit in a carriage an hour in line to obtain entrance to the Botanic Fete of the Royal Society at Regent's Park. And what a sight it is! Fifteen thousand people, the ladies in evening dress, embroidered satin and tulle, with wraps of cream or ruby plush on Indian chuddah cloth, lined with gold satin, falling from their shoulders, promenading the illuminated grounds made lighter than day with thousand upon thousands of colored electric lights and in different parts of the inclosure conservatories of orchids, conservatories of palms, conservatories of roses, with music in each one, but so distant that the different strains and bands do not in the least interfere one with another. Superior even to this in magnitude was the "conversazione" given by the School of Arts of Ken-



MIDDLE COURT KENSINGTON MUSEUM

sington Museum in connection with the Inventions Exhibition. Eleven different orchestras performed in the courts, galleries, conservatories and kiosks, one interfering in nowise with the other, and each one representing a different nationality or some special qualities of it. There was the full band of the Coldstream Guards, of the Pomorian Hussars, the Strauss Orchestra conducted by Herr Strauss, the Court Band of the King of Siam, and in the Museum Room later on brill-

lant organ, pianoforte, and vocal recitals. In the grounds the fountains were illuminated and all the trees to the very top of the tallest.



ALBERT MEMORIAL HALL

The Royal Albert Hall was encircled by row upon row of electric lights, and waters trickled and dashed from the rockeries in changing hues of violet and gold. At eight different points refreshments were served without stint and without charge, consisting of strawberries, ices, coffee, cake, biscuits, claret-cup and lemonade, to the 15,000 or 20,000 people estimated to have been assembled within the grounds, which, however, were never crowded in any one spot, so great is their extent and so manifold and nearly equal were the attractions.

The most fascinating thing in the whole Exhibition of Inventions, which of course consists largely of electrical apparatus and machinery, is the wonderful old London street built in for the Fisheries Exhibition last year, and in the shops of which the workmen are all engaged at their handicrafts in the sixteenth and seventeenth century costumes. In one old shop a delightful old man in jerkin and broad leather belt, linen collar and Rembrandt cap, is engaged in making etchings of Old London, which a lovely Puritan maiden in gray gown and snowy muslin cap and kerchief sells.

The Fourth of July we spent in a truly patriotic manner. The wide window of the breakfast room opening upon a garden was draped with a large American flag, which was saluted with all the honors. After breakfast we went in a party of five to pay our respects to the new Minister and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Phelps, Lowndes Square, where they have taken the house, vacated by Mr. Lowell. It is very pleasantly and centrally situated, and Mr. and Mrs. Phelps won golden opinions for their charm of manner, their perfect simplicity, yet thorough courtesy and altogether delightful hospitality. They were assisted in receiving by Mr. Henry White, whose previous experience renders him a valuable coadjutor in the trials and anxieties attendant on being projected into the midst of a fashionable London season, with exciting duties to perform and no opportunity for preparation. The United States fails to realize what is due to itself and its position among nations, abroad as well as at home. Its petty economies in the midst of its aggregated wealth lead to wholesale robbery, and its meanness in not providing suitable permanent quarters for its principal representative in great and expensive European cities renders it either dependent upon private fortunes or subject to all the humiliation of inadequate resources.

From the Embassy we drove to "Mayfield" (Putney), the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. Pfeiffer, both well known as authors, and who will be remembered by many Americans as among the most cultivated and delightful of English visitors to American shores. Mrs. Pfeiffer is a tall, graceful lady, picturesque in appearance, and exactly suited to be the presiding genius of a home like "Mayfield." It was a "reception" to which we were bidden—not a garden party proper, but visitors were conducted through the vestibule and principal rooms to the terrace at the back of the gabled stone dwelling, where at the foot of the steps they were received by the mistress of the mansion in a white embroidered Greek costume of her own designing, and taken down a circular walk skirting the lawn, walled on one side by ivy at least twelve feet high and having in its centre a natural arbor, or outdoor sitting room, formed by the arching growth of three magnificent aspens. Stretching across from this arbor to the opposite side of the lawn is a rose walk, covered with masses of climbing white, pink-tinted and tea roses. In the middle it begins again, and extends lengthwise nearly the depth of the grounds, supported the whole distance by pillars of climbing roses and forming the figure of a cross. Tea and coffee, thin bread and butter and cake, were served by neat-handed maidens, from exquisite china, under the aspens, and gay chat and music by Mr. Pfeiffer, who possesses a rich baritone voice, made the sunny hours of our Fourth of July afternoon pass all too swiftly.

On our way home we stopped to pay our respects to Lady Wilde, whose small house in Mayfair was crowded with well known personages. Oscar was there, but not his wife. Oscar is the proud and happy father of a son, who is not, however, to bear his famous first name; the patronymic of the little stranger has not yet been decided upon. I was very pleased myself to meet Mrs. Fenwick Miller, whose life of Harriet Martineau has appeared in the famous Women Series, also Mrs. Leigh Adams and other London authors whose names were familiar. Mr. Oscar Wilde has improved in appearance, dropped his peculiarities of dress, and was easy, cordial and natural in manner; he looked like what he undoubtedly is, a very happy man. His brother "Will" is taller even than Oscar and very

solid and sensible-looking. Both seem devoted to their mother, who is more eccentric in appearance than Oscar himself in his most eccentric days. She is as tall, or taller than either of her sons, wears her hair long and dressed with ribbons, and on this occasion a dress in the early English or "Dolly Varden" style with a profusion of lace, which was far from unbecoming. She is credited with much ability, and certainly writes well on a variety of subjects. She receives in rooms that are so darkened by curtains (red and old gold) as to render it at first difficult to discern objects. Afterwards the living objects appear in relief and more like animated silhouettes.

The evening of this memorable Fourth of July was spent at the Lyceum Theatre, where Mr. Irving's fine study of the Vicar, in the "Vicar of Wakefield," will take rank with his Louis XI., and must be placed in the gallery of eminent stage portraits. It is all the more distinct and remarkable because a serious study of a simple minded and pious clergyman upon the stage is so rare. Usually they are mere strings upon which to hang a series of gags, but the "Vicar of Wakefield" is a refined and intellectual portrait, faithful to the minutest detail, fit to place in the small gallery of the most illustrious impersonations and keep in one's memory forever. The Olivia of Miss Terry is not so happy, nor was Mr. Terriss equal to him, self as Squire Thornhill both played with their parts more than was fitting for the unity of the performance, which was idyllic in its sentiment and perfect in its realism.

The theatres are playing their last nights and will soon close, except some few that remain open all summer. Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft are playing their last nights previous to retiring from the stage, which they do in the midst of the honors of a brilliant professional career. Mrs. Bancroft is still a very handsome and attractive woman, and of Lady Henry Fairfax in "Diplomacy," which is a mere sketch, she makes quite a feature of the play. Mrs. Bernard Beere was the Countess Zicka—not a powerful actress but a picturesque looking woman who dresses characteristically in rich aesthetic gowns and artistic ornaments. A most admirable actress is Mrs. Kendall, whom we saw in the "Money Spinner" and a sketch written for herself and husband, "On a Desert Island," or something to that effect. It is exceedingly clever, and the two pieces exhibited the versatile qualities of the actress. I had a conversation with her subsequently and inquired if she had any intention of coming to America. She thought not. She said she could never make up her mind to leave her children, her "very comfortable" home and the pleasures of an assured social position. Mrs. Kendall is one of the exceptions to the majority of actresses living in London in the social consideration she enjoys and the perfect harmony of her domestic life. Then, while a very highly trained and admirable all-around actress, she does not possess sensational qualities nor the youthful pretensions which are such passports to American favor. I was sorry not to see the old Union Square favorite, for the past four years one of the most attractive members of the company at the Haymarket, Miss Linda Dietz. She has, I believe, gone to America with her mother and a sister, but whether to remain I do not know.

"The Mikado" is drawing phenomenal houses at the Savoy Theatre. It was impossible to get seats within the limit of our stay in London, everything being booked weeks in advance. The latest novelty at the theatres has been produced at the Comedy, with Miss Amy Roselle in the leading part. It is called "The Silver Shield" and is a very bright play, a little choppy in the first act—which might very easily be improved—a capital second act and a very good third act, notwithstanding a little anti-climax. Miss Amy Roselle does some excellent work in it, and Miss Kate Barker also, though the latter is a little overweighted by the melodrama of her principal situation, her forte being that of a charming ingenue. Mr. Beau-Champ, who played an important part, is the only actor I have seen who would make a worthy successor to the late Mr. John Parselle of the Union Square Theatre. Our visits to Stoke Pogis and the "Old Cheshire Cheese" tavern must be reserved for another letter.

Jennie June

Copyrighted by G. W. Hanna.

The Shoe Clerg's Criticism

"Oh, Charley, isn't Miss Agnes a lovely actress? I never saw the emotions depicted so ably. I think she is every bit as grand as Clara Morris," remarked a Bedford avenue girl to her beau.

"Humph; I don't see anything emotional in her acting; her emotions come natural" replied Charley.

"Then that makes her all the better. Now, that scene where she is torn from her child; didn't you notice that sad, agonized look? And the tears actually stood in her eyes. How on earth does she do it?"

"Easy enough. She wears number four shoes."

"Number four shoes! What's that got to do with it?"

"Oh, those shoes she had on to-night were number twos. I sold them to her this morning. Emotion he blowed. Tight shoes will make an emotional actress out of any woman."

Women in China.

North China News.

A remarkable case arising out of the recognized trade in buying and selling women among the Chinese came before the Mixed Court January 5. It seems that at three months ago an old man, who is well known to the police as earning his living by the traffic, went to a woman and asked her if she would not like to earn some money by coolie work. The woman had been living for years with a Chinaman as his wife, though she was not legally married to him, and they had a child; but her reputed husband was away from home, and she expressed her willingness to go out and earn money in the way suggested to her. The old man then told her that he had a situation for her out in the country, and she accordingly went to a village, to the house of an old man of 60 years. For two months, according to her account, she remained there doing the work of a servant, but at the end of that time her aged employer wished to establish more intimate relations with her. She refused him, saying that she was a married woman and had a child, but he repudiated that he had paid \$100 for her and she was his property. The woman then took the earliest opportunity to run away back to the settlement, changing her house there in order that she might not be traced.

However, the pao of the village, who appears to have had a finger in the sale of the woman, followed her to Shanghai and at length discovered her whereabouts. He seized her, took her to the tipao of the district, and sold off everything in her house, leaving \$14. Here in the pao's house she remained locked up for thirteen days, when the matter came to the knowledge of the police, and she was released. On the 14th the Shanghai tipao, the village tipao and the man who sold the woman were all brought up at the Mixed Court and charged with their respective shares in the transaction, the woman appearing to procure accommodation for her reputed husband and their child. Mr. Giles, who was sitting as Assessor, asked Inspector Howard, who was conducting the case for the police, whether he believed that the reputed husband was privy to the sale of his wife. Inspector Howard said that he was inclined to think that the husband did know of it and received part of the proceeds of his wife's sale, but he believed that the woman herself was quite innocent in the matter and really believed that she was simply going out to do coolie work.

The question was then raised as to whether the reputed husband had not a perfect right, in Chinese law, to sell the woman, seeing that he was not legally married to her; but it was ruled that, as they had a child, he had no right to sell her. The husband was accordingly arrested on suspicion and placed with the other prisoners, who were remanded for the attendance of the woman's purchaser, who was the real loser by the whole transaction, having paid away \$100 and got no return for it. As there was no doubt, however, that the Shanghai pao had acted illegally in keeping the woman locked up in his house for thirteen days, he was ordered to receive 100 blows "to begin with," and as this is not the first offense, Mr. Huang intends to apply to the Tao-tai to have his office.

Sir Astley Cooper as a Horse Doctor

In the life of Sir Astley Cooper it is said that he required his coachman to attend every market morning at Smithfield, and purchase all lame young horses exposed for sale which he thought might possibly be convertible into carriage or saddle horses, should they recover from their defects. He was never to give more than seven pounds sterling for each, but five pounds sterling was the average price. In this manner thirty or forty horses were sometimes collected at Gaelstridge, his farm. On a stated morning every week the blacksmith came up from the village, and the horses were in successive order caught, haltered and brought to him for inspection.

Having discovered the cause of their lameness, he proceeded to perform whatever seemed to him necessary for the cure. The improvement produced in a short time, by good feeding and medical attendance, such as few horses before or since have enjoyed, appeared truly wonderful. Horses which were at first with difficulty driven to pasture, because of their halt, were now with as much difficulty re-trained from running away. Even one fortnight at Gaelstridge would frequently produce such an alteration in some of them that it required no unskilful eye in the former owner himself to recognize the animal which he had sold but a few weeks before. Fifty guineas were paid for one of these animals, which turned out a very good bargain, and Sir Astley's carriage was for years drawn by a pair of horses which together cost him only 12 pounds 10 shillings sterling.

We believe a similar business to that of Sir Astley Cooper is carried on by a class of horse dealers in New York and other large cities. Lame and otherwise worthless horses are bought for a few dollars and taken to the country, where the chance of pasture diet, the needed rest, and the watchful and careful treatment of the owner frequently transforms a worthless horse into a valuable animal.

Of the 517 students at the University of California 319 intend to practice law.

PINCKNEY DISPATCH.

J. L. NEWKIRK, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Pinckney, Mich., Thursday, September 24, 1885

HOWELL COMMENTS.

From the Republican.

Mr. N. T. Kirk has accepted a position as book-keeper for McLane & Wilson, the railroad contractors.

An awning frame fell through the large plate glass window on the east side of Parker's drug store, Tuesday. Loss covered by an accident policy.

Work on the T. A. A. & N. M. railroad is progressing. Graders are at work between Byron and Durand while only choppers have thus far been started between Howell and Byron. Messrs. McLane & Wilson expect grading tools here this week so that they will be able to keep the dirt flying all along the line from here to Durand after this week until the bed is finished.

From the Democrat.

The wife of Adam Smith, of Iosco, died Saturday, aged 52 years.

Wm. R. Phillips, an old resident of Conway, was buried Tuesday.

Last week Wednesday Kellogg & Dingler set their machine three times and threshed 1,415 bushels of grain.

The fall term of the union school opened with an attendance of 504 pupils, including a large foreign list. The teachers' class numbers 29.

Rey J. F. Davidson, well known in Howell, has been placed on the retired list of the M. E. Church. He has been 54 years an active preacher, and retires nearly blind and infirm.

BRIGHTON SAYINGS.

From the Citizen.

Mr. L. B. Fonda with the help of numerous neighbors and friends celebrated his 79th birthday yesterday. Some parties have been looking over the foundry with a view to purchasing it. There is money in it for the right man.

Married, in Brighton, Tuesday, Sept. 8, 1885, Mr. Albert Marshall, of Green Oak, and Miss May E. Hurley, of Lyon. Numerous friends wish them much joy.

John Duckering lost a fine Louis Napoleon yearling colt from disemper. John says a thousand dollars would not have bought the colt while it was alive.

There are those who are offering to bet that the T. A. A. & N. M. will never build a track of their own this side of Howell, but will run over the D. L. & N. Some things which have been transpiring lately point a little that way.

A large lynx has been disturbing the quietude of the Sam Osborne neighborhood by killing sheep, poultry, etc. Most of the Nimrods of Green Oak, and several from here, are after him, and we are expecting every minute to hear that his hide is nailed on somebody's stable door drying.

STOCKBRIDGE NOTES.

From the Sun.

A. L. Forbes reports a Holstine calf which at four days old weighed 113 lbs., the dam being but two years old.

The postoffice has been moved into Mr. Everett's store; and C. A. Nims has been duly installed keeper of the keys.

There are about nine horses being practiced on the track in prospect of the coming fair, among them is the Texas Spy, owned by M. Vaughn, of Leslie, who is spending the week in town with VanEtten.

There were 175 persons picking cranberries on A. Richmond's marsh last Saturday; the pickers killed four massasaugas.

A terrible cyclone passed through Lenawee county last week, clearing its track of nearly everything. It had the peculiarity of taking the tops and sides off from buildings and leaving the rest standing.

SOUTH LYON DOTS.

From the Excelsior.

The alley, back of the postoffice, is being graded and fixed up in good style.

The appointments of the Detroit district places M. W. Gifford at Ply-

mouth and Franklin Bradley at this place.

E. T. Walker, of Salem, raised a crop of Bohemian oats this season and already has found sale for nearly all of them at \$10 per bushel.

Sunday while Mrs. James Coil and her two children, of the Base Line, were crossing a bridge with their horse and buggy, the horse became frightened, upsetting the buggy. Mrs. Coil received a dislocated shoulder and one of the children had one of its arms broken twice.

From the Picket.

County Clerk Fay's report says there were 375 deaths, 570 births and 285 marriages in Oakland county the past year.

Mr. Gossman, formerly of B. & O. line, takes Mr. Bay's place as agent for T. & A. A., at this point. He is the sixth man who has tried to fill that position within two years.

Tickets will be on sale at the depot every Tuesday, good for one week, to Chicago and return, during the Interstate exposition, for the small sum of \$7.10 with coupon attached admitting to the exposition.

One coach loaded with 13 persons constituted the grand excursion from the T. & A. A. line to Whitmore Lake this morning.

FOWLerville PARAGRAPHS.

From the Review.

Rev. Jesse Kilpatrick has been returned by Conference to the pastorate of the Fowlerville M. E. church for another year.

John Badgero, a brother of Mrs. H. Persons, died at her residence in this township on Sunday last, aged 73 years.

G. J. Gibson has traded his livery stock and business to Wm. Miner for a small farm in Cohoctah. Mr. Miner will conduct the business at the old stand.

Landlord Tatt of the Commercial has been confined to his bed for the past few days—the effect of a bad cold. During his illness Mr. Geo. Ruel has officiated as clerk.

George Whitney died on Sunday morning last, the 13th inst., of consumption. His wife died the 16th of June last, of the same disease, since which time Mr. Whitney has gradually failed until Sunday morning when he passed peacefully away.

DEXTER CLIPPINGS.

From the Leader.

The M. E. Conference sends Rev. R. M. Campbell to fill the Dexter pulpit.

Mrs. T. Birkett and Mrs. S. Newkirk started on Tuesday for a visit with their children, H. W. Newkirk and wife, in Williamsburg, Ky.

W. H. Newell, of Dexter township, who was sent to the asylum at Pontiac some months since, died there yesterday morning. He was 38 years of age.

OUR COUNTY JAIL.

EDITOR OF THE DISPATCH:—I desire through your valuable paper to call attention to the county jail. It was perhaps good enough when built some forty years ago, to answer the purposes of a new country in the backwoods. But day by day its timbers have been rotting, its iron rusting and the concentrated exhalations of humanity adhering to its walls until it has become utterly unfit to contain human beings, and entirely unsafe and useless as a place of confinement. In the mean time the county has been growing rapidly in population and wealth, the tramp disease has sprung up, criminals have increased in number more than proportionately with the growth of population, and in audacity and cleverness beyond imagining, and our ideas too upon the requirements of a jail and the methods of management have changed so that the jail of forty years ago is now universally recognized as but the most efficient means to increase the evil it was designed to check.

For the county to build a new jail would not be extravagance. Indeed it is extravagance to attempt to use a jail so dilapidated that horse thieves, burglars and tramps know that they can ply their vocations in perfect safety throughout the county, and if arrested break out any night they may

choose. Escapes have been sufficiently frequent to demonstrate this fact.

The present jail is provided with none of the appointments necessary to enable an officer to confine dangerous and wily men. No amount of care and precaution will supply its deficiencies. Fire arms and tools for escape may be passed in at the windows, but they are quite unnecessary. Any one having the nerve, cunning or perversity to commit a crime which would call for his detention, could kick his way out. No Sampson would be required to pull the whole thing down. In repairing the building last year it was found that a good smart kick would tumble down the rear wall. The window sills are so rotten that they can be crumbled in pieces, and the wooden planks which form the cell partitions are too rotten to hold a nail.

It is so situated (immediately under the court room) that the judge and jury have the full benefit of all the foul breath and other stenches that ascend and pour through the cracks of a loose floor. Entire lack of ventilation of the jail wards gives to those above the undiluted aroma of those below; and this is accentuated by utter lack of all means for keeping the prisoners or their clothing clean. That this condition of things could be tolerated by the officers of the officers of the law and others called to occupy this upper chamber shows their devotion to duty to a degree utterly unmindful of self. Seeds of disease are there sown which though unnoticed at the time or ascribed to the true cause afterwards will produce a rich harvest of brain and pulmonary disease. The court room was empty at the time of my visit and I could distinctly detect the jail odor from beneath. It must cause many a stupor and headache; neither judge, jury or the bar can do justice to themselves or the cases under consideration while breathing such an atmosphere.

Livingston county can afford and ought to have a good jail provided with modern appliances for holding securely violators of the law, with conveniences for keeping them clean and healthy, and a yard with a high wall for working drunks and other short time convicts.

The total valuation of the county is something over \$15,000,000. If the county raises \$15,000 or \$20,000, the tax would only amount to a dollar or a dollar and a quarter for a thousand dollars of property, and the money cannot be invested in any insurance for the protection of property which will compare with a good jail in charge of a careful sheriff and the maintenance of rigid discipline.

The State Board of Corrections and Charities will send a communication to the Board of Supervisors at the next session, asking them to submit to the voters of the county the question of a sufficient appropriation for a new jail, and if the subject is properly considered I have no doubt it will carry both with the Board and the public.

Yours Respectfully,

LEVI L. BARBOUR.

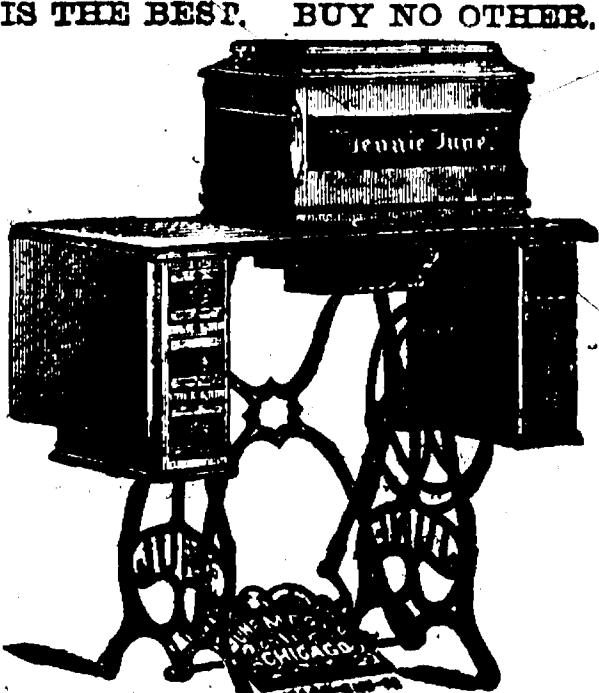
THE NEW AND ELEGANT

—HIGH ARM—

"JENNIE JUNE"

SEWING MACHINE

IS THE BEST. BUY NO OTHER.



The LADIES FAVORITE, because it is LIGHT RUNNING and does such beautiful work. Agents' Favorite, because it is a quick and easy seller.

AGENTS WANTED IN UNOCCUPIED TERRITORY.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

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—AT—

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OCTOBER 6, 7, 8 AND 9, 1885.

—Have you ever been there? If so,—

COME AGAIN

—IF NOT—

Do not fail now, it will be better than ever.

—MANY SPECIAL PREMIUMS WILL BE OFFERED.—

SPECIALS FOR LADY EQUESTRIANS.

—FOR PREMIUM LISTS, APPLY TO—

LOUIS MEYER, Secretary,

Brighton, Michigan.

QUAKER

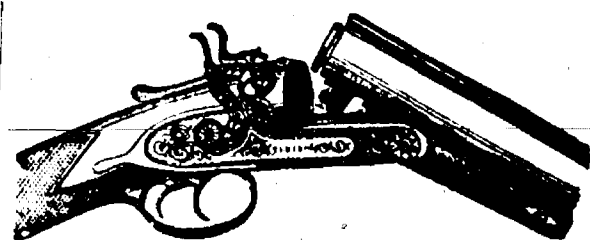
Is the Best

TABLE SAUCE.

Thousands of articles are now manufactured that in former years had to be imported, paying high import duty as it is now being done on Len & Perry's table sauce; the QUAKER TABLE SAUCE takes its place; it has been pronounced by competent judges just as good and even better. The QUAKER SAUCE has slowly but surely gained great importance and is replacing the very best imported sauce on the shelves of the grocer, the tables of the restaurant and the tables of the rich and poor men, greatly prized and relished by all on account of its piquancy, aroma, taste, strength and purity. The inventor has by years of study of the secret virtues contained in the aromatic spices of the Indies and China, such as mace, nutmeg, cinnamon, genuine Jamaica ginger, and buds of trees unknown to most men, and by long practice succeeded to combine their extracts in such a liquid form as we now find it of agreeable taste, and so invigorating as to be taken in place of stomach bitters. By manufacturing this sauce here, heavy import duties and freights are saved, and it is sold at a lower figure to the dealer, who making a better profit on Quaker Sauce can sell it to the consumer cheaper than the very best imported article hardly equaling ours. If your grocer does not keep it, write us for prices, etc. Sold in bottles or by the gallon.

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Breech and Muzzle Loading, Shot and Ride.

GUNS TO RENT BY THE DAY.

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Special Prices Given for

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IN LARGE QUANTITIES.

I also have a Fine Stock of

WATCHES!

Dust and Water Proof.

Clocks, Plated Ware, Pocket Cutlery,

Musical Goods, Optical Goods

and Notions.

First Class work on all kinds of Repairing

Promptly done.

EUGENE CAMPBELL.

—FOR THE NEXT 30 DAYS—

\$3

WILL BUY A HEAVY, ALL-WOOL

BUSINESS PANTS,

MADE TO ORDER!

AT

Case & Thyne's HOWELL.

The goods are no old stock. They are right fresh from the mills. The best ever offered in the country for the money.

WELL WORTH \$5.00.

We have also a full line of Foreign and Domestic Woolens in Suitings and Overcoatings AT VERY LOW PRICES.

CASE & THYNE,

MERCHANT TAILORS,

HOWELL, MICH.

MARRIAGE OF MONSTROSITIES.

Recollections of a Veteran Showman.

"When John O'Brien, the well-known circus man, was in the high-tide of prosperity," said W. C. Coup, the veteran showman, to a Chicago reporter, "among the attractions in the routine of side-shows following his tent there was a freak known as Walter Stewart. This human monstrosity was without legs or hands, but he had short, stubby arms, and it was considered an interesting sight to see him shave himself by the use of these half-formed limbs. Although repulsive in other respects, it is said that Stewart possessed average intelligence. One season O'Brien was accompanied on his tour by a charming and beautiful young daughter. Kitty was her name, and she was the idol of her amusement-loving parent. He was worth at least \$250,000 at that time, and he lavished every attention upon his beloved child. Kitty had her own will in almost everything. She got acquainted with the side show monstrosity, Walter Stewart, and day after day went surreptitiously to converse with him. At length, before the father had the slightest inkling of the course affairs had taken, his daughter had become strangely infatuated with, and secretly married, the deformed creature. O'Brien, in his anger, cast her completely off, and never spoke to either of the two afterward. But Kitty clung stoutly to her choice, ministering to his wants, accompanying him in shows and museums, and to all appearances loving him.

"Perhaps you remember John Battersby, the skeleton man. No? Well, John was long a great card for side-shows and museums, and, by the way, I think he is still living. It is wonderful how long these skeletons do live. Battersby was married some twenty years ago to 'Hannah,' the fat woman of Maine, after which they always made engagements and traveled together. Hannah was the biggest fat woman I ever saw, too. She weighed upwards of 500 and there was over 400 pounds difference between the weight of husband and wife. The union, I believe, was blessed with several children.

"William Thompson, a steamship engineer, became infatuated with Ann E. Leak, a woman without arms, and married her some ten years ago. They subsequently went to Australia together and, I am told, made a good deal of money. She has been seen with all the big shows in this country time and time again. They have a very fine boy, and the mother can crochet, knit, sew and write with her toes as well as most ladies can with their hands.

"And then there was Mrs. Myers, the bearded lady—you have seen her? She became the wife of Amos Myers of Otsego, New York, seven or eight years ago, and they have traveled together with all the shows since at different times. He seems as careful and proud of her as of a babe.

"Don't you remember that balloon marriage of two of my people at Cincinnati? In 1875, a short time before Prof. Donaldson made his fatal trip from Chicago, he took up Charley Colton, my assistant treasurer, and a pretty hippodrome rider and chariot driver whom Colton made his bride high up in the air. I went up with them and we had a gay time. Over 50,000 people saw us start on the eventful voyage. Poor Donaldson! it was the last wedding he ever witnessed.

"Chang, the Chinese giant, eight feet high, was first wedded to a very diminutive woman of his own country. She accompanied him on his exhibition tours, and at length died in Europe. Then Chang, when the season of grief had passed, got it and won the hand of an English woman, of 110 pounds weight, at Manchester. She still resides there, and has three children. When the father goes home and reaches out his hand in greeting, they always think he has brought home a smoked ham.

"Chenab, the Chinese dwarf, became the legally wedded husband of a young girl named Blackmore, who followed him from Brooklyn to Chicago about a year ago. She weighs 150 pounds.

"Eli Bowman, the man who has feet growing out of his body, and no legs, has been married twelve years and has a wife and three children living at Reading, Michigan.

"Anna Jones, the celebrated 'Esau child,' with Barnum several years ago, united her destiny with that of Dick Elliott, a side-show talker, and she has a grown an elegant crop of beard. They have made much money.

"Col. Goshen, the well-known giant, now employed commercially in Chicago, had a wife who deserted him and carried away part of his fortune."

Blake?—was I not approaching the Mecca of my hopes?

I remained a month at Boljolderun Hall. I held the stereotyped interview with Blake pere in his study, which terminated most satisfactorily.

And—
Well, yes—
I am to return to Connemara before Valentine's day, and claim the hand of the sweet little Irish girl who called me an English boor.

Ten mah "after God's own heart" are only so for a time and a mission; every one is "after God's own heart" for the functions that he does best.

There were 5,912,046 cattle in Great Britain in 1880, and 5,911,642 in 1881. There has been a decline in the number of sheep of 19 per cent. since 1874.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetters, Chapped Hands, Chills, Corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For Sale at WINCHELL'S DRUG STORE.

In the iron trade there are expanding prospects and expanding hopes.

FOR DYSPEPSIA and liver complaint, you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure. Sold by F. A. Sigler. 15

Pool selling at horse races has been made illegal in Tennessee.

WHY WILL YOU cough when Shiloh's Cure will give you immediate relief. Price 10c., 50c. Sold by F. A. Sigler. 11

The wheat crop of Texas is much larger and the yield is much greater than for several years past.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY—a positive cure for catarrh, diphtheria, cankered mouth. For sale by F. A. Sigler. 12

Butter is carried successfully from New Zealand to England at a temperature of 33 degrees. It is thought that a large trade will be established.

"HACHMETACK" a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50c. Sold by F. A. Sigler. 13

A Mississippi farmer dashes cold water into the ears of choking cattle. This causes the animal to shake its head violently, and the muscular action dislodges the obstruction.

A NASAL INJECTOR free with each bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Sold by F. A. Sigler. 16

A rooster belonging to a farmer in Washoe Valley, Neb., kills rats and chicken-hawks. He is known to have killed twenty-one rats.

THE REV. GEO. H. THAYER, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE." Sold by F. A. Sigler. 9

To make economical pork the pig should be kept in a continuously growing condition from the day of his birth until he is delivered into the hands of the butcher.

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 and activity will return; pain and misery will cease, and henceforth you will rejoice in the praise of Electric Bitters. Sold at fifty cents a bottle at Winchell's Drug Store.

The editor of the farm, Field and Stockman was told that a teaspoonful of coal oil poured into the wounds made by peach-borers would kill the insects. He tried it, and found it killed the tree as well as the borers.

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 try 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.

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, Buns, 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.

Wholesale merchants, East and West, confidently anticipate a fair fall business.

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.

Suppe, the composer, is still dangerously ill at Vienna. His malady is mental.

ARE YOU MADE miserable by indigestion, constipation, dizziness, loss of appetite, yellow skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. Sold by F. A. Sigler. 10

Forty women are employed as law reporters in the city courts of Chicago.

To the Afflicted.

Since the introduction of Kellogg's Columbian Oil it has made more permanent cures and given better satisfaction on Kidney Complaints and Rheumatism than any known remedy. Its continued series of wonderful cures in all climates has made it known as a safe and reliable agent to employ against all aches and pains, which are the forerunners of more serious disorders. It acts speedily and surely, always relieving suffering and often saving life. The protection it affords by its timely use on rheumatism, kidney affection, and all aches and pains, wounds, cramping pains, cholera morbus, diarrhoea, coughs, colds, catarrh, and disorders among children, makes it an invaluable remedy to be kept always on hand in every home. No person can afford to be without it, and those who have once used it never will. It is absolutely certain in its remedial effects, and will always cure when cures are possible.

Call at Winchell's Drug Store and get a memorandum book giving more full details of the curative properties of this wonderful medicine.

Solid leather shoe buttons are now made, and at the rate of two or three hundred a minute. They grow a brighter jet the longer they are worn.

SHILOH'S CURE will immediately relieve croup, whooping cough and bronchitis. Sold by F. A. Sigler. 14

In Paris it is against the law to lend out newspapers for reading. The newspaper proprietor must have some hand in law making in France.

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.

STATE OF MICHIGAN: Seventh Judicial Circuit—In Chancery. Suit pending in the Circuit Court for the County of Livingston, in Chancery, at Howell, on the tenth day of August, A. D. 1885. In the cause wherein LUCIA A. MEAD is complainant and HENRY S. MEAD is defendant. Each due proof of Grand Jurors Henry S. Mead, defendant in the above entitled cause pending in this court, resides out of said state of Michigan and in Washington Territory, and on motion of Rollin H. Person, solicitor for complainant, it is ordered that the said defendant do appear and answer the bill of complaint filed in the said cause within four months from the date of this order, else the said bill of complaint shall be taken as confessed; and further that this order be published within twenty days from this date in the Free Press Dispatch, a newspaper printed in the said county of Livingston, and be published therein once in each week for six weeks in succession. Such publication, however, shall not be necessary in case a copy of this order be served on this defendant, personally, at least twenty days before the time herein prescribed for his appearance. Dated, this tenth day of August, A. D. 1885. Circuit Court Commissioner for said County. ROLLIN H. PERSON, Solicitor for complainant. (A true copy; attest, JOHN RYAN, Register.)

TUTT'S PILLS

25 YEARS IN USE.

The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age.

SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

Loss of appetite, Bowels constive, Pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back, Pain under the shoulder-blade, Fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Nervousness, with a feeling of having accomplished some duty. Weakness, Dizziness, Flushing at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Headache over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, Highly colored Urine, and CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, and produce effects such as a change of feeling, into a cheerful and active state of mind, and a single application of the Pills, imparts a natural color, and instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of \$1.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE

GRAY HAIR or White changed to glossy Black by a single application of this Dye. It imparts a natural color, and is instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of \$1.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

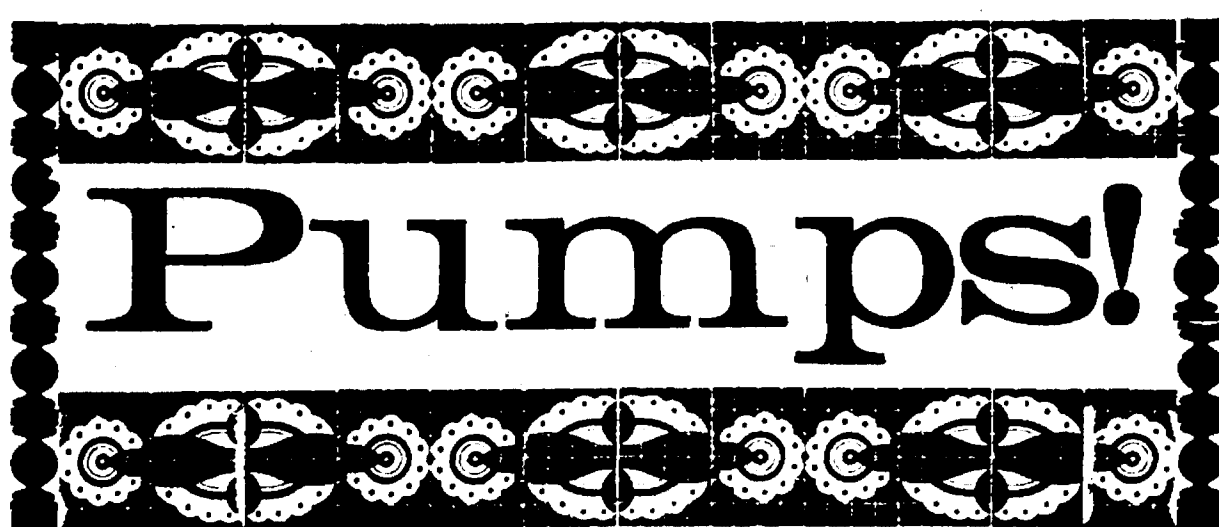
FOR THE

LIVER

And all Bilious Complaints. Safe to take, being purely vegetable, no griping. Price 25 cts., 40 cts. and 75 cts.

PUMPS!

PUMPS,



—If you are in need of—

WOODEN PUMPS FOR OPEN WELLS

or Wooden Heads for Drive Wells

—OR ANY—

REPAIRS FOR WOODEN PUMPS,

—SUCH AS—

VALVES, LEATHERS for PLUNGERS,

Handles or Plunge Rod,

ON ANYTHING IN THE PUMP LINE,

CALL AND SEE ME

I CAN RIG YOU OUT!

F. L. BROWN.

NEW FIRM! NEW PRICES! IN DRUGS AND MEDICINES!

I have a full line of the latest FLUID EXTRACTS and other preparations known to the drug trade; also as fine a line of Fancy Goods and Toilet Articles as you will find anywhere in the county.

School Books & School Supplies of all kinds

a complete stock. Miscellaneous Books, Blank Books and Stationary.

The Finest Line of BOX PAPERS in Town.

Call and see them. I have just received a new supply of

Wall Paper and Ceiling Decorations, the

Latest Patterns and Designs.

WINDOW SHADES A FINE LINE.

ORANGES, LEMONS & BANANAS.

MY STOCK OF GROCERIES IS COMPLETE

AND PRICES TO MEET THE TIMES.

The 'Night Hawk' and 'Big Bass' are the boss nickle Cigars of the town

All goods in our line are down to hard-pan. Save your money by buying now. Don't look for lower prices, for you will never see them. Thanking my friends for past favors, I hope by square dealing to merit a share of your patronage in the future. Respectfully,

F. A. SIGLER.

TO YOU ALL!

Who buy your FURNITURE of

L. H. BEEBE, - PINCKNEY

BEDROOM SUITS, PARLOR SUITS

LOUNGES, BUREAUS, BOOKCASES, TABLES!

STANDS, CHAIRS, ETC. ETC.

THE LATEST STYLES AT LOWEST PRICES!

PICTURE FRAMING OF ALL KINDS A SPECIALTY.

COFFINS, CASKETS, ROBES and FUNERAL SUPPLIES of all kinds

constantly on hand.

San Francisco Dispatch

J. L. NEWKIRK PUBLISHER.

Entered at the Postoffice at San Francisco, California, as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1879.

TIMELY TOPICS.

SAN FRANCISCO papers report the death lately in that city, in the most wretched state of destitution, of a well-known character Johnny Skae, who seven years ago was estimated to be worth ten millions of dollars. He was employed at Virginia City as an operator in the California telegraph company when the four bonanza kings—Flood, O'Brien, Mackay and Fair—were developing their operations connected with the silver mines in California and Virginia City. They communicated with each other in cipher. Skae discovered the key to this cipher, and became aware, long in advance of every one else, of the marvels which were to astonish the public. All the money he could command or borrow he invested in shares of the two mines, and when the allotment was finally settled and public excitement had somewhat cooled, it was found that the telegraph operator was worth \$3,000,000. But he was not content, and speculated largely in much less safe investments, so that when the commercial crash came soon after it quite ruined him. He disappeared from view until a year ago, when a policeman in San Francisco found him lying in the street at night, hopelessly drunk, with only a few small coins.

It is part of the religion of the lower orders of Chinese to have their bones buried in China. They believe that the soul will not live nor be happy unless this is done. Upon this depends their hope of immortality. If, therefore, the San Francisco authorities break up the practice of shipping the bones of dead Chinamen back to China, they will succeed in preventing any more Chinese immigration into the United States. Chinese bodies are usually buried in the earth long enough for the flesh to rot away. The bones are then disinterred, boiled, scraped and carefully polished. In this form they are wholly inoffensive. But the methods of preparing them in this way may be offensive and dangerous to the public health, in cases where they are not kept in the ground long enough before disinterment. Every Chinaman who comes into the United States does so under a written contract with the Chinese Six Companies that, in case of death, his bones shall be taken back to China. Without such a contract he would not dare to leave China.

People wonder at the crowds which Barnum draws, forgetting that through all time the showman has been King. George III suspended a council of his ministers to rush to an open window and stare at Lunardi's balloon, and Jenny Lind freely forgave the little boy for whom his fond father had bought a ticket for one of her concerts, and who went instead to see the fat hog in a side show. "Was it," asked with the liveliest interest the illustrious artiste, "a very fat hog?" The hippopotamus, when he first came to London, was certainly the most popular personage in the metropolis, and Sir Edwin Lanseer hastened to the Zoological Gardens to make for royalty a pen-and-ink sketch of the interesting stranger. Then came the reign of King Jumbo, just dead.

Most people are familiar with the sentences "Prepare for eternity" and other words that appear upon the rocks in Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Rhode Island and Massachusetts. But few people know who paints them. It is George Mayer, a German. He travels most of the time with his paint and brushes. He has put 2,700 sentences on rocks since January, and says that every one saves ten souls. He claimed to have saved 520 souls in Paterson, N. J., in one day. He says that he is called a crank almost every day. He sleeps in barns and gets no pay for his work; but he claims the Lord pays him. He says as soon as he goes to work at anything else the Lord tells him to go to painting again.

Up to the present time about one thousand more copyrights have been granted during 1885 than last year. Congress Librarian Spofford says this is largely due to the great number of articles copyrighted by newspapers and magazines. An increased number of engravings, photographs, and pieces of music have also been copyrighted this year.

Skating Rinks.

San Francisco Examiner.

"At the earnest solicitation of my daughters I permitted them to attend the skating rink several evenings," said a lady who had three charming girls, the eldest of whom recently graduated from the high school. "They told me," continued the lady, "that their classmates all went there, and as I knew that many of the mothers in our vicinity permitted their daughters to go, I gave my consent. The girls came home each evening before 10 o'clock, and their ruddy faces denoted that they greatly enjoyed the sport. One day, however, I heard my youngest girl make a remark that surprised me. I need not repeat it, but it opened my eyes to the fact that she had made the acquaintance of some one who was instilling evil thoughts into her mind. I said nothing to her about the matter, but I watched her in the other girls closely. It was but a few days before a chance expression dropped by the eldest girl gave me a clue to what was going on. I learned that they were making 'mash-e' at the skating rink. I then determined to visit the rink myself and watch the conduct of the visitors. I mentioned my intention to a friend, who is the wife of a sergeant of police, and she told me that her husband had frequently spoken to her about the low class of men who frequented these places and insidiously tempted and ruined young girls. While we were talking the officer returned home and corroborated all that his wife had related.

"I am off duty to-night," he said, "and if you will come with me to the rink in the most high toned part of the city, I will show you opium dens and short-card players skating hand in hand with the daughters of the most respectable parents."

"I accepted the invitation, and a little after 8 o'clock we entered a rink. My escort took me into the gallery, where we could watch the skaters. There was a merry gathering of young people, and I had to admit that there seemed nothing harmful in the exercise. To be sure, there was a little too much indiscriminate familiarity with which people tumbled against each other and fell around, but they were all so good-natured about it that I could hardly condemn the rink. I soon discovered that it was the surface that I saw."

"Do you see that young fellow in the light suit of clothes talking to that lady and her daughter?" said the sergeant, pointing to a seat on the floor of the rink.

"Yes; she is a neighbor of mine," I replied. "The young lady graduated with my girl."

"Well, I just want to prove something to you. I will leave you at the foot of the stairs, and you go over and speak to her. She will introduce you to the young man. Be sure and remember the name she calls him. I don't want him to see me just yet."

"I did as he told me, and was introduced to the young man as Harry Smith. In a few minutes' conversation I learned that he was a clerk in the local office. He was a stout, full-faced, pleasant-looking young man, and the girl told me in a whisper that she knew him two weeks, and that he was a rascal. We had talked about five minutes, when my escort walked quietly up behind the 'nice young man' and, laying his hand on his shoulder, said: 'Jim, ain't you out of your element?' Did the young man look insulted? Oh, no; he walked off like a whipped cur. Of course, the lady and daughter were extremely surprised and indignant, but when the sergeant explained that the fellow was an incorrigible opium smoker, and had been living off of fallen women for years, the mother was only too thankful for his interference. The girl afterward transpired, had become quite attached to the fellow, and her parents thought it best to send her east for a few months.

"During the evening the sergeant pointed out half a dozen young men to me who had been arrested frequently for vagrancy. One of the most graceful skaters on the floor, who was attracting no little attention from the girls, was an individual who had served a term in the House of Correction for using a mass of 15 to enter a life of shame. Did I let my girl go skating after that? No, indeed. I have spoken to the minister of my church about what I learned that night, and he has promised me to deliver a sermon upon the subject. There are a half dozen young ladies of the church who teach Sunday-school and go to the rink. He has agreed to make the sermon a very pertinent one to them."

In conversation with a member of a prominent athletic and social club the other evening the question of skating rinks was mooted, and the gentleman said: "You know we have always had the reputation of giving select parties. No woman with a taint on her reputation can receive an invitation to our receptions. We are obliged to be very strict on this point, or we will lose our prestige. In making out our list for the last ball there were seven young ladies and two married ones stricken off because of scandals arising from too frequent use of the rollers. It has come to such a pass now that a woman who attends the rink is looked upon with suspicion."

A successful cultivator of roses applied to a literary gentleman for his autograph, and received this answer: "I acknowledge with pleasure the receipt of a dozen beautiful acorn-shaped roses as a liberal payment for my illegible autograph." The roses were sent.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

Why?

Youth's Companion.

The very oddest boy I know

Is Robin Adair, with his head of tow,
And his brave bright eyes, where the questions grow.

For this very same boy is asking why

From the time that the morning paints the sky
Till the sleepless stars come out on high.

Why does Jack's kite stay up in the sky?
It has no wings and yet it can fly!
And sister says wishes go just as high.

Why is oatmeal healthy and candy good?
Is it always naughty to do as you would?
And would you be an angel if you could?

This rose was a bud and why did it burst?
This bird was an egg and which came first,
The egg or the bird, and how was it nursed?

What is the wind and where does it stay?
When it bushes itself and creeps away
Is it sighing or singing, and what does it say?

Why is it bad for boys to fight,
And for soldier-men so brave and right?
Why do I love you best at night?

Why do the oaks and elms stand tall,
And the apple trees do the work for all,
With their gnarled old branches ready to fall?

Why does a great strong gentleman ride
In a carriage handsome and soft and wide,
And a tired old woman walk by the side?

Ah! Robin, I'll neither laugh nor cry,
But I'll tell you a secret deep and high—
The grown-up children keep asking, Why?

And the answers are somewhere safe and fair,
Beyond the stars and the star-lit air,
For men and women and Robin Adair.

Chips, the Newboy.

Philadelphia Journal.

Chips was a little ragged ten-year-old boy who sold newspapers. He had no father or mother, in fact he never remembered having any; as for a name, Chips was all the one he owned and he didn't even know who gave him that.

But for all this Chips was happy, and gaily plied his trade. One morning he had bought his papers and was standing on the street waiting for customers.

In about an hour his papers were all sold but one. Tucking it under his arm, he began to walk slowly up the street, gazing at the things displayed in the windows. As he was passing a jeweler's store a gentleman came hurrying out, and in doing so knocked against Chips.

"Ah! I beg your pardon, boy. Is that one of to-day's newspapers you have there?"

"Yes, sir," replied Chips.
"How much?"
"Two cents, sir."

The gentleman gave him two cents and passed on.

Chips looked at the money in his hand; there lay a bright dime and one cent.

"Jiminy! he has given me nine cents too much," and in went Chips to the jeweler's.

On inquiring he learned that the gentleman's name was Mr. Leonard Armstrong.

The jeweler did not know where he lived, but said he would be at the store next morning to get something he was having repaired.

The next morning Chips started for the store, but learned to his disappointment that the gentleman had been there and left about half an hour before.

For a day or two after this Chips came around in the neighborhood of the jeweler's in hopes of seeing the gentleman, but he did not meet him. At last he concluded that he would use the nine cents in buying newspapers and every day as he counted up his gains he laid by one cent for the use of the nine cents, putting it all away to give to the gentleman if he ever saw him again.

Eight years had passed and Chips was still selling newspapers, but his business had grown so large that he served his customers at their homes. He could afford to keep himself as well as his family. He also managed to attend night school, and thus kept himself more respectable than a good many other boys of his rank in life. One summer Chips thought that he would go fishing, and started for the country, leaving his affairs in charge of two boys whom he had hired to help him.

Arriving at his destination, a small town about ten miles from the city, he hired fishing tackle and set off for a stream to which he had been directed.

Fishing was something new to Chips, so it is no wonder that he did not catch anything. In about two hours he became so disgusted that he packed his things and was just going to start for home, when he heard a cry for help. He followed up the sound and arrived just in time to see two men hurrying off, leaving another man lying in the road.

Chips went over and examined the man, who, though somewhat older looking, was recognized by the astonished boy as Mr. Armstrong.

Fortunately he was only stunned, so he soon recovered and explained to Chips that while walking along the road a man suddenly caught and held his arms, while his confederate took his money and jewelry, but on hearing the footsteps of Chips both men made off, first having given the victim a blow which knocked him down.

"Mr. Armstrong! Ah, I see you are astonished that I know your name, but listen I will tell you," said Chips.

He then related all to the gentleman

who listened attentively until Chips took the money (which he always carried with him) out of his pocket and handed it to him. He protested, but Chips would hear nothing but acceptance, so, after a hearty laugh at the whole affair, Mr. Armstrong took the money with the interest added.

Mr. Armstrong asked: "What is your name, boy?"

"Chips, sir."

"I have no other name."

"Come, now, that is too bad. How would you like to go with me, and I will give you a position in my banking house?"

"Oh," gasped Chips, "I would like ever so much, but I am afraid I would not know how to do things properly."

"Can you read, write and cipher?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, my boy, that will do. But you must have a name."

Chips went to the city with Mr. Armstrong, and under the name of Ralph Armstrong, entered into his new life, after having transferred his old business to two deserving boys.

Twenty years have gone, and again we see Chips, or rather Ralph Armstrong, surrounded by his family, wealthy, honored and the partner of his benefactor and dearest friend.

Fortune has smiled upon him. His motto is, "Honesty is the best policy."

Do Not Give Up.

Indianapolis Journal.

A dull boy in a certain school was frequently reproached by his teacher, and made little progress. One day he made a first attempt to write. The school was so wretchedly excited the laughter of the boys who sat near him. A gentleman visiting the school, witnessing his distress, said to him:

"Never mind, my lad; do not be discouraged, and you will be a writer some day. I recollect when I first began to write, I was as awkward as you; but I persevered, and now look! See what I can do!"

He took his pen, and wrote his name in a large legible hand.

Years afterward, when the dull boy had become one of the most celebrated men of his day, he met again the man who had spoken to him those few encouraging words. He said to him: "It is my firm conviction that I owe my success in life, under God's blessing, to the few words you spoke to me that day when I sat so discouraged, trying to write."

Mrs. Brown's Rag-Bag.

Tommy Brown sat on the door-step thinking. It was almost Fourth of July, and he had only a few cents in his pocket. How was he to get enough to buy the fire-crackers he wanted? In the little village where he lived boys never had much money to spend, but they wanted at least two packs of fire-crackers apiece on Fourth of July. Tommy lacked ten cents of the needed amount, and where was he to get it?

Presently Sam Town went by the gate whistling, with a bag on his arm.

"Hello, Sam! Where are you going?" called out Tommy.

"Down to Given's store to sell rags," replied Sam, cheerfully, "and get my pay in the crackers."

What a splendid idea! Tommy sat no longer to think; it was time for action. He ran into the house to find his mother, who was busy cutting out aprons for little Janie.

"O mother!" he cried, "Isn't your rag-bag most full? May I sell the rags, and buy fire-crackers with the money?"

Mrs. Brown had known her little boy's longings, but had said nothing, because she had no money to spare. So she too was glad when the rag-bag was suggested.

"Yes, you may take it, Tommy," she said. "I'm afraid, though, there isn't more than five cents' worth in it. But there are some old pieces in a chair there, that I threw by this morning, and there will be some waste bits here when I get through cutting."

Tommy went hopefully to the bedroom closet. The rag bag was rather light, but he added the old pieces, scarcely noticing in his eagerness that they were not all so very old.

Janie had laid her doll's white dress and ruffled skirt on that very chair, and her own best handkerchief, but they were all thrust into the rag-bag with Tommy's old pieces.

Then he went back and gathered up all the shreds of calico his mother could give him, and put in his slate rag, besides. Then he weighed the rag-bag, and it still felt light. He begged, or a torn towel; he coaxed for a thin pillow case, and Janie bestowed on him an old pinafore which really could not be mended any more.

With all this he ran to Given's store and Mr. Given weighed the bag, emptied the rags down through a trap door into his cellar, and paid Tommy a dime, which added to the pen he had taken from his pocket, he at once invested in fire-crackers. Then he went home proud and happy.

The next day, when Mr. Given's broad cellar case doors stood open to let in the air, little May Given slipped down there to look at rags. Some of them she found pretty bits there for patchwork, which her father always let her have. This time, however, she found a beautiful little dress and skirt, which would just fit her doll, and a handkerchief, too. Then May began to think to herself after this fashion:

"I suppose some little girl broke her dollie, and didn't want its things any more. A vagrant girl she must be; might have saved 'em till she got a new one! Look just like Janie Brown's dollie's things, but she wouldn't put

'em in old rags, course not! Guess I won't ask her. I'll ask my papa may I have 'em, and then she'll be mine."

So she ran and asked her busy papa, who, without a glance, said "yes, and little May proceeded to dress her doll up beautifully.

Fourth of July came, and there was just as much banging and popping in Tommy Brown's yard as in any boy's yard in town, which was a great satisfaction to his small heart. In the afternoon little May Given came strolling over with her doll to play with Janie. But she found Janie very so.

"I can't be happy at all May," she said. "My doll's best dress is lost and her ruffled skirt, and she has to wear her nightie all the time! I can't find 'em anywhere, and it has made me cry, two or three times!"

May began to look sober now, and looked down at her doll doubtfully.

"My doll's got a new dress, and ruffled skirt, just like yours. Came out of our rags, though, and Janie gave 'em to me. So they're my things."

"Here, now!" exclaimed Janie; "Tommy's been and sold my things, in the rag bag—I know he has! Tommy!"

Tommy came up, and when he heard the story, he was as sober as the rest. It looked very probable to him that he had sold Janie's doll clothes in the rags. In fact, he had no doubt of it.

"Will it make any difference about the fire-crackers?" he said. "I've got about ten left, and I can hand them back to Mr. Given."

The sunshine came into little May's face. "Oh, no, you needn't, Tommy!" she said sweetly. "Papa bought the dollie things, and he gave 'em to me. Now they are mine, and I'll give 'em back to Janie. So now they're hers, don't you see?"

They did see, and after this settlement of the difficulty, the sunshine was brought in all three little faces.

The French Language in Canada.

The Montreal (Canada) Gazette quotes as follows Prof. Rivet in an address before the University of New Brunswick: "Now, the question arises what is the language of our Dominion? I suppose there ought to be only one answer to this. Canada is an English possession; we acknowledge the British flag, and any other raised in defiance would be torn down and trampled under foot. Nevertheless we cannot ignore the fact that the French element forms a third of our entire population and that that element is strongly united, vigorous and intelligent, and although receiving no aid from immigration, is increasing at an enormous rate. It is fast invading the New England states, crowding out the English speaking people from Eastern Ontario, and planting everywhere in the west large and prosperous colonies. And when we remember what were the Acadians of only a few years ago, unknown, ill treated with scarcely any exception, despised often, with what they are now, whose influence is beginning to be felt even at Ottawa, and who possess very efficient colleges in all the large centers where they are to be found, we are forced to admit the importance of that element, and to recognize that in Canada we have two languages. The hope of doing away with the French must be abandoned forever. Fifty years ago it might have been possible; to-day it is impracticable. We have to submit to fate and realize fully that soon the most successful politicians, the officials, merchants, and others in our dominion will be those who can understand and speak both languages. In Switzerland, where a portion of the population is French and the other German, all public men have found it necessary to learn equally well the idioms of both peoples. Our circumstances appear similar."

Desperate Battle with Rats.

Utica Observer.

E. S. Barden, a well-known farmer of the town of Candor, Broome county, entered a pig-sty on his farm a few days ago to make some needed repairs. At the first stroke of his hammer two large rats ran out of a hole in the floor and attacked Mr. Barden. He kicked at one of the rodents and it set up a loud squealing. In response to the cry, rats swarmed into the sty from holes and crevices on every side. They sprang upon him and endeavored to reach his face. Barden called his dog, a large St. Bernard, which came promptly to the spot and leaped in among the little animals. The rats turned their attention to the dog and gave Barden an opportunity to leave the sty. Arming himself with a club, he returned to assist the dog, which had killed a number of rats. The survivors, however, fought as furiously as ever. For ten minutes the battle raged, and then, only half a dozen rats being left, they retreated. The floor of the sty was covered with dead rats. The dog was red with blood from the savage bites of the rats, which were of unusual size, some of them measuring nearly a foot in length. The war of a deep gray color, and are believed to be a colony of the rats which have been annoying the farms of Bradford and Schoharie counties for some months. None like them have been seen anywhere else in the neighborhood.

A collector of stamps, having a desire for a more extensive collection, is now gathering together the impressions of the postoffice seals which partly obliterate stamps. The idea is more original than useful.

Additional Home News.

Reduced rates on the G. T. this week to Jackson on account of their county fair.

The new postal cards are being sent out, but not fast enough to supply the demand.

A petition has been largely signed to have the present mail line from Howell to Dexter continued.

R. C. Auld received eight first premiums and three second premiums on his herd of Aberdeen cattle at the state fair, the aggregate amount of which was \$250. He went from there to South Bend, Ind.

Miss Georgiana Martin, of Detroit, has rented the rooms formerly occupied by Mrs. Hicks as a millinery shop and will open a dressmaking shop and fancy goods store therein. The rooms are being nicely fitted up for her.

The Stockbridge fair will be held this year on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 6, 7 and 8, and a fine show and good attendance is expected. They have added new buildings to their grounds and their track is in excellent condition.

Some of our exchanges and their correspondents believe in stating facts just as they occur. Notwithstanding their statements may seem a little improbable to the uninitiated. Here is a couple of specimens: A correspondent in the Vernon Inter-Lake speaking of the merits of a small team says "Mr. Fowler cut during the late harvest 11½ acres of heavy wheat in twenty-eight minutes with a Buckeye binder drawn by the same small team." This is at the rate of a little over 23 acres an hour, or 230 acres per day, which may be considered by some a fair day's work. The next item we get from the Holly Advertiser, in which a correspondent from Bryon says: "Last season we planted 30 acres of corn, from which we harvested 26,000 bushels of ears." This is only a little over 866 bushels to the acre, but corn raisers about here would regard it as more than an average crop.—Fenton Independent.

PLAINFIELD SPLASHES.

From our Correspondent.

Light frosts every night but do no harm.

M. Topping, under instructions of W. S. Cool (path-master) has done a good job of grading streets in town.

E. T. Bush & Son have a new miller and all are pleased with his make of flour.

I see by Ingham County News that Plainfield is burdened with three M. Ds. and wonders how they get a living. I would say for the correspondent's edification, they all seem to live and no one knows that they beg or steal.

S. G. Topping and wife have gone to Kansas to visit Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Wasson and other friends.

"Vet" Riley, of Lansing, is visiting friends in this vicinity; he says his father and mother are well, which their many friends in this vicinity will be glad to hear.

ANDERSON GATHERINGS.

From our Correspondent.

Mr. J. T. Eaman, of this place, has gone to South Lyon, accompanied by Frank Hoff, who is to manage that station for him during the apple season. He also opens a market at Pinckney, Gregory and Stockbridge. Now ye farmers bring on your apples.

C. B. Eaman is acting as book-keeper for his brothers, of the firm of J. T. Eaman & Co.

Mr. James Pangborn, an old and highly respected citizen, living about two miles west of this place, died at an early hour Monday morning after a long and painful illness. The family have the sympathy of a host of friends. The funeral services were held at the house at half past ten o'clock Tuesday morning.

Mr. Chandler Dunning, Miss Jennie Watson and Mrs. Willie Moore, all of Unadilla, paid us a friendly call on Saturday last. Glad to see you, come again.

Lots of Business in Anderson, wheat and apples coming in rapidly. If you don't think it is lively ask Wm. Kewich, who does the unloading of produce.

Wedding Flowers.

For recent weddings some beautiful floral designs have been made, some of which are novel. At one, the bouquet of the bride was composed of Lily of the Valley, several hundred sprays being used in this one bunch. The bridesmaids' bouquets were of Crimson King Carnations, fringed with "Maid of Guernsey" chrysanthemums; each bunch contained 150 carnations, and the edging of the wild white petals of the chrysanthemums was exquisitely lovely. At a charming wedding, the bride and bridegroom stood under a wishbone of flowers in heroic size which was swung from one end of the drawing-room from a stem fringed with autumn leaves. The top of the wishbone was studded with brilliant carnations of La Pucelle variety. The ends were also of this flower. The limbs of the wishbone were woven with white carnations. Smilax garlanded the banisters. The plant decoration was small but choice. The bride carried a bunch of Mermel roses and the bridesmaids' bouquets were of crimson King Carnations and Parle des Jardin rosebuds. For another wedding, a lattice screen was made to cover the long mirror before which the marriage took place. This screen was composed of coils of smilax plaited, and the effect of this light lattice was very beautiful. Over the top was suspended a large basket of roses and spring flowers. There was a straw vase filled with pink rosebuds and mignonette, with a cluster of Jacqueminets at the center. The novelty in ornamental growing plants for the house is the hanging shell of *Lycopodium*, which is extremely pretty. Some of the shells are ordinary conch shells; others are made of glazed plaster, and colored with foam tints. The moss is arranged to droop, and it has a light and refreshing effect. Brackets filled with *Lycopodium* add grace and cheerfulness to any apartment. The only care required is sprinkling as often as the moss dries. Growing ferns are the fashionable ornament for the table. Recent adornments for an evening reception consisted of a floral piece representing a musical score, the bars woven in flowers on a white background, the whole supported by a floral harp. Over the mirror was a network of delicate smilax, which crossed the glass in deep festoons, on which rested tiny humming-birds and butterflies. Against the wall, on one side was a lyre, on the other a harp, and on the mantle were arranged handsome plants; amid which stood a piano made of flowers. Over the folding doors leading to the library was suspended, from cordons of smilax, a flower violin and flute. Birch-bark canoes, lined with tin and planted with ferns, or filled with cut flowers and trailing vines, suspended from the chandelier, have a very pretty effect, in conjunction with other decorations, for evening entertainments.—*Floral World*.

Floral Clocks.

We read that at the opening of each hour, by night and by day, somewhere, a band of "feathered quinquers" breaks into happy song; from branch or rooftop, skimming the waves, or stirring the stillness of forest depths, the sweet arousing strain awakens silvery echoes. And so it is with flowers; each plant has its appointed season of awakening to a new day. And beautifully has one of our poets given the story of this joyous greeting time:

"Ah! well I mind the calendar
(Faintly through a faded year)
O, the paint of a race of flowers—
I set to rays, exact to hours,
I count it in the exact dial
You 're there! red and blue and
I know the pretty name
Of the punctual coming lack,
On their due days of the birds."

Of the waking and sleeping hours of plants, the great Linnaeus has given us a list:

"The morning-glory opens at about 2 in the morning, closing at 10; rutland beauty opens at 3 in the morning, closing at 11; vegetable oyster opens at 4 in the morning, closing at 12; poppy opens at 5 in the morning; bitter-sweet opens at 6 in the morning; water-lily opens at 7 in the morning; scarlet poppy (the poor man's weather-glass) opens at 8 in the morning; garden marigold (*Calendula arvensis*) opens at 9 in the morning; sandwort (*Arenaria rubra*) opens at 10 in the morning; star of Bethlehem (*Ornithogalum*) opens at 11 in the morning; passion-flower (*Passiflora carolina*) opens at 12 in the morning; feverfew opens about 2 in the afternoon; four-o'clock opens at 4 in the afternoon; catchfly opens at 5 in the afternoon; evening primrose opens at 6 in the afternoon; night-blooming corn-cockle opens at 7 in the afternoon; night-blooming cereus opens at 8 in the evening."

Young gardeners may find great pleasure in watching the unfoldings of their flowers, pets of their own planting, and will doubtless be able to add others to the list already made out.—*Floral World*.

OUR PRODUCE MARKET.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY
Sept. 24, 1885. TOMPKINS & ISMON

Wheat, No. 1 white,.....	\$.82
" No. 2 white,.....	.78
" No. 3 red,.....	.75
Oats,.....	.27
Corn,.....	.25
Barley,.....	1.00
Beans,.....	.75
Brussels Sprouts,.....	.10
Potatoes,.....	.10
Butter,.....	.14
Eggs,.....	.14
Dressed Chickens,.....	1.15
Cloves Seed,.....	5.00
Dressed Pork,.....	5.00

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