



THE DISPATCH IS ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY BY J. L. NEWBORN

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$1.00 PER YEAR

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE

Those receiving their papers with a red X over this paragraph, will please notice that their subscription expires with next number.

We invite and request correspondence on all questions of public interest, but no personal abuse or petty quarrels will be tolerated in our columns.

Advertising: Local notices, five cents per line for each and every insertion. Special rates can be made for other advertisements by the year or quarter.

Job Work, of all descriptions, will be executed at this office with despatch, neatness and accuracy. Prices reasonable. Please give us your patronage.

RAILROAD QUID

It stones or gravel. Seed carefully selected from the most productive roots, and sown as early in the spring as possible in heavily-manured, clean land, in hills about one foot apart and eight seeds to the foot.

The cleanest and most polished floor have no water used on them at any time. They are simply rubbed off every morning with a large flannel cloth which is steeped in kerosene oil once or twice weekly.

Plum Pudding: Take one pound boiled carrots, passed through a sieve; one pound of beef suet, finely chopped; one pound of flour; one pound of dried raisins rubbed in some of the flour; one teaspoonful of ground cloves; one teaspoonful of ground cinnamon; one teaspoonful of ground allspice; one teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, and one teaspoonful of salt.

FRESH FASHIONS

New and Becoming Styles for Young Ladies and Matrons.

The latest and most elaborate production in the way of a thin material is point lace into the web of which brilliant are woven. So far this costly fabric has only been used for covering fans.

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A late innovation is a corset on the tapis which should be tested with an eye to health, which should always be the synonym of style. The strong point of comfort in these corsets is a section just above the hip spring rendered elastic by a cord of fine bouillon-like brass wire, stitched in smoothly and firmly, which expands or contracts with the swaying of the body.

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A very new and becoming style of bodice for young ladies fits like a jersey, being plain at the back and fastened down the middle with a close row of very small buttons. In front it is arranged in a series of very narrow stitched plaits, coming down from the neck to the waist.

The tulle stripes covered with stalkless flowers sewn on as thickly as possible well deserve their name of flower ruchings and are quite a success. They are worn round the top of low bodices or serve as scarf-like trimmings, going from the shoulder across the bodice and ending in the skirt drapery.

These things are so light, so pleasing to the eye, that at first sight one scarcely could believe whether they are made of feather, floss, fuzzed-out silk or flowers, do not let rushing air arranged for the skirt, and by fastening them to the back proper in dispersing them between a

SKIP THIS And miss a Comedy of Real Life in Four Scenes.



A PERIPATETIC quack, who had cured an old out of Wilkes' JARGAINS! There is a sort of cloths in ment coming from Paris that, facial dimples in the cheeks of the period after one application.

A YOUNG woman in San Francisco, not spoken for seven years, although in possession of her vocal powers. The cause of the singular freak was a quarrel with her family concerning a lover.

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THE MARKETS

Table with market prices for various goods like LIVE STOCK, WHEAT, FLOUR, etc. Columns include item names and prices.

Don't Get Caught

This spring, as you may have been before, with your blood full of impurities, your digestion impaired, appetite poor, kidneys and liver torpid, and whole system liable to be prostrated by disease—but get yourself into good condition, and ready for the changing and warmer weather, by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"My wife had very poor health for a long time, suffering from indigestion, poor appetite, and constant headache. She tried every thing we could hear of, but found no relief till she tried Hood's Sarsaparilla. She is now taking the third bottle, and never felt better in her life. We feel our duty to recommend it to every one we know." Geo. Somerville, Moreland, Cook Co., Ill.

I took Hood's Sarsaparilla for general debility and was wonderfully benefited by it." J. P. Johnson, Martin's Ferry, O.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists, \$1.00 per bottle. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses

HOME NEWS.

Beautiful weather. Local notices on last page. Did you say that it snowed Tuesday? Monday was a pleasant day for election.

G. W. Sprout has a "for sale" notice in this issue.

Miss Julia Barnard visited Marion friends last week.

Mrs. Thos. Turner has been quite sick but is some better.

Ed. Parker went to Ann Arbor first of the week on business.

R. C. Auld has rented his farm for one year to Tom Johnson.

Read Richard's advertisement in another column.

G. W. Sydn intense pain, with neuralgia across in eye and the doctor pronounced it hopeless. Nothing would relieve me until Mr. G. presented me with a bottle of the and neuralgia remedy, Ath- this winter. Polina Sweeney, Towanda, Ill.

Chas. Tee are like misfortunes. They sell- ously. Boston Transcript. Siskers a handsome brown or Siskingham's Dye for the as they are disordered, the whole system's Pills correct this trouble.

Brown's baby is a little yellor it's no sign he's a simaman. Palmer Journal.

Those who take Dr. Jones' Red Clover Tonic never have dyspepsia, costiveness, bad breath, piles, pimples, ague and malaria, poor appetite, low spirits, headache or kidney troubles. Price 50 cents.

ENGAGED in the hop business.—The dancing master. Boston Traveller.

"Woman and Her Diseases" is the title of an interesting illustrated treatise (100 pages) sent, post-paid, for 10 cents in stamps. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE oarsmen now cultivate a row-study physique. Pittsburgh Chronicle.

THE most scientific compound for the cure of coughs, colds and all throat and lung troubles is Dr. Bigelow's Positive Cure. It is pleasant, prompt and safe. 50 cents and \$1.

A SWEET letter—A candied a vowel. Lowell Citizen.

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in 1 minute, 25c. Glenn's Sulphur Soap heals and beautifies. 25c. GREEN'S CORN REMOVER kills Corns & Bunions.

THE most obnoxious form of "light literature" is a gas bill. Boston Bulletin.

THE best cough medicine is Piso's Cure for Consumption. Sold every where. 25c.

ALWAYS comes out on top—Your hair. Boston Traveller.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

OH! MY BACK BROWN'S IRON BITTERS THE BEST TONIC. Strengthens the Muscles, Stimulates the Nerves, Enriches the Blood, Gives New Vigor. Includes testimonials and product details.

SPENCER'S ALLIGATOR PRESS. Easy to Feed. I will ship this MAY and STRAW PRESS to any place on condition that if four men and one team can not raise 100 bushels of hay in one hour and not drive the team faster than a walk, you may keep the Press without pay. Includes image of the press.

A few weeks ago we published an item in regard to a young man near Chelsea who wanted to correspond with a young lady with a view to matrimony. E. L., of Pinckney, writes: "There is a young lady near Pinckney, not quite 20 years of age, who would be pleased to correspond with said party."—Dexter Leader.

Several worthy exchanges reach the Journal containing well written advice to farmers on the Bohemian oats question and then neutralize the good work by urging all to send 20 cents to a bald-headed snide concern operated at Easton, Pa., known as the Rutledge publishing company, which has been placed as a bait by the postoffice authorities for months.—Evening Journal.

NEW PATENT STAMPING AND ENGRAVING. Includes image of a stamping machine and text describing services.

MARCH, APRIL, MAY. Are the three arches of a bridge which bind the human eye to that of roses. Includes image of a woman and text about eye care.

Buckeye Folding Binder. The lightest running elevator binder in the world. Includes image of the binder.

FREE FARMS IN SAN LUIS. The most Wonderful Agricultural Park in America. Includes text about land sales.

WALTER'S Poultry Powder! A perfect preservative and cure for all diseases of Poultry. Includes image of a chicken.

ASTHMA CURED. Dr. R. B. HOBBS' MANLY BALM. Includes text about asthma treatment.

in perhaps every man's breast, that starts him upon his wicked way. He soon finds himself at war with all law and, after a while, the untrammelled life acquires an irresistible fascination. He becomes a man-tiger, and, like his brother brute, dies at the hands of the world he hates.—Peck's Sup.

Tuesday morning ye editor started for Howell by way of the railroad to obtain the election returns of this county to publish in the DISPATCH this issue. The last we heard of him was by telephone, saying that he had got as far as Brighton but could get no further on account of snow-bound trains. We have received the results of Putnam and Uxbridge townships, and are as follows: The summary published next week.

THE R. L. SPENCER CO., Wallingford, Conn. Includes image of a woman and text about clothing and sewing.

PURIFY THE BLOOD. Without an hour's delay. It is mild, quick and positive in action. Includes image of a person and text about blood purification.

FREE LOVE. A book worth \$10.00. Includes text about a free love book.

OPIMUM. Habit, Quickly and Painlessly cured. Includes text about opium treatment.

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT. ALWAYS CURABLE BY USING. Includes text about the liniment.

LIST OF DISEASES ALWAYS CURABLE BY USING MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT. Includes a list of ailments.

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

The great secret of getting along pleasantly, both in the family and in society, is to remember that "it takes two to make a quarrel."

Clean cane chairs by saturating the cane well with a sponge and hot water, using soap if necessary; then put it in the open air or in a good current of air, and as it dries it will tighten and become as firm as when new.

German Biscuits: Mix the yolks of five eggs thoroughly with eight ounces of sugar and five ounces of flour into the mixture. Add the whites of five eggs beaten to a stiff froth, put into a buttered pan and bake slowly.

Try this remedy for ear-ache: Take a bit of cotton batting, put upon it a pinch of black pepper, gather it up and tie it; dip it in sweet oil and insert it in the ear. Put a flannel bandage over the head to keep it warm.

A writer in the Rural New Yorker says: Horseshoes may be made to do duty in a number of ways after they have outlived their usefulness on the animals' hoofs.

In planting a new bed of asparagus the first and most requisite thing is the selection of a suitable soil, which should be a light, sandy loam or clear sand, without stones or gravel.

The cleanest and most polished floors have no water used on them at all. They are simply rubbed off every morning with a large flannel cloth which is steeped in kerosene oil once in two or three weeks.

Plum Pudding: Take one pound boiled carrots, passed through a sieve; one pound of beef suet, finely chopped; one pound of flour; one pound of dried raisins rubbed in some of the flour; one teaspoonful of ground cloves; one teaspoonful of ground cinnamon; one teaspoonful of ground allspice; one teaspoonful of ground nutmeg, and one teaspoonful of salt.

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NEWSY TRIFLES.

Just the Thing for Lovers of Extraordinary Facts.

A THIEF man in Monroe, Ga., uses his ex-socks to repair his pants.

KNOX, Ma., boasts of a five-year-old boy who weighs one hundred and one pounds.

A WELL-KNOWN resident of Lambertville, N. J., affirms that he has drunk no water for twelve years past.

FRANK MURPHY, of Philadelphia, was attacked by a fit of sneezing, which continued until he fell dead.

A JUSTICE in Wisconsin has sent a fourteen-year-old lad to jail for having severely whaled the village constable.

THE wealthiest resident of Reading, Pa., has become insane because six men were killed in an accident in his mill.

A PENNSYLVANIA preacher left in his will a sum of money to encourage the use of goats' meat as a substitute for pork.

NEVADA is the paradise of the school teacher, where the average salary is \$140 per month for males and \$95 for women.

MOULTONBORO, N. H., has two selectmen whose combined weight is 726 pounds.

THERE is an ex-Confederate soldier in Athens, Ga., who belonged to nine different regiments during the war and was never in a fight.

A CHICAGO man had in his stable a fine harness and wolf robe, and a valuable bull dog to guard them. A burglar stole harness, robe and dog.

A PERIPATETIC quack doctor, having secured an old cut of Wilkie Collins, the novelist, places it at the head of his advertisement as a portrait of himself.

THERE is a sort of clothes-pin arrangement coming from Paris that makes artificial dimples in the cheeks of the girl of the period after one application.

A YOUNG woman in San Francisco has not spoken for seven years, although in full possession of her vocal powers. The cause of the singular freak was a quarrel with her family concerning a lover.

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THE MARKETS.

Table with market prices for various goods like LIVE STOCK, WHEAT, OATS, RYE, etc. in New York, Chicago, and East Liberty.

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In the United States Senate, during a recent debate, Senator Vest, of Missouri, paid a high tribute to the merits of St. Jacobs Oil.

A PETRIFIED clock has been found in Rome. Another indication of hard times.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

"Yes! I shall break the engagement," she said, folding her arms and looking defiant; "it is really too much trouble to converse with him; he's as deaf as a post, and talks like he had a mouthful of mush. Besides, the way he hawks and spits is disgusting."

It is not considered necessary in society to return a bill-collector's call.—Chicago Tribune.

"Delays Are Dangerous." If you are pale, emaciated, have a hacking cough, with night-sweats, spitting of blood and shortness of breath, you have no time to lose.

A Winter Storm. Why is a winter storm like a child with a bad cold? It blows, it snows (it blows its nose). Cure it with Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein.

It is, as a general thing, far easier to raise a row than to raise a mustache.—Chicago Telegram.

I SUFFERED intense pain with neuralgia in the head and the doctor pronounced it incurable. Nothing would relieve me until a friend presented me with a bottle of the rheumatism and neuralgia remedy.

SNEEZES are like misfortunes. They seldom come singly.—Boston Transcript.

COLOR the whiskers a handsome brown or black with Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

BECAUSE a baby is a little yellor it's no sign he is a Chinaman.—Palmer Journal.

Those who take Dr. Jones' Red Clover Tonic never have dyspepsia, costiveness, bad breath, piles, pimples, ague and malaria, poor appetite, low spirits, headache or kidney troubles.

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SPENCER'S ALLIGATOR PRESS. Easy to Feed.

THE NEW DEPARTURE DRUMS. Are made with patent double acting rods and folding knee rest.

ASTHMA CURED. No more coughing or wheezing.

DISCOUNT FOR. Buy in bulk and save.

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RED STAR COUGH CURE. TRADE MARK. ABSOLUTELY SAFE. SURE. PROMPT. 25 Cts.

ST. JACOBS OIL. TRADE MARK. GERMAN REMEDY For Pain. Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Backache, Stiff Joints, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost-bites, and all other ailments.

\$4.00 WORTH FOR ONLY \$1.00. A NEW OUTFIT FOR KEMINGTON WORK. THE R. L. SPENCER CO., Wallingford, Conn.

MARCH, APRIL, MAY. Are the three arches of a bridge which bind the season of ice to that of roses.

PURIFY THE BLOOD. DR. DAVID'S "FAVORITE REMEDY." \$1 per Bottle; 6 for \$5.00. MADE BY DR. DAVID KENNEDY, RONDOUT, N. Y.

Buckeye Folding Binder. The lightest running elevator binder in the world. Folds so as to pass through farm gates.

FISHING LAMPS. For night angling. Send stamp for Circular.

FREE FARMS IN SUNNY. The most wonderful Agricultural Park in America.

WALTERS' Poultry Powder! A perfect preservative and cure for Diseases of Poultry.

No more... Celebrated... HALL'S... for the cure of... HALL'S... for the cure of...

ASTHMA CURED. No more coughing or wheezing.

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LEPAGE'S LIQUID GLUE. MENDS EVERYTHING. Wood, Leather, Paper, Ivory, Glass, China, Furniture, Book-Bind, Ac.

S.S.S. Relieved at Last! We know a gentleman in this county who, six months ago, was almost a hopeless cripple from an attack of rheumatism.

THE R. L. SPENCER CO., Wallingford, Conn. A NEW OUTFIT FOR KEMINGTON WORK.

MARCH, APRIL, MAY. Are the three arches of a bridge which bind the season of ice to that of roses.

PURIFY THE BLOOD. DR. DAVID'S "FAVORITE REMEDY." \$1 per Bottle; 6 for \$5.00.

OPIMUM. Habit, Quickly and Painlessly cured. Free correspondence.

AGENTS WANTED for a New Good-Selling... WANTED man in active man or woman to make \$100 a month and expenses.

FREE LOVE. A book worth \$10.00. Free by the Union Pub. Co. Newark, N. J. Send stamps for post-p.

HAIR. Wigs, Bangs and Waves sent C. O. D. any where. Wholesale and retail prices listed.

PINE Blooded Cattle, Sheep, Hogs, Poultry, dogs for sale. Catalogues with 100 engravings free.

GANCER. Tumors and Ulcers cured without pain or knife. Write for pamphlet.

TILE DITCHING MACHINES. For Circulars Address: Plumb Ditcher Works, Streator, Ill.

LIST OF DISEASES ALWAYS CURABLE BY URINE.

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT. OF HUMAN FLESH. OF ANIMALS.

OF HUMAN FLESH. Rheumatism, Burns and Scalds, Stings and Bites, Cuts and Bruises, Sprains & Stitches, Contracted Muscles, Stiff Joints, Backache, Eruptions, Frost Bites, and all external diseases, and every hurt or accident.

OF ANIMALS. Scratches, Sores and Galls, Sprays, Cracks, Scrow Worm, Grabs, Foot Rot, Hoof Ail, Lameness, Swains, Founders, Sprains, Strains, Sore Feet, Itchiness, and all external diseases, and every hurt or accident.

THE BEST OF ALL.

LINIMENTS. THE BEST OF ALL.

PINCKNEY DISPATCH.

J. L. HEWITT, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

Pinckney, Mich., Thursday, April 8, 1886

CHLORATE OF POTASH.

A Remedy Which May Prove More Injurious Than Beneficial.

To the question: "How are you?" the almost invariable answer is: "I have a cold," or "I have a sore throat," and then, like sympathetic friends, we will propound our favorite remedy. Some times the remedy proposed is "worse than the disease" in its effects. For we frequently advise the use of drugs that are harmful if not administered intelligently. Dr. Jacobi, in a lecture delivered on "Domestic Medicines," says concerning the use of chlorate of potash:

"Within the last thirty years chlorate of potash has been made use of in medicine in many ways. It is a good, perhaps the best, remedy in the ordinary forms of catarrhal and ulcerous inflammation of the mouth and throat, originating in the irritation due to sudden changes of temperature, to want of cleanliness, to acid decomposition of food, or to the use of mercurial medicines. It has also been largely recommended as an antiseptic remedy in the ordinary cases of sore throat, and in the treatment of the eye."

Will you suffer with dyspepsia and liver complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. For sale by F. A. Sigler.

That hacking cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. For sale by F. A. Sigler.

Croup, whooping cough and bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. For sale by F. A. Sigler.

Sleepless nights made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. For sale by F. A. Sigler.

Shiloh's Cure will immediately relieve croup, whooping cough and bronchitis. For sale by F. A. Sigler.

Shiloh's cough and consumption cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures consumption. For sale by F. A. Sigler.

Catarrh Cured, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents, Nasal Injector free. For sale by F. A. Sigler.

West's Cough Syrup, the hon ehold remedy for coughs, colds, sore throat, bronchitis, asthma, influenza, whooping cough, consumption and all throat and lung diseases. 25c., 50c. and \$1 per bottle. All druggists.

The best spring medicine is one of West's Liver Pills taken every night on going to bed. Just what you need. Sugar coated. 30 pills 25 cents. All druggists.

Chilblains and frosted feet and hands cured with a few applications of West's World's Wonder or Family Liniment. All druggists.

Always keep West's Cough Syrup in the house for sudden attacks of colds, asthma, and all throat and lung diseases. Best in use. All druggists.

Ladies suffering with sick headache will find a certain cure in West's Liver Pills. Sugar coated. 30 pills 25 cts. All druggists.

West's World's Wonder is the marvel of healing, superior to all other liniments. Always keep it in the house. All druggists.

A great blessing. West's Liver Pills will always be found a great blessing to those afflicted with liver complaint, dyspepsia, indigestion, and sick headache. 30 pills 25c. All druggists.

BUCKSHOT FIGURES.

An Estimate of the Earth's Age Made Under Convincing Circumstances.

At one of the towns in Mississippi where he stayed over Sunday a couple of strangers got into a dispute about the age of the earth. They were sons of planters, and neither of them over twenty-two years of age. The dispute started in a good-natured way, but ended in one of them springing up, pulling out a bowie-knife, and threatening to carve the other up if his word was disputed again. The other was defenseless, and wisely held his peace. The man with the knife sat down, and conversation turned to other channels. By and by the defenseless man got up and lounged away, and next we saw of him, half an hour later, he was resting the muzzle of a double-barreled shotgun upon one of the porch pillars of the hotel and had us all covered. The hammers were up, his fingers on the triggers, and his eyes blazed like a tiger as he said to the man with the knife:

"Jim, it's my turn now!"

"Yes."

"I've got you covered!"

"I see."

"I say the earth was a million years old, you stuck to six thousand years. Jim, come up to my figures or I'll blow the top of your head over that fence!"

"Say!" replied the other, as he crossed his legs in the coolest manner, "I'll tell you what I'm willing to do. As both of us might be wrong I'll leave it to the crowd."

"Well, that's fair. What's your figures, gents?"

We consulted together, menaced all the time by two charges of buckshot, and the Colonel was authorized to call out:

"We reckon on about 700,000 years, stranger, but shouldn't be surprised if it were up to a million."

"Nor I, either!" said the man, as he crossed the gun and leaned on the porch pillar. "I don't say so in the way, but I'll leave it to the crowd."

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.
The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, 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.

An Enterprising, Reliable House.
Winchell's drug store can always be relied upon, not only to carry in stock the best of everything, but to secure the Agency for such articles as have well-known merit, and are popular with the people, thereby sustaining the reputation of being always enterprising, and ever reliable. Having secured the Agency for the celebrated Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, will sell it on a positive guarantee. It will surely cure any and every affection of Throat, Lungs and Chest.

An Answer Wanted.
Can any one bring us a case of Kidney or Liver Complaint that Electric Bitter will not speedily cure? We say they can not, as thousands of cases already permanently cured and who are daily recommending Electric Bitters, will prove. Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Weak Back, or any urinary complaint quickly cured. They purify the blood, regulate the bowels, and act directly on the diseased parts. Every bottle guaranteed.
For sale at 50c. a bottle at Winchell's Drug Store.

Will you suffer with dyspepsia and liver complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. For sale by F. A. Sigler.

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Shiloh's cough and consumption cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures consumption. For sale by F. A. Sigler.

Catarrh Cured, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents, Nasal Injector free. For sale by F. A. Sigler.

West's Cough Syrup, the hon ehold remedy for coughs, colds, sore throat, bronchitis, asthma, influenza, whooping cough, consumption and all throat and lung diseases. 25c., 50c. and \$1 per bottle. All druggists.

The best spring medicine is one of West's Liver Pills taken every night on going to bed. Just what you need. Sugar coated. 30 pills 25 cents. All druggists.

Chilblains and frosted feet and hands cured with a few applications of West's World's Wonder or Family Liniment. All druggists.

Always keep West's Cough Syrup in the house for sudden attacks of colds, asthma, and all throat and lung diseases. Best in use. All druggists.

Ladies suffering with sick headache will find a certain cure in West's Liver Pills. Sugar coated. 30 pills 25 cts. All druggists.

West's World's Wonder is the marvel of healing, superior to all other liniments. Always keep it in the house. All druggists.

A great blessing. West's Liver Pills will always be found a great blessing to those afflicted with liver complaint, dyspepsia, indigestion, and sick headache. 30 pills 25c. All druggists.

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 million dollars, reduced to \$1 and upward per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stage and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

THOSE WHO BELIEVE that Nature will work off a Cough or a Cold should understand that this MAY be done, but at the expense of the Constitution, and we all know that repeating this dangerous practice weakens the Lung Powers and terminates in a Consumptive's Grave. Don't take the chances; use DR. BIGELOW'S CURE, which is a safe, pleasant and speedy cure for all Throat and Lung Troubles. In 50 cent and dollar bottles.

DR. JONES' RED CLOVER TONIC
Is the best medicine for all ailments of the blood, such as...
For sale at Winchell's Drug Store.



HATS FOR EVERYBODY

Hats for figures broad and burly,
Hats for straight hair and for curly;
Hats for faces melancholy,
Hats for features bright and jolly;
Hats for gentlemen of standing,
Hats that give a look commanding;
Hats for walking, riding, driving,
Hats dull faces look alive in;
Hats that stand all kinds of mauling,
Hats for every trade and calling;
Hats for traveling, shooting, sailing,
HATS GREASE PROOF IN STORM UNFAILING;
HATS TO SUIT YOU PEER AND PEASANT,
HATS THAT MAKE YOUR COSTUME PLEASANT;
HATS FOR YOUNG MEN IN THEIR TEENS,
HATS TO HELP YOU CATCH YOUR QUEENS.

MCPHERSONS,

THE LEADING CLOTHIERS, HOWELL

FIFTY CENTS A YEAR

THE PHILADELPHIA WEEKLY NEWS.

THE WEEKLY NEWS is the cheapest first-class weekly in the world. It is a family newspaper in the best sense—full of bright and entertaining reading. Both old and young people like it, and one of its most popular features is its own original method of illustrating its articles. Portraits of all the prominent men of the time are printed in it regularly. It has all the striking features that have made THE DAILY NEWS the most brilliant success ever known in Philadelphia journalism.

Colonel A. Wilson Norris is writing for it a series of articles called "Pen Pictures of War."

Specimen copy free to any one.
THE WEEKLY NEWS!
THE NEWS BUILDING,
815 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia

MEHAN'S Neutralizing Mixture!
Will cure the Asiatic Cholera and ALL BOWEL COMPLAINTS.

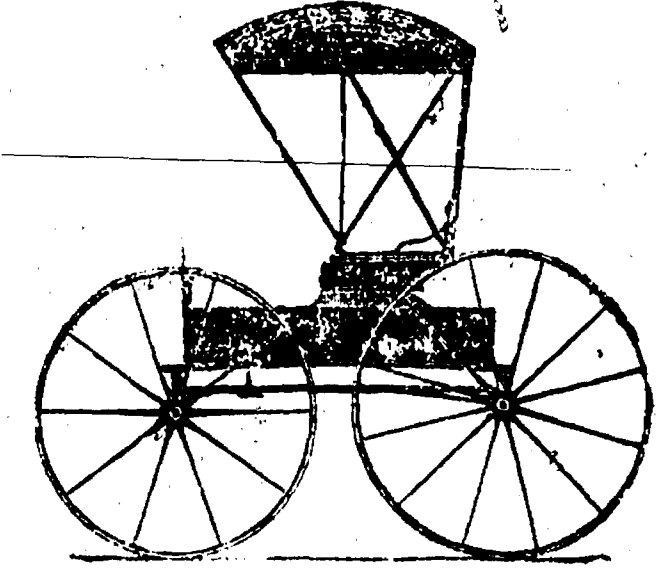
MY OTHER MEDICINES ARE ALL WELL KNOWN AND WILL DO ALL THAT IS CLAIMED FOR THEM

I spare no expense in making my Medicine, and they will never play out as long as I compound them.
DENNIS MEHAN.
For sale at Winchell's Drug Store.

ADVERTISERS can learn the exact cost of any proposed line of advertising in American papers by addressing **Geo. P. Rowell & Co.**

CARRIAGE WORKS!

We wish to invite attention to the



NEW CARRIAGE SPRING!

Manufactured by the—
DETROIT SPRING & STEEL WORKS,
FROM CRUCIBLE CAST STEEL.

The same being a long spring, so constructed as to not crowd on the reach. The above with the **WILSON SPRING**, are our specialties and will be of superior finish and fully warranted. Special jobs of any kind built to order.

SYKES & SON, Pinckney.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE DISPATCH!

TO THE PUBLIC!

We still continue to do business at the old stand in Pinckney. We keep a large stock of all kinds of—

LUMBER AND SHINGLES!

AND—
MOULDINGS!

On hand which we will sell for the lowest possible figure for we haven't got what you want we will furnish it on short notice and get for you more, and compete with any other yard within a radius of 25 miles. Not an ounce of wood to be had when you can do just as well as here. So get your goods here, and you'll be in your hands.

CO.

THE STEEL RAIL POOL

An Experiment Devised to Make the Business More Profitable.

The steel rail manufacturers have held a convention and decided to try the experiment of a pool in order to make their business more profitable. They have assumed that the demand for the coming year will amount to 775,000 tons, and have allowed a committee to parcel out this assumed demand among the fourteen rail-making firms now in operation. While there was some general discussion at the convention relative to prices, the general opinion being that rails could not be made at a profit for less than thirty dollars a ton, it does not appear yet that any particular price was agreed upon. As the meeting was held with closed doors, and there are yet four months before the agreement goes into operation, it may prove that a price was fixed which will be promulgated in good time, however.

There is one feature of the steel business which the rail men do not seem to have given as much consideration as its importance deserved. All their plans, both with regard to production and prices for the future, were based upon rails alone. There is already a steel mill plant far exceeding the present possible or future probable demand for rails. But there is a constantly growing demand for steel in the form of plates, sheets, wire, bars and nails, and the constant tendency is to the use of steel in many forms in which iron has heretofore been used exclusively.

In view of these very obvious facts the rail men might profitably devote a portion of their plant to the production of those forms of steel in which the demand is sure to increase. The indications are that railway building will not for a good many years to come develop into a boom like that of 1880, for the simple reason that the railway mileage of the country is already more than equal to the demands of business. To persistently cling to one form of steel manufacture, and form pools and make prices with a view to that form alone, does not strike the outside looker-on as giving evidence of the highest form of business sagacity.

The wise man in business is he who looks into the future for his market and prepares to supply the goods which the future is most likely to demand. If one form of steel manufacture has been over-stimulated till there is not profitable employment for only a modicum of the capital and plant already invested in it, let a portion of it be changed to the manufacture of some other form for which a demand exists or is likely to exist. — *Philadelphia Times.*

A LAUGHABLE STORY.

How a Gentleman Learned the Trivial Details of Another's Domestic Concerns.

A laughable story was yesterday told by an elderly gentleman living in the city. While out spending the evening he was introduced to a strange gentleman, and after a few preliminary remarks on both sides the strange gentleman inquired about the welfare of his son. The relator felt surprised that his new acquaintance should know he had a son, but answered rather briefly:

"He graduates at Harvard next spring, I believe," added the new acquaintance.

The gentleman thought he must have been talking to some of the other guests; but out his son, and they continued the conversation about him and the college.

There was a brief pause, and then the new acquaintance said: "I'm sorry I've not met your wife this evening, so that I could see your family complete."

The gentleman felt that the stranger was getting a little too anxious to make himself familiar, and so he slipped in a casual remark that he had been feeling out of sorts for a few days.

"Yes," said the new acquaintance, "that's the way with me when my wife goes away. Every thing round the house seems to go wrong without her."

By this time the gentleman was continuing the conversation only by saying "yes" and "no."

"Aren't you going to invite me round to see you when she comes home from Florida next week?" asked the new acquaintance. The gentleman looked at him in no good humor, but seeing a smile on his face which turned into outright laughter, he saw that something was up, and, laughing himself, said: "Look here, how the mischief did you come to know so much about my affairs?"

"You told me yourself," laughed the other. The matter was soon explained. The gentleman had been riding in an Eighth street car the day before talking to a friend. The other, then a stranger, had been on the same car in a seat close to him, and overheard the conversation. When they were introduced a day later the stranger recognized him at once, and could not resist propounding the questions. They took a good laugh together.

VICINITY NEWS.

DEXTER SAYINGS.

From the Leader.

The barn of H. W. Wisley, Dexter township, was struck by lightning and a valuable horse killed, during the recent thunder-storm. The barn was saved.

An unsuccessful attempt was made to break into A. Deckert's merchant tailoring establishment last Saturday night, by trying to force open one of the windows in the side of the building. As not much damage was done it is supposed that the thieves, if they were such, were frightened away.

Geo. Peatt and family, of Juniata, Neb., arrived at their new home in Webster. Mr. P. experienced some difficulty in getting here, the car containing his goods being among those side-tracked by the strikers at St. Louis.

J. H. Devine, of the firm of Devine & Quish, having become stricken with the "Western fever," has disposed of his interest in the hardware business to his partner, Mr. Quish. It is reported that Mr. D. will go to Devil's Lake, Dakota. Success to him!

STOCKBRIDGE NOTES.

From the Sun.

Will May received accidental injuries over his eye while hammering iron in his shop a few days ago.

Ground has been broken for the Creamery. It will be built on Main St., just across the creek.

John McKenzie's men on his farm last week tackled an oak tree, about two feet and six inches in diameter, and after felling it and splitting off a part, they discovered a railroad spike imbedded in the trunk; more than 40 layers of wood were on the outside of the spike. Old settlers will remember that the first rails on the Central were strap iron and the spike is one of those used in that day, probably a pick-up of some honest farmer.

Quite a large crowd of old friends gathered at the depot last Monday to witness the departure of E. G. Pierce and family for their home in Dakota. Both were a couple of young lady friends to say good-bye, that before they could leave the car, the train started, and they were carried to Jackson. Willing hands paid their fare, and every body enjoyed the joke highly. A reporter for The Sun was on hand to take notes.

HOWELL COMMENTS.

From the Republican.

Howell can show up the most wretched sidewalks of any town of its size in the state.

Dr. R. W. Coleman was called for consultation by Dr. Hoag, of Pinckney, last Sunday.

While the family were away last Friday afternoon some sneak-thief broke up in Mrs. J. A. Crawford's house and appropriated \$20 that had been left on a bureau by Miss Ella Crawford, who had just come home with her school money. No clue to the thief's identity is at hand, though a certain person is strongly suspected.

On Monday Tom McKeever pleaded guilty to having his saloon open on election day before Squire Riddle and fined \$25, together with costs.

FOWLEVILLE SAYINGS.

From the Leader.

J. F. St. Clair was arraigned before Justice Burton on Thursday and waived examination, giving bail for his appearance at the circuit court in the sum of \$1,000.

L. H. Bigalow was stricken with paralysis on Saturday and remained in a very precarious condition for some time. He is now gradually recovering.

Once more has death entered our midst and removed a lady who was greatly beloved by all who knew her. Mrs. Phylinda Pulver died on Monday morning, at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. S. F. Brown, aged 80 years, of consumption.

Arrangements are being made to hold special services at the M. E. church, commencing about the 15th of May and continuing two or three weeks. The Rev. Savage, a noted evangelist, will assist the pastor, Rev. Jessie Kilpatrick in the work.

Dr. Mott J. Gillam received his diploma from the Bennett college, of Chicago, on Tuesday of last week. He returned on Thursday accompanied by his wife, mother, sister and brother, who had been visiting him there during the past few weeks. He will remain here during the summer.



WHIPS, WHIPS

50 DOZEN

WHIPS!!

-A-

FIVE DOLLAR

BONE WHIP

FREE!

- Whalebone,
- Raw-hide
- Live Oak,
- Java,
- Ratan Whip,
- Marriage,
- Team,
- Sulky,
- Riding,
- Machine
- Whip.

I have bought many more Whips than I had ought to, or have room for and shall sell to every customer regardless of cost. I will give a chance with every

FIFTY CENTS

paid for a

WHIP!

to draw a through

BONE WHIP!

Worth five dollars.

F. L. BROWN,
PINCKNEY.



DELAND & CO'S



CAP SALEAF
SALERATUS
SODA

For Baking Purposes.
Best in the World!
For Sale by F. A. SIGLER.

TUTT'S
PILLS

25 YEARS IN USE.

The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age.

SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

Loss of appetite, Drowsy costive, Pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, Fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Flattering at the heart, Dots before the eyes, Headache over the right eye, Restlessness, with uterine derangements, Headache, and

CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS especially adapted to such cases. One dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer. They increase the Appetite, and cause the body to take on flesh, thus the system is nourished, and the bowels act freely, and the Digestive Organs, if regular Stools are produced. Price 25c. 43 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GREY HAIR or WHISKERS changed to a glossy BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts as a permanent hair Dressing, or can be removed on receipt of \$1. Office, 43 Murray St., New York.

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

The most popular Weekly newspaper devoted to science, mechanics, engineering, discoveries, inventions and patents ever published. Every number illustrated with splendid engravings. This publication furnishes a most valuable encyclopedia of information which no person should be without. The popularity of the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN is such that its circulation nearly equals that of all other papers of its class combined. Price \$3.00 per year. Discount to Clubs. Sold by all newsdealers. MUNN & CO., Publishers, No. 311 Broadway, N. Y.

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WEST'S COUGH SYRUP

LIVER

And all Bilious Complaints

Safe to take, being purely vegetable, no opium. Price 25 cts. All Druggists.

NERVOUS DEBILITY



TREATMENT

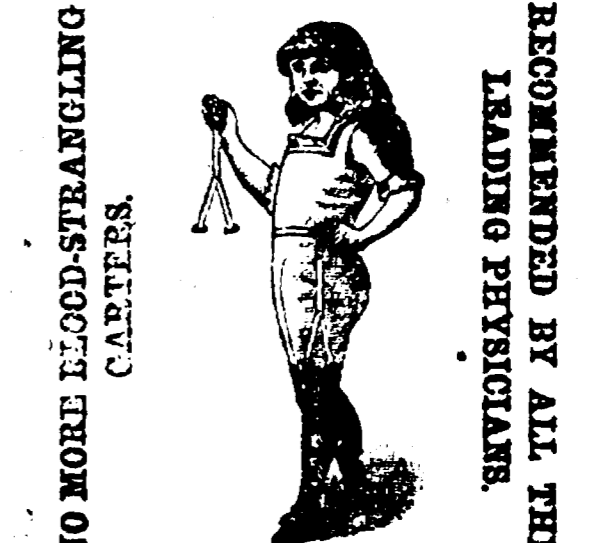
DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT is guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Lizzie's, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death, Premature Old Age, Female Losses, and Sterility caused by over-exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment for \$1.00 a box, or six boxes for \$5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES to cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with \$3.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantee issued only by

JOHN C. WEST & CO.,
862 W. MADISON ST., CHICAGO, ILL.
Sole Prop'rs West's Liver Pills.

It is with pleasure that we recommend our readers to try West's Cough Syrup. You will find it especially useful at this season of the year to cure sudden colds, check coughs and lung and throat troubles. All druggists.

West's cough syrup stops tickling in the throat, stops that hacking cough and gives perfect relief; it is certainly worth a trial. All druggists.

STEIN'S
SAFETY
HOOKING
UPPER



RECOMMENDED BY ALL THE LEADING PHYSICIANS.

FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST-CLASS STORES. Samples sent post-paid to any address upon receipt of price in 2-cent stamps.

LEWIS STEIN,
Sole Owner and Manufacturer,
178 Centre Street, New York.

A Live Detroit Paper!



THE DETROIT EVENING JOURNAL

Has been GREATLY IMPROVED during the past six months and is now THE BEST EVENING PAPER published in this State.

IT IS THE ONLY AFTERNOON PAPER IN MICHIGAN THAT RECEIVES AND PUBLISHES THE FULL DAY

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THE EVENING JOURNAL'S reports of the Detroit, Toledo, Chicago and New York CRAIN and STOCK MARKETS are more complete and cover up to a later hour than those of its contemporary.

THE EVENING JOURNAL'S LOCAL NEWS is Bright and Accurate; its EDITORIALS are Independent, Comprehensive and Punctilious.

THE EVENING JOURNAL is CLEAN and possesses features of SPECIAL INTEREST TO LADIES.

23rd THE EVENING JOURNAL is delivered BY CARRIER at 10 Cents per Week, or sent BY MAIL at the rate of \$3.00 per Year, post-paid.

The Old Doctor

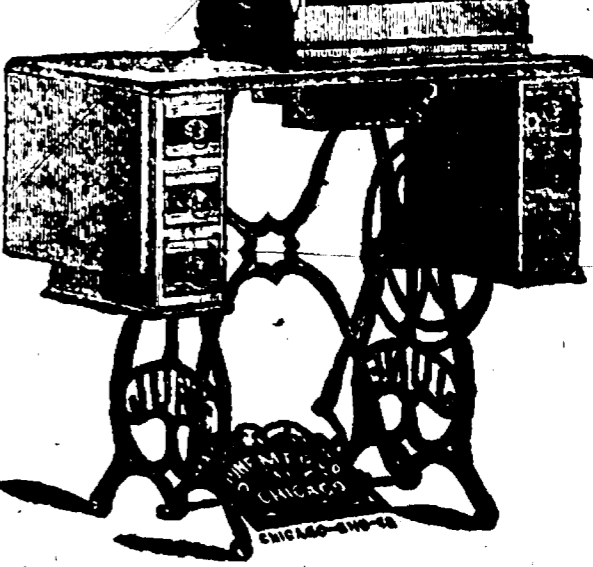
A Life Experience. Remarkable and quick cures. Trial Packages. Send stamp for sealed particulars. Address Dr. WARD & CO. Louisiana, Mo.

THE NEW AND ELEGANT

"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.
JUNE MANUFACTURING CO.
Cor. La Salle Avenue and Ontario Street,
CHICAGO, ILL.

The Pinckney Dispatch.

J. L. NEWKIRK, Editor and Prop'r.
PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN.

THE BURIED HATCHET.

Nay, fear me not, lone wandering chief—
Seek not thy people in terror and grief
To bid them arise and flee;
Fear not, Old-man-afraid-of-the-froth;
Fear not, Wa-bee-with-his-pipe-in-his-mouth,
Or whatever thy name may be.

The days are gone when, with painted face,
A warrior bold, I hunted thy race
In the neighboring woods and caves;
The days are past when, with war-like jumps,
I buried my hatchet in logs and stumps
And called them treacherous braves.

All I remember the last bold raid
Cutting hand of rangers made
Back in the days of yore—
Last grand rally they made to save
Weeping maid that an Indian brave
Away on his mustang bore.

The brave was a big one, stuffed with chaff,
And they tied him fast to the back of a calf
That was tethered over the way;
And they led in his arms the maiden fair
With the beautiful form and the flowing hair,
And the maiden was made of hay.

How dauntingly floated the feathers and yarn
As they led the calf out back of the barn
And started it up the lane!
How fiercely the hatchets and arrows flew
As the maiden was saved and the fleeing
Was finally caught and slain!

So sent their good sires "three an' a half"
To pay for the way they crippled the calf
In their rescuing raid that day;
And the birch played some of its merriest
Tunes
On the following part of the pantaloon
Of the principal scouts in the fray.

Those days are vanished, lone, wandering Lo;
I buried the hatchet long ago
With the bow and the belt I wore;
I have washed the paint from my warrior
brow;
I am meek as a lamb and gentle now—
My Indian raids are o'er.

So hie thee away, Brave-at-on-the-ground,
To where thy kindred and tribes are found,
And bear them a message from me;
Go tell thy people, bold grunt-in-the-fall,
That I am the friend of the red men all,
Wherever their tents may be.

—B. F. Murray, in Detroit Free Press.

RARE "PEARL ALLEY."

How Its Children Enjoyed Themselves Playing "Wake."

It is called Pearl alley, though no sign-board spells the name to questioning strangers, and the residents of the thoroughfare are not of a sort to moralize upon the origin of a name or the inappropriateness of its character. Pearl alley it is to them as a means of designation, and when you see it you will say as well Pearl alley as any thing else, for no name, however descriptive of all that is filthy, miserable and poor, can adequately express its dirt, squalor and poverty.

It runs out of Washington street when Washington street gets down below Rector, and utterly loses its respectability in its efforts to stand up against the stench of the soap factories. At the point where the last vestige of respectability disappears and the strength of the stench has reached its climax there Pearl alley begins, and to preserve alike the ebb of decency and the flood of smell, it runs vertically through one short block and ends abruptly against a neighboring street that might offer a slight gain of the one and loss of the other.

The alley has at least one thing in common with the precious jewels whose name it wears. Like them, it is rare. Even among the slums of a great city like New York there are not many festering spots so rank and poisonous as its short length affords. The few wretched tenements that outline its narrow way are for the most part deserted sheds, with three or four tall, crazy buildings, whose dark halls and rickety stairs resound with the sluggish steps and brutish noise of the tenants of its foul and crowded rooms. The sun never shines in Pearl alley. The houses lean over so close that the little stretch of street between them becomes a black thread to old Sol in the heavens and quite out of reach of his superb focus in the momentary pause he makes directly overhead.

A good many things never happen in Pearl alley. There is never any beginning or end to the day there. No thrifty mechanic or honest artisan ever leaves in the early morning with his dinner pail on his arm, and his cheerful content at the prospect of winning bread for the children clustering in the doorway behind him, nor comes trudging home at night hungry and ready for the rest which follows faithful toil. And through the daylight hours there is no sound of woman's tidy care of home, no washing and scrubbing, no brewing and baking, no cheerful neighbor gossip—no token that in many other poor and crowded quarters of the city betrays that social life, albeit of the lowest stratum, is still extant. Hucksters do not cry their wares there, organ grinders pass it scornfully by; even a starved dog skulks swiftly, as if he knew there was no stray bone there for him!

But Pearl alley has its citizens and its happenings. A race of beings sifted through the various stages of misery and degradation which make up the lives of the city's outcast fall at last beyond further sorting into Pearl alley. Thieves, rogues and dissolute women, whose orgies and debauches have finally unfitted them for even their miserable callings, come at last to Pearl alley to swine together in brutish, besotted misery. They live on crusts and bones from the garbage pail; they are clothed in rags from the ash heaps, and their sole aim and object of existence is to steal or beg the few pennies necessary for the pot of beer or dram of whisky from the shabby saloon on the corner.

And Pearl alley has another class of citizens, smaller, thank God, but infinitely more unfortunate than even the wrecks just described. It has, alas, its children! These are creatures small in stature and few in years, who crawl about over the slimy stones and through the damp cellars of Pearl alley, who have in them a touch of the glory of childhood which the iron weight of their dreadful existence has not been able to crush out. Hungry, weary and cold; dirty, ragged and sore; kicked, beaten and sworn at; themselves wicked and depraved beyond belief—they are children still! You will see a Pearl alley boy rescue a cabbage stalk from the gutter, tie a string to it, and drag it in triumph behind him for a cart, and you will see his sister hugging to her breast with a look of ineffable fondness her doll—an old bottle, about which a bit of filthy rag is carefully folded. But the favorite pastime of these miserable little waifs is to play "wake." A wake is the most common event of the community. You can not live very successfully in Pearl alley, but it is very easy to die there. It is a short cut from that point to the Potter's Field, a very short and rapid journey attended with little ceremony; a flutter of black bed-ragged cloth on the door, a drunken wake, and the dead wagon. And the wakes are so numerous and really so cheerful compared with life generally in Pearl alley, it is little wonder the children like to perpetuate the festivity in their play.

Patsy Flynn liked it best of all the games, chiefly because he invariably played the corpse, and it was easy and pleasant to lie quite still, with his hands folded, while the other boys marched and shouted and jumped about him. Patsy was not very strong, children somehow did not thrive in Pearl alley, and he liked to be quiet. Patsy lived alone with his grandmother. There had been a mother once, of course, and Patsy remembered her well, too. Occasionally now his frame trembled as if he still felt the weight of her heavy hand, which, guided in drunken fury, had so often rained blows of crushing force upon him, and once in awhile it seemed as if he heard her loud, coarse voice showering oaths and imprecations after him as he fled from her terrible presence. But he did not, for it was quite two years since the night she and the man who occasionally came to their wretched home quarreled so fiercely, and when the brief bitter fight was over the woman lay dead on the floor and the man staggered sullen and muttering from the place. He never came again, and the wake which followed was another thing Patsy remembered well. Since then he and his grandmother had shared together, unmolested, the gloomy cellar room which was what he called home.

"Big Granny," as this ancestral relative of his was called, was at once the pride and terror of the alley. She was old, nobody knew how old, but so old that had she walked she would have tottered with the weight of years; inasmuch, however, as she always staggered from the burden of liquor she was carrying, the infirmity of age was unnoticed. Her hair was white and thin, and straggled in neglected disorder away from her temples, the longer locks twisted in a wispy coil in the nap of her neck. Summer and winter she went unbonneted, her one outer garment a cotton wrapper that hung in shapeless drapery about her tall, lean figure. Her face was seamed and brown and withered like the skin of a baked apple, and on her long throat, which the loose fit of her dress bared to the collar bone, the wrinkled flesh hung in flabby folds. There was no voice in the alley more shrill and piercing than hers, no speech more foul, and no ribald wit so quick and scathing as that which fell from her toothless lips.

A curious pair they were, the pale, starved child, weak and puny, and the gaunt, weather-beaten woman, but in their way they got on. Big Granny did not beat Patsy. She let him alone, and in return his was the one voice of all the children in the alley which was still when the old woman shuffled and staggered through the street for her daily portion of stimulant. Hoofs and jeers, scoffs and howls the other urchins hurled at her and after her as she walked, but Patsy never joined this juvenile mob. He did not take up cudgels in her defense; that would have been useless; he simply responded to an intangible sense of family obligation which he felt without recognizing and refrained from offensive measures. And Big Granny in her sober moments felt so much affection for the boy as her capabilities permitted and in her drunken moments never abused him. So, as has been said, they got on.

In general, that is. On one particular morning, a raw, damp day of recent date, there was not the usual *enferme cordiale* between them. Big Granny felt the east wind in her old bones doubtless, and was averse to the tramp outside for beer. She bade Patsy go to the corner for her, which the child, cowering over the few coals in the stove, refused to do. This aroused the always alert wrath of the old woman, and she poured forth a volley of Billingsgate and vituperation frightful to hear, but which seemed to fall upon deaf ears, so passive did the child sit under it. Then she took the broken-nosed pitcher herself and started in a burst of savage anger for the mecca of all her pilgrimages.

Patsy crouched closer to the smoldering fire as the door opened and drew his ragged jacket tighter about his shivering form. He had felt ill and miserable for two or three days, but

there was neither medicine nor doctors in Pearl alley and the healing of the sick was not considered in the ethics of the community. This morning his head and throat ached and throbbled with pain, his tongue was dry, and his lips were parched and hot. A curious fancy possessed him, too. Every once in a while the little rusty stove with its handful of coals widened into a great fire-place, blazing with heat, and he saw a long room with rows of white, downy beds, every one of which seemed to invite his tired and aching frame to rest within it. It was an old memory, revived in the semi-delirium of the fever which was upon him, of a visit long before to a hospital, why or with whom he could not recall. While he pondered the vision faded and the dreary reality was before him again—the cold, dark room, the breakfastless table, and the bundle of rags in the corner which made his uninviting bed. Suddenly he heard a din in the street and he knew that Big Granny was close at hand. Dreading somehow the clash and clamor of her noisy entrance he slipped through the dark passage-way and out into the narrow court or yard in the rear of the tenement. A group of children were playing there and his advent was greeted with a shout: "Come along wid ye, Patsy, its a wake we're havin'" piped one urchin. Patsy looked at them dully, but did not stir from the threshold near which he stood.

"Come on wid ye," they cried again, "git up, Micky Shannon, and lave Patsy be the corpse." Which post of honor in the ghastly game seemed to tempt the trembling boy from his place. He suffered himself to be drawn among his companions, and the former corpse, reluctantly yielding his privilege, Patsy stretched out on the wet stones where Micky had lain. Then the boys straightened the bricks at the four corners that had toppled over during the change, put the bottles, serving as candlesticks, upon them again, and after vainly endeavoring to light the bits of wet wood which they held for candles, gave up the attempt and began the ceremonies suited in their minds to the proper keeping of a wake. In solemn silence they first marched about Patsy's prostrate form. The boy lay still, his hands crossed upon his breast as they had been placed, and his gaze went straight upward to the patch of cold sky visible between the roofs. Micky Shannon indignantly discovered his condition.

"It's a foine corpse ye are, Patsy Flynn, wid yer peepers wide open like a windy. Shnt 'em up, will ye," he shouted roughly, and Patsy slowly closed his eyes. As he did so the familiar vision came back of the hospital hall and cheerful fireplace, with the dormitory of white, restful beds. And the play went on, the mourners chanting and crooning their Irish songs, while the moist atmosphere slowly settled into a chill, drizzling rain. With the lowering cloud a gray shadow fell and rested on Patsy's face. Was it only the rain that made his brow so damp and cold? The boy did not know, for he was wandering still among those downy beds. Here was one softer and whiter and warmer than any into this he would plunge and sink away to sleep, yes, to sleep, for he was tired, and it would be so good to rest.

The children did not mind the rain, and were playing still half an hour afterward when a noise in the street attracted them.

"The ingines," they cried, "it's a fire," and with a whoop every mourner rushed away, leaving the corpse to follow. But Patsy lay still, sleeping now in the softest and whitest of his beds and the gray shadow which was not the rain nor the mist fell heavier across the shut eyes and touched the pale lips with a purple tinge. The engines rattled by in the next street, but the mourners did not come back, for they were in hot pursuit.

Big Granny had drunk only one portion of beer yet, and restless as usual under so light a dose, it happened that she opened the door of her room and stumbled through the dark passage-way into the yard while Patsy still lay there alone. She saw the child on the flags asleep with his face upturned in the rain.

Something in the still, pale features startled the half-drunken creature and stifled the harsh speech which trembled on her lips. She tottered forward and fell down by Patsy's side. She touched the cold and stiffening hand and called his name in a low entreating tone. Then as the truth forced its way to her drink-besotted brain, some emotion long dormant in her woman's heart was stirred, and out from her miserable degradation and remorse there went up a wail so shrill and piercing and so freighted with human agony that the inmates of the rooms looking out upon the court hurried to their windows to find its cause.

And when they looked they knew that Big Granny was bereaved, and that one of the children of Pearl alley had gone away.—N. Y. Times.

ARTEMUS WARD.

A Practical Joke Played by Him on Two Inquisitive Californians.

"While Artemus Ward was out here on a lecturing tour in '63," said a Stocktonian to a Jester man, "he won ten dollars from myself and a friend by a very clever practical joke, and as I have never seen it in print, I will give you the particulars for publication."

"I was sitting in a restaurant on Pine street, in San Francisco, enjoying some oysters with a friend, and was telling him about Artemus Ward's lecture that I had attended the evening before. I was repeating to my friend some of Ward's funny sayings, when who should come into the restaurant but a person that I at once thought I recognized as the very individual about whom I was talking. He had a gentleman with him, and they took seats at a table on the other side of the restaurant, about thirty feet from where we were. 'Do you see that thin, lank-looking young man over there?' said I to my friend.

"Yes."
"Well, that's Artemus Ward."
"What, that consumptive-looking cuss Artemus Ward? I think I can judge pretty well the character of a man by his face, and it seems hardly possible to me that that melancholy-looking individual can be the greatest humorist of the world. I'll bet you the oysters that you are mistaken; that he is not Artemus Ward."

"You may be right," said I, "I was some distance from the stage last night, and I didn't get a very good look at him; but I feel pretty positive of my man, and I am willing to take your bet."

"Well, then, as the bet is all settled, said my friend, 'you go and tell the person that you suppose to be Artemus Ward that there is a bet between you and myself that there is a certain person, and ask him his name. I will, at the same time, tackle his companion, and put the same question to him. We will, by this means, make certain of the name of our man.'

"I then went up to the supposed Artemus Ward and questioned him as proposed by my friend, and was informed that his name was Charlie Browne. My friend, who questioned the other man, was told that the person in dispute was, as I supposed, Artemus Ward. 'Your friend has given you away,' said I. 'You are not Charlie Browne. You are Artemus Ward.'

"Well," said the supposed Artemus Ward, "you can either take my word, or my friend's; but I will bet you five dollars that my name is Charlie Browne."

"You ought to know best who you are," said I, "but I think you are trying to bluff me, and I am willing to take you up. I will bet you five dollars that your name is not Charlie Browne."

"And I'll bet you five," said the other man to my friend, "that he is Artemus Ward."
"All right," replied my friend. "This seems to be a mixed-up affair, and I'm willing to risk five dollars for the sake of unraveling it. I'll bet you five dollars that he is not Artemus Ward."

"The result was that we both lost our money. Artemus Ward and Charlie Browne were one and the same person, Artemus Ward being Charlie Browne's nom de plume."—Pacific Jester.

THE WAY OF IT.

Misplaced Philanthropy in the Matter of Honoring Departing Friends.

"He's going away. Let's give him something. He's a good fellow and he'd appreciate some little memento."
"A good scheme. I would like to contribute. Let us give him something handsome."

"Well, we'd better limit the subscription to two dollars apiece. That's enough, and all the boys will chip in."
"All right, go ahead; put me down for my share."

And the zealous friend gets a sheet of paper and he writes down the names of all the fellows who are friends of the departing.

"We want to give Jones a little present," he says to two or three. "Will you chip in?"
"Why, certainly. What are you going to give him?"
"Don't know. It'll cost about thirty dollars."

"All right. I'll stand my share."
Then the affectionate friend goes and orders a little bit of jewelry or something and has an elegant inscription put upon it—"From his loving friends," and shows it around.

"That's lovely. I'll pay you that two dollars on Tuesday."

And every body congratulates Jones on the beautiful present they have made him and Jones goes off. Then the zealous friend who has guaranteed the jeweler or paid the bill goes hunting for the subscribers. He doesn't like to dun them, and they have forgotten all about Jones' present. The little present cost thirty dollars and he got it up collects five dollars and has to pay twenty-five dollars himself. When every thing is finished the worst of all is to hear a fellow say:

"Jones was a good fellow. I think it was very mean you did not give me a chance to subscribe to that present you gave him."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Richard Allen, the pioneer newspaper man of Leadville, Col., who was afterward reduced to stringency circumstances, has made a fortune out of a mine in New Mexico.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Oscar Wilde and his wife are coming to America soon, but he will not lecture.

—Mr. Charles Asbury, the postmaster at Lulu, Ga., has four little daughters, named Pearl, Diamond, Ruby and Garnet.

—John W. Oliver, the founder of the order of Sons of Temperance, is now editor of the *Yonkers*, (N. Y.) *Statesman*.

—Listz writes that his fingers are seventy-five years old, and that they no longer play his compositions as well as do other performers.

—The first newspaper issued for Sunday sale and circulated in the United States, was started in 1825 in New York, and called the *Sunday Courier*.—*Chicago Inter Ocean*.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox says: "The fact that a man bears an excellent reputation among them is no proof that he may not be the worst possible companion for a woman."

—Princess Anna Murat, now Duchess of Mouchy, granddaughter of a stable-boy who became a soldier, Marshal of France, King of Naples, is by birth an American, having been born at Bordentown, N. J., in 1841.

—William M. Everts and four classmates fifty years ago started the "Yale Literary Magazine," which is not only the oldest college periodical but the oldest monthly of any sort in America.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

—The Crown Prince of Portugal, who is to marry Princess Amelia of Orleans, has an abundant supply of names. When he signs his names in full they are Charles Ferdinand Louis Mary Victor Michael Raphael Gabriel Gonzagua Xavier Francis of Assis, Joseph Simon of Branganza, Savoy, Bourbon, Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Duke of Braganza.

—Nearly all the successful funny-men in literature are graduates from the printing office. "Mrs. Partington" (B. P. Shillaber) was once a printer; so was Mortimer H. Thompson ("Doesticks"); so was Charles F. Browne ("Artemus Ward"); so was Mark Twain; ditto "Nasby"; ditto, "M. Quad" and others. With all their hard work and tribulations, the press gang are a funny lot of fellows.—*Chicago Journal*.

—Will Carleton, the poet, lectured recently in an Iowa town, the billboards of which bore the legend: "Will Carleton, October 25." Later, Will Cumback, a well-known Indian, was to lecture; but, as the billposter never had heard of Mr. Cumback, he took it for granted, when he was given the announcement "Will Cumback, December 11," that Mr. Carleton was coming back; so he fixed the old bill after the new one, thus: "Will Carleton Will Cumback December 11."—*Chicago Tribune*.

HUMOROUS.

—Woman is not much of a philosopher, but she is proverbially a clothes observer.—*Burlington Free Press*.

—"Kerosene oil is going up," says an exchange. Undoubtedly, so is the stove, so is the hired girl.—*New Haven News*.

—The tomato used to be called the love apple, but the young man who was kicked down the doorsteps by an irate father says he is love's toe-martyr.

—A woman in Bradford, Pa., while sewing a button on her husband's vest, was instantly killed by a lamp explosion. Still we think it is a woman's duty to sew buttons on her husband's vest.—*Norristown Herald*.

—"I don't think any thing of American literature," said an Englishman. "And don't ever know that the humorous papers of America are execrable. Why, some of them really make me laugh."—*Arkansas Traveler*.

—A dentist who has received a compensation which he regards as insufficient, ironically asks his client if he intended the fee for his servant. "No, monsieur," replied the other, "it is for both of you."—*From the French*.

—Mrs. Fogg—"Oh, yes, you can find fault now; but I remember the time when you loved the very ground I walked on." Mr. Fogg—"And my affection for the ground is as strong as ever. It's the top-dressing that I complain about."—*Boston Transcript*.

—A Chicago girl struck pater familias for a pair of new shoes the other day. The old man drove up that evening with a side of leather and told her that his salary had been cut down this year and he guessed she'd have to get the old ones patched.—*St. Paul Herald*.

—Enfant Terrible (jumping into visitor's lap)—"You're Mr. Noodleby, ain't you?" Noodleby—"Yes, dear, that's my name." E. T.—"Well, I want to hear you talk." Noodleby—"And why, my pretty dear?" E. T.—"Cause pa says you talk like a jackass, and I never heard one."—*The Rambler*.

—Things one would rather have left unsaid: Tomlinson—"Good-bye, Miss Eleanora." Miss Eleanora—"But you've already said good-bye to me, Mr. Tomlinson." Tomlinson (who is always ready with some pretty speech)—"Have I, really? Well, one can't do a pleasant thing too often, you know!"—*Punch*.

—A husband who had incurred the anger of his wife, a terrible virago, seeks refuge under the bed. "Come out of that, you brigand, you rascal, you assassin!" screamed his gentle companion. "No, madame," he replied calmly. "I won't come out. I am going to show you that I shall do as I please in my own house."—*French Joke*.

AN INDIAN AUCTION.

Selling a Dead Brave's Effects and Then Laying His Ghost.

I witnessed an interesting feature in Indian life a short time ago at one of the camps in the Kaw Agency, Indian Territory. A tent had been erected, and all the effects of a dead brave were deposited in the tent. The Indians were going to hold an auction. At early dawn before the sun the Indians gathered around the tent. The auctioneer, stepping out of the tent holding a blanket in his hands, began in a loud voice to invite bids on the blanket. "Four dollars," sang out an old man who had a patch of yellow paint under his right eye, and sat on the outer edge of the circle which had now formed around the tent. "I will give you five," cried one of the Indians sitting in the circle. "It is yours," said the auctioneer, and the bidder, after depositing a due bill for the amount, received the blanket. The auctioneer now brought on a pair of beaded leggings, and the bidding began.

One thing was noticeable, the number bidding never exceeded two, and the article was invariably knocked down to the second bidder. Moccasins, necklaces, fans of eagle feathers—in fact, the whole paraphernalia of a complete Indian outfit was brought out and sold to the highest bidder. Finally an Indian pipe of red stone—a very large and handsome one—was brought out, and the bidding became livelier. "Five dollars" was shouted. "Eight," sang out a trader, who, besides your correspondent, was the only paleface in the audience, and who already saw the pipe in his mind's eye hanging with his other Indian curiosities; but he was doomed to disappointment when a hungry-looking member of the circle, who was evidently wanting his breakfast and was anxious to bring the ceremonies to a close, said: "My brother, that pipe has been smoked in many councils. Our brother who lies buried on yonder hill," pointing to a pile of rocks on a high hill in the distance, "thought much of that pipe. I am not willing it should fall into other hands. My brother, I will give a pony for the pipe." These remarks of Old Hungry were received with a few short yells, which denoted great satisfaction.

At this point a member with nothing on but a breech-clout came dashing into the circle, holding in his hands a skillet filled with live coals. He was followed by another one bearing in his arms a lot of cedar, which was deposited over the coals. These two were followed by the dead Indian's relatives—wife, sister and children—moaning and wringing their hands. The burning cedar now began to pour forth a volume of smoke, and one by one the members of the band rushed into the smoke, bending down close to the coals, turning round and round, with many wild gestures and with outstretched blanket, the smoke at times completely hiding them from view. "Come on, my son," said one of the party, taking a firm hold of the traders' arm, and reluctantly the paleface was drawn into the smoke, where he performed the smoke act to the evident satisfaction of the party. Hastily withdrawing in a fit of coughing and gasping for breath, he was met with many cries of "Good, my son! The ghosts will never trouble you." The performance was now ended by the auctioneer turning over all the receipts of the sale to the relations.—*Cor. Chicago Tribune.*

Foiled.

Miss Esmeralda Longcoffin has been very much disgusted at the slowness and hesitancy of Gus de Smith in proposing matrimony. He has been paying her marked attention for some time past, and is a fluent talker on every subject except that one.

They were eating ice-cream at a popular ice-creamery, on Austin avenue, and Gus undertook to ask Miss Esmeralda if he might hope to see her at church on the ensuing Lord's day. He said:

"Miss Esmeralda."
"Yes, sir," interrupted Esmeralda.
"May I—?"
"O, yes, certainly you may," she again interrupted him with animation.
"May I hope to—?"
"You had better speak to pa about it," she said, trembling.
"Speak to your pa?" he asked, tearing open his eyes with astonishment.
"Yes, speak to pa."
"About what shall I speak to him?" exclaimed Gus, roughly.

There was a painful pause, and Miss Esmeralda went to work on her ice-cream with a vindictiveness and energy that was truly phenomenal.—*Texas Siftings.*

—Mrs. Eliza F. Kidd, of Keane, Ky., has completed a crazy quilt which contains 100,000 pieces and 948,688 stitches. In the meantime she had a family of undressed Kidds.—*N. Y. Herald.*

LOCAL NOTICES.

AUCTION SALE!

Having sold my farm in Marion, I will sell on Tuesday, April 18th at 10 A. M., all my personal property, consisting of 8 two-year-old colts, bred by Tim Gooding, 8 yearlings bred by Pasacas, a number of work horses, cows, farming implements, grain, hay, household effects, etc., etc. Usual terms with one year's time at six per cent.
BERT BAILEY.

Buy the "Spanish Beauty" 5 cent cigar at the barber shop.

Eggs for hatching from pure bred light Brahma's, \$1.25 per 13, white Leghorns 50cts. per 13.

W. B. Hoff, Pinckney, Mich.
Thoroughbred Jersey cow with heifer calf for sale or trade. Inquire of GLEN RICHARDS.

A splendid line of new goods at E. A. MANN'S

Several tons of good timothy hay for sale cheap for the next 10 days.
D. F. WEBB.

If you are in want of anything in the Shoe line you will find an elegant assortment at E. A. MANN'S.

Cash for potatoes.
J. T. EAMAN & Co.

The finest stock of Shoes ever shown in town and at prices which are sure to please at E. A. MANN'S.

To RENT.—House and five acres of ground. 8w2. A. H. RANDALL.
Spring style Shoes in great variety at E. A. MANN'S.

For the next 30 days we will sell the celebrated Linden Wagons complete, equal to any in the market, for \$50, at RICHARDS'.

House for rent in south Marion Inquire of (10w2) I. J. ABBOTT.

A nasal injector free with each bottle of Shuloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. For sale by F. A. SIGLER.

For lame back, side or chest, use Shuloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents. For sale by F. A. Sigler.

VICINITY NEWS.

ANDERSON GATHERINGS.

From our Correspondent.
Republicans are jubilant over election returns.

Mike Dunne is down with "German measles."

J. T. Eaman & Co. bought 700 doz. eggs last week.

Our champion wrestler, James Roche, was "flooded" on Monday, at Gregory. He will try it again.

Mrs. Mariah Cooper drew the silver castor, holding No. 63. John Birnie drew the butter dish, holding No. 58.

Bert Bailey has sold his farm to a Mr. Collins, of Waterloo. Bert will take a ramble through the wild west. Sorry to lose you, Bert.

HAMBURG JOTTINGS.

From our Correspondent.
Congressman Winans will be home this week.

We notice Ed. Wheeler is trading horses nowadays. Nothing new for him, you know, boys.

A very enjoyable time was had at Mr. Geo. Hull's last Thursday evening. The weather was not very inviting but there was a good turnout.

Thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Orsen Tourey for the hospitality shown to the young people of this place that congregated at their place to have a dance. They danced all night till broad day light and then went home with the girls in the morning. The music was grand.

Railroad is all that can be heard nowadays. The sum that is to be raised is \$2,500 if the road comes to Hamburg, but it is rather a small show, for we have only about \$1,400 raised. If the people had not subscribed quite so much last fall they might give more now, or be expected to give more, but they gave on the road running from Howell to the M. A. L., and now the road is built, the people along the line say, we have got our road now you can build your own road.

SOUTH LYON DOTS.

From the Picket.
The salvation army have a large number of converts here and the list

AT L. H. BEEBE'S, - PINCKNEY.

PARLOR SUITS,
BEDROOM SUITS!
BEDSTEADS
LOUNGES.

FURNITURE

CHAIRS,
TABLES,
SECRETARIES,
STANDS!

MATTRESSES-
SPRINGS,
BUREAUS,
COMMODOES!

MIRRORS,
BRACKETS!
PICTURE FRAMES,
ETC., ETC., ETC.

AT L. H. BEEBE'S, - PINCKNEY.

is constantly growing larger.

Rev. S. Calkins wins the prize given for the best poem on "K. G. & Co." by that enterprising firm.

We are very much pained to learn that one of the proprietors of the Brighton Citizen has been obliged to give up business for a time on account of a bad knee, which has been giving trouble for some time, but which has at last necessitated his taking this step. He is at present at Ypsilanti, where he is being treated, and we hope his recovery will be speedy.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION. 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 23rd day of March, A. D. 1886.

WILLIAM W. STEELE, Defendant.
On reading and filing due proof by affidavit, that the said defendant William W. Steele, has departed from his last known place of residence and that his present place of residence can not be ascertained, a motion of Edward G. Emmer, solicitor for the complainant, it is ordered that said defendant, William W. Steele, appear and answer the bill of complaint filed in said cause within five months from the date of this order, and in default thereof the said bill of complaint be taken as confessed by said William W. Steele. It is further ordered that this order be published once in each week for six successive weeks in the Michigan Dispatch, a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Livingston; the first publication to be within twenty days from the date of this order.

JOSEPH LOWRE, Circuit Court Commissioner.
EDWARD G. EMMER, Solicitor for Complainant.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION. 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 23rd day of March, A. D. 1886.

ALFRED F. JONES, Defendant.
Upon due proof, by affidavit, that Alfred F. Jones, the defendant in above entitled cause, resides out of the State of Michigan and in the Territory of New Mexico, on motion of Rollin H. Person, Solicitor for Complainant, it is ordered that the defendant do appear and answer the bill of complaint filed in this cause within five months from the date of this order, or else the said bill of complaint shall be taken as confessed; and it is further ordered that this order be published within twenty days from the date hereof in the Pinckney Dispatch, a newspaper printed in the 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 defendant personally at least twenty days before the time herein prescribed for his appearance.

W. P. VAN WINKLE, Circuit Court Commissioner.
ROLLIN H. PERSON, Solicitor for Complainant. (11w7)

MONEY!

IMPORTED CATTLE.
ABERDEEN - ANGUS
GRADES

Absolutely the best in the world, and ready to prove it.

Book now open for a limited number of cows. Terms, \$5 and \$8 cash. Herd won the highest premiums against all. Apply now of

R. C. AULD, Pinckney.

Examine prices after my Bills in the neighborhood and believe your own eyes.

THE DISPATCH!
ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

SILVER PLATED WARE
suitable for
WEDDING PRESENTS.

WATCHES!
in all grades

HAMPDEN,
WALTHAM,
ELGIN

JEWELRY, in the LATEST STYLE
and neatest designs.

MUSICAL AND OPTICAL GOODS.

General Sporting Goods
all at prices to please the buyer.

FINE WATCHES PUT IN GOOD ORDER
Also general repairing.

EUGENE CAMPBELL.

—THE—
SHREWD BUYER

Will buy where can get the most desirable goods at the

—LOWEST PRICES—

OUR STOCK

consists of all the most standard and popular remedies, as well as all the latest medicines known to the drug trade.

YOU KNOW

If you don't you ought to know that we carry a full line of

TOILET ARTICLES

Some fine Scripture Cards, French Tissue Paper, etc.

Don't talk about CIGARS until you have tried the boss Cigars of the town, namely:

THE "NIGHT HAWK!"

WE WILL SELL YOU

"The Earth" for 5 cts.

If you don't believe it call and see.

A FINE LINE OF CANDIES

—AT ROCK BOTTOM PRICES

In WALL PAPER we have the finest in town. Call and see our Silk Papers. They are fine.

GROCERIES.

Stock is complete and prices to meet the times. A china cup & saucer and plate given to every purchaser of one lb. Butterfly Baking Powder.

CORNER DRUG STORE

F. A. SIGLER.

West's World's Wonder, or Family Liniment. Useful in every house for cuts, burns, scalds, bruises, neuralgia, rheumatism. Always gives satisfaction. All druggists.

SIX MILLION MILES OF FENCE!

Brooked at a Cost of \$2,000,000,000—A History of Fence-Building.

An Augusta, Me., correspondent writes that, according to the best estimates, there are six million miles of farm fences in the United States, valuing \$2,000,000,000. In many States fences on a farm cost more than buildings standing on it, and that where lumber is abundant and cheap. The amount of labor and money consumed annually in building and repairing fences—few are aware of it—is just so much taken from the productive interests of the country. Both law and custom prescribe fencing. It is an ancient tradition. The Plymouth colonies in Massachusetts gave us the first fences known in this country in 1632. They were erected to protect planted against damages from creatures at large. It was said before a meeting of the American Institute Farmers' Club at New York, in 1859, that the farmers in this country were educated under the system of fences; under the notion that a man is bound to protect his property by fencing out the world, that the law has no power, and that there is no general respect for the right of property but that you must fence out all intruders and guard your property with walls and fences.

It is all founded on fiction. The law does protect a man's property. His real estate and its products are his, and, whether fenced or unfenced, they're under protection of the law. In continuation of this matter the correspondent says that most of the New England farms are inclosed with fences—straight, crooked and irregular—good, bad and indifferent. Most farms are subdivided as to resemble a checker-board. Everything seems to be fenced. The fences are almost as varied as they are abundant. The Virginia rail fence is the pioneer; then the log fence, stone wall, stump fence, pitch post fence, worm fence, and the post and rail fence. Not less than four feet in height constitutes the lawful fence. Stone wall is the main fence in Maine and Massachusetts, and perhaps in Connecticut also. Maine also has the rail and board fence and the bush fence. Rail fences are the cheapest. The roots and stumps of large trees, set up edgewise, make most effective fences. The stone wall would last forever, if it were well and carefully laid in the first place and the frost did not play havoc with it. As commonly built, the stone wall will keep out all kinds of stock except sheep. It is insisted that stones could be more cheaply disposed of than by laying in wall form.

Good fences, says a Kennebec farmer, as reported, make good neighbors, yet he refuses for himself to believe in them. There are over 64,000 farmers in Maine, he said. Their farms have in the aggregate over 42,000,000 rods of fence, or more than 181,000 miles. Ornamental fences merely are not included in these, nor are upward of 2,000 miles of railroad fencing. In the entire State there are 11,000,000 rods of highway fences, 16,000,000 rods of partition fences, and some 16,000,000 rods of division fences. A cost of \$1 a rod, which the speaker considered a fair estimate, the total cost of fences in Maine is \$42,000,000, which is nearly as much as all the farms and the buildings are worth. It is twice and a half the value of live stock in the State, and nearly as much as the whole State has invested in manufactures. Reckoning charges and repairs, loss from yearly decay, the cost of breaking roads through encroachments, caused by high fences, and interest on the first cost, taxes, etc., and he estimated that the fences cost the State annually not less than \$4,000,000, which he sets down as a heavy loss in cash and labor to the farmers of Maine. It seems like a useless and extravagant expenditure.

Being asked what he would do, he said that fences should be confined exclusively to pasture; the rest should be abolished. Road fences only cause the roads to drift in the winter. Fencing a mowing field enables a farmer to feed his stock in it during the spring and fall. His idea is that all the fencing a farmer should have should be simply to confine animals where they are placed. The farmers would rid themselves of a heavy tax by doing away with their road fences, and, where necessary, enforcing the law respecting roaming cattle. The law does not compel the farmers to fence the roads, but their occupied or improved lands only. The law respecting the liability of owners of cattle is vague and obscure. Other Maine farmers would abolish fences altogether. It takes 8,000,000 rods of fences for the pastures alone, in which are kept 900,000 head of meat stock. While owners of adjoining lands are required to maintain partition fences, bearing the expense equally, there is no law obligating them to build fences to prevent trespass by neighbors' cattle.