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 tell you all about it
 next week.

LITTLE MISS MUFFET.

"Magdalen Vane has only been with us a short time; but it has been already a time of terrible anxiety to me," she began, with the gentle resignation of a girl borne to the earth by a burden of selfish cares. "She is an orphan—a distant connection of ours, and, as she was left quite unprovided for, my father naturally offered her a home. She is a pretty girl—not the dazzling beauty that Kitty's wild eulogy might lead you to expect, but pretty enough to pass in a crowd, to tempt an idle young man to flirt with her, to— In short, I saw from the first that she was a dangerous—an almost impossible in mate here, for, Lord Ingestyre, you know my brother Frank."

Lord Ingestyre stared, as well he might—the words were hurled at him in such a fierce, almost accusing fashion.

"Certainly, I know Frank, and know also that he is rather inflammable where a pretty face is concerned; but, still—"

"But still you do not know all," Flora interrupted, with a tragic gesture—"the trouble we have just come through, the trouble that seems in store. Frank fell in love with the 'pretty face' of our last governess, the daughter of a bankrupt tailor, proposed to, and would actually have eloped with her, but that my mother fortunately discovered the promising scheme in time, and stopped it by warning papa, who promptly stopped the supplies. Miss Metcalfe was of course dismissed, and Frank subsided into a state of sulky resignation that greatly relieved our minds by showing how little his heart had really been engaged."

"But you think there will be more real harm done if he meets Miss Vane?"

Flora shrugged her shoulders. She felt irritated and vaguely suspicious of her companion's preternatural gravity; and, feeling this, she grew less pathetically impressive and more shrewdly swift in her retort.

"As to that, I am not greatly concerned; but my father shall, if I can help it, have no second painful shock—no second sum of compensation-money to pay."

"But are you sure that Miss Vane will be so very easy to win, so sure to listen to Frank, even if he consoled himself so promptly?"

Flora Talbot's clear laugh rang musically, and every silver note was full of scorn.

"Yes; I am more than sure, Lord Ingestyre. If I could rely upon the girl, my task would be a mere nothing; but she flung herself with almost reckless daring at Frank's head the moment she entered the house. I suppose really—with a grand air of impartial justice—"we should blame her foreign education rather than herself; but her manner was so terribly forward that we hardly liked to trust the children in her care. She was almost rude to mother, and took no notice of me; but with Frank she was on easy and friendly terms at once. Now, Lord Ingestyre, do you see why, even at the risk of being thought meanly jealous, I am anxious to keep this girl in the background, to keep her and my brother apart?"

Lord Ingestyre was completely taken back, and for the moment could only stroke his moustache in thoughtful silence. The girl's passionate energy had a convincing power of its own—at least, for the time. All she said was so plausible—and, if she spoke the truth, she was certainly acting with a wise unselfishness that made him blush for his late suspicions. He felt he owed her some expression of this feeling, but the right words were hard to find.

Fortunately for him, she herself broke the troubled silence with a hurried, impatient whisper.

"Here is Frank. I must go. I would not for the world that he should guess our conversation! But, Lord Ingestyre, you will do me no injustice in your thoughts?"

"Certainly not," the young man answered with a fervor that was born of his gratitude and relief.

Frank, sauntering up with a lazy twinkle of enjoyment in his eyes, little guessed the rapture with which his friend hailed his approach and the termination of that embarrassing *toto-a-toto*.

"I am afraid I disturbed you," he began, lighting a cigarette, and planting his foot easily upon the rustic seat his sister had just left vacant. "Well, I do not suppose you much mind—and I am rather pleased to thwart Miss Flora."

"A noble sentiment!" the other observed, thinking ungratefully all the time how much pleasanter and safer it was to exchange confidences with the scapegrace brother than to listen to the sister's hysterical self-defence.

Frank laughed.

"Well, I admit it does not sound well; but Flora is such a 'Tartar'! Fancy her bullying the governor into shutting up that unlucky little governess cousin of ours in solitary confinement! Good heavens! What a life for the girl to lead!"—raising his brows at the bare idea. "How would you like it yourself, Ingestyre—Kitty and Blanche all day, and your own thoughts for company at night?"

"My imagination is not strong enough to realize the situation. But I have no doubt it is hard enough. However, Miss Talbot has of course her reasons."

"Of course she has!" Frank said decisively. "Magdalen Vane is much too young and pretty ever to be made happy in this house. Flora is good-looking enough herself, but in jealousy she outdoes the ugliest of her sex, and of her own free will would, I am sure, have nothing but old and ugly women about her."

Frank spoke with the angry vigor of a man personally aggrieved, so it was only natural that Lord Ingestyre should ask quietly—

"If you avow your own admiration so frankly, do you not think you may be a stumbling-block in the young lady's path, Talbot?"

Frank flung away his cigarette end by way of emphasizing his dissent.

"Not I. Before she had been a quarter of an hour in the house, Kitty had informed her that I was a hopeless scapegrace, bound to obey papa and mamma and be a good boy, on pain of being cut off with a shilling. No; Flora has no fears for me; she knows I must marry to order, or not at all, quite as well as I do. And, as for anything else—"

He paused, with a whistle and a comically discomfited look. Lord Ingestyre filled up the suggestive blank.

"Well, such a thing as a mere meaningless flirtation is not altogether out of your line. Your sister may dread that."

"Certainly, she may dread that the skies will fall if she chooses to indulge in phantom fears," was the cool rejoinder. "But she knows well enough that the one thing is as likely as the other. Why, Ingestyre, I should as soon expect our old suitor to flirt as that frosty young princess that Flo keeps locked up there. You just try it yourself, and see if she does not freeze you with a look!"

Involuntarily Lord Ingestyre's eyes followed the vague upward gesture with which the other pointed his remark, and it seemed to his startled fancy that a fair, proud young face was framed for a moment in the ivy-grown casement, where it shone whitely in the pale light of the moon, and then was suddenly withdrawn.

"Was that?" he began hurriedly; but Frank did not let him finish the speech.

"Yes, that is the captive in her bower," he answered lightly; "and I only hope she did not hear us discussing her below."

Lord Ingestyre hoped it too devoutly, but he said nothing, and soon after took his leave, much to Flora Talbot's disgust.

"Now I wonder which is the more truthful—Frank Talbot or his sister," the young man mused on his meditative moonlit homeward walk—"whether Magdalen Vane is an adventuress or an icicle? Well, time must show; but, on the whole, I am inclined to pin my faith on Frank."

CHAPTER V.

"Miss Vane!"
 Magdalen Vane turned at the sound of the sharp, imperative voice, and colored with surprise and pleasure—it was only a stranger who addressed her, but somehow in her lonely pain it seemed as though fate had sent to her assistance an old and valued friend.

She ran lightly down the hall steps that she had ascended in a weary, lagging fashion but a few seconds back, and stood bareheaded in the hot afternoon sunshine, with sparkling eyes and outstretched welcoming hands.

"Miss," she began delightedly, and then and there paused, doubtful by what name she was to address her friend of the railway-carriage.

"Miss Muffet, if you please, my dear," the little lady put in, with a hob-goblin-like grimace—"the name was given to me in this house—I will tell you the story some day—and here, of all places, I choose to use it. But never mind that now; you are all alone, I think?"

"Yes," Magdalen answered, a little bewildered by the other's eccentric vivacity. "Mr. and Mrs. Talbot are in town, and—"

"And the fair Flora is out riding with her brother and George Ingestyre, whom she hopes to make her husband some day—I know," Miss Muffet finished, with a nod. "But I did not want them; I came to see you. Well, Cinderella, how have you spent your holiday?"

The sharp eyes scanned the fair face keenly, noted the heavy swollen eyes and pretty lips that were pathetically withdrawn at the corners. Magdalen felt that this queer new friend of hers was reading the sorrowful story of her life at Melina House plainly as in a printed book, and turned away, coloring faintly with a wounded pride and pain. Much as she longed for kindly sympathy, pity was hard to bear.

Miss Muffet misinterpreted that flush, and said, with her shrill eldritch laugh—

"Now you are offended, and on your dignity, you foolish Cinderella! Do not you know how the fairy godmother came to your namesakes assistance, and do I not look the character to the life? Will you dance at the ball tonight, Cinderella? Will you carry off the prince from under your cruel rival's nose?"

She spoke rapidly, and with a chuckling enjoyment of her own words that made them almost unintelligible to Magdalen; but she gathered enough to make her wonder whether the little lady's wits were not as distorted as her frame.

"Will you not come in out of the sun?" she asked timidly; but Miss Muffet shook her head.

"No; I can talk just as well on the

threshold. I do not care to cross it—I hate this house! Do you wonder at that—have you learned to love it, Magdalen Vane?"

"No," Magdalen replied in a low frightened tone. There seemed something of disloyalty to the roof that afforded her even a grudging shelter in that avowal; but she could not disregard the direct question or answer it with an untruth.

"I thought not," and Miss Muffet seemed to find an immense satisfaction in having her thought confirmed. "And do you mean to stay here, where you are unhappy and unwelcome both?"

"No," the girl replied again; "I cannot do that. I wrote to Madame Gressant this morning, asking her to take me back."

"And sent the letter?" Miss Muffet questioned imperatively, almost angrily, as Magdalen thought.

"No, not yet; I have it here," she answered, simply showing it as she spoke; and it was her turn to grow angry when Miss Muffet very coolly took the thin, crisp envelope out of her hand and tore it in two.

"There—don't blaze up, child!" she said, with placid enjoyment of the girl's suddenly brightening eyes and flushing face, her evident dismay and indignation. "Cinderella submitted in all things to her godmother, and you must be as docile as she. You shall not go back to Brussels—you shall not stay here—you shall pack up your things with as little delay as possible, and I come to me."

Magdalen could hardly believe her ears; she stared in a bewildered fashion at the little witch-like creature who had come so suddenly and strangely to her aid, then said, in a sobbing voice—

"You are jesting; you cannot mean that you will take me, a perfect stranger, into your home?"

"Not a perfect stranger!" Miss Muffet answered gently, and this time there was a real kindness in her look and tone. "I assure you I have often thought of the kind little girl who, amid her own real and pressing troubles, could spare a pitying thought to the discomforts of a crabbed and crooked old traveler, and do her best to relieve them. Ah, that footstool desk of yours was bread cast upon the waters, Miss Magdalen Vane!"

She spoke so earnestly, and Magdalen felt the tears of acute sympathy rush to her own eyes, though she answered with tremulous smiles—

"If you waste so much gratitude on such small services, you will find yourself in debt to half the world."

Miss Muffet smiled again and not pleasantly this time.

"I am not crushed by the burden of my obligation, I assure you. But you are at least unsheltered from the world; I will not insist on teaching you its hard lesson, child; I will be content to pay my debt to you. George Ingestyre was speaking to me of you last night. You know my cousin, do you not?"

"I have heard Blanche and Kitty speak of—Lord Ingestyre, that is all."

"Speak of him as their sister's lover, eh?" chuckled the little lady. "There—don't look so scared, child! I shall not ask you to tell tales out of school; I think I know the fair Flora's plans. But, to return to Ingestyre, I like the boy all the better for championing you without seeing your pretty face."

"Championing! What could Lord Ingestyre have to say of me?" Magdalen asked, recalling, with a sharp pang of wounded pride, that scene of which she had been an unseen witness and partial auditor two days ago. Flora Talbot's words had reached her only in fragments; but she had heard enough to know that Melina House no longer offered her a home.

"He said plenty, I assure you. The Ingestyres are a chivalrous race, Miss Vane, and all the knight-errant blood in the veins of this their last representative was stirred by the thought of beauty in distress. He could not carry your colors in a tourney, or slay a dragon in your service, as one of his Crusading ancestors might have done, so he came, in prosaic nineteenth-century fashion, and tried to move my sympathies on your behalf."

"You say she is charming and companionable?" he said, in his impulsive way, and you are companionless, and must be often miserably dull. Now it seems to me—

"He broke off there, stroking his moustache and looking at me with kind, eager, deprecating eyes—he is a fearless champion in a general way; but I think his courage failed him on the brink of that daring proposition. He really hardly knows me, and I have the reputation of an ogress in his family. However, ogress or not, I have my likes as well as my dislikes, and that daring venture pleased me even more—for I helped him after that."

"You think that two halves make a whole," I finished, with a smile that was intended to and did reassure him—that Magdalen Vane and I might bring our double loneliness and double sense of injury together, and manage to make comfort out of the two?"

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.)

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AT THE EXHIBITION.

She wears a great big bonnet
With a bunch of roses on it
And 'tis tied beneath her chin
In a bow

Altho' she looks so shy,
I sometimes catch her eye
As the restless crowd pass slowly
To and fro.

Now, do you think she'd care
If some day I should dare
To speak to her, and ask her
What's her name?

Alas! the fair, she's mute,
She'd never heed my suit—
For she's nothing but a picture
In a frame.

THE SPECTRE.

It was early morning, and Thomas, Lord's valet, had waited on his master's Americans guest to see what he desired him to do for him.

Thomas was too well-bred to appear to notice anything remarkable, but there certainly was something odd in the gentleman's manner, and he had not the look of one who had enjoyed refreshing slumbers. Twice he seemed on the point of propounding a question—twice he checked himself. At last just as the man turned to leave the room he spoke:

"Thomas, I have been awake all night."

"My lord will regret to hear it," said Thomas.

"Something very odd disturbed me," continued the gentleman. "Have you any reason to believe that any of the women servants have lost their senses?"

"Any of the maids, sir," said Thomas.

"Oh, no, sir. I am sure none of the maids are out of their senses, sir."

"One of the maids kept me awake all last night," said the American.

"One of the maids, sir?" cried Thomas.

"Yes, Thomas. She kept running into my room, at least every half hour, to look in the glass and admire herself."

"She came out of that door," and he pointed to one in a corner, "and walked straight up to the mirror; the light from the night-lamp fell upon her face; she seemed to catch my eye in the glass each time, and smiled as she did so. I only saw her face in the mirror, but it was very pretty, though very pale. She wore a short quilted skirt, a little bodice and full white sleeves. She had a gold cross tied about her neck by a black ribbon, and wore a little cap on her black braids—a very young girl with a perfectly French face, Thomas. Do you know her?"

Thomas made no answer. He looked at the gentleman steadily and grew very pale. At last he spoke:

"If I have the honor of understanding you, sir, the young person came through this door."

"Yes," said the American.

"More than once, sir?"

"About once an hour, from midnight until dawn."

"She was young, pretty, and French-looking, and wore a quilted skirt, a bodice and a cap, sir?"

"Exactly, Thomas."

"And smiled at you in the glass, here you saw her face? I understand she did not look toward you as she passed, sir?"

"Right, Thomas."

"May I beg you to do me the favor of looking into this room, sir?"

The gentleman followed Thomas to the door through which he asserted that the young person had passed; and saw nothing but a square closet about twelve feet square, with no door save the one that opened into the large room and high in the ceiling a little window through which a bird could scarcely have flown. It contained no furniture whatever.

"You will acknowledge, sir," said Thomas very gravely, "that any ordinary young person must have remained here if she had entered as you think she did, sir, and that we should now find her here, sir."

"There must be a secret door—or—or some thing!" cried the American.

"I am not mad, and I was wide awake."

"Yes, sir," said Thomas, still more solemnly. "As I remarked, an ordinary young person could not have contrived to disappear; but I am well aware that the young person you have seen is not an ordinary person, sir. She has been an apparition, sir, for more than two hundred years."

"An apparition!" cried the American gentlemen.

"Yes, sir," replied Thomas, an apparition, sir. I think you have seen Lady's gentlewoman Rosette, sir. It is ten years since she was seen here before to my knowledge, but she has been seen very often. Yes, sir, it must have been Rosette."

"I should like to hear more about Rosette," said the gentleman.

"Yes, sir," said the valet. "This is a very old family, and they have lived on this estate since the time of Queen Elizabeth, and about two hundred years ago there was a Lord Herbert—my present master is Lord Herbert—as you know; it is a favorite name in the family—who was a very gay, wild young nobleman, and was a great admirer of the ladies, sir. However, by the time he was thirty he married and settled down, and began to be very much thought of and respected. So was his lady, too, sir, though she was not very handsome and was very haughty."

"One thing, however, the English

servants did not like—she brought a foreign maid with her from France—a girl named Rosette, and as pretty as a picture.

"My lady thought all the world of her, and, of course, the people were jealous and talked against Rosette, and the women began to say something about the way my lord looked at her. However that might be my lady loved her, and I think she thought too much of herself to be jealous of her maid, until one day, sitting before her glass, Rosette combing her hair for her, she heard her husband come into the room. Her brack was toward him, and Rosette was behind her, and they forgot the mirror, and so, sir, she saw in it without stirring, both their faces, and she saw him smile back at her. She understood everything, but she never stirred and she never said anything to him, no, nor to the maid, sir."

"This was her room, sir. In that little closet Rosette had her bed, to be ready if she called her. But one morning my lady's bell rang furiously, and the maid who answered it was told to do my lady's hair, for Rosette had gone back to her native country."

"All the time she was doing it to the girl though she heard a faint moaning sound, and was frightened, and went back to rest pale and trembling, and before night it was very well known in the house that that little closet there was not only locked, but nailed up."

"There was a coolness between my lord and my lady, and they kept very much apart; but she had told him also that Rosette had returned to France and no one ever saw the girl again."

"After that my lord seemed to take to his wild ways again, in a measure, and drank a great deal, and my lady lived very much alone. She never had a regular maid, and she was harsh to those who waited on her. There never were any children, but they both lived to be very old indeed, and at last my lady died in this very room and was buried in the church yard yonder."

"My lord was as old as she by that time, but as soon as the funeral was over he went into my lady's room and stood a long while before the locked and nailed closet door."

"Then he said to himself: 'I cannot die until I know,' and ordered it to be opened."

"They sent for the blacksmith to do it; and all the while my lord sat in his great arm-chair staring before him. There were hundreds of nails in it, but they were all out at last, and the lock was forced and my lord arose and tottered into the closet."

"A bed stood there still and some gowns hung on the wall, and over the bed one was lying with cords twisted about it. Then they looked closer and the maids began to scream, and the old woman who remembered Rosette had called out her name, and my lord turned his pale old eyes upon them like a ghost, and said: 'God forgive me and have mercy on both their souls,' and held out his hands to be helped back to his own room, which he never left after."

"It wasn't much they found, only a few bones and an ornament or two, but it was plain that the girl had been tied hand and foot and bound to the bed and left there to die—if she was not murdered outright by the jealous lady. But ever since, sir, whenever there is going to be misfortune in the family, whoever sleeps here in this room sees Rosette come out of her closet and smile in the glass. No one ever sees her face, only in reflection. I hope no trouble will follow now, sir."

As for the American, he slept elsewhere the next night, he had no admiration for ghosts, even the family ghosts of noblemen, and he had no desire to see Rosette smile at him in the glass again. The smiles of a phantom of two hundred years' standing are more awesome than bewitching."

Night Air.

Beware of night air! This is one of Aunt Susan's solemn speeches. "Close your window when the sun goes down." This is another.

The other night when she was drawing out the first of these favorite saws. I said to her:

"My dear aunt, what can a man breathe at night, if he don't breathe night air? My dear aunt, did you ever go into a bedroom, where two persons had slept with closed windows? Now, aunt, you have a sharp nose; what do you think of that sort of air to feed the blood and brain? A great many people suck in that poison all night, and next morning suffer from dullness and headache. Aunt, did ever sleep out of doors?"

"Never, and I should expect to wake up dead if I did."

"My dear aunt, the young birds, lambs, fawns, and all the rest of the tender, delicate, young creatures sleep out, and do nicely; but they soon die of consumption if we bring them into our furnace or stove heat. Why, aunt, I saw, when in southern California a family of parents and five children living under a live oak tree where they had stayed three years with no other cover than the tree, not even a tent. It was an intelligent New England family; they left Massachusetts wretched from scrofula. When I saw them they were in fine health. I believe a great French author when he says:—"

"You may eat bad food, wear bad clothing, and never wash yourself; but if you breathe pure air day and night you will never suffer from scrofula. Impure air is the sole cause of scrofula."

"Aunt Susan, I believe this is true. If you live out on the plains, in an

ocean of pure air, you may eat hot saleratus biscuit and fried salt pork, and never have scrofula or consumption. Aunt Susan ended the discussion by saying:

"Sleep out in the street if you wish to; I prefer a good bed in a nice room. Sleep with the pigs or the cows if you like it; I prefer to sleep like a Christian."

Aunt Susan is partly right. It is better to sleep in a good bed than out in the streets, or with the pigs. But it is a sad blunder to sleep without an open window.—*Dio Lewis Nuggets.*

The Grandmother.

The dear grandmother! How we all should miss her should she be taken away. Who can read and make the story seem so interesting, as grandma? Who, when one of the family is ailing, can so quickly suggest a remedy as grandma? Who can plant a garden equal to her? Embroider a cushion, or paint a plaque, or shirr a bonnet? A wonderful woman you will think. But that is not all. That grandma can cook a dinner so that all the children and grandchildren will admit that nobody can cook like grandma. She is, as the children say, "an honest truly" grandma. One day, not feeling well, grandma paid a visit to Helen. Helen's babies were all small then. The youngest was a golden-haired, blue-eyed little spit-fire. Woman-like, "when she would she would, and when she would't you couldn't make her."

After vain attempts one day to soothe the little one's temper, grandma gave it up and turned the child over to its mother. Then grandma came in the house and sat down and wrote a letter to the home folks. We all knew, when we read the postscript, that grandma was homesick and would be home before long. This was the postscript:

"Bonnie little Bessie Gray, your merry eyes are blue as the skies on a balmy summer day,

But your temper is getting beyond control, and when you set up to cry one might as well try to stop the wind, or make old ocean backward roll.

But you are a winsome, cunning little witch That I'll allow;

But I'll tell you now You'll have to be doctored with a switch."

There grandma stopped short, as if as if out of breath. But we all knew that it was an impromptu sputter of grandma's and just written to vent her feelings. How many of the young readers, I wonder, can boast of such a grandma?

The Colombian Minister.

A Washington correspondent describes the first visit of the representative of Colombia at the White House.

The new Colombian minister was presented to the President-to-day by Secretary Bayard. The new Minister is very tall, straight, with a fine, well-rounded figure. He looks as if he were of the purest Spanish type. His features are very regular, his complexion has a clear olive tint, while his hair is very thick and almost blue-black in color. A luxuriant mustache and beard cover the lower part of his face. He is suffering from a disorder of the eyes, and at the time of his presentation he was blindfolded. In addition to this he had a close dark screen over the bandage. He was led on each side by attaches of the Legation.

The foreigners were in full dress, says the correspondent and that item gives him an opportunity to mildly deprecate the business-like American custom of receiving gentlemen who call on business. The following appears to have shocked the sensitive soul of the writer.

Secretary Bayard, who made the presentation, wore his frock-coat when he received them. It is the custom of all the foreign ministers when they make their first call upon the President to put on full evening dress. It appears to have been the custom of the secretaries of State to go up in ordinary business dress. I never heard of any President putting on formal dress to receive these full dress visitors. As these visits are those of ceremony it would seem proper that the Secretary of State should put on full dress and that the President himself should dress in accordance with the formality of the occasion.

The Comte de Paris's Children.

Paris Letter: Besides the young Duc d'Orleans, the remaining unmarried children of the Comte de Paris are Princess Helene, who is fifteen years old and, like all the children of the Comte and Comtesse de Paris, tall and slim. Her countenance is charming, with a smile full of grace and kindness. She has a very clear complexion, and light hair falling round an animated face. The little Princess Isabelle is eight years old. She is an attractive child, with a chubby face and light hair cut short over the forehead but falling in long, golden ringlets down the back. She speaks English fluently and exercises an indescribable charm by her refined manners, intelligent eyes and amiable smile. The Comte de Paris has two younger children—Princess Louise, who, being only four years old, does not appear at mealtime and is doted on by all, and the last-comer, a boy of two, said to be very robust. As I was about to leave my entertainers the young Duc d'Orleans came up and, turning his penetrating glance towards me, said: "M. de Freycinet has no son, has he?" "No, Monsieur. You mean, no doubt, that if he had he would not have liked to bequeath to him the remembrance of his law of ostracism." "Just so."

HUMILITY.

The bird that soars on highest wing
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade, when all things rest;
In lark and nightingale we see
What honor hath humility.

When Mary chose "the better part,"
She meekly sat at Jesus' feet;
And Lydia's gently opened heart
Was made for God's own temple meet;
Fairest and best adorned is she
Whose clothing is humility.

The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown,
In deepest adoration bends;
The weight of glory bows him down
Then most, when most his soul ascends;
Nearest to throne itself must be
The footstool of humility.

—James Montgomery

TOLD BY THE LOVE LETTER.

The old writing desk, with its odd brass trimmings, its mahogany veneer, its carved legs and heavy back, was covered with papers. It was the week after the funeral, and the executors of his estate had spent several days ransacking his study, arranging, preserving and destroying his papers, preparatory to the arrival of his nephew and heir. It was not an easy task straightening out these papers. He had a foolish way of saving his letters. There were not many of them, it is true, for he wrote very little during the latter part of his life, but it was difficult for his executors to decide what should be kept and what burned. So it happened that when they found in a half hidden drawer a package of three love letters tied together with a bit of ribbon yellow with age and fragrant with the musty odor of time, they spread them out on the desk and concluded to leave them there till the new master arrived, when he should decide upon their fate. The search had continued all day, and the sun was making giant trees upon the rose bushes which grew beside the library window when the executors left the room and locked the door behind them. For a long time there was silence unbroken save by the murmuring complaint of some hapless scrap of paper buried beneath a pile of letters half smothered by the weight and the rustling, which was only to be expected when so many sheets of paper, bent and crumbled, creased and wrinkled by years of confinement, suddenly found themselves at liberty. At length one of the letters in the package—a square old-fashioned letter written on heavy blue paper—looked around the library with an air of curiosity and inquired in a rather shrill feminine voice, what the cause of this unusual confusion.

"Don't you know," gravely asked the quill pen, which was suspended in the rack behind the ink-stand.

"No," replied the latter. "What is it?"

"Where have you been?" asked the pen.

"Where do you suppose?" answered the letter petulantly. "I have been shut up in that dusty old drawer for nearly thirty years. It's a wonder I am able to breathe at all. Would you mind sprinking a little dust in my face? This air is so fresh it almost suffocates me!"

The pen regretted that it was unable to do so, but informed the letter that when the housemaid cleaned up the room in the morning it would doubtless be accommodated.

"Under these circumstances," continued the pen, "I don't see as you are to blame. So I will tell you. He died last week, and—"

"What is that you tell me?" interrupted the letter. "Has he died?"

"Well, I thought he would live forever."

"You knew him, then?"

"I did," answered he letter, "very well. I was written to him by a young lady he met at the seaside when he was young and handsome. They had driven together, walked and read together all the summer long, and went she went away to her home in the South and he came back here, everybody thought they would be married. So I have heard him say repeatedly. He thought so too. I was the first letter she wrote to him, and I don't suppose there ever was anything he thought so much of as he did of me."

The letter said this with such an air of conviction that for a moment none of the other letters ventured to contradict it.

"He used to press me to his lips," continued the letter, proudly, "and he slept with me under his pillow for a week."

"I think," observed a letter half concealed in a three-cornered pink envelope which was resting uncomfortably on its side by the inkstand, "that he used to care a good deal for me, too."

"You!" retorted the blue letter scornfully, for even a woman's letter detests rivalry. "Who are you, pray?"

"I came from a woman, too," replied the triangular letter nettled by the other's tone.

"Ah! indeed?"

"Yes," returned the pink letter warmly, "and she was beautiful, too. She was the sister of his college mate. They met at her home where he spent his first vacation. They fell in love at once, and when he went back to college she wrote me. I came before you did and I know he thought more of me than he possibly could of any other letter."

"Humph! That is what you know about it. I'll leave it to our friend, the pen."

"Well," observed the pen with judi-

cial dignity, "I have noticed that a man usually thinks more of the last letter he gets than he does of the first. Men are forgetful creatures."

"You are not the last letter he has had," retorted the pink letter. "There are others he thought more of than he did of you."

"Yes," that may be so," replied the blue letter, "but you are none of those. I came after you did."

"I don't believe there are," answered the former hotly. "He used to put me between the leaves of his Latin books, and the professors thought he was the hardest student in the class."

"He didn't marry either of your authors, did he?" observed the pen, gracefully changing the subject.

"No," replied the blue letter, "but it wasn't his fault. He wanted to marry the woman who wrote me badly enough. I don't know that she exactly jilted him, but I have always thought she did. She was an imperious woman and commanding, and determined to have her own way, which she generally did. They corresponded for a year or two until their pile of letters just like me that would cover this desk. One day he tore up all the rest, leaving me alone, and from what he said I know that she had refused him."

"What did he say?" inquired the pen.

"Not much. Only a very few words. It was more in his tone than in the words themselves. As he tore the letters he sighed and tears stood in his eyes. 'Well,' he said to himself sadly, 'I hope he will make her happier than I could have done.'"

"Why didn't the tear you too?" asked the pink letter.

"Because he thought too much of me," replied the other.

"Well," remarked the pink letter, "the girl who wrote me died or he would have married her. If she had lived he would never have fallen in love with your author."

"Don't be too sure of that," broke in the pen sagely, for it knew considerable of the world for a pen. "The first love is not always the lasting one. So I have noticed."

"Yes, but this would have been an exception. He loved her so much. Why you never saw such devotion. They were so young, too. But they were as devoted as two grown people. Isn't that unusual?"

At this the pen spread its points in a smile and ruffled its plumage in good natured derision.

"Well," continued the letter, "I don't care what you think about it. I know it was unusual. So every one used to say, and I am sure if she had only lived they would have been very happy. At any rate he has always treasured me more closely than any other letter. I know that."

"You only think you know," retorted the blue letter angrily.

"What have you to say?" interposed the pen with rare tact, addressing the remaining letter—a little unfashionable letter which was lying spread open and face downward under the shadow of the pen rack.

The letter made no reply.

"Who wrote you," again inquired the pen.

"Phillis did, replied the letter, sweetly."

Letters, by the way, have voices the same as the women who write them, and if you don't believe it just take the letter your Phillis writes, place it next your heart and listen to its sweet toned voice.

"Did he love her too?" asked the blue letter with a trace of malice in its voice.

"Yes," answered the letter, "he did and she loved him, too."

"Where did you come in, before or after me?" asked the blue letter.

"I really don't know. I didn't know anything about you. He always knew Phillis. He was the best man at the wedding. He was Jack's best friend. Jack was Phillis's husband. When Jack died he buried him. I was written a year after the funeral, years and years ago."

"What did you have to say?"

"I told him that Phillis would marry him, that she loved him and always had done so."

"Well," replied the blue letter, why didn't she?"

"I was mislaid some way and never reached here until a few years ago."

"That was very romantic," interrupted the pink letter; "but what I want to know is whether you think he cared more for you than he did for either of us?"

"I really don't know returned the letter, modestly. "I never thought of that. I always felt so sorry, for him when I saw the pain gave him that it drove everything else out of my head."

"Pain? What pain, pray?" asked the pen. "You told him she would marry him, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"I suppose he changed his mind and concluded not to marry her," observed the blue letter, suggestively.

"No," returned the other sadly. "When he got me Phillis was dead."

English Oratory.

An English audience is not altogether dull. Mr. H. C. Richards is a Tory politician. He is also an orator. "Depend upon it, ladies and gentlemen," said Mr. Richards, at the close of a speech at Southend the other night, "we should never have heard of Mr. Herrert Gladstone if it had not been for his father." And it is actually said that Mr. Richards was unable for some moments to understand why the audience roared. The fact that the audience did roar is evidence in favor of the quickness of the populace in the iam-vexed Isle.

THE TRIALS OF BROWN.

The Philosopher had always envied Mr. Brown, because it seemed to him that Mr. Brown was a being to be envied.

He is corpulent, fair of face, and owns a sweeping, tawny mustache which hundreds envy. He also owns a handsome wife, three handsome children, and a handsome diamond pin the value of which the Philosopher would not dare to estimate, for he is no connoisseur in precious stones, never having been lucky enough to own any precious stones, except in his green and salad days when he purchased a genuine ruby ring from a peddler at the astonishing low price of half a dollar, only too soon to find out that he had been most grossly deceived; for the ring was naught but a base compound of brass and stained glass.

Mr. Brown's public position, anyway, independent of his private affairs, ought to be envied. (At least the Philosopher formerly entertained that idea.)

For is he not a hotel clerk! Grand Mogul behind the desk of one of the most extensive caravansaries in New York City; a gentleman before whom the bell-boys shrink in servility, and the greatest men of the age call familiarly by the first name.

Naturally, then, the Philosopher was much surprised the other evening as he sat peacefully smoking his pipe upon a bench in Madison Square Park to have Mr. Brown suddenly appear and fling himself down beside him with a groan of dejection.

"Hello, Philosopher!" he gruffly said.

The Philosopher looked up. In surprise.

Usually, in both deportment and language Mr. Brown is one of the most genial and pleasant mortals imaginable.

"Why, Brown," he said, "one would think that something had happened to put you out; that is, to judge from your accents."

Gloomily the Philosopher's friend lighted a choice Havana.

"Something is always happening to put a person out in our business," he replied; "oftentimes have I thought that it would be far preferable to be a hod-carrier than to be a hotel clerk. This sounds like high treason on the part of Mr. Brown."

May be he might be temporarily out of his mind.

Remembering the case a hotel clerk who had but recently committed suicide, the Philosopher edged away a little from Mr. Brown.

The action was noticed. Mr. Brown smiled the ghost of a smile.

"Don't be alarmed," assured he, "I ain't a-going to fertilize the landscape by blowing out my brains as poor F— did, but really I get so tired, sick, and totally disgusted with humanity as experienced behind the desk of a hotel, that every night or so I take an hour off to come over here, sit down on a bench, and curse the Fate which did not make me a jovial, untrammelled cannibal on some coral island in the ocean, with no higher ambition than to eat, or be eaten by some other cannibal. If you don't believe what I say just come over and loaf about my desk for awhile and see if what I have told you ain't so; if I don't have hard trials."

The Philosopher accepted the invitation. Soon his friend was at his post, and soon the Philosopher at his.

The following are true specimens of conversation between Mr. Brown and various guests:

"Clerk!"

"Yes, sir."

"Gimme a sheet of paper."

"Yes, sir."

"And envelop."

"All right, sir."

"And say!"

"Well, sir?"

"Guess I'll send a postal after all. Gimme a postal card."

"Here you are. Cent, please?"

"What for?"

"The postal card."

"Well, I'll be blowed!" and the purchaser of the postal card, who was not a guest of the hotel at all, but simply a reading-room ornament and front stoop statuette went away muttering curses upon the hotel's stinginess.

Next a good-natured-looking man sauntered up to the desk.

"Any letters for Bailey?"

"No, sir."

"J. Bailey?"

"No, sir."

"Sure?"

"Yes, sir."

"Not even a paper?"

"No, sir."

"Queer, ain't it?"

"What, sir?"

"That there ain't no mail for me!"

"Yes, sir."

The inquirer after mail sauntered away while Mr. Brown winked at the Philosopher.

"There is a specimen," he said; "that man has not the faintest idea of receiving a letter, but he comes and inquires regularly every day year in and

year out. If he did ever get a letter I think that he would be paralyzed with surprise."

As Mr. Brown finished speaking, a gentleman with ruffled hair and ruffled temper arrived.

He howled at Mr. Brown as if that official was in the vicinity of the North Pole instead of only a few feet away.

"Say!"

"Yes, sir."

"I want it stopped!"

"What?"

"That confounded piano-playing in the room next to mine!"

"Can't do it, sir."

"You can't?"

"No, sir."

"I'd like to know why not?"

"It isn't ten o'clock yet."

"What has ten o'clock got to do with it?"

"The rules of the hotel allow piano playing till ten o'clock."

"And you can't stop that duck next to me before ten o'clock? I ought to get an hour's sleep before then."

"Sorry, sir, but I can't help it?"

"On account of the rules?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Well, blast the rules and blast the blamed fool who made them!"

"Yes, sir."

"The man who wanted to go to sleep early went off in a huff, but the vacancy that he left was soon filled."

By a dyspeptic looking mortal who came to pay his bill before leaving.

"How much?" he asked, giving his name.

"Twelve dollars, sir."

"Hey?"

"Twelve dollars."

"What are you giving me?"

"That is correct."

"Not much!"

"Oh, yes, sir. Three days at four dollars a day."

"Four dollars a day?"

"Yes, sir."

"Thought it was three."

"No, sir. There's our card."

"Well, I suppose I have got to pay although it is a dead skin. A dollar a day is too much for this hotel to charge."

"Why, sir?"

"The cooking ain't no good."

"Sorry, sir."

"The billiard tables ain't level."

"I'll make a note of it, sir."

"And you've got a farmer's son behind the bar who can't any more make a whisky cocktail than he can make a Roman candle!"

"We'll have to bounce him."

"One thing, sure, I'll never stop here again. Good-evening."

"Good evening, sir."

Mr. Brown waited until the cavalier was out of sight.

Then he said to the Philosopher:

"Another crank," he said; "he's stopped here on and off for ten years and never goes away without making the same kick."

Just here a traveler came in.

He nodded to Mr. Brown.

"Get my telegram?"

"Yes, sir."

"Room ready?"

"Can't give you 35."

"Get out!"

"Fact, sir."

"But I telegraphed day before yesterday."

"I know it, sir, but 35 has been taken for the season."

"Humph! Give me 50."

"Can't do that."

"Taken for the season, too, I suppose?"

"Oh, no, just half an hour ago."

"What room can you let me have?"

"How's 37?"

"That confounded little cell upon the fourth floor?"

"Best I got, sir."

"Um—well, if I wasn't so tired, I'd go somewhere else. Give me my key. It's blamed funny, but as long as I have been coming here, I can't never get a decent room."

Thus grumbling he disappeared in the recesses of the elevator.

"That's it," sighed Mr. Brown, "nothing could persuade that fellow but that the rooms he asked for are vacant, and that I would not let him have one just out of spite. I tell you what, Philosopher, do you think that the life of a hotel clerk is one summery everlasting picnic?"

"No!" decidedly responded the Philosopher

Chief Geronimo.

Gen. C. Wharton, Inspector of Land Offices and Offices of Surveyors and Territories, has arrived in Washington from Arizona where he has been officially engaged since last July. In an interview he expressed belief, which he said was general throughout Arizona, that Chief Geronimo had taken no part in the recent outrages in that Territory, but is safely hidden in the mountains of Sonora, Mexico. "It is my belief," said the General, "that the band which is terrorizing the whole Southwest is made up of young Apache bucks, at one time or another employed by the government as scouts, with possibly a few of Geronimo's band. They are supplied with the very finest arms, as were furnished them as scouts. They do not steal cattle and run them south into the mountains, as would reasonably be expected of Geronimo, in order to be able to maintain a siege, but on the contrary, they kill the cattle and run off the horses. For another reason I do not believe Geronimo is with them. The Indian, who announced himself as Geronimo to Peck, whose wife and children were massacred near Catalpas last April, spoke English with unusual fluency, while it is well known that Geronimo can speak but a few words in English and those brokenly."

COUNTRY LIFE AND WORK.

To-Morrow.

To-morrow and to-morrow,
O fair and far away,
What treasures lie when hopes high
Along your shining way!

What promises all unfulfilled,
What better deeds to do
Than ever yet, as softly set
Beneath your skies of blue!

To-morrow and to-morrow,
O sweet and far away,
Still evermore lie on before,
Along your shining way!

Still evermore lift up your eyes
Above what we have won,
To higher needs and finer deeds
That we have left undone. —Nora Perry

After or Before Meals.

During the season of fresh fruits, they should always form a part—and the major part—of the morning meal. If there were any hygienic reasons for the custom of eating it at the end rather than the beginning of the meal, we think that the custom would not obtain so generally as it does. Man is a contrary animal, especially in that which concerns his health; and if the rules of hygiene dictated fruit or anything else as a first dish at the breakfast table, that, in all human probability, would be the dish with which he would wind up his meal. This we consider one argument, a negative one, it is true, to prove that health would be better served with fruit at the beginning than the end of the meal; but there is another and a stronger one. The season of fruit is also the season when the system does not require—indeed it is better without—the grosser foods it can take at other times of the year with advantage. If it be admitted, then, that the less of these unrequired foods a man takes the better, then it follows that they should come at the end of the meal if they should come at all, because there they would not be so likely to be craved, and consequently less of them would be eaten.

But whether eaten at the beginning of a meal, fresh ripe fruit, when it can be had, is a blessing the breakfast table should never be without. Cheaper and far healthier than the many things that too often crowd it out, let it come at the end of the meal—if custom or fashion will have it so—for it is infinitely better there than nowhere. —Michigan Horticulturist.

Protection to Stacks.

An immense loss in the aggregate is sustained each year from injury to hay from imperfect stacking, or from failure to provide needed cover or protection to stacks. First, a few words on the subject of stacking. The great point in building a stack is to keep the middle so full that when the stack is settled the inclination will be from the center to the outside, and from the outside to the center. In such case, though the stack may be well topped out, the water in a long continued beating rain falling upon the outside will penetrate the body of the stack. The stacker's place should always be as near the center of the stack as may be, and care should be taken not to tramp the outsides as they are built up. In such case the middle will be built up the solidest, and though bearing the greatest weight will settle the least.

There is little trouble in stacking prairie hay, either upland or slough, so that it will keep. The difficulty increases, when we come to timothy, and still more so with clover, which latter can never be made safe from injury except by a protection of some kind. Where stacking hay on the farm is a permanent business, to be continued from year to year, it is doubtless economy to build roofed hay-sheds, using telegraph-poles set in the ground for posts and a board roof, boarding the gables and sides down four to six feet below the eaves, and leaving the rest open. But where timothy or clover is stacked in the open ground, however experienced a stacker may be employed, it is safer to top out with straw or slough hay, letting such covering come well down over the shoulder of the stack. Canvas covers, though valuable to protect stacks of hay or grain while building, and for use in threshing, and for many other purposes on the farm, are too expensive to be used permanently as stack covers and exposed to the effects of the weather. They are valuable and every farm should have a reasonable supply of them.

First Herd of Cattle.

The first herd of cattle known on the continent of America were brought by Columbus on his second voyage. From these, and from other small herds brought by later Spanish navigators, the wild cattle of South America descended. In 1553, the Portuguese took cattle and hogs to New Foundland and Nova Scotia. The Canadian cattle were introduced in 1608. In 1620 Virginia had 500 head of cattle. The most stringent laws were passed prohibiting the killing of any domestic animal. In New England, cattle were introduced in 1624. It is said that for a time price was regulated by color, a red calf being cheaper than a black one because it was more likely to be mistaken by the wolves for a deer and killed.

Recipe for Custard.

Boil the rind of one orange until it is tender; pound it fine in a mortar and add to it one tablespoonful of brandy, the juice of two oranges, half a pound

of sugar, the yolks of four eggs and the whites of three; beat well for ten minutes and then add one pint of milk. Set the mixture on the fire and stir in one direction until it is set. Turn into custard cups or glass dishes and serve cold.

Summer-Feed.

On the fresh pastures of June the live stock should all be doing well. Work horses need substantial fare, and the less grass the better. Take care that the cows or sheep do not break through into rank clover, for they will eat enough in an hour sometimes to give them bloat or hoove, a malady often quickly fatal. Keep the pigs in the orchard if possible. They grow well on the clover, pick up the blasted fruit for the grubs it contains, and stir the soil around the trees.

Hogs in Pasture.

Hogs do better without rings when running at large in pastures. This fact is healthy hogs on good pasture, with plenty of grass, don't root much; but when hogs get "off their feed," and their digestive organs are out of order, they begin to root—that is, they do the best they can to secure a change of food to bring them back to a healthy state. In the corn, hog and cattle countries of the prairie States, when a bunch of hogs begin to root, it is regarded as one of the first symptoms of coming cholera, and frequently a sale is made of them as quick as possible.

Domestic Hints.

Mix a little powdered charcoal with the soft feed, and it will assist digestion and prevent disease. It is a purifier.

All green and fair the summer lies,
Just budded from the bud of spring,
With tender blue of wistful skies,
And winds which softly sing.

Plenty of gravel is an essential part of poultry diet. See to it that your fowls are fully supplied.

Watch the thermometer. Look alive, or butter will become too soft; cream will over-rip. Don't trust to sense, but use a thermometer.

Cows should be milked by the same milker, and as quickly as possible, and good, pure water and salt placed in easy access.

Cows should be kept in improving condition. Cows in failing condition have trouble in calving. A fat cow, declining in condition at time of calving, will not do as well as a poorer one.

Card the cows. Help nature to get rid of the old hair covering; it relieves them from a great amount of discomfort. A good carding cannot be substituted for more feed. Cows like it.

For inflammation or caked bags on their cows, writes a correspondent of Hoard's Dairyman—the worst case I ever saw was comparatively cured in four hours by thoroughly soaking and rubbing with the juice of the pie-plant stalk.

Milk must never be allowed to stand in cans after being returned to the farm, and they should be thoroughly washed in warm water as when scalded with water boiling hot, and thoroughly scoured with salt at least twice a week. Soap, soda, or such alkalies should not be used to clean cans or pails.

Take two teaspoons of flour, one tablespoon of butter, one salt spoon of salt; milk to make a dough. Knead with the hands for ten minutes. Break off into pieces the size of a walnut and roll as thin as paper. Stick with a fork thickly to prevent blistering. Bake in a moderate oven and you will secure good crackers.

Small tin cans, in which prepared cocoa is sold can be made into very pretty match receivers by crocheting with Florence knitting silk a cover to fit the box; the ordinary single crochet stitch is used with a finish around the top of a row of full shells, draw the cover over the tin and suspend with bright ribbons.

Squash and sweet potato vines having rootlets that grow out from the under sides of the joints, which anchor them and prevent the wind from dislodging them, should be lifted very carefully when growing, as the rootlets not only hold the plants in place but assist in procuring nourishment, and any damage done in handling retards the vines.

If the current worm puts in an appearance dust the bushes with white hellebore till the foliage shows the presence of the powder freely, or two spoonfuls of the powder can be stirred in a pint of water and then applied with a sprinkler when the foliage is dry. Repeat as often as worms are seen. The application is equally good for gooseberry or rose bushes.

There are many receipts for getting rid of roaches. One as harmless as any is to slice up cucumbers and lay the pieces in the way of the bugs. Another, not quite so harmless but more effectual, is to grind up white sugar and calomel in equal parts and sprinkle the mixture over any sort of food or sweets the roaches readily eat. It will kill them, and mice too, if not rats.

Peter M. Gideon, the well-known fruiterer of Excelsior, Minn., who has originated many Siberian crab seedling, says: "Perhaps I would not be far from the truth to say about one to each 500 seedlings will produce a fair-sized apple. There is no variety without the Siberian crab in it that can stand our greatest extremes of climate—hence the necessity of a cross. The best we have to operate with are a mass of mongrels. Our process is to cross mongrel with mongrel and at each repetition select the best and try again, planting close together to give nature a chance to mingle."

Practical Tiger Taming.

"Do you mean to say, Mr. Atherton, that if I were to bring you to-morrow a man-eating tiger just fresh brought over from an Indian jungle, that you would undertake to train it to leap through hoops and over whips, and to kiss you, and all the rest of it, in two mouths?"

"In two months from the time that the animal was delivered to me I would be able to put it through the performance which you say. There is nothing which you cannot do with animals if they have got intellect and you have got patience."

"But is it not frightfully dangerous?"

"Dangerous? Yes, if you have not got nerve, and do not know how to handle an animal; but if you have nerve and keep your eye on his, and go the right way about it, you never need fear anything. I would not hesitate to enter the room in which the wildest animal ever brought to this country was at large. I have again and again entered a cage in which a lion or tiger has been unchained which had never been broken in before. A wild animal that has not yet been broken for the show business never dies at you. When you enter the cage it will show its teeth and growl, and perhaps strike at you with its claws but if you keep your eye upon it and take care that it does not attack you from behind you are safe. No doubt it will claw you, as these cheetahs clawed me many times, but here is a wrinkle if ever you happen to be tete-a-tete with a cheetah or any animals of the cat tribe. When you are clawed and you feel the animal's hooked talons enter your flesh don't jump back, but go forward. If you jump back the claw tears awap the flesh; whereas if you go forward the animal's claws only make a prick."

"How do you explain the fact that these ferocious, carnivora do not spring at you in a room a tiger would spring at you in a jungle?"

"Well, in the first case, most wild animals are bred in captivity, and as much accustomed to the sight of man as a dog or a cat. But take the case of a wild tiger trapped in a jungle. Well, the tiger is ferocious chiefly when the tiger is hungry. If a man has got a full-grown tiger and sends it home from India he is not such a fool as to allow the tiger to go fasting all the way. The tiger is a marketable commodity, and will fetch £150 in the market. If you have got £150 in an animal, you take care it does not want its dinner. On the contrary, you give it as much as it will eat in order to improve its condition so that it will fetch a better price. The consequence is by the time the tiger has arrived in London from Calcutta he has got fat and lazy. He gets his meals regular, and has no disposition to make a meal off you; hence you can approach him, and if you are patient and study him and humor him and never take your eye off his or let your back be turned, you can do what you like with him. Animals are all alike; there is no animal so ferocious but can be overcome by kindness and patience."

Literary Notes.

Mr. George P. Upton has prepared a volume of "Standard Oratorios" as a companion to his "Standard Operas." The book will include chapters on Requiem, Stabat Mater, and Te Deum and will be published in the autumn.

"We hear," says the Pall Mall Gazette, "that Mr. Tom Hughes is half-way through his biography of the late Bishop of Manchester—Dr. Fraser. The work could not have fallen into better hands, and it should certainly prove one of the most interesting biographies of recent years."

Lieut. John Bigelow Jr., who is mentioned by Gen. Miles in his dispatch to the Secretary of War as chasing the Apache through the Santa Rita and Patagonia Mountains, is publishing his experiences in Outing in the form of an illustrated diary.

The keystone of Von Ranke's method as a historian was, the St. James Gazette says, "the old Benedictine practice of unwearied drudgery. Nothing is too small, nothing too mean or insignificant, for the true historian, any more than for the true entomologist."

The publishers and booksellers of Berlin have taken steps to suppress the practice of underselling, which appears to have become as great an obstacle there as it is in England and America. These steps are similar to those which have been already employed unsuccessfully in England. Over 100 houses have joined the combination.

Editorship.

Some people estimate the ability of a periodical and the talent of its editor by the quality of its original matter. It is comparatively an easy task for a frothy writer to string out a column of words upon any and all subjects. His ideas may flow in one weak, washy, everlasting flood, and the command of his language may enable him to string them together like bunches of onions, and yet his paper may be but a meagre and poor concern. Indeed, the mere writing part of editing a paper is but a small portion of the work. The care, the time employed in selecting, is far more important, and the fact of a good editor is better shown by his selections than anything else, and that, we know, is half the battle. But we have said, an editor ought to be estimated, his labor understood and appreciated, by the general conduct of his paper—its tone, its uniform, consistent course, its manliness, dignity, and its propriety. —Courier Journal.

IN A SALT MINE.

A Glimmering City Underground With Many Streets—Pillars of Crystal.

Going down into a salt mine is taking a glimpse at wonderful things, according to a correspondent of the London News, who writes: "Light a few candles," was the order passed as we were leaving Winsted; and I am under the impression that the hole down below is like any other hole, and that the "few candles" will give us light enough for the space of some three or four yards. But we shall see. We step into our iron bucket. The door thereof is closed upon us. The signal is given. There is a hissing, trembling motion, and we drive swiftly into Platanian night, straight, sheer through a tunnel 230 feet deep, and 3 feet 6 inches across the rim of our bucket now and again grinding, scraping, bumping, screeching against the narrow walls.

After the first few seconds have passed one cannot tell from one's sensations merely whether one is going up or down, or is suspended at rest. There is only the trembling of the invisible steel ropes and the scraping sound in the walls. In a minute more we touch the floor of the underworld with the lightness of a feather. In the name of all the fairies and goblins and gnomes and sprites of the earth, what have we there? Oh! Master Robert, "a few candles." The city of Dis illuminated—this is what meets my astonished gaze. Open spaces, endless streets turning and winding off in all directions, and outlined in spots of light, and in the farthest distance an ornamental group of lights, as if on a wall or on some vast supporting pillar.

It is as if one looks from some point of vantage upon the lights of a town in a dark night, without moon or stars; not a town with empty space over it, but a town under a horizontal ceiling thirty-three feet above the pavement. On this level pavement the brass bands of the British army may play Strauss' music and the whole of the London West End spin round on "light fantastic toe." The first feelings of surprise over, I examine my surroundings in leisurely detail. At some distance in front of us looms a dark mass with a horizontal line of lights half way up it.

The three of us—Mr. Verdin, the guide and myself—approach it, each carrying a lighted candle across the floor, which appears to be as level as the floor of a drawing-room, and which is covered with a thin carpet of salt, fine as powder and dry as tinder. Whenever the light falls upon it the dark objects, white as if they were encrusted with rubies and diamonds. It turns out to be a line of square pillars, extending from floor to ceiling. Each of its four sides means a pillar, and it is six feet high and it is meeting, not a mass of crystals.

At every 25 yards, north, south, east, west, stands one of these pillars, columns—all of them, like this one, masses of many-tinted salt crystals, and with the diamond dash darting over their sides, the plan of this wonderful compound is now obvious. The mines have been cutting their way all these many generations through the solid rocks, horizontally, cleaning a smooth floor below their feet, leaving a smooth ceiling over their heads, and, at the already named distance, those enormous pillars, whose function it is to prevent the roof—that is, the 330 feet of the earth's crust—from falling in. The ceiling is too high to respond very liberally to the flicker of our candle lights; but in a hundred spots it twinkles like stars peering through the clouds at night. They look as though they had the strength of iron, those pillars, and were destined to last to the crack thereof.

A Great Diamond.

The Amsterdam correspondent of the Manufacturing Jeweler, tells the story of the immense African diamond—weighing 457 carats in the rough—which is in process of being cut by Mr. Jacques Metz, one of the largest diamond-cutters of that city. The stone is said to have a somewhat curious history, and, though its exact birthplace is only a matter of conjecture, it is known that it was found by somebody in one of the four mines of Kimberley, in Cape Colony, South Africa.

It is said that in June or July of 1884 one of the surveillance officers of the Central Mining Company in the Kimberley Mine found the stone, and, being exempt from search, carried it through the searching-house unperceived and sold it to four irregular dealers for \$5,000. Before leaving the province the new owners had a night of drinking and gambling, which ended in two of them becoming its owners instead of four. The two owners escaped the secret police and reached Cape Town, where they found a dealer who readily paid them \$20,000 for the stone. There is an export duty on diamonds shipped from Cape Colony of one-quarter per cent, but it appears this stone was smuggled out of the colony by a passenger on the mail steamer and brought to London, where its presentation at London Garden created a great sensation.

A former resident at the Cape mines managed to form a company of eight persons, who bought the stone between them for \$225,000 cash, on condition that the seller or sellers should receive a ninth share of the eventual profits. The real value of the stone has been estimated in London at above \$1,000,000. According to the rules of valuation of the famous Traveller diamond, its value would be \$1,000,000. The correspondent says that the art of diamond-polishing existing in Amsterdam for more than three centuries has been brought to such perfection that it is expected that this stone, weighing in the rough 457 carats, will be whiter and purer than any of its historical predecessors will lose in working, much less than other famous stones, that it will be more rapidly finished, and it has every chance of retaining the largest and finest diamonds of the world.

The Island of Anticosti.

Anticosti is a low strip of rocks, misshapen and bent, 150 miles long by 30 wide, lying off the coast of Labrador. It is rich only in geological fields. It is death-strewn from end to end; during the last ten years 100 vessels of all kinds, 3,000 souls, and \$8,000,000 have been cast upon its deserted shores.

ILL-FITTING NAMES.

How the Sentiment Attaching to the Cognomen is Often Bolled by the Possessor.

Says a writer in London Truth. Now is it not a pity that people's names fit so badly? Would it not be better not to give the Christian name until girls come of age? I once knew a family of nine girls, none of whom was christened until the youngest was 16 years of age. They used to be called Nos. 1, 2, and so on to 9. At 16 the character is sufficiently formed to be suited with a name, and no one would feel perplexed at hearing a great bouncing creature, who talks stable slang and whistles to her dogs, called Selma or Susan, or some such homely name; while, perhaps, all of her previous impressions of the probable Gertrude, or Adelaide, or Frances, receive a violent jerk on being confronted with the owners of those names.

And men's names are occasionally quite as anomalous. The only Frank I know is short and stout, and a slow thinker, who begins to dribble out his words before his thought is ready, and then has to make a clumsy pause while the poor slow thing is overtaking him. How different from the brisk and winning Frank of fiction. How many Georges does one know who slay their dragons? And how many Jacks who kill their giants. Tom is somewhere near Jack, but less attractive, for these yielding, susceptible sinners are generally very likable. Andrew is not. He is slow and sure, and quite reliable so far as his own interest jump with yours. I think I should hate to be married to an Andrew; that is, the typical American.

As to John and James, they are either John and James, or they are Jack and Jim, and words which derive from each other. James and John are fixed stars—Jim and Jack are planets, it not comets, with the exception that not all the science in the world could with certainty predict their movements. Then there is Alfred, often a quite unobtrusive prig, while Fred is the very contrary. Frederick is a very different man from Fred, and it seems as impossible for Harry to grow old as it is for Henry to be very young. Charley is surrounded by historic grace, which disappears when we examine into facts, but the name is improved by the glory halo that surrounds it. But Charles? Oh, "Charles" is dreadful.

DEAD AT BREAK O' DAY.

Stopped on the Way Home by the Deep Tones of an Organ and a Church Chant.

Night-workers in Gotham, whose business keeps them out long after the tired streets have gone to sleep, sometimes have strange experiences in their midnight walks home. Brooklyn streets are especially deserted, and the deep hush that settles down over all like an east wind fog, almost makes you believe that the long rows of silent houses are houses of the dead. You can walk for miles with the impressions of your own footsteps the only sound of life in all the city.

The soft air and the bright moonlight tempted two late newspaper men one night to extend their walk past their homes into the white stillness that slept over the streets. They wandered into a maze of streets that neither knew, and lost themselves in the tangle of triangular squares about South Brooklyn. The last corner lamp passed, the two men paused to light fresh cigars, when the solemn swell of an organ and the sound of low singing broke the deep quiet. It was 2 o'clock in the morning. What could organ tones and the church chant mean at that hour? A dim light showed through the shutters of the house they stood before, and through them the words of the song, broken by a sob, came more clearly as they listened.

We will meet by and by over there. In the side of the River of Life. For a way from all sorrow and care, We will meet by and by over there.

Instinctively both hats were lifted and the two men stood baredheaded in the presence of death. The song went more slowly as the listeners could detect a man's voice, a young woman's clearer notes, and the profile of a child, while through it all rang a sad-suppressed sob like a cadence. The singer, while friends of the house looked on, looked ghastlyly tom-tomated in the moonlight. There was not another sound from the street that slept as peacefully as if a dying woman were an every night affair. The last notes of the organ died away in a low wail and the two men grew more convulsive as the two men's faces from the place where they had been watching listeners—chained to the spot by the suddenness of the strange scene.

The next morning one of the men journeyed out of his way to pass the house, and two long streamers of black crape draped from the door.

Exercising the Ability.

"How do you like the new minister, Aunt Sarah?" asked a gentleman of an elderly woman.

"Of habit, not much respect for his ability, but don't 'mount ter much!"

"Why do you trouble with his ability, Aunt?"

"He's prayed four Sundays now, for de health of Deacon Johnson, sah, an' de poor ole man is gettin' wuss an' wuss."

Fully Fledged.

Nautical husband (jokingly)—Oh, I'm the mainstay of the family.

Wife—Yes, and the jibboom, and the— and the—

Small boy (from experience)—And the mainmast, mammy!

How About a Woman?

The English language contains over 38,000 words, and yet when a man wishes to stop a street car he cannot think of anything better to say than "off!"

Scholastic Item.

Texas teacher (to boy at the blackboard)—How do you write horn? Boy—You don't write a horn at all. You blow a horn.

CAPITAL



WAGON!

F. L. Brown.

D. LANCELL'S ASTHMA AND CATARRH REMEDY.

Sold By All Druggists. Having struggled 20 years between life and death with ASTHMA and BRONCHITIS, treated by eminent physicians, and proving no benefit was obtained during the last 5 years of my illness...

This paper is kept on file at the office of AYER & SON ADVERTISING AGENTS.

TO MACKINAC. The Most Delightful SUMMER TOUR. Palace Steamers. Low Rates. Four Trips per Week Between DETROIT AND MACKINAC.

The Old Doctor. A Life Experience. Remarkable and quick cures. Trial Packages. Send stamp for sealed particulars.

NEW Singer Sewing Machine. Includes a full set of extra Attachments, needles, and all the latest improvements.

FITS CURED. SATISFACTORY TRIAL FREE. Address for Circular and Testimonials DR. H. M. HALL.

CIDER. MACHINERY. Send for our NEW FREE CATALOGUE mailed.

DE LAND & CO'S CAP SAFF SALERATUS SODA. For Baking Purposes. Best in the World. For Sale by F. A. SIGLER.

Gem Piano and Organ Co. ESTABLISHED 1889. Beautiful New Upright Piano, Rosewood Case, for only \$115.

Washington, Warren Co., N. J., U. S. A. Write us and we will take pleasure in giving all the information desired free of charge.

ADVERTISERS. If others who wish to examine this paper, or to take contracts on advertising space when in Chicago, will find it on file at 45 to 49 Randolph St. The Advertising Agency of LORD & THOMAS.

ADVERTISERS can learn the exact cost of any proposed line of advertising in American papers by addressing Geo. P. Rowell & Co., Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce St., New York.

BUSINESS CARDS.

W. P. VAN WINKLE,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR at LAW
and SOLICITOR in CHANCERY.
Office over Mann Bros' Store. PINCKNEY

JAMES MARKEY,
NOTARY PUBLIC, ATTORNEY
And INSURANCE Agent. Legal papers made on
short notice and reasonable terms. Also agent
for the Allan Line of Ocean Steamers. Office on
Main St., near Postoffice Pinckney, Mich.

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.

J. W. VAUGHN,
VETERINARY SURGEON.
Special attention given to surgery. Office at resi-
dence, with telephone connections. (16m3)

C. J. HULL,
DENTIST.
of South Lyon, will be here every Wednesday.
Room at the Monitor House. All work war-
ranted. (17m3)

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

WANTED.
WHEAT, BEANS, BARLEY, CLOV-
ER-SEED, DRESSED HOGS,
—ETC.—
The highest market price will be paid
THOS. READ.

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.

IMPORTED CATTLE.
ABERDEEN - ANGUS
GRADES

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

R. C. AULD, Pinckney.

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 CLAIM-
ED 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.

RAILROAD CARD.

Grand Trunk Railway Time Table.
MICHIGAN AIR LINE DIVISION.

GOING EAST		STATIONS	GOING WEST	
P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	P. M.
4:35	8:00	LENEX	9:35	5:30
5:35	7:35	Armad	10:30	6:15
6:40	7:00	Romeo	10:30	6:35
		Rochester	11:30	7:05
2:50	6:35	d. Pontiac	12:10	7:30
4:00	10:20	a. Wixom	5:30	2:25
7:20	9:30	d. S. Lyon	6:35	3:10
6:40	9:05	a. S. Lyon	8:00	3:35
6:10		Hamburg	8:48	3:55
5:45	8:43	PINCKNEY	9:10	4:14
4:32	8:25	Gregory	9:41	4:33
4:55	8:53	Stockbridge	10:08	4:50
2:30	7:53	Honrietta	10:35	
2:40	7:00	JACKSON	1:15	5:40

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

Go to the
DISPATCH OFFICE!!
for Job Work.

PINCKNEY DISPATCH.

J. L. NEWKIRK, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

Pinckney, Mich., Thursday, July 29, 1886

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.—Subscribers find-
ing a red X on the margin of their paper are
thereby notified that the time for which they have
paid will expire with the next number. A blue X
signifies that your time has already expired, and
unless arrangements are made for its continuance
the paper will be discontinued to your address.
We cordially invite you to renew.

HOME NEWS

Everybody camping nowadays.

A few good showers this week.

Dr Hoag has decided to leave Pinck-
ney.

A picnic party at Silver Lake Fri-
day.

Mrs. W. D. Lakin and son are visit-
ing at Albion.

Mrs. Hugh Clark, Sr., considerably
better this week.

A party of young folks are camping
at Cordley's lake.

Domestic money orders of \$5 or less
now cost 5 cents.

J. Hines is learning the barber
trade with Ira Cook.

Mrs. F. L. Brown has been visiting
Howell the past week.

C. A. Newman, of Butler Ind., is
visiting old friends here.

Miss Jennie Corwin, of Parma is a
guest at Dr. C. W. Haze's.

To Mr. and Mrs. Martin Welsh, Fri-
day, July 23, a 9 pound girl.

Fred Whittlesey, of Toledo, O., is a
guest of Chas. and Percy Teeple.

Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Bennett, are
visiting at Fowlerville this week.

Adilbert Walker, and wife, of Det-
roit, visited friend here last week.

J. A. Cadwell and wife visited at
Unadilla and Waterloo the first of the
week.

Mr. Chas. Galo and Miss Ella Mas-
tic, of Howell, are visiting at Chas. F.
LaRue's.

Miss Lillie Tucker, of Howell, re-
turned home with her sister, Mrs. Ed.
Parker, Monday.

At a special meeting of the Council
held Thursday night last E. A. Allen
was appointed village marshal.

Eugene Campbell, Well Bennett,
Fred Whittlesey, Charley and Percy
Teeple are camping at Patterson lake
this week.

Collar buttons come high, but some
people will have them. For further
particulars ask Ed. Parker.

The ladies of the Congressional
society will give another ice cream
social at the Town Hall Saturday
afternoon and evening next.

Republican county convention at
Howell Saturday, Aug. 21st, at 11 a.
m. Putnam will be entitled to eight
delegates at the convention.

Jeff. Parker went to Chelsea Mon-
day, where he has been employed in
the livery stable of Ed. Hoag. He
will remove his family before long.

Fred Wimble burned out a bumble
bee's nest on James Harris farm Sun-
day, and neglecting to put it entirely
out two stacks of hay and some other
articles were consumed thereby.

Eva S., a 6-year-old Pasacis mare
owned by W. W. Starkey and F. G.
Palmerton, of Fowlerville, won the
race over 11 competitors at East Sag-
inaw.

The Detroit Tribune is agitating
the "local option" liquor law to quite
an extent, and it seems to meet the
approval of many journals of the state.
There seem to us no better way to let
the people handle the liquor question
than through this method. Local
option gives each county the right to
say whether or no liquor shall be sold
within its borders.

An unknown man giving his name
as James Wilson, attempted to commit
suicide, on Wednesday, July 21st,
1886, in the township of Deerfield, by
shooting himself in the head with a
pistol. He was taken to Howell and
his wound dressed by Drs. H. W. and
W. C. Spencer, county physicians, who
pronounced his injuries slight. He
was taken to the county house under

the direction of the superintendents of
the poor, where he is doing well.

The Fowlerville band boys are en-
joying themselves hugely on the bluff,
at the Portage, this week. We par-
took of their hospitality Tuesday night
and know whereof we speak. In Cal.
Lockwood they have a good cook;
they have plenty of tent room and
every thing comfortable and conven-
ient. They execute splendid music
three times a day. They came over
to have some fun too, and such a jolly
crowd of boys as they are will not fail
to have it anywhere.

The 38th annual state fair of Mich-
igan will take place at Jackson Mon-
day, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday,
and Friday, Sept. 13, 14, 15 and 16,
1886. All railroad in the state will
sell tickets to Jackson and return for
one fare. The M. C. and its branches,
G. T. C. & G. T., D., G. H. & M. and
the F. & P. M. roads will carry stock
and articles for exhibition to and from
Jackson free of charge. The G. R. &
I., M. & O., L. S. & M. S., D. L. & N.,
C. & W. M. and the W. St. L. & P.
roads will charge freight one way, if
prepaid. All articles or animals de-
signed for exhibition should be shipped
to "State Fair Jackson."

According to the official list there
are born on the pension rolls for Liv-
ingston county 190 names to which
monthly stipends are granted by Uncle
Sam for valiant services rendered and
injuries sustained. Eleven of this list
are widows of the war of 1812, as fol-
lows: Sally Smith and Martha B.
Lyons, of Brighton; Tryphenia Snook,
Margaret Tilsby and Eveline A. Met-
calf of Fowlerville; Mary Ramsdell
and Catherine Carl of Howell; Mary
White and Ann Hestler of Pinckney;
Enseva Chipman of Plainfield, and
Mary J. Gae of Unadilla. Benjamin
Lumbard of Brighton, William Ful-
ford and Benedict Baldwin of Fowl-
erville, Nicholas Lake of Howell, and
Israel Smith of Madison, are the five
survivors of the 1812 war who draw
their pensions in this county. The
largest pensions are \$75 per month
each, given to Lawson E. Clark of
Hartland for wound in head and to
William H. Cox, also of Hartland, for
epilepsy from wound in the head. The
next highest is \$50 per month and it
goes to Thomas H. Smith of Fowl-
erville on account of lung disease con-
tracted in the army. There are quite
a number of \$34 per month pensioners
but the majority draw from \$4 to \$12,
a few being as low as \$2—Livingston
Republican.

If William Fulford and Benedict
Baldwin, of Fowlerville, still receive
pensions we should like to enquire the
name of the agent who pays it to them.
Both have been dead some time.

I notice that G. P. Brown, of the
Chicago Sanitary News, has been visit-
ing in Duluth. T. T. knew Mr. Brown
when he was the faithful and in-
dustrious city editor of the Chicago
Times. The latter paper at one time
started out on a crusade against bad
plumbing, deficient drainage, and the
abuse of sanitary rules in sewerage
systems, and Mr Brown was detailed
to lead the fight. He grew so enthu-
siastic in this battle for sanitary reform
that he threw up his remunerative
position, and with a capital of \$100
founded the Sanitary News. For long
months he battled bravely against the
buy odds against him, but gradually
the paper grew, and soon became
known as a famous fighter for health,
in all the leading cities of the land.
Two years ago he reached a paying
basis, and today has a newspaper
plant worth \$25,000, and his journal
has become an acknowledged authority
in its class. It is a pleasure to add
that Mr. Brown is more than deserving
of all the success that has attended his
plucky fight.—T. T. in Duluth Daily
News.

It is a painful fact, but neverthe-
less true that little girls of to-day are
allowed to know too much in regard
to dress. Instead of being content, as
they were thirty or forty years ago, to
wear long pantalots it seems to be the
height of their ambition to wear long
dresses with corsets and all the modern
improvements. Let a lot of girls get
together, and nine times out of ten
they will go off somewhere, put on
their mama's dresses and strut about with
their heads erect, and with such a self-
satisfied expression upon their conceit-

ed little faces that the beholder is
obliged to smile in spite of himself.
Down in Norwalk, Conn., the other
day a mother on taking a final survey
of her children before they started for
Sunday school, noticed an unnatural
protuberance in the afterpart of a
little four-year-old's dress, and, on in-
vestigation, found a lunch basket re-
posing calmly beneath the youngster's
skirts, doing duty as a bustle. There
is no longer any doubt that dress re-
form is the one thing needed in this
country to-day.—Peck's Sun.

PROBATE DOINGS.

Reported by Judge Cole.
Est. of Eliza Alcott, dec.—Will ad-
mitted to probate. Alfred Valentine,
Administrator.
Est. of Chester Hazard, dec.—App't.
of administrator, de bonis non, Stuart
H. Hazard.
Est. of Walter Grubb, minor.—Final
account allowed.
Est. of Minnie E. Beach, minor.—
Sale of real estate confirmed.
Est. of Mary E. Harris, incompetent
person.—Sale of real estate confirmed.
Est. of James E. Phillips, dec.—Final
acct of executor allowed.
Est. of Bridget Gallagher, dec.—J.
W. Knight appointed administrator.
Est. of Agnes J. and Minnie A.
Kirkland, minors.—Annual acct of
guardian allowed.
Est. of James Dunn, dec.—Will ad-
mitted to probate. Jerimial Dunn
app't administrator, with the will an-
nexed.
Est. of Vincent Keddle, dec.—Final
acct of executor allowed and executor
discharged.
Est. of Jason G. DeWolf dec.—Final
acct of executor allowed and executor
discharged.
Est. of May J. Green, dec.—Final
acct of executor allowed.
Est. of Martin L. Davis dec.—Wm.
H. McMillan app't. administrator.
Est. of Margaret Lanson dec.— Will
admitted to probate. Claude W. Case
app't administrator with the will an-
nexed.

UNADILLA REMARKS.

From our Correspondent.
Dr. Thatcher and wife, accompanied
by a number of friends, picniced at
Joslin Lake, last Saturday.

On account of sudden illness, Rev.
O. N. Hunt, was not able to fill his ap-
pointment at this place, Sunday morn-
ing.

S. L. Brignall and wife, of Fowl-
erville R. Glenn and wife of Webber-
ville, W. S. May of Stockbridge, Dr.
W. R. Rainey of Portland, Mrs. C.
Gilbert and daughter Mabelle, of Det-
roit, Mr. G. Kempf and family of
Chelsea, C. Watson, and F. M. Dou-
glass of Bancroft, W. D. Hartsuff and
mother, of Port Wayne, Ind. and Mrs.
Dr. Suylandt, and little daughter, of
Waterloo, have been in town during
the past week.

ANDERSON GATHERINGS.

From our Correspondent.
Nice Rain Sunday night.
John Brine is on the sick list.
Lots of new wheat is being marketed
at this station, the first car being ship-
ped July 26th.
Miss Addie Marble returned to west
Bay City with relatives who have
been visiting here.

HAMBURG JOTTINGS.

From our Correspondent.
The Hulls are all home on a vacation.
H. H. Kissingburg, of Detroit, is
visiting Captain Winans this week.
Mrs. Elliar Davis of Brighton, is
visiting at her daughters Mrs. Cary
Rolasons.
Ed. O'Brine is recovering from his
hurt he received while in a fit of in-
toxication.

LOCAL NOTICES.

Money to loan on easy rates. En-
quire of W. P. VanWinkle.

EXTRAORDINARY OFFER.
For the next 30 days we will sell a
choice of all prints in our stock at 6cts
per yard, for cash. Over 7,000 yards,
all fresh, new goods, of modern style,
and include, the best Arnold Blues
and Scotch Greys. This is your
chance to buy good prints cheap.
J. T. EAMAN & Co.
Anderson, Mich.

Dr. A. P. Morris, Dentist, will visit
Pinckney the 22d of each month, for
one week. Office at E. A. Allen's,
south of hotel. 24th.

MONEY TO LOAN!
On farm security, at current rate
to interest.
JOHN DENNING,
Unadilla, Mich.

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 popu-
lar with the people, thereby sustain-
ing the reputation of being always
enterprising, and ever reliable. Hav-
ing secured the Agency for the cele-
brated 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 Kid-
ney or Liver Complaint that Electric
Bitters will not speedily cure? We
say they can not, as thousands of cases
already permanently cured and who
are daily recommending Electric Bit-
ters, 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 part, every
bottle guaranteed. For sale at 50c. a
bottle at Winchell's Drug store.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts,
bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fe-
ver sores, tetter, chapped hands, chil-
blains, corns, and all skin eruptions,
and positively cures piles, or no pay
required. It is guaranteed to give
perfect satisfaction, or money refund-
ed. Price 25 cents per box.
For sale at Winchell's Drug Store.

OUR PRODUCE MARKET.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY THOMAS READ.

Wheat, No. 1 white	74
" " No. 2 white	72
" " No. 3 red	67
" " No. 3 red	67
Corn	30
Oats	35
Barley	1 1/2 @ 21
Beans	10 @ 70
Dried Apples	10 @ 50
Potatoes	40 @ 50
Butter	10 @ 50
Eggs	11
Dressed Chickens	10 @ 50
" Turkeys	10 @ 50
Clover Seed	\$5.00 @ 5 25
Dressed Pork	4 15 @ 4 30
Apples	\$1 @ 120

STATE OF MICHIGAN, Seventh Judicial
Circuit, in Chancery. Suit pending in the Cir-
cuit Court for the county of Livingston, in Chan-
cery, at Howell on the tenth day of June, A. D.
1886.

William G. Holdridge, Complainant, vs. Dan-
W. VanWinkle, Prudence VanWinkle, John P.
VanSyckle, Elizabeth VanSyckle, Alva Barnes,
Jane Albro, Lois White, Eliza Pearce, and Clara
Glass, Defendants.
It satisfactorily appearing by affidavit on file
that the defendant, Eliza Pearce, is not a resident
of this state, but resides at Truxton in the State
of New York, on motion of Rollin H. Person,
solicitor for the complainant, it is ordered that
the defendant Eliza Pearce cause her appearance
to be entered herein, within four months from the
date of this order, and in default thereof said bill
be taken as confessed by said nonresident defend-
ant.
And it is further ordered, that within twenty
days from the date hereof, the said complainant
cause a notice of this order to be published in the
PINCKNEY DISPATCH, a newspaper printed, pub-
lished and circulating in said county, and that
said publication be continued therein at least once
in each week for six weeks in succession, or that
he cause a copy of this order to be personally
served on said non resident defendant at least
twenty days before the above time prescribed for
her appearance. W. H. VAN WINKLE,
Circuit Court Commissioner in and
for said County.

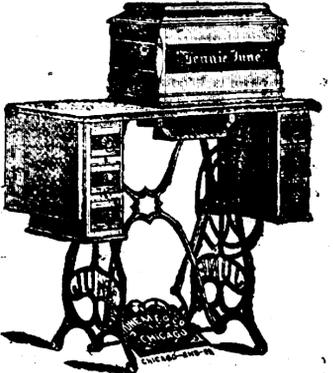
ATTENTION FARMERS

JAS. JACKSON,
of Unadilla, handles the
**Walter A. Wood Bind-
ers, Reapers and
Mowers,**
THOMAS' HAY RAKE & TEDDER,
CULTIVATORS, DRAGS,
Buggies and Wagons,
And Farming Tools of all kinds.

On exhibition at Sykes & Son's,
Pinckney, add at Stockbridge.

**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' Favor-
ite, 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.

A son of Edwin M. Stanton is said to contemplate publishing selections from his father's private papers.

The city authorities of Lyons, France, have resolved to rid themselves of all religious emblems as "relics of a degrading superstition."

CHARLES A. DAVIS, an attorney of St. Louis, has been held to bail for bribing members of the house of delegates to support the Park railroad bill.

COMPLAINTS are still coming in from points throughout the Northwest of the injury to grain by the long-continued dry weather. Corn is suffering most.

PETER B. SWEENEY has found out that there is no comfortable place in this country for the surviving members of the old Tweed ring, and has gone back to Paris.

The national conference of charities and correction selected Omaha as the next place of meeting, and elected to the presidency H. H. Giles, of Wisconsin.

FOR a country that has indulged in such wholesale ridicule of the American navy, Canada seems to be making tremendous efforts to gain possession of it.

The greatest length of Lake Michigan is three hundred miles, its greatest breadth 108 miles; mean depth 690 feet; elevation 506 feet; area, 23,000 square miles.

THE prison-reform convention finds our state prisons in a very unsatisfactory condition. This being the case, it would seem that people ought to keep out of them.

THERE is little doubt that the Erie road is about to lease the Chicago & Atlantic, in accordance with the purpose of its constructors, and guarantee interest on its first mortgage bonds.

THE Sangerfest of Milwaukee is an event of unusual interest to musical circles throughout the West. To its success leading singing societies in Chicago and other Western cities have freely contributed.

RETHEROUD B. HAYES, by the death of General Hancock, is commander-in-chief of the Loyal Legion. Hancock did not succeed Hayes, but Hayes has succeeded Hancock.

THE board of aldermen of New York has adopted resolutions for a commission to report upon the feasibility of uniting that city, Brooklyn, Yonkers, Long Island City, and other towns under one municipal government.

THE discoveries of tin in the Black Hills are attracting large attention in the east. The importance of the discovery can be estimated when it is remembered that the United States pays England every year \$30,000,000 for tin.

MME. ADAM, the well-known French journalist, writes from midnight until 4 A. M. Her dress in her study consists of a negligee costume of white silk, with pearls about her neck instead of a collar, and with tiny red kid slippers on her feet.

A SPECIAL commission formed by the emperor of Russia to revise the laws affecting the reigning family reduced the imperial incomes, with the exception of that of the czar, to one-third the former sum. The heir-apparent is to be deemed of age on his sixteenth birthday.

IT is said that President Cleveland objects to the sale of his wife's photographs throughout the country. This is not to be wondered at and is creditable to him—he has a whole man's instinct in the matter—but it is not easy to see how the President's feelings can be spared.

THE Pittsburgh Humane Society proposes to prosecute certain organizations which insure the lives of small children from 2c per week upward. The increased mortality among the little ones leads to the belief that parents become careless as to the health of their children after the insurance has been effected.

A CIRCULAR on the fisheries question has been prepared by United States Minister Phelps at London and secretly delivered to all leading fishing merchants in the United States with a request to send answers and suggestions to Mr. Phelps, to whom the matter has been referred by Secretary Bayard.

FRANCE LICHTENSTEIN bought a Krupp gun, so that he could be abreast of the times. The gun was mounted; but lo! it was found that the gun was of such long range that it could not be discharged without sending the missile into some other prince's domain! That would be an act of war. So the long-range Krupp was turned into a statue of his serene highness and set up in the public square in his capital. This at least is what The London Figaro vouches for.

NEWS NOTES.

WEST AND SOUTH.

Capt. Tyrell, of the U. S. Secret Service, has been superseded in Chicago by Thomas I. Porter.

B. F. Combs committed suicide in Chicago on account of a lack of work.

Frank Sellick, a Bohemian, attempted suicide by cutting his throat on the 22d inst.

W. R. Brown has been arrested in Chicago for embezzlement.

Jas. Coyne, a brakeman on the C. M. & St. Paul R. R. was run over and killed on that road near Beloit, Wis., on the 22d inst.

The Fulton Brewery at Galena, Ill., was burned on the 22d inst. Loss, \$12,000; insurance, \$5,000.

A young son of Rev. Mr. Hoefflin was drowned at a picnic at Kankakee, Ill., on the 22d inst.

Milton Brass, of Detroit, Mich., is missing since July 16.

Freeman Cargin, who has been in prison at Jackson, Michigan, for ten years on a life sentence for murder, has been pardoned out, because the Governor was convinced he was innocent of the crime for which he was suffering.

Three little girls while playing in sand at St. Louis, Mo., on the 20th inst., were buried by its caving. One dug herself out with her hands, and pulled the sand away from the head of another, but could not find the third, who was suffocated before help could reach her.

Randall & Dugan's manufacturing company of Cincinnati, made an assignment on Wednesday, the 21st inst. Liabilities, \$50,000.

William Seliger, one of the anarchist conspirators, was an important witness in the trial at Chicago, on Wednesday. He turned State's evidence and gave some very damaging testimony. Among other things he declared that he assisted in making bombs, and that the defendant Lingg told him on May 4th that he intended to throw bombs that night.

Mr. S. P. Rounds, formerly of Chicago, and now Public Printer at Washington, has purchased the office of the Omaha, (Neb.) Daily Republican, and will take possession of it in October.

Greene's opera house at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, was wrecked by fire Wednesday.

J. C. Cook and F. Gerhart were shot and killed by horse-thieves in Montgomery county, Mo., on Monday night.

A storm Monday at Pine Bluffs, Wyoming, wrecked several houses, blew down telegraph poles and washed out the track of the Union Pacific.

The residence of District Attorney M. J. Gordon, at Aberdeen, Dakota, was destroyed on the night of the 20th by an incendiary fire.

The Democratic State Convention of Indiana will be held at Indianapolis on August 11th.

Near Columbia, Tenn., Tuesday evening a special engine ran into a Louisville and Nashville accommodation train, causing the death of seven persons.

The Ohio Valley Glass Works at Bridgeport, Ohio, were closed Tuesday owing to financial difficulties.

George Meyer, a contractor and builder, fell from the scaffolding of the new Congregational Church at Eau Claire, Wis., Tuesday, and was instantly killed.

During a storm Monday the house of Rasmus Dilleston, near Minden, Neb., was struck by lightning, Dilleston, his son and his daughter being killed, and a child seriously injured.

M. B. Buskirk, a dry goods dealer at Clinton, Mo., has fled, taking all his available assets, and leaving unpaid debts of \$6,000.

Jacob Arnold, 70 years of age, committed suicide at Fort Wayne, Ind., Tuesday morning by shooting.

At Marion, Ind., Tuesday, Mary J. Havens, 50 years of age, who has been widowed twice, began suit for breach of promise against Noah Rush, aged 55, claiming \$10,000 damages.

At Troy, Ohio, Monday night, Mrs. Theodore Sullivan found her husband in a room with Ida Hamilton, a frail blonde, and poured over her the contents of a bucket containing tar and creosote. It was found necessary to shave the head of the Hamilton girl, to get rid of the mixture.

A force of royal engineers are en route to British Columbia to determine and report as to the best manner of fortifying the Pacific coast.

Edward Moore, the young man accused of committing the murder at Janesville, Wis., gave himself up to the Chicago police on Wednesday, and asserts he can prove his innocence.

The large lumber yard of Knapp, Stout & Co., at St. Louis, was totally destroyed by fire Sunday afternoon, and 25,000,000 feet of lumber consumed. The loss on lumber alone reaches \$400,000. The total insurance is estimated at \$875,000.

The general court martial ordered by the Secretary of War for the trial of Lieutenant J. F. McBain, Ninth Cavalry, convened at Cheyenne depot.

Cory P. Montross, a Methodist exhorter, has been arrested at Grand Rapids, Mich., on the charge of illegitimate parentage.

William Bilby, the notorious character who last month attempted to murder an entire family in Miami county, and on whose head there has been \$500 reward, walked into Logansport, Ind., and gave himself up so the Sheriff on Saturday.

Louis E. Church, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Dakota, tendered his resignation to the President Saturday.

A bad wreck occurred on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Road near Free-

port, Ill., Saturday, smashing to pieces several freight-cars and instantly killing two valuable race horses, Flora F., with a record of 2:23 1/4, and Gertrude, besides injuring another trotter.

A physician, who lately arrived from Missouri, was run out of Centralia, Ill., for indecent conduct with a 11-year-old girl.

The Acme Stump-Penetrator Company at Springfield, Ill., have come to grief by being arrested by the United States authorities for using the mails for fraudulent purposes.

Arizona is being cursed with bands of Indian smugglers and horse-thieves.

Henry Early, a colored minister, has been sent to jail at Braidwood, Ill., for a murderous attack upon a man named Ross, on Saturday the 17th inst.

H. P. Tracy, of the banking firm of H. P. Tracy & Co., at Braidwood, Ill., was arrested on Saturday the 17th inst., on four charges of embezzlement.

Mike Hofferen was struck by a passenger train at Mattoon, Ill., on Saturday night, and had his head crushed.

Sam McGee, of Valparaiso, Indiana, was killed by being run over by a Pittsburg & Fort Wayne train on Saturday.

Warren county, Mississippi, including Vicksburg, gave a majority of three thousand against prohibition.

Edward Houser, proprietor of the leading gambling house of Lafayette, Ind., in a quarrel about a frail woman at that place, struck Charles Pritchard, a painter, over the head with a beer mallet Sunday, and inflicted probably fatal injuries.

Charles S. Keller, the dry goods merchant of Dubuque, Iowa, who had been missing since Friday evening, was found drowned in the Mississippi river about a half mile below that city Sunday evening. It is supposed that he committed suicide.

Charles N. Erich, a wholesale merchant of Memphis, Tenn., committed suicide at an early hour Sunday morning.

At a picnic held a few miles south of Grand Tower, Jackson county, Ill., Saturday afternoon, Henry Brown, Thomas Heckam, Nat Rodes and Robert Knox had several quarrels, but were each time separated. After the picnic a farmer found Brown, Knox and Rodes lying within a few feet of each other, all mortally wounded. No trace of Heckam can be found.

EAST.

Two children of Alexander Roth, were burned to death at Conewago, Pa., on the 22d inst.

C. T. Harris, a member of the New York produce exchange, has been arrested for misappropriating about \$700.

Two freight trains on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad collided near Charleston, W. Va., on the 22d inst. No fatality.

J. B. Alley, the New York capitalist, is to be sued for libel by Fanshawe, the broker, laying damages at \$50,000.

Galatea, the English yacht, is overdue at Boston, and some fears are entertained of her safety.

Bartley Campbell, the actor, now fails to recognize his most intimate friends when they visit him at Bloomingdale Asylum.

The Union Machine and Foundry Company's buildings at Allegheny City, Pa., were burned on the morning of the 20th, creating a loss of \$30,000.

The Department of Agriculture at Washington reports a decline in the condition of spring wheat from 98.5 in June to 83.3 at the present time, in consequence of drought and high temperature.

The National Association of Pipe (iron) Manufacturers met on the 20th at Pittsburg, reaffirmed the card rate and reported trade in a healthy condition.

Capt. H. Chester, through whose heroism the members of the Hall Arctic expedition were saved, died Monday at Noank, Connecticut.

Malarial fever is epidemic at West Elizabeth, Penn. There are at present sixty cases, many of whom are in a serious condition.

Ex-Congressman A. T. Miner, of Vermont, died at Rutland on the 19th inst., aged 82. He had been a prominent lawyer and legislator in the State for fifty years.

The House has passed a joint resolution fixing July 28 as the day for Congress to adjourn. The concurrence of the Senate is required to give it effect.

Albert Griffin, chairman of the organizing committee of the anti-saloon republicans, has issued a call for a conference to be held in Chicago on Sept. 16.

A project is on foot to unite New York, Brooklyn, Yonkers and Long Island City under one municipality—A big thing.

Dr. Talmage is in North Carolina rusticiating for the summer.

It is believed that the President will veto the River and Harbor bill on account of the Hennepin Canal amendment, if it passes.

There is no truth in the reported illness of Mrs. U. S. Grant.

The wall of an old building on South and Roosevelt streets, New York, gave way Sunday, and three persons were seriously injured.

Byrant Strickland was arrested by William Pucket, town marshal of Cartersville, Ga., Saturday night, and threatened to kill the officer on sight. The met Sunday morning, each being accompanied by a party of friends. After every revolver in both parties had been emptied and the smoke of battle cleared away, Strickland was found to be dead, a ball having passed through his heart.

Trouble is anticipated among the miners on the Baltimore and Ohio road. Hon. W. L. Scott has a few men at work at the reduced price, who have signed his irrevocable agreement. The green-bottle blowers

convention closed Saturday night, adopting last year's scale of wages and electing the following officers: District master workman, Louis Arrington, of Milwaukee; cashier, Conrad Auth, Pittsburg; secretary, George A. Kambach, Pittsburg.

CONGRESSIONAL.

HOUSE, July 19.—In the House, the Fortification Appropriation bill, which appropriates \$620,000 for armament and repair of sea coast fortifications, was taken up and passed.

SENATE, July 19.—The Oleomargarine bill was taken up, and Mr. Vance made a speech denouncing the measure as the most vicious of all legislation ever attempted in the Senate. Mr. Gray said that the object of the bill was not to raise revenue but to control the manufacture of an article which was within the jurisdiction of the States to regulate. Mr. Harris opposed the bill, and offered an amendment that the sale of oleomargarine, unless marked as such, be prohibited in the District of Columbia and the Territories, which was rejected by a vote of 82 to 16. Mr. Sewell spoke in favor of the bill, and Messrs. Beck and Butler against it.

HOUSE, July 20.—The Senate amendment to the Naval Appropriation bill was concurred in. The House then went into the Committee of the Whole on the River and Harbor bill. The Committee on Ways and Means adopted unanimously the resolution introduced by Mr. Morrison providing for the adjournment of Congress at 3 o'clock p. m. on Wednesday, July 28th.

SENATE, July 20.—A number of vetoed pension bills were reported and the chair presented the resolutions of the constitutional committee of Dakota praying admission into the Union. Mr. Miller presented a memorial of the Evangelical Alliance referring to the recent outrages on Christians. It was referred to the committee on foreign relations. The Senate resumed consideration of the oleomargarine bill, and was addressed by Mr. Brown in opposition to the bill. Mr. Hawley spoke in support of the bill. Mr. Evans also favored it. Mr. Ingalls moved to reduce the tax from 5c a pound to 2c. Agreed to—yeas 32, nays 28. The remaining amendments were adopted without question, and the bill, as amended, was passed—yeas 37, nays 24.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 20.—In the Senate to-day the chair presented resolutions of the constitutional convention of Dakota praying for the admission of South Dakota as a State, and for a territorial government for North Dakota. Referred to the committee on territories.

Senator Miller presented a memorial of the Evangelical Alliance of the United States referring to the recent outrages and massacres perpetrated on Chinamen on the Pacific coast, with a letter from a branch of the Alliance in China, setting forth the injurious effect of these outrages on Americans and Christians in the Chinese empire. He thoroughly indorsed the sentiments embodied in the memorial and letter. The memorial was read in full and referred to the committee on foreign relations.

HOUSE, July 21.—Mr. Morrison's concurrent resolution, reported from the ways and means committee, providing for the adjournment of congress on July 28, after being opposed by Messrs. Reagan, Weaver, Bayne, Hepburn, and Willis, was passed by a vote of 145 to 36. The house then went into committee of the whole on the senate amendment to the river and harbor bill. When the committee rose, the senate amendment having been concurred in, the bill was sent to a conference. Then a struggle arose for priority of consideration between the inter-state commerce and the Northern Pacific forfeiture bills, which was resolved—yeas 142, nays 99, in favor of the former.

SENATE, July 21.—Senator Van Wyck, in presenting another batch of Knights of Labor petitions in favor of land bills the the Oklahoma bill, read a letter from Joseph Beaumont, chairman of the legislative committee of the Knights of Labor, stating, in response to Senator Vest's remark yesterday, that these petitions were genuine and were sent to him either directly or by authority of the persons purporting to have signed them, and, further, that they were expressly authorized and sanctioned by the general executive board of the order in the United States. At noon the senate proceeded to consider the reports in relation to the election of Senator Payne.

HOUSE, July 22.—The Oleomargarine bill was reported from the agricultural committee with senate amendments and a report recommending that they be not agreed to. The bill was then referred to committee of the whole, where it takes its place at the foot of the calendar and can only be reached by laying aside the Morrison and Randall tariff bills. On motion of Mr. Hatch the house went into committee of the whole, refused to consider the naval increase bill, which was the special order, also the inter-state commerce bill, by a vote of 102 to 151. The first revenue bill reached was Mr. Morrison's tariff measure, which was laid aside at his request, after an objection by Mr. Dunham had been overruled by the house in a vote of 167 to 63.

SENATE, July 22.—In the senate the consideration of the Payne bribery case and Senator Sherman's speech and speeches from others consumed nearly all the time and little was done beside.

HOUSE, July 23.—In the house, to-day, a member from the committee on rules reported a resolution ordering a session for to-morrow night. Mr. Henley, of California, moved to recommit the resolution, with instructions to the committee on rules to report it back so amended as to provide that the evening session shall be for the consideration of forfeiture bills.

The motion was agreed to—yeas, 138; nays, 93. The house then laid aside several revenue measures, and after discussion, passed the oleomargarine bill as amended by the senate—yeas, 176; nays, 75. The house then took a recess until evening.

SENATE, July 23.—Senator Mahone to-day reported favorably the bill to increase the limit of the appropriation for the public building at Galveston, Tex., to \$250,000. Senator Vest of Mo., in presenting a batch of petitions gotten up by the Knights of Labor, remarked that the signatures all appeared to be in the same handwriting. Senator Hoar remarked that the rules of the senate prevented the presentation of any petitions except originals. The chair sustained the point made by Senator Hoar, but said he did not feel at liberty to reproach senators for presenting such petitions. Senator Vest then said he did not wish to be put in the attitude of opposing the right of petition. The senate then resumed consideration of the Payne case, and refused to order an investigation by a vote 44 to 17. The senate then resumed consideration of the sundry civil bill.

HOUSE, July 24.—In the House the Naval Appropriation bill was passed. In the evening the House considered the land forfeiture bills.

SENATE, July 24.—In the Senate the consideration of the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill, especially that paragraph requiring the Secretary of the Treasury to issue silver certificates of \$1, \$2 and \$5 on the surplus silver dollar now in the treasury, was taken up. After some discussion and amendments, that effected the provisions but little, it was adopted—yeas, 25, nays, 24. Over an amendment prohibiting the use of public money to purchase spirituous liquors, cigars, etc., at the inauguration of the Bartholdi statue, there was a warm contest, but it prevailed without a division. The remainder of the day was spent in considering other items of the bill.

Are We Going to Retaliate?

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 21.—Mr. Davis, of Massachusetts, from the committee on Commerce Saturday reported favorably to the House the bill to protect the freedom of commercial intercourse. The report says that by the act of June 19 last the President is authorized to issue his proclamation excluding vessels of foreign countries from the exercise of commercial privileges in the United States ports in certain contingencies. But the bill which is now reported, while adopting the principle of that act, enlarges the scope of its application, in order that the President may have power, whenever our vessels are denied commercial rights in any port of a foreign country to protect our commercial interest by the employment of the most comprehensive and vigorous measures in their behalf.

The Coal Combination.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., July 22.—The allotment committee of the coal combination met in this city Tuesday and agreed upon the amount of coal to be mined during the month of August at 2,500,000 tons. This is the same amount as was allotted for the current month. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company continued its policy of declining to enter the compact, and did not send a representative to the meeting.

FOREIGN

Rioting in France.

PARIS, July 22.—In Marseilles Tuesday evening mobs attacked the offices of the royalist papers. Gendarmes defended the buildings successfully, preventing the rioters from carrying out their purpose of sacking the premises. The mobs then turned on the Gendarmes and severe fighting ensued. The police and soldiers together overpowered the rioters and order was restored. A number of rioters was arrested. Many of the police and soldiers

Mutterings in the East.

LONDON, July 22.—A dispatch from Peking to the Times says the Russian fleet threaten Lazereff because England, during the Afghan dispute, occupied Port Hamilton. The dispatch adds that the Chinese fleet has proceeded to Vladivostock, and that the Russian minister of war is visiting the far east. His presence there is regarded as significant.

The Dilke-Crawford scandal grows worse the more there is known of it.

Rioting has been going on at Marseilles, France, for some days.

THE MARKETS.

Table with market prices for NEW YORK, CHICAGO, and CINCINNATI. Columns include commodity names (WHEAT, CORN, OATS, BUTTER, CHEESE, EGGS, POTATOES, PORK) and their respective prices per unit.

General Miscellany.

NO ROOM FOR OLD MOTHER.

"Going north, madam?"
"No, ma'am."
"Going south, then?"
"I don't know, ma'am."
"Why, there are only two ways to go."

"I don't know. I was never on the cars. I'm waiting for the train to go to John."

"John? There is no town called John. Where is it?"
"Oh! John's my son. He's out in Kansas on a claim."

"I am going right to Kansas, myself. You intend to visit?"
"No, ma'am."

She said it with a sigh so heart-burdened the stranger was touched.

"John sick?"
"No."

The evasive tone, the look of pain in the furrowed face, were noticed by the stylish lady as the gray head bowed upon the toll-marked hand. She wanted to hear her story; to help her.

"Excuse me—John in trouble?"
"No, no—I'm in trouble. Trouble my old heart never thought to see."

"The train does not come for some time. Here, rest your head upon my cloak."

"You are kind. If my own were so I shouldn't be in trouble to-night."

"What is your trouble? Maybe I can help you."

"It's hard to tell it to strangers, but my old heart is too full to keep it back. When I was left a widow with the three children, I thought it was more than I could bear; but it wasn't bad as this—"

The stranger waited till she recovered her voice to go on.

"I had only the cottage and my willing hands. I toiled early and late all the years till John could help me. Then we kept the girls at school, John and me. They were married not long ago. Married rich as the world goes. John sold the cottage, sent me to the city to live with them and he went West to begin for himself. He said we had provided for the girls and they would provide for me now—"

Her voice choked with emotion. The stranger waited in silence.

"I went to them in the city. I went to Mary's first. She lived in a great house with servants to wait on her; a house many times larger than the little cottage—but I soon found there wasn't room enough for me—"

The tears stood in the lines of her cheeks. The ticket agent came out softly, stirred the fire, and went back. After a pause she continued:

"I went to Martha's—went with a pain in my heart I never felt before. I was willing to do anything so as not to be a burden. But that wasn't it. I found they were ashamed of my bent old body and my withered face—ashamed of my rough wrinkled hands—made so toiling for them—"

The tears came thick and fast now. The stranger's hand rested caressingly on the gray head.

"At last they told me I must live at a boarding house, and they'd keep me there. I couldn't say anything back. My heart was too full of pain. I wrote to John what they were going to do. He wrote right back, a long, kind letter for me to come right to him. I always had a home while he had a roof, he said. To come right there and stay as long as I lived. That his mother should never go out to strangers. So I'm going to John. He's got only his rough hands and his great warm heart—but there's room for his old mother—God bless him—"

The stranger brushed a tear from her fair cheek and awaited the conclusion.

"Some day when I am gone where I'll never trouble them again, Mary and Martha will think of it all. Some day when the hands that toiled for them are folded and still; when the eyes that watched over them for many a weary night are closed forever; when the little old body, bent with the burdens it bore for them, is put away where it can never shame them—"

The agent drew his hand quickly before his eyes, and went out, as if to look for the train. The stranger's jeweled fingers stroked the gray locks, while the tears of sorrow and the tears of sympathy fell together. The weary heart was unburdened. Soothed by a touch of sympathy the troubled soul yielded to the longing for rest, and she fell asleep. The agent went noiselessly about his duties that he might not wake her. As the fair stranger watched she saw a smile on the careworn face. The lips moved. She bent down to hear.

"I'm doing it for Mary and Martha. They'll take care of me sometime."

She was dreaming of the days in the little cottage—of the fond hopes which inspired her, long before she learned, with a broken heart, that some day she would turn homeless in the world, to go to John.—*L. B. Calk in the Current, Chicago.*

Breaking Men Down.

The cause of much of the premature decrepitude and nerve degeneracy and breakdown is in the many inventions man has devised whereby he robs himself of timely rest. The morning newspaper, often read through before breakfast; the telephone in his house,

to call him at any and all times aside from his repose; the electric light, to keep his brain unduly stimulated through the retina; the railroad and the sleeping-coach, which may keep him continuously on the rail (if he chooses so to travel), for many weeks without rest from the noise and exhaustive cerebro-spinal concussions of this mode of travel, hasty meals, and telegrams and business, and nightmare sleep, all commingled, wither and wreck lives innumerable, which, under wiser management, might end differently; and the needless noises of the city—the bells and whistles, howling hucksters, noisy street cars, yelling hoodlums, that make night hideous with their howls—hasten the premature ending of useful lives; and when, super-added to all this unphysiological strain, we have the assault of a pestilence that poisons, like cholera, how much exemption can such overwrought organisms expect? How much of resisting immunity can such overstrained and exhausted nerve force oppose to the invading foe?—*Sanitarian.*

LEGAL OPINIONS.

OMISSION FROM SCHEDULE IN BANKRUPTCY.—Where a debtor who made a voluntary assignment for the benefit of creditors omitted from the schedule attached thereto a right of redemption which he had to certain premises conveyed by him to secure a debt, it was held that the omission was fatal to the judgment. (McMillan vs. Knapp et al; Supreme Court of Georgia.)

ARBITRATION PENDING SUIT.—An agreement to submit to arbitration, with a stipulation for an award and a judgment thereon, will not operate to discontinue a suit already begun and pending. (Callinan vs. the Port Huron & Northwestern Railway Company; Supreme Court of Michigan.)

STATUTE OF LIMITATIONS.—A statement made by the owner of certain real estate to a prospective purchaser that a third party, from whom the owner had borrowed money, had "something like \$2,000 in it," and that he, the owner, wanted to sell the property in order to discharge the debt, was held not to be such "a distinct, positive, and unambiguous" recognition of the debt as to remove the bar of the statute of limitations. (Gerhard vs. Gerhard; Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.)

MASTER AND SERVANT—AGRICULTURE.—A master is liable for the act of his herder in allowing sheep to trespass upon the lands of another, even though the herder has been expressly directed to keep the sheep off such lands. A master is liable for the acts of his servant, done within the scope of his authority, although the servant disobeyed instructions. The former is only shielded from liability when the latter steps outside his general duty and does an act to subserve his own interest or gratify his passions. If the herder in this case had driven the sheep upon the respondent's land to vex, annoy, and harass the respondent—had done it to indulge in his own malevolence—the appellant would not have been liable, unless he was privy to the act; but if he did it to advance the appellant's interest—did it to enable the sheep to thrive, and thereby gain an advantage to the appellant—the latter would be liable, although the act was willful. (French vs. Creswell; Supreme Court of Oregon.)

LEGAL DEFINITION OF A "PAPER."—A letter is a "paper" within the meaning of a statute against mailing improper matter. The word "paper," in its ordinary signification, may mean either a written or a printed paper. It is a usual thing to speak of a person as having written or read a paper upon some subject. That paper, as read, may be either in his own handwriting or it may be type-written or in print. But it is still his paper, and means the same thing in either form. And so it is usual to speak of a man's "outstanding paper," meaning his notes, bills or other obligations. They may consist partly of writing and partly of print, or entirely of one or the other, and yet they are equally his paper. (Thomas vs. State; Supreme Court of Indiana.)

EXEMPT FROM TAXATION.—A society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and which educates men in the diseases of domestic animals and the proper mode of dealing with them, and which inculcates the duty of humanity to them, is a "benevolent and charitable institution" within the meaning of the statute which exempts such benevolent and charitable institutions from taxation. (The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals vs. the City of Boston; Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts.)

LANDLORD AND TENANT—ALTERATION OF BUILDING.—A tenant whether rightfully in possession or not, cannot, without the consent of the landlord, make material changes or alterations in a building to suit his taste or convenience, and if he does, it is waste. The law is undoubtedly so settled. "Any material change in the nature and character of the building, made by the tenant, is waste, although the value of the property should be enhanced by the alteration." (Brook vs. Dole; Supreme Court of Wisconsin.)

—New York clergymen have inaugurated a movement to suppress Mormon immigration into this country.

NORTHWEST NEWS.

—The Le Mars, Iowa, German paper has become an organ of the socialists.

—Alfalfa-raising is being taken up by the farmers of Dodge county, Neb.

—A West Wheeling (Ind.) agriculturist picked eighty-two bushels from ten cherry trees this year.

—The court-house of Lawrence county, Ind., will be improved to the extent of \$50,000.

—Of the 365 convicts in the Iowa state penitentiary 353 lay the cause of their downfall to the effects of whisky.

—The merchants of Shenandoah, Neb., have subscribed \$1,000 for the purpose of prospecting for coal.

—Traces of gold and coal are reported at Rushville, Neb., and in consequence there is much rejoicing.

—The huckleberry crop is very large in the northern part of the State of Minnesota.

—Another telegraph line is being put up from Des Moines to Fort Dodge, Iowa.

—A Des Moines, Iowa, druggist has sold within twenty days 2,200 doses of whisky, all for medicinal purposes.—*Sioux City Journal.*

—The churches of Council Bluffs, Iowa, are endeavoring to secure Sam Jones and his assistant as attractions for a revival.

—The Sauk Rapids (Minn.) *Free Press* is again printed on the same press that was blown away by the cyclone.

—A large and valuable telescope has been presented to the Moore's Hill college by Robert McKim, of Madison, Ind.

—The property-holders of South Bend, Ind., are advocating the establishment of a paid fire department.

—The gas well of Bluffton, Ind., is down eleven hundred feet, but no indications of the presence of gas have yet been discovered.

—A Des Moines dispatch says there are fourteen cases of small-pox at Bolan, Iowa, a town on the Central Iowa railroad.

—There has been 640 changes in the postoffices of the state of Iowa since the advent of the present administration. There are 1,633 postoffices.

—The ordinance providing for the use of the electric light as a street illuminator has been vetoed by Mayor Hall, of Albert Lea, Minn.

—The Dell Rapids, Minn., Co-operative Granite Company now has over forty men working in the quarries, and is shipping about eight car loads of paving blocks daily.

—The dry weather has had a bad effect on the onion crop in Scott county, Iowa, which usually reaches 400,000 bushels, but which this season will be a total failure.

—The Terre Haute, Ind., blast furnace, which has been running continually ever since last fall, has been shut down temporarily. Extensive repairs are in progress.

—The largest farm in Minnesota is said to be that of H. B. Donaldson, in Kittson county. It contains thirty-three thousand acres, of which ten thousand are in crop this year.

—In the Aberdeen, Dak., district seventeen Methodist churches are being erected, and the membership has reported to have more than doubled during the past year.

—Manchester, Iowa, citizens on the 24th of next month will vote on the project of levying a 5 per cent. tax on all property for the purpose of aiding a railroad between that city and Cedar Rapids.

—The Grafton, Dak., artesian well is down 900 feet and struck granite—when work was stopped. A flow of salt water of twenty-five barrels per minute was struck at 365 feet, which is to be utilized.

—Patents were issued to the following parties in the States named for the week ending July 17, as reported by C. C. Linthicum, Esq., Patent Solicitor, Chicago, Ill.: N. Abbott, Kansas city, Mo., grip for cable railways; C. M. Brown, Melbourne, Ia., submerged pump; L. T. Brown, Columbus, Ind., paper-box machine; J. T. McNorton, Burnet, Tex., corn and cotton planter; M. Miles, Russell, Kans., railway-switch; Noble & Metzler, Holden, Mo., churn; A. G. Langlot, LaGrange, Mo., corn-planter attachment; L. Logan, Plymouth, Ind., wire-fastener for fences; M. E. Cole, Letts, Ia., sash-fastener; E. S. Davis, Winona, Minn., wagon-body; R. Gillham, Kansas city, Mo., cable railway; A. B. Griswold, Bunker Hill, Kas., draft-equalizer; J. A. Hampton, Rosedale, Kas., and E. C. Sooy, Kansas city, Mo., baling-press; Paul Hight, Spencer, Ind., oil-pump; G. H. Robb, Severance, Kas., sulky-harrow; T. J. St. John, St. Joseph, Mo., motor for washing-machines and churns; C. V. White, Leavenworth, Kans., shutter-fastener; O. O. Winter, Des Moines, Ia., car-coupling; W. L. Casaday, South Bend, Ind., plow; W. B. Foster, Derby, Kas., car-coupling; C. B. Dow, Manchester, Dakota, separator-shoe for thrashing machine; C. E. Phifer, Jesup, Ia., animal-poke; W. S. Plummer, Leavenworth, Kans., hop-drier; L. Quisenberry, Carrollton, Mo., car-coupling; L. D. Jones, Lafayette, Ind., steam-cooking utensil; J. H. Elward, St. Paul, Minn., drive-chain.

Varieties.

Current Event—Jelly-making.

Best, easiest to use and cheapest. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. By druggists, 50c.

"Hongkong" in Chinese means "Land of fragrant streams."

Angler's Experience—It is easier to tell a lie than it is to catch a fish.

What kind of a man gives his wife the first reading of the daily paper? A blind man.

The best cough medicine is Piso's Cure for Consumption. Sold everywhere, 25c.

Quicklime and linseed oil mixed stiffly, form a hard cement, resisting both heat and acids.

Howard Paul when asked in what part of Switzerland he felt the most heat, replied, "When I was going to Berne."

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is agreeable to use. It is not a liquid or a snuff. 30c.

The consumption of starch in the United States, for all purposes, is 140,000,000 pounds, or an average of three pounds for each person.

Hungry guest: "How is this? I ordered a steak and a poached egg. I see the egg, but where is the steak?" Sable attendant: "Dat all right, sah. De steak am under de egg."

No Opium in Piso's Cure for Consumption. Cures where other remedies fail. 25c.

A young woman, in leaving an omnibus, dropped a ribbon from her bonnet. "You left your bow behind," said a lady-traveler. "No, I haven't—he's gone a fishing," innocently replied the damsel.

"Are you having a pleasant time?" asked a lady of a little miss at a fashionable children's party. "Delightful, thanks." "And will your papa and mamma come later?"

"Oh, dear, no; papa and mamma and I don't belong to the same set."—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Big Time in Albany.

The celebration of the bi-centennial of the founding of Albany, N. Y., during the week beginning on Monday the 19th inst., was one of much more than ordinary interest. On Tuesday all the nationalities of the earth were represented in the procession. The town was full of people from all sections of the country, and among them many of our most distinguished men. Taken altogether the celebration did credit to the authorities and people.

—The astonishing fact that only twenty-five farmers have seats in Congress only shows the good sense of that class, remarks the Taunton (Mass.) *Gazette*. They have work enough to do at home and leave the work of Congressional existence to the lawyers and doctors who might starve if compelled to earn a living on a farm.

An Ungallant Youth.

A Western correspondent sends the following: I recently listened to a debate in one of the school lyceums of this city upon the novel and momentous question of "woman suffrage." The debater upon the "anti-woman side" was doubtless engaged in his first effort, and this fact, together with a slight impediment of speech and a most original series of argument, combined to produce one of the funniest and most unanswerable speeches that I had ever heard. Here it is, almost in full:

Ladies and gentlemen, the first thing to find out is w-w-what man was made for, and what w-w-woman was made for. God created Adam first, and put him in the garden of Eden. T-then he made Eve, and p-put her there too. If he hadn't e-e-created Eve, there never would have been all the s-s-sin there is now in this w-world. If he hadn't made Eve, she never would have p-p-picked the apple and eaten it. N-n-no, she never would have picked it and g-g-given it to Adam to eat. Paul in his epistles says w-w-women should k-k-keep still. And besides, l-l-ladies and gentlemen, women couldn't fill the offices. I d-d-defy any one to p-point out a woman in this city or e-e-county that could be sheriff. Would a woman t-turn out in the dead of night to track and arrest a m-m-murderer? I say n-n-no. Ten to one she would elope w-w-with him! And amid thunders of applause and laughter the gallant defender of man's rights triumphantly took his seat.—*Harper's Magazine.*

The Tables Turned.

A school teacher living not many miles out of the city does not now believe in reproving scholars for bad penmanship, having come to this conclusion last Wednesday. Each scholar was required to present a sample of his penmanship to the instructor for inspection. The last to hand up his "best endeavor" was a bright little 6-year-old, who was very backward in this particular line of instruction. As usual his copy was very badly written, and the teacher calling him to his desk said: "Now, Charlie, you have to-day again made the poorest showing in this class. It seems that you should be able to improve on this kind of work; why, when I was a boy at your age I could write almost as well as I do now." "Yes, sir," replied the promising lad, "I guess you could, but may be you had a better teacher than I have."—*San Diego, Cal., Union.*

—The editor of the *Sentinel* of Centralia, Ill., tried to print a picture of Mrs. Cleveland. The intention was good, but the cut, ink, roller and paper were bad, and the result was such a frightful specimen of art that several leading citizens threatened to stop taking a paper which so treated the wife of the President.

—Mrs. Grant and Colonel and Mrs. Fred Grant are spending the summer quietly at the Long Branch cottage. Mrs. Grant expects to have all her children except Mrs. Sartoris with her this summer.

—A railway survey party is located at Waverly, Iowa.

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