



BOOTS & SHOES.

FOR EVERYBODY.

New Fall & Winter Goods

ARRIVING DAILY!

We have the exclusive sale of Rindge, Bertsch & Co's

CELEBRATED
OIL GRAIN SHOES!

Which we are offering at a very low figure, viz:

\$2.25 a pair for Women's and \$2 a pair for Misses'

And Every Pair Warranted to give Satisfaction or Money Refunded.

Do not be deceived by cheap imitations. Buy only the genuine, with "Rindge, Bertsch & Co." stamped on the bottom of every shoe. We also have the sale of the

Whitney Hand-Made Boots!

These goods are too well known to need any puffing by us. It is sufficient to say that we warrant every pair to give Satisfaction. We carry a full line of these goods, and can always give you any size or style you want.

OUR GROCERY STOCK
Is Complete and Business booming.

We are offering a Tea that we guarantee to match any 50c. Tea in town for 35c per pound, or three pounds for \$1. Be sure and give it a trial. Yours respectfully,

L. W. RICHARDS & CO.

BOOTS & SHOES.

THE VICINITY.

FOWLERVILLE PARAGRAPHS.

From the Review.

Dan Fisher was robbed of \$45. at the Lansing fair last week.

Mr. John Boyd had his pocket picked of \$32.00 at the fair at Plymouth last week.

The residence of Mr. Albert Hoag, of Conway, caught fire from a defective stove pipe on Thursday last and was burned to the ground with all its contents excepting a sewing machine.

Mr. Fred E. Sherwood and Miss Emma L. Chatfield were married at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. J. A. Canfield on Thursday evening at eight o'clock; the Rev. N. N. Clark officiating.

A prohibition club was organized at the Good Templers hall on Tuesday evening with 18 members. It is offered as follows: Pres., A. Dodge; vice presidents, C. E. Hopkins and Prof. Foster; secretary, A. H. Hughes; treasurer, J. H. Orth.

While H. C. Benjamin was threshing clover seed for G. W. Grill on Thursday a spark from the engine caught in the hay in the barn near by and two log barns were burned up. The barns contained about 17 tons of hay but no grain. A small calf was also burned.

The hotel at Hartland, owned by Parshall, and occupied by Frank Dailey, caught fire from the cook stove and was burned to the ground on Friday afternoon last, the loss to Mr. Parshall being about \$1,250 and no insurance. He will not rebuild and thus Hartland will be for a time at least without a hotel.

BRIGHTON SAYINGS.

From the Argus.

Mr. Homer Bradley sold 38 bushels of ears of corn at the mill yesterday morning. When shelled this amount made 23 bushels and 31 pounds.

Married, at the residence of the groom, on Sunday, Oct. 3, Mr. George Green, of Green Oak, to Miss Ida M. Jones, of Genoa. Rev. Jesse Lee officiating.

Sunday night at 11 o'clock, Victor W. Gay, for many years a resident of this village and township, passed from earth after an illness of only two weeks, the forepart of which he was a great sufferer. Mr. Gay was respected by all who knew him and will be missed. His age was about 68 years.

Died at his pleasant home 4 miles east of this village, on Saturday, Oct. 2nd, Mr. Loyal M. Hooker, aged 76 years. Mr. Hooker was one of the early settlers of this county. He has been an active member of the Kensington Baptist church for over 40 years, from which he was buried yesterday afternoon. The diseased leaves a wife and four children to be reminded by his absence of a loving husband and father.

From the Citizen.

Mrs. C. E. Hansell a former Brighton girl, spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Coe.

Another long word has been discovered this time by a Boston Physician, who found it in a medical journal, the word being the chemical term for cocaine, and it contains fifty-two letters. Here it is: Methylbenzomethoxyethyltetrahydropyridinecarboxylate.

And now comes H. A. Twitchell, of Hamburg, with the following fish story as to the truth of which he is willing to make his oath; it runs thusly: He and Fred Allison were fishing on Pleasant Lake when, suddenly and without just cause or provocation a pickerel weighing in the neighborhood of two pounds jumped into the boat. The occupants were very nat-

urally much surprised, as doubtless was the fish.

HOWELL COMMENTS.

From the Republican.

Lewis Austin was tried by jury before Esquire Riddle on Tuesday for assaulting Frank Huck. He got ninety days at Ionia. The cases of Fowler and Casterton have been adjourned until Oct 25th, as was also the Lena Fairbanks case.

Six miles south of Howell on T. A. & N. M. is the embryo city of Chilson, plotted last week by Orin Case, who will start a store there soon. The new town is three miles west of Brighton, already has a depot, an elevator, a mill, and a couple of new houses under way.

Our respected pioneer citizen, Mr. J. H. Wilcox, departed last Thursday afternoon for New York state, to make a few week's visit among relatives and old time friends. Before departing he made a present of a gold watch and chain to each of his two sons, Calvin and Wm. H. Wilcox, and to his son-in-law, A. F. Peavy.

Died, at her home just north of Howell, Sunday morning, Oct 3rd, Eliza A. wife of Wesley W. Crittenden, of contraction of the liver, after an illness of several years; aged 40. For fifteen years the diseased had been a resident of Howell and she was known only to be respected. The funeral was conducted by her pastor, Rev. J. S. Joslin, from the residence on Tuesday afternoon, being largely attended by sorrowing friends and relatives. Her living brothers and sisters from Cass and Vanburen counties, this state, and from Maryland were in attendance at the last sad rites.

Mrs. Louise Bode has five hundred raspberry bushes that have been in full blossom the second time this year and are now laden with well formed and nearly ripe berries. Her strawberry patch is also endeavoring to produce its second crop, the vines being heavily laden with blossoms and berries. A small raspberry sprig about a foot in length, left at this office, contains sixty berries and blossoms. Mrs. Bode thinks a state that will try as hard as Michigan does to produce two crops in a season is a pretty good country to live in, even if we do suffer sudden changes in the weather.

Rev. G. F. Waters has tendered his resignation as pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Howell to the board of trustees, and action will be taken on the same to-morrow evening by a session of the church members. Like a thunderbolt from a clear sky came the news to this community last week, that Mr. Walters intended to take such a step. His legion of warm friends and admirers, in and out of the church, were astounded as well as grieved, and hoped that the rumor would prove but a rumor. However, it is a fact that his resignation has been tendered, and it is also known that he has had a call from the Presbyterian church at Hancock, upper peninsula, at an increased salary. It will be a great misfortune to Howell and the church over which he presided to lose Rev. Waters, whose place as a sermonizer and active citizen, it will be difficult to fill. It is hoped that Mr. Waters can be induced to withdraw his resignation.

From the Democrat.

A young man absent on a trip to Paris, writes that he has been all through the capital of France and considerable of his own.

Hugh McCabe, Sr., a former resident of Green Oak, has received \$2,208 back pay from Uncle Sam for the death of a son in the rebellion.

L. H. Beebe & Son, undertakers at Fowlerville, when returning from a funeral had a runaway team collide with their hearse, and considerably damaged it.

On Thursday last, Joseph Wall lost a note of \$400, drawn in his favor and subject to his order. The finder will be liberally rewarded by leaving the same at T. J. McKeever's.

SOUTH LYON DOTS.

From the Picket.

A change of time went into effect on the D. L. & N., road Sunday. Morning trains go west now at 8:17; 11:23; east, 10:31; 8:37. Afternoon, east 2:25; west, 6:20.

On Friday of last week a couple of coopers working in this place were arrested for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. They had budge enough in them to think they could run the Union depot the night before. They plead guilty and were fined \$5. each and costs.

Died—Oct. 2nd 1886, Mr. Hooker, an aged farmer living on the gravel road 1 1/2 miles west of Kensington. He was born in Vermont in 1810 and became a resident of Michigan in 1844. He was a very industrious and successful farmer. He has been for many years deacon of the Baptist church, exhorting a decided religious influence in the community where he resided. He was father of Wm. Hooker, of this place.

A movement is on foot to hold a two days' fair at this place, probably the last Friday and Saturday of this month. The scheme is to form a stock company with enough capital to cover the premiums, lease the rink, have our farmers bring in their farm products and fine stock, have our merchants make an exhibit of their various branches of trade, and our citizens turn out and make the thing a success. Other towns where they have no grounds do the same thing and make a success of it. It will call a large crowd to our town and this is what we want, we should aim to continually keep the people surrounding us interested in our growing and thriving village. We have seen and talked with a number of our merchants and all seem to take well to the scheme. It has been decided to hold a meeting Monday evening at the rink, at which time the matter can be discussed.

STOCKBRIDGE NOTES.

From the Sun.

Wirt Newkirk, of Williamsburg, Ken., and J. L. Newkirk, of Pinckney Dispatch, dropped the cares of newspaper work to take in the fair.

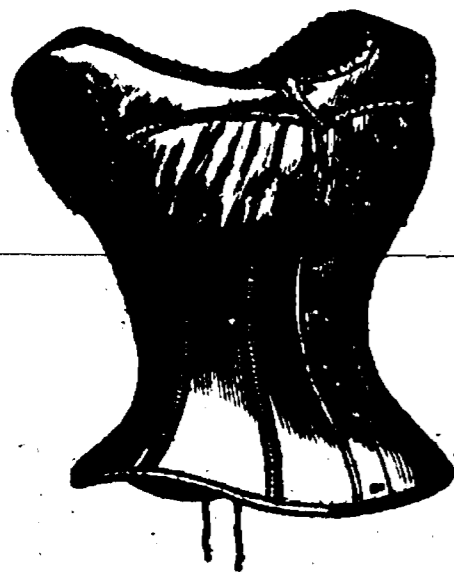
A large number of people from Gregory and Pinckney were left Thursday, because the train was ahead of time, the first time within the memory of man.

There are three firms buying apples in stockbridge this fall, Isbell & Co., D. Henning and R. Kempf all well known apple firms.

Last Wednesday a couple of Williamston idiots, filled themselves up for a drouth and came to the fair. A ways north of Thomson's corners, they engaged in running horses, and as a double carriage containing two boys three girls and a whiskey bottle was overturned and its occupants thrown to the ground, injuring all except the bottle, very severely. Becoming disengaged from the carriage, the team dashes down the road to the village at break-neck speed, Fred Walts had just turned his horse and buggy up at DePuy's corners, when the team crashed upon him, breaking his buggy all to pieces, throwing himself and two children out, and causing his team to escape. Mr. Walts was picked up very badly hurt. Dr. Parba was called and it was found that his skull had been fractured, two pieces of the skull were removed, and at latest reports his recovery quite probable. One of the innocent suffer because of others.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

BOOTS AND SHOES.



PATENTED FEB. 23, 1886.

SOMETHING
NEW
DESIRABLE

THE
LADIES' COMBINATION!
Waist, Corset & Shoulder Brace.

These garments are specially constructed with two wide finely tempered clock springs, and four narrow springs the full length of the back, with diagonally stitched pockets filled with double whalebone, thus giving a complete support to the shoulders and spine. They will prevent and cure backache, round shoulders, etc., relieving the muscles of the back, bracing the shoulders, and imparting a graceful form to the wearer without any discomfort; also leaves the chest free to expand, thus giving free action to the lungs, with health and comfort to the body. They take the place of ordinary corsets in every respect, and can be worn with ease and comfort by any lady, no matter how delicate, and are highly recommended by the most eminent physicians throughout the country.

A trial will prove all we claim.

CALL & SEE A FULL LINE OF THESE GOODS

AT LAKIN & SYKES'

WEST END DRY GOODS STORE!

THEY ARE THE MOST NATURAL GARMENT WORN AS A CORSET.

TRY ONE OF THESE NEW COMFORT CORSETS.

Pinckney Dispatch.

J. L. NEWKIRK, Publisher. PINCKNEY, MICH.

HUNDREDS of people are dying daily in Corea of cholera.

MANY Cuban tobacco factories are shutting down because of a strike.

A CONSTANT rainfall from a cloudless sky is reported from Dawson, Ga.

SIR CHARLES DILKE predicts that the Tories will remain in power four or five years.

THE Illinois Board of Equalization has increased the assessment of railroads nearly \$2,000,000.

A FORMIDABLE movement in favor of Russia is said to be spreading throughout the Bulgarian army.

THE forfeited Atlantic & Pacific land grant in New Mexico will be thrown open to settlers in a few days.

A CABLEGRAM from Rome announces the demise of Prince Mare Antonio Borghese, the head of that house.

THE reports of suffering in the drought-stricken districts of Texas, a Galveston dispatch affirms, have been exaggerated.

THE Canadian government has agents at work in New England urging the return of French-Canadians, or their emigration to Manitoba.

CAPT. CASSIUS C. MARKLE of Pittsburg, a well-known paper manufacturer, has been placed in custody, his friends alleging that he is insane.

AN earthquake has entirely destroyed all the villages on the island of Niapu, one of the group of Friendly Islands, in the South Pacific Ocean.

THE Illinois Grand Lodge of Masons, in annual session in Chicago last week re-elected Mr. Alexander T. Darrah, of Bloomington, Grand Master of the ensuing year.

THE centennial anniversary of the settlement of Frankfort, Kentucky, was celebrated the 6th inst. by a national salute, a grand procession, and a barbecue.

AT Torquay a magistrate sentenced three officers of the Salvation Army to one month's imprisonment at hard labor for conducting a band in a procession through the streets.

THE premier of New South Wales announces a deficit of \$10,000,000 in the revenues of the province, on account of the greatest commercial depression known for twenty-two years.

IF the general strike affecting the leather trade is carried into effect it will put 30,000 men out of employment. This lays a large responsibility upon the leaders who order the strike.

QUEEN CHRISTINA of Spain has commuted the sentences of the condemned insurgents and has also signed the decree freeing the Cuban slaves from the remainder of their terms in servitude.

DISPATCHES from Pittsburg indicate that should shipments continue slack much longer many Western cities depend upon that market for their supply will be in danger of a coal famine.

SENATOR LAFAYETTE and Gen. Grevy will represent the French Senate at the ceremonies attending the unveiling of the Statue of Liberty in New York. The latter is President Grevy's brother.

ANOTHER strike of miners is reported at Charleroi, in Belgium, where the fearful labor riots took place a few months ago. An unsuccessful attempt was made by the strikers to kill the mine manager.

THESAUER REILLY of the Irish National League of America says he can show that every cent he has received has been turned over to duly accredited agents of the National League in Ireland.

In pulling down the undertaking shop of the late Godare Casanave, in New Orleans, workmen discovered a mislaid coffin containing the corpse of a Cuban planter who died in Italy thirty years ago.

THE eighteenth annual meeting of the American Woman-Suffrage Association will be held in the hall of the House of Representatives at Topeka, Kas., Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 26, 27 and 28.

J. JUVENET, of New Orleans, sent a bale of ramie to the cotton exchange and a bale of jute to the produce exchange, with letters stating that they were the first bales of these products ever grown in the United States.

THE Women's Christian Temperance Union of Cambridge, Crawford County, Pa., persuaded the storekeepers of the village to promise to stop keeping cigarettes after the exhaustion of the present supply, and then bought up the supply and cremated it.

THE WEEK.

WEST AND SOUTH.

An incendiary fire in Silver Bow canyon, Montana, destroyed twenty-four thousand cords of wood, valued at \$100,000.

The grand jury at Columbus, Ohio, found a bill for bribery against B. H. Marriott, formerly deputy warden of the penitentiary, and one for embezzlement against Samuel Perry, formerly superintendent of the state shops.

H. L. Leavitt, formerly manager of a theater at Sioux City, Ia., surrendered himself to the police at Chicago as a person possessed of information respecting the murder of Rev. George C. Haddock, and willing to tell all he knows.

The explosion of a boiler Thursday morning wrecked the hammer shop of the Bolton Steel Works, at Canton, Ohio, and slightly injured two men. The loss is \$10,000, covered by insurance.

Prince Louis Bonaparte, who arrived at San Francisco Thursday, will tarry a few days in that city and then proceed eastward by rail.

Dugold Hill was Thursday arrested on a ranch near San Antonio for the murder of the city marshal at Parsons, Kansas, two years ago. He claims to have acted in self-defense.

Snow fell Saturday in Northern Michigan to the depth of three inches.

The failure is reported of Shreve & Wolf of San Francisco, dealers in guns and sporting material, with liabilities of \$50,000.

John Fitzgerald, president of the Irish National League of America, has issued an address urging every branch to start an anti-eviction fund and send the contributions to Treasurer O'Reilly, at Detroit.

The steamer Alameda ran from Sydney to San Francisco in twenty-three days, six hours and thirty minutes—the best record of time.

The Exposition at Minneapolis, which closed Saturday, received sufficient money to pay expenses and a dividend.

Jennie Shaw, aged 23, wife of Stephen Shaw, a farmer living a mile north of White Cloud, Minn., was instantly killed Saturday afternoon. Her husband was felling a tree, a limb of which struck her, crushing her life out.

Frank Sherwood was fatally stabbed in Chicago, Monday morning, while attempting to rob another man.

The Northern Pacific miners at Sims, D. T., are on a strike.

A dozen persons at Ashflat, Ark., drank from a well that had been poisoned and were made sick.

Ancient ruins have been discovered at Kankana, Wis., and they are attracting the attention of students of antiquity.

Israel Dickinson, formerly city engineer, was buried Saturday at Lafayette, Indiana.

The public schools at Windsor, Ill., have been closed owing to the alarming spread of scarlet fever.

Mrs. Tyler, wife of Dr. Tyler, of Mt. Pleasant, Mich., took a dose of arsenic Friday night, resulting in her death.

A severe frost was experienced in the Janesville (Wis.) section Friday night. Ice an eighth of an inch thick was formed.

Lewis Elliot, a brakeman, was Saturday night thrown from a train between Muncie and Frankfort and received fatal injuries.

Aaron Hicks, section foreman on the Toledo, St. Louis and Kansas City Railway near Cowden, Ill., was killed by being run over by a hand-car Saturday.

At Anna, Ill., Saturday, William Wilson, the wife murderer, was sentenced by Judge Harker to be hung at Jonesboro Jail on the 12th day of November.

Wm. Hayes, a brakeman on the new Muskegon, Grand Rapids and Indiana Railroad, fell from a train Saturday, receiving injuries resulting in death.

Andrew Lucas, born in slavery in Tennessee, where he was a servant of General Jackson, died Thursday at Brantford, Ontario, at the supposed age of 128 years.

Seven dwellings and four barns at Manitowoc, Wisconsin, were destroyed by fire Thursday morning.

A custom inspector at El Paso, who attempted the capture of a party of Mexican smugglers, fording the Rio Grande at midday, received one bullet in his hat and another in the breast of his coat.

Joseph Q. Wager has been appointed pension agent at Knoxville, Tennessee, vice Robert L. Taylor, one of the nominees for governor of the state.

EAST.

There have been no shocks of earthquake in Charleston for four days, and refugees are returning in increasing numbers.

Wednesday night Frank Berenger, a druggist of Gloversville, N. Y., occupied a room with the wife of Lewis Ginter. The woman was found dead in bed Thursday morning, and Berenger was discovered on the road three miles from the place in an unconscious condition and died soon after. It is believed both expired from the effects of poison, but the affair remains a mystery.

At Castle, N. Y., Wednesday night, Robert Van Brunt, a member of the Salvation Army, fatally shot Eva Roy, daughter of his host, because she refused to retire to her room at his command. Van Brunt is an epileptic, excitable and quick-tempered.

Col. Lamont says Secretary Manning is expected the latter part of next week, but that it is possible he may not come until the first of the week following.

The president will visit the fair of the

Virginia State Agricultural society at Richmond the 21st inst. Mrs. Cleveland will probably accompany him.

It has been discovered that the Georgetown & Alexandria canal company owes the government about \$1,000,000.

No contraction of the currency is anticipated, as the effect of the calling of the three per cent. bonds.

A great number of Royal Arch Masons are in Washington in attendance on the Grand Chapter, which met on Tuesday the 28th.

E. E. Trowbridge, missing from a Niagara Falls hotel, is believed to have committed suicide, from the tenor of two letters found in his room.

The Canadian government is determined to prosecute the parties who circulated the bogus treaty report.

H. K. Simonds resigned the presidency of a national bank of Greenfield, Massachusetts, because of the discovery that he had freely discounted his own paper without advising the directors.

The collector of customs at St. John, New Brunswick, would not permit the bark Orient to fly the Irish flag in the harbor. Her officers yielded when they found themselves liable to a fine of £500.

Admiral Porter, who recently sustained severe injuries by a carriage accident in Massachusetts, lies very ill at Newport.

The governor of Pennsylvania, with a view of breaking up the hard-coal combination, has called the attention of the attorney general to the fact that the state constitution prohibits carrying companies from engaging in mining or manufacturing articles for transportation over their roads.

Dissatisfaction prevails among the Pennsylvania coal-miners, and an extensive strike is probable.

Attorney-General Garland has returned to Washington from Arkansas, where he has been spending his vacation.

A number of cases of pleuro-pneumonia are reported among the cattle on the farm of William Chase, near Verona, N. J.

The Southern Exposition.

LOUISVILLE, Oct. 11.—The Great Southern Exposition closes on the 23d inst. The six weeks that have elapsed since its opening have been very successful, especially the past two weeks since Cappa's arrival. The past week was the week of excursions, and thousands of people from all directions thronged the great building. It is expected that many excursions will also arrive this week and next, as the railroads offer very low fares, and the people generally are at leisure. The interest in the Exposition increases every day, and those who fail to see it will miss an interesting and instructive display of art and nature.

To Be Hanged.

CHICAGO, Oct. 8.—On Friday the 1st inst. the counsel for the Anarchists, convicted not long since in this city, began their argument before Judge Gary on a motion for a new trial, and on Wednesday evening the arguments had all been completed for the prisoners and the State, and yesterday the Judge after a long and careful review of the case, in an address that was listened to with marked attention by a crowded house, overruled the motion for a new trial.

Capt. Black, the leading counsel for the prisoners, asked an extension of time of passing sentence, but this was denied, and an adjournment was taken till 2 o'clock, p. m.

When the afternoon session opened at 2 o'clock the demand for seats in the court was far in excess of the supply. Many sought admittance who were unable to obtain it. Among the persons in the audience were Chief of Police Ebersold and several aldermen. An extra force of police was also present. As soon as order and quiet were restored, August Spies rose from his chair and began his address on his own behalf and on behalf of his associates. Spies had a small table in front of him, on which lay the manuscript of his carefully prepared speech. He began by saying that he spoke as the representative of one class to another. His delivery was marked by a strong German accent. He disclaimed responsibility for the bomb-throwing. He said the witness Legner, who was with him on the night of the explosion and whose testimony would have vindicated him, but he was paid \$500 and spirited away to Buffalo by the state's attorney and the detectives. Spies address was a long one. He was followed by Fischer, Neebe and Lingg, all delivering impassioned speeches. To-day it is expected that sentence will be passed.

Blown Up.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 7.—The steamer LaMascotte was blown up near Grand Tower, on the Mississippi river, Tuesday afternoon and a number of lives lost, but particulars have not been received. The boat was built this season at a cost of \$30,000. The boat left here Tuesday afternoon with a large cargo of general freight and a full list of passengers.

THE VICTIMS.

CAPE GIARDEAU, Mo., Oct. 7.—The tow-boat Eagle arrived here Tuesday evening with thirty-five of the surviving passengers and crew of the Mascotte and four of the dead. The following are known to have been lost:

Judge William Hager and wife of Cape Girardeau county.

Miss Krieger.

Mrs. William H. Wheeler and two children.

Fritz Lind, colored.

Charles Ansel, colored.

Two chambermaids and a lady passenger whose name could not be learned, were also lost.

The list of passengers was lost, and it may be several days before a complete list of the victims can be made out.

Lou Adams, first mate, was badly injured, and Miss Lena Buehrmann, of Cape Girardeau, also.

The boat took fire after the explosion and burned to the water's edge. The tow-boat Eagle was in sight at the time and rescued all that were brought to Cape Girardeau, and the captain thinks others were rescued by the people on shore. Capt. Thompson was among the saved.

STILL LATER.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Oct. 8.—No cause can be assigned as yet for the explosion Tuesday evening of the boiler of the river steamer La Mascotte, which caused such a great loss of life. The boat is said to have been steaming along under 150 pounds of steam, her usual amount to carry, when an explosion suddenly occurred, blowing the fire in every direction.

The utmost confusion prevailed. The pilot, taking advantage of her heading, turned her toward the shore, but the flames caused him to abandon his post before the stage-plank could be lowered. After leaving his post the current turned the boat's bow out into the river again and her stern swung close to the bank, which afforded a means of escape for several who were at that end of the boat, the pilot and one cabin boy getting ashore without any injuries or even a wet foot. The stage-plank was lowered and many were placed upon it, mostly women and children, who would have been saved had not the smoke-stack fallen squarely across it, and all who were not killed by it were drowned. Capt. Thompson, after doing all in his power to save the passengers and crew, jumped overboard and swam ashore, the boat having by this time drifted fully two hundred yards out into the river.

Bulgaria—Austrian Opinion.

VIENNA, Oct. 8.—The Fremdenblatt says: "The Bulgarian regency has skillfully maintained order to Bulgaria. In trying to consider the wishes of the powers, while acting in accord with the law, the regents may bear the attendant responsibility without disquietude. General Kaulbars' conduct at the Voutchaeff meeting in Sofia and his projected journey through Bulgaria and Roumelia are not calculated to promote conciliation. Diplomatic representatives are always accredited to the government, and not to the masses. Every government must regard open dealings of its authority. Regret will be felt at St. Petersburg, as elsewhere, at a course of conduct which must weaken Russia's just and moral influence in Bulgaria. If Russia desires to succeed, her agents must become better acquainted with the Berlin treaty. General Kaulbars appears to care little for the fundamental principles underlying the treaty."

Blown to Atoms.

DEADWOOD, D. T., Oct. 8.—A box containing thirty pounds of giant powder exploded in the 300 level of the Caledonia Mine Tuesday. Four men were killed outright. Their names are: Philip Wyman, Thomas Cheshire, John Pascar, and Harry Roserier. Fred Belin was badly cut, and is not expected to live. The bodies of the killed were blown in pieces, and the remains taken out in barrels. The five men had gone to sleep on a box used for powder, when a spark from one of the men's pipe fell among the scraps.

Extending the Quarantine.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 7.—A special from Santa Fe, N. M., says: Gov. Ross, of New Mexico, has issued a proclamation to the cattle inspectors of the territory authorizing them to prohibit the importation of cattle from the districts in the north and east of the United States where contagious diseases exist.

Droughts in Texas.

GALVESTON, TEX., Oct. 8.—A great deal that has been misleading has been published regarding the extent of the damage and suffering caused by the drought in northwestern Texas. Moritz Lasker, a prominent and well known business man of Galveston, returned yesterday from a trip through the drought ridden district. He reports that, while there were occasional instances of destitution, there were no cases in which the necessities of life could not have been procured had the persons suffering made proper application. Mr. Lasker states that the responsible citizens of the afflicted sections had offered to endorse the notes of persons claiming to be in destitute circumstances, payable on easy terms, but that the great majority preferred to solicit alms instead of making themselves responsible for such advances. Instances were not infrequent, said Mr. Lasker, where persons owning thousands of cattle had applied to the local relief committees in the guise of mendicants.

FEDERAL FINANCES.

The Public Debt Reduced Nearly \$11,000,000 During September, Etc.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 6.—The debt statement, issued the 1st inst., shows the reduction of the public debt during the month of September to be \$10,627,013.17, and the total cash in the Treasury \$465,375,713.93. The following is the summary of the statement:

Principal.....\$1,730,232,051.78
Interest.....12,137,872.22
Total.....\$1,742,369,924.00

Less cash items available for reduction of the debt...\$ 206,924,043.63
Less reserve held for redemption of United States notes.....100,000,000.00
Total.....\$ 86,924,043.63

Total debt, less available cash items.....\$1,435,445,880.37
Net cash in the Treasury.....67,896,321.01

Debt, less cash in the Treasury Oct. 1, 1896...\$1,867,549,567.36
Debt, less cash in the Treasury Sept. 1, 1896...1,878,176,580.53

Decrease of debt during the month.....\$ 10,627,013.17

The total gold coin and bullion in the Treasury September 30 was \$242,609,018 as compared with \$235,430,635 on the 31st of the previous month. The net gold in the Treasury, after deducting gold certificates in the Treasury, cash, and in circulation, September 30, was \$157,917,211, as compared with \$157,782,288 on the 31st of the previous month.

The United States Treasurer has issued the following notice in regard to the issue of \$1 silver certificates:

Owing to the great demand for other denominations of notes, the Treasurer of the United States is unable to supply \$1 notes except in small amounts. In order to satisfy, as far as possible, the public demand, it has been decided to furnish from this office those notes in sums of \$1,000 to each bank making application and at the same time depositing that sum with the Assistant Treasurer at New York. Upon receipt of the certificate of deposit a like sum will be forwarded at the expense of the bank making application.

The total coinage executed at the mints of the United States during September was \$5,070,055.50, of which \$2,810,100 was in standard silver dollars.

Washington News.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 5.—President Cleveland has appointed Joseph A. Wager to be pension agent at Knoxville, Tenn., vice Robert L. Taylor, resigned; Frank P. Arbuttle, to be register of the land office at Lamar, Col., and Frank Shrock, receiver of public moneys at Lamar, Col. He also appointed F. M. Dougherty, of Texas, D. W. Bushhead, of Indian Territory, and Malcolm McEachin, of Arkansas, to be appraisers of the right of way of the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fe Railway company through Indian Territory.

A Legacy of \$2,000,000.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Oct. 5.—Some thirty years ago there died at Batavia, Java, one Charles Link, who left his fortune of \$2,000,000 to his cousin, his only relative, and wife of Charles Lamprecht, a poor shoemaker, whose whereabouts could not be discovered. However, Link had deserted from the Prussian army, and enlisted in the Dutch army, and was transported to Java. There he became the head, eventually, of a tribe of natives and began trading. He was successful and finally bought several vessels with which he carried on an extensive trade. Lamprecht in the meantime had come to America and lived here ever since. A short time ago he was notified that the legacy left to his wife was still awaiting the heirs. He has now instituted proceedings to get possession of the large fortune.

Socialists Must go to Prison.

BRUSSELS, Oct. 5.—Despite expectation and general surprise, the appeal of the socialist workmen Fallour and Schmidt, against the sentence pronounced upon them last March for sharing in the pillage of the Bandoux Glass works, was dismissed to-day by the Supreme Court, contrary to the recommendation of the Public Prosecutor. The King will, however, probably mitigate the twenty years' sentence pronounced against those two popular workmen. The Court at the same time quashed the sentences passed on Wagner and Rutters for implication in the disturbances at Leige.

FOREIGN.

Russia Outwitted.

LONDON, Oct. 5.—England has resolved to invite the powers to guarantee the autonomy of Bulgaria; also, to support the selection of Prince Alexander's successor by the sobranje. Downing street now claims a diplomatic victory over Russia, the conditions attached to the apparent surrender of Bulgaria to Gen. Kaulbars' demands being the key to the whole situation. The Russian party at Sofia admit that Kaulbars' agents have done their work clumsily, and that the issue of the Russian circular was maladroit from beginning to end. The acceptance of Russia's demands with the proviso that Russia abandons the most important of the whole, marks the beginning of a more serious stage in the diplomatic struggles between England and Russia. The English Tory organs are sounding public opinion on the subject of Anglo-Austro-German alliance, as mentioned in the special cables on the 30th ult.

Furniture can be brightened and cleaned from soiled spots by rubbing with a cloth dipped in sweet oil.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.

BEEVES.....\$4.10 @ 5.65
HOGS.....4.70 @ 5.10
WHEAT—No 1. White.....86 @ 87 1/2
 No. 2 Red.....83 1/2 @ 83 3/4
 No. 2.....46 1/2 @ 45 3/4
OATS—White.....85 @ 40
PORK—New mess.....9.25 @ 9.75

CHICAGO.

BEEVES—Choice to Prime 4.80 @ 5.15
 Good Shipping... 4.25 @ 4.60
 Common.....8.25 @ 3.65
HOGS—Shipping Grades... 4.00 @ 4.20
 Flour—Extra Spring... 4.25 @ 4.50
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring.....71 @ 71 1/2
 No. 2.....85 @ 85 1/2
OATS—No. 2.....26 1/2 @ 25 3/4
BUTTER—Choice Creamery... 25 @ 26
 Fine Dairy.....18 @ 19 1/2
CHEESE—Full Cream Ched'r... 9 @ 11 1/2
 Full Cream, new... 10 @ 12 1/2
EGGS—Fresh.....1.25 @ 1.35
POTATOES—New, per bar'l... 14 @ 15
PORK—mess.....8.60 @ 8.62 1/2

ST. LOUIS.

WHEAT—No. 2 Red.....78 1/2 @ 74 1/2
 No. 2.....83 1/2 @ 84
OATS—mixed.....26 @ 26 1/2
PORK—new mess.....9.00 @ 9.25

CINCINNATI.

WHEAT—No. 2 Red.....76 @ 76 1/2
 No. 2.....83 1/2 @ 83 3/4
OATS—No. 2.....27 @ 27 1/2
PORK—mess.....9.00 @ 9.25
HOGS.....4.15 @ 4.51

UNDER THE SNOW.

All in the bleak December weather,
When the north winds blow,
Five little clovers lay warm together
Under the snow.
"Wait," said they, "till the rain's o'er;
Wait till the blossoms bud and spring;
Wait till the rain and sun beams gay
Our winter blanket shall fold away—
Then we will try to grow."
All in the fragrant May-time weather,
When south winds blow,
Five little clovers crept close together
Under the snow.
"Poor, pink babies! They might have known
'Twas only the pear-tree blossoms blown
By the frolic breeze; but they cried, 'O, dear!
Charley the sprit is late this year;
Still, we will try to grow.'"
All in the sultry August weather,
When the winds blow,
Five little clovers were sad together
Under the snow.
"Twas only the daisies waving white
Above their heads in the glowing light;
But they cried, 'Will we never understand?
It always snows in this fair land—
Yet we will try to grow.'"

A CONJUGAL COMPLICATION.

The Rev. John Honeydrop, vicar of Stanley Parva, was an excellent parson in every respect, and a model of conjugal fidelity and devotion; but on that account, possibly, Mrs. Honeydrop was most inordinately jealous of her handsome and popular spouse. For Mrs. H. was one of those uncomfortable women who, being themselves profoundly religious and altogether without spot or stain, made up for her perfection by holding the meanest possible opinion of the rest of mankind in general and of husbands in particular. In fact, the difficulty which his wife experienced in catching the Rev. John tripping merely stimulated her to fresh exertions, for she attributed his innocent behavior to artfulness and his geniality to a profound hypocrisy, which she determined to unmask at the earliest convenient season. Not that Mrs. Honeydrop was by nature a spiteful woman or a discontented wife; by no means; she was merely jealous alike of her husband's superior attractions and of his unassailable character, thinking that in common fairness she ought not to monopolize all the amiable qualities of the household. For she was a good ten years older than her husband and not of a specially pleasing exterior or fascinating manner, and when every one spoke well of him she longed in her heart for some perilous secret which she could use against him—not in public, for, to do the good lady justice, she would never have said a word to his discredit openly, but in the privacy of the family circle, so that the heart of the Rev. John might be humbled, and he be brought to confess himself after all an erring and inferior mortal.

But Mrs. Honeydrop's opportunity was a long time in coming. The Rev. John was a universal favorite, both with his own and the softer sex; but when he was asked out to dinner, as very frequently happened, not even the keen scrutiny of his partner could discern in his demeanor the smallest token of inebriety, and, though he was upon excellent terms with the people, members of his flock, Mrs. H. had never succeeded in discovering any indications that this intercourse with them was other than of the most platonic and harmless nature. Once only she had thought that he was unduly attracted by the charms, physical and mental, of a certain Miss Mary Brown, a handsome and lively girl with a fair contralto voice; but Mary Brown had disappeared years ago under somewhat mysterious circumstances, and, though the good people of Stanley Parva shrugged their shoulders and lifted their eyebrows when her name was mentioned, none ever thought of ascribing to the vicar and hand in her absence from among them. So the worthy Mrs. Honeydrop did her duty in her own saintly and narrow-minded fashion, keeping her eye ever fixed upon her husband's movements, but at the same time concealing from him as much as lay in her power any doubts and fears which so unreasonably tormented her. There were certain seasons of the year when Mrs. Honeydrop's jealousy became uncomfortably active, and these occurred when various societies of which her husband was a prominent and esteemed member held their periodical meetings at Exeter Hall and elsewhere, and demanded his cooperation in their discussions.

Usually Mr. Honeydrop went to London accompanied by his wife, and put up at the house of a brother clergyman who held a cure of souls in the neighborhood of Brixton; but in the year of grace 1886 it so happened that Mr. Honeydrop's friend had been ordered to Algeria for his health, and consequently the vicar of Stanley Parva was forced to seek accommodation elsewhere. But a bachelor friend, happening to hear of this, offered Mr. Honeydrop a bed at his chambers, and after a prolonged argument with his wife, in whose breast the rival passions of jealousy and economy were striving for the mastery, the worthy clergyman decided to accept it. Scarcely, however, had Mrs. Honeydrop given her consent to this arrangement than she bitterly repented of her weakness. Her husband appeared to contemplate the coming separation with equanimity—in fact even with a sort of chastened joy; and the good lady's suspicions were roused to fever-pitch by an incident which unfortunately took place within a very few days of the date fixed

for the Rev. John's departure to London.

"A most distressing thing has happened, my dear," he remarked one afternoon on returning to the vicarage from his daily round. "Jane Thatcher has disappeared, and I fear she has gone to London to join that scapegrace, Tom Bolt."

Jane Thatcher was the daughter of a game-keeper and a nice-looking girl, in whom Mr. Honeydrop had always taken a special interest, according to his wife, an undue interest; and Tom Bolt, as the clergyman had intimated, was a good-for-nothing sort of individual, who had recently accepted the position of genteel penciler to a London book-maker. Jane and he had kept company after a clandestine fashion for some time; but Jane's father would have none of him, and Mr. Bolt had taken his leave of the village, as most people hoped, forever.

"The abandoned girl!" ejaculated Mrs. Honeydrop. "But her husband was a man overflowing with the milk of human kindness, and he replied:

"I am sorry for the poor thing, and I wish I knew how to rescue her from the fate which I feel sure will overtake her. Perhaps we may meet in London," he added, abstractedly.

"John!" cried his wife, "if you meet the shameless creature, do you mean to say you would degrade yourself by bandying words with her?"

"Yes, my dear, I certainly should," responded Mr. Honeydrop, startled out of his usual equanimity; "and there are others whom I should be equally pleased to arrest in their downward course."

And he abruptly left the room, for he occasionally found his wife's austerity a little trying.

"He is thinking of Mary Brown," reflected Mrs. Honeydrop, who, though she learned little news, forgot anything. As she thought over her husband's unlucky remark her features assumed an unpleasant expression, and she pondered how she could best circumvent the nefarious designs which she attributed to the innocent John.

"Missionary meetings, indeed!" she said to herself. "A pretty sort of meeting it will be! Why couldn't he take me with him, instead of galavanting up alone?" For the worthy lady's indignation made her temporarily oblivious of the fact that she herself had assented to the arrangement upon the grounds of economy.

In a couple of days the Rev. John departed on his mission to Exeter Hall, and his good lady was left to nurse her jealousy in solitude.

Scarcely had he gone however, when a singular opportunity was placed in his wife's way for verifying the truth of her suspicions. An old friend whom she had not seen for years, wrote and asked her to pay a visit to London. Mrs. Parkly and Mrs. Honeydrop had been very intimate in the past, but the former lady had married an Indian officer, and had but recently returned to England. She wrote:

My Dear Matilda: The Colonel and I have taken part of a house in Brook street, and find London rather dull, as we have been so long away, and most of our old friends seem to have disappeared. Could not you and your husband run up and stay with us for a week or two? I believe that this is a time of year when a great many clergymen come to London, so it may suit your arrangements very well. Please excuse short notice, and come at once if you possibly can. Your affectionate friend, MARY PARKLY.

This was indeed a godsend to Mrs. Honeydrop, and after a very short deliberation she made up her mind to accept the invitation. She would be in London, and who knows what she might not find out about her husband's proceedings? So she promptly wrote back saying she would take Mrs. Parkly at her word and come at once. "John was unfortunately absent for a week, and she felt dull," Mrs. Honeydrop did not add that John was in London; she thought she could explain that better in person. And two days later she found herself installed in the Parkly abode in Brook street. Much to her relief, her surroundings were of a singularly congenial nature. The Colonel was a somewhat dissipated veteran, fond of his club, and addicted to late hours; his wife was a sanctimonious woman who bored the warrior with religious maxims and worried him by her inordinate jealousy—a lady, in fact, after Mrs. Honeydrop's own heart and a fitting instrument for the scheme she had on hand.

Fortunately, the Colonel did not even know Mr. Honeydrop by sight, and Mrs. H. found no difficulty in keeping secret the fact that he also was in London. So the two ladies brooded in company over their wrongs, real and imaginary, and hatched a plan of vengeance which should overwhelm with confusion and dismay their respective spouses.

Meanwhile, the Rev. John was enjoying himself immensely. His bachelor friend, Mr. Marmaduke Tamplung, was a man of the world, who knew every body and went everywhere, so he speedily initiated Mr. Honeydrop into mysteries of London life which had previously been a sealed book to that gentleman. Not that Mr. Honeydrop's dissipations were by any means of a serious nature, but his conscience occasionally pricked him when he thought of his wife, moping, as he fondly imagined, in the solitary vicarage, and he hoped she would never hear of the way in which he spent his spare time, for even concerts in her eyes were doubtful, whilst theatres were downright wicked. One thing only, beyond these home reflections, marred his complete happiness, and this was the persistence with which he was followed and pestered by his whitom parishioner, Mary Brown. This

lady, sad to say, had come down in the world, and ever since Mr. Honeydrop had, in a moment of weakness, when he met her by chance in the Strand, given her his address and a sovereign, with much good advice for the future, she had dogged his footsteps and pestered him for money, until he frequently felt inclined to follow his friend Tamplung's advice, and give her in charge of the police.

"Have her run in and bound over, my dear fellow," said Mr. Tamplung; "she is getting a most intolerable nuisance."

But Mr. Honeydrop was soft-hearted, and he would not as yet resort to so extreme a measure.

Now it has already been stated that Mrs. Honeydrop looked upon stage-plays as snares of the Evil One, and she was never tired of declaring in and out of season that actors and actresses were anathema-mara-satha to godly people, and that to witness their antics was backsliding for fervent Christians.

But when Mrs. Honeydrop found herself night after night in company with Mrs. Parkly—the Colonel spent most of his evenings at a club or a music-hall—the rigidity of her scruples began somewhat to relax from sheer boredom; for Mrs. Parkly, though a congenial was not altogether a cheerful companion, and even jealous wives must weary in time of abusing their husbands. So when a friend one day sent Mrs. Parkly a box for the Lyceum, and she proposed that Mrs. Honeydrop should accompany her thither, Mrs. H. did not object half so vehemently as her hostess had expected, and finally agreed, after much pressure, to accept the invitation.

"Faust is an improper story," she argued.

"Yes, but the moral is most edifying," replied Mrs. Parkly. "Besides in a box no one need know you were there. I will lend you a Spanish lace mantilla which you can throw over your head, and we will go in a little late."

This argument proved conclusive, and Mrs. Honeydrop yielded to the voice of the temptress. She enjoyed the performance enormously, and began to think that, after all, theatres were not such dens of iniquity as she had been led to believe. But she was none the less anxious to escape observation, and it was only towards the end of the piece that she so far forgot her caution as to lean forward out of the box in order to catch a glimpse of certain business on the stage which was invisible from her previous position. And then it was that she became aware of the presence of her husband in the stalls, sitting between two very attractive young ladies, and the sight seemed to petrify her.

"The shameless reprobate!" she suddenly exclaimed.

"What's the matter, my dear?" asked Mrs. Parkly.

"There is that husband of mine," said Mrs. Honeydrop faintly, "flirting outrageously with some creatures down there!"

The emphasis on the word "creatures" could not be misinterpreted. Mrs. Parkly looked over and sighed. "I don't think it's quite that," she said. "They appear to be ladies. But men are all alike."

This was no consolation to the indignant wife, who continued to stiffer her unconscious spouse with a withering glare. But she was bent upon action, and, as the curtain fell, she muffled her head in the Spanish mantilla, and hurriedly rose to go.

"What are you going to do?" said Mrs. Parkly.

"Follow the wretch, of course, and see what happens."

"But you can't follow him alone!"

"Can't I?" replied Mrs. Honeydrop, viciously. "I mean to, at all events." And, disregarding her friend's remonstrances she made for the door of the theatre, and ensconced herself in the corner from whence she could watch the departing crowd. Presently out came Mr. Honeydrop with his fair charges. He left then on the stairs and proceeded to call a four-wheeler. But there was some difficulty in finding one, and, after vainly trying to get some one to attend to his wants, Mr. Honeydrop determined to fetch the cab himself. Now was his wife's opportunity, and she followed him stealthily. The Rev. John walked up Wellington street; but just as his wife was on the point of accosting him a truly terrible thing occurred. A shabby female, whom she had little difficulty in recognizing as Mrs. Brown, darted from the door of a public house and seized the reverend gentleman by the arm. Mrs. Honeydrop could not hear their conversation; but the woman, who appeared somewhat the worse for drink, was evidently making some request, while Mr. Honeydrop was angrily endeavoring to get rid of her. The end of it was that the clergyman handed the female some money, shook himself free from her and resumed his search with something very much like an oath. But Mrs. Honeydrop had seen enough, and, abandoning her previous intention, she repaired forthwith to Brook street in a perfect frenzy of jealous rage. She had been prepared to find her husband guilty of flirtation, but not of the outrageous conduct of which she had been a horrified witness. Her course was clear; she must watch him a little longer, and then take proceedings for a separation. Meanwhile Rev. John had rejoined his fair friends in a state of considerable mental perturbation. Mary Brown was really presuming too far upon his good nature and forbearance, and he now determined to adopt Tamplung's advice and lodge a complaint with the police.

"It would not be a bad thing," said Tamplung, "when you go to any place where you are likely to meet her to

have a detective handy. You can get one from Scotland Yard. By the way, we are going to dine at the Colonies the day after to-morrow with Dean Pyxton and his daughters. She's very likely to be down upon you there, as she seems to watch your movements most closely."

"I was with the Dean's daughters when she met me outside the Lyceum. Luckily they did not see her."

"It might have been precious awkward if they had. Well, that's what I should do if I were you."

So Mr. Honeydrop went to Scotland-yard, and after much difficulty and considerable polite banter from the superintendent in charge he succeeded in obtaining, for a consideration, the services of a detective who would arrest the hapless Mary Brown if she again attempted to extort money from him or made herself otherwise objectionable.

On the appointed day he repaired to the exhibition with the above-mentioned young ladies, their father, and Mr. Tamplung, and having dined, the party proceeded to stroll in the grounds and listen to the music discoursed by the bands. In order to be prepared for emergencies, Mr. Honeydrop had thought it advisable to inform his friends of the persecution which he had undergone at the hands of Miss Brown during his visit to London. The Dean was mightily amused, and the ladies were also disposed to treat the whole affair in a spirit of levity, which somewhat disappointed Mr. Honeydrop who did not quite see the joke.

"I thought it better to mention it, in case the creature ventured to annoy you," he said, apologetically.

"O, never mind us!" said the elder Miss Pyxton, laughing; "we can take care of ourselves."

"I am very glad to hear it," said Mr. Honeydrop; "but it is most vexatious, notwithstanding. However, I have asked a detective to look after her tonight."

In the crowd it happened that the Dean and Mr. Tamplung, who could talk as fluently upon church matters as upon any other subject, got separated from the rest, and presently one of the girls announced that she was tired and wanted a seat. This was not easily found, for the place was crowded, but at length the trio cast anchor in a somewhat secluded part of the gardens. Mr. Honeydrop felt nervous and ill at ease; he did not half like the prospect of being seized upon in his present company.

"O, Mr. Honeydrop," suddenly cried Miss Pyxton, "do you mind going after that tall gentleman in the Inverness cape over there and telling him I want to speak to him? He's our cousin, you know—Capt. Pyxton—and I haven't seen him for months."

"Certainly, if you don't object to being left alone for a few moments."

"Not at all," and Honeydrop departed on his quest. But the crowd prevented him from at once overtaking the Captain, and it was some minutes before he succeeded in bringing him back. When he at length returned, the face of his fair friends wore a curious expression, and he could see that something remarkable had happened.

"Take us back to our father, please, Mr. Honeydrop," said Miss Pyxton.

"Anything wrong?" inquired the clergyman, nervously.

"Well," she answered with a forced laugh, "we have had the pleasure of a very singular interview with your lady friend. I think she must be rather mad. She abused you in the most violent manner, and warned us that you were an abandoned reprobate and a wolf in sheep's clothing."

"This is too outrageous!" exclaimed Mr. Honeydrop, highly indignant. "I will have her given into custody at once. She has on several occasions attempted to extort money from me by threats, which is surely enough."

And as soon as he had deposited his companions with their father, Mr. Honeydrop sought out his friend the detective, and informed him of the state of the case. That worthy expressed his willingness to take the lady into custody at once; and, after once more detailing her description, Mr. Honeydrop left the Colonies, for he felt in no mood to encounter further unpleasantness. Meanwhile Miss Pyxton noticed that she was being followed by the same mysterious individual who had accosted her, and the fact caused her considerable annoyance and indignation.

"Beg pardon, miss," said a voice in her ear, "but is that the woman who has been troubling you? I'm a detective. Mr. Honeydrop told me all about it."

"Yes," said Miss Pyxton, pointing out a rather shabbily dressed female in black; "that is the person. I'm sure poor Mr. Honeydrop will be much obliged if you will see after her."

"I'm going to Miss," replied the detective.

Mr. Honeydrop arrived at his friend's chambers before Mr. Tamplung had returned, and began to endeavor, by the help of a cigar and a review, to forget the unpleasant events of the evening. He had been thus engaged for an hour or so, when he was startled by receiving the following telegram:

In terrible trouble. Come at once. MATILDA HONEYDROP.

"Good gracious!" cried Mr. Honeydrop, "she must be ill, or something awful must have happened." And he seized a Bradshaw, omitting in his haste to notice the name of the office from which the telegram had been sent out. There was a mail-train which started for the north in half an hour, and, hastily throwing a few things into a handbag, Mr. Honeydrop

left without delay for the railway station.

Meanwhile the detective had carried out his instructions. He had pounced upon the unhappy Mrs. Honeydrop, who in the transports of her jealousy had been foolish enough to warn the Miss Pyxtons against the wiles of her husband, and marched her off to the police station.

"What for?" she gasped in terror and amazement.

"Trying to extort money from the Rev. John Honeydrop," growled the officer.

"Man, you must be mad!" shrieked Mrs. H. hysterically. "I am Mr. Honeydrop's wife!"

"O, yes! A likely story! You are Mary Brown, and you've been at this game before."

"Let me send a telegram to him, at all events," she implored.

"Wait till we get to the station."

The good lady was, as has been explained, of a very economical turn of mind, and hence it happened that when she wrote out the message, and gave a constable sixpence to send it, she omitted to calculate that the address must be paid for; whereupon the constable, not caring to pay the extra charge out of his own pocket, left Mrs. Honeydrop's concluding words out, and the message arrived at Mr. H.'s lodgings, without the all-important words, "Arrow-Street Police Station." So the Rev. John traveled northwards in blissful ignorance of the awful predicament in which his wife's jealousy had landed her, and Mrs. Honeydrop spent the night in a police cell.

Of course, when Mr. Honeydrop arrived at Stanley Parva he could hear nothing of his partner, for she had carefully concealed her whereabouts, even from the servants. What to do he knew not; but it happened that he found a considerable amount of parish business waiting his attention, so, after telegraphing in every direction he could think of he determined to wait for news.

The morning passed and a great part of the afternoon. Mr. Honeydrop was getting quite frantic with anxiety, when about five o'clock a fly drove up to the door of the vicarage, and Mrs. Honeydrop, alive and well, but looking somewhat careworn, alighted therefrom. Her husband, of course, ran to meet her.

"Good gracious, John!" she cried.

"What has brought you here? I thought you were in London."

"So I was, my dear; but look at this telegram!"

As Mrs. Honeydrop read it she burst out laughing in a somewhat artificial manner.

"Don't you see, John," she said, "this is a wicked hoax? The address at the back is Arrow Street Police Station!"

"Why, good heavens, so it is!" ejaculated Mr. Honeydrop.

"I've never been in London at all," continued his wife. "I was only staying a day or two at Stanley Magna with the Andersons, because I felt dull."

"Mrs. H. is now a model wife and much less jealous than of yore, but she has never told her husband of her police-court experiences, nor has that worthy man ever discovered who it was who hoaxed him in the matter of the telegram.—London Truth.

High-Chair Philosophy.

Of a washwoman who had few teeth my little three-year-old lassie said; Mrs. Jones must be a Dapinese, tause she 'tant' talk plain."

To a visitor she said: "Has 'oo dot any chilun?" "No Dear." "Den dey hasn't dot any muzzer," with a pitiful quiver of the lips.

Little Clara aged six, was admiring the antics of a six-days-old calf. "Why mamma," she said, "the calf in already trying to eat grass; soon she will be able to make her own living."

Little Annie, four years of age, threatened me with a "protracted crying-spell." Several times she seemed inclined to stop in response to my reprimands only to resume "business" with new vigor. At last she made a great effort, dried her tears, looked at me slyly and approached me with a determined "Mamma, I guess I won't finish my naughtiness."

My Dora, in spite of her five years is quite a grammarian, and will often coin new words. The other morning she awoke unusually early, and on my telling her to go to sleep again she said: "Oh no mamma, I want to get up; don't you see it is already mid-morning.—Babyhood.

The son of a neighbor has often heard of the severity with which his father was punished, when a child, by his father, a stern, strict Puritan, who believed if you spared the rod you spoiled the child. Charley had been sent to bed for disobedience. As his mother was undressing him she said: "Aren't you ashamed, Charley, to vex papa, when he is so good?" After a moment's pause, Charley said: "But, mamma, papa must have been a very bad boy to have got all those whippings."

Arab Proverbs.

A man who knows not, and knows not he knows not. He is a fool; shun him.

A man who knows not and knows he knows not. He is simple; teach him.

A man who knows and knows not that he knows. He is asleep; waken him.

A man who knows and knows he knows. He is wise; follow him.

VICINITY NEWS.

ANDERSON GATHERINGS.
From our Correspondent.

Fine corn weather now.
J. G. Gray started for Florida Monday morning, the climate of old Michigan being to severe for him in winter.
The youngest son of Albert Holmes is quite sick.
A little son of F. A. Barton's met with an accident while climbing over a fence; he fell, striking on a rail, causing internal injury, nothing severe, however.

PLAINFIELD SPLASHES.
From our Correspondent.

S. G. Topping is in Howell this week attending the circuit court as jurymen.
M. Topping & Son's store was entered by thieves Sunday night, by cutting a light from the office window. They were discovered and frightened away before anything was taken.
Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Gaylord returned from their wedding tour Monday night.
The click of the hammer in H.E. Collard's shop shows that he has returned from his recent visit and is again at work.
Sunday night's experience proves that a young man has a right to be out after bed-time.
Mrs. Gardner is working in behalf of a library in Plainfield. There is no doubt of her success.
Rev. Mr. Flint's speech on prohibition at Smith's hall, Gregory, was one that reflected credit on himself and the party he represents. He is willing to take the stand again in favor of the temperance subject.

JOURNALISTIC.
The Esteline (Dak.) Bell, submits the following Scale of Prices for journalistic work:

"As some little misunderstanding seems to exist concerning the size of puff this paper will give in return for favors real or supposed, we take this opportunity to publish the following rates which take effect from this date:

"For one watermelon handed in at the office we will say: Mr. Gaudentruk, our esteemed fellow-townsmen, presented us last Wednesday afternoon with a large luscious watermelon of the Plymouth Rock variety on which the printers feasted. May he live long and prosper! In case the melon proves to be green this will be the form: 'Farmer Gaudentruk laid a good-sized melon on our table one day this week. Thanks.'

"When a box of cigars is left this is the formula: The sanctum of the Bell was invaded last Tuesday by the genial presence of Tom Liverpulis, the handsome young proprietor of the Red Front Pioneer Drug Store, who placed on top a full box of choice Havanas. Here's to you, Tom! Our many readers will remember that he has just got in a full new line of Paints, Oils, Axle Grease, Condition Powders, Perfumery, Putty, and other Drugs and Toilet Articles."

"The giver of a spare-rib may expect this: Our genial and justly popular neighbor, Major Porcine, having frequently noticed the hungry look on the printer's face, took occasion early Monday morning to leave a mammoth spare-rib at our humble abode, taken from one of his famous droves of Southdown porkers. We and our family have accordingly been feasting on fresh meat. By the way, we understand that the Major will accept the nomination for the legislature if it is tendered him. He is the man for the

The Greatest Discovery
Of the 19th century can truly be said of Papillon (extract of flax) Skin Cure. Thousands testify to its wonderful curative powers in seemingly hopeless cases of Eczema, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, and every kind of skin disease. Mr. O. P. Alger, of Hartford, Ohio, tried everything he heard of or saw recommended, and suffered five years with Eczema until he found Papillon Skin Cure, which cured him. Large bottles only \$1.00. Sold by all Druggists.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.
The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box.
For sale at Winchell's Drug Store.

A Walking Skeleton.
Mr. E. Springer, of Mechanicsburg, Pa. writes: I was afflicted with lung fever and abscess on lungs, and reduced to a walking Skeleton. Got a trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, which did me so much good that I bought a dollar bottle. After using three bottles, found myself once more a man, completely restored to health, with a hearty appetite, and a gain in flesh of 48 pounds. Call at Winchell's Drug Store.

1836.
1836.

McPhersons'

1886.
1886.

CLOTHING STORE!

The Largest, Finest and most Stylish Assortment of CLOTHING ever Displayed in Central Michigan.

Last spring we cleaned out our stock of Overcoats and Winter Goods at a great sacrifice, so that we now have for the Fall Trade a stock Fresh, Clean and New. We take great pride in our New Fall Stock made of the best and latest patterns of fabrics, cut in the latest Eastern Fashions and thoroughly and honestly made in the highest style of the tailoring art. We have used extra care that our Clothing shall have the correct fit and shape. We have been fortunate in purchasing so that we are able to offer you

LOWER PRICES THAN EVER BEFORE.

We are determined that the fall of 1886 shall be the greatest in our history, if good goods, low prices and generous dealings will do it. We have immense and almost endless varieties of good every day Suits, from \$3 to \$5; well made Business Suits, from \$5 to \$8; stylish Check and Plaid Suits, from \$7 to \$14; Young Men's Fine wool Cashimere Suits, round and square cut front, from \$8 to \$16.

Our stock of fine worsted Dress Suits is unusually complete, embracing straight and round cut Sacks, four button cutaways, Paris Frocks, Prince Alberts, &c., in blacks, blues, browns, wines, dahlias, and all the new shades and different waves.

Overcoats!

Our stock is all fresh and new, and in greater variety of style than we ever had before embracing everything that can be desired, in style or price.

IT IS A GOOD TIME NOW TO GET AN OVERCOAT.

They are cheaper than they have been, and we think cheaper than they will be again.

NOW A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR YOU!

The increase in our Clothing business has been very gratifying to us. Since we opened our Clothing Store each year has shown a constant increase in sales, and the past season has been the greatest in our experience. To show our customers that we appreciate their favors and patronage we have decided to present to each one who buys a Suit or Overcoat, in value of \$10 or over, a FINE WATCH and CHAIN of neat appearance, and an excellent Time Keeper, made by the Waterbury Watch Company.

REMEMBER

We will sell you Clothing—the best made, the Finest Fitting, the Best Appearing, made from the most fashionable cloths, the Pink of Perfection in every respect, and at LOWER PRICES than ANY OTHER STORE in Michigan, and make you

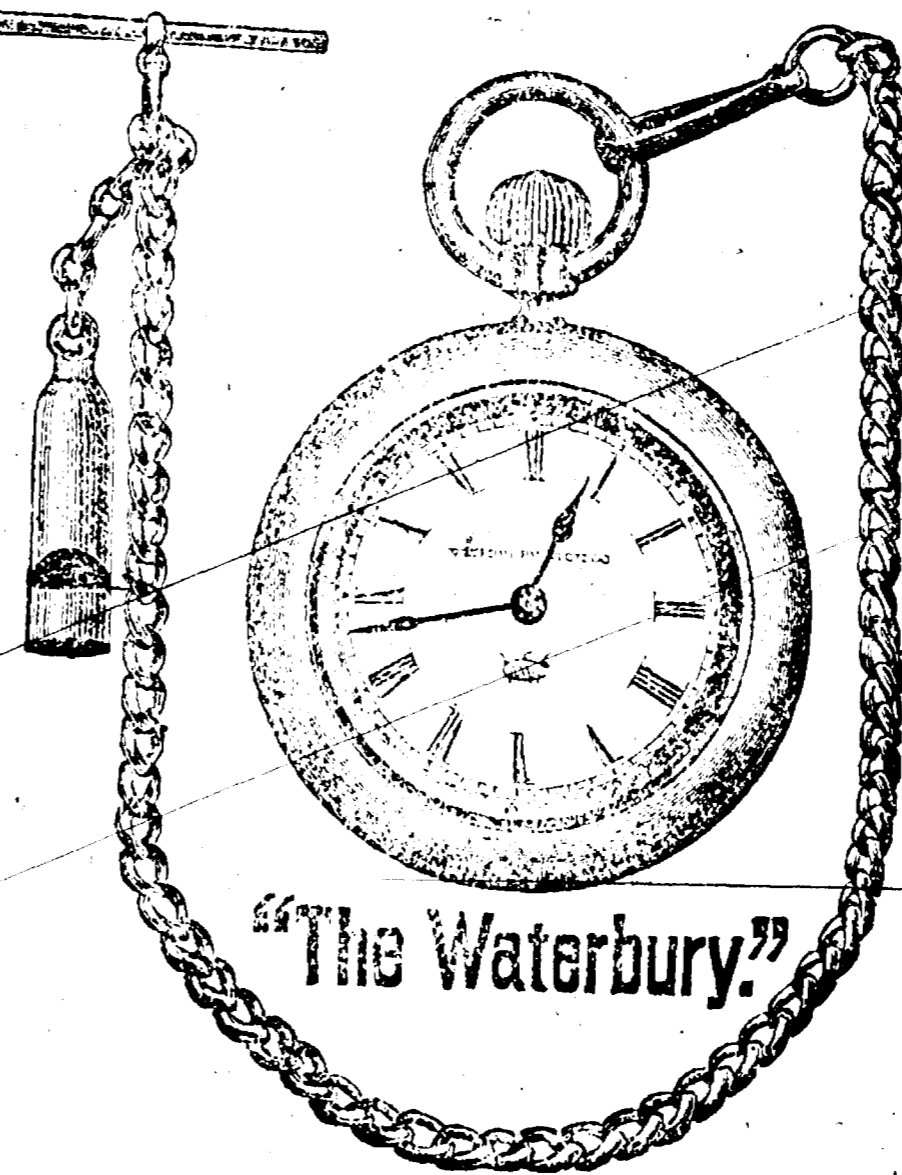
THIS ELEGANT PRESENT BESIDES.

COMMENCING

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1886.

MCPHERSONS, THE WIDE-AWAKE CLOTHIERS

HOWELL AND BRIGHTON.



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	7:45	LENEX	9:35	5:50
5:05	7:45	Alma	10:00	6:15
5:40	7:45	Romeo	10:30	6:35
6:00	7:45	Rochester	11:30	7:05
6:50	9:35	d. Pontiac	12:10	7:30
8:00	10:20	a. Wixom	5:30	2:25
7:20	9:35		6:35	3:10
6:40		d. S. Lyon	8:00	3:35
6:10	9:05	a. Hamburg	8:48	3:55
5:40	8:45	PINCKNEY	9:10	4:14
5:15	8:25	Gregory	9:45	4:32
4:35	8:50	Stockbridge	10:05	4:50
3:25	7:30	Hambria	10:35	5:10
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.

The Old Doctor
NARVOUS NEURALGIA HAIR LOSS AND WEAKNESS AND DEBILITY
A Life Experience, Remarkable and Quick Cures. Trial Packages. Send stamp for sealed particulars. Address: Dr. WARD & CO. Louisiana, Mo.

NEW Singer Sewing Machine \$17
Including a full set of extra attachments, needles, foot and usual outfit of 25 pieces with each. Guaranteed Perfect. Warranted 5 years. Handmade and Durable. Don't pay \$40 or \$50 for machines as before. We will send them anywhere on 15 days trial before paying. Circulars and full particulars free by addressing: E. C. HOWE & CO., 125 North 5th St., Philadelphia, Pa. Lock Box 1027.

GOLD fields are scarce, but those who write to Susan & Co., Fortia, Va., will receive free, all information about work which they can do. Live at home, that will pay them from \$5 to \$25 per day. You can earn over \$20 in a day. Either sex, young or old. Capital not required. You are started free. Those who start at once are absolutely sure of some little fortune. All is new.

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

Subscribe for **THE DISPATCH !!**
\$1 per year.

DELAND & CO'S
CAP & SFAF
SALERATUS SODA
For Baking Purpose.
Best in the World
For Sale by F. A. SIGLER

CIDER
MACHINERY Send for our NEW FREE CATALOGUE mailed to C. C. Hamaton, Detroit, Mich.
FITS CURED
SATISFACTORY TRIAL FREE. Address for Circulars and **DR. H. M. HALL'S** Testimonials: 428 CHESTNUT ST., READING, PA.

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. Send 10c. for 100-Page Pamphlet.

BUSINESS CARDS.

W. P. VAN WINKLE,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR at LAW
and SOLICITOR in CHANCERY.
Office in Hubbell Block (room formerly occupied by N. K. Hubbell.) H. WELLS, MICH.

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.

H. F. SIGLER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office corner of Mill and Unadilla Streets, Pinckney, Mich.

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 residence with telephone connections. (15m3)

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

WANTED.
WHEAT, BEANS, BARLEY, CLOVER-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.

MEAT MARKET!
—Did you know that—
ISBELL
always has on hand all kinds of
Fresh Meat, Salt Pork, Hams and Shoulders, White Fish & Vegetables?

If you want a Stew we will sell it to you from 4 to 6 cts. Roasts 6 to 8 cts and the best of Steak from 8 to 10 cts. Our Meat is ALWAYS Fresh.
L. ISBELL, Manager.

DRUGS

When needing anything in our line, you will find good goods at lowest living prices.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Special attention given to physicians' prescriptions and family recipes.

PICTURE FRAMES

Picture Frames made to order. Beautiful new styles of mouldings.

WINCHELL'S DRUGSTORE

OUR PRODUCE MARKET.
CORRECTED WEEKLY BY THOMAS READ.

Wheat, No. 1 white	87
No. 2 white	85
No. 3 red	86
Oats	25
Corn	35
Barley	30
Beans	100
Bird Apples	100
Potatoes	30
Butter	17
Eggs	16
Dressed Chickens	10
Turkeys	10
Clover Seed	4.10 @ 4.15
Dressed Pork	4.15 @ 4.30
Apples	85 @ 100

If you are suffering from Chronic Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, or Loss of Voice, Dr. Kilmer's Indian Cough Cure (Consumption Oil) will relieve quickly—remove the cause and cure. Price 25c, 50c, and \$1.00.

PINCKNEY DISPATCH.

J. L. NEWKIRK, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
Pinckney, Mich., Thursday.....Oct. 11, 1888

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.—Subscribers finding 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

ADEAU.
With this issue of the DISPATCH we cease for the present to be editor and publisher of the paper. We will be succeeded in the editorial chair by Mr. A. D. Bennett, a young man with whom you are most all acquainted and one whom we have every reason to believe will satisfy his patrons. We expect ere long to remove from the village, and in doing so we leave many friends with regret, but it may be only temporary. We thank our advertisers and subscribers for their patronage and forbearance, and hope you will continue to support an enterprise that is of vast importance to the community. With kinly greetings towards all, again we say adeau.

J. L. NEWKIRK.
Our beautiful weather has caught cold.

Mrs. S. N. Whitcomb has been sick the past week.

Jerome Winchell went to Jackson on business yesterday.

"Mugg's Landing" at the Howell Opera House the 26th.

A little child of Jay White has got the whooping cough.

D. D. Bennett is so much improved as to be around again.

Mrs. H. W. Smith returned Saturday from a visit to Port Huron.

The Hamburg church has been decorated in neat style.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Thompson visited friends in Genoa last week.

Mr. Geo. Conety, of Weberville, visited friends here the past week.

The circulating library has been moved to the residence of Mrs. L. Colby.

Dick Harris' pacing horse of this town, won first money at Stockbridge fair last week.

Mrs. Geo. Williams, of Webster, who has been suffering with diphtheria is some better.

The Egan house near the mill-race, now owned by Nat. Harris, has received a coat of paint.

At this writing the several measles cases in this vicinity are reported to be on the gain.

John Teeple is placing an elegant wire fence on the south and west side of his dwelling lots.

Eugene Campbell started last Monday night for Chicago, where he will purchase holiday goods.

Mrs. Samuel Sykes and Mrs. G. W. Sykes returned Tuesday from a trip to Ann Arbor and Ypsilanti.

L. H. Beebe, who has been home for the past week, returned to his business at Fowlerville yesterday.

Putnam township will doubtless give W. P. VanWinkle a large majority for Prosecuting Attorney.

Eugene Markey has secured the Wilson school in Inisco, for the winter term, and will soon return from St. Louis.

Rev. H. Marshall and family returned last week from their visit in Canada, where they have been for the past two weeks.

A gent's rubber coat has been left at G. W. Teeple's bank, where the owner can obtain it by paying for this notice.

Messrs. Fred Davis and Bert Bullis, started Tuesday morning for Lake county, where they will endeavor to kill some deer.

Syras Bennett will build a new residence on the old Allison farm, near Chubb's Corners. Will Moran will do the mason work.

Montague Bros., of Chubb's corners, who are dealing in the Shropshire sheep, have just shipped two of their flock to a dealer in N. Y.

If you want a suit of clothes of any description, you should go to McPherson's, the clothiers, Howell. Read their "ad." on fourth page.

If the person or persons who "borrowed" an organ box from behind L. H. Beebe's barn, will return the same or settle for it, it will convenience us very much.

Mr. A. R. Griffith moved his family to Parshallville yesterday. We are sorry to lose you Dell, from our village, but wish you success.

John Wasson, living one mile north-east of Plainfield, will sell his personal property at auction at 10 o'clock to-day. Perry Blunt auctioneer.

Mr. Wm. Cobb, who has purchased some land of S. N. Whitcomb, one mile east of this village, has commenced erecting a house on the same.

Mrs. Stella Brockway, of Howell, is in the village this week selling the "Economy Roaster, Baker and Steamer," said to be an indispensable article of kitchen furniture.

A match game of base ball was played on the Pinckney grounds last Saturday between the Anderson and Marion clubs, which was decided in favor of the former by a score of 16 to 10.

Maude Granger, a very celebrated actress, with her company, will be at the Howell Opera House Thursday evening, Oct. 21, in the striking play "Linwood." Those wishing to see something fine in the theatre line should attend.

Monday evening at the home of the bridegroom's mother, in this village, Esquire Riddle united in wedlock Albert Blaricum to Miss Anna Markey, of Pinckney—Howell Republican.

At the Democratic county convention held at Howell Monday, W. P. VanWinkle, formerly of this place, now of Howell, was nominated as Prosecuting Attorney for Livingston county.

The man who says he does not advertise because he does not believe in that method of doing business is sure to postpone the building of his palatial mansion until he reaches the other world.—Chelsea Echo.

Last Thursday as Mrs. Joseph Placeway was driving by Anson Campbell's farm her horse became frightened at a cow that was in the road, turning the buggy over, breaking the top and hurting the horse somewhat; no damage was done Mrs. Placeway, however.

Alice, wife of James Quinn, living three miles east of this place, died Thursday, Oct. 7, 1888, of bright's disease, aged 32 years. Funeral services were held at the Roman Catholic church at this place on Saturday last. She leaves a husband, one child and many friends to mourn her loss.

Tuesday afternoon while Philander Monroe was at work on Nat. Harris' house doing some carpenter work, he had occasion to use his jack-knife which slipped, cutting a great gash in his left fore arm about 3 1/2 inches in length. Two of the cords were cut and he is unable to move his two middle fingers.

The Steamer "Wisconsin," which has been sailing in the Northwest Transportation Company's line, between Sarnia and Lake Superior Ports, will, on and after Oct. 10th discontinue for the season her trips between Sarnia, Sault Ste. Marie, Marquette, Ashland, Bayfield and Duluth.

A. L. Hoyt has formed a partnership with his father, Nelson Hoyt, of Munth, and will carry on the lumber yard at that place under the firm name of A. L. Hoyt & Co. Miss Lillie Hoyt has a position at clerking there also. Both began their duties last week, with the best wishes of many friends for their future success.

A repetition of the scenes when oil was first struck in Pennsylvania threatened on the Lake Michigan shore of this state. At Manistee, an eight-cent tax sale was sold for \$20 yesterday, and many in that vicinity are dreaming every night that they are "Coal Oil Johnnies"—an owner of a mortgaged farm one day, a millionaire the next.—Detroit Evening Journal.

Monday afternoon Elisha Beals drove his team to the lumber yard after some lumber and did not hitch them. While he was in the office, they became frightened and ran away. Coming up Unadilla St. they collided with Hugh Clark's buggy which was standing in

front of Mrs. Miller's residence, completely demoralizing the vehicle. No damage was done to the horses or Mr. Beal's wagon.

It is a mistake that editors are delighted to get "anything to fill up" the paper. That they have plenty of time to correct bad manuscript. That they should puff everybody for nothing. That they must have no opinion of their own. That they know everything whether informed of it or not. That they should notice every scalawag show that travels. That they should have news whether there is any or not.—Ex.

The total amount of state taxes for Livingston county this year is but \$19,072.85 as against a grand total of \$30,658.84 last year. This fact will make our toiling tax payers smile with satisfaction and happiness. However, the county still has an old State indebtedness of \$52,475, which must be paid sooner or later. This matter of indebtedness will come before the Board of Supervisors at their meeting next week for consideration and action.—Livingston Republican.

R. C. Auld returned from the west Tuesday, having made a great record with his Aberdeen-Angus cattle at the various fairs throughout the country. He won 29 first premiums, besides many smaller ones, and got sweepstake at Chicago, St. Louis, and many other places. Hurrah for "the breed that beats the record."

Two constitutional amendments will be submitted to the people at the state election this fall. One authorizing the board of supervisors of a county to fix the compensation for all services rendered the county, and to adjust all claims against the county, and the sums as fixed shall be subject to an appeal. The other is to fix the salaries of circuit judges at \$2,500 per year, and directing that the legislature shall at its first session after the adoption of the amendment fix the salaries of the several state officials and adjust them every four years thereafter.

The following from an exchange it may be well to paste it up where it won't get lost: "If a person swallows any poison whatever, or has fallen into convulsions from having overloaded the stomach, an instantaneous remedy is a heaping teaspoonful of common salt and as much ground mustard stirred rapidly in a tea cup of water. It is scarcely down before it begins to come up bringing with it the remaining contents of the stomach." Least there be any remnant of poison, however small, let the white of an egg and sweet oil be swallowed immediately after vomiting and the patient will soon be all right again."

A Walk-Away
If anyone goes to Brighton Fair and enters the "green" race he wants to have a "trotter" or he will get left. That is what those Fowlerville fellows thought when "Old Jen" broke them in three straight heats the second day of the fair, having (as I am informed) been off grass only three days before the race. There were five to start, "Old Jen" getting third place. The send-off was somewhat delayed, but when the word go was given it was soon observed that "Old Jen" was in the lead, which position she kept to the wire, amid the shouts and cheers of the crowd on the track and grand-stand; time, one minute and twenty-two seconds, half mile heats. The second heat was a repetition of the first except a little more running by the Pasacas stock, the old mare being closely followed by "Lady B" by "Pasacas," showing great trotting abilities, time 1-22 1/2. The third heat was taken by "Old Jen" followed by another Pasacas mare that promises to be a great trotter, and having been shown at the fairs this fall, time 1-22 1/2. The fact that the race was won by an aged animal not having been fitted, and driven by the owner, Mr. S. G. Teeple, who never drove in a race before, we consider it a remarkable feat, and the most pleasing and satisfactory race of the fair, the winner not leaving her feet nor making a skip while the other horses were in the air more or less. Boys look out for "Old Jen" and her colts, as they are said to show speed when properly developed, which they have a perfect right to do.

EVERGREEN.

THE NOMINATIONS.

FUSION STATE TICKET.
Governor—Geo. L. Yagle, St. Joseph.
Lieut. Governor—S. S. Harry, Marquette.
Sec'y of State—Phillip B. Watsch, Emmet.
State Treas.—Wm. G. Beard, Bay.
Auditor General—Judson S. Farrer, Macomb.
Attorney General—J. C. Donnelly, Wayne.
Commissioner State Land Office—Alonso T. Frisbee, Livingston.
Superintendent Public Instruction—David Parsons, Wayne.
Member State Board of Education—Jerome W. Turner, Shiawassee.

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.
Governor—Cyrus G. Luce, Branch.
Lieut. Governor—Jas. H. Macdonald, Delta.
Sec'y of State—Gilbert R. Osmon, Wayne.
State Treas.—George L. Maltz, Alpena.
Auditor General—Harry H. Alpin, Bay.
Attorney General—Moses Taggart, Kent.
Commissioner State Land Office—Kocose D. Dix, Berrien.
Superintendent Public Instruction—Joseph Estabrook, Washtenaw.
Member State Board of Education—Samuel B. Babcock, Wayne.

PROHIBITION STATE TICKET.
Governor—Samuel Dickie, Albion.
Lieut. Governor—Chas. Mosher, Muskegon.
Sec'y of State—John Evans, Bellevue.
State Treas.—Aaron C. Fisher, Detroit.
Auditor General—J. R. Laine, Kent.
Commissioner State Land Office—Chas. E. Fraser, Petoskey.
Superintendent Public Instruction—David Bemis, Manistee.
Member State Board of Education—O. E. Downing, Ishpeming.

SIXTH DIST. CONGRESSIONAL ASPIRANTS.
Fusion—John H. Pelewa, of St. Joseph.
Republican—Mark S. Brewer, Oakland.
Prohibition—Azariah S. Partridge, Flatshing.

FOR THE SENATORSHIP IN THE 19TH DIST.
Fusion—George Stuart, Grand Blanc.
Republican—W. A. Atwood, Flint.
Prohibition—Furman B. Clark, Hartland.

LIVINGSTON COUNTY TICKETS.

REPUBLICAN.
Representative, Edward G. McPherson, Howell.
Sheriff, Chas. Gordon, Conway.
Register, Jas. V. Norton, Hamburg.
Clerk, Chas. Johnson, Tyrone.
Treasurer, Wm. Hetchler.
Pros. Atty, Jay Corson, Howell.
Circuit court com., D. D. Harper and Vankura.
Coroners, Chas. Barber and Albert Tooley.

FUSION.
Representative, F. G. Rounsaville.
Sheriff, L. V. D. Cook.
Register, Homer Beach.
Clerk, John Ryan.
Treasurer, Wm. Miller.
Pros. Atty, W. P. VanWinkle.
Circuit court commissioners, Jos. Pettybone, and Jos. Loree.

PROHIBITION.
Representative, Theodore Welcher.
Sheriff, Wm. H. Clark.
Clerk, Frank Holden.
Register of Deeds, John Stedman.
Treasurer, C. D. Austin.
Surveyor, Z. M. Drew.
Coroners, Chas. Curtis and L. N. Clark.

LOCAL NOTICES.

Pork Barrels for sale cheap at Isbell's meat market.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION
The co-partnership heretofore existing between F. S. Fletcher and C. L. Bennett under the firm of Fletcher & Bennett is hereby dissolved by mutual consent. The business will be continued by F. S. Fletcher, and C. L. Bennett is authorized to settle all accounts of the late firm.
F. S. FLETCHER.
Oct. 2, 1888.
C. L. BENNETT.

Choice Plymouth Rock and Wyandotte Cockerels and Pullets for sale at reasonable prices. Call and examine them.
L. O. HAZE, Pinckney.

All School Districts in need of the best seats and Desks, Maps, Charts, and all other school supplies of every description, can do well by calling on James Markey, agent for the Union School Furniture Co. of Battle Creek, Mich.

A fine line of School Stationery and School supplies at Winchell's Drug Store.
Call and get one of our 88 page Practical Cook Books, free, at
L. W. RICHARDS & Co's.

Dr. A. P. Morris, Dentist, will visit Pinckney the 22d of each month, for one week. Office at the Monitor House.
24th.

FOR SALE—an iron-gray mare, 8 yrs. old, good roadster and farm horse. For further particulars inquire of S. K. Hause, 3 miles north of this village.

Money is saved by purchasing the Economy Roaster, Baker and Steamer, of Mrs. Stella Brockway, agent for Livingston and Oakland counties. They are considered indispensable as an article of kitchen furniture, and are coming deservedly popular.

\$100, in cash, will buy a good driving pony, sound and gentle, a new harness and top carriage. Enquire immediately at this office.

One bottle cured him.
A. H. Tompson, Rockford, Ill., writes I have been troubled with Catarrh for years, nothing helped me until I tried Papillon Catarrh Cure. I followed directions, and with less than one bottle, I am cured. Papillon (extract of flux) Catarrh Cure will positively cure Bronchial Catarrh, Acute or chronic Catarrh, also Rosa Cold or Hay Fever. Large bottles \$1.00. Sold by all Druggists.

Thousands try those triumphed try fees that thoroughly transform the teeth.—Trix.

SEPTEMBER.

BY SOPHIA L. SCHENCK.

A change creeps over nature. A deep flush mounts to the maple-leaf; the air is clear. The grapes are purpling, and a crimson blush spreads o'er such flowers as deck the waving year.

Ripe apples bend the trees, while golden-rod By roadside, lanes, and meadow gayly nod.

Now whistlings of the quail are often heard From buckwheat-fields, while, on the calm air, floats

The drumming of the partridge. Not a bird builds now a nest; but night is thrilled by notes From crickets near, and locusts' drowsy hum. That seem to say: "September time has come!" The Brooklyn Magazine.

MY CHILD-LOVE.

It was only a little child's face peeping out through some plants that were in the window seat. But it was such a wee, sweet face that I could not help it, but stopped in the street, drew out my sketch-book from my pocket, and began to sketch it.

Then he told me how she had, a short time before she died, signed to him to give her the little picture of the Christ-Child I had painted for her, and after kissing it, and making him kiss it, she had died with it in her hand.

He showed me how she had told him of me by making him take her place at the window and then imitating everything I had done, ending by kissing her hand. That she kept for a sign for me, and in that way kept him informed of the progress of our friendship.

If a day passed without her seeing me she would tell him by kissing her hand and shaking her head mournfully. He burst into tears and said: "My darling little angel! Everything she did was done silently; she has never spoken."

"She was my only darling," he said, with a sob pitiful to hear from a man. "All I had on earth to love, and now she has gone! Since the time she was born and her dear mother, dying, put her in my arms, I have never left her for a day, and now she has left me forever. Whenever I went out she stood at the window watching for me when I came back, and then, cuddling in my arms never left me."

I went with her father and the old nurse when we carried her to her resting place among the flowers she so much loved, and then I went back to my picture with a little lock of her hair, my only outward sign of her.

I have since painted pictures that won praise from men, women and critics that the world call fine, but none that came so entirely from my heart, or that always continued to touch it so nearly, as the painting of the little child I found always watching in the old town, whose earnest eyes and bright, sweet smile kept me from knowing that the lips were speechless.

As the days passed on, the picture gained upon me so much that I determined to make it that much-talked-and-thought-of painting that should be sent to the academy; so I worked hard upon it, seeing the child whenever I could.

It seemed a little strange to me that the only sign of life I could see about the house was the child at the window, and that she should so often be there, evidently watching.

One day I found that she was still at the window when I went home, so I quietly altered my hours that I might see her twice a day instead of once.

I had come to have quite a feeling of mystery about my child-love that I would not break in any way by asking her name or anything about her. All I knew I wanted to come to me through her, and I knew no one in the town to whom I would care to mention such a pleasant, foolish little affection.

Once or twice, passing the house earlier than usual, I found my little friend outside, and slipping her hand in mine she would walk along by my side a little way, then turn back. She was as content to ask no questions as I was, and so our friendship progressed.

Sometimes in passing I put a little bunch of flowers on the window for her; sometimes she would slip a clover blossom or a daisy in my hand. Our advances on each side were coy and reserved, for she never spoke, and when I spoke to her she answered with a little nod.

One day she had placed in the window-panes her letter cards, with pictures on them, three or four in each pane, as high as she could reach. As I passed, there was the dear little face, as usual, peeping through the flowers, and she pointed to the cards in a grave, amused way that was irresistibly entertaining. That night I drew a little picture for her, and put it on the window the next day.

My painting was almost done, and it was hard to tell which of the two I loved the best, the child or the picture, when I was taken sick, and had to stay in my bed for three or four days.

My thoughts dwelt particularly on the little one, and I missed her more and more. My landlady was very kind and attentive to me, but it was the kindness of charity, not of love, and I felt very lonely. I wanted my little friend, and fancied that if her soft fingers could touch my hot, aching head, it would cure me.

With thinking of it I grew so anxious that as the time came around at which I usually saw her I could remain in bed no longer, but arose, and, after dressing, went to her house. When I came in sight of it I saw a man carrying in a little coffin. My heart sank within me, and with a shiver I hastened on. The door was open, and I entered. Bewildered for a moment, I stood still, not knowing which way to turn, then went into the back room. There lay my darling on the bed, still

and white, with a few flowers in her little hand. "O, when did she die?" I cried, unable to keep the tears from my eyes or voice.

A gentleman whom I had not seen, sitting on the other side of the bed, lifted up his haggard face, and, with a desolate, heart-broken look, answered me, hardly showing any surprise at my question: "Last night at twilight."

Unable to stand any longer, I dropped in the chair and watched her with solemn eyes. Presently the gentleman again lifted up his head from the pillow she lay on, and, looking at me, asked: "Are you the new friend she told me of, of whom she seemed so fond?"

I nodded my head; and presently, when I could speak without crying, told him of how our friendship had commenced; how, while painting her picture and seeing her so often, I had grown to love her as if she had been my own flesh and blood.

Then he told me how she had, a short time before she died, signed to him to give her the little picture of the Christ-Child I had painted for her, and after kissing it, and making him kiss it, she had died with it in her hand.

He showed me how she had told him of me by making him take her place at the window and then imitating everything I had done, ending by kissing her hand. That she kept for a sign for me, and in that way kept him informed of the progress of our friendship.

If a day passed without her seeing me she would tell him by kissing her hand and shaking her head mournfully. He burst into tears and said: "My darling little angel! Everything she did was done silently; she has never spoken."

"She was my only darling," he said, with a sob pitiful to hear from a man. "All I had on earth to love, and now she has gone! Since the time she was born and her dear mother, dying, put her in my arms, I have never left her for a day, and now she has left me forever. Whenever I went out she stood at the window watching for me when I came back, and then, cuddling in my arms never left me."

I went with her father and the old nurse when we carried her to her resting place among the flowers she so much loved, and then I went back to my picture with a little lock of her hair, my only outward sign of her.

I have since painted pictures that won praise from men, women and critics that the world call fine, but none that came so entirely from my heart, or that always continued to touch it so nearly, as the painting of the little child I found always watching in the old town, whose earnest eyes and bright, sweet smile kept me from knowing that the lips were speechless.

Earthquake Theory.

Boston Journal: It is a curious fact that, some days before the earthquake occurred, Prof. Dawson, addressing the British Association for the advancement of Science, said that "it was possible that there soon would be, or might even now be in progress, a new settlement of the bed of the Atlantic Ocean, especially on its western side, and that there would possibly be at the same time renewed volcanic activity on the eastern margin of the ocean."

This statement of possibilities reads almost like a prophecy, in view of what has since occurred, and it is with marked accord with the theory advanced by Prof. McGee of the Geological Survey, that what has taken place is what he describes as "seaward slip." What he means by this expression is thus indicated: "It is a movement of the coastal plain toward the sea. Let me say in round terms that we divide the region this side of the Appalachian range into two portions. The granit or gneiss formation is called the Piedmont escarpment and extends from mountain ranges to about where Columbia is. The region this side of that is made up of what we call fragmental rock and is called the coastal plain. Theory is that this coastal plain has simply slipped seaward a bit and that the displacement produced the shock or tremor."

As to the cause of this "slip," Prof. McGee says there is a tendency in that direction. Imagine a surface slightly inclined, with the coastal plain overlying it, and a sharp depression existing somewhere a hundred miles or so out at sea, and the tendency of the plain toward that depression is checked only by the resistance of friction. A point is reached, however, perhaps by reason of the readjustment of the earth's surface constantly going on, or by the deposits brought by the great rivers, where the pressure overcomes the resistance, and then a slip occurs.

Three Enoch Ardens.

A great sensation has been caused at Dunkirk by the untimely and unexpected return, after seventeen years' absence, of three married fishermen. They had been cast away in Greenland, where they have been (so says the story) held in captivity by the natives. Like three Enoch Ardens, they have returned to find three Phillips in their places, or, as the reports put it, "their wives in the meantime had taken other husbands." Greenland's icy mountains may not indeed have been so pleasant a retreat as that "rich but loneliest island in a lonely sea," where the slender coco's drooping crown of plumes, the lightning flash of insect and of bird, were Arden's not unlucky lot. But

when the matter comes to be cleared up we cannot but think that the three long-lost fishermen will turn out to be more like that sinful "William Kidd" of whom Mr. Burnand and Mrs. John Wood used to sing, who had a score of tawny wives in the Pacific, though somehow, "his heart was still true to Poll." In fact Jack, it is well known, is an ardent and lightning-like wooer with Dibdin's famous song ever in his mind: "I've a spanking wife at Portsmouth gates, A pigmy at Goree, An orange-tawny up the stairs, A black at St. Lucie. Thus, whatsoever course I bend, I lead a jovial life— In every mess I find a friend, In every port a wife."

Perhaps some Greenland beauties are even now mourning the loss of these three Dunkirk mariners.

Women's Resources.

Women need to cultivate their own resources more. There are some who early recognize the difference of value between the perishable and imperishable things of this earth. Every valuable possession has its added care and expense. People who were once in moderate circumstances, or poor, even, who grew wealthy, look back at the old life as one freer from cares and happier, yet, if they were to go back to their early and simple style of living the world would severely criticize them. Every woman needs to keep up her list of old friends, and to make new ones, too; the family and children cannot meet all the wants that middle-aged people must have for friendship. Not any woman is so busy but that she can find time to write an occasional letter. If the friend to whom she owes a letter would come to see her she could lay aside work and talk to her, and urge her to stay longer. One can stop on the street at the risk of taking pneumonia in winter to talk to a friend for half an hour, and why cannot friends be civil when they do not meet? Pure air every day, which housekeepers need so much, would freshen them up till twice the amount of work could be accomplished that there is, without the daily dragging sensation which one has who stays so closely indoors. There are many mothers and children who do not go out for a week of snowy or stormy weather and all grow irritable or cross, because they have failed to provide themselves with proper protections against storms—overshoes, leggins, rain-coats, or umbrellas. The English family, entire, goes out rain or shine. Health ranks first with them, as it should.—Good Housekeeping.

Fashion.

Pastur is a new brown and salammbo a gray blue. Satin and faille Francaise are the leading silk materials.

Faille Francaise and satin rhadames will be combined with velvet. Black and white as well as colored watered silks retain their prestige.

Velvets for trimming are strewn with tiny satin flowers in bright colors. Spanish bodices of plain or embroidered velvets are worn with lace skirts. Plain velvets are to be had corresponding to the ground of the fancy materials.

The leading colors for autumn are blue, brown, green, dahlia, acajou, and mulberry.

The polonaise will remain in vogue, being applied to tailor-made as well as to other costumes.

Some of the new tailor-made costumes have the skirt, yoke, and cuffs of velvet of contrasting color.

Black satin for the foundation of black lace dresses will be in high favor during the coming season.

Novelties for dress accessories are of velvet and plush, with brocade and tapestry designs. The prevailing tints are medieval and autumnal.

Some of the new Paris dresses have perpendicular bands of wide ribbon at regular intervals, terminating in a loop and end.

Present indications denote that the hitherto popular jersey is to receive a new lease of life. Those for the coming season are of finer quality and of more elaborate design than formerly.

Slippers for the Baby.

I have lately made a pair of slippers for my ten-months-old baby, which I find both pretty and useful, and I think perhaps some other little one would like to own a pair like them. It had been puzzling me for some time how to keep my little boy's feet warm in the morning before he is dressed for the day; for he has the inconvenient habit of getting up between the hours of five and six o'clock, and of course he does not get his bath for several hours. Now these are the slippers I have made for him, and I wonder how all this time I have got on without them: Measure your baby's foot; crochet or knit out of single zephyr a perfect square, a little longer each way than his foot, double and sew the two ends together, crochet a scallop around the top, run a piece of elastic through the scallops, drawing it small enough to fit the baby's ankle, and put a ribbon bow on the front of the slipper. The baby's foot shapes the slipper and is kept nice and warm on cold mornings. I have seen them used for children five or six years old.—Babyhood.

Old-Fashioned Folks.

"I was readin' in de paper yesterday," said Brother Gardner, as the meeting opened after the usual style. "I was a readin' a lament bekase de ole-fash'd man and woman had died off, an' wud be seen no mo' on airth foreber. Ize glad on it. De ole-fash'd man scraped off de measure when he sold wheat; he believed that any sort of food and any sort of bed was good 'nuff for his chill'en; he took de biggest piece of pie at de table; he ate mo' like a hog dan a human bein'; if he had sympathy it was fur his cattle instead of his famly. De ole-fash'd man was a reg'lar attendant at prayer meetin', but he worked his hired help twenty hours out of twenty-four, just de same. He'd drive five miles to church on Sunday to show his religun, but dootin' de odder six days of de week he was a bad man to trade hosses wid. It took his wife six months to git up de courage to ax him for a new kaliker dress, an' mos' of his chill'en growed up an' went away from home widout a reckoleckshun of a dozen kind words."

"De ole-fash'd man had two recipes fur his fellow-ben's. De fust was hard work; de nex' was boneset tea. He had but two ideahs in regard to boys. De fust was lots o' work an' leetle schoolin'; de nex' was lots o' lickin's an' no holidays. He had but two ideahs in regard to bizness. De fust was git all ye kin; de nex' was keep all ye git. He argued dat a liar could neber enter de kingdom of heav'n, but wud go out an' lick a sick ox to death widout any fear about his hereafter. He prayed loudly dat de Lawd wud increase his crops, but he kept his hired hands down to de lowest possible figger. He made a great show of submittin' to de will of Providence, but if 500 pounds of hay got wet in a rain storm some of de chill'en come in fur a lickin' befo' night."

"De ole-fash'd man an' woman hev departed, an' de world hasn't lost a cent by it. It was a good depart. Wicked as some folks claim de world to be, I feel dat I kin walk into de average crowd an' pick out mo' charity, humanity, religun, sympathy and morality dan could be found in a ten-acre lot of ole-fash'd men. Let us now puerced to bizness."—Detroit Free Press.

It Saved Fuel.

My health got run down, I failed in trade, and I thought I would go to farming, said an old settler in the Lewiston Journal. I bought me a piece of land in Aroostook, built myself a cabin and set to work clearing it. This was forty years ago. It was in the fall. I didn't have time to build much of a house, so I just clapped shingles over the cracks. It was rather cold for us—my wife and me. We didn't sleep very comfortable nights. A friend told us to get an air-tight stove, put a big chunk of wood in when we went to bed, and the coals would keep all night and warm the cabin. Those round sheet iron air-tight stoves had just come into fashion then. I got me one and set her up. A short time before I turned in, I put on a heavy chunk of beechwood that I'd sawed right off a log. We turned in early and began to talk over our prospects in our new life.

"What a grand thing that air-tight stove is for us, Mary Ellen," says I. "Yes," says she, "but ain't it getting a little to warm for comfort?"

I told her I didn't know, but it was, and so I turned down one quilt. Before we got to sleep we had to turn another quilt. It was a cold night, but that new air-tight seemed to heat up tremendously.

"I never saw such a heater, Jerry," says Mary Ellen.

"Neither did I," says I.

In the night I woke up and it was so warm that I turned down another quilt and left nothing but a sheet over us. Well, in the morning I got up and went to the stove to stir up the coals and put on some more wood. Coals! Bless-ye, there wasn't a spark in the stove! That big beech chunk wasn't even charred. There hadn't been enough fire in that stove, all night, to tech off my pipe with. The beech log was too soggy to warm us up, but that new air-tight stove and our imagination did the business just as well.

Colorado Girls.

Denver Tribune: "Have you ever heard of a breach-of-promise case in Colorado?" asked a Tribune reporter of a prominent Denver lawyer the other day.

"No," said the lawyer reflectively. "I have not, and I am positive there has never been such a case in twenty-six years. Seems a little strange, doesn't it? Yes, breach-of-promise cases are of frequent occurrence in other States, there's no mistake about that, but Colorado has escaped that stigma ever since it became a Territory. How has it happened, you say? Well, I'll tell you, it's just this way. In older civilizations like New England or perhaps the interior of some of the Eastern and Middle States life runs on in narrow ruts; the same friendships, the same associations, and the same thoughts influence persons from their childhood up, so that an idea once having taken possession of them people are never disabused of it until they are dead.

"If a woman gets it into her head that she is going to marry a certain man she will push that idea to an extreme, because men are fewer and

women are less independent in the older settled States. They don't know so well how to make a living as Western women do, so there is little left for many of them to look to but marriage.

"Now, in the older and more remote localities, if a man pays marked attention to a woman he is 'in for it'—that is, it is expected, not alone by the young woman, but by the neighbors as well, that he will marry her, and if he doesn't there ascends a howl, I tell you. Now, you know no verbal promise is requisite in a matter of this kind. A woman can bring suit against a man for a great deal less encouragement than that, and she very often does it, too, in various localities throughout the Union. You see, there are places where a man has to be careful of his actions.

"In this country a girl is too proud ever to let it be known that she cares about being fooled, and in many cases she has an excellent way of getting on by herself, and is not dependent upon any man for protection. In fact, you will usually find the latter state of things existing among the better and more cultivated classes. Refined people bury their wounds deeply in preference to exposing them to the light of a cold and cruel world. A rich old man paying marked attention to a poor young woman who is his inferior socially is very apt to make himself the victim in a breach-of-promise suit.

"That is the way those things go. My opinion is that the cases of this nature which occur usually in Colorado happen among persons who have no means, so that to bring an action against the gay deceiver is impossible. That is as near as I have come to a solution of this question in my experience and observation in Colorado for the last twenty-six years, and I think, if you will look about you for a time, you will be convinced that I am right."

Dr. Jenner.

Although Jenner was forty-nine years old before he made vaccination known to the world, the subject had attracted his attention when only a youthful apprentice to a country surgeon. He was convinced that the current methods of treating cow-pox and small-pox were capable of improvement, and he set himself to study the nature of the disease. But for many years after his opinions were made known to the medical faculty they were contemptuously scouted. He had first of all to prove, contrary to the prevalent belief, that what was called cow-pox was not a certain preventive of small-pox. Then he had to trace out the nature of the difference in the diseases to which cows are subject, and to ascertain which of them possessed the protective virtue against small-pox. After repeated failures he made the grand discovery that it is "only in a certain condition of the pustule that the virus is capable of imparting its protective power to the human constitution." It was on the 14th of May, 1796, that he first put his theory to the test by transferring cow-pox by inoculation from one human being to the other. It was two years later, however, before his famous "Inquiry into the Causes and Effects of the Variolæ Vaccinæ" was published. Henry Clive was the first London doctor to put the thing to the test, and he is credited with performing the first successful vaccination in London. Other cases followed, and Lady Frances Morgan (afterward Lady Ducie) was the first lady of rank to have a child vaccinated.—All the Year Round.

Death of a Negress at 103.

New York Tribune: Mrs. Ruth Parish, a colored woman and probably the oldest inhabitant of Brooklyn, died Monday at her home in Navy street, near Myrtle avenue, at the extreme old age of 102 years 7 months and 22 days. She was born a slave on the farm of Jeremiah Vanderbilt, in the Wallabout region. When 12 years old she was sold to Dr. Livingston of this city, and afterward to a Mr. Bleecker. She was set free with the other slaves in this State in 1808. She was thrice married, but had been a widow since 1857. She had no children of her own and lived with an adopted daughter, Mrs. Parish was active in body and mind, retaining all her faculties to a surprising degree until about five weeks ago, when she lost her appetite and began to fail. Her memory was clear to the last and she had many interesting experiences to relate.

Something to Think About.

Every woman, says a writer in Good Housekeeping, should have some special thing to think about except the regular weekly round of duties; in fact, some aim in life except that of cooking, eating, and sleeping and the constant possibility of dying soon to get on with it all. No aim and no change—no asylums overflow, leave children motherless, and make life not worth the living. Every woman had her ambitious dreams once—what were they? To write? Then let her write every day, if but three lines, on some subject she is most familiar with. To paint? Let her get water-colors, paint flowers, and work at it every day, if for only half an hour. If one has but half a chance let her prove that she can do more than many who have not only a whole chance, but many chances.

The comptroller of the currency has authorized the First National Bank of Comanche, Tex., and the First National Bank of Silver, City, N. M., to begin business, each with a capital of \$50,000.

THE LONG AGO.

BY S. F. TAYLOR.

Of a wonderful stream is the river Time, As it runs through the realm of tears...

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow, And the summer like buds between...

There's a magical tale up the river Time, Where the softest of airs are playing...

And the name of the tale is "Long ago," And we buy our treasures there...

There are fragments of songs that nobody sings, There are parts of an infant's prayer...

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shows, By the fitful mirage is lifted in air...

Oh! remembered for eye be that blessed tale, All the dry of our life until night...

And our eyes are closing in slumbers awhile, May the greenwood of soul be in sight.

THE BASILISK.

A STORY OF TO-DAY.

CHAPTER II. AN INTRODUCTION.

"I will introduce you to the Basilisk."

This promise of Dr. Shaw's, insignificant as it sounded, produced a great effect upon me...

During all the time of my darkness I had kept up a passive rebellion against the calamity that had befallen me...

When recovering from my illness at home I shrank from the kindness of friends and visitors. Their sympathy enraged instead of soothing me...

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the prospect had made a difference to me already. For one thing, I thought me of my personal appearance...

"Why, what have you been doing to yourself?" "I've only had my hair cut properly..."

"Oh yes; it's all right. But why this sudden change of style?" "Well, I don't see why one shouldn't look as much like other people as possible..."

"Oh—ah!" said Shaw. "Wednesday evening! to be sure. I wish some of the others would take the same view..."

"It's the first time I have taken interest in anything for four years," I answered. "I don't know why..."

"I think I do," said Shaw. "Something has excited your fancy—something I said about one of the guests..."

"That's exactly what it is. Ever since you told me about Miss Beaufoy—the Basilisk—I have been looking forward to seeing her..."

"Well, my dear fellow," said Shaw rather sourly, "if you're in that frame of mind, I think it's just as well that your view of her will be mental..."

"She is credited with having two or three tragedies," continued Shaw. "One I know of. It was some four or five years ago, when she used to go out a good deal..."

"I shall be safe enough, if that's all," said I, with a renewed feeling of dejection, for, though my desire to meet her was due to a curiosity which had little in common with admiration...

"No," said a timid voice; "that is, I like it, but I have had no practice..."

"There was a pause. Then she added: "Should you care to leave St. Bartimeus's, Mr. Coplestone?"

"Where should I go?" I answered with some asperity. "You know my father takes a great interest in the welfare of the—of the blind..."

"I have heard so." "There are many ways you could be useful to my father if you cared for a change," she went on very suavely...

"Your music alone would be very acceptable, and if you would, you could give my cousin lessons. My father has been thinking of getting her good instruction..."

"I knew not what to say. Here, indeed, was a strange and wonderful chance. I hesitated and stammered in my surprise..."

"You would like to think it over?" she said. "At this juncture Dr. Shaw returned. 'I have just been trying to tempt your chief musician Dr. Shaw,'" she said...

"Indeed! how so?" asked my friend gravely. She told him in her measured tones as went with them to the door...

"Well, what does he say?" asked Shaw. I thought a little anxiously. "He has said nothing yet," she replied with a dash of provocation in her tone...

"I should like to think it over. I am delighted with the idea," said I, to whom the proposal seemed more and more advantageous...

"Good-bye! You can let us know on Wednesday." The carriage drove off, and I turned back with Shaw...

"Take care, my boy—take care!" said the doctor. "You are in the toils; take care!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A CARD TO ADIES. A lady who suffered for years, and who was treated by most noted physicians in America without relief...

The people of Holland are about to honor the 500th anniversary of the simple but memorable discovery of William Buckels. In the year 1386 he salted the first barrel of herrings...

"Send me another copy of The Bee," says a letter recently received by the editor of the Richmond, Va., paper of that name. "I take one copy now, but there's so little in it I need another..."

Don't hawk hawk and blow, blow, disgusting everybody, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Her voice did not satisfy my curiosity much. She spoke in a low and musical tone, but with, I thought, a touch of hardness and decision...

"I can soon pick up the accompaniment," I said, "if I don't know them already. What do you wish to sing?"

"She named two songs, one of which I was familiar with; the other was new to me."

"Play it over to Mr. Coplestone, Mary," she said, and I then discovered that there was another lady present...

"The song tried through once or twice I found no difficulty in getting through it. It was simple enough, and at no time would it have presented any difficulty; but the deprivation had quickened my other faculties, as it often does, and a thing, even once heard, seemed present to my ear, if I chose, almost as plainly as if it were actually sounding..."

Miss Fortescue's touch was that of a timid and inexperienced player. She seemed, as far as I could judge, to be shy, either of me or her cousin, for she said scarcely a word, and received in silence little directions about the music, and so forth, which were given in a tone such as an imperious mother uses towards a disciplined child...

Shaw soon left us. Miss Beaufoy sang very well indeed, and I soon became quite interested in the music. We had a large stock of songs in the room, and became engaged in a musical conversation, which led to my playing innumerable accompaniments, at which Miss Beaufoy was pleased to express her wonderment and her admiration...

"I do," I answered; "I did. It is different this afternoon. It makes so much difference when there is any appreciation..."

"I think you play wonderfully," she answered in a matter-of-fact tone. "Does Miss Fortescue sing?" I asked feeling somewhat confused by her straightforward commendation...

"No," said a timid voice; "that is, I like it, but I have had no practice..."

"There is a pause. Then she added: 'Should you care to leave St. Bartimeus's, Mr. Coplestone?'"

"Where should I go?" I answered with some asperity. "You know my father takes a great interest in the welfare of the—of the blind..."

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Story of a Great Publisher. Mr. Fields, the Boston publisher, had a wonderful memory, and his knowledge of English literature was so great that, when a friend wished to know where a particular passage was to be found in an English author, he would go direct to the famous bibliopole...

"A would-be wit, thinking to quiz him before a company at dinner, informed his friends, previous to Mr. Fields' arrival, that he had just written some lines which he intended to submit to him as Southey's and to inquire in which of his works they occurred..."

"After the guests were seated, he began, 'Friend Fields, I have been a good deal troubled of late in searching out in Southey's poems his well-known lines running thus'—repeating the lines he had composed. 'Can you tell me when he wrote them, and where there are to be found?'"

"I do not remember to have met with them before," replied the publisher; "and there are only two periods in Southey's life when such lines could have been written by him..."

"When were those?" "Somewhere, said Mr. Fields, 'about two years ago my wife had a terrible cough, which she has not been free from for more than a year. Our family physician said she had Consumption and could not be cured. Upon the recommendation of a friend I bought a bottle of Pisco's Cure, which gave her immediate relief, and four bottles cured her entirely...'—John Pearl, London, Ky."

Anna Dickinson has been passing the Summer at West Pittston, Pa., with her mother and sister. Her health is nearly restored, and she expects to go to New York soon to engage in some literary or artistic work.

Johnny's Composition on Medicine. "There is two kinds of medicine besides the kind you Rub On and the first kind is the Soft Kind which you take with a spoon while a man holds your Head and you kick and Rigger some because it Tastes so and the other kind is the Hard kind which is called Pills and it is the Hardest of the whole because it is so Hard to go Down but it does not make any Difference which kind you Take when you get it Took you wish you had not for it makes quite a Row in your Stomach and Riots Around..."

Evidently Johnny's experience in medicine does not include Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which are easy to take, and do their work quietly and calmly. Neither does it include in the way of "Soft Medicine," Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," which though powerful to cure all chronic derangement of the liver and blood, is pleasant to the taste and agreeable in its effects...

The expenses of the late Nodaway county fair were about \$400 in excess of the receipts.

Over Many a League. Spreads the miasma, or poisonous vapor, that begets malarial and typhus fever. Wherever there is stagnant water in which vegetation, or refuse of any kind decays, there, as surely as the sun rises, are generated the seeds of fever and ague, dumb ague, and other endemic maladies of the malarial type...

The flax crop in Kingsbury county Dak., will be very poor this season.

Fits.—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and \$5.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

During no year since sorghum was introduced into this country has so little attention been paid to it as during the present season.

DYSPEPSIA

Does not get well of itself; it requires careful, persistent attention and a remedy that will assist nature to throw off the causes and tone up the digestive organs till they perform their duties willingly...

Hood's Sarsaparilla hits the nail on the head and restores her to health. Among the agonies experienced by the dyspeptic, are diarrhea before or after eating, loss of appetite, irregularity of the bowels, wind or gas and pain in the stomach, heart-burn, sour stomach, &c., causing mental depression, nervous irritability and sleeplessness...

Prepared by C. I. HOOD & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by Druggists.

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FREE TRIAL. NERVITA speedily cures all feet of youthfulness, eruptions, Nervous Debility, Headaches, Migraine, Losses, Low Back, and kindred affections. Free at once. Write for postage. Dr. A. C. Olin, 1212 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Betsey H. Post, of Rochester, N. Y., was 100 years old on September 24. Less than a year ago she travelled from Chicago to Rochester without inconvenience. She hears and sees well, converses as intelligently as she did half a century ago, and her hair, smooth and but little wrinkled face gives no indication of her great age.

"Golden Medical Discovery" will not cure a person whose lungs are almost wasted, but it is an unfailing remedy for consumption if taken in time. All druggists.

Where the Flaw Lies. "The worst thing about you, old man, is that in argument you always take the opposite side, no matter what you really think..."

"Nonsense, dear boy; and to prove it I'll admit that you are right." "Then, you confess it?" "On the contrary, I have disapproved your proposition by agreeing with you for once..."

"Yes, but—" "And he hasn't yet been able to decide where the flaw lies. Nor have I." —Puck.

DYSPEPSIA

Is a dangerous as well as distressing complaint. If neglected, it tends to impair nutrition, and depressing the tone of the system, to prepare the way for Rapid Decline.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Physicians and Druggists recommend it. Quickly and completely cures Dyspepsia in all its forms. Heartburn, Belching, Trailing Stomach, etc. It enriches and purifies the blood, increases the appetite, and aids the assimilation of food...

THE OLDEST MEDICINE IN THE WORLD is probably Dr. Isaac Thompson's Celebrated BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.

This article is a carefully prepared physician's prescription, and has been in constant use for nearly a century, and notwithstanding the many other preparations that have been introduced into the market, the sale of this article is constantly increasing...

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MOXIE NERVE FOOD

Contains not a drop of Medicine. POISON, STIMULANT OR ALCOHOL. But is a simple sugar-cane-like plant, grown near the Equator and farther south, was lately accidentally discovered by Lieut. Moxie, and has proved itself to be the only harmless and effective nerve food known that can recover brain and nervous exhaustion, loss of manhood, imbecility and pleasure...

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ALLEN'S IRON TONIC BITTERS

The most Elegant Blood Purifier, Liver Invigorator, Tonic and Appetizer ever known. The Bitters containing Iron ore advertised in America. Unprincipled persons are imitating the name; look out for frauds. See that the following signature is on every bottle and take none other:

Wanted: Go-lemen and Ladies to learn Telegraphing. Tuition not paid until position obtained. It is the Valentine's College, 91 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

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THE VENTILATOR!

THIS IS THE NAME OF A NEW
Coal HEATING Stove

THE PRINCIPLE OF WHICH IS SUGGESTED BY ITS NAME.

In appearance it is one of the finest stoves made, and in heating capacity & economy of fuel it beats them all.
IT VENTILATES AND HEATS SEVERAL ROOMS AT ONCE, AND ALL OF THE SAME TEMPERATURE.

DON'T THINK OF BUYING A STOVE UNTIL YOU EXAMINE THIS ONE.

We have one of the stoves set up at our store, and would be glad to have you call and look it over. Respectfully,

F. L. BROWN.

A GIRL'S HEROISM.

Saving Her Father from Being Hurled Over the Lachine Rapids. [Montreal Dispatch.]

The St. Lawrence river in the vicinity of Lachine, a fashionable suburb of Montreal, was on Friday night the scene of a thrilling yachting adventure, marked by great heroism and presence of mind on the part of a Montreal girl. The details reached here yesterday had awakened great interest and admiration. George A. Greene, of the firm of Greene & Sons, resides during the summer months at Dorval, a country place on the St. Lawrence, about fourteen miles from Montreal. He owns a fine steam yacht in which he has been cruising about the Thousand Islands for two weeks. Mr. Greene, accompanied by his daughter, left Brockville on Thursday evening on board the yacht, and gave directions to the engineer, the only other person on board, to make for Lachine, where they intended to attend the annual regatta of Canadian amateur oarsmen. The trip was an uneventful one until late in the night, when the party seemed to have lost their bearings, and narrowly escaped running over the Lachine rapids. Before they knew where they were they had passed Lachine and were running with full head of steam direct on the rapids. At about midnight they were startled by the craft coming into collision with one of the scows used in the construction of the St. Lawrence bridge, now being erected for the Canadian Pacific railway over the river. From the scow the yacht sheered against one of the piers, keeled over and sank. The three occupants of the boat were left struggling in the fierce current which runs past the bridge into the rapids. The engineer struck out for one of the piers and was saved by the men at work. Miss Greene, who is a strong swimmer, divested herself of the life-preserver she had on and, knowing her father to be a poor swimmer, handed it to him. She then struck out for the shore. She had not gone far when she heard her father call for assistance. The brave girl then returned to her father, swam by his side and bore him up. By this time the swift current had carried them far down the river in dangerous proximity to the rapids. Fortunately the men engaged on the works had become aware of the accident. A boat attached to one of the piers was manned, and after a hard row Miss Greene and her father were picked up, the latter very much exhausted, but the young lady was perfectly cool, never having lost her nerve for a minute. The current was carrying both father and daughter right on to the rapids, but yet the girl, with all her clothes to encumber her, swam courageously alongside of her father, holding his head above water with one hand while she struck out with the other. Had they not struck the bridge, both in a few minutes would have been hurled over the rapids. The young heroine, Flora Greene, is only eighteen years of age, but a girl of fine physique and dauntless courage. The general feeling here is that she has nobly gained the Royal Humane Society's medal.

A MONSTER TURTLE.

An Ocean Reptile Twelve Feet Long Caught at Block Island.

[Block Island (R. I.) Special.] The other afternoon the schooner Emma, while sword-fishing, captured a sea monster of a kind never before seen in this vicinity. Early in the afternoon, while about twelve miles south-southeast of the island, a strange, dark object was noticed on the surface a mile distant. It was apparently motionless and its appearance was so strange that it attracted the attention of all on board. It was certainly not a boat, and at first it was thought it might be a floating piece of wreck, but a nearer approach showed it to be some sort of fish. The schooner for some time cruised about the monster, which it was finally discovered was asleep, and on close approach proved to be some sort of a turtle of enormous size. The boat got close to the creature with disturbing it, and it was successfully captured. It was about twelve feet long and five feet wide, and its body was two feet thick. In appearance it was like a sea turtle, but it could not draw it in. It had flappers more like those of a seal than of a turtle, and its back was covered with a shell which was not hard like a turtle's, but tough, and had ridges extending fore and aft. These ridges were about two inches high and six inches apart. The strange fish was brought in shore, and at the landing was covered with a canvas to screen it from the view of the curious. A tent was soon erected over it and a sign put out—"A great sea monster, the first ever seen in these waters; admission, ten cents."

Hundreds of people visited the curiosity, and many of them were of the opinion that the sea serpent had been captured after all. Old sea dogs avowed that they had never seen anything like it before, and various theories were given as to the kind of fish it was. Early in the evening schooner Hattie and Lottie, of the Deniport Fishing Company, arrived at the breakwater, and Captain Nickerson, who paid his ten cents to see the curiosity, at once pronounced it a "rubber turtle," a kind quite often found in lower latitudes, but never found in these waters. The sign was still up to-day, and a good many dimes were taken in from a large party of excursionists who came down from Fall River to Newport. The captain of the Emma offered to sell his prize for one hundred dollars, but found no takers.

A Noble Specimen of Manhood.

[Lumpkin (Ga.) Independent.] About five weeks ago a negro man died in the Providence neighborhood who has a record that is hardly ever equaled and never excelled. He was seventy-three years of age at the time of his death. He left an aged wife, who died a few days ago, and is said to have been seventy years old. This old man was a former slave of J. A. B. Ward, and his father and he and his wife lived with the Ward family nearly fifty years. He was never heard to swear an oath, never accused of lying or theft, never had a dispute or quarrel with his wife, never had a whipping during slavery, nor was he ever known to take a drink of whisky. Was always faithful and obedient, penitential and reliable. He and his wife, sixteen children, and they lived to see one hundred and twenty descendants, who are now living. Occasionally heroes are found in the humbler walks of life, and but few can point to a brighter and clearer record than this unpretentious old negro who now fills an unmarked grave among the old red hills of Stewart County.

Sport Among the Ancients.

Running, rowing, wrestling, boxing, quoit throwing, hunting, chariot racing, horse racing and game of ball were the favorite sports of the ancients.

Polo, which has become fashionable during these last few years, is the "Chugger" of the Persians and, perhaps, the Tartars too, and is supposed to be prehistoric.

Games kindred to fives, lacquet, tennis and lawn tennis were played in the days of Horace and may have had their origin centuries before that era.

There was another game, "paganica," which was supposed to be a roving game somewhat like hockey, golf or lacrosse.

These games were much encouraged among the young men, and were played in the Campus Martius.

It is a curious thing, but handball is prehistoric in Ireland, and was and is a great national sport; and as it is known that the Phenicians were in Ireland many centuries before Christ, it is quite possible that they imported it from the Mediterranean, but this is pure speculation.

"Buck, buck, how many fingers do I hold up?" which used to be a common enough game among boys at school and in the streets, was played in the streets of Rome in the days of Cicero, and mentioned as "micare digits," to glitter or wink with the fingers, i. e. to move them quick as lightning, or to use a favorite expression of modern young lady novelists, to "glint," or we may take another of their favorite words, to shimmer.

"My dear," said a lady to her husband a Kentucky Sheriff, "can't you make a few calls with me this afternoon?" "Oh, no indeed," he replied. "You for get that Friday is my busy day."

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of all kinds, and

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is complete and Prices way down.

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WALL PAPER!

—for the Fall Trade.—

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Thanking all our friends for their patronage in the past, we hope by square dealing to merit a share in the future. Give us a call and be convinced. Respectfully,

F. A. SIGLER,
CORNER DRUG STORE.

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ALL SENT FREE Out Upon receipt of only FIFTY CENTS in postage stamps we will send our LARGE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, and we will also send 25¢ worth of goods. All the following in our catalogue: 16 Portraits of Celebrated Actors; 25 Embroidery and Needlework Designs; 4 New and Popular Songs; 100 in Stock; 8 Amusing Parlor Games; 27 Pleasing Chemical Experiments; 50 Recipes, Charades, Enigmas and Puzzles; 1 Illustrated Recipe; 24 Cooking and other Receipts; and 25 Money Making Secrets. This great offer is made to introduce our goods into new homes. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Address: SIMMONS' MANUFACTURING WORKS, 1253 Third Ave., N. Y. (Boston Branch) Agents, 37 Broadway, N. Y.

WANTED! AGENTS to sell a New Set of CHRISTMAS HOODS selling from 25c. to \$3. The great and best work. Another set of 1000 pieces, several sold over 300 copies last year, one over 500. One in a village of 200 people earned \$14 the first week. \$10 to \$20 can be earned before Christmas with a few hours canvass each day. Every family wants one or more. Send for circular. CASSILL & CO., Ltd., 822 B'way, N. Y.

DR. KILMER'S Stop that Cold, Cough, and Tickling in the Throat. Arrest that Catarrh, Bronchitis or Asthma. This Remedy Relieves quickly. Cures permanently. It prevents Croup, Night-Sweats and death from Consumption. Prepared at DR. KILMER'S Dispensary, Birmingham, N. Y. Agents of inquiry everywhere. Dues to Health Dept. Free. Sold by Druggists.

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IT WILL SAVE MONEY!

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Read and see what L. H. Beebe says about it.

Winter is coming on; long evenings will soon be here; get your easy chair and spend your evenings at home. Look at these Bargains below:

A nice Velvet Brussels Pat. Rocker, only \$5.

We also have common Rockers, prices at \$1, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2, \$2.50, \$3, \$4, \$4.50, etc. They are what you want this winter.

We have a full line of Marble Top Center Tables—eight Different Styles from \$5 to \$10.

Come in and see those with shelves underneath for books and papers.

New Black Walnut Dressers, Marble Top, etc.

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We keep in stock everything to fill up your houses. We have on hand a full line of samples of carpet and photographs to select your Parlor Suites from. Prices that will suit you, from \$30 to \$60. Inquire for them when you are in.

We also keep a full line of Caskets, Coffins, Robes, etc., and all Funeral Supplies.

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