

PINCKNEY DISPATCH.

J. T. CAMPBELL, Publisher.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY!

SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.—Subscribers finding a red X across this notice are hereby notified that their subscription to this paper 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. You are cordially invited to renew.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Transient advertisements, 25 cents per line for each insertion and ten cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Local notices, 5 cents per line for each insertion. Special rates for regular advertisements by the year or quarter. Advertisements due quarterly.

SOCIETIES.

FIDELITY LODGE, NO. 71, I. O. G. T.
Meets every Wednesday evening, in old Masonic Hall. Visiting members cordially invited.
Wm. E. A. Mann, C. T.

KNIGHTS OF MACCABEES.
Meet every Friday evening on or before the full of the moon at old Masonic Hall. Visiting brothers cordially invited.
L. D. Brooks, Sir Knight Commander.

CHURCHES.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.
Rev. Henry Marshall, pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 10:30, and alternate Sunday evenings at 7:30 o'clock. Prayer meeting Thursday evenings. Sunday school at close of morning service. Mrs. Harry Rogers, Superintendent.

ST. MARY'S CATHOLIC CHURCH.
No resident priest. Rev. Fr. Conardine, of Chelsea in charge. Services at 10:30 a. m., every third Sunday. Next service December 4.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.
Rev. O. B. Thurston, pastor. Service every Sunday morning at 10:30, and alternate Sunday evenings at 7:30 o'clock. Prayer meeting Thursday evenings. Sunday school at close of morning service. Geo. W. Sykes, Superintendent.

BUSINESS CARDS

W. F. VAN WINKLE,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW
and SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
Office in Hubbell Block (room formerly occupied by N. F. Hubbell.) HOWELL, MICH.

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

C. W. HAZE, M. D.
Attends promptly all professional calls. Office at residence on Cassida St., third door west of Congregational church.
PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN.

W. P. GAMBER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office at
CENTRAL DRUG STORE
RESIDENCE OVER STORE.

In connection with General Practice, special attention is also given to fitting the eyes with proper spectacles or eye glasses. Crossed eyes straightened.
PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN.

A. H. ISHAM,
DOES ALL KINDS OF WAGON WORK.
BRICK WORK A SPECIALTY.
FIRST-CLASS WORK DONE.
PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN.

JAMES MARKEY,
NOTARY PUBLIC, ATTORNEY
And Insurance Agent. Legal papers made out on short notice and reasonable terms. Also agent for ALLAN LINE of Ocean Steamers. Office on North side Main St., Pinckney, Mich.

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

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.

OUR PRODUCE MARKET.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY THOMAS READ.

Wheat, No. 1 white.	\$ 75
No. 2 red.	73
No. 3 red.	72
Oats.	27 @ 28
Corn.	43
Barley.	1.00 @ 1.25
Beans.	80 @ 85
Dried Apples.	20 @ 25
Butter.	15
Eggs.	17
Dressed Chickens.	17
Turkeys.	2.75
Clover Seed.	\$1.00 @ 1.15
Dressed Pork.	\$1.00 @ 1.15
Apples.	\$1.00 @ 1.15

LOCAL NOTICES.

Horses for Sale.

20 first-class young horses for sale cheap, several matched pairs; sold two recently—come quick, or gone.
DR. HAZE.

Important.

All persons owing us accounts that are due will please call and settle the same; as we are in need of every dollar due us and have not the time to collect the same. Save us trouble by kindly calling and settling.
Respectfully,
Geo. W. Sykes & Co.

Poultry Wanted.

Highest prices paid, in cash or goods for dry picked poultry.
Jas. T. Eaman & Co.

Anderson Mich.

Be Prompt.

All persons indebted to us by note or book accounts are requested to call and settle at once. All accounts must be settled inside of 30 days.
L. W. Richards & Co.

Hickory Nuts

Wanted at Geo. W. Sykes & Co's.

Dr. A. P. Morris, Dentist, will be at the Monitor House from the 22 to 29th of each month. He will make teeth for \$8 per upper set, \$16 for full set Extracting, 25cts.

A Time for Everything.

And now is the time to settle outstanding accounts at my store. This is important, and all owing me are requested to be prompt in payment.
JOHN McGUINNESS.

Wanted.

I will be in the market for live poultry Mondays, and dressed Tuesdays, of each week.
V. G. DINKEL.

House For Sale

Or to rent, in Pinckney-village. Enquire of
SIMON BROGAN. 48.

Remember.

We sell goods at lowest prices and you pay only for what you buy.
J. T. EAMAN & Co.

Taxes Taxes.

I will be at the township treasurer's office, Pinckney, every Friday in December for the receipt of taxes in the Township of Putnam.
L. W. RICHARDS,
Township Treasurer.

Horse Lost.

Black pony, bald face, white hind legs. Strayed from Howell Nov. 26. If found report at Dispatch office.

Hay For Sale.

7 or 8 tons good, marsh hay.
W. E. THOMPSON.

Ready Again.

For all kinds of live poultry.
D. J. HOWARD.

Business Is Business.

We have trusted several of our customers to whatever they wanted at our market, expecting they would appreciate our action and be prompt to settle when asked. The time has now come and we must have our pay. Be prompt to settle if you owe us.
REASON & LYMAN.

Farm for Sale.

135 acres of good land, lying one mile south of the Village of Pinckney for sale cheap. Well watered, good buildings, brick house, young orchard. Inquire of JUSTUS SWARTHOUT, on place.

Christmas Comes.

There is nothing nicer for an Xmas gift to a friend than a good picture of yourself; and C. A. Paddock, the leading Photographer of Howell is the man who can make them for you at bed rock prices.

LOCAL GLEANINGS

Excellent wheeling.

Practice writing 1888.

A great call for poultry.

C. F. Larkie is quite sick.

And this is bleak December!

Wells and cisterns smile again.

Christmas three weeks from next Sunday.

Ira J. Cook is moving into the house just vacated by Dr. Sigler.

A Christmas tree is talked of by the Congregational Sunday school.

Good skating on the pond yesterday. Some of the old sports were on their metal.

Dreary weather for Thanksgiving kept most people at home and from services.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Frost of Williamston visited relatives in this place last week.

Miss L. M. Coe has gone to Ionia and will spend the winter among friends there.

Jay Allen returned from Chicago last Saturday, where he has been for a few months.

Last Friday, Saturday and Sunday gave us very generous rains, which were appreciated.

There will be a temperance lecture at Mathews Hall, Gregory, next Saturday evening, by Rev. Spinner.

The Christmas-loving public will hear from the old corner drug store in a boom next week if promises are reliable.

A goodly number from this village attended the reception dance at James McClusky's last Friday evening and all enjoyed it.

A. R. Crittenden, bachelor editor of the Livingston Herald, smooths his classic, shining pate and dreams of leap year in '88.

The announcement made this week by Gamber & Chappell merits your attention and proves them to be at the front and on time.

Farmers, why don't you organize a club in Pinckney and spend an hour together every Saturday enlightening each other in best methods?

The literary society was entertained by Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Teeple at their home last evening and discussed the Seven Wonders of the World.

Mrs. Mary Mann and daughter Lucy went to Detroit last week and met Misses Mary and Mable of Somerville seminary for a short visit.

A new advertisement from W. H. Marsh of Gregory came too late for insertion this week. Someone of his customers will get a New Years present of a fine gold watch.

The meat market of Standish & Stapish is no more. Sorry to see the industrious obliged to close a worthy business, but possibly Pinckney is not large enough to support two markets. The young men have returned to their homes.

A sink hole a short distance this side of Munite has delayed trains for the past week and kept a large force of men busy filling in. Our home section gang had to work there all day last Sunday. It seems as if the bottom had dropped out entirely.

Mr. John T. Williams of Tyrone, Schuyler Co. N. Y., is visiting his uncle, Jacob Teeple. Forty-four years ago Mr. W. passed through Pinckney on his way from New York to Wisconsin on horse-back. Mr. Ansel Willis of same place is also here.

John W. Harris is a believer in fertilizers. He recently delivered to Thos Read 18 bags of wheat which tipped the scales at 44 bushels and 50 pounds. It grew where he sowed phosphate and was much better than his wheat which had the same chance except the fertilizer.

Every new yearly subscriber to this paper and every subscriber who pays one year in advance will receive the Farm Journal for one year. The Farm Journal (Wilmer Atkinson's) is old and reliable, standing at the

head of Farm papers, with a circulation far above 100,000. Everybody ought to take it.

Married, by Rev. J. J. Garry, at St. Patrick's church, Brighton, Nov. 23, 1887, Ella M. Stackable and J. E. McCluskey, both of Hamburg. After the marriage ceremony the wedding guests assembled at the home of the bride's parents where dinner was served for about three dozen persons. The wedding presents were very nice, appropriate and useful as well as ornamental. May their journey through life be a pleasant and happy one is the wish of their many friends.

When you return from some other town with a bundle of goods that you could have bought just as well from your home merchants, don't you feel a little mean? If you don't, the Lord pity you. You are doing what little you can to ruin every business in your town, because we all depend on one another. When you have cash to pay for goods, don't go off to some other town to make your purchases and then expect your merchants to "carry" you for months. Give those that accommodate you the benefit of your cash transaction.

The following are the names of pupils of the Intermediate Department of Pinckney School, not absent during the month commencing Oct. 31, and ending Nov. 25, 1887. A star indicates neither absent nor tardy:

*Kittie Barnard	Beulah Black
*Flora Cullane	*Frank Grimes
*Lee Hoff	*Kittie Hoff
*Eugene Mann	*Edson Mann
*Louie Markey	Lillie McIntyre
Josie Reason	*Carl Sykes
Nora Sigler	*Mada Smith
*Letta Smith	Adelbert Swartout
*Nellie Webb.	

GENE BANGS, Teacher.

A gloom was cast over the community by the sudden death of Fred. Herrington, aged 16 years, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Herrington, last Friday morning. Just one week before his death he was taken sick, complaining of pain in the bowels, and the difficulty rapidly developed into peritonitis of dangerous form. Medical aid could not save him and death took one of the young men upon whom the community looked expectantly. He was upright and industrious and promised to be one among such men as the world needs. Funeral services at the residence on Monday, Rev. O. B. Thurston officiating. It is the request of the parents that in this connection we speak their thanks to many friends for unbounded kindness and sympathy in their bereavement.

Who Said It?

Hon. J. J. Robison tells of a little incident which happened last week that taught him more concerning the principles of the prohibitionists than he had known before. He was talking with a granger friend and a rabid prohibitionist who had come to attend the conference. They were discussing prohibition very freely and of course could not agree on the subject. As the discussion warmed, the granger wishing to let the subject drop, said, "well, John, I think there is one subject which we can agree on. We are both down on arnica." This was too much for Mr. Robison and he left, disgusted to think that there was a man on this earth so bigotted that his principles would not allow him to use even so simple a remedy as arnica. It did not dawn upon Mr. Robison for some time that his granger friend intended to say "anarchy," and he thought it to good to keep, almost as good as the sayings of Mrs. Partington.—A. A. Argus.

At this season of the year especially the papers from the liveliest towns come loaded with advertising. If men do business profitably they must let the people know what they have to do. The sooner many of our small towns observe this the better it will be for them.

Western towns which enjoy booms appreciate the power of the press. The people of Tucson, Arizona, buy 8,000 copies of their local paper monthly, for the purpose of sending it abroad, and in addition pay \$200 a month for special "write-ups." The town of Lamar, Col., recently paid the local paper \$1,500 for a "write-up," and the citizens of Fort Scott Kansas, have just spent \$7,000 advertising the town. Hutchinson, Kansas, claims to give its local paper a bonus of \$10,000 a year for remaining alive and kicking, while Newton, Kansas, pays its paper \$15,000 a year. There is nothing at all improper in this, as the money is for legitimate advertising. On the contrary, it is very creditable to the citizens of these towns that they thus encourage their local papers and at the same time benefit themselves.

The recital by the pupils of Miss A. Clark was held at the Congregational church last Tuesday evening and proved a very creditable affair. Miss Clark instructs a large class and although many of them are beginners their performances, on the piano are praiseworthy, a majority of them excellent, reflecting credit on their tutor. The attendance was as large as could be accommodated in the church, and all who heard doubtless felt gratified at the very successful evening's entertainment. Of course the feature of the occasion in a professional way was the singing of Mrs. Kellogg Seger, accompanied by Prof. Kempf. Her selections were very sensible indeed before such an audience and every word was music. Not far behind were C. P. Sykes' cornet and E. G. Tremain's violin accompanied by Miss Clark at the piano. They struck responding cords every time in all parts of the house. Some of the pupils deserve special mention and all did well. Those participating were the Misses Mollie and Fannie Monks, Alma Howard, Sarah and Rosa Bland, Sarah Coleman, Carrie Carr, R. Jefferys, Annie Heffernan, Myrtle Reason and M. E. Monks.

At the McQuillan-Kelly wedding and reception mentioned last week the contracting parties were made the happy recipients of the following: China tea set, from Mesdames Thos. Egan, Thos. Shean and Felix Courtenary; Easy chair, Thos. Shean; Granite tea pot, Master Willie Courtenary; Shell globe stand lamp, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Sigler; Shell globe hanging lamp, carving knife and fork, Thomas and Frank McQuillan; Gold lined cake basket, Mr. and the Misses Egan, Lodi; Silver caster, Mr. and Mrs. John Kelly; China, ewer and basin, and set of table linen. Mr. and Mrs. James McQuillan and Mr. and Mrs. John McQuillan, Rives Junction; Crystal Lemonade set, Miss Louise Moran; Embroidered plush sofa pillow, pin cushion, toilet set and pair of Turkish bath-towels, the Misses Doran, Richmond, Va; Set of table linen and crumb brush and tray, Mr. and Mrs. Richard McQuillan, Leslie; Plush odor case, John McQuillan, Jackson; Mar-seilles quilt, set of napkins and ring, Mr. and the Misses Fleming, Henrietta; Pair of China tea cups and saucers, Mr. and Mrs. James Markey; Wall pocket, Miss Emma Welsh; Vases, China tea cups and saucers, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Welsh; Set table linen, Thos. Guinan; Silver tea set and table linen, Mr. John Kelly, Richmond, Va; Silver fruit basket and set silver teaspoons, Mr. Michael Kelly. Nearly all the donors were present and enjoyed the happy occasion.

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 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 by F. A. Sigler.

Winckney Dispatch.

J. T. CAMPBELL, Publisher.

WEDNESDAY

MICHIGAN

The game laws of Virginia have been so thoroughly respected during recent years that game of all kinds is now found in the mountainous districts.

The women voters (taxpayers) in Boston are a very uncertain quantity. In 1881 there were 748 who registered for the purpose of voting; in 1882 they dropped to 567; in 1883 ran up to 701; in 1884 fell to 119; under special appeals went in 1885 to 2,238; in 1886 fell again to 1,193, and this year are further reduced to 468.

Several interesting attractions have been added lately to the zoological garden at Philadelphia. A baby zebra arrived from South Africa, two prong-horned antelopes from Nevada, a groundhog from Maryland, and a six-foot Rocky mountain rattlesnake. The baby zebra cost \$1,200, and has been named "Little Phill," after Gen. Sheridan.

A GREAT number of cattle are dying from an unknown disease on Broad river, South Carolina. They are taken with a quivering in every muscle, and no remedy that has been given them does them any good. All the cattle that have died are those recently moved from the uplands to the bottoms. There is a mule in the community affected in the same way, but it seems to get no relief.

BUFFALOANS are not noted for being very good liars, but the following tale related by one of them ought to startle even a Georgian. He says he was loitering about a country fair in England when a man approached him and said: "Are you working or will you stand?" "I'll stand," said the Buffalonian, as he waited developments. During the next fifteen minutes the stranger came to him three times and handed him money. At last he began to think he had had enough of "standing," and he returned to his hotel. He had been doing "stood-upon" work for a gang of pickpockets, who had mistaken him for some one else. He made \$50 in the operation.

THE feminine bachelor is becoming a feature of New York, thus *The Philadelphia Press*. She is frequently pretty, she is always well dressed, and she ranges from 23 to 33 years of age. The feminine bachelor is usually a large girl, and she often comes from the country. She is an art student, a medical student. She is learning music or shorthand. She has literary yearnings, and sends manuscripts to all the publishers. She has comparatively few acquaintances of the other sex. Men are apt to like her, and she is apt to like them, but she is too busy to let the association go very far. She can't afford too big a rent bill, and frequently her office or studio or work-room, sitting-room and bedroom in one. She will exercise an ingenuity that stamps her as truly feminine to turn it into a home. Her folding-bed doesn't betray that she sleeps there. If she can afford it she goes to a restaurant. If she can't, the possibilities of a gas stove and "light housekeeping" are boundless.

A PLANTER writes a New Orleans paper: The successful experiments with sorghum in Kansas will help us in Louisiana, inasmuch as that if the new machinery will get all the sugar out of sorghum cane it will get it all out of sugar cane, and make sugar-growing in Louisiana profitable. With our present machinery as high as 180 pounds of sugar to the ton has been obtained, but as a general rule not more than 100 pounds is the average grinding. The new sorghum process of evaporation gets nearly all the sugar from the cane. If we get 60 per cent we are doing well, for we know we leave more than one-fourth in the cane after grinding. The new process will need more fuel, but will double our present product of sugar. This fuel question is easily solved, for by it each district can have a common factory, as they intend to have in Kansas. At present in Louisiana each plantation has its own sugar-mill, and the amount of machinery which a planter has to get amounts to a great deal of money. New machinery has been purchased from time to time, in the hope of increasing the amount of sugar, but there has been no change in methods, all the machinery merely being improvements on the old. In many parishes sugar-making has become unprofitable, and the cane has been plowed up and put in corn and cotton. With this new process of evaporation in successful operation much is to be hoped for the sugar and sorghum industry of the south.

RURAL TOPICS.

A Few Seasonable Suggestions to the Husbandman.

All Kinds of Stock Should Go Into Winter Quarters in Good Condition—The Importance of Having One Piece of Land on a Farm Highly Manured.

Preparing Stock for Winter.

Feed in pastures was very short and water was scarce during a large part of last summer. As a consequence many animals throughout the northwest are in poor condition. Since the early fall rains feed has been tolerably abundant, but of poor quality. Grass that springs up in the fall in consequence of the "latter rains" is very succulent and lacking in substance. If cut and cured it makes but a small amount of hay. It does not receive sufficient heat from the sun to fully mature the stalks and foliage. Animals will eat a large amount of this grass, as it is very tender, which will give them a plump appearance, but an appearance that is deceptive. The creatures are not fat, and their flesh is not firm. If their diet is suddenly changed to one of straw, corn-fodder, and hay they will eat but little of it and will soon begin to fall off in condition. They will be in poor condition to resist the cold, and before the middle of winter they will be likely to be so thin in flesh and so deficient in fat as to cause their owners to be solicitous in regard to them.

If farm animals are to come out of winter quarters in good condition they must go into them in good condition. In a climate like that in the northern states and territories a gain in weight and condition during the winter is hardly to be expected; the cold is severe, the protection is poor, and the period of confinement very long. Most farmers rely entirely on hay, straw, corn-fodder, and grain to keep their stock over the winter. They are all dry, and animals are likely to become tired of them long before grass starts in the spring. Farmers in the northwest who raise the condition of their stock during the long and cold winters do so at a large expense. They build costly barns feed on a large amount of grain that could be converted into money, and spend much time in taking care of their animals. Even then the gain is very small. If sold by weight the majority of farm animals would bring more in the fall than in the spring. Making beef, mutton pork, or horse-flesh during the winter is generally unprofitable. The loss from the corn-crib and oat-bin is not made up by the gain in the animals that are fed from them.

When the first snow falls on the grass in the pastures all kinds of farm animals should be in good condition as respects their supply of flesh and fat. These will enable them to withstand the severe cold, and will obviate the necessity of feeding them large quantities of grain during the winter. The present is a most favorable time for feeding roots and grain to stock. All young animals should be taught to eat dry food before it becomes their constant diet. If calves, colts, and lambs never eat hay till they are shut up in stables, they will fall off in condition before they become accustomed to it. They should have a little given to them each day in the pastures as soon as they are weaned. They should also be taught to eat grass and cornstalks. The change from green and tender grass to dry food is likely to bring on constipation and to lead to other bad results. The change from grass to hay, like that from milk to grass, is likely to impair the condition of young animals, and if they lose flesh during the early part of the winter there is little prospect that they will commence to gain till the grass starts the succeeding spring.

All farm animals should be examined to ascertain if they harbor lice or other vermin before they are shut up in winter quarters. These creatures increase faster in winter than in summer, partly because the thicker coats of animals afford better protection for them, and partly because there are fewer destructive agents during the time they are kept in the stables. The lice on cattle and the ticks on sheep pass from one animal to another of the same species when they are kept in close contact. If they fall on the floor they will find their way back when the animal lies down to rest. During the summer there is much dust flying in the air, which lodges in the coats of animals and causes lice to loose their hold on them and to fall off. Animals are also led by instinct to roll in the dust and to throw it over their bodies. Reason should lead farmers to scatter fine dust, pulverized tobacco, or insect powder over animals that are kept in confinement. Almost any kind of soft fat is valuable for keeping an animal free of lice. It may not kill them, but it appears to be distasteful to them, while it interferes with locomotion. Fat cattle are not often troubled with lice because their skins are so oily. A small amount of carbolic acid or tobacco-juice added to fat or oil makes a most effective substance to apply to cattle with a view to driving off lice and preventing them from securing a place to live and multiply. It is comparatively easy to keep cattle free from vermin if none are on them when they are taken up at the commencement of cold weather. If they once get on a creature it is hard to displace them. One lot will be hatching while another is being destroyed or driven off. The chances are that the

lousy animal will become feeble before the cause of its suffering is discovered or removed.

Highly-Manured Plot.

Farmers in general distribute the manure made in their barns and feeding-yards over the ground they intend to cultivate the year they draw it out, or the next season if the work is done in the fall. They dump it in piles, from which it is afterward spread, or they scatter it from the end of the wagon as they drive it out. If the field to be fertilized is large and the amount of manure made is small, the soil will not be very greatly enriched. Of course the manure will do good, but it will not make a decided showing in the crop produced on the ground. A light manuring is very beneficial to land intended to produce clover, tame grass, or small grain. A large application of manure, especially if it is unfermented, will produce a rank growth of grass or forage crops, and may cause them to lodge. A small application of well-rotted manure, continued year after year, will prevent timothy and other grasses from running out, but will not cause them to make such a luxuriant growth that the stalks will break down before the wind. A small quantity of well-fermented manure pulverized and scattered over pasture land is also productive of good results. It will be of the greatest benefit if it is applied late in the fall. The late rains will wash out the soluble portions and carry them down to the roots of the grass. The other portion will remain on the surface and afford some protection to the plants during the winter. It will not cause the grass to grow very rank or to have an unpleasant flavor as a large application of green manure will.

It is well, however, to have one plot of ground one the farm very highly manured. Its size will depend on the number of acres in the farm and the use to which it is to be put. This highly-manured plot should be devoted to the production of those crops that require much labor. Many crops cannot be raised unless much labor is expended on them, and this labor will not be suitably rewarded unless the land is very rich. Cabbages, onions, and beets are valuable field crops, but their production calls for much labor. The more highly the land is manured the larger will be the reward for the labor, as the same amount will be required on poor as on rich land. Tomatoes, cucumbers, melons, and squashes also need a very rich soil. They are all gross feeders, and, as they do not start till the advent of warm weather and mature their fruit before the weather becomes very cool, their period of growth is short. Lima beans, most kinds of bush beans, and peas designed for the table also require a soil that has been made rich by the application of fertilizers. Sweet corn, to produce large ears, should be planted on rich land. Persons who have obtained new varieties of potatoes at considerable expense should plant them on land where the yield will be as large as possible. There is little danger of making land too rich for these crops. A market gardener would not hesitate to apply forty loads of stable manure to an acre of land before he planted his first crop of vegetables on it, and would use half that amount each succeeding year that he cultivated it.—*Chicago Times*.

Prairie Memories.

Wild o'er-arching summer sky;
Sea-drifting grasses, rustling reeds,
Where young grouse to their mothers cry,
And locusts pipe from whistling weeds;
Broad meadows lying like lagoons
Of sunniest water, on whose swells
Float nodding thorns to tinkling bells
Of bobolinks' wildest tunes.

Far west winds bringing odors fresh
From mountains' rays as monarchs are
In royal robes of ice and snow,
Where storms are bred in thunder-jar;
Land of corn and wheat and lime,
Where plenty fills the hand of him
Who tills the soil or prunes the vine,
Or digs in the far canyons dim—

My western land! I love thee yet,
In dreams I ride my horse again,
And breast the breezes blowing fleet
From out the meadows cold and wet.
From fields of flowers blowing sweet,
And flinging perfume to the breeze,
The wild oats swirl along the plain;
I feel their dash against my knees,
Like rapid plash of running seas.

I pass by islands dark and tall
With painted poplars thick with leaves;
The grass in rustling ripple leaves
To left and right in curved flow;
And as I listen, rustling slow,
Out breaks the wild bird's joyous call.

O, shining suns of boyhood's time!
O, winds that from the mystic west
Sang calls to Eldorado's quest!
O, swaying wild-bird's thrilling chime!
When loud the city's clanging roar
Wraps in my soul, as does a shroud.
I hear those songs and sounds once more,
And dream of boyhood's swing swing clouds.

—*The American Magazine*

Marry for Money Only.

"Will you remember me, dear, when I am gone?" asked the sick man.

"Yes, John," replied the stricken wife, "and I will see that your grave is kept green and all that."

"Will you marry again?"
"I can never love anyone but you, John, and if I do marry again he will have to have money."—*New York Sun*.

The Only Golden Trout.

Golden trout are found in but one place in the world—that is in the brooks of Mount Whitney, up near the banks of everlasting snow. They have a golden stripe down each side, and are the most beautiful fishes that swim.—*Atlanta Sunny South*.

MATERIAL FOR A NOVEL.

Sec. Life History of a Beautiful Brooklyn Girl.

From the Brooklyn Times.

In a little white frame cottage on Liberty Avenue, near Wyckoff street, in the town of New Lots, twenty-seven years ago, lived Louis Hart and his wife, Catharine. They had four remarkably pretty children. Three were boys, and the other, the youngest, Marguerite, was a beautiful little girl but 18 months old. She, of course, was the pet of the family.

The father of this interesting family was a hard-working man, and earned but small wages, barely sufficient to supply the necessities of life. In addition to this he was effected with lung trouble. He was a brush-maker by trade.

Next door to the Harts lived a middle-aged gentleman by the name of Edward Wilder. This Wilder was a rich man. His East New York residence he occupied only a few months in summer. His winter quarters were in New York city, not far from Fifth Avenue. He formerly had a butcher stand in Washington Market, where after years of patient labor he amassed a competence. He then retired from business. Some lucky investments in real estate made him a millionaire.

Mr. Wilder, although passionately fond of children, had no little ones of his own. He often called upon the Hart family, and admired the little Marguerite. He had noticed the struggles of the head of the family to keep the wolf from the door, and observed with sorrow that the poor man's strength was unequal to the tasks imposed upon it. The baby antics of the little Marguerite had also worked upon his affections, and a great love for the little one arose in his heart.

One day Mr. Hart returned from his work sick in body and mind. Despondency stared him in the face. His rich neighbor's sympathy was aroused, and calling upon Mr. Wilder, the latter made a proposition to him. He stated how he had become attached to little Marguerite, how he had noticed her circumstances, and wound up by offering to adopt the little one.

The poor man could not bring himself at once to let the child go and asked for time to consider the matter. But Mr. Wilder had set his heart upon gaining possession of the little one and offered to settle an annuity upon the boys if his proposition were accepted. He also offered to divide between the boys a valuable plot of land lying in the northern part of New York State. He stipulated that when he should once have possession of the child it should never again be reclaimed by its parents under any circumstances, and that Marguerite should never be made acquainted with the fact that he was other than her own father. Quite an affecting scene ensued. The parents did not want to let the child go, but at last came to the conclusion that it was the best thing under the circumstances and gave the child into Mr. Wilder's keeping.

Mr. Wilder immediately took Marguerite to his New York establishment, and she grew up to be a very beautiful young woman, admired by all. She was of the blonde type, with deep blue eyes and golden hair and skin like alabaster. Her figure was superb. She was the belle of her set, and many were her suitors. But she had not as yet met her affinity.

In the summer of 1883 her father took her to Newport, where she was the acknowledged belle. It was generally known that she was an heiress, and that, with her beauty, brought many suitors to her feet. Among them was a handsome young Lieutenant of the United States Navy. He was a young man with many virtues and but few faults. He was a frequent attendant at divine services. They met at the church. A mutual reciprocation sprang up between the young people, and they were often seen upon the sands of Newport enjoying one another's society. They were a handsome couple, admired by all but envied by none. Society began to whisper that it was a match. Society for once was right. The friendship of the young couple in course of time ripened into a warmer feeling, and one beautiful moonlight night the young man rose to the occasion and the inevitable "proposal" was made. Marguerite had been expecting this for some time, but, like a dutiful daughter, asked for time to consider her answer, and in the meantime referred the whole matter to her father. Her reasons for so doing were that she was an heiress and he was comparatively poor. People would look upon this as a misalliance. She was not sure but that her supposed father might also.

Mr. Wilder listened attentively to Marguerite's story, and at the conclusion she smiled, and, clasping her to his bosom, kissed her, at the same time assuring her that if he found the young man's character and antecedents to be satisfactory, his poverty need be no bar to the consummation of their happiness.

That same day Mr. Wilder went out and did not return until late. He appeared to be depressed and went to bed without saying a word. The next day at the breakfast table he proposed to his little family that they take a trip to Europe. Marguerite had noticed his altered manner, and when this proposition was made she

understood it as meaning that her father would not give his consent to her marriage, and her heart failed her for the moment. There was something wrong. She asked him for his answer. Mr. Wilder evaded her questionings as long as he could, but when she stated that if she did not get his consent to their union she would leave her supposed parents and go to her lover the old man was obliged to divulge the secret of years, and informed her that the man she loved was her own brother, Frederick Hart.

The poor girl fainted. When she came to she was delicious. She was removed to her bed, where she remained for several weeks, and when she arose it was seen that her brain was seriously affected. Her lover's name was constantly on her lips.

When Mr. Wilder started out to inquire into the young man's character and found that he was none other than his adopted daughter's own brother, Fred Hart, he was stunned. The young man was made acquainted with the fact of his relationship and took it to heart. A few days afterward his body was found in the river.

After Marguerite had recovered sufficiently to bear the news, her adopted parents told her of the death of her lover. She became affected with melancholia, and has gradually grown worse, until now it is thought necessary to place her in some institution where she will receive proper treatment and possibly recover.

With that end in view, Mr. Wilder visited a well-known medical expert in the city and arrangements were made for placing her in a private institution in this county.

How Salmon is Canned

Good Housekeeping.

In preparing salmon for canning the fish are dressed of fins, head and entrails at the rate of 1,500 to 2,000 a day by each man. They go through three washings and cleanings, and are cut by a machine into lengths just the height of a can. These pieces are each sliced lengthwise into several pieces. The men who do the filing, press the pieces as compactly into the cans as possible; a Chinese will fill 1,000 cans in a day. The filled cans are then taken to the washing machine, where they are rapidly revolved under a spray of warm water and are rubbed with a sponge at the same time, after which they are wiped dry with pieces of netting.

In the crimper the edge of the cover is crimped and the cans then roll across a brick soldering furnace, the ends passing through a trough of melted solder. This machine and furnace will dispose of 20,000 cans a day and over. The completeness of the operation is tested by examination and immersion in hot water, and, if no further soldering is necessary, the cans are immersed again for an hour and twenty minutes in a cauldron of boiling water, after which they are again tested by being tapped on the top by a small wooden mallet, imperfection being indicated by the sound. The good ones are punctured to let the hot air escape, and are immediately sealed up again.

The cans are now rolled on a track into an iron retort and cooked by steam for an hour and fifteen minutes. They are next plunged into a vat of hot lye, to remove every particle of grease, and are immersed in a tank of cold water, until they are perfectly cool. The final testing is made by two men who both tap each can with a large steel nail, their trained ears detecting any wrong sound. Food canned with all this care is in no way unfit for eating.

The President Surprised and Mrs. Cleveland Amused.

From the Baltimore American.

One man, tall and well built, rapped on the window. The President at first took no notice, but the rapping continued, and he stepped up near the window and bowed to the crowd. But the enthusiastic citizen wasn't satisfied with that. He made motions for the window to be raised, and kept on rapping. The people watched him eagerly, and hoped the President would open the window and make a few remarks. Meanwhile Mrs. Cleveland had risen and came up behind her husband and was surveying the people with a pleasant smile. Truly, she was pretty. All Baltimore thought her lovely when they saw her at the Charity ball; but if they could have seen her standing up behind her husband watching the crowd, with that sweet, pleasant smile that every moment flitted across her face, they would have been completely fascinated.

But the enthusiastic citizen who had hammered on the window now forced his way past the porter's place, and then into the car. He went up to the President and slapped him on the back. The President was evidently surprised, but he did not show it. His wife, however, was very much amused, as she smiled brightly. The enthusiastic gentleman wasn't daunted at all. He shook hands with Mrs. Cleveland, who again smiled. This individual, not content with shaking hands with both, thought he'd try to interview the President, so he plumped the question:

"What do you think of your chance for a second term?"

Though the President had shaken hands, he wasn't answering questions, so he replied that he didn't know.

BARNUM'S LOSS.

The Main Building of "Greatest on Earth" Destroyed by Fire.

The main building in Bridgeport, Conn., of P. T. Barnum's "Greatest show on earth" was entirely destroyed by fire the other evening. About 9 o'clock a fire was discovered, quickly followed by a general alarm, and thousands of people were drawn to the spot. In less than thirty minutes the big building, which was 600 by 100 feet and two stories in height, was consumed. In an incredibly short time the flames swept from one end of the huge structure to the other. There were six watchmen employed on the premises, but they were helpless to check the flames. One of the men was in the horse building when his lantern exploded, igniting the hay and straw. Five of the watchmen have reported, but one is missing. The upper portion of the building was filled with hay and all the paraphernalia of the great show. Three elephants were burned up, and thirty-six broke from their fastenings and dashed through the sides of the burning building. Their roars and trumpeting and sounds of torment were terrific. Six elephants and a large African hippopotamus rushed about the streets, presenting a sickening appearance. Their sides were burned and great pieces of flesh and a foot square fell off. One elephant and a large lion made their escape. In the horse room were all the ring animals, trained stallions, ponies, etc. These were all burned. In the upper rooms were the tents, poles, seats, harness, etc., for the entire show, and these, too, were all destroyed. In the cat room were the birds, monkeys, three rhinoceroses, hyenas, tigers, lions, and all the menagerie, which fell a prey to the flames. So rapidly did the flames leap across the main building that the firemen made no attempt to save it, but turned their streams upon the chariot building and car sheds, which they succeeded in saving, but the heat was so intense that this was accomplished with the greatest difficulty. The total loss is estimated at \$500,000, upon which there was but \$100,000 insurance.

ARMSTRONG'S OPINION.

Sitting Bull Needs Hanging to Make Him a Good Indian.

Gen. F. C. Armstrong, Indian inspector, who has been located on the Crow reservation since the trouble began which culminated in the death of Sword Bearer, says most of the mischief was done last spring when Sitting Bull, with a party of Sioux warriors numbering about 100 came to the Crow reservation and pitched his camp within almost a stone's throw of the Custer monument and began to harangue the Crows.

After the fight in which Sword Bearer was killed and other redoubtable warriors captured, Grey Eagle, one of the leading men of the Crow tribe, said that Crazy Head and "ear Bull" should be made an example of, for as long as they were in the tribe there would be trouble, and subsequent investigation proves this to be true. Consequently in his report to the secretary of the interior, Gen. Armstrong has recommended that Crazy Head and "ear Bull" be sent to some safe place, probably to Fort Pi Kens, Fla., where Geronimo is at present, or to be separated and sent to different places. As for the other six Indians, he thinks they should be kept away from their tribe for several years.

Gen. Armstrong does not anticipate any further trouble on the Crow reservation.

A Blind Man Succeeds.

Professor John S. McHenry, better known as the "Blind Professor of Hartford," Ind., climbed to the second story of the city hall there the other night, threw open a window, and listened, as if to determine the distance to the ground, how people were on the street, and he had recourse to his cane as an indicator. He dropped it, and, feeling satisfied a fall would result in death, threw himself to the pavement, and was instantly killed.

O'Brien Is Sick.

Mr. O'Brien is sick. He refuses to take nourishing food himself to show his disapproval of the outrageous treatment that is meted to Mr. Mandeville. The distinguished prisoner is greatly changed in his appearance, and his friends fear serious consequences.

Want a Pension.

Nearly complete returns of the G. A. R. vote on the proposed dependent pension bill received at the national G. A. R. headquarters in Minneapolis, show a practically unanimous sentiment in favor of the bill. The general pension committee will compile the returns and present them to congress.

The Pope's Plan.

Pope Leo has named a commission to investigate his scheme to found an institution for the benefit of the working classes. The idea is to commemorate the jubilee by this philanthropy and the pope proposes that \$200,000 be raised to start the project.

Re-Elected.

Miss Frances E. Willard has been re-elected president of the national W. C. T. U. The other members of the board were re-elected. After beautiful words of acceptance from Miss Willard, the convention sang "Glad bless our temperance queen."

A New Assistant.

George L. Rives, a prominent member of the New York bar, has been appointed first assistant secretary of state. Mr. Rives comes from an old Virginia family. His grandfather was a senator from that state, and twice American minister to France.

Granby in Ruins.

Granby, Mo., a thriving town in the lead region of Newton county, Mo., was completely gutted by fire the other day. Over 100 buildings, including all the principal business places in the town, were burned. Scores of families are left homeless.

Six Men Killed.

The boiler in W. J. Wilson & Company's saw-mill, nine miles from Prescott, Arizona, exploded the other morning, killing the proprietor, five workmen, and injuring a number of others. Wilson's body was torn in two pieces.

CAN'T GO BEHIND THEM.



There is great intensity of the physical condition sometimes, and there are facts which we cannot go behind. In illustration further of facts which settle the points of a prompt and permanent cure, the following cases are cited: In 1881 Mrs. Mary K. Shedd suffered terribly with chronic headache. She writes from 119 Maryland Avenue, Washington, D. C.: "In the first instance she states: 'I suffered terribly with neuralgia in the face; very severe attack extending to back and shoulders; suffered intensely. Tried St. Jacobs Oil; had parts well rubbed at night; in the morning all pain gone, magically.' June 10, 1887, she writes from 224 Eleventh Street, S. W., as follows: 'Four years ago I sent you a voluntary certificate setting forth the fact that I had been a great sufferer from neuralgia in my face, neck and shoulders. I obtained a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, and after three applications I was entirely relieved from all pain, and from that time to the present I have never had a return. The effect was miraculous.' Again, Feb. 6, 1887, Mr. R. G. Trol, St. Louis, Mo., writes: 'In March, 1881, I suffered terribly with neuralgia; had suffered nearly three years. Applied St. Jacobs Oil at 8:15 A. M.; at 8:40 took the rag off at 9 A. M. went to work. In less than five minutes after that the pain was gone. The one application cured me. Have not had return of it since.' Mr. E. W. Spangler, York, Pa., June 17, 1887, writes: 'Years ago had neuralgia; am not subject to it now. The cure by the use of St. Jacobs Oil was permanent. There has been no recurrence of the painful affliction.' Chas. W. Law, Jr., Pottstown, Pa., April 19, 1887, writes: 'Was troubled for years with neuralgia in neck and head. Tried St. Jacobs Oil; had tried different kinds of remedies without effect. One bottle of the former did the business. No return of pain and aches.' In almost every instance the reports are the same.

A young man at Tiffin, O., courted a young lady until 1 o'clock in the morning. When he started to go home he found the door fastened with wires so that he could not open it. When he tried to crawl out of a window he was arrested as a burglar and had to be identified by the girl.

VERDICT OF THE JUDGE.

Great Excitement in and About a Justice's Office at Clark, Mich.

For three years I have been troubled with rheumatism and a blood disorder, and could get no relief permanently until now. Am now using the third bottle of Hubbard's Rheumatic Syrup, and have never used a medicine which has given so much relief. It gives me a cool, appetite, and greatly strengthens my whole system. For a diseased stomach, or a bilious, or constipated person, I think there is no remedy equal to it. It is a great family medicine. A. W. McHenry, Justice of the Peace, Clark, Mich.

An Indiana young man, after making love to two girls, borrowed money of one to pay the expenses of marrying the other. He need not be surprised if his wife orders to pay his fair creditor double the sum loaned him to take him off her hands.

ADRIAN, Mich., Sept. 1, 1883.

Both myself and husband are using that famous "Cure for Rheumatism," which you advertise as a try. I used it for neuralgia and my husband took it for rheumatism. It has nearly cured both of us, so that we are able to do our work in the best of health. We have recommended it to our neighbors, and they are using it with equally good results. It is one of the greatest remedies for the blood in the world, and for a lost appetite, or a disordered stomach, we don't believe there is anything equal to it.

A young man at Clark, O., deserted his bride on the day of his wedding, and got as far as Cincinnati when his heart failed him, and he turned back. The wedding was several hours late, but the bride was made happy.

has recently been increased in size, making it by far the cheapest illustrated Family Weekly published. That it is highly appreciated is shown by the fact that it has won its way into 6,000 families. The publishers issue a new Announcement and Calendar, showing increased attractions for the new year. If \$1.75 is sent now, it will pay for The Companion to January, 1888, and you will receive the admirable Double Thanksgiving and Christmas Numbers, and another weekly issue to January 1st, free.

In a police station at Boston, Va., one morning recently a young man, who had been jailed the night before for drunkenness, begged the authorities to keep his name secret as he was going to be married that night.

Coughs and colds. Those who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, etc., should try Brown's Bronchial Troches. Sold only in boxes.

Of the 400 Baptist churches in New York state over 200 are without a pastor.

SKUNK, RACCOON, BEAVER, MINK, AND ALL OTHER FURS BOUGHT FOR CASH AT HIGHEST PRICES. Send for circular, which gives full particulars. F. C. BROTHERS, 25 Bond St., New York.

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Pierce's

Pleasant Purgative Pellets

SIZE OF PELLETS.

THE ORIGINAL

LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

Always ask for Dr. Pierce's Pellets, or Little Sugar-coated Granules or Pills.

BEING ENTIRELY VEGETABLE, Dr. Pierce's Pellets operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. Put up in glass vials, hermetically sealed. Always fresh and reliable. As a LAXATIVE, ALTERATIVE, or PURGATIVE, these little Pellets give the most perfect satisfaction.



SICK HEADACHE.

Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. In explanation of the remedial power of these pellets over so great a variety of diseases, we say that their action upon the system is universal, not a gland or tissue escaping their salutary influence. Sold by druggists, for 25 cents a vial. Manufactured at the Chemical Laboratory of World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

BOILS CURED.

WILLIAM RAMICH, Esq., of Minden, Kearney County, Nebraska, writes: "I was troubled with boils for thirty years. Four years ago I was so afflicted with them that I could not walk. I bought two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, and took one 'Pellet' after each meal, till all were gone. By that time I had no boils, and have had none since. I have also been troubled with sick headache. When I feel it coming on, I take one or two 'Pellets,' and am relieved of the headache."

THE BEST CATHARTIC.

Mrs. C. W. Brown, of Wapakoneta, Ohio, says: "Your 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets' are without question the best cathartic ever sold. They are also a most efficient remedy for torpor of the liver. We have used them for years in our family, and keep them in the house all the time."

\$500 REWARD

Is offered by the PROPRIETORS OF

DR. SAGE'S Catarrh Remedy

FOR A CASE OF CATARRH WHICH THEY CAN NOT CURE.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.

Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharge falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectation of offensive matter, together with scabs from nostrils; the voice is changed and has a nasal twang; the breath is offensive; smell and taste are impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. However, only a few of the above named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, less understood, or more unsuccessfully treated by physicians. By its mild, soothing, and healing properties,

DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY

CURES THE WORST CASES OF

Catarrh, "Cold in the Head," Coryza, and Catarrhal Headache.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

PRICE, 50 CENTS.

UNTOLD AGONY FROM CATARRH.

Prof. W. HASSNER, the famous meesmerist, of Ithaca, N. Y., writes: "Some ten years ago I suffered untold agony from chronic nasal catarrh. My family physician gave me up as incurable, and said I must die. My case was such a bad one, that every day, towards sunset, my voice would become so hoarse I could barely speak above a whisper. In the morning my coughing and clearing of my throat would almost strangle me. By the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, in three months, I was a well man, and the cure has been permanent."

CONSTANTLY HAWKING AND SPITTING.

THOMAS J. RUSHING, Esq., 2204 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "I was a great sufferer from catarrh for three years. At times I could hardly breathe, and was constantly hawking and spitting, and for the last eight months could not breathe through the nostrils. I thought nothing could be done for me. Luckily, I was advised to try Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and I am now a well man. I believe it to be the only sure remedy for catarrh now manufactured. I have only to give it a fair trial to experience astounding results and a permanent cure."

THREE BOTTLES CURE CATARRH.

ELI ROBBINS, Remyan P. O., Columbia Co., Pa., says: "My daughter had catarrh when she was five years old, very badly. I saw Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy advertised, and procured a bottle for her, and soon saw that it helped her; a third bottle effected a permanent cure. She is now eighteen years old and sound and hearty."

MARVELOUS MEMORY DISCOVERY.

Wholly Unlike Artificial Systems. Any Book Learned in One Reading. Recommended by HARRIS, TAYLOR, RICHARDSON, TOLSON, the Senators, Hon. J. W. AGNEW, Hon. J. B. BENJAMIN, Dr. MASON, etc. Class of 10 Columbia Law Students: 30 at Meadville, 250 at Norwich. \$50 at Oberlin College; two classes of 20 each at Yale; 40 at University of Penn.; 250 at Wellesley College; and three large classes at Chautauque University, N. Y. Send name for free trial. Prof. LOISELLE, 237 5th Ave., New York.

ELY'S CATARRH CREAM BALM

I suffered from catarrh 12 years. The droppings ran to the throat, was nauseating. My nose felt almost daily. Since the first day's use of Ely's Cream Balm, I have had no blood, no soreness, no itching, no discharge, and I feel entirely cured. D. G. DARRISON, with the Boston Budget.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 25 cents at druggists, by mail, registered agents, ELY BROTHERS, 23 Greenwich St., New York.

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WIZARD OIL

CURES RHEUMATISM.

Neuralgia, Headache, Sore Throat, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Wounds, Lambe Back, And All Pains Of An Inflammatory Nature. Sold by Druggists. 50c. and \$1.00. SONG BOOK MAILED FREE. Address WIZARD OIL CO., CHICAGO.

FOR PAIN

Neuralgia, Headache, Sore Throat, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Wounds, Lambe Back, And All Pains Of An Inflammatory Nature. Sold by Druggists. 50c. and \$1.00. SONG BOOK MAILED FREE. Address WIZARD OIL CO., CHICAGO.

A GRAND OFFER!

Solid Rolled Gold Rings almost GIVEN AWAY!

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Neuralgia, Headache, Sore Throat, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Wounds, Lambe Back, And All Pains Of An Inflammatory Nature. Sold by Druggists. 50c. and \$1.00. SONG BOOK MAILED FREE. Address WIZARD OIL CO., CHICAGO.

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PINCKNEY DISPATCH.

J. T. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Pinckney, Michigan, Thursday, Dec. 1, 1897

An Eastern Trip.

Editor of PINCKNEY DISPATCH.

Sir. If you have space at any time and think the following brief account of my recent visit to New England merits publication it is at your disposal. I left home on the morning of Sep. 15th and reached Syracuse the next day about noon where I stopped with my Sister until the 20th, who, according to previous arrangement, accompanied me as far as Worcester; and, be assured we passed that splendid autumn day very pleasantly. Soon after leaving Albany we strike the Berkshire hills, a spear of the Green mountains, and as we sped along following the winding way of a mountain stream the view was beautiful indeed. We reached Springfield, Mass., one of the finest cities of this country (and just let me say, that if any of your readers ever pass over the Boston and Albany, I think they can spend a few hours at Springfield, both pleasantly and profitably in visiting the U. S. Armory and other places of interest) about seven P. M. Our brother met us at the train and there we were, three of us, the remnant of a family of nine, aged respectively 73, 65 and 61. In all probability it was the last meeting we shall have before the great day of final accounts. After a few days we left Springfield to visit friends further east, stopping first at West Brookfield, our native town. We found a few of our relatives and friends still living and several old landmarks that we recognized, although I had not visited there since 1886. The house where Father lived and which we left in the spring of 1833 was still standing and quite well preserved. Outwardly I saw but little change, even the old chimney three feet square at the top still overtopped the premises. The old tavern once occupied by Mr. Pritchard was standing but very much neglected. Passing along I crossed what in an early day was called Quabog river or creek and noticing a man at work in a meadow near by I took the liberty to enter the field. I found a very fine crop of second growth clover and Timothy and after some conversation I learned that the person at work was the Hon. E. B. Lynde, who very courteously answered my inquiries, invited me to his house, showed me some fine cows, one of the finest stock barns I ever saw, a very fine field of corn, and finally hitched up his horse and carried me onto Foster's hill where we went through the old Judge Foster house, which in an early day was considered quite a mansion; but the 7 by 9 glass with the tight shutters fastened with an iron bar on the inside, the narrow winding stair-case, low rooms, and open fire places, contrasted strangely with our modern style of architecture. A little North-east from this house is the great rock from which Waitfield preached to the people in 1740, great numbers from all the argon around coming to hear him. Pieces of this rock are being chipped off and carried away as souvenirs. A short distance east of the Foster house we found the spot where the house stood in which the inhabitants took refuge when the town was burned by the Indians Aug. 2d, 1675. This house was strongly built and surrounded by a high board fence, and here the inhabitants defended themselves until succor came, losing but one of their number, every other building in town being burned. Some of the Indians took refuge behind a large rock which rises from 8 to 10 feet almost perpendicular and is I judge 20 to 30 feet long and about 20 rods distant from the house. From it Maj. Wilson was shot while drawing water, the Indian making his calculation from the position of the pole attached to the sweep. The old well is now covered with a large flat stone. While some old landmarks remain, many improvements have been made, and I think West Brookfield one of the neatest and pleasantest of New England villages. Our next stop was made at Worcester, a city of 80,000 inhabitants, and one of the liveliest towns I was ever in. A town that is growing

more rapidly than any other New England city, and in which I think a greater variety of manufacturing is carried on than in any other town of its size in this country. After spending a few days very pleasantly at Worcester I turned my face westward, made a short stop at the nice quiet old village of Leicester, my Mother's native town and where some of my relatives still reside, looked over the village some, picked a few chestnuts in the yard of my Uncle's old residence, passed a very pleasant day with friends and arrived at Springfield at 11:30 a. m. of the 4th of Oct., the first day of the great meeting of the A. B. C. F. M., spent four days attending the meetings of the board and visiting old school mates, called on and had a very pleasant chat with my teacher of 45 years since, and on the 8th accompanied by my brother took a trip to Worthington, about 35 miles from Springfield, to visit his daughter. For several miles after we left the R. R. the highway follows a small stream that goes bounding along over the rocks, while on either side, rise hills, which to me, looked to be from 50 to 200 feet high, in some places quite precipitous and presenting nothing but rocks to the view; while other portions were covered with a very thrifty growth of beech, birch, maple, and other timber. Large quantities of maple sugar are made in that region. The valley, which was quite narrow, seemed to be fertile and productive. Worthington is a small, quiet hamlet situated on quite rolling ground, and is considered a very healthy locality. Being 1500 feet above the Connecticut river at Springfield. I should have enjoyed a longer stay with the friends here very much but I began to feel as though I should be at home and on the morning of the 10th left Worthington, reaching Fairport, a lively town 9 miles east of Rochester, N. Y., at 9 P. M., where I stopped with friends 24 hours and arrived at Detroit at 8:45 A. M. of the 12th, and in due course of time reached home. The weather having been as pleasant as could be expected and my health good I feel that I had a very enjoyable trip.

Yours Respectfully,
C. M. Wood.

All About Tornadoes.

Two opposite and contradictory theories exist respecting the violent commotions in the atmosphere which are known to us by the name of tornadoes. One of these theories—which correspond is to the popular belief that waterspouts pump up water from the sea—attributes their cause to vast currents of heated air rushing upward from the ground toward the clouds. The other theory assigns the cause of tornadoes to aerial whirlpools and eddies, which, originating in the upper regions of the atmosphere, stretch downward till they reach the soil. The first theory was supported by Franklin; the second is the one which M. Faye maintains and which, we may say, he has fully proved. First let us take the doctrine of "aspiration" by tornadoes, or of their sucking or drawing upward things lying on the ground. This theory supposes a lower stratum of warm, moist air to be rising in the atmosphere. While so mounting it expands, cools and abandons a part of its moisture, which takes the form of a cloud. It then again becomes warmer, in consequence of the heat disengaged by the condensation of its vapor. Being therefore lighter than the surrounding medium it will continue to mount. On reaching a higher region where the air is rarer it will again dilate and afterward cool, thereby giving up another portion of its moisture; and so on, until the process is repeated as far as the limits of the atmosphere. According to Mr. Espy, the inventor of this theory, the ascending column of air would cause a sucking or draft at its foot, much as happens in a chimney at the base of which a fire is always burning. But here we fail to discover any reason either why the ascending column of air should move onward in one direction or another, or why the said column of air should rapidly revolve or spin from right to left. Nevertheless, these are two essential characteristics of tornadoes.—All the Year Round.

One Woman's Wrong.

Omaha Wife—You are the meanest, ugliest thing in existence. I just hate you.
Husband—What have I done now?
"Done? What have you not done? This morning when I discovered that Colorado beetle crawling on my dress and called to you for help, you didn't stir, but let me sit there just writhing in terror until I had to shriek."
"I didn't hear you call. What else?"
"This afternoon when that jeweler showed us a live Brazilian beetle beautifully set in a breastpin you refused to buy it for me.—Omaha World.



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Floor and Table Oil
Cloths and Wall Paper.

Full line of Ladies' Misses and Children's Toboggan Caps, and we shall this week open a new line of **DRESS FLANNELS** in newest and latest shades and colors. Owing to a large trade in these goods our stock has been badly broken up but it will now be complete. Low prices and good goods is what the people want and we have them.

HATS & CAPS.

We have just purchased a full line of the latest, neatest and nobbiest of these to be found in the market.

DERBY HATS, SOFT HATS,

CRUSHED HATS for young and old men; and the little ones have been especially remembered—for them we have the Scotch Velvet and Plush, all new.

Cold weather is coming. We have remembered you and have a full line of

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We want your good Butter, Fresh Eggs and Dried Apples. will pay the highest market price. Bring them along.

Respectfully,

W. H. MARSH.
Proprietor of People's Store,
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Excellent all in Comprehensive-ness, Conciseness, Latest Information, Cheapness and Convenience.

Grand Trunk Railway Time Table.

MICHIGAN AIR LINE DIVISION.

GOING EAST.		STATIONS.		GOING WEST.	
P. M.	A. M.			P. M.	A. M.
4:30	8:00	LENOX		9:30	8:00
4:05	7:45	Armad		9:05	8:15
3:30	7:30	Home		8:30	8:30
3:35	7:00	Rochester		8:35	7:05
2:00	6:35	d. Pontiac	a.	5:30	12:10
5:05	9:30	a. Wixom	d.	6:35	7:10
7:30	9:55	d. S. Lyon	a.	7:30	3:35
6:40	8:30	a. Hamburg	d.	8:15	3:55
5:40	8:07	PINCKNEY		8:45	4:14
5:15	7:44	Gregory		9:15	4:33
4:32	7:30	Stockbridge		9:40	4:50
3:55	7:17	Honietta		10:15	
3:30	6:58	JACKSON		11:00	5:40
2:40	6:30				

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

DULUTH, SOUTH SHORE & ATLANTIC RAILWAY.
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WAGNER SLEEPING COACHES attached to all Night Trains.

OBSERVATION PARLOR CARS on all Day Trains.

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Summer Tours.

Palace Steamers. Low Rates.

Four Trips per Week Between

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St. Ignace, Cheboygan, Alpena, Harrisville, Goodwin, Grand Haven, Port Huron, St. Clair, Oakland House, Marine City.

Every Week Day Between

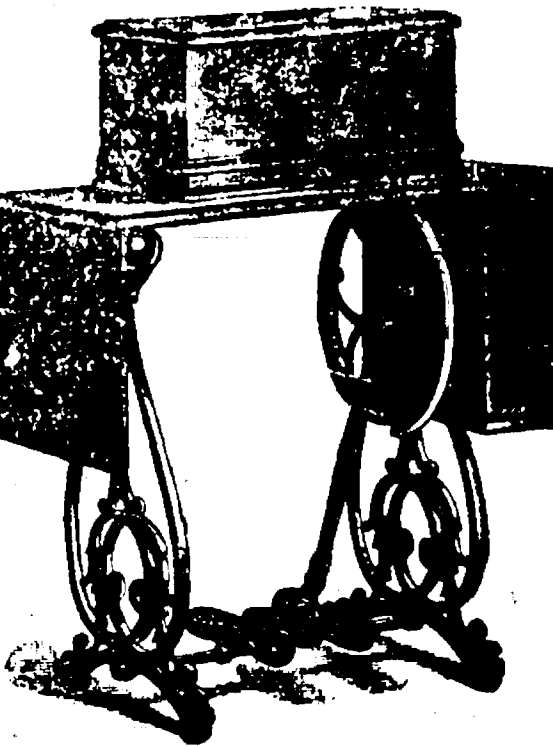
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Special Sunday Trips during July and August.

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DEEP SEA WINDMILLS exist in thousands of forms, but to be surpassed by the marvelous invention of those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Haver & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free of charge full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from \$5 to \$25 per day and upwards where or they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over \$50 in a single day at this work. All succeed.

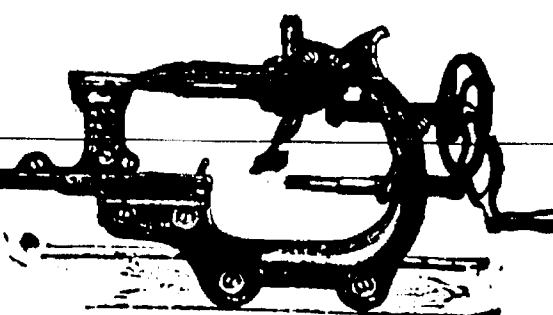


AUTOMATIC Single Thread Sewing Machines

will absolutely take the place of Shuttle Machines. No woman ever wants a Shuttle Machine after trying an Automatic.

Address, 73 W. 23d St., New York City.

The "Excelsior" Combined Parer and Corer. The "Excelsior" Parer and Corer is an easy rapid working machine is not excelled. Its special features are: 1. SIMPLICITY OF CONSTRUCTION, 2. DURABILITY, 3. RAPID WORK.



The "Excelsior" is warranted to do satisfactory work on all kinds of apples and especially on soft ripe fruit, where other machines fail. Used in combination with a Bleacher allowing the apples to drop from the Parer and Corer directly into the Bleacher and sliced with one of Tripp's Hand Slicers, which is warranted not to break slices, will command the highest market price. PULTEYSTOWN, N. Y., May 1, 1897. Gentlemen:—I have pared several thousand bushels of apples during the fall of '96 with your Combined Parer and Corer, averaging about 80 bushels per day of 10 hours, which is the capacity of my evaporator when drying all the waste. Mr. De May pared in my evaporator 10 bushels of apples in 55 minutes, 20 bushels without stopping in two hours and eight minutes. The apples were of good quality and so perfectly pared that two trimmers kept up with the Parer. For simplicity of construction, good work and rapidity, I consider it the best machine in use. Yours, Royal Wixom. Agents wanted. Write for Illustrated Circulars. Address: TRIPP BROS., East Williams, N. Y.

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DRUGS & MEDICINES?"

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Toilet articles Fancy goods, Purses and Pocket books of all kinds and at prices cheaper than the cheapest.

A fine line of Perfumery at popular prices. School Books and School Supplies of all kinds.

To keep your Cider sweet call and we will sell you a package of Sulphite that will keep the taste just as you wish.

Wall Paper is still going at prices that will sell every time.

No family need be without soap at the price it is sold at now. Groceries of all kinds and at popular prices.

The Night Hawk Cigar leads them all. Nearly 7,000 sold this year up to the present time.

Prescription accurately compounded and only reliable Medicines used.

Respectfully,

CORNER DRUG STORE,

F. A. SIGLER.

[NASBY'S PAPER] THE WEEKLY TOLEDO BLADE 1888.

The leading Republican Newspaper of the country. The most popular Family Weekly, with the largest and widest circulation. The managers of the BLADE have at great expense extended their facilities for the purpose of meeting the extraordinary demands of the campaign year. In 1888 the BLADE had 200,000 subscribers. In 1889 it will be prepared to meet promptly the demands of 300,000 subscribers. At the low price of

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COUNTY AND VICINITY.

New jail about complete.

The county poor house wants more caloric.

Washtenaw pioneer meeting at Chelsea December 7.

The Dexter postoffice is to occupy the store of J. T. Jacobs & Co.

Henry Warren of Webster raised 1,800 bushels of wheat this year.

The Ingham County News has changed hands. Dr. J. A. May being the present proprietor.

Orange U. Backus of Iosco and Lydia L. VanBuren of White Oak were married at Stockbridge Nov. 16.

The clerk of Washtenaw county issued eight licenses to marry in one half day just before Thanksgiving.

Fred Dodge of Bunker Hill who shot himself in the face is recovering, but carries the marks of a fearful wound.

Howell township pays a bounty of 10 cents for each woodchuck killed therein. Only 137 had been reported last week.

Homer Galloway remembered the poor in his charge and treated them to oysters at his own expense at the poor house on Thanksgiving day.

As his reason for reducing his paper to a six-column folio Editor Gildart of the Stockbridge Sun says the town will not at present support a larger sheet.

Elliott of the Fowlerville Independent scorches Andrews of the Williamston Enterprise because he (Andrews) did not wish the new publication success.

Judge Beach of Sanilac county occupied the bench in Washtenaw last week hearing the case of the Farmers' and Mechanics' bank against John Keck and William April.

The Ingham county agricultural society has a law suit on its hands. It engaged Prof. Hogan to make a balloon ascension on Thursday of its fair week, which the Prof. claims he was unable to do on account of the weather. On Friday an ascension was made but that did not complete his contract, so the society withholds his pay. He has brought suit and the society intends to defend.

P. Merrill, of Iosco, is in high glee over the flattering prospects of the mineral paint on his land. He burned a kalm of about two tons, and took a sample to the Detroit Paint Works. They pronounced the paint the finest of sienna, equal to the best imported. He has received offers for the paint from \$25 to \$60 a ton. Even the former price would leave him a good margin over the expenses of preparing it for the paint manufacturers.—Livingston Democrat.

Mrs. John Feeney with a baby in her arms and three small children, called at Geo. W. Barnes, Tyrone, last Saturday, saying that her husband and two children had been burned in a fire which took all her worldly possession, in Sanilac Co., last August, and she was trying to walk to her mother's in La Porte Ind. The matter was presented to the congregation at the M. E. church in that township on Sunday, and about \$7 raised which with some contribution from outside, bought the tickets for their passage to the end of their journey.—Livingston Herald.

Eli ward, of Sylvan, began suit in the circuit court, last Friday, against the Michigan Central railroad company, claiming damages in the sum of \$10,000. Eli Ward while working for Edward A. Ward, who owns property in Sylvan township, through which the railroad passes, was thrown from his wagon while driving across the track, May 17th, 1886, and received serious injuries, for which he has been compelled to pay \$500, for medical attendance and care. Ward claims that it was the fault of the railroad company, as they had not complied with the law and laid a proper crossing across the track.—A. A. Argus.

At the Livingston county teachers' association at Fowlerville Dec. 3 the following program will be observed: Paper—J. E. Kirtland; primary language—Franc A. Blackman; paper—George E. Pardee; primary physiology—Jennie E. Spencer; fractions—Ernest Pitkin. Here comes an adjournment until 1:30 o'clock. Hellenic education—Geo. A. Barnes; school government

—Secretary S. D. Williams; paper—"How far should the teacher make special effort to influence the morals of the pupil?"—Emma Lamb; paper—Mary C. Bennett; culture obtained from books—Nellie Ruel; arithmetic—E. C. Foster.

Judge M. D. Chatterton of Lansing was in Mason last Tuesday on legal business. In the course of a conversation with the editor of The News he confessed that he is writing a book—a legal text book which the legal fraternity will await with great interest. The name of the book when published will be "The Michigan Probate Practice" and it will be a comprehensive and complete treatise upon probate law and probate practice. At present the only book of the kind in the State is Cheever's Probate Practice and that is not well adopted to present uses. Judge Chatterton will give to his work the benefit of large experience in probate work as well as extensive reading and examination of the authorities. For eight years he was judge of probate of Ingham county and for the seven years since his retirement from office he has been largely engaged in the settlement of estates and in general practice in the probate court. Located at Lansing he has free access to the State library and the opportunity to examine the authorities exhaustively on all mooted questions. He has already been three months at work on the book, and it will take more than a year yet to complete it. Judge Chatterton's experience, research and ability will combine to make the book an invaluable addition to every law library.—Ingham Co. News.

Relative to the tyrotoxic poison at Milan last September Dr. Vaughn made a report to the state board of health, of which the following is a part: "Dr. Vaughn soon made up his mind that the sickness was probably due to the bad and unwholesome condition of the house, which was 50 years old and nearly rotten. One floor was nearly rotted away, and was covered by a sewer one. The house had settled a good deal; there was no cellar; the land in all directions sloped towards the house, so that the building was constantly on damp soil, as there was no artificial drainage. The sweepings and moppings for years had accumulated in the cracks of the floor, so that when the floor was taken up a nauseating odor arose. The farmer sold cream to a creamery in the neighborhood, the proprietor of which had received the documents of the Michigan state board of health on cholera infantum and poisoning by cheese, milk, etc. He induced the farmer to keep his milk away from the house and in a cool place until the cream was collected and taken away. The milk consumed by the four members of the family was kept in a small closet or pantry in the house, where they frequently went and helped themselves to milk. They had been sick in the same way a number of times before this violent outbreak which resulted in the death of two of their number. Dr. Vaughn made experiments as follows: He placed fresh milk in the pantry for a short time, and then found enough tyrotoxicum had developed in the milk to make a cat sick. He took some of the earth under the pantry floor, and placed a small quantity of it in some fresh milk, soon after which tyrotoxicum was obtained from the milk, while none could be obtained from another sample of fresh milk which stood by the side of the milk in which the earth had been placed. This seems to demonstrate that the soil contained the germ of decomposition which produces the poison."

An End to Bone Scraping.

Edward Shephard, of Harrisburg, Ill., says: "Having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters, I feel it my duty to let suffering humanity know it. Have had a running sore on my leg for eight years; my doctors told me I would have to have the bone scraped or leg amputated. I used, instead, three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and my leg is now sound and well." Electric Bitters are sold at fifty cents a bottle, and Bucklen's Arnica salve at 25c. per box by F. A. Sigler.

Cobb's Pills are small and powerful, but do not gripe. Cures headache or mofley refunded.

Gamber & Chappell.

HARDWARE.

New store full of best and cheapest of goods, but no time to write advertisements.

Watch this space.

Teeple & Cadwell.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

By virtue of a License, to me granted, on the tenth day of October 1887, by Q. A. Smith, Judge of Probate of the County of Ingham, and state of Michigan, I shall sell at public auction, on the ninth day of December 1887, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the residence of Hugh McIntyre in the township of Unadilla, Livingston county, State of Michigan, all the right, title and interest of which Albert Yocum died, seized, in and to the following land, to wit: The south-east quarter of the south-west quarter in Section number thirty-one (31) of Town No. one north of Range three east (Unadilla) in the county of Livingston, Michigan; also the south half (1/2) of the north-east quarter of the south-west quarter of Section No. thirty-one in said township of Unadilla. JOHN E. GIBBINS.

Administrator of the Estate of Albert Yocum, deceased.
Dated October 15th, 1887. (47.)

What Am I To Do?

The symptoms of Biliousness are un happily but too well known. They differ in different individuals to some extent. A Bilious man is seldom a breakfast eater. Too frequently, alas, he has an excellent appetite for liquids but none for solids of a morning. His tongue will hardly bear inspection at any time; if it is not white and furred, it is rough, at all events.

The digestive system is wholly out of order or Diarrhea or Constipation may be a symptom or the two may alternate. There are often Hemorrhoids or even loss of blood. There may be giddiness and often headache and acidity or flatulence, and tenderness in the pit of the stomach. To correct all of not effect a cure try Green's August Flower, it cost but a trifle and thousands attest its efficacy.

Good Results in Every Case.

D. A. Bradford, wholesale paper dealer of Chattanooga, Tenn., writes that he was seriously afflicted with a severe cold that settled on his lungs; had tried many remedies without benefit. Being introduced to Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, did so and was entirely cured. He used it in his family for several years and Colds with best results. He has the experience of thousands who have been saved by the wonderful Discovery. Trial Bottle sent by F. A. Sigler's Drug Store.

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AROUND A GREAT STATE.

An Interesting Find.

For some time Port Huron and other portions of St. Clair county, and Sania and the surrounding country have been flooded with bogus metal dollars and nickels. Sheriff Burdick, his deputy George Phillips, and Detective E. W. Buckridge have been working on the case. The other morning the officers drove out into Kinnel township about seven miles from Port Huron and searched the house of John Mack, a farmer and blacksmith, who has been arrested twice before for counterfeiting. They found plaster of paris molds for making bogus dollars and nickels, babbitt metal in bulk, and also in sheets the thickness of silver dollars, oil of vitrol, quicksilver, about \$100 in bogus dollars and nickels, and some coin half finished.

Mack and his wife were arrested, and a search of E. W. Ernest about a mile distant was made. There they found a "lay out" similar to the one found at Mack's and a large quantity of bogus coin. Ernest, his wife and Jennie Leonard, the only inmates of the house, were arrested, and together with the Mack family, are now in the county jail. There is also supposed to be a strong case against a Port Huron business man for "showing" the stuff.

PENINSULAR POINTERS.

Isabella county voters will decide the local option question, December 16.

The Cushman telephone people are working up an exchange at Coldwater, because the Bell company has fallen somewhat into disfavor there.

A rebel flag, 80 feet long, has been unearthed at Elk Rapids, where it had lain in a garret for 25 years. It was captured from the confederate cruiser Nashville.

The state railroad consolidation board approved the articles of consolidation of the Indiana & Northwestern and the Sturgis & State Line railways, and also approved the maps of the locations of several logging roads.

George H. Jacks, deputy United States marshal, and ex-deputy sheriff at Muskegon, has been arrested on a charge of burglary.

The Mackinac division of the Michigan Central had an accident the other afternoon, near Beaver Lake. A passenger train, smashed into a log train, grinding an engine, baggage car and smoker and four flat cars into very small pieces. No one was hurt.

The Sheldon & Shafer mine, in the Crystal Falls region, has been sold to a syndicate of Cincinnati capitalists, who will assume control of the property shortly. The property is a very valuable one, but for some cause or other unknown to outsiders has been idle a greater part of the season.

The Mercy hospital at Big Rapids is to be enlarged.

A deaf and dumb man named Lang was murdered last night at Chubbuck, the other night. His body badly cut and bruised, particularly about the head, was discovered on the railroad track. Suspicion pointed to one Stevenson and Joe Bodwin, who were traced by the officers to an improper house. Stevenson was found in a deplorable state of intoxication. Both men were arrested and locked up to await examination. It is thought that these men robbed Lang after assaulting him and then placed his body on the railroad track to conceal their crime. They had spent money freely at the house where they were arrested. Lang is reported to have intimated that Stevenson made the attack upon him. The man is very low and his recovery is impossible.

Upper peninsula advisers say that the M. H. & O. railroad company will send a powerful lobby to Washington to secure a reversal of the decision which threw the old land grant on the lists of open lands. The home-seeker who went in on the lands are banded together for their homes and families, and will give the moribund land grant company all it wants in the way of a fight.

The Gregory house, an old landmark in Ludington was destroyed by fire the other night.

A. W. Campbell has strayed, gas on his farm about six miles north of Detroit.

William H. Binder, alleged to have deserted from Fort Wayne, Detroit, was arrested in Chicago the other evening by order of the commanding officer at Fort Wayne. He was taken to Fort Mackinac to wait development from headquarters.

Fred Dodge, the young man of Leslie who was recently so terribly wounded by the accidental discharge of a gun while hunting, is now in a fair way to recover, though his power of speech is evidently gone forever. He can take no food except through a tube placed in his mouth, a large portion of his jaw being shot away.

Anna Lyden, aged 15, a domestic with John Travis of Travis Station, Kalamazoo county, was preparing breakfast when her clothes caught fire, burning her horribly. She has one chance in ten for a recovery. Mr. Travis was also badly burned in trying to smother the flames.

Hon. L. C. Crossman, clerk of the Michigan house of representatives is about to move to California.

The state horticultural society and the Michigan beekeepers' association will be in session at East Saginaw December 6-10.

Over 450 grangers have taken the higher degrees of the order during the meeting of the national grange at Lansing.

Fredrick Smith, a pioneer of Saginaw, died suddenly the other night while sitting at the supper table.

Ezra Laine, employed at the Marshall house in East Saginaw, was found dead in bed the other morning. He served during the war in Co. I, Forty-seventh Ohio, and had just been granted a pension.

Leslie wants a brick yard and Farwell needs a planing mill.

The Hon. Latham Hall, one of the wealthiest and most respected citizens of Kalamazoo, died on the 10th inst.

The purchase of the Port Huron & Northwestern by the F. & P. M. is again reported.

It cost Peter Hill of Newaygo \$92 to hunt deer with hounds.

The second attempt to convict the saloon keepers for selling liquor within one mile of the soldiers' home, resulted the same as the first.

The two-year old child of Frank Morrell of Newaygo, drank carbolic acid and died in about five minutes.

Mrs. Daniel Johnson, for the past six years postmistress at Wixom, is dead. Her husband, Daniel Johnson, platted the town of Zilwaukee in Saginaw county.

J. M. Longyear of Marquette, has offered three prizes of \$75 each, and three of \$50 each, to be competed for by students of the Michigan mining school, by essays on subjects of practical use in the work of developing the mineral resources of Michigan.

Eng No. 189, of the Michigan Central railway, drew a train from Jackson to Michigan City, a distance of 150 miles, in 171 minutes, and engineer James Moore who handled the throttle on the run, says he can lower his record if they want him to do it. It is thus far the best that has been done on the road.

Nearly all of the Saginaw river mills have shut down.

Frank P. Smith of Stanton shot a 400 pound bear in Menominee county.

The arson case against Jim Carr of Harrison resulted in his acquittal.

James Ables of Carrollton was instantly killed a few days ago by falling from the dock and striking his head on the rail of the steamer W. R. Bart.

Last September Milton C. Lewis of Muskegon caused the arrest of George McQueen on a charge of embezzlement. McQueen has brought suit for \$10,000 damages for false imprisonment.

The Babcock corn planter factory at Adrian, was badly damaged by fire the other day.

Mrs. Getshell, wife of the pastor of the Universalist church of Tecumseh, has brought suit for divorce against her husband because he claimed that his marriage vows gave him the right to administer corporal punishment when he thought she needed it.

Delmer Hunt of Climax, Kalamazoo county, has gone to Nacozari, as one of the engineers of the proposed ship canal.

A party of hunters from Kalamazoo county, killed five deer in Lake county, and a bear weighing 450 pounds.

Lake Huron is 16 inches lower than ever before at this season of the year.

Frederick Simons of Orleans, who is pulling stumps for Richard Miller of Greenville, while at work found under a stump a tin box in which there were twenty one dollar pieces and ninety half dollar pieces. From appearances the treasure must have been under the stump a long while.

Eljah Walker, colored, was convicted in the United States court at Grand Rapids recently of receiving stolen goods and paying the special tax. He was sentenced to the house of correction at Ionia for six months and fined \$100.

H. W. Sage, who owns a large mill at West Bay City, has recently purchased 10,000 acres of government pine and hardwood lands in Taylor county. W. S. Sage also owns a large tract of hardwood lands in Upper Michigan and his pine holdings are extensive. He has operated a mill at West Bay City for over 20 years.

The president and secretary of the southeastern Michigan O. A. R. Association have issued a call for a meeting of the executive committee, to be held in Adrian on Friday, December 29, 1887, at 10 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of locating the place and fixing the time of holding the next annual encampment, and transacting such other business as may properly come before the meeting.

David Morgan, a Berrien county farmer, has been convicted in the United States court at Grand Rapids of sending obscene literature through the mail and sentenced to one year at Ionia and fined \$100. Business men of Berrien Springs petitioned the court to be lenient, as he bore a good reputation and the crime was committed in a moment of frenzy. The judge imposed the minimum sentence.

James Howard a Bangor farmer, charged with opening United States mail matter, was discharged in the United States court at Grand Rapids, on order of the court.

The Seven Day Adventists have effected a church organization at Grand Rapids, with 7 members, and Elder H. W. Miller of Oakland, Cal., has been called to the pastorate.

Bishop Gillespie, chairman of the state board of corrections and charities, has issued a call for a meeting of the board to be held at the Wright House, Alma, Dec. 6, 7 and 8. An invitation has been extended to the county agents to be present, and it is expected that about 50 of them will be in attendance.

Phoebe Blank has begun suit in the circuit court against John D. Clark & Co., of the Hibbard house of Jackson, for \$10,000 for injuries sustained by falling through a defective sidewalk on the Francis street side of the house, October 12, 1885. Mrs. Blank fell into a trench being dug under the walk and she began suit against the city, but dropped it, as no permission had been given by the authorities for the digging of the trench. She will now make an effort to hold the owner and lessees of the Hibbard house responsible.

"Blinky" Mustel Hang.

At Ravenna, O., Judge Johnston overruled the motion for a new trial in the case of "Blinky" Morgan, and sentenced the prisoner to be hanged in the penitentiary at Columbus, March 16, 1888. Morgan's face flushed when the sentence was pronounced, but he soon turned to his counsel, cracked a joke and laughed quite heartily. The case will be carried to the circuit court.

Because He's a Chinaman.

The New York supreme court refuses to admit Hong Yen Chang to practice law on the ground that he is not a citizen, and brushes aside the law passed by the last legislature empowering the court to admit him by declaring that the legislature cannot compel the court to do that which it has no right to do. Judge Van Brunt holds that under the recent acts of congress no Chinese subject can be naturalized.

POWDERLY TO RESIGN.

Sick at Heart and Weary of Hearing the Curse of Anarchist Knights.

General Master Workman Powderly, in response to a request from a prominent knight of Indianapolis, Ind., urging him to reconsider his determination to retire from the leadership of the order, has written a letter of which the following is the substance:

You ask me to reconsider my determination to retire from the head of the order after the next session. I do not see how I can consistently do so, and it would be unkind to ask me to retain a position which I do not want and which I am confident another man can fill with better advantage to the order at large. During the past year I received thousands of communications from individuals, in which I was abused, calumniated and asked to resign. Papers were full of abuse, threats of impeachment were made and threats of withdrawal from the order were freely indulged in. Through this cloud of gloom but one ray of light made its way, and that came from far away Denver, where D. A. 82 passed those ringing resolutions endorsing my course and demanding the anarchist element which sought to pervert the order to its own baseness. I then felt that the order would stand more cheerfully by some other man than it would stand by me. True, I have never had cause to find fault with the official treatment I have received, but when blows fall thick and fast friendly intercession now and then cheers the person on whose head the blows are falling. I believe the best service that I can render to the order is to step aside and allow some other member to do work I am trying to do.

I have devoted years to the cause of labor. My life in the services of humanity has been the one constant fight by night and day against the enemies of labor and the element of discord, which opposed me from within and without. Such a life has been a most exciting one, and has left me with a legacy which I can never part with in the shape of a heart trouble that may do its work at any moment. I could not make such a subject a matter for discussion in any annual message or before the general assembly. Personal interests, social ties and the comforts of home have been things of the past with me for years. I long to be once more a free man, for today I am bound by ties most inestimable and ruled over by one not but by 500,000 masters. You can never know the strain under which I have lived for years. It would not be becoming for me to speak of the financial sacrifice I have made for the order, and I am free to say that I would be willing to make such a sacrifice again, either by health, wealth or comfort for the order of knights of labor. I have for eight years, as general master workman, tried as honestly as I knew how to better the condition of my fellow man by helping to build up an organization through which they would be protected in their rights. That organization is built, but profane hands have been laid upon it, and the men who gathered in Chicago and gave out that hostile declaration to the world did so only because anarchy could not rule the order. I do not charge all those who attended the meeting in Chicago with being anarchists, but I claim that a vast majority of them did not represent their constituents.

An Effort Made to Revive Spies.

A Chicago morning paper publishes an article, in which it is stated that Nina Vandant, Spies' only wife, is wasting away, foot not having passed her lips since the day before Spies was hanged. She expressed much bitterness against the press and those who "murdered" her husband.

Mrs. Van Zandt appears greatly concerned about her daughter's health and fears the worst, she said.

Had you heard that an effort was made to revive August after his body reached the undertakers? Well, it is true. The physicians used an electric battery, applying it to his body for an hour or more in hopes of fanning into a flame the spark of life which seemed to be lingering in his veins. August never appeared to be dead. His lips were moist and his cheeks were warm after his body was received from the rail. But in August's case no encouraging effect was produced, and though at one time there was a spark of hope, the physicians soon gave it up and permitted the embalmers to go to work. That was a great mistake. The embalmers began work at 2 o'clock in the afternoon and he died at 12. They should have waited several hours more and perhaps a day or two.

More Stringent Rules.

There have been frequent complaints to the civil service commission that persons have been appointed to clerical positions in the classified departments and credited to states of which they were not citizens. To remedy this evil the commission will hereafter require more specific answers to questions, particularly as to personal history. The applicant must give his place of abode during the year, with his occupation during that year, name of employer with his postal address; term of employment and reasons for leaving. These answers must be sworn to. A false application must be endorsed by three citizens who know the applicant, who must answer this question: "Would you trust him with employment requiring honesty, and would you recommend him to a personal friend?"

The Condition of the Treasury.

United States Treasurer Hyatt's annual report of the fiscal year ending June last shows the receipts to have been \$371,403,277, ordinary expenditures, \$267,922,178, leaving surplus receipts available for the reduction of the public debt, \$103,481,097. Compared with the previous year the receipts increased \$34,933,550; the expenditures \$25,449,041, and the surplus revenues \$8,544,509.

A Heavenly Visitor.

Just before noon the other day an aerolite weighing three tons fell in the street in front of the Merchants' national bank at Amsterdam, N. Y., creating the greatest excitement. A deep indentation was made by the visitor from on high, in whose mass experts have found traces of iron, nickel, aluminum and other metals.

GARLAND ON SETTLERS' RIGHTS.

The Attorney-General Briefly States Some Facts.

On Oct. 18 Secretary Lamar submitted three questions under sections 3, 4 and 5 of the act of March 3, 1857, "to provide for the adjustment of land grants made by congress to aid in the construction of railroads and for the forfeiture of unearned lands and for other purposes" to Attorney-General Garland, asking his opinion on the same. The attorney-general has made known his decision. He holds that the first section directs the adjustment of the grants, the second section for the restoration of title to the United States, and the third provides for the redemption of any homesteader whose preemption shall have been erroneously cancelled on account of railroad grant or withdrawal.

In answer to the second question of Secretary Lamar, "Can the department after adjustment of the grant by the department, issue a patent to the purchaser of such land before the said land has been conveyed by the road or title recovered by judicial proceedings?" Mr. Garland says that the persons or persons so purchasing in good faith shall be entitled to land so purchased after the grants respectively shall have been adjusted.

The third question is as follows: "The fifth section provides that where a railroad company has sold lands not conveyed to or for the use of such company, and where such lands are for any reason excepted from the operations of the grant of said company, it shall be lawful for the bona fide purchaser thereof from said company to make payment of the United States for said land, and thereupon patents shall issue therefor to the said bona fide purchaser, or his heirs or assigns." Mr. Garland decides the intent of the act shows that to carry out its purpose the word "grant" wherever used in the second, third and fourth sections, must include lands in both primary and indemnity limits, and in order that the remedy may be adequate to redress the wrong the word "grant" in the fifth section must be construed to include, as it does in preceding sections of the act, both primary and indemnity limits.

Immediately upon the receipt of this decision Secretary Lamar directed the commissioner of the general land office to proceed at once and with as much dispatch as possible to adjust all land grants under the act of March 3, 1857, in accordance with the opinion of the attorney-general in regard to the same.

Ohio's Official Figures.

At last the official vote of Ohio is in. The total vote cast in 1885 was 137,956. In 1886 it was 704,233. This year the total vote reached the very large figure of 744,568, which is a large increase. The total for the governor are as follows: Foraker, republican, 354,937; Powell, democrat, 334,200; Seitz, labor, 34,712; Sharp, prohibition, 29,700; scattering, 14; total, 744,568. Foraker over Powell, 22,737. This is a slight increase for the prohibitionists over 1885, when Leonard had 28,081.

Death of Gen. Randolph B. Marey.

Brevet Brig.-Gen. Randolph B. Marey died at Orange, N. J., Nov. 24. The old soldier was seventy-six years of age, and his death is ascribed to general debility. He was in a feeble condition long before he was entertained of the death of his son-in-law, Gen. George E. McCallan. He was brevetted brigadier-general on March 12, 1865, for gallant and meritorious services in the field during the war of the rebellion, and was retired at his own request on January 2, 1881, after over 40 years of service.

The Business Outlook.

Dun & Co.'s commercial agency reports business generally active, but retarded at some points by slow collections. Advances in grain, oil, and coffee are bulletined, with a slight falling off in cotton, while hogs, pork and pork products are exciting and generally higher. The improvement in stock is of high average. Iron is active at firm prices, and coal is in great demand. enormous sales of wheat, corn, cotton, oil and coffee are reported at New York during the last six days.

Being Detailed.

Dr. O'Reilly of Detroit is bound to show that his proclivity that O'Brien's arrest was worth \$10,000 a week to the league will not fall short of being fully repaid. Since O'Brien was jailed \$10,000 has been sent to Biggar.

To Be Dissolved.

As a result of the late election in New York it has been decided to dissolve the democratic faction known as Irving Hall, and its members will become identified with either Tammany Hall or the county democracy.

Thirty-Five Drowned.

Advices received in London state that two local Russian steamers, the Sineus and Vesta, came into collision off the Crimean coast, and that the Vesta was sunk and thirty-five of her crew drowned.

Killed His Son.

Harmon Darling of Brockville, Ont., struck at his oldest son with a heavy club, but missed his aim and hit a 2-year old son, who has since died of injuries received. The brutal father has been jailed.

Riotous Strikers Killed.

A desperate encounter between citizen guards and idle Negroes occurred near Thibodeaux, La., the other day, and five of the Negroes were killed and several seriously injured.

We'll Have It.

Assistant Postmaster-General Knott is quoted as saying that he is convinced that the government will establish a system of postal telegraphy within three years.

The Jewish Poetess Dead.

Miss Emma Lazarus, a Jewess, a well known poetess and a contributor to the principal magazines of the country, died in New York the other day.

Greys Resigns.

President Greys has resigned, and states that he departs from the presidency with the sincerest wishes for the future of the republic.

BEATEN BY A BRUTE.

Max Gilman Whipped With a Strap and Buckle.

Aug. Hatzka, 18, in jail in Chicago charged with the murder of Max Gilman, his 11-year-old step-son. The child had been beaten to death by Hatzka with a strap to which was attached a large steel buckle.

The boy was the son of Hatzka's first wife, whom he married in Germany and who died there about five years ago. Hatzka married again within three months after her death, and his second wife died June 15, last year, in Chicago. Since then it appears the poor little waif of a step-son has received more kicks than crusts and was half-starved all the time. The neighbors say the boy was a nice little fellow. He could not stay at home to be beaten and starved, but the other night he returned when Hatzka was out. Hatzka went up to the boy's bed when he returned, and taking a leather strap, to which was attached a buckle, simply flayed the hapless boy alive. This was about 10 o'clock at night. The neighbors heard the screams of the boy then, and later, about midnight, they were awakened by a fire-hall alarm of the insane brute. Nothing further was heard until morning, when the sound of blows and groaning could be once more heard.

About 9 o'clock in the morning Hatzka told one of the neighbors that the boy had died suddenly, and they sent word to the coroner and notified the West Chicago avenue police. Detectives found the body of the boy yet warm at 10 o'clock, showing that he had died that morning, after what was at least the third beating.

The body of the little victim is simply one mass of lacerations, where the sharp buckle plowed up and ripped the quivering flesh. On the back of the head are frequent imprints of the buckle, and it is supposed that concussion of the brain from the blows on the head caused the boy's death. Examination of the premises showed that Hatzka had wiped the blood of the bleeding body of the boy and burned the rags with which he did it. The shirt the boy wore when he was whipped was found hidden away in a shed back of the house. It is all caked with dried blood, and the clean shirt which Hatzka put on the little fellow was almost as bloody.

Will It Be Annexation?

The Portland, Maine, Argus of recent date publishes over three columns of interviews with Portland business men on the proposal of Edward Atkinson of Boston, to settle the commercial relations dispute by purchasing the maritime provinces for \$50,000,000. Mr. Atkinson's proposition is generally considered impracticable on the ground that Great Britain would not be likely to sell. Gen. Brown, speaking from a military point of view, says that England will never consent to surrender her great fortified stronghold in Halifax. Fishing owners ridicule Atkinson's plan, and declare that they have had enough of Canada. The article brings out strong sentiments in favor of reciprocity and free trade relations. While denouncing the project of Mr. Atkinson's impracticable, the Argus expresses the opinion that the discussion begun by him will lead up to commercial union and perhaps eventually to annexation. It believes that the majority of Maine people favor commercial union, but are indifferent to annexation.

The Anarchists' Graves.

The directors of Waldheim cemetery met the other day to consider the disposal of the five dead anarchists. After discussion they resolved that the corpse of no person who had been sentenced and executed by legal authority shall be allowed a burial place in the cemetery unless the lot wherein it is proposed to bury it shall have been owned by the deceased or one of his near relatives by blood.

Pursuant to this resolution, a committee was appointed to confer with the representatives of the friends of the deceased, looking to a location in the cemetery, should the friends of the decide to inter the remains in Waldheim.

DETROIT MARKETS.

WHEAT, White.....	\$ 51	1/2	\$12 1/2
Red.....	78	1/2	78 1/2
CORN, per bu.....	45	1/2	45 1/2
OATS.....	20	1/2	20 1/2
BARLEY.....	14	1/2	14 1/2
MALT.....	18	1/2	18 1/2
TIMOTHY, Standard.....	2 05	1/2	2 05 1/2
CLOVER, Standard, per bag.....	3 50	1/2	3 50 1/2
FEED, per cwt.....	15 50	1/2	15 50 1/2
BUCKWHEAT, Standard.....	2 50	1/2	2 50 1/2
Flour—Michigan patent.....	4 00	1/2	4 00 1/2
Michigan roller.....	3 75	1/2	3 75 1/2
Minnesota patent.....	4 75	1/2	4 75 1/2
Minnesota rollers.....	4 00	1/2	4 00 1/2
Michigan rollers.....	3 00	1/2	3 00 1/2
APPLES, new, per bu.....	1 75	1/2	1 75 1/2
CHERRIES, per bu.....	1 75	1/2	1 75 1/2
QUINCES, per bu.....	4 00	1/2	4 00 1/2
BEANS, picked.....	2 25	1/2	2 25 1/2
unpicked.....	1 40	1/2	1 40 1/2
BEESWAX.....	25	1/2	25 1/2
BUTTER.....	18	1/2	18 1/2
CHEESE, per lb.....	12	1/2	12 1/2
DRIED APPLES, per lb.....	4	1/2	4 1/2
Eggs, per doz.....	19	1/2	19 1/2
HONEY, per lb.....	18	1/2	18 1/2
HOPS.....	22	1/2	22 1/2
HAY, per ton, clover.....	6 00	1/2	6 00 1/2
MALT, per bu.....	70	1/2	70 1/2
OSTERS, per bu.....	2 40	1/2	2 40 1/2
POTATOES, per bu.....	65	1/2	65 1/2
POULTRY—Chickens, per lb.....	7	1/2	7 1/2
Geese.....	6	1/2	6 1/2
Turkeys.....	8	1/2	8 1/2
Ducks per lb.....	6	1/2	6 1/2
PROVISIONS—Mess Pork.....	13 75	1/2	13 75 1/2
Family.....	14 25	1/2	14 25 1/2
Extra mess beef.....	7 00	1/2	7 00 1/2
Lard.....	7	1/2	7 1/2
Dressed hogs.....	5 00	1/2	5 00 1/2
Calves.....	7	1/2	7 1/2
Lamb.....	10	1/2	10 1/2
Shoulders.....	7	1/2	7 1/2
Tallow.....	11	1/2	11 1/2
Tallow, per lb.....	3 1/2	1/2	3 1/2 1/2
Hides—Green City, per lb.....	6	1/2	6 1/2
Country.....	6 1/2	1/2	6 1/2 1/2
Cured.....	7 1/2	1/2	7 1/2 1/2
Salted.....	8	1/2	8 1/2
Sheep skins, wool.....	50	1/2	50 1/2
LIVE STOCK.			
Cattle—Market, stronger; shipping steers, \$3 40; stockers and feeders \$1 75; \$3 10; cows, bulls and mixed, \$1 50; Texas steers, \$1 00; \$2 80; Western cattle, \$2 40; \$3 80.			
Hogs—Market steady; mixed, \$1 40; \$4 70; heavy, \$1 35; \$4 90; light, \$1 35; \$4 70; skips, \$3 25.			
Sheep—Market strong for good; natives, \$2 50; \$4; western, \$3 00; \$3 50; Texas, \$3 40; \$3 75; \$3.			

Mournful Advice to the Western Girls.

From the Chicago News.
Chew, chew, chew.
Oh maiden, fancy free!
And I thought that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

With a cluck, cluck, cluck.
Go thy ways, which never are still,
And oh, the sight of thy cavernous mouth,
And oh, thy toll bill.

"Tis well for the youth who dreams
At night of thy beauty and grace
That he sees thee not with thy quid of gum
Distorting thy fair young face.

The car rumbles down the street,
Somewhere the rattle will cease;
But oh for the sight of a jaw at rest
And a mouth forever at peace!

"OLD DRESDEN."

A Story of the Sierra Madre.

Old Dresden paused for a moment in his task of knocking up the gnarled mesquite roots, and with a long breath of satisfaction and the air of a connoisseur viewed the pink-tinted heap beside him. Pulling off his discolored hat, he allowed the cool morning breeze to play among the somewhat ragged locks which hung over his forehead. The sun, like a great crimson ball, hung sleepily above the Eastern horizon, casting a faint glow upon the turretted face of the Floridas, and gliding the distant peaks of the Tres Hermanas, standing in close-linked embrace, like allied sentinels guarding the Mexican frontier. In the long, level space which stretched between the mountains, born aloft on the curling fingers of the morning mist, appeared a phantom city, its castellated heights and stately domes rearing themselves as if in prophecy of the years to come, when a noble civilization shall redeem the barren means of the Southern territories, and raise its monuments of art and architecture amid the arid plains.

The echo of human voices fell upon Dresden's ear.

"Oh, John, why must you go?" A woman's voice, low and sweet, with a tremor of pain.

"Come now, Helen, don't be a baby, dear. Three weeks will fly by in no time. And who knows how rich a strike I may make."

"But I don't want it. I need you, John." Old Dresden addressed himself to the woodpile with redoubled energy. A flying knot of mesquite struck his hand. The sting of the wound refreshed him, and a little later he heard the door of the cottage slam, while the clink of a horse's hoof sounded on the gravelly soil. As he watched horse and rider disappear at length in the direction of the mirage, which had shifted its form so as to resemble a huge beast of prey couched for a spring upon its prey, something very like a hot German oath rolled like stifled thunder from his lips.

"A tufel of a fellow, he murmured more calmly under breath an instant later, accentuating the qualification with stout blows of the axe on an obstinate root, which had as many contortions as a dying serpent. "A tufel of a fellow. Let a little frau like dat alone town to Mexico to tig golt in mittle de winder. It might be ferry goot for him," he added meditatively, leaning upon the axle-helve, his face screwed into a quaint grimace, "as old Ju should take off his scalp for him—but de little frau."

With a sudden indrawing of his shoulders and an accompanying droop of the corners of his mouth, he seemed to protest against his own harsh judgment, as he renewed the combat with the obstinate fuel.

Old Dresden was not the only one who disapproved of John Meredith's journey through the wild Sierra Madre at that season of the year, when storms were frequent in the mountains and Apaches skulking in the valleys and passes. His partner, David Rowell, had entered a vigorous protest, but to no avail. John Meredith had the pugnacity of determination peculiar to men of genius. From early boyhood his career had been signalized by a series of daring headstrong exploits, and when as a crowning feat, he had captured pretty Helen Gresham by an audacious move, if David Rowell felt any soreness of heart over her capitulation he choked it bravely down and harbored no bitterness in his honest heart.

A week after her husband's departure, Mrs. Meredith received a scraw from Mesilla, where he had expected to meet a friend, written just as they were taking the trail. "And don't be worried, my dear," he wrote, inconclusively, "the days will pass quickly and three weeks will soon be up. But you must count from the date of our departure." She dried her eyes and counted the days from the 10th of February.

On the 1st of March a warm wind swept over the southern table-lands. Under its breath the snow upon the mountain peaks vanished as if by magic and the dry bed of the Miembres became the course of a surging torrent, sweeping onward for a final plunge into the waters of the gulf. The fernlike foliage of the mesquite commenced to cautiously unfold, and the wild verbena and lupine made tiny patches of purple and magenta over the sterile wastes.

On the 3d of March Helen Meredith rose with tremulous eagerness at dawn. The morning was calm and still, but a peculiar obscurity about the horizon presaged the approach of the New Mexican sirocco. Stationed at a bull's-eye window in the attic, with a field-glass in her hand, the young wife kept her eyes steadily fixed on the winding, silvery ribbon, attenuated to a thread in the distance, which marked the line of travel pursued by passers to and fro over the Mexican line. For upward of an hour nothing rewarded her vigilance; then a long and blurred mass developed into a train of hay wagons, each drawn by a score of stout-limbed oxen and attended by a deputation of half-clothed swarthy Mexicans. Another hour passed, and the rough wagon of a Texan appeared, the horses strolling leisurely along, while man and wife, perched on the high drivers' seat, smoked their clay pipes in placid content.

Absorbed in her anxious watch, little Mrs. Meredith had not observed that the wind had risen, and, for a moment, was almost appalled to see road and landscape disappear from view beneath a dun colored cloud, which, as it drew near, effectually concealed every trace of the cottages across the street, and swallowed up the form of a passer-by on her own sidewalk. Shreds of cloth, bits of pasteboard, and great sheets of paper were caught up by the wind, along with the clouds of dust and gravel, and borne onward in its mad flight. In a lower latitude the great velocity of the wind, coupled with a force of a weightier atmosphere, would have given the storm a force of a cyclone. As it was, it would do little mischief beyond arousing the tempers of mankind and uprooting sundry out-houses built upon insecure foundations. Mrs. Meredith, with a coolness and patience born of experience, bore this assault upon her domicile with charming equanimity. Moving about the house, she proceeded to collect a number of long and slender sand-bags, indispensable adjuncts to the tidy New Mexican housewife, and to arrange them in their accustomed places over doors and window sills, thus fighting the intrusive element on the homeopathic principle.

All that day, and the next, she waited in melancholy expectancy, not knowing what minute the familiar step might be heard on her little porch. On the third day the storm subsided, and the tearful eyes of the despairing woman beheld only a desolate plain, flanked by pitiless hills, and intersected by the white road, along which no sign of life could be detected. The mountains in all directions had renewed their crests of snow.

Succeeding days moved by in torturing suspense. As time progressed, the sun's rays beat ever more warmly upon the earth, and by the middle of March, the heat at noon-day was like a foretaste of summer. Passers-by, as they neared the small cottage, learned to expect a pair of imploring eyes at the door or window, or at nightfall a woman's form, enveloped in a worsted shawl, pacing up and down behind the double row of cacti and trio of sickly cherry-trees which constituted the sole verdure in the garden. Mariana in the mounted grange, quoted a few of the more mischievous, in willful travesty of the situation, for his wife's anxiety over Meredith's prolonged absence was the subject of general comment, meeting with little sympathy among those accustomed to the uncertainties of frontier life.

Two men failed to share in the prevailing apathy. David Rowell, on his regular horseback ride before breakfast each morning, never failed to circle about his partner's house and as the sad, questioning face presented itself to him a jocular inquiry left his lips.

"Well, Mrs. Meredith, has that missing lord and master of yours turned up yet?"

A faltering negative would greet him.

"Exactly as I prophesied. You might as well make up your mind you'll never see him again. Some of those pretty Mexicans down there have led him captive." At which the lady he addressed, moved by her wife's fealty and love, would break out in passionate protest, and lose her anxiety in wrathful indignation, while the horseman, as he turned toward the country, changed his gay look of banter for an expression of savage ferocity, and charged his steed upon the prickly yuccas, and mildly anathematized the recreant spouse.

At twilight an insignificant figure with bowed shoulders and a shock of bushy hair, going silently about his chores in the back yard, stole furtive glances at the sad-eyed young matron and returned to his lonely shanty to sit and brood over a weighty project incubating in his troubled brain. It was generally understood throughout the community that some dark mystery attached to old Dresden, the concealment of his proper appellation and adoption of the name of his native city being regarded as most criminating evidence. But the old fellow kept on the even tenor of his way, attending to his small stock of poultry and selling his eggs and chickens at an advance of twenty-five per cent on the market price, wholly indifferent to the praise or blame of the rest of humanity.

Early in the third week after the young prospector's promised return there began to be a little stir in downtown circles. News of a fresh Apache outbreak had been received, which augured ill for any unprotected pros-

pectors in their vicinity. From laughing indifference the business men began to discuss the chances of Meredith's safety.

"He was a gallant fellow," remarked one. It was noticeable that he employed the past tense.

"It seems a pity to be inactive," observed another. "If any of the men want to go out and look for him, I'll be one of them." But it was generally conceded that the time for help was past.

David Rowell, who was a silent auditor on these occasions, persevered in his daily rides and never flinched in his established programme; but the face he turned to the plains after these recitals had lost its savage expression and was fixed and stern in its pity for the young wife, over whose head was suspended a Damoclean sword, liable at any moment to fall.

One evening, at sundown, the doctor was summoned in hot haste to the Meredith household. At midnight David Rowell, retreating with cautious footsteps from the door, whither he had gone to hold a whispered colloquy, was startled by seeing one of the row of twisted cacti in the yard apparently moving toward him. Drawing nearer, he recognized the stunted form of the German.

"Will she be better?"

"No change Dresden." It would have been rank injustice to hold the clear night air accountable for the huskiness in his throat. "Only one thing can save her. God pity him if he's dead, and curse him if he's alive," he piously added.

Simultaneously with the intelligence of Mrs. Meredith's serious illness it was bruited about that old Dresden had disposed of his chicken ranch and, buying a scraggy burro, set off with a pack of notions to visit some of the Mexican villages lying contiguous to the border. His departure aroused little comment, although some of the more enterprising of the masculine gossips hinted at dark and mysterious reasons which ruled his movements.

A few days later a curious meeting occurred in the pass of the Sierra Madre. A stubby little man hobbled along beside a diminutive burro, with a towering pack, at a point where the narrow road wound about the side of a precipitous gorge, heard the well-known whistle in the distance, the usual signal warning travellers of approach from an opposite direction. From an note of warning the whistle glided gaily into the strains of a popular operatic air. The small man with the burro gave a sharp shout and rushed on to find John Meredith awaiting his approach at a place where a crescent had been hollowed into the rocky wall.

"Vell, Mr. Meredith?" The little man sat down on a rock and eyed the careless young horseman with the eye of a Nemes.

"Hello, Dresden. What are you up to now? Going to turn the heads of those Mexican women with a lot of finery, eh?"

Dresden stifled a savage imprecation. By a great effort he composed himself.

"I was thinking you been having a fery fine time in the moundains, Mr. Meredith?"

"Oh, so-so. A bit too much rain and snow. But I have some fine specimens here. People will open their eyes when they see them. Copper and native silver till you can't rest—but of course you don't know anything about such things—" he broke off with a compassionate laugh.

"You was not afraid the little frau would drubbe herself? and, indeed, dat is fery goot, as a woman should not make herself drubbe vander is nothing wort."

The man's voice was dry and measured, but the swelling veins on his forehead betrayed a severe inward strain. The young man observed nothing of this.

"Not a bit, Dresden. To tell the truth," he said, in a burst of confidence and with a mild air of triumph at the recollection of his brilliant artifice, "I flatter myself I managed that pretty well. I told her to look for me in three weeks. I know a woman. They are all right so long as they have something to take up their minds. I know looking for me would sort of break up the time and give her something to think of."

"And what tink you dat occupation will be already, Mr. Meredith? And indeed it is fery nice for a woman to be tink how de tam Apachesse hat may be tot her man's scalp, or he is fery likely fall in under some big rock, or blowed in pieces by a plast." The speaker had risen to his feet, and his bowed form straightened as he confronted Meredith in his wrath. "Mr. Meredith, when your wife and your child is of right mint, you need not tank yours."

The man he addressed stared straight before him, as if he saw a phantom. His easy confidence had deserted him and he trembled from head to foot. The possible results of his adroit strategy marched in spectral procession before him.

"Good Lord, Dresden!" he faltered. "If anything has happened to her, I had bettergo over this precipice now."

"I know not dat de loss vood be fery great," answered the other, coolly. He could not forgive the fellow in a moment. "Only dat she is a fool—all vimen are fools," he remarked, sentimentally, "and if she liss—"

Striking his spurs deep into the flanks of his horse, Meredith dashed around the bend in the road, and in a few seconds the clatter of hoofs had

died away in the distance. Old Dresden, with a queer smile on his plain face, touched up his lazy animal and continued his journey southward.

At daybreak the next morning David Rowell, prowling about like a wraith in the dim light, heard a horse coming up the southern road. Meredith checked his gait as he saw the tall figure approaching.

"Don't say it, Rowell," he protested. "There is just one thing left to do." He drew a revolver from its case in his belt, and deliberately cocked it. David Rowell knocked it from his hand, and it exploded harmlessly in a clump of sagebrush a couple of rods away. As he viewed the pale face and staring eyes, and the gaunt figure, still and erect in the saddle, the words of reproach, if he had any ready, died upon his lips.

"Courage, John," he said. "She's alive. I wouldn't have answered for another day."

"Dresden" said John Meredith, one morning a few months later, as he strolled into the back yard, bearing in his arms a small bundle which he handled with awkward tenderness, "you haven't done anything in the chicken line this summer, I hear."

The little man was wrestling with a root shaped like a two-headed dog.

"Not much," he replied shortly, and brought down the axe with a force that cleft the heads in twain.

"Sorry. We miss the fresh eggs and spring chickens. I say, Dresden," he went on musingly, "you didn't make so much out of those gimcracks as you thought you would, now, did you? I've always wondered what in time sent you down into that forsaken country, anyhow."

From beneath his bushy eyebrows Dresden stole a queer glance at his careless questioner, Meredith sprang up as if he had been shot.

"What? Confound you."

Dresden nodded. Meredith stretched out his hand. Two palms, one grimy and hardened with toil, met in astout clasp over the sleeping babe.—Flora Haines Appohvi in The Ingleside.

Kindness Amply Rewarded.

From the Memphis Avalanche.

A pretty little romance has just culminated in Rabun Co., Ga. At the base of Tiger Mountain, half a mile off the main road leading to Clayton there lives a small farmer named George W. Dillard. Mr. Dillard is about 60 years of age, living with his wife and two sons, the latter aged respectively, 30 and 25.

Early last summer Mr. Dillard went to his neighborhood post office, where he found awaiting him a letter covered over with postmarks, which denoted that it had traveled a long distance to reach its destination. The superscription was written in a familiar hand, but one which he had not seen in a generation. He tore the seal and read the missive, and, sure enough, found it to be from his wife's brother, whom he had seen last in 1849.

At that time Jas. McCurry was a young man, as was also Geo. W. Dillard. The news had reached Georgia of the wonderful gold discoveries in California. Young Georgians who had gone there had written back glowing accounts of the fortunes which were made. The descriptions had the effect of drawing still others toward the great Eldorado.

Among those who were full of the excitement were McCurry and Dillard. They had perfected all arrangements to go, and were bidding the family good-bye, when Dillard faltered. The tearful eyes of McCurry's young sister touched his heart, especially as she was weeping for him and not for her brother. Throwing down the bundle he held in his hand he declared that he would stay if the girl would marry him. To this she cheerfully agreed. So Dillard remained a Georgia farmer while McCurry jumped into the stage coach and was borne away.

Since that time he had never been heard of. It was with mingled feelings, therefore, that Dillard started to read the letter from his old comrade. The letter was a solid one. McCurry stated that he had worked against adverse fortune, delaying writing to the folks until he could strike it rich, but every year found him striking it poorer, and now old, feeble and poor, his great wish was to look once more upon his native hills, that he could not do so unless he was sent money enough upon which to return. Mr. Dillard read the letter to his wife and sons. "We must send him the money," said the old man, so a cow and a mule were sold, and the money went on its mission across the continent.

Several months brought another letter, in which the old man expressed his gratefulness for the kindness done him, but he was so sick to travel then. After that no more was heard from him until recently, when a large official envelope was received at the little post-office. It bore the inscription of a strange hand. The neighbors on by one dropped by and told Dillard about its arrival. It was too late for him to get it then, but he was on hand early the next day. As he read it his hands trembled. It recited that Mr. James McCurry was dead; that he wished to test the fidelity of his sister's family; that their prompt answer to his appeal had moved him, and that by his will his property in California, valued at \$1,600,000 was willed in equal parts to his sister, her husband, and their two sons. The two young men are going to California to superintend the property, which they intend to convert into cash, and return to Georgia.

A SENSATION!

Opinion of a Fashionable Woman of the World.

"Do you expect to win in your dress reform movement?" was asked of Mrs. Annie Jenness-Miller, 19 E. 14th St., New York, editor of Dress.

"I hope to!"

"Why do you object to the present style?"

"It is ungraceful, deforming and injurious."

"Do ladies generally support the reform?"

"Yes, very generally. My correspondence is very heavy. Next to Mrs. Cleveland's mine is said to be the largest daily mail of any woman's in the United States, and from not only ever state in the Union but from almost every country of Europe."

"Is the magazine, Dress, succeeding?"

"Very handsomely, indeed. Dress has been published less than a year, and I am gratified with reports from all over the world of the acceptance by ladies in the very highest ranks of the reform which Dress advocates."

Mrs. Miller is a comely woman in appearance, and is very enthusiastic in her dress reform agitation. As the New York Graphic says: "She herself is young and attractive, with a figure so harmoniously developed as to suggest strength, power and beauty."

The reform which she is urging with so much eloquence and grace seems to be the coming one. Mrs. Jenness-Miller has the advantage of high social position, being of the same family with the late Wendell Phillips, and the poet, Oliver Wendell Holmes.

"It is in the fashionable world, of course, where all the styles are determined, and where the change must begin," she says.

"How do you endure so much work and keep so well?"

"I dress myself according to my own ideas, and furthermore, I give myself the best of care and treatment. Six years ago, I was nearly exhausted from my work of lecturing, writing, etc."

"Indeed, you do not look like it now!"

"No? I am not now. I am a perfectly well woman and intend to remain so. You see I understand the laws of life too well to be, or remain ill, but strange as it may seem for one to say who is opposed to medicine on general principles, if I find myself tired or feeling ill I fly to the one single remedy which I do endorse, and that is Warner's safe cure, which gives new energy and vitality to all my powers. It is indeed what I sometimes call my 'stand-by.' I have many opportunities to recommend it, and embrace them gladly, because I know that it is thoroughly reliable, and for women especially effective. Indeed, I often find myself recommending it to my friends as warmly as I do my magazine, or indeed my improved garments, and this I would not do did I not personally know of its virtues."

Mrs. Miller insists that all women can and must be beautiful, and will be so if they follow her style of dress and self-treatment.

"Will you not state, briefly, in just what your reform consists?"

"Oh, with pleasure! I propose a jersey-fitting garment to be worn next to the body, making of woman a vision of loveliness."

"Over this I put a cotton or linen garment, of one piece, without bands or binding, covering the entire body also."

"In place of the petticoats, I propose one complete body covering garment called 'leglettes.'"

"We abandon the corset entirely as totally unfit for use, in its common form, and we substitute therefor a supple supporting waist, and then we make the outside gown as beautiful as artistic skill and common sense can design."

Mrs. Miller's words of counsel, which every woman should heed, will undoubtedly give to the women of America some new ideas upon a subject so very near to each of them.

A Texas paper advertises for "A first-class driving horse for a lady that must be young and gentle and easy to manage."—Siftings.

"I may be small, but I'm a rouser," said the hotel bell-boy, as he went the rounds awakening patrons who had left orders to be called early.—Hotel Mail.

A wise man says political leadership does not consist so much in what you think as what you make your fellow-citizen think he thinks.—Texas Siftings.

"Land Leagues" writes to know where the first recorded eviction took place. The first Eve-jection, we believe, was from the Garden of Eden.—Buffalo Express.

Doctors say that drinking large quantities of water will produce fat. To show its absurdity, look at a fish. It fairly lives in water, yet what is so bony?—Birmingham Republican.

It is now denied that the ex-Missouri bandit, Frank James, is dying. If, as the poet says, "the good die first," Mr. James stands an excellent chance of being "the last man."—Chicago Times.

A model husband died recently at Cornish, New Hampshire. He had been married forty-three years, and never spent a night away from home during all that time—he was paralyzed.—Poe's Sun.

The president, if he uses it at all, can not safely use the American Encyclopedia in the south. Its treatment of many subjects connected with American politics has shown it to be a partisan republican publication.—Chicago Times.

She (blushing slightly)—"Do you know, George, I've heard it said that in ancient times kissing a pretty girl was a cure for a headache." He (with monumental stupidity)—"A headache is something I've never had."—Harper's Bazar.

The corn palace at Sioux City is a very ingeniously constructed edifice, showing that corn can be turned into a great variety of pleasing forms. But probably there is no form into which corn can be turned that will ever be more popular than its juice.—Chicago Times.

ADDITIONAL LOCAL.

Methodist social at Rev. Marshall's tomorrow evening. All are invited to be present.

Congregational social at home of T. Read next Wednesday evening. A ball (of yarn or rags) social. You are invited.

E. L. Dana of Webberville contributes to the Herald some very interesting facts concerning the earliest events of that township. The following are a few of them: Miss Nancy Tobias, the former wife of G. L. Gordon was the first white child, E. L. Dana the first white boy born in LeRoy. LeRoy was set apart as a town in the early part of 1840. Orren Dana gave it its present name. The first town meeting was held June 16, 1840, at Isaac Coleman's, on the farm now owned by Noah Porter.

Whole number of votes cast, 11. Supervisor, Levi Rowley. Town Clerk, Orren Dana. Treasurer, Isaac Coleman. Justice of the Peace, Orren Dana. I won't take space to put down the whole ticket, but nearly every man that held an office held two or three.

Twenty five dollars was raised to support schools in this township.

The first school taught was taught in what is now known as Podunk district and was taught in the winter of 1848, by Lodeoma Tobias, at 75 cents per week and paid in town orders. She was fourteen years old.

The first death was the wife of Isaac Carmer, in the year 1842.

Aunt Nancy Meech, and Mary March, the mother of Orren Dana went five miles on foot to set up with the corpse.

First frame house was built by Henry Lee in 1843 or '44.

First post office was kept by Perry Henderson, and was established about 1845, and the present Judge Henderson of Utah territory carried the mail in a basket.

The first Deputy Sheriff was Silas Bement, in 1855.

First and last murder was committed in the fall of 1856 by Christopher Gawn and Silas Bement made the arrest.

Cow for Sale.

New milch. Enquire of J. J. DONAHUE, Sigler farm.

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

GREGORY.
From Our Correspondent.

Mrs. O. J. Backus who went to Texas a few weeks ago to spend the winter with her niece, Mrs. W. F. Thatcher, is very sick.

Frank Springsted and wife will return to their home in Florida sometime this week. They have been visiting in this vicinity for several months.

Gordon Backus who has been suffering with cancer on his cheek for some time, has had it removed by a cancer doctor living somewhere in the western part of the State.

Gregory and Richmond will start a feed mill at this place in a few weeks.

PETTSVILLE.
From Our Correspondent.

The dance at James McClusky's last Friday night was a success, 53 numbers were sold and they had the Whitmore Lake band.

The social at Mrs. Travis' last Friday was postponed until last Tuesday evening on account of the weather.

Mr. Joel Parson and family came home to spend Thanksgiving with their mother, Mrs. Eliza Fletcher.

H. S. Kent spent his Thanksgiving in Howell.

Mrs. Eliza Fletcher has gone to spend a few weeks in Conway with her daughter, Mary Parsons.

Mr. Charley Monday did not stay away long. He came back to Mr. Gillmore's last Saturday night. He would rather work around Pettysville.

Bill Larkin is at his brother Dan's this week, he was discharged from the gravel train.

The Pettysville school had company Friday afternoon.

Most every one from Pettysville went to the dance even if it was a poor night. Rain wouldn't stop them.

The Interdenominational S. S. Convention

Of Ingham, Jackson, Livingston & Washtenaw counties will hold its next meeting at the village of Plainfield on the first Wednesday in December, 1887, beginning at 10 o'clock A. M.

PROGRAMME:

- 1—Music by the Choir.
- 2—Devotional Exercises by pastors of Plainfield and Stockbridge or others.
- 3—Address by pastor of Plainfield.
- 4—The Sunday School as a Producer of Candidates for the Ministry—Rev. D. B. Millar.

MUSIC.

- 5—The Proper Observance of the Sabbath by Children—Miss M. Sprout.
- 6—How to interest Grown persons and Parents in the S. S.—William Wood.
- 7—What we Gain by Teaching—Mrs. Geo. Sprout.

DINNER.

Afternoon and evening sessions to begin at 1:30 o'clock P. M.

- 1—Business Meeting.

MUSIC.

- 2—Shall the Pastor preach on the subject of the Lesson before it goes to the Class—Mrs. D. Walters.

MUSIC.

- 3—The Preparation of Teachers for the Sunday School—R. S. Whalain.
- 4—The Sunday School as the Nursery of the Church—Mr. Joy.

Papers or speeches by Rev. T. Holmes of Chelsea, Rev. H. Marshall, Rev. F. M. Coddington, Mrs. Agness Marshall and O. S. Smith.

Discussions on above topics to take place as the subjects are treated.

Friends and S. S. workers are most cordially invited to be present. Entertainment provided.

R. J. Gardener, Pres.

Rev. D. B. Millar, V. P.

J. O. Steadman, Sec.

Wm. Glenn, S. DuBois, Thos. Howlett, Committee.

New Pullman Line Between Detroit and Chicago.

The Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee and Chicago & Grand Trunk railways have placed a line of Pullman sleepers between Detroit and Chicago, via Durand. The new cars are named "Paulina" and "Fernando" and are the most elegant sleeping cars ever turned out of Pullman. They are composed of drawing room, smoking room, buffet, and have 10 regular sections. The larger part of the cars is finished in mahogany, highly polished. The upholstery of the seats and of the body of these magnificent parlors on wheels is a pale blue "glass" plush, which makes a strikingly beautiful contrast with the mahogany. The carpets are of the richest Wilton make, in attractive designs. The general effect of the furniture and decorations is highly pleasing. A particular drawing room at one end of the car is finished in satin wood, with large mirrors on several sides. The upholstery in terra cotta plush. The smoking rooms have sides of lin-crusta Walton of unique design, are fitted with divans, and are the very seat of comfort. Drawing rooms, the smoking room, the sections, and even every seat are furnished with electric annunciators.

The cars will be on exhibition at the Brush street depot every day this week, between the hours of 2 and 5 o'clock in the afternoon. They will run on the new Detroit and Chicago Line, leaving Detroit at 8 p. m. and arriving in Chicago at 8:10 a. m. Breakfast will be served in a dining car before reaching Chicago.

East bound, the sleepers will leave Chicago at 8:15 p. m. and arrive at Detroit at 8 a. m.—Detroit Evening Journal, Nov. 21, 1887.

NEW FURNITURE STORE

I am prepared to do all kinds of UPHOLSTERING, PICTURE-FRAMING, WOOD TURNING, SCROLL SAWING. Those in need of Furniture please call and see samples and prices. G. A. SIGLER. First Door West of Globe Hotel.

CLOSING OUT SALE.

Having decided to close out my business in Pinckney, on and after Oct. 15 I will sell all dry goods at cost.

Cashmeres worth \$1.00 per yd. at 80c.
" 80c " 65c.
" 50c " 40c.
" 35c " 25c.

WORSTEDS worth 30c " 20c.
" 20c " 15c.
" 15c " 11c.

FLANNELS worth 90c " 75c.
" 70c " 55c.
" 75c " 60c.
" all wool 50c 35 to 38c.

UNDERWEAR.

GENTS' worth \$3.50 per suit at 2.70.
" 3.00 " 2.30.
" 2.50 " 2.00.

LADIES' worth 2.80 " 2.30.
" 2.50 " 2.00.
" 2.00 " 1.40.

Duplex Corsets at 75c.
Dr. Schillings Corsets at 75c.
A good Corset for 38c.

Ladies' & Children's Hoods
Embroideries
Laces

Trimmings of all kinds
Ladies' neck wear
Gent's scarfs
Gent's fur caps
Suspenders
Hats & Caps
Gloves & Mittens
All wool Yarns

Everything goes. This is no "snide." I mean just what I say.

Please call and examine our goods before purchasing elsewhere.

I am selling Crockery regardless of cost. Boots and Shoes cheaper than ever.

GROCERIES! At prices that SURPRISE THE OLDEST inhabitants. Remember that all goods are sold for cash or ready pay.

Hereafter while I remain in Pinckney I shall do an exclusive cash business. Remember the place.

Middle of West Block.
John McGuinness,
PROPRIETOR.

NEW CONSIGNMENT OF LUMBER

Having restocked the yard with all the usual grades of lumber now prepared to offer for

CASH

all grades usually kept on a first-class yard, including

STOCK BOARDS
BILL STUFF
FENCING
FLOORING
MOULDINGS
CEILING

COPE SIDING
BEVEL SIDING
PLANK
LATH
SHINGLE
POSTS
ETC.

At prices to suit the times.

Resp., THOS. READ.

HELLO, OLD SANTA CLAUS! YOU BACK?

"YES I AM BACK AND MY

HEADQUARTERS

For the next 30 days will be at the

CENTRAL DRUG STORE

Where you can buy anything in the line of pure Drugs & Medicines and get just what you call for. Holiday Goods at reduced prices, and all

GROCERIES

beyond competition. Read some of these prices and be convinced:

Good Rio Coffee	25c	Good baking powder	18c
50c tea for	40c	Mixed bird seed	7c
35c tea for	30c	German smoking tob.	18c
4 1/2 pounds Jaxon crackers for	25c	Butterfly chewing "	44c
Good cooking molasses	28c	Short stop "	30c
Mixed candy	10c	Bixby's mucilage, bottle	5c
Gloss soap 6 bars	25c	Our own condition powder	14c
Toilet soap, White Spray, 6 bars	25c	two pounds for	25c

In Holiday Goods,

Fancy goods, toys etc. we mean

business. Books so cheap that they make your eyes water when we quote prices. Our assortment of stationery, Fancy box paper, Writing tablets, School supplies, Plush goods, Scrap books, Albums, China ware including cups and saucers, bread and milk sets, vases etc., cannot be equaled for the price. Our 5c goods are too numerous to mention, as they number among the hundreds, many of which were sold at 10c counters.

And remember that on cash purchases of \$1 or more in Holiday or Fancy goods a discount OF 10 PER CENT. WILL BE ALLOWED.

Our supply of candies is fresh and complete. Fresh Florida oranges and Lemons just received. Butter and eggs wanted. Remember the place, at

GAMBER & CHAPPELL'S,

Pinckney, Michigan, where I keep my dancing Negro to make you laugh and grow fat.

SANTA CLAUS.

A FEW HARD TIME POINTERS

BARGAINS!

THAT SURPRISE EVERYBODY.

A pile of standard No. 1 prints worth 7c at 4 1/2 cents.

A line of Prints 28 inches wide, on factory cloth, colors good, Old Century cloths, worth 1s cents, only 5 cents.

Socks, regular price 10 cents, we sell four for 25 cents.

Genuine, all wool Kersey Pant, full lined; only \$1.50.

Jersey Jackets, very fine, embroidered vest front, worth \$2.75, reduced to \$1.67.

MEN'S DUCK JACKETS, ONLY 20C.

Nine bars soap, 9 ounce, full weight, 25c. Eight bars, Saratoga Soap, better than Lenox, 25 cents.

JUST RECEIVED

A large invoice of Handkerchiefs at a bargain. Can sell them at one-half the common retail price in bordered, hemstitched, worked corners, fancy salloped, etc.

THE FINEST LINE OF ALL WOOL HOSIERY EVER SHOWN HERE ALL AT 25 CENTS PER PAIR.

We are not closing out; only giving our customers a benefit at the

WEST END DRY GOODS STORE

GEO. W. SYKES & CO.