

The treatment of George Eliot by her fellow countrymen illustrates with ever increasing force the senseless and selfish distinction they make between men and women in regard to genius and character, between conduct and relative distinction in national honor.

A LANGUAGE which has no growth is indeed a dead language, and if it is really replete with life it grows from both ends. This must be presumably true of a language so cosmopolitan as ours. It is the common speech of many lands, and subject to a great variation of local influences. These influences must conspire to expand the language as a whole.

INSTRUCTION of deaf mutes has now been carried to a pitch that makes want of hearing for most of them their only loss. Originating in Italy and France, the science of education by signs gradually developed experiments in producing articulate speech without hearing. Except for certain congenital causes and a few accidental or hygienic misfortunes, speech is now possible to mutes. In many cases it is so like normal articulation that educated deaf persons may converse fluently without betraying that they are deaf.

MANY a shade of thought awaited the arrival of a slang expression to be expressed. The phrase "too previous" is a case in point. There is no equivalent for it. Every since the humanists revived knowledge of the classics the learned world has admired the fine shadings of thought to be found in the Greek language. Could the history of its growth be ascertained it would no doubt be found that the Attic merchants and sailors with their everyday slang, as well as the poets and philosophers of Athens, contributed to what we now call the refinement, as well as the enlargement, of the Greek language.

THE spirit of competition has so pervaded the domain of athletics, that it becomes all who love games for the relaxation and exercise they afford to see to it that they do nothing to encourage or to aggravate it. The antidote lies here. Then might we anticipate and realize a return to the simplicity of older times when the Queen of Love and Beauty dispensed the modest premium to the vanquisher in the tourney; or to that period, still more remote, yet not less worthy of imitation in this regard, when the victor in the games felt that he received his full meed of praise when he obtained at the hands of the gracious Roman matron the unpretentious wreath of laurels.

THERE is something in the very air and hardships of farm life that gives physical endurance and mental stamina which its boys most admirably for the subsequent exhausting strain of metropolitan competition. Born among the green fields, the trees, meadows, brooks, the sky, the birds and free winds of the country, where nature displays itself in all its enticing glory and crowds the mind and heart with inspiration and aspiration, these men, of a broader type than their fellows, ambitious, restless and of indomitable energy, at the earliest possible moment abandoned the plow and scythe and rake, and started out to make their future home and to wrestle with the great problems of life in cities.

FEW persons are aware of the power of silence. Unfortunately the majority of human individuals indulge in a superfluity of words. The "unruly member" has been the cause of the sorrows and quarrels, and the wars that have afflicted and cursed humanity. And yet, with all its powers for good or evil, it has not half the eloquence of silence. There is the silence of contempt that withers with magnetic scorn its unfortunate object. There is the silence of despair that is eloquent of sorrow unutterable. There is the silence of joy when the countenance, all aglow with beautifying emotion, needs not the interpretation of speech. There is the silence of disappointment when the relaxed frame, the downcast eyes, the mournful visage, tells their tale without words. There is the silence of the deep joy of love, of which arbitrary words fail to give expression, and of which eye-beams, and hand-clasps, and caresses are the true language.

TOLD AT THE EXPOSITION

DR TALMAGE TALKS TO THE AGRICULTURISTS.

An Immense Multitude Thrilled by His Words in a Sermon from the Text of Genesis, 29: 8: "Roll the Stone from the Well's Mouth."

ELMIRA, N. Y., Sept. 6, 1891.—Dr. Talmage preached here to-day to the immense multitude who have come to attend the New York and Pennsylvania Exposition, which is being held here Sept. 1, to Sept. 9. It is a combined exposition of cattle, sheep, horses and valuable stock of all kinds from the two States. The sermon was preached on the fair grounds to a great audience of farmers, horsemen, drovers, and stock raisers from near and far as well as citizens from the adjacent cities. Secretary Stanley of the Young Men's Christian Association of Elmira presided. Dr. Talmage's text was Genesis 29: 8: "And they said, we cannot, until all the flocks be gathered together, and till they roll the stone from the well's mouth; then we water the sheep."

There are some reasons why it is appropriate that I should accept the invitation to preach at this great Interstate Fair, and to these throngs of countrymen and citizens, for men just come from their chargers, the king of beasts for I take the crown from the lion, and put it on the brow of the horse which is in every way nobler, and speak to these shepherds just come from their flocks, the Lord himself in one place called a Shepherd, and in another called a Lamb, and all the good are sheep, and preach to you cattlemen come up from the herds, your occupation honored by the fact that God himself thinks it worthy of immortal record that he owns "the cattle on a thousand hills." It is appropriate that I come because I was a farmer's boy, and never saw a city until I was nearly grown, and having been born in the country I never got over it, and would not dwell in cities a day if my work was not appointed there. My love to you—now, and when I get through I will give you my hand, for though I have this summer shaken hands with perhaps forty thousand people in twenty-one states of the Union all the way through to Colorado and North and South I will not conclude my summer vacation till I have shaken hands with you. You old farmer out there! How you make me think of my father!—a sturdy woman out there with her spectacles! How you make me think of my mother! And now while the air of these fair grounds is filled with the bleating of sheep, and the neighing of horses, and the lowing of cattle, I cannot find a more appropriate text than the one I read. It is a scene in Mesopotamia, beautifully pastoral. A well of water of great value in that region.

We want a great multitude to come around the Gospel well. I know there are those who do not like a crowd—they think a crowd is vulgar. If they are oppressed for room in church it makes them positively impatient and belligerent. Not so did these central shepherds. They waited until all the flocks were gathered, and the more flocks that came, the better they liked it. And so we ought to be anxious that all the people should come. Go out into the highways and the hedges and compel them to come in. Go to the rich and tell them they are indigent without the Gospel of Jesus. Go to the poor and tell them the influence of Christ. Go to the blind and tell them of the touch that gives eternal illumination. Go to the lame and tell them of the joy that will make the lame man leap like a hart. Gather all the sheep off all the mountains. None so torn of the dogs, none so sick, none so worried, none so dying, as to be omitted. When the Fall elections come the whole land is scoured for votes, and if a man is too weak or sick to walk to the polls, a carriage is sent for him, but when the question is whether Christ or the devil shall rule this world, how few there are to come out and seek the sick, and the lost, and the suffering, and the bereft, and the lame, and induce their suffrages for the Lord Jesus. Why not gather a great flock? All America in a flock all the world in a flock. This well of the Gospel is deep enough to put on the burning thirst of the fourteen hundred million of the race. Do not let the church by a spirit of exclusiveness keep the world out. Let down all the bars, swing open all the gates, scatter all the invitations: "Whoever will, let him come." Come, white and black. Come, red men of the forest. Come, Laplander, out of the snow. Come, Patagonian, out of the heat. Come in furs. Come panting under palm leaves. Come one. Come all. Come now. As at this well of Mesopotamia, Jacob and Rachel were betrothed, so now, at this well of salvation Christ our Shepherd will meet you coming up with your flocks of cares and anxieties, and he will stretch out his hand in pledge of his affection, while all heaven will cry out: "Behold, the bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him."

Here is another man who is kept back from this water of life by the stone of an obdurate heart, which lies over the mouth of the well. You have no more feeling up on this subject than if God had yet to do you the first kindness, or you had to do God the first wrong. Seated on his lap all these years, his everlasting arms sheltering you, where is your gratitude? Where is your morning and evening prayer? Where are your consecrated lives? Lay to you, as Daniel said to Belsazzar: "The God in whose hand thy breath is, and all thy way, thou hast not glorified." If

you treated anybody as badly as you have treated God, you would have made five hundred apologies—yes, your whole life would have been an apology. Three times a day you have been seated at God's table. Spring, summer, autumn, and winter, he has appropriately appalled you. Your health from him, your companion from him, your children from him, your home from him. All the bright surroundings of your life from him. O man, what dost thou with that hard heart? Canst thou not feel one throeb of gratitude toward the God who made you, and the Christ who came to redeem you, and the Holy Ghost who has all these years been importuning you? If you could sit down five minutes under the tree of the Saviour's martyrdom, and feel his warm life trickling on your forehead and cheek and hands, methinks you would get some appreciation of what you owe to a crucified Jesus.

Come, all ye thirsty! You have an undefined longing in your soul. You tried money-making; that did not satisfy you. You tried office under government; that did not satisfy you. You tried pictures and sculptures, but works of art did not satisfy you. You are as much discontented with this life as the celebrated French author who felt that he could not any longer endure the misfortunes of the world, and who said: "At four o'clock this afternoon, I shall put an end to my own existence. Meanwhile, I must toil on up to that time for the sustenance of my family." And he wrote on his book until the clock struck four, when he folded up his manuscript and, by his own hand, concluded his earthly life. There are men here who are perfectly discontented. Unhappy in the past, unhappy to-day, to be unhappy forever, unless you come to this Gospel-well. This satisfies the soul with a high, deep, all-absorbing and eternal satisfaction. It comes and it offers the most unfortunate man so much of this world as is best for him, and throws all heaven into the bargain. The wealth of Croesus, and all of the Rothschilds is only a poor, miserable shilling compared with the eternal fortunes that Christ offers you to-day. In the far East there was a king who used once a year to get on a scale, while on the other side the scales were placed gold and silver and gems. Indeed, enough were placed there to balance the king; then, at the close of the weighing, all those treasures were thrown among the populace. But Christ to-day steps on one side the scales, and on the other side are all the treasures of the universe, and he says: "All are yours—all height, all depth, all length, all breadth, all eternity; all are yours." We don't appreciate the promises of the Gospel. When an aged clergyman was dying—a man very eminent in the church—a young theological student stood by his side, and the aged man looked up and said to him: "Can't you give me some comfort in my dying hour?" "No," said the young man. "I can't talk to you on this subject; you know all about it and have known it so long." "Well," said the dying man, "just recite to me some promises." The young man thought a moment, and he came to this promise: "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin;" and he old man clasped his hands, and in his dying moment said: "That's just the promise I have been waiting for. 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.' Oh, the warmth, the grandeur, the magnificence of the promises!"

But some one says, in the audience: "Notwithstanding all you have said this morning, I find no alleviation for my troubles." Well, I am not through yet. I have left the most potent consolation for the last. I am going to soothe you with the thought of Heaven. However, talkative we may be, there will come a time when the stoniest and most emphatic interrogation will evoke from us no answer. As soon as we have closed our lips for the final silence, no power on earth can break that taciturnity. But where, O Christian, will be your spirit? In a scene of infinite gladness. The spring morning of heaven waving its blossoms in the bright air. Victors fresh from battle showing their scars. The rain of earthly sorrow struck through with the rainbow of eternal joy. In one group, God and angels and the redeemed—Paul and Silas, Latimer and Ridley, Isaiah and Jeremiah, Bayson and John Milton, Gabriel and Michael, the archangel. Long line of choristers reaching across the hills. Seas of joy dashing to the white beach. Conquerors marching from gate to gate. You among them.

Oh, what a great flock of sheep God will gather around the celestial well! No stone on the well's mouth, while the shepherd waters the sheep. There Jacob will recognize Rachel the shepherdess. And standing on one side of the well of eternal rapture, your children; and standing on the other side of the well of eternal rapture, your Christian ancestry, you will be bounded on all sides by a joy so keen and grand that no other world has ever been permitted to experience it. Out of that one deep well of heaven the Shepherd will dip reunion for the bereaved, wealth for the poor, health for the sick, rest for the weary. And then all the flocks of the Lord's sheep will be down in the green pastures, and world without end we will praise the Lord that on this first autumnal Sabbath of 1891 we were permitted to study among the bleating flocks and lowing herds of this fair ground the story of Jacob and Rachel the shepherdess at the well in Mesopotamia. Oh pounce your buckets into this great Gospel well, and let them come up dripping with that water of which if a man drink he never again shall thirst.

The Hon. Henry Bullitt, a special commissioner of the World's Columbian Exposition, sailed for India.

THE BRONZE "VICTORY."

Hungry and Cold and Dying for Art in a Garret.

I knew you would admire it. What perfect grace! What dignity of exaltation! You can almost see the missing hand brandishing the palm of victory. An antique? Not at all. We were young then—a dozen of us—would-be artists, sculptors, writers. He joined our party one day in the cafe, Jean—Jean—some name like Marchant. How my memory fails me of late! He was from the provinces and desperately poor, but that was no reproach in our circle; and, in spite of his threadbare clothes, there was that about him which impressed. He dined with us for several weeks, off and on. When he did not, it was, as we learned later, because all his money had gone for the rent of his little attic room, or for sculptor's materials.

Do you recall how cold was the winter of '49? There were weeks when those who worked with the clay needed well-reddened stoves to keep their models from freezing and falling to pieces; yes, and dared not leave them for an hour unwrapped in clothes and flannels. One evening I saw him gliding like a shadow along the narrow street toward his lodgings; but he did not answer my hail, and, as I had an appointment to keep, I did not follow him. After that several days passed—bitter cold days—and when he never joined us, some presentiment of evil oppressed our usually careless thoughts, until, at last, we found ourselves mounting the rickety stairs in the Rue de Seine—two flights, three, four, five—and we paused breathless before his room. Ugh! but it was cold! No answer came to repeated knocks, and the concierge, at our entreaty, took the trouble to open the door. Ah! what a scene! what a scene!

There lay the sculptor and over his dead face brooded hunger and cold. His coat and waistcoat were wrapped around the clay model, which his rigid arms half embraced, as though to give if the last warmth of his congealing blood—a figure of Victory, entire but for the raised hand, from which the wrappings had fallen away, and which lay in a thousand fragments upon the floor.

All Paris talked of the dead man—for a week; and his "Victory" was cast, and set up here as you see it. Let me look at your catalogue. Ah, yes! "Jean Marchant." I remember it now. They have spelled it wrong though—Hauppert's Bazar.

The Kaiser's Childhood.

Innumerable have been the anecdotes given of the German Emperor in his latter life, but of his earlier days less is known. The following details from a reliable source, which appear in the Gentlewoman, may not be out of place at the present moment. "Children" shouted old Field Marshal Wrangel to a crowd of eager Berliners waiting near the palace windows for tidings of their new born Prince, "all goes well; it is as fine and sturdy a recruit as we could wish." Thus we see, from the first hour of the young monarch's life, the military element, inseparable with his name, was even then to predominate. Although a very high-spirited and somewhat haughty child, the Prince won the love of those intimately connected with him. His English nurse Mrs. Hobbs, or "Hobby," as she was called, was the first to initiate him in the mysteries of the language he now speaks so admirably.

Later on an English tutor was engaged for the two little princes, and recalls with much amusement a certain history lesson, when the Emperor, with knitted brow, and in good nervous vernacular, declared, "Well, Mr. A., if you want to know what I think it is, that Oliver Cromwell was a perfect beast!" The books chosen by the Empress Frederick for her boys' reading were Milton's "Paradise Lost" and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." Lessons were made to alternate with good hearty amusement, and to this day there exists, I believe, a playground at Friedrichs-kron, where the English princess used to watch the gambols of her children, and rejoice to see them as fully imbued with love for romping as any of the village boys and girls in all the country round.

Politics in Their Names.

The recent death of Lecompton Constitution Bill at a New York hospital, aged 31 years, disclosed the fact that his father, the Hon. James A. Bill, of the country town of Lyme, Conn., had a very queer way of naming his children. He christened them with the name of the most important national event at the time of their birth. Another son is named Missouri Compromise Bill, and equally odd names were applied to other children. Mr. Bill is notable in his town, county and state. He has a wonderfully fine large farm on the shore of the sound, which is stocked with great droves of fancy cattle. He has Angora goats and European and Oriental sheep. He has taken great interest in agriculture, has been president of the New London County and Connecticut State Agricultural societies repeatedly, and usually takes most of the premiums at the fall shows for his exhibits. He is a short, stout gentleman of agreeable manner. It is a curious fact that Mr. Bill never had any teeth.—N. Y. Sun.

BIRD OF LIBERTY.

An Eagle Carries off a Child and is Killed by the Father's Rifle.

John Cowdick, a Chippewa Indian living on the shore of Echo lake, started out Sunday to guide a party that was going over into Canada. His only child, a girl baby, was then on the outside of the hut, near the door, his wife being on the opposite side of the little dwelling. When the Indian father and the party had proceeded half a mile or so they saw an enormous bald eagle circling over the edge of Echo lake, near the hut. There was no thought of danger to the child, but their sportsman's instinct prompted them to turn back to get a shot at the bird. As they turned to retrace their steps the eagle made a sudden sweep to the left. The Indian quickened his pace and reached his cabin in advance of the white men. When they arrived at the lake they saw a dead eagle of the unusual size and formidable appearance lying upon the ground and near it the Indian babe, torn and bleeding and also dying. The scream and rush of the great bird upon the child brought the mother upon the scene. Her babe was already several feet in the air held by the ugly talons of the bird. The babe was evidently too heavy for the bird and was dropped to the earth. The fall caused its death. The eagle made another plunge for its victim, but was fought off by the mother, who succeeded in driving it away. As the bird arose in the air it was shot by the father, who had arrived too late to save the child.

He Saw Capt. Kidd's Treasure.

Last winter a stock company was incorporated at Halifax, N. S., to search for Capt. Kidd's treasure, which has long been popularly supposed to be buried at Oak Island, Chester Bay, near that place, and gangs of men are now at work on the spot digging for the hidden treasures, convinced that they are on the track of the long-lost-for riches. The organization of the company was the result of the extraordinary dreams, 37 years ago, of Charles Johnson, of Belmont. Two men or ghosts called on Mr. Johnson in his dreams and told him to follow them. They asserted that they were once captain and mate of a pirate ship. They took him into a part of the Stewiac Valley, into the forest, and showed him two piles of human bones, which they asserted were the mortal remains of those who stood beside him in the spirit. From this they took him to a honey pond on Oak Island, near Chester, and down several feet into a pit, of which was a tunnel. At the end of the tunnel they showed him a large square box, which one of them opened, revealing to Mr. Johnson's view piles of bright gold and jewelry. This, he was told, was the captain's tunnel and treasure.

THE MARKETS.

Table with market prices for various goods like CATTLE, SHEEP, WHEAT, etc. Columns include item names and prices.

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Weekly Review of Trade.

New York, Sept. 6. R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: Business improves in all sections at the south, partly because of injury to the cotton crop, the consequent advance in the price. The wheat crop is not so good as last year, and is undoubtedly the largest ever known, and moving with unusual rapidity. The crop has been saved and is very large. In most of the surplus producing states, and even within the range of recent frosts, appears to have been in part by and in dry. The monetary situation is also decidedly clearer and more favorable. Foreign needs appear less urgent and the danger of successful resistance to American demands for gold diminished. The removal of the German prohibition of American pork by acts promises a largely increased demand for important products and a considerable addition to merchandise exports for the year. Operations in speculative markets have been more active and wheat has declined 1/2 on sales of 48,000,000 bu. on account of enormous receipts of the west, which have been at the rate of 1,350,000 bu. daily for the week thus far. Exports for the current week have been about ten times of those last year, though the most part of them does not correspondingly increase. Corn declined 1/2 for the reports of frost and oats 1/2. Cotton has advanced notably more than half a cent. Cows have fallen 1/2 and coffee 1/2, but no fall is seen in pork products, which may be strengthened by the new German decree. In stocks there has been a remarkable advance, broken on Thursday by some reaction on report of frosts. The business failures occurring throughout the country during the past seven days number 217, as compared with a total of 235 last week. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 205.

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J. C. Davis, Rector of St. James' Episcopal Church, Eufaula, Ala.: "My son has been badly afflicted with a fearful and threatening cough for several months, and after trying several prescriptions from physicians which failed to relieve him, he has been perfectly restored by the use of two bottles of Boschee's German Syrup. I can recommend it without hesitation." Chronic severe, deep-seated coughs like this are as severe tests as a remedy can be subjected to. It is for these long-standing cases that Boschee's German Syrup is made a specialty. Many others afflicted as this lad was, will do well to make a note of this.

J. F. Arnold, Montevideo, Minn., writes: "I always use German Syrup for a Cold on the Lungs. I have never found an equal to it—far less a superior."

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The Soap that Cleans Most is Lenox.

One Wise Dog.

A sagacious dog in Providence, R. I., rushed in an excited manner to its mistress and then returned to an adjoining room, the mother following to the baby. It licked the child's face then, as though directing attention to the little one. The mother saw something was wrong with the child and, quickly picking it up, opened its mouth and there saw a large six-pointed jackstone which she removed. The baby very likely would have been choked to death had not the mother been notified of the situation by the dog. — Saturday Evening Post.

FIENDISH APACHES.

The Most Inhuman Wretches Who Ever Tortured Their Foes.

The devilish nature of the Apache can not be appreciated except by those who have seen the work of these inhuman savages on one of their raids. Recently two poor fellows were killed near Tombstone and the report simply said they were badly mutilated. This means very little to the ordinary reader, but to an old Apache hunter it brings up visions of devilish work that are seared into one's brain. I remember a fearful case, of which I was an eye-witness, in the spring of 1865, says a writer to the Globe-Democrat. It happened that I was in command of a company of California volunteers, stationed near the old Mexican line.

One day, with several men, I rode toward the ranch of Pedro Sevadra, five miles from our camp. On the way we heard shots, and soon a Mexican came tearing along on a horse. He said old Chief Cachise had attacked Sevadra's ranch with a large force. We spurred on, but arrived too late. The ranch house was in flames, while all about was the worst sight imaginable. Piled out on the ground were the dead bodies of four Mexican women stripped naked. The Apaches had disemboweled them while they were still living, and had thrust lances through their hearts when they heard us approaching. Near by were the bodies of two little children whose heads had been smashed to a jelly against the log by the side of which their bodies were lying.

The only living person about the ranch was Sevadra, who had been tortured in the worst way by the savages. He had always been good to them, and they knew he was a brave man, but the devils shot an arrow through his kidneys in order that he might die a lingering death. He lived in terrible agony for two days. His wife was the only one about the ranch who escaped. She concealed herself, and was missed by the Indians when they ransacked the place. These Apaches were never punished for this or any other of their outrages in Arizona for twenty years. The savages did the most of the worst torture and mutilation, and deserve no mercy when captured, although their sex always served them when surprised by the regular troops.

How Chinese Buy Their Wives.

A Chinaman living in Australia, when anxious to have a wife of his own nation sends a letter to an agent in Hong Kong, written in some such terms as these: "I want a wife. She must be a maiden under twenty years of age and must not have left her father's house. She must also have never read a book and her eyelashes must be half an inch in length. Her teeth must be as sparkling as the pearls of Ceylon. Her breath must be like unto the scents of the magnificent odoriferous groves of Java and her hair must be from the silken weavers of Kala Ching, which are on the banks of the greatest river in the world, the ever-flowing Yangtse-Kiang." The price of a Chinese woman, delivered in Sydney, is \$38, but two Chinese women only cost \$62; therefore the Chinese import the women in couples. The importer never sees his women before they arrive, and then he generally selects the best looking one. The other is shown around to a number of well-to-do Chinese, and after they have inspected her she is submitted to what may be called public auction. The wife is supposed to be present at one of these sales. A young girl, aged about ten, was offered, and, after some so-called bidding, purchased by a wealthy Chinese shopkeeper, whose place of business is in one of the leading towns of New South Wales, for \$120. The melancholy aspect of the girl plus she went away in company of the man who purchased her was deplorable in the extreme.

She Had Him There.

He was one of those "cool men," traveling men, with a supercilious smile, and a long, low, rakish mustache. She was a dear little thing in a pink dress. He stood for two minutes watching her try to put a letter in a free-mail box, and just as she discovered her mistake, he nudged over and inquired:

"Where is the first?"

"She blushed and said there wasn't any."

"I was going to suggest that if you left a note the department might not get it until to-morrow," he murmured apologetically.

"Don't trouble yourself, sir," she snapped, "I wanted to call out the fool killer, not the engines." — Detroit Tribune.

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BITS FOR MADAM.

A child recently born at Wabash, Ind., has four grandparents and seven great-grandparents to nurse.

Some medical men have risen to say that too much alum finds its way into the Vienna bread to make it wholesome.

A lady familiar with Paris says that the Parisians unhesitatingly pronounce a lady to be an American when they see her adjust her gloves after reaching the street.

The cannibal tribes near the Niger delta, in Angola, and in the Congo basin, are probably the only natives of Africa who habitually eat human flesh. They, however, are numbered by millions.

From Beloit, Wis.: J. A. Cowles, aged ninety-two years has presented his wife with a coffin, made by himself, in honor of her eighty-ninth birthday. The couple have been married seventy years.

This from a young New York woman: "I always keep a bottle of vinegar on my toilet shelf. A teaspoonful taken as I am leaving my room to receive a caller or to go out to some social event has an excellent effect on my voice, clearing and softening it."

In New York women who teach cooking to private classes or lecture and give demonstration lessons charge \$5 per pupil for a course of twelve lectures. Single admissions are fifty cents. A woman who gives a private lesson to a single pupil charges her \$2. In Boston teachers of cooking in the public schools receive from \$450 to \$744 a year. In Philadelphia teachers receive from \$350 to \$750. In Pratt institute, Brooklyn, one teacher of cookery receives \$1,000.

Communion Wine.

Alfred Spear, the celebrated wine grower of New Jersey, preserves the unfermented juice of the grape for sacramental use. It has been adopted and its use sanctioned by prominent divines of this country. It is used by invalids with remarkable effect. The Port and Claret are among the popular wines.

The Grecian mother, before putting her child in its cradle, turns three times around before the fire, while singing her favorite song, to ward off evil spirits.

How a Girl Made Money.

I give my experience for the benefit of others. I sent \$5 to H. K. Delno & Co., Columbus, Ohio, and received a fine machine for plating with gold, silver and nickel. The plating is done so nice every person wants work done. I get all the knives, forks and jewelry I can plate. I made \$4 the first day; in one month I had \$125 clear profit. My brother makes \$5 to \$15 per day selling plating. Any one can do as much by writing to the above firm for circulars.

Lucy Wilson.

The life of a locomotive crank pin, which is almost the first thing about an engine to wear out, is 100 miles, and the life of a 31-inch wheel is 16,733 miles.

AMUSING MISTAKES.

"Where John?" said little Emily. "Do you know that a baby that was fed on elephant's milk gained twenty pounds in a week?" "Nonsense!" exclaimed uncle John; and then asked, "Whose baby was it?" "It was the elephant's baby," replied little Emily.

The Only One Ever Printed—Can You Find the Word.

There is a 3-inch display advertisement in this paper this week which has no two words alike except one word. The same is true of each new one appearing each week, from the Dr. Harter Medicine Co. This house places a "present" on everything they make and publish. Look for it, send them the name of the word, and they will return you Book, Beautiful Lithographs or Samples FREE.

Welch mothers put a pair of tongs or a knife in the cradle to insure the safety of their children; the knife is also used for the same purpose in some parts of England.

HAY FEVER & ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED.

We want the name and address of every sufferer in the U.S. and Canada. Address: Dr. E. H. Jones, M.D., Buffalo, N.Y.

JONES' SCALES

BEST QUALITY. FULLY WARRANTED. 5 TON SCALES. \$60 FREIGHT PAID. Address: JONES & BINGHAMTON, N.Y.

Illinois State Medical Institute.

103 State St., Chicago.

Chartered by the State.

Authorized Capital \$150,000.

Conducted by a Full Staff of Physicians, three of whom are noted German Specialists.

FOR THE EXCLUSIVE TREATMENT OF ALL CHRONIC DISEASES.

Ample Facilities for Room and Board.

Each Disease treated by a Physician, who makes it a specialty, free of our staff receiving their education and experience in Europe, where a Doctor must study seven years instead of three as here. If afflicted with Catarrh, Consumption, Asthma, or any Lung Trouble, consult our Specialist. Our treatment of Stomach, Liver, Heart and Kidney Troubles has no equal.

Rheumatism, Gout, Tape Worm and all Skin Diseases treated.

Our German Eye and Ear Specialist has cured many cases who are pronounced incurable.

Our treatment for Epilepsy, Paralysis and Nervous Troubles has met with wonderful success.

Intimate Diseases of Men or Women have had special provision made for their treatment.

Strictest privacy maintained and all communications confidential.

CONSULTATION FREE.

If afflicted with any disease address in any language ILLINOIS STATE MEDICAL INSTITUTE, 103 State Street, Chicago.

Spratts Patent Dog Cakes.

Two hundred tons sold weekly; sold by all grocers.

The poet Whittier has three pet dogs.

Make your mark! Learn shorthand by mail. Write Chaffers' College, Oswego, N. Y.

A Philadelphia Chinaman has 39 dogs.

Major's Cement Repairs Broken Articles 15c and 25c. Major's Leather and Rubber Cement 15c.

William O'Brien, M. P., is writing a novel.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve." Warranted to cure, or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 10c.

Prince Bismarck now weighs 210 pounds.

FITS. All fits stopped free by DR. HANSEN'S GREAT Nerve Restorer. No Fit after Friday use. MARRIAGE CURE. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free to fit cases. Send to Dr. Kluge & Archer, Philadelphia, Pa.

Patti was born Feb. 18, 1847, says her family Bible.

The wine cup, the wine cup, bring hither, And fill ye it up to the brim. Its headaches were banished forever, When science discovered COGNAC.

The population of the earth has doubled itself in 250 years.

E. A. ROOD, Toledo, Ohio, says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured my wife of catarrh fifteen years ago and she has had no return of it. It's a sure cure." Sold by Druggists, 50c.

In Spain the infant's face is swept with a pine tree bough to bring good luck.

The happiness of mother and child depends upon the health of both, a lady writes: "My boy and I are splendid, thanks to Mrs. Pankham and the Vegetable Compound."

In Ireland a bolt made of woman's hair is placed about a child to keep harm away.

During the past year fourteen Alpine mountain climbers met death by accident or by freezing. In no previous season has there been so many disasters in the Alps.

WHAT CURED YOU?

Mr. B. F. McAllister, of Harrisburg, Ky., writes: "Having been a terrible sufferer from catarrh, and being now sound and well, the question often put to me is, 'What cured you?' In answer to this often put question I feel it my duty to state that Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) is the medicine. I am such a true believer in the efficacy of Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) that I can honestly and conscientiously recommend it to any one suffering from catarrh. Have recommended it to many, and am happy to say that those whom I have induced to use it can bear me out in this statement. I also believe that it will cure any case of catarrh if taken according to directions." Book on Blood and Skin Diseases Free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

SICK HEADACHE!

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Biliary Colic. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 Cents.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

W. N. U., D.—9—37.

When writing to Advertisers please say you saw the advertisement in this Paper.

WITHOUT AN EQUAL. CURES RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Swellings, PROMPTLY AND PERMANENTLY.

ST. JACOBS OIL

TRADE MARK

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN

By E. C. Stead, M.D., and L. M. Hatchison.

What is The Library of American Literature? By E. C. Stead, M.D., and L. M. Hatchison. It will save you to find out by writing to C. L. WEBSTER & CO., 67 Fifth Ave., New York. We want at once a Salesman in every county in the United States.

DISK REMEDY FOR CATARRH—Best, easiest to use. Cheapest. Relief is immediate. A cure is certain. For Gold in the Ear, Catarrh of the Ear.

CATARRH

Has an Ointment which is small, portable, and applied to the nostrils. Free of charge. Send for circulars and price list.

Address: E. T. HAZELINE, Warren, Pa.

THE CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILWAY.

UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY, WILL OBTAIN MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF

Including main lines, branches and extensions East and West of the Missouri River. The Direct Route to and from Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, Peoria, LaSalle, Moline, Rock Island, in ILLINOIS—Daytonport, Muscatine, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, Des Moines, Winterset, Audubon, Harlan and Council Bluffs, in IOWA—Minneapolis and St. Paul, in MINNESOTA—Watertown and Sioux Falls, in DAKOTA—Cameron, St. Joseph, and Kansas City, in MISSOURI—Omaha, Fairbury, and Nelson, in NEBRASKA—Atchison, Leavenworth, Horton, Topeka, Hutchinson, Wichita, Belleville, Abilene, Dodge City, Caldwell, in KANSAS—Kingfisher, El Reno, in the INDIAN TERRITORY—Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo, in COLORADO. Traverses new areas of rich farming and grazing lands, affording the best facilities of intercommunication to all towns and cities east and west, northwest and southwest of Chicago, and to Pacific and transoceanic Seaports.

GREAT ROUND ISLAND ROUTE

MAGNIFICENT VESTIBULE EXPRESS TRAINS.

Leading all competitors in splendor of equipment, between CHICAGO and DES MOINES, COUNCIL BLUFFS and OMAHA, and between CHICAGO and DENVER, COLORADO SPRINGS and PUEBLO via KANSAS CITY and TOPEKA or via ST. JOSEPH. Through Coaches, Palace Sleepers, NEW AND ELEGANT DINING CARS, and FREE RECLINING CHAIR CARS, California Excursions daily, with choice of routes to and from Salt Lake City, Ogden, Helena, Portland (Ore.), Los Angeles and San Francisco. Fast Express Trains daily to and from all towns, cities and sections in Southern Nebraska, Kansas and the Indian Territory. The Direct Line to and from Pike's Peak, Manitou, Cascade, Glenwood Springs, and all the Sanitary Resorts and Scenic Grandeur of Colorado.

VIA THE ALBERT LEA ROUTE!

Fast Express Trains, daily, between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, making close connections for all points North and Northwest. FREE Reclining Chair Cars to and from Kansas City. The Favorite Line to Pipestone, Watertown, Sioux Falls, and the Summer Resorts and Hunting and Fishing Grounds of Iowa, Minnesota and Dakota.

THE SHORT LINE VIA SENECA AND KANKAKEE offers facilities to travel between Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Lafayette, and Council Bluffs, St. Joseph, Atchison, Leavenworth, Kansas City, Minneapolis, and St. Paul.

For Tickets, Maps, Folders, or desired information, apply to any Ticket Office in the United States or Canada, or address

E. ST. JOHN, General Manager. JOHN SEBASTIAN, Gen'l Ticket & Pass Agent.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Winckney Dispatch.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 17, 1891.

Spasmodic advertising even when made on a large scale is disappointing.

By perusing the game law to be found in another column, it is plainly seen that the legislature only want one more chance at it.

This can justly be called the farmer's year. Good crops are reported from all quarters, and contrary to the usual rule, prices show an upward tendency.

Some raise the objection that everything is now sold at so small a margin of profit that they cannot afford to advertise.

The Italian government refuses to participate in our coming World's Fair. This is rather shabby treatment to give to the memory of the late Admiral Colón.

And now comes another race to beat the printer. A firm in Chicago is sending out contracts to printers, binding them to run their 'ads' for a certain length of time.

Yankee ingenuity is proverbial. Already we are beginning to improve on English methods in the manufacture of tin plate.

The postoffice department is making a vigorous warfare against the Louisiana Lottery in the Supreme Court, and the power of the nation is being felt to be more injurious to its interests than the power of a single state.

The "American Newsdealers' Association" is about to petition Congress to establish half-cent coinage. On one-cent papers the dealer's profit is only half a cent, and often this is lost because there is no coin of this value.

Artificial Rain.

Artificial rain, or rather rain produced by artificial means, as our readers no doubt generally know, is among the latest thing to please the farmer and gardner.

It is said that

An inch of rain means 400 tons of water on every acre.

Plants grow faster between 4 and 6 a. m. than at any other time during the day, and more die during these hours than many other of the twenty-four.

Crime is more common in single life than in married; in the former thirty-three in every 100,000 are guilty, while only eleven married men, of the same number, have gravely broken the laws.

An Alabama girl actually laughed herself to death. After the laughing, which was provoked by a funny happening to her brother, had lasted for some time, her parents advised her to stop, but she couldn't.

The body of every spider contains four little masses, pierced with a multitude of holes, imperceptible to the naked eye, each hole permitting the passage of a single thread; all the threads, to the number of 1,000 to each mass, join together when they come out, and make a single thread with which the spider spins its web.

A New Crop.

Southern California has been trying the cultivation of bananas, and within a few years Florida has entered the list. Both states find it a prosperous crop.

The sale of bananas in the past

fifteen years has more than doubled. Their cheapness and food value have contributed to this end.

An acre of bananas will support twenty times the number of persons as an acre of wheat. One thousand square feet of land, growing bananas, will produce 4,000 pounds of nutritious substance.

In hot countries the banana is food for the people. Every garden has its banana patch, just as every garden here has its potato patch.

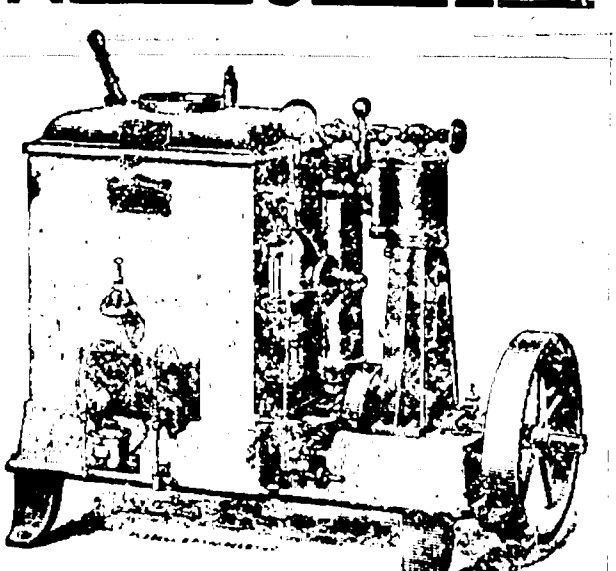


If you are in want of PICTURES, You will find something NEW, BEAUTIFUL AND NOVEL

PADDACK'S, The Leading Photographer.

Howell, Mich. over the Face

No Skilled Engineer THE SHIPMAN Automatic Steam Engine



Mercedes, Petroleum and Natural Gas Fuel. 1, 2, 4, 6 & 8 HORSE-POWER. Stationary and Marine.

SHIPMAN ENGINE CO. 296 Summer St. BOSTON.

NOTICE! We wish our friends and customers to be prepared to settle all notes and accounts with us that are

PAST DUE, On or before July 1st 1891, as we need the money to carry on our successful business.

Thanking you all for past favors and a continuance of your patronage, we are

Truly Yours, Teeple & Cadwell.

I always have on hand A LINE OF CHOICE GROCERIES, TEAS, CANDIES, TOBACCOES, AND CIGARS. in fact, we keep A GENERAL STORE. and sell goods CHEAP. H. A. Fick, GREGORY, MICH.

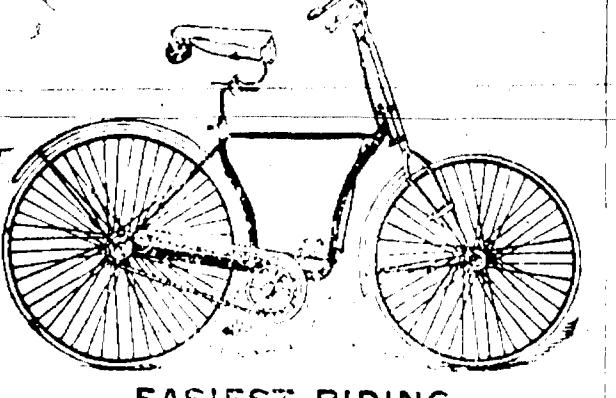
REMEMBER KLINCK IS THE NAME OF THAT Wonderful Remedy That Cures Catarrh, Hay-Fever, Cold in the Head, Sore Throat, Canker, and Bronchitis.

The testimonials to these FACTS are NUMEROUS and STRONG, similar to the following: From the Hon. Harvey D. Colvin, Ex-Mayor of Chicago:

CHICAGO, July 24, 1890. S. H. KLINCK—DEAR SIR: I am pleased to say that I consider your remedy the best medicine in existence, for the human afflictions you claim to cure.

For Sale by leading Druggists. PINT BOTTLES \$1.00 Klinck Catarrh & Bronchial Remedy Co., 82 JACKSON ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

Page Cycle SPRING FORK.



EASIEST RIDING WHEEL - ON - EARTH. HAS WITHOUT EXCEPTION THE FINEST SPRING IN AMERICA.

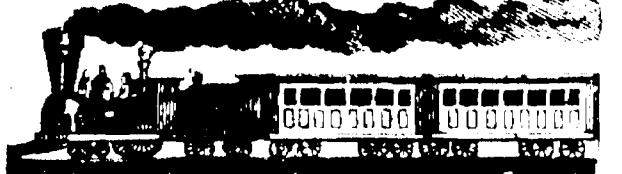
BUILT FINEST DESIGN, FINEST STEEL, FINEST FINISH, FINEST BALL BEARINGS. Do not buy without getting our Catalogue or sending for it.

PAGE STEEL WHEEL CO., TOLEDO, OHIO.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND. THE RAY'S BOOK has become a great success.

It is full of light and interesting facts, and is a valuable book for every man, woman and child in the family.

It is a book that will be read and reread, and it is a book that will be found in every household.



Railroad Guide.

Grand Trunk Railway Time Table.

MICHIGAN AIR LINE DIVISION.

Table with columns for GOING EAST, STATIONS, and GOING WEST. Includes times for routes like Pontiac, S. Lyon, and Jackson.

All trains run on "Central Standard" time. All trains run daily, Sundays excepted.

DETROIT, JUNE 21 1891. LANSING & NORTHERN R. R.

Table with columns for GOING EAST and GOING WEST. Includes times for routes like Howell, Brighton, and Grand Rapids.

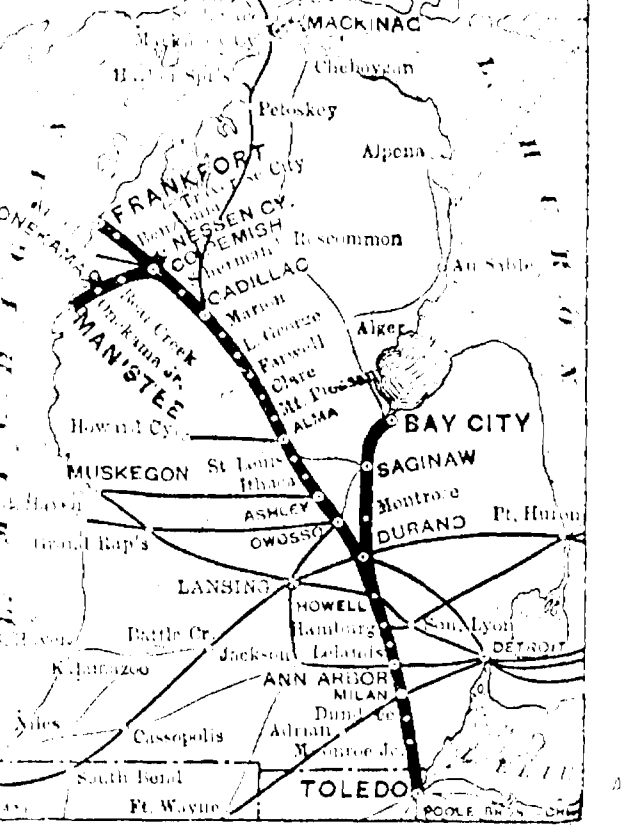
Parlor cars on all trains between Grand Rapids and Detroit. Seats, 25 cents.

CHICAGO, SEPT 6th, 1891. AND WEST MICHIGAN R.R.

Table with columns for GOING EAST and GOING WEST. Includes times for routes like Grand Rapids, Holland, and Chicago.

Parlor cars on all trains and Wagner Sleepers on night trains between Grand Rapids and Chicago.

TOLEDO ANN ARBOR AND NORTH MICHIGAN RAILWAY.



Trains leave Hamburg. GOING NORTH: 8:15 a. m., 12:30 p. m., 5:50 p. m. GOING SOUTH: 6:25 a. m., 10:55 p. m.

W. H. BENNETT, G. P. A., Toledo, O.

\$3000 A YEAR! This is a great opportunity for anyone who can get a few dollars.

It is a book that will be read and reread, and it is a book that will be found in every household.

A HUNTED HEIRESS.

A TALE OF FACTORY LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

By Major MacNamara.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN WHICH SAM BURR SIGNALIZES HIS ADMISION TO THE BAR BY AN EXTRAORDINARY MARRIAGE FOR WHICH HE RECEIVES NO FEE.

Let us see how it fared in the meantime with John Sanborn and his co-conspirators, Dick and the young lawyer, Sam Burr.

The latter had been entirely successful in his programme with Bill Chesley, who had been hired by Phillip Blake to personate the minister in the farce marriage between himself and Barbara Glendon.

Upon the evening set apart for the execution of that really scheme Sanborn, and his friend Dick called at the office of Sam and found that young gentleman with his heels elevated on a level with his head and the office thick with tobacco smoke flowing from a large meershaum in the mouth of the young lawyer.

"You see, boys," said Sam when the two young men entered, "smoking helps thought you know, and I have been deeply reflecting over a very intricate case I have in hand, involving thousands of dollars and some important considerations regarding a large amount of real estate, which by process of foreclosure, has lapsed from the original owner into the hands of the several mortgagees; though I am inclined to doubt, after mature consideration, the validity of their title to the money and estate aforementioned. I can, I think by a process of replevin, which would necessarily entail numerous cross-actions, put a bar to further proceedings on the part of the mortgagee, but—"

"Come Sam, hadn't you better pull up there; you know you have not had a client since you have your shingle hanging out, so what's the use of trying to bamboozle us with your replevins and cross-actions, we are the only clients you have got and you know it Sam," said Dick taking a seat and talking with the familiarity of an old friend.

"Clients!" cried Sam comically, "well, you're a noble pair of clients; you pay your fees in oyster stews, and come here and smoke up my cigars; how long do you suppose I will thrive upon such charity? But come, sit down and hear what I have got to say. You'll find some cigars in that box. Now listen: Bill Chesley has been here, and if you ever saw a scared man in your life he was the fellow. I gave him distinctly to understand that I knew all about the arrangements for the bogus marriage; told him I knew the parties, that my client, a relation of the girl, represented a vast amount of money, and if he didn't do as I desired in the premises, I'd have him indicted for conspiracy, as sure as my name was Lawyer Burr; and Sam smacked his lips over the title as he would over the last drop of a glass of pure champagne!

"What did he say?"

"He asked me what I wished him to do."

"What then?"

"Why, I told him that the marriage must be a *bonafide* one and no mistake, and that I was determined to have it so or imprison both him and his employer."

"What did he say to that?"

"Oh, he weakened, and when I asked him to write a note to this man Blake, introducing a friend of his who would perform the ceremony, he being too sick to do it, he agreed instantly. I've got the note in my pocket-book now. I also promised not to blow the gaff on him, and let up in the event of his acting square. How's that?"

And Sam puffed his meershaum with great complaisance.

"But suppose he should tell this to Blake, what then?"

"He won't do it," replied Sam Burr emphatically. "I am sure he won't, for I told him I would have a detective at his heels continually until after the affair was consummated; and if I learned of any treachery on his part, I'd slap him in limbo instantly. Oh, his head!"

"You've done well Sam, and we won't forget you when this thing is settled, you'll find we're real clients after all," said Sanborn, shaking Burr warmly by the hand.

"Pshaw! Don't talk so odd fellow; I'm glad to be of service to the poor girl, and I can find all the pay I want in saving her," and the grave look which came into the young lawyer's face showed, notwithstanding his humorous view of matters, that he fully appreciated the solemn and dangerous position of the young woman the scoundrel Blake was attempting to destroy.

"What's the time, boys," said Dick, "the meeting at the church is set for half-past eight, we ought to be on hand by eight—Of course Sanborn and myself must be invisible witnesses to the marriage."

"Yes; we can arrange that when we get there. Chesley informed me of all the arrangements. I know where to find candles. I've got a small Bible with me, and by the by, you haven't noticed my white choker?"

Dressed all in black, with a white silk "choker" about his neck, the lawyer did indeed look the minister to perfection.

Everything being ready, the three young men left the office and made their way to a stable a short distance away where a carriage had been engaged, and in a few minutes the noble-hearted young men were on their way to Bowman's corner.

It was a dark misty night—the sky was so cloudy that neither moon nor stars were visible, and it was very evident that a storm was brewing rapidly above them. The carriage rolled on out of the city and over the smooth, lonely, country road, past the hedges and fields, and through the open windows of the vehicle, they could hear the wind beginning to serge through the trees, and feel the ever increasing dampness of the atmosphere.

"It's going to be a bad night, boys," said Burr.

"Yes, indeed it is," replied Dick—it is just the night for such infernal work as Blake has in hand, and between you and I, I guess the fellow isn't new to the business."

"What kind of a fellow is he, Sanborn?"

"I don't know—one of the 'fine gentlemen' class who have money and spend it

in ruining such victims as tumble into their toils. The world is full of them."

"Yes, and their principal haunts are factory towns," said the lawyer drily.

In about half an hour they arrived at Bowman's Corner where the little party alighted, instructing the driver to conceal the carriage from sight among the trees. The young men then walked into a by-way leading from the main road, and up a long avenue lined with sumac trees; in a few minutes they came into a broad and splendid clearing, in the midst of which they could discern, standing out against the dark and sombre sky, a stone building—but the surrounding darkness was such as to prevent them from having a critical view of it. Up to the building the young men made their way, and round to a side door, swung back, as if blown open by the wind.

This door led into a moderate sized room, as appeared, when Sam lighted a match, with which he ignited several candles, placed in neat candlesticks on brackets about the room. The place was quite decently furnished, and looked what it originally was, quite a neat minister's dormitory.

Having arranged everything to their satisfaction, the young men were about to go forth in order to see if there was any sign of the party's approach, when the noise of wheels fell upon their ears, and they darted back into the room, the lawyer taking a seat at the table, while Sanborn and his companion passed through the door communicating with the church, where they stood in the darkness, looking into the room occupied by Sam.

In less than a minute a carriage drove up before the place, and then in a minute afterwards, Phillip Blake accompanied by Barbara Glendon, entered the minister's reception room.

Blake started when he looked into the face of Sam Burr, but upon reading the note which the latter handed him, his face cleared, and with a smile and a bow, he said they were ready to proceed.

On Barbara Glendon's face there was no sign of fear, doubt, or confusion; she uttered the solemn words which made her the wife of Phillip Blake with a calmness that almost amounted to stolidity.

In a few moments the ceremony was over and Phillip Blake and his new made bride were on their way to the city.

"It's done!" cried Sanborn coming in from the gloomy church.

"Yes it's done! and human power cannot undo it," replied young Burr solemnly as he went out into the night with his companions.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE MANNER IN WHICH THE BOARDING-HOUSE INMATES RECEIVED THE NEWS OF BARBARA GLENDON'S MARRIAGE.

The disappearance of Barbara Glendon, which occurred a few days before the removal of Gertrude to the Park, caused quite a stir among the boarders and finally when it became rumored that the girl had been privately married to a young millionaire, a general council was held in the Corporation Boarding-house, at which Miss Nellie Jones presided, and her chum, Miss Jane Smith, acted as Secretary.

It was an evening session, and all the boarders were assembled, and the subject of the meeting was to take into consideration the attitude of the boarders towards Barbara in view of her unmaidenly and surreptitious proceedings.

Miss Jones with the assistance of her Secretary, after many hours' reflection—and by dint of hard manual labor with a pen—together with a great deal of gymnastical evolution with her tongue in her right cheek during the process of transcribing, produced the following resolutions to be read at the meeting—for the reputation and dignity of Mrs. Moriarty's boarders "they were bound" should be maintained.

WHEREAS, and be it Resolved, That Miss Barbara Glendon has gone off with and married herself to a millionaire—the name of whom to this meeting is unknown, and from present appearance is likely to continue to be. And

WHEREAS, we do not believe that he is a millionaire, and if not, why Barbara cannot be a *millionaire's* wife, and if not, then she is no longer entitled to the respect of her former associates, who would seem to be *millionaires* under such blighting and uncomfortable circumstances. And

WHEREAS, moreover, How can she be a millionaire when no one knows who her millionaire is, or where he comes from, or where she has gone to. And

WHEREAS, again—She had ought to be ashamed of herself to get married without bridesmaids and showing us her bridal dress, which was probably made of heavy corded silk and Honiton lace, with all the fancy "fixins" as would necessarily attach to the *trousseau* of a bloated bond-holder and his beautiful bride—not to say that Barbara was beautiful by any means! And

WHEREAS, once more—we have great doubts about her marriage at all, so be it Resolved, That all hands find out the name of the millionaire she married; where she lives, so that we may appoint a committee—of which the President and Secretary shall be two—to visit the dear darling whose virtues and beauty always commanded our highest admiration.

These highly lucid, logical and sensible resolutions were laid before the admiring Moriartyans, who considered Nellie Jones a marvel with the pen, and accepted them, *con.*

"I guess that'll fix her, girls," cried Nellie, looking over the resolutions with great satisfaction.

"How can they, she'll never see them," some one answered from a distant corner of the room.

"Oh, she'll hear of 'em, that's the same thing," shouted another.

"How can she, when no one knows where she is?"

"I don't make any odds, we've resolved her and that's some satisfaction," announced Nellie with dignity.

"Yes, and served her right!" chorused the audience, who looked upon the little fulfilment of poor Jones' brain with the same awe a mighty people would look upon the pronouncement of the Pope!

And thus, for a time at least, was poor Barbara Glendon dismissed from the thoughts of Mrs. Moriarty's boarders without one to care whether she went, or whether the bark of her young life was anchored in a haven of rest or dashed in pieces upon the hidden reefs that bear no

because to find it home in safety.

CHAPTER XIX.

GERTRUDE IS REMOVED TO BELLVILLE—A GLIMPSE OF BARBARA'S MARRIED LIFE—SHADOWS.

The removal of Gertrude was performed without the slightest difficulty or inconvenience to our heroine; even the ride to Bellville Park seeming to have a wonderfully invigorating effect upon her spirits.

She was delighted with the room which had been assigned to her by her charming hostess, and fully appreciated the warm affection which Marion Bascombe already entertained for her.

From the window of her room she commanded a complete view of the splendid grounds surrounding the mansion, and inhaled the sweet perfume of flowers and trees then gorgeous in their summer beauty. In the distance the flashing waters of the Merrimac, alive with pleasure boats and coasting vessels, met the eyes, and from over its fair bosom, there came, pure and fresh from the ocean, a breeze that should bring new life into the heart of the pale and wasted invalid.

Tom Arkright was alive with joy, when he heard of the arrival of his betrothed; and, though he was not allowed to visit her for the present, he kept her room supplied with the sweetest and freshest of flowers, and the cunning smuggler, never forgot to enfold among the bright flowers and green leaves, a slip of paper filled with an affection as pure as the perfume of the flowers themselves.

Mrs. Vickory's apartment was next to the one occupied by Gertrude, and she could be summoned in time of need at a moment's notice—though that seemed all unnecessary from the fact that a greater portion of her time was spent in the pretty parlor of our heroine.

Mrs. Vickory moved about the house as quietly as a mouse, and seemed to anticipate the wants of Gertrude. Did the latter need a cooling draught, before the wish had formed itself in her mind, it was placed to her lips by the soft and ready hand of the old lady. She was most tender and motherly in the arrangement of the pillows, and even the flowers on the mantle, back to which Gertrude always returned the affectionate notes she received from her affianced, only putting them away in her little desk when the withered tokens of his affections were taken from the room, and there, thoroughly permeated with the fragrance of the flowers, they lay to be read and re-read, a sort of triumphant refrain to the sweet love-song continually warbling in her heart—even these flowers received Mrs. Vickory's kind attention!

Mrs. Vickory at such times would fix her eyes upon her with a queer expression, and a sudden closing of the lips.—What these signs indicated it would be hard to tell—probably an exquisite appreciation of our heroine's sufferings, whom she attended with such indelicate care—or they might be the result of curious dreamings on part of this woman who so willingly sacrificed her own comfort to that of Gertrude Weldon.

Let us leave our heroine enjoying all the comforts of Bellville Park, while we follow for a little time the fortunes of Barbara Glendon.

She resided in a beautiful cottage house just outside the limits of the city, Phillip Blake had engaged a handsome suite of rooms on the "second flat," and there a few days after his marriage he had introduced himself and wife, though when he introduced Barbara as Mrs. Blake, an odd smile passed over the features of the coarse looking landlady, and a shadow of the same seemed to linger for a moment about the lips of this unprincipled man.

Barbara was a little surprised upon taking possession of the apartments—not to find the servants assembled to welcome their master and his new made bride—for Blake had spoken of the luxuries by which she was to be surrounded, with such unctious and apparent sincerity, that the romantic factory girl had builded a castle in Spain of such gorgeous proportions, that a handsome suite of rooms on the "second flat," seemed for the moment a frightful coming down.

The loving "palaver" of Mr. Blake, however, soon restored Barbara's good humor, for he assured her that *this* was only for a time—in a little while she would be surrounded by such luxuries and pleasures as she never contemplated of in her wildest dreams.

All this pleased Barbara, she could find a score of reasons why a rich young man like her husband—how fondly the poor young girl dwelt on the name in her early days—should desire to hide his wife away from the knowledge of his rich relatives, though Phillip Blake, if he was possessed to give a reason, would have been greatly puzzled, without downright lying, to give a single one!

Here, in the seclusion of these apartments, for the first few days, the time passed deliciously indeed, Blake was constantly at home—he read to her and sang to her, for there was a piano in the room, and Blake was an excellent performer, and in a variety of ways, the time was made to pass with a swift and dreamy pleasure that seemed to poor Barbara to have a touch of Heaven in it.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A Curious Place.

W. E. Baker, the late sewing machine millionaire, had curious conceits in regard to the arrangement of his private grounds. His place at Wellesley, Mass., in the matter of the grounds, particularly, is a curiosity. Everywhere on the premises the visitor is confronted with some ingenious piece of extravagance. Here in the pathway is a concealed platform which, as you step upon it, swings and sends you a-lurching; there is an inviting chair in front of a flowering cactus, and when you take a seat to inspect the cactus, the plant sinks out of sight and in its place springs up a wooden devil, painted red, and grinning in your face. There are dozens of grotesqueries of this kind which suggest the mechanism of a Humpty Dumpty rather than the arrangement of a gentleman's private lawn.

A Hungarian paper announces the death of a veteran of Waterloo, aged 105 years, in his native village, Hatzeg, in Transylvania.

ENGLISHMEN IN NEW YORK.

Obliged to Leave the Continent on Account of Americans.

The English colony in New York is largely made up of young men of cultured, leisurely habits, with epicurean appetites and plebeian incomes. They are, for the most part, younger sons of good education and no calling or profession. In almost every case inquiry elicits the fact that they are pensioners on home bounty. They are living on limited allowances—just enough to encourage respectability—such allowances being apparently doled out with the view to sustaining life without leaving margin enough for dissipation or a return ticket. In fact, in many instances, the allowance is made conditional on remaining abroad. If they should violate this condition it is work or starve. Under the circumstances, it would seem that a continental life would be preferable, in view of its cheapness, but these young men prefer America. "Americans are kinder to Englishmen," says one of these young men, "than the people of continental Europe. We have worked that section of the earth a trifle threadbare. They do not like us. When it comes to India, Australia, Canada or any of the English colonial possessions, we prefer the United States. It costs more to live here, but the life is worth living. Society receives us whether we have money or not. In London I would be an office drudge and limited to boarding-house society. Here a well-educated, agreeable English gentleman is well thought of, and can dine at the expense of somebody else a good deal of the time."

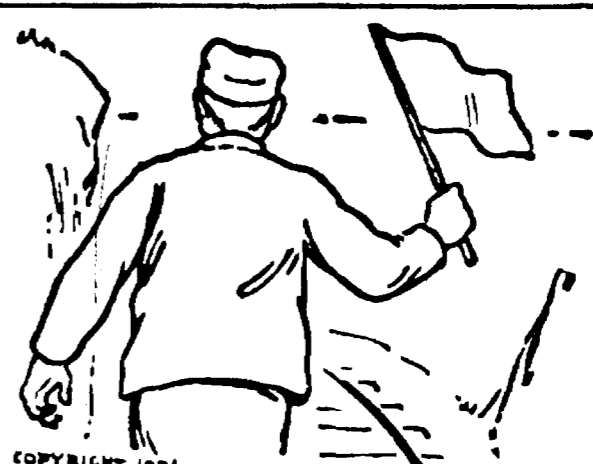
Speaking of Englishmen in New York suggests the recent plaint of a very well-to-do Britisher of the female sex now in this city, says a New York exchange. "You know there are no distinctive resorts for English people abroad," she said. "We used to go to Scotland, but the rich Americans overran the country and gobbled up every available estate. Then we tried Brighton, but, bless you, the hotel people there will not look at an Englishman where he conflicts with an American. They next drove us out of every fashionable resort on the continent, lastly the Riviera, our special stronghold."

We have no longer the exclusive social sway anywhere outside of England. It used to be that the Swiss and German watering-place hotels were run chiefly in the interest of the English traveller. Now the American has it all his own way. There are now more Americans living in villas about Florence, Como, Rome, Dresden, Lucerne and the German spas than Englishmen. Even Paris is getting to be dominated by the stars and stripes. What are we going to do?—Come to America," I suggested. "Here, at least, the American is small potatoes and few in a hill. Here Anglomania rages worse than pleuro-pneumonia. Come to America, unhappy, outland, deluded people of an effete civilization, and come with confidence and cash—especially cash. Here you will find a newer growth in New York to fall down and worship you."

Boothblackening As An Art.
On a street corner on the upper part of Sixth avenue is a boothblack stand presided over by a middle-aged darkey named Joe, whose odd ways have secured for him a number of inoperative customers, says the New York Telegram. He firmly believes that shoe polishing has a high rank among the arts and sciences, and regards that among the hundreds of boothblacks to be found in the city, so few attain the skill and knowledge of the business, which, with due modesty, he claims to possess. It is amusing to watch him in his efforts to harness a new customer with the importance of his profession, and the profundity of his knowledge and experience in it.

Joe first rubs the shoes of the customer for several minutes with his hand in a solemn way, occasionally stopping to examine them closely with a critical eye. This naturally excites the curiosity of the owner of the shoes, and then Joe explains in a confidential tone that in order to give a perfect polish the quality and condition of the leather must be thoroughly known. He then pulls out from the under part of the stand a large drawer filled with dozens of brushes, from among which he carefully selects one. As he passes his hand over the face of the brush the concealed bootblack glances at the shoes of the customer, as though determining whether that particular brush is best suited to the grain of the leather to be operated upon. A similar performance is gone through with in choosing the blacking to be used on the occasion. Joe then goes to work and polishes the shoes in question with many a mysterious flourish and cabalistic curve. When he finishes it is worth the price to see his evident admiration of his own handiwork.

What She Found.
One day Mrs. W. S. Wallace, of Butler, Fla., decided to tear up and renovate an old pin-cushion that she first made over thirty-nine years ago. It had on it nine coverings, that had been put there from time to time. From the inside of the pin-cushion she got ninety whole needles, besides several broken ones and a number of pins.



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There's danger

in a cough—more than ever when your blood is "bad." It makes things easy for Consumption. But there's a cure for it in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. A positive cure—not only for Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Bronchitis, Asthma and all lingering Coughs, but for Consumption itself in all its earlier stages. It's reasonable. All these diseases depend on tainted blood. Consumption is simply Lung-scurf. And for every form of scrofula and blood-taint, the "Discovery" is a certain remedy. It's so certain, that its makers guarantee it to benefit or cure, in every case, or the money is refunded. With a medicine that is certain, this can be done.

There's a cure for Catarrh, too, no matter what you've been led to believe. If there isn't, in your case, you'll get \$500 cash. It's a bonafide offer that's made by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. There's risk in it, to be sure, but they are willing to take the risk—you ought to be glad to take the medicine.

EDUCATIONAL.

MICHIGAN FEMALE SEMINARY.
Kalamazoo, Mich., Terms, \$300. Opens September 10, 1881. Send for Catalogue No. 5.

DO NOT, I DO I DO NOT SAY I am the only reliable and successful and my business is only for public benevolence. I do say, I am successful, on terms at a fair price on perfectly sound and honorable methods. Send small bottle of cream with history of your case. I will send 10 numbers of your disease free. Dr. T. N. Crowley Terre Haute, Ind.

LEWIS' 98% LYE
POWDERED AND PERFUMED
(REGISTERED)
The strongest and purest Lye made. Will clean the best perfume-dipped Hand Soap in 20 minutes without boiling. It is the best for scrubbing water, cleaning wood, iron, tin, brass, sinks, closets, washing bottles, paints, trees, etc.
PENNA. SALT MFG CO.
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THE PRUYN THE ONLY RELIABLE
DIGGER IN THE
WORLD.

SEND FOR CIRCULARS.
Pruyn Manufacturing Company,
BOX A. A. HOOSICK FALLS, N. Y.

DR. HARTER'S
WILD CHERRY BITTERS
MEDICAL
USE REGD. TRADE MARK

RELIEVES all Stomach Distress,
REMOVES Nausea, Sense of Fullness,
CONGESTION, PAIN,
REVIVES FAILING ENERGY,
RESTORES Normal Circulation, and
WARMS TO TEE TIPS.
DR. HARTER MEDICINE CO., St. Louis, Mo.

Tied Down
—the woman who doesn't use Pearlina. She's tied to her work, and tired with it, too. Pearlina makes another woman of her. It washes and cleans in half the time, with half the work. Nothing can be hurt by it, and every thing is saved with it, Pearlina does away with the Rub, Rub, Rub. Pearlina does more than soap; soap gives you more to do.

Beware
Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as" Pearlina. IT'S FALSE!—Pearlina is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearlina, do the honest thing—send it back. 250 JAMES PYLE, N. Y.



Neighborhood news, gathered by our corps of hustling correspondents.

PUTNAM.

Mr. Owen Goodspeed is very sick.

Several of our people here attended the State fair at Lansing last week.

Mrs. Crippen who has been visiting friends here, returns to Iowa next week.

Mr. William Gawley is building a fine new house. The Joel brothers are doing the work.

TYRONE.

Miss Lulu Westfall is attending school at the Fenton union.

Henry Farnham Jr., of Deerfield, is at work for H. Preston.

Flora Westfall is slowly recovering from a severe attack of fever.

Adelbert Farnham is attending the Fenton Normal for a few weeks, after which he will teach in the "Brick."

Miss Bessie Campbell who has been spending her summer vacation with Mrs. J. H. Bristol, returned to her home in New York City last Friday.

ANDERSON.

Mrs. Albert Wilson was in Howell on Saturday.

Mr. Jas. Durkee is attending the Fowlerville Fair this week.

Richard Roche will teach the winter term of school in this place.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Swarhout spent Sunday with Stockbridge friends.

Miss Frankie Placeway came home from South Lyon to have her eyes doctored.

There will be a social at F. Reason's Friday night for the benefit of the Sprout Sunday school.

PARSHALLVILLE.

Mrs. Lucius Riddle, of Ocoola, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Wakeman.

Asa Waterman and family, of Highland Station, are spending a few days in this vicinity.

Rev. J. Wright and wife, Rev. James Wells and wife and John Avery and wife, are attending conference in Detroit.

The desperado, Orlla Niles, struck town Tuesday morning and was recognized by some of our citizens who notified deputy sheriff Wolverton who went in pursuit and over took him about one-half mile west of town where several shots were fired and Wolverton shot Niles and he took to the woods and all trace was lost of him. All sincerely hope he will be caught for he is a desperate character to be at large.

BIRKETT.

(Too late for last week.)

Mrs. Wm. Cobb is slowly recovering.

Mr. Man. Asquith, of Stockbridge, was the guest of Wm. Cobb Friday.

Servess and partner, Steffy, have bought the news stand in the post office at Ann Arbor.

Mr. C. A. Cobb and wife were the guests of Wm. Cobb Sunday. They reside in Dexter.

Rev. Mr. Lincoln and family, of Webster, who made a weeks stay at the lakes, returned home Friday.

Mr. J. Harrington, of Jackson, was the guest of Miss Libbie Cobb this week, they took a trip to Detroit to the exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Servess and daughter, of Ann Arbor, who have been spending the season at the lakes, returned home Sunday.

Mr. Henry Lipscomb, of Jackson, who was been visiting at Wm. Cobb's this week, returned home Saturday.

Messrs. Lee Cobb, Will Taylor, Albert Mumma and Bert Holmes who have been in camp at Base Point the past week, left for home Monday.

Miss Emma Hoffletter, of Ann Arbor, who has been spending the summer at her grand-mothers, fell down stairs Friday night and fractured her arm quite badly.

A party of Ann Arbor people are building a cottage in Cobb's orchard. That orchard will be a genuine village in short order if they keep on building.

IOSCO.

Mrs. Milo Abbott visited the county seat last week, Monday.

Richard Wilson started this week to Ypsilanti to attend the Cleary business college. Mr. Wilson is a very estimable young man and his many friends predict for him a bright future.

Rev. Robert Curtis preached his farewell sermon at Parker's Corners last Sunday where he has labored faithfully for the past year together with the Marion appointment, not having been provided with any parsonage or other place to live for a part of the year it has been very inconvenient for him to get along the latter part of the year. He has lived in a part of Mr. Lee's house.

The fourth annual convention of the Iosco township S. S. association will occur at the M. P. church, Parker's Corners, Sept. 20th. Program as follows:

Singing, Scripture Lesson, Mrs. J. W. Green. Prayer, Rev. Robert Curtis. Singing, Address of Welcome, Rev. M. R. Saigon.

Response, President R. G. Gardner. Singing, Paper, How to Work for God, Mrs. Rose Buhl.

Paper, Life, Miss May Leach. Singing, Mrs. Milo Abbott.

Paper, Character Building, Mrs. Chas. King. Paper, Influence of Home Reading, Miss Edith Gorton.

Paper, the Rest that Remaineth for the People of God, Jennie Marlett.

PLAINFIELD.

Many people are complaining of sore throat and hoarseness of late.

John Sprague, our stone mason and plasterer has gone to Durand to work for a while.

Mr. and Mrs. Parker, of Ocoola, are at present visiting with their daughter, Mrs. D. Van Sickle.

The wet weather is quite unfavorable for farmers in this section who have large bean crops to care for.

Talk about style, but we would like to know who can come up to Uncle Myron, last week he had his wagon rack carpeted.

Bills have reached here to-day announcing the Stockbridge Fair on the 6, 7 and 8th of next month, may success attend their efforts.

Elder North, of the Presbyterian church, preached the last of his series of sermons to young people, on Sunday evening. He is an enthusiastic and able preacher. By a large vote from the congregation here, without one to object, he is asked to remain another year, an last years terms.

Three of our horse fanciers drove out to the state fair last week, and while coming home were told they amused themselves by testing the speed of their horses: all of them appear to be satisfied that their horses are not to be sneezed at and it may not be long before they hustle some of the local trotters if they keep on.

This Space Has Been Purchased

BY

KELLOGG & HORNING,
Of Howell,

MERCHANT TAILORS.

E. L. Bush has given his mill an overhauling lately, and at present he has business running in full blast. He intends to make cider this fall as usual.

School is again opened under the management of Miss Hunt and now both the young amateurs plod along the road twice a day with a dinner pail in one hand and their education in the other.

One Fare to Three Fairs.

For the State Fair at Lansing Sept. 7th to 11th, and the West Michigan and Kent County Fairs at Grand Rapids, Sept. 14th to 18th, the C. & W. M. and D. L. & N. lines will sell excursion tickets at one fare for the round trip from all stations in Michigan. Tickets good to return Sept. 12th and 19th respectively.

Geo. DeHaven, G. P. A.

PROBATE ORDER—State of Michigan, County of Livingston, ss.: At a session of the Probate Court for said County, held at the Probate Office in the Village of Howell, on Wednesday the 9th day of September in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one. Present, Charles Fishbeck, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of

LUCY A. MANN, Deceased. On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Hecrow S. Mann, praying that a certain instrument now on file in this Court, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, may be admitted to probate.

Thereupon, it is ordered that Saturday, the 3d day of October next, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be holden at the Probate Office, in the Village of Howell, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted.

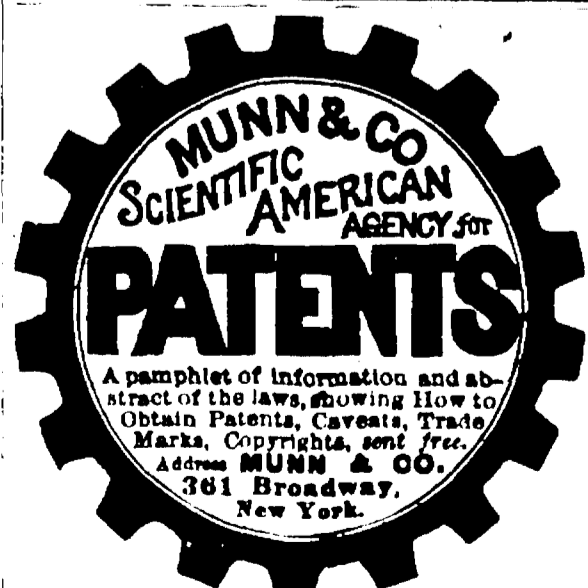
And it is further ordered that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the "Pinckney Dispatch," a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

(Attest copy.) CHARLES FISHBECK, Judge of Probate.

See Here!

We will bind those fine magazines for you in good shape and cheap. Call at the DISPATCH OFFICE and see samples.

WORK DONE IN JACKSON.



HAVING MADE UP MY MIND

To continue the clothing business in Pinckney I have ordered a larger stock than ever before of Mens' and Boys' suits which we are receiving almost daily. They consist of some of the finest suits made and the very latest styles, cuts, and cloth. In overcoats we know we can suit you because we are bound not to be outdone in quality or price, so all in need of anything in my line, be sure and call on us before purchasing elsewhere and we will astonish you on low prices.

Remember, we always keep on hand a full line of Mens', Boys', and Ladies' Boots and Shoes, Hats, Caps and Gents' Furnishing Goods.

Thanking you for past favors, and a continuance of the same.

I remain Yours Truly,

F. E. WRIGHT,
The Pinckney Clothier.

New Goods, NEW GOODS,

at the

One Price Store.

We are now prepared to meet the wants and demands of the people of Pinckney and surrounding country. Having just received a large invoice of Dry Goods, Ladies', Childrens' and Gents' underwear, Hosiery, Gents' Furnishing goods.

A complete line of Groceries, Teas, Tobaccos, Candy and Cigars always on hand.

Please call and see us before buying elsewhere and convince yourselves that we sell good Goods cheap for cash or ready pay. Our goods have all been bought for cash, and by selling for cash or ready pay, you have no poor accounts to make up by paying high prices. We also handle carpets, cut and made to order, without waste to the purchaser.

CASH PAID FOR BUTTER AND EGGS.

By honest, square dealing and one price to all we solicit a share of your patronage.

Thanking you for liberal patronage in the past, we are very respectfully yours,

THOMPSON & JOHNSON.