

# The Cass City Enterprise.

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WORK AND WIN.

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## OUR OWN OFFICE.

THE ENTERPRISE is published every Thursday morning at our office in the Opera House block. It aims to be a live local paper, and is devoted to the advancement of the Agricultural, Commercial and Social interests of the people of Northern Tuscara. The subscription price is One Dollar and fifty cents per year. We give no paper covered looks or other trinkets to induce people to read the paper, and we carry no dead head subscribers. Advertising rates as low as any other paper in the county having an equal circulation, and no lower. A new and thoroughly equipped Job Office in connection, in which we will have none but competent workmen. Business men intrusting their orders to us are pretty likely to be satisfied.

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## EDITOR'S SANCTUM.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR is growing in favor with the nation, as their acquaintance with him increases. For the unfavorable start, he stands remarkable well.

Gov. FOSTER has been interviewed, and says that Ohio is charmed and delighted with President Arthur. Nevertheless, it is understood that Mr. Foster's ticket for 1884 is Blaine and Foster.

A POSTMASTER recently wrote the postmaster-general: "A man's wife dropped a letter in this office addressed to another man. The husband suspects something wrong. Shall I deliver the letter to him?" The postmaster-general answered that the husband could not get the letter in that way.

THINK of all the possible lecturers on the Guitreau trial, when it is ended! There may be Mr. and Mrs. Seville, Judge Porter, Col. Corkhill, Mr. Davidge, the twelve jurymen, the official who calls out that the audience are expected to be as quiet and decorous as in church, the insanity experts, and perhaps some other prominent figures besides these.

THE following letter was received by Guitreau Saturday:

NEW YORK, Dec. 23, 1881.—Miserable Murderer: Three friends and myself have determined to go on to Washington, and put an end to your farcical trial by sending you to your Maker. We shall take up different positions in your court room, and at a given signal four bullets will plunge into your filthy carcass. Make preparations to leave this world at an early moment.

FOUR MEN WITHOUT AN INSPIRATION.

It is said that the School Board of Port Huron has authorized a teacher to procure a leather strap one inch and three quarters wide, and we do not know how long, with which to whip children. We can't believe the report. It must be a mistake. Surely no city in Michigan would take such a step backwards toward the barbarism of the past. If it be true we are ready to believe that that city did not do the fair thing with the old cloth sent there for distribution to the fire sufferers.

A CONFERENCE of temperance leaders was held in New York last week, at which some of the tremendous statistics of alcoholic consumption and manufacture were presented. The number of distilleries and breweries, and the amount of drinkables produced grow from year to year in equal or nearly equal proportion to the increase of population. A resolution was adopted suggesting the appointment of a national commission to investigate and prepare statistics on the liquor traffic.

THE New York Tribune in announcing the nomination of Timothy O. Howe, of Wisconsin, to be postmaster-general, declares that to say that this change is in the interest of the service would be blank foolishness. Mr. James, by the general consent of those qualified to judge, was the best equipped Postmaster-General we have had for a generation. Mr. Howe is a simple-minded, sincere, narrow politician, of the most vehement Conkling and anti-Garfield type, with not a whit more training or fitness for the Postoffice Department than he has for war or the navy.

THE rapid increase of the practice of cigarette smoking, especially among ladies and boys, has called forth a serious warning from Dr. W. A. Hammond, one of the most distinguished physicians of America. Dr. Hammond states that the inhalation of the smoke, which is the almost universal habit of cigarette smokers, produces facial neuralgia, insomnia, nervous dyspepsia, sciatica, and an indisposition to mental exertion, especially in young persons. This is all the more forcible because it is the opinion not of a prejudiced fanatic but of an authorized physician who for certain constitutions and to a moderate extent has prescribed the use of tobacco.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York Sun finds fault with Professor Adler's criticism of Christianity, who said that it concerned itself so much with the life beyond the grave that it is a hindrance to a thorough interest in the life which now is. So far from this being the case, argues the correspondent, the strong, the rich and the powerful are the most prominently connected with Christianity. Mr. Vanderbilt is a church warbler, Mr. Cyrus W. Field is a prominent member of the church, so is Mr. Russell Sage. If Mr. Jay Gould is not, "there is not a Protestant congregation in any of our fashionable streets that would not be proud to have him as one of its bulwarks and ornaments," while General Grant, who has looked after the affairs of this life pretty closely, is to be made a prominent officer in one of the Methodist churches. The leading clergymen in New York, and other large cities, are not, he says, indifferent to affairs in this life. So that, in his opinion, modern Christianity is not open to criticism for its want of interest in the affairs of this world.

DESPITE the lawlessness that prevails in some parts of Missouri, new settlers are pouring into that State in great numbers. During the year just closing about 90,000 persons have been registered by the State Immigration Society, and those who escaped its notice probably aggregated 45,000 more. They came mostly from Kansas, Michigan, Minnesota and Iowa, the only Southern State contributing and considerable number being Kentucky. As this immigration has been almost wholly from the Republican States, the Democratic papers in Missouri declare that it will require harmony in that party and excellent nominations to maintain Democratic supremacy in that State for any considerable length of time, despite its present overwhelming majority.

MANY people have wondered what motive could have induced Mr. Reed, the eminent Chicago lawyer, to enter the Guitreau case at this stage, and on this question the New York Herald says it is hardly probable that Mr. Reed would venture to take up a case certain to fail merely for the purpose of meeting so small an adversary as Corkhill. Neither is it probable that Mr. Reed would be controlled beyond discretion by sympathy for unfortunate Mr. Seville, or by any desire for the prisoner's acquittal. It appears more reasonable to assume that his keen perceptions have discovered to him a weak point in the prosecution, a preponderance of evidence in favor of the defense, a flaw in the proceedings, or an inclination of the jury toward the theory that Guitreau is insane. The effect of the move will be to raise in the minds of those who know Mr. Reed a question as to whether the case for the government is not in a precarious way.

THE decrease in the interest charge on the national debt during the past year has been nearly eighteen millions of dollars. On January 1, 1880, the liability for the semi-annual interest on the six per cent bonds then outstanding was more than \$6,000,000. Since that date the aggregate principal of those has been reduced from \$202,000,000 to \$153,000,000, and the liabilities on account of the semi-annual interest due January 1, has been reduced from more than \$6,000,000 to \$2,797,419, which amounts to an annual saving on this class of bonds alone of \$5,555,153. The quarterly interest on the extended five per cent bonds is payable February 1. The amount of these bonds outstanding 12 months ago was, in round figures, \$506,000,000, and the annual interest charged thereon \$25,500,000. The principal is now \$401,000,000, and the annual interest charged \$14,000,000. These figures show that in the last eleven months there has been a reduction in the principal of the outstanding 5 and 6 per cent bonds of \$143,000,000, and a reduction in the annual interest charged of \$17,827,000. This result has been secured by two processes—refunding and payment. The decrease of the debt by refunding or continuing at a lower rate of interest is a matter for congratulation, but the reduction by payment cannot be regarded as an unmixed good, since to effect it a large amount of money has been drawn from the pockets of the people which they could, probably, have used for a better purpose.

No wonder the deadly revolver finds its way into almost every family. One of the latest methods adopted for insuring this result is the offering of a seven-shooter as an inducement to get up clubs for a periodical. The name we do not care to give, but it is not very much unlike Home Visitor. It is certainly quite as inappropriate a name to accompany a revolver. The death-dealing instrument, represented to be worth \$6, the publishers covet to put into the hands of any boy or girl who will send \$2 10 to cover the year's subscription to the periodical, including postage. And any infant of 10 years, who will send \$14 70, with the names of seven subscribers, will receive a revolver and periodical free, the seven subscribers also getting a revolver each, in addition to the periodical, for their money. And what is better—or worse—still, if the money is all sent at once the getter up of the club, and each of the seven subscribers, will get a box of cartridges containing the material for 100 accidental discharges and as many unavailing killings or wounding. Of the periodical, in behalf of which such inducements are offered, we know nothing beyond what the advertisement states. It is probably no better or worse than a score of others, which the public can only be induced to take by the offer of some substantial accompaniment. Nor are the publishers, probably, any better or worse than those who offer less sanguinary inducements. But the fact that such inducements are offered and that it pays to offer them—as it must—is a very significant one. It shows how extensively this revolver-owning, revolver-carrying idea has taken hold of the American people. It shows that the search for concealed weapons in communities where the carrying of such is unlawful—as it should be in all communities—should not be confined to the thugs or the so-called "dangerous classes."—Detroit Free Press.

## MOVED AT LAST!

Mr. A. L. Keiff, the Caro Clothier, wishes us to announce to the people of Cass City and surrounding country, that he has moved into his elegant new store near the Medler House, where he is showing an **Immense Stock of Ready-Made Clothing** and Gent's Furnishing Goods at Prices Astonishingly Low. When you are in Caro drop in and see Keiff. He will be glad to see you, and show you through his new store, whether you wish to purchase or not. He is bound to do the Clothing trade of Tuscola County; if **GOOD GOODS** and **LOW PRICES** will do it. Don't forget the new location, next door to E. O. Spaulding & Co.

A. L. KEIFF.

## BUSINESS IS BOOMING!!

DRY GOODS.

SILKS,

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CASHMERE,

COTTONS

AND

DOMESTICS.

BOOTS and SHOES.

Gent's Sewed and Pegged Fine Boots.

Ladies' Fine Shoes.

CASS CITY MICH. ANGUS D. GILLIES.

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**SCHOOL BOOKS, WALL PAPER,**

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We are Agents for the Peccin Brand

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And authorized to Guarantee every package to give entire satisfaction.

Caro, Mich. Luce & Mosher

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Hardware,

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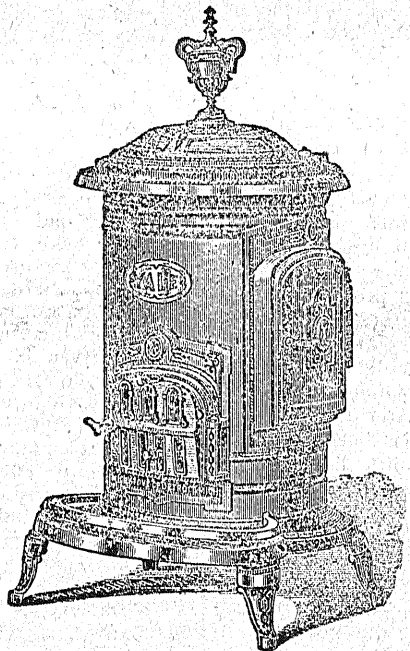
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—and—

Hemp Packing,

etc. - - - etc.



Crockery,

Glassware,

Lamps, Brooms,

Tubs, Pails,

Bird Cages,

Baskets,

Mop Sticks,

Washboards,

Churns, wood

and stone,

etc. - - - etc.

Come and see our Stock now Full and Complete.

We are doing business on a cash basis, and our goods are marked low.

Cass City, Mich. P. R. Weydemeyer.

# THE CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

BERRY BROS., Publishers.

CASS CITY, MICH.

## The Mormon Question.

Gov. Neill, of Idaho, in a recent interview with a N. Y. Tribune reporter, gave answer to some questions of general interest:

"Mormonism," replied the Governor, "is a serious question on the Pacific coast, and the Mormons are making special efforts to control the territories outside of Utah, where they have already the complete mastery. The division of parties in Utah is simply Mormon and anti-Mormon. There are no Republicans and Democrats known as such there, and I find among the staunchest anti-Mormons such men as Judge Rosborough, Judge Sutherland, Colonel Samuel Merritt and many other prominent Democrats, all as hostile as any Republican to the prevailing system."

"Is Mormonism extending to the adjoining territories?" the reporter asked.

"It is a part of the plan of the Mormon church," the Governor replied, "to populate the surrounding territories and states with its adherents, with the view of ultimately gaining political control of them, and then by bargaining with either of the political parties to have the territories admitted as states, thus obtaining the balance of power in congress. In my opinion, and I have formed it after a very thorough investigation of the system, the Mormon church is more of a political than a religious organization. I believe all the members of it who go through the Endowment House take an oath of hostility to the government, and I have myself heard treasonable doctrines preached in the Salt Lake Tabernacle. In my judgment it will be necessary ultimately to deal with the question from this standpoint, unless congress adopts immediately very effectual measures to prevent the practice and spread of polygamy, for that is the corner stone of the church. Polygamy gives all who join the society a community of interest in crime. And that, too, is why the priests insist so strenuously on the practice of polygamy. They know that the interest in crime will strengthen the church, and make it better able to accomplish its designs."

"What footing has Mormonism gained in Idaho?"

"Bear Lake county is populated exclusively by Mormons. The last census gave it a population of 3,200. Oneida county, having the largest representation in the territorial legislature, is controlled by the Mormons, who have a population of 4,000 out of a total of 7,500. In Cassia county they have a number of settlements and are enabled by throwing their votes for those who are friendly to them to decide the elections. The territory has a population of about 40,000, and the Mormons number nearly 10,000."

## The Latest Bourbon Outrage.

The correspondence of the New York Times, from Meridian, Miss., says: On the first day of December there was locked up in the Lauderdale county jail, in this place, a man who was arrested on election day, nearly a month ago, by a sheriff and a mob of armed men, and who has not yet been apprised by any charge before a magistrate of the cause for which he has been deprived of his liberty. Your correspondent gave the Times a few days ago some particulars about the Marion election riot, relating the facts in a form in which none of the local papers have the justice or the courage to print them, although everybody hereabouts who knows anything of the events at the polling place and at the house of the Vances knows that the stories which were printed in neighboring papers, and which found their way north through the associated press, were all colored by the prejudice in Marion against Edward Vance and his sons. There appears to be no reason why this family should have been singled out as the objects of bourbon hate and persecution, except the well-known fact that they are Republicans and white, and that they refused to tamely submit to be shot down unresistingly by an implacable mob of blood-thirsty Bourbon politicians. The Vances are poor, obscure and without influence. When Edward Vance fled on election day, and his son William J. Vance was brought to Meridian jail, their home was left unprotected. The bitterness of the feeling against the family has been manifested in a way that is possible only with the men who could shoot down John Vance in cold blood when he had offered no violence and came riding unsuspectingly into his own door-yard. Nearly every day since Will Vance's arrest men have gone to the house, whose only inmates are Mrs. Vance and Miss Vance; and knowing that they are without protectors, there being only a few negroes besides on the place, have repeatedly and shamefully insulted them with vulgar and profane language, to resent which might have exposed them to greater and unspeakable dangers. The position of this family is one possible only here in the south and in the neighborhood where Judge Chisolm was sacrificed so deliberately. Occasionally a friend calls at the house, but not in such a way as to attract attention, for the white people who know them are afraid to appear to be friendly, while no one presumes to do so rash a thing as to say a word in defense of Edward Vance or his sons.

The English papers do not like the course Mr. Blane has pursued in relation to the affairs of the warring South American Republics. They object to

the idea which underlies his letters, that European Powers should cease their efforts to influence the destinies of American Nations, and that the great Republic of America has paramount interest in the welfare of her sister Republics on this Continent, and a better right than England to be consulted about their affairs. Mr. Blane's doctrine is no new invention, however. It has always been held by American statesmen, and has been more than once applied when we were not in nearly as good condition to enforce it as we are now. The South American Republics are our foster children. When they freed themselves from Spain they modelled their constitutions upon ours and sought our protection. If their quarrels require arbitration, they naturally turn to us rather than to any of the monarchies of Europe. The attempt of any European Nation to settle their difficulties and shape their boundaries would be unwelcome to them and would be justly resented by us.

## DEATH OF WM. S. GEORGE.

Although it has been known for some time that Mr. George, editor of the Lansing *Republican*, was out of health, he was not considered dangerously ill until a few days since. Taken with a severe chill while visiting some of his employees, he continued to fail, dying on Tuesday morning of this week. The *Republican* gives an interesting sketch of his life, from which we condense the following: Mr. George was born in Derby, Vt., in 1825. At the age of three years he was swept from his parents' all their worldly possessions, and lying on a bed on the ground near the scene of the destruction, he saw the flames do a work of havoc and ruin in which caused both parents and children to struggle for years, to obtain for themselves the necessities of life. He has often said to the writer of this, "I never knew anything about the sports and pleasures of childhood." While his companions were engaged in outdoor sports, he was engaged in study and composition, which were the stepping-stones to that prominent position which he afterward held in the ranks of journalism. At fifteen he wrote articles for the press in favor of Harrison's election. His care and skill as a compositor brought him a man's wages at seventeen. While still an apprentice—only sixteen years old—he kept his employer's books and condensed the news of the day for the paper. In 1844 he edited the political columns of a whig newspaper at Brattleboro, Vt. While a journeyman printer, foreman, or proof reader for six years in Boston, until 1857, he continued to make contributions to the press.

In 1857 he became assistant editor of the New Bedford *Standard*, and later purchased the same, but fire again couched him, and the severest labor and economy were necessary to keep his paper alive.

In 1860 he sold the *Transcript* and became an assistant editor of the Springfield *Republican*, under Samuel Bowles. The late J. G. Holland was also a member of the staff of the *Republican* at that time. Two years later, on the consolidation of the Detroit *Advertiser* and the Detroit *Tribune*, Mr. George became assistant editor of that paper. After a year's experience in editorial work he purchased \$4,000 worth of stock in that journal, the late E. B. Ward endorsing his note for \$3,000, and in October, 1863, he took complete control of the business and mechanical departments. His debts were paid in less than two years, and at the end of four years he owned an interest worth \$14,000. In 1867 he sold his stock and became superintendent of an oil company in West Virginia.

On the death of the late John A. Kerr, the surviving partner, George Jerome, offered him an interest in the state printing, and on January 1, 1869, he assumed control of the state printing office and bindery. In 1873 he assumed editorial charge of the Lansing *Republican*, which under his care and skill became known among newspaper men as "the model paper of Michigan." He was for many years a member of the Republican state central committee of Ingham county.

As a citizen, Mr. George showed great public spirit and gave munificently for all charitable purposes. Many a young man now on the road to prosperity owes his success to the sound and kindly advice and the material assistance which he received from W. S. George.

In form Mr. George was of medium height, slender, sinewy, and active. He had brown hair, blue eyes, and a florid complexion. About four months ago his health completely failed him and he sought for rest and recuperation at the seaside. He was somewhat improved and came home on December 17 with the expectation of steadily regaining his former strength. He was at the office on Wednesday last, when he went home never to return. On his way home he stopped to visit two sick employees, and while there was taken with a chill from which he never rallied. The temperance cause in Michigan never had a truer friend or more zealous worker than W. S. George. His greatest pleasure in life was in the home circle, where all of his time was spent when not engaged in the active duties of business. As long as his mother lived he was her solace and support. To Mrs. S. L. Papineau, mother of Mrs. George, no son could have been more dutiful. He was first married in 1853, again in 1860, and the third time in 1876. He leaves his wife, three children and two sisters, one in Melrose Highlands, and one at Charlestown, Mass.

Stock should be well sheltered during winter, for when unprotected from the cold winds and snow storms a great deal of the food goes to maintain animal heat, instead of adding pounds of flesh to the animal. The scarcity of grain and the consequent high prices will make this winter a good time to try the experiment of economizing feed by sheltering stock.

## Upsetting Moses.

In the current "Law Mill" talk in the National Baptist, Jim Manley had been reading Darwin's Evolution and thought they were "going to upset Moses." The Deacon expresses a view after counting his fingers as follows:

I was just counting up how many times in the course of human history somebody has upset Moses. First of all two old jugglers, named Jannes and Jambres, undertook this; but they failed. Then a certain king named Pharaoh went at the work of upsetting. He must have found it more of a work than he anticipated, for he has not reached home yet. Then three leaders of liberal thought, Korah, Dathan, and Abihu, went at the job. They failed in the upsetting part; but they secured a bit of rancho for themselves which they and their children hold quiet possession of until this day. Later on, a king named Nebuchadnezzar, entered upon the upsetting business. He did not succeed either. He spent seven years chained to a stump; and when he had served out his time, he had changed his mind, and was a sadder and a wiser man. His successor met with still greater disaster in a similar attempt. Since that time, there have been no end of persons who have tried to upset Moses. Some ancient heathen, Celsus and Porphyry, and Julian the Apostate; and latterly these German critics, and these scientists so called are at the same thing. Years ago, when I chanced to be in Boston, I heard of a meeting of free-thinkers at a place called Chapman Hall. I could not resist the temptation to go just once and hear what they said. I found about twenty persons there. Three or four of them were women; all the rest were men. And what do you think they were doing? They were engaged in the old enterprise of upsetting Moses. And yet, Moses hath to-day in the synagogues of Boston more persons that preach him than he ever had before.

"It is astonishing how much upsetting it takes to upset Moses. It is like upsetting a granite cube. Turn it on which face you will, there it stands as solid as ever. The cube is used to be always amuses me, when I hear a fresh cry from some new quarter, averring that some man whom nobody has ever before heard of, has found out a sure way of doing what all others have failed in. And now here comes Jim Manley, and Moses has to be upset again. Ah, well,"—and the Deacon sighed.

"There was a roar of laughter which made the rafters of the saw-mill ring, and all joined in it except Jim. When the uproar subsided, Jim observed that this was not a subject to be treated with levity.

The Deacon resumed. "I am particularly glad to hear you say so, neighbor Manley. It is not a subject for levity. By all means, let us treat it with seriousness. But I have read some of the writings of the evolutionists; and I do not share in the alarm which is felt by some good christian people in regard to them. I do not see that the waves of science have washed out a single grain of sand from under the foundations of Scripture. That they have affected some people's interpretations of the first of Genesis, I admit, but that they have impeached the affirmations of the text I cannot see, and wholly deny. There is a difference between text and interpretation. Some people always wrap up in the same bundle the text and their interpretation of it. That is their blunder, and oftentimes their presumption. The text is divine; the interpretation is human. An interpretation may be blown to atoms, without affecting the text in the least. Some people can never see this difference; and if their interpretation of a passage of Scripture is shown to be incorrect, they are ready to cry out that the heavens are falling.

"Here, now in this case, the text says: 'Let there be.' People at once form the opinion that, instantaneously, the objects spoken of appeared in complete and perfect form. Now, as I understand the text, it teaches no such thing. In other places in the Bible, God said: 'Let a certain thing be.' It does not mean that the thing was to be consummated in the twinkling of an eye. Both time and second causes were required. When God said: 'Let there be,' etc., immediately the thing itself was settled, and then began the chain of causes that would make the fiat become a fact.

Should you scientists succeed in discovering what animal life is, you can not tell whence animal life comes. There will be a cause behind the cause, which your microscopes will never be able to see. You may find out something about what constitutes the life of a bioplasm; but what it is that vivifies that life you will not find out. You may, possibly, be able to indicate the process by which the water comes to swarm with living creatures. You may, possibly, show us the matter of the primitive world becoming organized not only into vegetable, but into animal existence, so that the earth shall almost literally send forth its living creatures. But there you will come to a barrier which says: 'Thus far and no farther.' With your irreverent spirit, you will never be allowed to step into the laboratory of the Infinite.

"And yet the smallest boy in Sunday school can tell what you philosophers never can find out. The secret is in that same first chapter of Genesis. There is the key to the lock which you cannot pick. There is the missing link, or, rather, the ultimate link—the cause of causes—the great unknown—the secret of life. It is told in one short sentence: 'The spirit of God was brooding on the face of the waters.' That is ultimate truth. Yours is secondary truth. If the waters swarmed, and if the land sent forth living creatures, it was not because they had any life-giving power in themselves, but

because there was a life-giving spirit organizing and energizing particles of matter, and producing the results you see."

## Laura's Strategy.

Laura had taught her school, and now she was going to get her money—three months' wages. She had earned \$30 a month, and she had paid for her board in sewing and knitting—for Mrs. Bennet had a large family and was glad to have her do so, so she could have the whole \$90 to use as she pleased. It looked like a very large sum to her and she planned how she was to spend it, a dozen times.

"The boys want the work horses to draw in wood," Mrs. Bennet said, as she started, so John has hitched up Banquo for you. He's gentle enough, but he's a colt, mind ye, and the best thing he could do is to let the whip alone.

No need of the whip, she thought, as the sleigh glided smoothly and swiftly along over the well-trodden road. She was quite surprised when she soon in sight of the house where the treasurer lived. He was at the door when she drove up.

"I'll hitch your horse for ye," he said, "coming down to the gate; come after your money, I s'pose. I've got it in here, all ready for you. It's lucky you come now, I was just about startin' off. Got the Colt, have you? Wall, I swan! let a clipper; I didn't s'pose Bennet wd let anybody drive him. Come in, I'll sign your order and pay you right off; s'pose you want to see your money—pretty good little bunch of chink for a girl like you."

Laura talked with the treasurer's wife a while, then got her money and started home. She had not gone far before a man on foot came out of a cross road just in front of her. He stepped aside and waited for her to come up.

"Good afternoon, school-ma'am," he said, "would you object to letting a fellow ride a little? I'm pretty tired, and I see you've got Bennet's colt; I'd like to ride behind him once."

Laura stopped the horse, and the man got into the sleigh. She did not know him, but from the way he spoke she supposed it must be some of the neighbors who knew her; probably a brother of some of her scholars—he was a young man.

"I see you don't know me," he said, "it isn't strange, you see so many; I've been round here all winter," he added, but Laura remembered afterward he did not tell her his name. "This colt does step off well, doesn't seem tired, driven him far?"

"No, only over to Mr. Smith's."

"Yes, he's one of the board, I believe."

"He is treasurer."

"You taught in a good district. Some of them make their teachers wait for their pay, but I believe this one never does."

"I think not."

"Have you long to teach?" asked the man, evidently bent on being sociable.

"My school is done," said Laura, still wholly unsuspecting.

"And you've been after your money," said the man with sudden change of manner; and I'll take it," drawing a revolver and pointing it at her head. No use to try to resist. They were passing through a lonely strip of woods, not a house near them. She was a frontier girl, with plenty of nerve. She remembered she had two pocket-books one empty and one full.

"If you want my money, get it," she said, snatching the empty pocket-book from her pocket, and throwing it as far as possible behind them in the snow. The man sprang after it.

She caught the whip from its socket and laid it sharply, with all her force, the full length of Banquo's nervous back. With a mad plunge, he was off like lightning. The man opened the pocket-book, and, enraged at his defeat, fired a couple of shots after her, but they did not touch her.

"The colt's runnin' away with the school-ma'am," shouted John, as she dashed in sight, but she guided him up to the gate in good order.

"You're plucky," said Mr. Bennet, when she told the story, and, "She's a plucky one," said everybody, when it was repeated.

The man proved to be one of the neighbor's hired men. He was never again seen in that part of the country. —*Mass Republican*

## Bragging.

It is natural for man to brag. And frequently the less he has to brag over the more bragging he will do. The most trifling incidents are sufficient to keep some men bragging all their lives. We once knew a man whom Henry Clay kicked out of his way, and the fellow bragged of it all the rest of his days, and he was proud to be introduced as "the man Harry of the West booted." Men brag over things that never happened, though they repeat it so often that they come to believe it themselves. It has been estimated that it would require a vessel like the Great Eastern to carry all the people claiming to have been on Fulton's first steamboat when it made its trial trip. We have ourselves shaken hands with twenty-eight men, each one of whom boasted that he was the first man to walk across the Niagara suspension bridge. The woods are full of men who are ready to swear they were standing right alongside of Grant when he said he "would fight it out on that line if it took all summer."

The water on Lake Superior has been unusually high this fall. Small breakwaters were built in front of the life-saving stations, and the unusual rise in the lake has washed these away, and has in some instances, undermined the foundation of the boat houses.

## A New Sea-Port.

It is fast becoming a matter for serious discussion, in commercial circles, whether New York harbor will not soon fail to meet the requirements of a great seaside emporium of the United States. Already the Sandy Hook approach does not furnish the requisite depth of water except at the high tide, and the greater number of the ocean steamers are obliged to delay for this before they can come up to or depart from the city. Many plans have been suggested and appropriations from the National government have been asked in aid of jetties and other schemes, but, thus far, it appears to be impossible for science to devise any certain method by which this channel shall be made deeper, or which shall even insure that it be kept in its present condition, or, indeed, shall be able to prevent it from becoming more and more shallow. The entrance to the city through Long Island Sound is long and difficult, by reason of shoals and frequent fogs, and notwithstanding the efforts which have already been and are still being made to remove its natural obstructions, the swift currents and numerous rocks at Hell Gate will always present most serious obstacles to safe navigation. In view of these facts, the most far-seeing and provident for the future among mercantile men, while they recognize the vast pre-eminence of New York as a maritime port, on account of its position, great wealth, immense system of warehouses, and the large number of railroads which center there, are casting about for some safe, commodious and accessible harbor, so situated that it may easily be made to serve as an *entrepot* for this city, and, it is said, that a company is already formed, composed mainly of English capitalists, which has for its ultimate object the construction of such a harbor at Montauk Point—the easternmost extremity of Long Island. Whether the existence of this company be a myth or not, there is but little room for doubt that, by reason of its many natural advantages, the near future will see this point utilized for such a purpose. The exact situation of this proposed harbor is on the north side of Long Island, about five miles from its extremity, at an indentation known as Fort Pond Bay. This bay is sheltered from all winds excepting those from the north, and a breakwater (which could be built at much less cost than was the National one at Delaware Bay), would afford a protection from these, and thus there would be formed here the largest, deepest and safest seaport on the Atlantic coast.

Although this bay is 115 miles distant from New York, yet time would be saved by having this for its harbor, for this distance could easily be covered by rail in three hours, which it usually takes the steamers 24 hours to make, and, by reason of heavy head winds, it often takes the sailing vessel a week or ten days to reach the city after passing this point. Another important advantage which this port would possess, is the consideration that an

ocean voyage would be much less dangerous, inasmuch as two-thirds of the shipwrecks on our coast occur on the two sides of the triangle made by the shores of New Jersey and Long Island. No ice or fogs would materially increase the difficulty of entering this harbor, while either of these obstacles is at times very serious to vessels bound to New York.

When the harbor shall have been completed there will not be found any obnoxious compulsory pilotage, nor, indeed, any demand for pilots at all, since there is no intricate channel to navigate, and a person, once having been there, will easily remember the way. Neither will there be the long towages for sail vessels, for the only demand for steam tugs will be for docking purposes. The Harbor Master's fees and wharfage, the expense of loading and discharging would all be very materially less in the country town which would here be built, than they are in a large city. Also, when, in connection with this harbor, the projected bridge from Long Island across Blackwell's Island to the main land shall have been completed, it will be found that merchandise will need no more handling than it does now, for it may then be put in the cars at the steamer's quay and billed through to Chicago without respishment, while that intended to remain in store may be taken to the warehouse, direct, without the expense of draying, and all the respishment across the Hudson, which now has to be done by the Cunard Line of steamers, whose wharves are in Jersey City, and by several lines of German steamers, whose wharves are in Hoboken, will be avoided.

These considerations are not of interest to New York only, but they assume a National importance. The immense and rapidly increasing volume of our exports and imports is limited to no one section or State, but every township in the nation helps to enlarge it and the public welfare demands that the best possible facilities be given to our trans-Atlantic traffic, so that everything which tends to diminish the expenses of the traffic or to lessen its risk deserves the most careful deliberation from all classes. Our abilities and resources are so great and various that commerce, manufactures and agriculture are independent and the Nation's prosperity is as much owing to the sailor, who steers his trick at the wheel, as it is to the farmer with his plow or the machinist by his engine. Therefore is it that this enterprise assumes a greater significance than would at first appear. In addition to the advantages which would accrue, as mentioned above, a haven established at this point would make an excellent harbor of refuge for our coasting marine, and, properly fortified, would make a more commanding and advantageous naval station than does New London, so that governmental aid could confidently be invoked in support of the undertaking.—S. IRVING RACKETT in *Industrial World*.

## CALL ON

# ADAMSON & FRITZ,

At Dr. Deming's old Stand,

Who keep constantly on hand a complete stock of

## DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,

## DRUGS, MEDICINES, ETC.

School Books,	Oils,	Coice Cigars and Tobaccos
Stationery,	Varnishes,	Violin Strings,
Law/Blanks,	Brushes,	and Trimmings.
Perfumery,	Dye Stuffs,	Wall Paper, etc., etc.,

Cass City, Mich. ADAMSON & FRITZ.

## ENCOURAGE HOME MANUFACTURE!

By Buying Your

# HEAVY WAGONS

FROM

# Wickware & Waldon.

CASS CITY.

A First-class Blacksmith Shop in connection, where competent men are employed,

Repairing in both Departments promptly done.



ALL AROUND.

GLEANED FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

TUSCOLA COUNTY.

There is quite a demand for houses at Reese.

The timbers for the M. E. church shed, at Millington, are all on the ground.

The coal kilns, at Reese, are doing nothing—no wood. They look as well as "whited sepulchres."

The broom handle mill, at Arbela, formerly owned by Mr. Ide has passed into the hands of Mr. Paton, of Otisville.

The saw mill, at Reese, is likely to shut down soon because they can't get bolts and timber. We need good roads to help business.

It is reported that Mrs. Baker of Millington, has traded the McPherson house, property with H. Larkin, of Mayville, for mill property in that place.

Mr. Maxwell, of Vassar, has put up the fourteen new street lamps ordered by the council, and they will be lighted as soon as official instructions to that effect are given.

The construction train on the P. H. & N. W. is still engaged on the section between Vassar and Saginaw, and as soon as sufficient iron is received the road will be completed to East Saginaw.

A. D. McIntyre, of Vassar, while engaged in cutting some lath with a small hand axe yesterday, unfortunately made a mistake and cut off the index finger of his left hand at the first joint.

South bound trains on the Michigan Central now stop at the narrow gauge junction at Vassar for the transfer of passengers. As soon as the platform is built on the south side of the P. H. & N. W. track north bound trains will also stop for the same purpose.

While Mr. Parks, of Reese, was waiting with his horse and wagon for a freight train to pass, the usually quiet horse betrayed some mule blood and took a vigorous turn at kicking, making kindling wood of the dash-board, and also a bad looking as well as a bad feeling leg for Park.

A pair of boots worth five dollars, were stolen from Crawford's store, at Reese, the other day, by a brassy thief who followed the clerk out when he went to supper, then returned hurriedly, as though he had forgotten something, and picked up the boots which Crawford supposed had been bought of the clerk, fit out. A fruitless attempt was made to overhaul him.

A painful accident happened John Young, of Millington, last week. While engaged in chopping wood with Kimball Page's axe accidentally slipped from his grasp, the head striking Mr. Young full in the mouth, knocking several teeth loose which have since had to be taken out. It was quite fortunate he escaped with as slight injuries, as it might have been worse.

The "narrow gauge" railroads, have started a train for Unionville, where they hope to arrive before long. They are buying track a few miles from there. The "Centennial" engine was the first to cross the D. & B. C. track. This engine was on exhibition at the Centennial, and is a peculiar looking toative, but works well. The road is ballasted from Saginaw to a point near the old school house northeast of Reese.

Joseph Blanke, who lives on section 14 in Fremont, shot himself last Friday morning, about 9 o'clock, and lived till Sunday morning at 4 o'clock. He had one or twice before attempted suicide in the same manner, but was discovered and cut down before any serious damage was done. It is reported that he became jealous of his wife, whom he married about two years ago. He fastened the end of a rope over a beam above, and fastened an end around his neck, while he stood on the fanning mill, and deliberately leaped off and started for eternity. His wife found him badly strangled and cut him down, but could not carry him to the house. She then went to the works where Nic Boyer and George Lumber were at work and called them to assist in moving the body, but the men would not touch the body until Dr. D'Arcy was summoned, and he was permitted to lay it out for an hour or two. An inquest was called by Justice Turner on Sunday, after Blanke's death, and rendered a verdict in accordance with the above facts.

HURON COUNTY.

The Superintendents of the Poor met at the Poor house on Tuesday.

Miss Eva Stark is about to take charge of a class in instrumental music at Caseville.

The saw mill which has been in course of erection, at Port Hope, for some two months, is now about completed.

The first money, that was all they would have to pay, thus taking advantage of persons who did not understand the working of the company.

The next term of Probate court will be held on Tuesday, the 5th inst. It was made necessary to place it on that day by Monday being a legal holiday.

Grading has been commenced on the Pontiac & Caseville R. R. one and a half miles west of Kilkenny, and a large gang of men are at work in that vicinity.

The Methodist, at Sebawaing, are going to build a church the coming season. Most of the necessary funds have been pledged for the purpose. This is something that the English people need badly.

The money raised by Masonic lodges in Michigan for the brethren in the burnt district amounts to \$3,741.27. There has also been a large amount received from Masonic lodges of other states.

Many of the citizens of Sebawaing, are withdrawing from the Mutual Insurance Co., and are re-insuring in stock companies. The Mutual Co. never sent an agent into this vicinity but that they misrepresented the company, telling many when they paid.

Mr. T. Morrow reports the twenty-acre job of clearing ordered by the Superintendent of the Poor on the County farm as about completed. He did the clearing himself, and suggests that, at the next session, the Board order the clearing of an additional twenty acres. The suggestion is a good one.

While there has been no open saloon in Bad Axe since the fire where it prior is sold, there probably never has been a time in the history of the village when so much liquor has been drunk, carelessly a day passes but that some one or more persons may be seen reeling on the streets under the influence of liquor. In many instances, work on buildings has been delayed or suspended on account of the too free use of the beverage. Where the liquor comes from is probably difficult to tell. It has been whispered that some of our mill-carrers smuggle in flasks. The matter deserves investigation, and those utilities should be punished. The law provides for the sale of intoxicating liquors under proper restrictions, and with its provisions there is no reason to have complained of. This smuggling business is a disgrace to our law-abiding citizenry.

SANILAC COUNTY.

Marlette has a lot of new street crossings.

H. E. Peck, of Crosswell, is raising a fund for the family of W. J. Phillips who was lately murdered near Amaloe.

It is reported that Jas. F. Joy has assured Lexington, Mich. that he will subscribe liberally to a narrow gauge road between their town and Detroit.

A woman named Copp was brought to the Lexington jail for ten days, from Forestville, last Wednesday week, having been convicted of an assault upon the person of her daughter.

Mr. Nye, of Inlay City, has been in Marlette this week and acted the part of a grist mill, and has made a proposition to have a mill running by next harvest if they will give a bonus of \$500, of which they raised over \$500 at one meeting and are now busy raising the balance.

The incident, found near Kingsley's last week, has been recognized as Levi Hatch, a carpenter of Saffordville, Canada, a smart hand at Port Hope, by a man who is well acquainted with the entire Hatch family, and says he cannot be mistaken. He can assign no cause for the rash act. Hatch has been employed in building a church at Brockway some two years since and will be remembered as a sober and industrious man. Telegrams were immediately dispatched to Staffordville, but at latest accounts no answer had been received.

Welding Nickel With Iron.

The great value of nickel as a coating for iron has led to experiments to see if it could be applied to the surface of sheet and wire iron by some mechanical means, in place of the usual electroplating process. The experiments appear to be so far successful that both nickel and cobalt have been welded to iron, and the united metals have been afterward stamped and rolled into various shapes, such as plates, kettles and kitchen utensils, and drawn into wire having an iron core covered by a nickel or cobalt skin. Alloys of nickel also have been made, and these alloys have been used to weld with iron. Cobalt alloyed with zinc also has been welded to iron. In all these experiments it appears to be essential that, during the welding under the hammer or rolls, the air must be excluded. This has been done by wrapping the iron and nickel, before welding, in thin sheets of iron. The iron skin was welded on at the same time, but was removed afterward by dissolving the outer skin of iron in acids, the nickel surface under it not being affected by the acids. Another method used to exclude the air during welding is to heat the iron and nickel in an atmosphere of carbonic oxide or carburized hydrogen. It was also found that pure nickel could be welded over a core composed of an alloy of nickel and copper. The experiments were conducted by Dr. Theodor Fleimann, of Iserlohn, Germany, and are regarded as opening a wide field for commercial enterprise in the manufacture of nickel-plated stamped ware and nickel-covered wire.

On the 13th the disaffected officers of the Egyptian army signed an act of complete submission to the Khedive.

Any offensive odor from decaying vegetables will be absorbed by milk. A pair of old shoes or a pair of barnyard overalls in a cellar where there is milk, are likely to contaminate it.

A Cough, Cold or Sore Throat should be stopped. Neglect frequently results in an Incurable Lung Disease or Consumption. Brown's Bronchial Troches do not disorder the stomach like cough syrups and balsams, but act directly on the inflamed parts, allaying irritation, give relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Catarrh, and the Throat Troubles which Singers and Public Speakers are subject to. For thirty years Brown's Bronchial Troches have been recommended by physicians, and have always given perfect satisfaction. Having been tested by wide and constant use for nearly an entire generation, they have attained well-merited rank among the few staple remedies of the age. Sold at 25 cents a box everywhere.

SOME STARTLING FACTS.

Those few sleeve pins at Johnston & Dyer's, Caro, are just too cute for anything. If you want to see a nice line of Silk Handkerchiefs call at Lewenberg & Hirschberg's, Cass City.

VanKeuren's Ointment, a sure cure for Salt Rheum, Scalds, Burns, Old Sores, Itch, Chapped Hands, Chills, etc. Prepared by Luce & Moser, Caro, Mich. Sold by Adamson & Frazz, Druggists, Cass City.

Cheap! cheap for cash. You will always find boots and shoes at a bargain if you call on Parkhurst & Johnson, Caro.

Bar pins the latest and nobbiest out at Johnston & Dyer's, Caro.

Just received—a nice line of German-made and knitting yarns at the New York store, Cass City.

Boots, Shoes and Slippers for the holiday trade. Remember Parkhurst & Johnson keep them.

Johnston & Dyer, Jewelers of Caro, have an immense stock of ladies and gents' gold chains which they are selling at a bargain. Look in on them.

A very few more of the shop worn clocks left at Knickerbocker's Caro.

A poor raw-boned horse looks neat when covered by a set of harness purchased from Knickerbocker & Rowley of Caro.

J. Staley Jr., well known to almost every body in this part of the county, is doing an immense abstract business. The reason for this is that real estate owners have found out that his abstracts are perfect.

Dolls of all sizes, shapes and forms may be seen and had of J. H. Ellis, of the New York Bazaar, Caro.

A thorough and thoroughly reliable abstract is a most important thing to owners of real estate, and the best place to get an abstract of Tuscola county property is from John Staley Jr. at the Court House, Caro.

A beautiful stock of plated and solid silver ware in stock at Johnston & Dyer's, Caro.

Owing to the open winter I have marked prices very low on a usually large stock of holiday goods. It will do you eyes good to call and see if you want to buy or not, at Knickerbocker's Caro.

Nice warm Robes of all descriptions can be had of Knight & Rowley, the Caro harness dealers.

We have a full line of Ladies and Gents' gloves and mittens which we are offering at low figures. Lewenberg & Hirschberg.

Something nice and warm for the ladies, at the Peoples Shoe Store, Caro.

Johnston & Dyer, of Caro, have the New Home sewing machine. Call and see it.

A good stock of candies and cigars, at Jeffrey & Anderson's.

Arrangers, when you want a heavy harness call on Knight & Rowley, Caro.

A choice line of finger rings are displayed at Johnston & Dyer's, Caro.

T. H. Hunt has a full line of everything usually kept in a first-class grocery.

Farmers, are you sure that you have a perfect title to your farms? Make assurance doubly sure by getting an abstract from J. Staley Jr., at the Court House, Caro.

Wanted, 100,000 customers to buy goods at reduced prices for thirty days, at Wickware's cheap store.

A noble necktie would be a nice present for your lady for Christmas or New Years. Johnston & Dyer, of Caro, keep just that kind of claim.

The most beautiful line of plain and fancy coats ever brought into Cass City may be seen at Frank Hendrick's Jewelry store.

If you want a nice line of Ladies and Gents' Neckties call at the New York store, Cass City.

Operators by the quart or gallon, at Jeffrey & Anderson's.

Our stock of Hats and Caps are new and fresh and one price to all. Lewenberg & Hirschberg of the New York store, Cass City.

Mothers! Mothers! Mothers!! Are you distressed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best medical physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere. 25 cents a bottle.

FOR THE FINEST Photographs

McKenzie & Duck, Caro, Michigan

WISCONSIN LANDS 5,000,000 Acres

ON THE LINE OF THE WISCONSIN CENTRAL R. R. For full particulars, which will be sent FREE, Address, CHARLES L. COLBY, Land Commissioner, Milwaukee, Wis.

JOB PRINTING OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS, AT THIS OFFICE.

Wilsley & McPhail.

Knight & Rowley, the Caro harness dealers, keep a complete line of Henry and Light Single and Double sets of harness which to see and price is to try.

A comanderman. Where does all the old ladies buy their Tea, At A. D. Gillies'.

Our stock of Dolmans is new and complete. Lewenberg & Hirschberg.

True happiness can be obtained by all by stepping into the City Drug Store and buying some Toy, Fancy, or useful article, and presenting it to some friend Christmas morning.

A lot of beautiful New Years cards at the ENTERPRISE office.

Whips for the miller, at Knight & Rowley's, Caro.

A good assortment of nickel clocks is at Johnston & Dyer's, Caro.

For Frilling, Lace, Ties, Collars, Cards, Towels, Silks, Brocade and plain Satin, plain and watered assorted colors, call at A. D. Gillies'.

J. Staley Jr. has the most reliable abstract of lands in Tuscola county. When you want an abstract, call on him at the Court House, Caro.

Toys At Cost. I am closing out my stock of Toys and velvet frames at cost, shall not keep them after this season, J. H. Knickerbocker Caro.

Sea Shells. I have just opened an immense stock of Sea Shells of all sizes and shapes, which are selling like hot cakes, come early and hear the Sea roar. Frank Hendrick.

Worms? Worms? Children having worms require immediate attention, as neglect of the trouble often causes prolonged sickness. In children, worms are indicated by paleness, itching of the nose, grinding of the teeth, starting in sleep, irregular appetite, bad breath, swollen upper lip and other symptoms. Get a box of Parmed's Worm Caudies or Lezenges. They are a safe, pleasant and effective remedy. Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Cass City druggists and Geo. Dann, Greenleaf.

Bangles. And Bangle Rings, solid gold, only \$1.50 at Knickerbocker's Caro.

The Unfortunate. We come to them with a well known remedy, Hamilton's German Bitters, that cures dyspepsia, a idly of the stomach, fever and ague, loss of appetite, jaundice and diseases of the kidneys, has been used with wonderful and almost universal success. In cases of disordered digestion, sluggish circulation of the blood, and exhausted vitality, it stands without a rival. It is a most effective tonic, imparting tone to the stomach and strength to the system. Price 50 cents per bottle. Sold by Cass City druggists and Geo. Dann, Greenleaf.

Jewels in Your Crown. Do you desire to add a "jewel" to your "crown"? Do you desire to benefit suffering humanity? If so, tell them of Hamilton's Cough Balm, a sure and speedy cure for coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough, sore throat, hoarse-ness and inflammation. It will certainly benefit them also if troubled with asthma or bronchitis. Sample bottle 25 cents; large size 50 cents. Sold by Cass City druggists and Geo. Dann, Greenleaf.

You Can't. You can't do a great many things. But you can secure Parmed's Great Blood Purifier, a never-failing remedy for salt rheum, erysipelas, scrofula, boils, pimples, ulcers and all diseases arising from an impure and disordered state of the blood. Sold under a positive guarantee that if not entirely satisfactory, on return of the empty bottles we will refund your money. Sample bottle 15 cents; large size \$1. Sold by Cass City druggists and Geo. Dann, Greenleaf.

Warm Meals at all Hours.

OYSTERS.

A first-class stock of Confectionery and Cigars kept in connection.

J. J. PERRY & ANDERSON, Cass City.

JACOB MAIER, Photograph Artist.

Photographs, Tin-types, Copying, etc. Work warranted, satisfaction guaranteed. Opposite Planting mill, Cass City, Mich.

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ON THE LINE OF THE WISCONSIN CENTRAL R. R. For full particulars, which will be sent FREE, Address, CHARLES L. COLBY, Land Commissioner, Milwaukee, Wis.

JOB PRINTING OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS, AT THIS OFFICE.

Wilsley & McPhail.

MONEY SAVED! BY BUYING YOUR DRY GOODS, Notions, Hats, Caps, BOOTS AND SHOES, Groceries, Millinery and Fancy Goods at WICKWARE'S CHEAP STORE!

Where you can always get the Highest Market Price for Butter, Eggs, Onions, Potatoes, Corn, Oats, Timothy and Clover Seed, Wood and Lumber.

Our Stock is now Complete, New and Fresh, and we Guarantee Prices to be as Low as any House in Tuscola Co Yours Respectfully, WM. WICKWARE, Cass City, Mich.

A WHIRLWIND! FURNITURE FOR EVERYBODY.

Having just received a large and elegant stock of Furniture, at my warehouse in Caro, I take this opportunity to invite my numerous friends in the northern part of the county to call and inspect it. The stock consists in ELEGANT PARLOR SETS, BED-ROOM SETS, SOFAS, CENTRE TABLES, EXTENSION TABLES, ROCKING CHAIRS, EASY CHAIRS, and everything usually found in a first-class establishment. Customers will find it greatly to their advantage to examine my prices before purchasing elsewhere. I would call special attention to my

Undertaking Dept.

My stock of Coffins, Caskets and Burial Robes is the most complete in the county, embracing all styles, from the plainest to the most elegant. I have the most perfect facilities for embalming the dead; will furnish hearse and take entire charge of funerals when required. I extend a cordial invitation to every one, with their friends, to call and look through my establishment.

JAMES H. HOWELL, Caro, Mich.

GO TO SHEETLE'S- Drug Store Removed! FOR DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, PERFUMERY, Fancy and Toilet Articles.

Prescriptions carefully Compounded, and orders by mail promptly filled at the Lowest Prices.

G. F. SHOETTLE, Opposite Caro House, Caro, Mich.

CASS CITY Boot and Shoe Store.

FINE SEWED FRENCH CALF, FINE PEGGED FRENCH CALF, and RIVER BOOTS A SPECIALTY

JAS. H. ELLIS, STATE STREET, CARO, MICH.

Repairing neatly and promptly done. As we have had 25 years experience in the business and keep first class workmen we will guarantee good work.

THOS. ROWELL & Co.

R. A. LUTZE, BLACKSMITH.

Horse Shoeing and Custom Work a Specialty

AGENT FOR FARMING IMPLEMENTS

of all descriptions. Call and examine my Stock before purchasing elsewhere. Cass City, Mich.

SPITLER & SON, CARRIAGE & WAGON SHOP,

Next door East of Weydemeyers Hardware—Horse Shoeing a Specialty.

Repairs on Woodwork done promptly All work warranted to give satisfaction.

Prices Moderate.

CASS CITY, MICH.

Removed! New York Bazaar

To the store lately vacated by Ingersoll & Oldfield.

A COMPLETE STOCK OF

BERLIN ZEPHYR, GERMANTOWN WOOLS, LADIES KNIT JACKETS.

JAS. H. ELLIS, STATE STREET, CARO, MICH.

At N. A. Waugh & Co. Sagotown,

is the place to go for everything kept in a

GENERAL STORE.

Our stock consists of Dry Goods, Ready Made Clothing, Millinery, Fancy Goods, Hats & Caps, Gloves & Mittens, Boots and Shoes, Paints & Oils, Patent Medicines, School Books, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery & Glassware.

Highest cash price paid for Wheat, Oats, & all kinds of Produce.

N. A. Waugh & Co. Sagotown, Mich.

**THE TRAVELLERS GUIDE.**

**MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.**

**Detroit and Bay City Division.**

TRAINS SOUTH.			TRAINS NORTH.		
am	pm	am	pm	am	pm
7:10	5:40	10:40	1:40	9:15	6:45
7:38	6:08	11:27	1:05	8:43	5:45
8:09	6:39	12:19	12:45	8:25	5:05
8:13	6:43	12:40	12:33	8:12	4:40
8:26	6:56	1:10	12:19	7:58	4:20
8:36	7:05	1:40	12:08	7:48	4:00
7:55	4:10	.....	.....	.....	.....
8:55	7:25	3:10	11:50	7:25	3:10
8:57	7:27	3:20	11:45	7:21	2:55
10:50	9:50	.....	7:15	4:15	.....

**CARO BRANCH.**

TRAINS NORTH.		
am	pm	pm
Vassar.....	Dep.	8:15
Watrousville.....	.....	8:35
Wahjamega.....	.....	1:15
Caro.....	.....	1:25
.....	.....	9:00
.....	.....	1:40
.....	.....	9:15

**SAGINAW DIVISION.**

TRAINS NORTH.		
am	pm	pm
Leave Vassar at 5:10 a.m., 12:50 p.m. and 8:20 p.m.	.....	.....
Arriving in East Saginaw at 6:30 a.m., 1:40 p.m. and 9:15 p.m.	.....	.....
Leave East Saginaw at 7:10 a.m., 5:40 p.m. and 10:40 p.m.	.....	.....
Arriving at Vassar at 7:55 a.m., 6:25 p.m. and 12:00 p.m.	.....	.....

Trains daily, Sundays excepted, and by Chicago time.

W. A. VAUGHAN, Division Supt. Bay City

H. C. WENTWORTH, Gen'l. Pass'gr and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

**PORT HURON & NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY**

**MARLETTE DIVISION.**

Time Table No. 10, Taking Effect Sept. 21, 1881.

All Trains run by Port Huron Time.

GOING WEST.			STATIONS.			GOING EAST.		
am	pm	am	pm	am	pm	am	pm	pm
7:30	5:15	Lv. Port Huron.	Ar.	10:25	6:55	.....	.....	.....
8:12	6:00	Marlette Junction.	Ar.	9:45	5:49	.....	.....	.....
9:05	6:23	Brookway Center.	Ar.	9:05	4:55	.....	.....	.....
10:25	7:40	Marlette.	Ar.	8:25	3:35	.....	.....	.....
11:45	7:59	Chicago.	Ar.	7:37	3:17	.....	.....	.....
11:35	8:46	Ar. Mayville.	Lv.	6:50	2:30	.....	.....	.....

Flag Stations—Trains stop only on Signal.

**SAND BEACH DIVISION.**

GOING NORTH.			STATIONS.			GOING SOUTH.		
am	pm	am	pm	am	pm	am	pm	pm
4:15	10:31	Lv. Port Huron.	Ar.	9:25	7:11	.....	.....	.....
4:55	11:01	Marlette Junction.	Ar.	8:21	6:18	.....	.....	.....
5:29	12:06	Crossville.	Ar.	8:42	5:25	.....	.....	.....
7:05	12:40	Carsonville.	Ar.	8:04	4:55	.....	.....	.....
7:45	1:05	Deckerville.	Ar.	7:37	4:19	.....	.....	.....
8:25	1:33	Minden.	Ar.	6:59	3:49	.....	.....	.....
9:20	2:21	Ar. Sand Beach.	Lv.	6:11	2:25	.....	.....	.....

Flag Stations—Trains stop only on Signal. \*Stop for Dinner. \*Stop for Supper.

HENRY McMOHRAN, I. R. WADSWORTH, General Manager, Superintendent.

**THE ENTERPRISE.**

THURSDAY, JANUARY 5, 1882.

—The road are hard, oh, so hard.

—The school was resumed on Monday.

—Remember the teachers association on Saturday evening.

—Nine chickens were stolen at the raffie on Saturday night.

—The New Year came in with severe cold and some snow.

—Report of a robbery between Gagetown and here a few evenings ago.

—Harry G. Berry left for Fort Gratiot on Tuesday for a visit at his old home.

—It looked rather like winter on Tuesday morning, and felt a little like it too.

—Still the relief goods of all descriptions come pouring into the relief depot daily.

—Another shooting match on Saturday. Some good marksmen, and plenty of chickens.

—Bailed relief hay came into town the fore part of the week in considerable quantities.

—Misses Etta Dakkin and Fanny Staley, of Caro, are visiting with the family of Prof. Beach.

—The man who stops his paper to economize is like a man who goes barefoot to save his shoes.

—The mill on the river bank has been set at work, and is now turning out lumber at a good rate.

—The teachers association meets on the 7th instead of the 14th inst., as advertised. All are invited.

—Arelly Hitchcock, who was hurt by being thrown from his horse several days ago, is around again.

—Miss Helen McPhail, of Caro, sister of Mr. C. W. McPhail, is in the village on a visit to her brother.

—The week is being observed by the churches as a week of prayer. Meetings are being held each evening.

—Messrs Lewenberg & Hirschberg make a change in their advertisement this week. Read carefully and profit thereby.

—At a printers' festival the following toast was offered: "Woman! Second only to the press in the dissemination of news"

—Mrs. Alvers, mother of Mrs. Henry Wickware and Miss Etta Alvers, is in town, and will remain and visit her daughters during the winter.

—There will be a social at the residence of Jacob Schenk next Monday evening. All are invited. Something new for entertainment is anticipated.

—We are sorry to learn of the death of the mother and sister of Mr. Wilson Kane, who reside in Texas. Mr. Kane has our sympathy in his affliction.

—The hall over the Cass City hotel is being cut up into rooms to accommodate the increasing travel. Mr. Tennant is a thoroughly competent landlord and popular with the travelling public.

—Mr. Lowrie was in town yesterday.

—There is snow in the air and a very little on the ground.

—Take notice to Jacob Maier, our young artist, advertisement in this issue.

—The grading, notwithstanding the frost, is being carried on between here and the river.

—Mr. J. R. Vincent, of Chagrine Falls, Ohio, Mrs. G. A. Briggs' father, is visiting in town.

—Mr. Chas. Berry, of Caro, spent yesterday with us, and gave us a lift on the case and press.

—We were not able to move last week on account of the plaster in our new quarters not being sufficiently dry.

—The Ladies Aid Society of the M. E. church will meet Wednesday afternoon January 11th at J. B. Peterson. All are earnestly requested to be present.

—The teachers association meets on Saturday evening the 7th inst. at the residence of Mrs. Feuchtwanger. All teachers and friends of education are invited to attend.

—A letter was received by Dr. Deming, on Monday, from Dr. Stanton, saying that he was on his way to Oxford to let the contract for building the balance of the road from Oxford through to the Cass river.

Mr. Howard, the Pontiac, Oxford and Pt. Austin railroad engineer, sends word that he has surveyed and permanently located the line as far north as Dryden. By this, Almont will be left out in the cold.

—The Cass City man who stepped out of bed, and put his foot upon a piece of oil-cloth, says the occurrence is worth a fortune to him. He's going to freeze ice-cream by merely wrapping a piece of that material round the freezer.

—There's a schoolmaster in Lenawee county named Triple, and though he is a proper nice young man, he cannot persuade any of the coy Lenawee maidens to marry him, as the very thought of Triple's scars 'em.—Evening News

—Mr. Leonard says he will put on another stage next week and run a daily line between here and Caro, still retaining the old line between this place and Bad Axe. We will then have our daily mail from Caro. That is bracing up in good style.

—We are in receipt of a copy of a pamphlet just issued by the commission of immigration, entitled "Michigan and its Resources," from Gov. Jerome with his compliments. It is filled with much valuable information regarding our state and is duly appreciated.

—It is very pleasant for a rural pastor to receive good gifts from his people, but the Connecticut minister who got a pig from his people with gold dollars instead of raisins in it came near being choked to death with them, and thought that was too much of a good thing.

—Winter has set in in earnest at last and will probably now make up two-fold for the warm weather we have had in the past. If we could have a little good sleighing it would make up for the present cold and the past slush and give us a better impression of these Michigan winters.

—When a man tells you he doesn't believe the Bible, quote something from Aristotle or Shakespeare, and ask in which portion of the Scriptures the same passage occurs, and ten to one he will assure you that he has often read it in the sacred book; but he cannot recall the chapter and verse.

—The Marlette Index says that "some rascals donated a lot of this editor's wood to people around the village, a few evenings since." This is the first case which we have heard of that the editor's wood pile was large enough for to stand distribution. Our pile numbers four sticks at present writing, but we hope some one will take pity on us and bring in some before the week is out.

—The party at Hin's hall on Friday night last, although not crowded was a very pleasant affair. Eighteen couples were present, and each and all seemed to be bound to make it a pleasant evening. The music was first class, being a credit to the violinist, Mr. O. A. Briggs and the organist, Mr. Chas. Nash. A bountiful oyster supper was given at the Boston restaurant. There is talk of establishing a series of these parties during the winter.

—Proofs of the inferior class of the relief goods which have been bought in the large places and sent here by the commission at considerable expense are continually coming in. With very few exceptions the tinware which has been in use but from one to three months, have fallen to pieces or look more or less, and the owners are obliged to have it mended at an expense which would almost purchase new substantial articles from our local dealers. Also in the matter of boots and shoes has it become painfully apparent that but the poorest quality of goods have been sent here for distribution. One instance has come under our notice which gives weight to our assertions; one of the sufferers, after being supplied with a pair of boots, which he was assured were of the best quality, dropped into one of our stores, and was boasting of the superior quality of the stock sent here, when he was shown a pair which resembled his greatly. After a close inspection he said to the dealer, "I will give you three dollars to boot those boots," thereby putting a price upon the relief boots of about one dollar. It is said that a pair of whole stock boots cannot be found in the depot. With but few exceptions, it is the same with all classes of goods brought here.

—Those who have promised us wood on subscription, please bring it in, as we need it now.

—Mrs. John Leonard returned home Wednesday, from a two weeks visit.

Prof. Hubbard announces that he will exhibit his combination show in Hinkle's hall, some time soon.

—We learn that a number of the younger boys of the village have organized an anti-tobacco society. It also provides for the reading of works on agriculture, and does away with all works of fiction. This would not be a bad idea for some of our larger boys.

—A rousing railroad meeting was held in Port Austin Tuesday evening. There was strong feeling in favor of the extension of the P., O. & G. R. R., to that place. Much enthusiasm was aroused by speeches from local business men and one of the projectors of the road.—Huron County News.

—Mr. W. S. Work and wife, returned on Tuesday, and King Work and wife, on Wednesday, from a trip to their old home in Pennsylvania, where they had the pleasure of attending a family reunion. King was accompanied on his return by a brother and his wife, who are here with the intention of purchasing land in this vicinity and locating permanently.

—On New Years eve, the band boys made a tour of the village and serenaded most of the business houses in town. An abundant supply of cigars and some hard cash was furnished by the merchants thus favored by the music. The extreme cold was the only detriment to the music, on account of the valves freezing up, when playing in the open air. Notwithstanding this, the boys showed their musical talent to good advantage. After making the trip, the leader, Mr. Jas. Adamson, brought them to a halt at his home and gave them a genuine surprise by inviting them to sit down to a table bountifully supplied with the good things of life, spread by his estimable wife, at which all did justice. After supper the party adjourned to the sitting room and the time until the old year past out and the New Year was ushered in, in safety, was passed very pleasantly, in chatting, music and song. The verdict from the entire band was, that they could not possibly have enjoyed themselves better, for which their leader has their best wishes for a happy and prosperous New Year. Total cash receipts for the evening \$4 25.

—We are bountifully supplied with that class of young villains, who, if not taken in hand at once and made to know their place, will wind up their career, as boys, in the house of correction, or as men, in the state prison. Last Thursday night's performance might be taken as a fair sample of their deprecations, although as far as we have learned it overshadowed all former ones. It might have been that these youths did not have the idea that their actions would cause any bodily injuries, but it is evident that they were reckless of the consequence or at least didn't care. We have heard of this stretching wire across footpaths and tripping unwary travellers, before but to draw a wire taut across a sidewalk, on which was a casting of ice, over which large numbers of our citizens, both male and female, pass and repass hourly, is a matter we could hardly conceive to have originated in the minds of boys of such an age, who ought, if they do not, to know right from wrong. Providentially no one was seriously hurt, as but three were thrown down, of these; two were lilies. Most of these boys have been spoken too in regard to this matter, and promise different behavior in the future, but if their parents cannot do anything with them and something of the like character should happen again, we will see that it does not go unpunished.

**THE COUNTY CAPITAL.**

—The lawyers are a ready commenced to prepare for circuit court.

—Roads horribly rough for the past few days, and business consequently light.

—Rev. Mr. Whitcomb began his labors at the Presbyterian church last Sunday.

—E. P. Green, of Port Hope, was in town Monday.

—A burning chimney in the Advertiser building caused considerable excitement Saturday afternoon.

—Dr. Parker, formerly of Cleveland, Ohio, has arrived and opened an office in this place.

—Judge Wixon and wife were in town last week looking around for a residence with a view to moving here soon.

—The young people of the Baptist church had a "grumbling social" Saturday night, and oysters and other palatable things were served to a good crowd.

—The ladies of the temperance union are observing the week of prayer by holding afternoon prayer meetings at the Presbyterian church.

—Little Alta Dickensheet has been lying in a very critical condition for a week past, and fears have been entertained that she would not recover. She is suffering from congestion of the brain.

—Fire was discovered in a clothes room at the Caro House about eight o'clock Sunday morning, and before it could be extinguished, about everything in the room, including a large quantity of bedding and some of Mrs. Thomas' clothing, was consumed. Only for its timely discovery, we might have, and probably would have suffered from a great fire. We understand the loss is fully covered by insurance.

**A QUESTION OF MONEY!**

They say that **INGERSOLL & OLDFIELD** got their Trade by "Breaking Down Prices," and they are right, and we intend to maintain the lead we have in precisely the same way. We are not vain enough, nor foolish enough either, to suppose you will continue to trade with us when we cease to do the best we can and your trade is based on the fact that we **Clothe You Better and Charge You less.** We are now Offering Greater Inducements than ever in order to still increase our trade. Parents will find our

**BOYS AND CHILDREN'S STOCK COMPLETE.**

We have also taken the Lead in

**Mackinaw Shirts and Drawers.**

And Parties Fitting out for the Lumber Woods will find our Stock the Most Competent Town.

**INGERSOLL & OLDFIELD,**

State Street, - - - Caro, Mich.

**ATTENTION FARMERS!**

Having rented the Reyniek Block I have opened out of a full stock of Agricultural Implements, Wagons, Buggies, etc., which I ask the farmers of Northern Tuscola to call and examine. I will handle the Celebrated Jackson Wagons, Ovid Buggies and Cutters, Mason Spring Wagons, Corn Shellers, Wind-Mills, Pumps, Harnesses, etc.

All Goods Warranted as Represented and at the **LOWEST LIVING PRICES!**

**W. S. COSSITT, - CARO, MICH.**

**E. O. SPAULDING & CO.**

**NEW YORK STORE,**

CARO, - - - MICH.

**A GRAND HOLIDAY SALE OF**

**Cloaks, Dolmans, Circulars, Ulsters, Havelocks, Beavers, Mantle Cloths, FURS! FURS!**

**Single Wool Shawls, Double Wool Shawls, Moss Velvet Shawls,**

**Double faced Camel's Hair Shawls, Elegant Paisley Shawls.**

Black Cashmeres—10 new packages, selling at old prices. Colored Cashmeres—New Shades. Black and Colored Worsted Dress Fabrics. A large assortment, from 10 to 35 cents.

Silks Satins, Passementeries, Ornaments, Fringes, Laces, Plaids, and Stripes for trimming. Gents, Ladies and Children's Underwear. Carpets, Oil Cloths and Curtains.

Goods shown with pleasure. Everybody come

Respectfully,

**E. O. SPAULDING & Co.**

**L. A. DEWITT,**

Will say something in reference to his

**PLANING MILL**

—AND—

**Furniture**

**Ware room,**

In our next issue.

**NEW STORE! AND NEW GOODS!**

**Cross & Parsons**

—have opened a—

**FLOUR & FEED STORE**

—AT—

**A. L. Keiff's Old Stand.**

Patent Flour, Family Flour, Bbl. Flour, Ground Feed, Corn, Oats, Salt, Seeds, etc.

Also a Full Line of Candies, Nuts, Etc.

—We Buy—

**Produce and Provisions**

AND PAY CASH.

**FREE DELIVERY!**

Call and see us opposite Kelly & Stickland's market.

**Cross & Parsons.**

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

MICHIGAN. In the circuit court, Marshall, James Little, the Albion forger, was sentenced on the 23d to 18 months at the state prison.

Hon. Levi Bishop one of the pioneer settlers in Detroit, and for many years a well known member of the bar died on the 23d inst. He had been ill but about a week from jaundice. His estate is estimated worth \$75,000. A widow is the only near surviving relative.

The citizens of Wilmington, Del., on the 23d sent a check to the state fire relief commission for \$561.20, bringing the day's receipts up to \$1,176.20.

The Moroni Observer tells of a Medina lady who did the family washing and baking, and husked twenty-two bushels of corn "all on the same Monday."

People all over the state are killing their hogs. It is estimated that over 100,000 hogs have been killed in Michigan already this month.

A telephone line from Tecumseh to Adrian is contemplated. Oscar Byrne who engineered the robbery of \$6,000 worth of goods in Kidder & Co.'s store Grand Rapids, has been arrested in New York.

R. A. Seymour sold this week 16,000,000 feet of pine on the Manistee railroad, receiving \$48,000 cash. Firebuds are still operating at Coldwater, the latest attempt being made on an oil warehouse.

Two "crooks," registering as Charles Gray and Hiram Smith of Grand Rapids, presented a bogus draft for \$250 at the Jackson county bank, got it cashed and escaped, on Tuesday.

While duck hunting Monday, Peter Pontey, aged 37, of Monroe, received a charge of duck shot in the muscles of his left arm, necessitating amputation close to the shoulder. It is the same old story of pulling his gun from the boat with the muzzle toward him.

The case of Hugh S. Peoples against the Detroit Evening News, suit for \$50,000 damages, was commenced in the superior court of Detroit, Tuesday.

The employees of the firm of John J. Bagley & Co. gathered on Monday at their place of business in Detroit, as has been their habit on Christmas days for the past 27 years. In the times past the day was given to jollity, but the recent death of Mr. Bagley would not permit this. J. B. Stoutenburg made a touching and appropriate address. Christmas gifts were distributed by John N. Bagley, the eldest son of the late governor. Paul Bagley gave each of the employees a handsome cabinet photograph of their old friend.

Clothes-line thieves who have been operating at Kalamazoo for some time, came to grief on the 28th. Six lines were robbed the night previous. The thieves were tracked to their hiding place, and all the goods recovered. The clothing was spread out on the court house lawn and excited a good deal of remark.

Small-pox has made its appearance at Kalamazoo. The balance of cash in the state treasury December 17 was \$1,383,798.98; receipts for the week ending December 24 were \$29,382.15; payments for same time, \$28,136.01; leaving a balance December 24, 1881, of \$1,385,045.07, of which \$589,000 belong to the sinking fund, \$615,303.78 are held in the trust funds and \$181,341.51 are available for general purposes.

Saturday Frank Smith, near Little Hope, attempted to cross the Raisin river, which is high and covers the road, when his horse got off the embankment and was swept down the stream with the buggy. The horse was drowned, but Mr. Smith caught the branches of a willow, and was helped out nearly dead.

Recently E. R. Holcomb, in a lonely place in Reed City, was suddenly halted by two men, who said they wanted to borrow five cents. Holcomb had \$700 in his pocket, so he jumped forward and knocked down one of the men, and the other ran away. They were tramps and apparently meant to attack and rob him.

It is intimated that there is small-pox at Bay City. John Ferguson of Long Rapids, Alpena county, threshed his grain and piled the straw on top of his cattle shed. In the night the shed broke down and killed nine of his cattle loss \$400.

Wm. Arnold, drunk, shot it is thought fatally, John Crocker of Owosso. Arnold is in jail. Wm. Hardman of Grand Rapids, clothier, has failed, liabilities \$30,000.

mountain trout for experiment in fish culture. This species is very hardy and easily raised in comparison with the eastern brook trout.

Great excitement prevailed in the stock markets of New York and Philadelphia on Saturday.

The Oceanic steamship company has been organized at San Francisco, for passenger and freight business between our ports on the Pacific and Hawaiian islands. Capital \$2,600,000.

The Arkansas senate committee appointed by the last Legislature on the Auditor's and Treasurer's books, have submitted a statement to Gov. Churchill, showing an apparent deficit of \$164,000 in his accounts as late Treasurer. An investigation will be made.

\$5,000 were extracted from a letter between Cincinnati & Bluffton, Ind., a day or two since, no clue to the thief.

Price of pig iron has advanced, it is now \$27 a ton. The session of court on the 23d brought out nothing specially new. Guiteau continued his harangue, complimenting Scoville as a "first-class real estate lawyer, but not adapted to conducting a case as important as his. Lawyer Reed of Chicago, a witness for the defense, was admitted as counsel with Scoville, greatly to the prisoner's gratification. A letter from Dr. Spitzka was read advising the production of a cast of Guiteau's head to show malformation.

President Arthur and cabinet will return to Washington on Saturday. An explosion occurred on a steamer at West Point, Virginia, Tuesday, which destroyed the vessel and killed 19 persons.

The new Chinese minister is in Washington awaiting formal reception by the head of our government. Deniers in Chicago and elsewhere express disappointment with this year's lumber crop believing it will be no greater than last year's though a large increase was expected.

Marshal Henry of the District of Columbia ventures the opinion that Mrs. Scoville is a strange woman—quite like her brother in some respects, but having less egotism than she.

Henry C. Wentworth for many years general passenger and ticket agent of the Michigan Central road, died at Chicago, Dec. 23. The record of crimes for the Christmas season is painfully long and peculiarly shocking.

First through train on the new "Triple Pacific" line will leave St. Louis for San Francisco, Sunday morning, Jan. 1.

Mr. Burrows will call a meeting of the committee on territories in a short time to consider the bill for the admission of Dakota into the Union as a state.

Standard coal and iron company of Columbus, capital \$50,000,000, causes comment by an attempt to control and operate most of the mines and furnaces of the great Hocking valley in Ohio.

C. W. Keene of San Francisco sues George D. Roberts of New York for \$885,000, claiming for speculative suits (and has received no account thereof though profits have accrued).

Socialists in convention at New York approve "no rent" agitation in Ireland and nihilists in Russia, and call for various "reforms" in the United States, among which may be mentioned universal compulsory education, government issue of all money, an eight hours working day, political equality regardless of creed, race or sex, and the abolition of the offices of President and Vice President.

Ex-Senator Sargent is thought to be the "coming man" as relates to the secretaryship of the Interior. Wm. E. Chandler is the most promising candidate for secretary of the navy.

Secretary Folger will probably desire a change in the mint, whom he favors instead of Burdard is not yet known. A convention will meet at Fargo, Dak., January 3, to consider the division of that territory, the southern half to be admitted as a state and the northern half as a territory.

It is thought the Guiteau trial will cost the government \$250,000. Highwaymen recently attacked drivers on three different streets in Toledo, and with cocked revolvers forced them to surrender their money boxes.

A son of Senator Bayard and a son of Readjuster Mahone were arrested by the Washington police on a recent evening and locked up for disorderly conduct.

America and Ireland and is nearing its end in Great Britain. Revolution is reported in Hayti. The Lord Mayor's fund for the defense of property in Ireland amounts to £7,000, while that for the relief of Irish ladies in distress has reached £10,000.

Boyd of London has accepted the conditions offered by Hanlan, and has signed articles to row for £1,000 and the championship of the world, on the Tyne, April 8, 1882.

Bismark is reported as saying: "England should seize Egypt, leave Tunis to France and wash her hands forever from the eastern question."

Albani a few years ago the penniless little girl of Albany, N. Y., was paid at the rate of 31 cents a note at a recent concert at Manchester, England.

von Faber, of pencil celebrity, has been made a baron by the king of Bavaria. He has a large factory at Stein near Nuremberg, also mills at Cedar Key, Florida, where cedar logs are worked up for export to be used in pencil making.

Le Duc becomes a member of the national society of agriculture of France. Mormon missionaries are proselyting many young people of England whom they propose to bring to Utah next year. The English government seems powerless to prevent the movement.

The British government has divided the disturbed parts of Ireland into districts, over each of which a superior magistrate is placed, having entire control of police and troops. This to secure prompt action in the suppression of future outbreaks.

The Dublin Privy Council have determined to make the possession of firearms illegal in that city. Gen. Trevino, of Mexico, has resigned the portfolio of the War Department and Gen. Marenco succeeds him. Trevino resumes his command on the frontier.

Emigration from Germany in 1882 promises to become more colossal than that in 1881. Fourteen thousand tickets have already been taken for transportation by vessels leaving Bremen for America in the spring. Almost an equal number of emigrants go from Hamburg.

News from London states that Mackie, recently convicted of bribery in the Sandwich Parliamentary election, and sentenced to imprisonment, has been released at Canterbury on account of his health.

A Russian scientific expedition to take scientific observations at the mouth of the Lena during the years 1882 and 1883, has just left St. Petersburg.

Immense quantities of grain await shipment from Black sea ports, owners holding back on account of low prices in France and England. There were five inches of snow on the Upper Ottawa Wednesday.

The total number of arrests of persons engaged in the recent riot at Warsaw is 1,700. The prisoners are mostly young men. Secretary Forster has contributed £100 to Vere Foster's Irish emigration scheme for assisting farm servants and others to embark to America.

A Berlin dispatch says: Since the anti-Socialist law was promulgated in 1878, 225 Socialist societies have dissolved and 768 Socialist publications were suppressed.

Martial law, slightly modified, is what Freeman's Journal calls the power granted to magistrates in the disorderly districts of Ireland.

DETOIT MARKETS. POULTRY—Turkeys have been scarce and have been wanted at 15c, chickens were quite plenty and the market somewhat depressed, but later they were more in demand because of the scarcity and high prices of turkeys, selling at 70c. Choice geese and ducks have also been in good request and geese have been worth about the same figures, and ducks 11@12 1/2c.

GAME—Partridges and turkeys have been in good demand, with limited supplies. Partridges, 50c per pair; ducks—mallards, 50c@55c; common varieties, 20c@25c; turkeys, 12c; squirrels, 50c@60c per doz; quail, \$1 50@1 75; rabbits, 20c@25c each.

APPLES—choice, per bushel, \$3 25 @ 3 50 BEANS—per bushel, 2 50 @ 3 00 BERRIES—per bushel, 20 @ 22 BUTTER—Best grades, 24 @ 25 CRANBERRIES—per bushel, \$1 50 @ 1 75 EGGS—Ohio and Michigan per bushel, 15 @ 17 EGGS—per bushel, 15 @ 17 DRIED FRUIT—Apples per bushel, 65c @ 7 PEACHES—per bushel, 20 @ 25 FLOUR—White Wheat brands, 7 00 @ 7 25 LARD—Choice, 14 00 @ 18 00 LARD—White, 14 00 @ 15 00 HICKORY NUTS—\$1 @ 1 2 HONEY—No. 1, new, 23 @ 25 HONEY—per bushel, 2 75 @ 3 00 POTATOES—per bushel, 80 @ 90 SALT—Onion, 1 25 @ 1 35 TALLOW—per bushel, 3 @ 7 WHEAT—No 1 white, 1 25 @ 1 30 "No 2 white, 1 15 @ 1 20 "No 2 red, 1 05 @ 1 15 WOOD—per cord, 4 01 @ 4 50

Detroit Live Stock Market. Choice shipping steers, 5 @ 60 @ 65 00 Choice butchers' steers, 3 75 @ 3 90 SHEEP. Per 100 lbs., 3 65 @ 4 20 Per 100 lbs., 5 60 @ 5 75

THE TRIAL OF GUITEAU.

THIRTY-FIRST DAY. The 31st day of the Guiteau trial, Saturday preceding Christmas developed nothing new. A number of expert physicians were examined upon the characteristics of insane people. Guiteau responded with the usual bursts of passion to testimony displeasing, stating that he would not give a cent a bushel for expert testimony it was worth nothing in this case. Mrs. Scoville identified a letter written by her father stating that Charles (the criminal) was insane and should be in an asylum. As court adjourned the prisoner wished the court and people generally a "Merry Christmas" stating he was happy and hoped they were, court convenes again Tuesday 27th. It is thought the trial will last a month yet.

THIRTY-SECOND DAY. Guiteau came into court, smiling and looking happy and well after his holidays. As soon as court was opened he jumped up and announced the important fact that he had enjoyed himself very much Christmas, had been honored with a large number of visitors, mostly ladies. Guiteau delivered his little speech as though every one was glad to hear of his contentment. He then expressed the hope that all others had enjoyed themselves as much as himself. Only one witness was examined. Dr. McDonald, superintendent of the city hospital of New York, was on the stand all day. He is one of the most intelligent experts who have yet been examined. The witness stated the difference between "delusions" and "insane delusions," the one being subject of correction by the judgment and senses, the latter not being correctable, and for that reason denominated an insane delusion, also delusions and hallucinations, giving illustrations from his own experience. He believed, judging from experience, that the claim of inspiration frequently asserted by insane persons proceeded from a source of hallucination or insane delusion affecting the senses. The witness was then asked if persons acting under the claim of "inspiration" would indicate it in any other way than by their assertions, and replied: "Their actions and behavior would indicate it as well as their assertions. To illustrate it, a person claiming to be Jesus Christ and acting under an 'inspiration' clothed himself like the Savior, gave away his property, slept out of doors because the Savior had no where to lay his head. The witness was asked if such a person would feel any apprehension of bodily injury or would take any precautions to guard against danger. He replied: "Inspiration always overrides all fear of bodily pain and injury and renders a person who believes that he is acting under inspiration wholly oblivious to such considerations." The witness was asked if such persons usually planned with deliberation and replied: "on the contrary their acts are sudden in both conception and execution as a rule and they seldom attempt to avoid the consequences in any way."

Col. Corkhill stated to-day that the case would go to the jury, Friday or Saturday next. THIRTY-THIRD DAY. The great crowd of spectators present in the court room to-day witnessed several sensational scenes which were brought about by the foolish actions of the prisoner, who succeeded in so disgusting judge and counsel that he was finally ordered to take his seat in the prisoner's dock. Judge Cox for several days has been considering the feasibility of taking this action. He is a man who moves slowly and weighs motives well. He has now put Guiteau in his proper place. If this exposed position does not silence his ravings he will be gagged. Judge Porter and Mr. Davidge were severe upon Guiteau to-day, and their arguments against his behavior warned Judge Cox that it was time to stop the assassin's mouth.

Dr. McDonald, whose cross-examination was continued to-day, has been one of the best witnesses the government has yet called in the case. He has been here during the entire trial, and has watched and examined the prisoner closely. He has no hesitation in saying that Guiteau is perfectly sane, and has been all along acting a carefully studied part. One other expert from Richmond examined to-day was of the same opinion. The frank, decided manner in which the two intelligent and experienced medical men have asserted that Guiteau is sane and responsible has had a very depressing effect on the counsel for defense, who know they have no case and are only stumbling on waiting for the end to come and trying to do their duty.

After Guiteau had been in the dock some time he got somewhat accustomed to his new and novel seat, and before adjournment his interruptions and ruffianism were almost as bad as ever. It was estimated that 3,000 people were gathered about the court house to-day waiting to get a glimpse of the assassin as he hurried from the building to the van.

Guiteau came into the court room this morning looking paler than usual. He complained that he had not slept well. Last evening a man was placed in a cell near his, who was suffering from the most violent type of mania, caused by the excessive use of morphine, and during the whole night his shrieks rang through the jail. Guiteau was annoyed, and asked what was the occasion for such a riot. The keeper replied, "We've got a crazy man on our hands to-night." "Well," said Guiteau, "why don't you choke him and make him keep quiet, and not let respectable people be annoyed in this way by a miserable lunatic."

Sojourner Truth aged 106 years has just willer her \$3,000 to her three daughters.

Beer and Gov. Perkins.

A tall, thin man, with a red nose, gray side-whiskers, and a melancholy expression, drifted into the office last week and asked, in a subdued voice, if there was an unemployed reporter on the staff just then. "Because," said the stranger, "a very peculiar thing happened up our way—I live at Hayes Valley—this morning, and which, perhaps, you might work up into a sort of item, somehow."

"What sort of a thing?" said the managing editor, winking to the fighting editor to get his club ready in case the sad man pulled out a poem or any other dangerous contrivance. "Well, in the first place," said the stranger, abstractedly, "do you happen to know the effect of beer on animals?" "Can't say I do."

"Instead of soothing 'em, it excites their nervous organization to the highest pitch. Actually makes them insane. This morning, as it was rather sultry, I sent my youngest boy for a gallon of beer. He stopped on the way and put the can down to play marbles. McGinty's old black billy-goat came along and drank up the beer—every drop of it, and he nearly choked to death on the can. He stood blinking around a little for awhile; then he started for the street-car, with all colors set. He hit the horse square amidship, and it foundered at once."

"Wrecked, I suppose?" said the editor. "Precisely. The goat then glanced off, killed the driver and telescoped the car. I was sitting at the window all this time, and my attention was attracted by Governor Perkins going down the street. "Governor Perkins?" "That's the goat's name, you see. McGinty is a strong Republican. There were four men getting a piano out of a wagon across the street, when the Governor went through 'em like a pile-driver behind time. The Steinway was sent to the manufactory and the men to the hospital. "On the next block the Governor came across a Dutch picnic, headed by a brass band. The Teutons were tooting 'Listen to the Mocking Bird,' and the way that goat stood on his hind legs and waltzed around the pavement to the music was just too funny for anything. I may say that it was actually amusing. It slipped on a banana peel once, and fell against a cigar sign."

"Never mind the scenery," said the editor. "Well, pretty soon the band changed off into 'Come where My Love Lies Dreaming.'" "Did the goat come?" "You just bet he did. He didn't fancy the new tune somehow, and the first thing the drum major knew, Perky—we call the goat Perky for short—took him in the stomach, broke him clean in two, went through the rest of the band, including the big drum, and so on clear down to the end of the picnic, which was four squares long. I think there were ninety-two killed and eight hundred and sixty wounded. Pretty good when you consider the entire driving power was only one gallon of cheap beer; now, wasn't it? Now, it occurred to—"

"Just one minute," said the editor. "Allow me to explain what occurred to you. You concluded to catch the goat when he got sober, and bring him down here for our benefit. You have him now tied to a fire-plug around the corner, and if we will only chip in about four bits for beer, you will get the animal started and we can watch the fun."

"Exactly," said the stranger, warmly; "that is precisely my idea. I will now take up a collection."

That afternoon, such of the customers of the Post as toiled up into the editorial rooms, wondered at the number of fresh blood stains on the stairs.—San Francisco Post.

Sito Delmonico, a brother of Lorenzo Delmonico, the caterer, and his partner while he lived, has just died. When Lorenzo Delmonico died, he left his brother the interest on \$100,000 for life. Sito was never married. His death was caused by excessive smoking. His physicians warned him a year ago of his danger, but he could not give up his cigars.

The Department of the Interior has issued to the heirs of John Paul Jones, a captain in the American navy during the Revolution, 27 pieces of bounty land scrip in acknowledgment of brave and meritorious services in connection with the capture of certain British vessels of war.

KALAMAZOO, Mich., Feb. 2, 1880. I know Hop Bitters will bear recommendation honestly. All who use them confer upon them the highest encomiums and give them credit for making cures—all the proprietors claim for them. I have kept them since they were first offered to the public. They took high rank from the first, and maintained it, and are more called for than all others combined. So long as they keep up their high reputation for purity and usefulness, I shall continue to recommend them—something I have never before done with any patent medicine.

J. J. BARCOCK, M. D. A conversation overheard the other day.—She: "Did Sheridan or Knowles write 'The School for Scandal?' He: "Why, Knowles, of course. Sheridan was a general in the army, you know, and never wrote anything. Didn't you hear about his marching through Georgia?" She: "Oh! I remember; but I always did get those two men confused."

The St. Ignace Independent stands up on a front seat and solemnly declares that three boys, neither of them over 13 years old, chased a full grown deer on foot, run him down and captured him; one of them holding him by the horns while another cut his throat with a jackknife. Of course the Independent wouldn't lie just for one deer; but telling this sort of truth is calculated to prevent judicious parents from settling in the upper peninsula.

Mrs. Secretary Freinhuysen is described as a lady who, by the graces of her mind and person, will reflect as high honor upon her position as did Mrs. Hamilton Fish.

The man who discovers the North Pole will probably be a Chilian.—Boston Globe.

Mrs. Hicks-Lord will spend the winter on her plantation in Dutch Guinea, South America.

The poor sufferer that has been doing himself up with so-called Troches and thereby upset his stomach without curing the trouble, no cough, should take our advice and use at once Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup and get well.

RESCUED FROM DEATH. The following statement of William J. Conaghan, of Somerville, Mass., is so remarkable that we beg to ask for the attention of our readers. He says: "In the fall of 1876 I was taken with a violent bleeding of the lungs followed by a severe cough. I soon began to lose my appetite and flesh. I was so weak at one time I could not leave my bed. In the summer of 1877 I was admitted to the City Hospital. While there the doctors said I had a hole in my left lung as big as a half dollar. I expended over a hundred dollars in doctors and medicines. I was so far gone at one time I began to despair, and I was told me Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs. I laughed at my friend, thinking that my case was incurable, but I got a bottle to satisfy them, when to my surprise and satisfaction, I commenced to feel better. My appetite came back, began to revive and to-day I feel in better spirits than I have for many years."

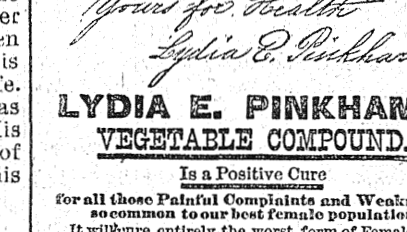
"I write this hoping you will publish it, so that every one afflicted with diseased lungs will be induced to take Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs, and be convinced that CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED. I have taken two bottles and can positively say that it has done more good than all the other medicines I have taken since my sickness. My cough has almost entirely disappeared and I shall soon be able to go to work."

JAS. E. DAVIS & CO., Wholesale Druggists, Detroit, Mich., Agents.

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

For the Cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption and for the relief of consumptive persons in advanced stages of the Disease. For Sale by all Druggists.—Price, 25 cents.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.



LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Is a Positive Cure for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses Peculiar to our best Female Population. It cures, in all cases, all ovarian troubles, inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacement, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life. It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus, an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors is checked very speedily by its use. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Headache, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system. For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this compound is unsurpassed. I have kept them since they were first offered to the public. They took high rank from the first, and maintained it, and are more called for than all others combined. So long as they keep up their high reputation for purity and usefulness, I shall continue to recommend them—something I have never before done with any patent medicine.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 22 and 25 West Broadway, New York. Price \$1. Six bottles for \$5. Sent by mail in the form of 100 pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, \$1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. Mention this Paper.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box. Sold by all Druggists.—Caution. If you would learn telegraphy in four months and be a valuable asset to a situation at good wages, address VALENTINE BROS., Jamestown, Wis.

Diary Free for 1882, with improved Interest Table, Calendar, etc. Sent to any address on receipt of two Three-Cent Stamps. Address HALLIDAY B. HIRSH, 49 N. Delaware Ave., Phila.

PATENTS F. A. LEHMANN, Solicitor of Patents, Washington, D. C. Send for Circular. M. P. P.—363. RUPTURE Cured without an operation or the injury traces inflicted by Dr. J. A. SHERMAN'S method. Office 251 Broadway, New York. His book, with Photographs illustrating of bad cases before and after cure mailed for 10 cents.

### Gen. Israel Putnam.

Just forty miles south of Worcester, Mass., is the grave and former home of doctory "Old Put," yet I doubt if twenty people out of these bustling sixty thousand ever gave a thought to the last resting place of the Revolutionary hero. Pomfret was the scene of the Wolf's Den adventure, but how to get there and how to find his old home and grave were queries which none of my friends were able to answer. Thinking that postmasters were omniscient, I wrote to him who dispenses United States mail in the small village of Abington, Conn., asking him how, where, and when. Having obtained a satisfactory reply, on a bright Monday morning I left the heart of the Commonwealth with my friend, the bookseller, himself yelet Putnam, in fact, a descendant from the original Salem stock, from which also came the General, Rufus Putnam.

Two men lounged against the entrance to the station, Abington, to whom we made known our desire to gaze into the cave whence in days of yore Putnam yanked the marauding wolf. They were posted.

"Go right up the bank; turn to your right; keep right on for about a mile, then take your left till you see where a shanty was burned; then turn in and follow a path, which leads close down to the hole. You can't miss the place."

By measurement we found the hole to be two feet square, and gazing into it as far as we could we were rewarded by darkness, and nothing more. But I had brought with me a candle and matches. Provided with these, and having cast off my coat, I sinuously made my way in. Hands-and-knees walking could not be done; snake motion was all that we were capable of, and how "Old Put" managed to make his way in, with gun and torch in hand, will ever remain a mystery to me. I never fully realized the bravery of the veteran till I lighted my candle in that narrow place and saw in what close quarters he must have been placed. That the membrane of his tympanum was not effectually ruptured by the discharge of his gun can be accounted for only on the supposition that it, like everything else about him, was exceedingly tough. As I backed my way out, it being absolutely impossible to turn around, I thanked my stars that Putnam's darky and friends were not pulling at his heels, and that I could take my own time in retreating. I left my candle burning at the end of the cave, and Putnam next wound his way in over the path made by his stubborn relative more than a century ago. We found the cave twenty-six feet long, sloping gradually downward as we advanced, in a rock, cyanitic in its character, and must have been made by a faulting ages since.

Taking a farewell glance into the depths, we left the Den behind us and started out to find the house in which Putnam breathed his last.

There were before us several miles of walking, but the day was delightful, and we found the task an easy one. Of course, we inquired many times our way, and generally found people informed; but one old maid told us she didn't know where Putnam ever lived, "less it was in the Wolf's Den." In two hours from the Den we were looking at the building which sheltered Putnam during the last ten years of his life. It has been for many years in other hands than those of his descendants. The proprietor readily answered our questions, and showed us the house. The same has been newly shingled, and to one end an addition has been made, but otherwise it is just as it was when Putnam retired from the army to its comfort and quiet. In its day it must have lorded it over all the surrounding section. It is two stories high, and even now is by no means an ill-looking edifice. A smoking and appetizing boiled dinner was on the table in the room in which the General died, and in which he gave his reminiscences to Col. Humphrey, his biographer. This room and the one adjoining, in which the body of the hero was prepared for the grave, are to-day just as they were ninety years ago. The mantelpiece over the capacious fireplace undoubtedly sustained many a mug of flip, the materials for which were taken from the convenient buffet in the corner, while the General fought his battles over again to the note-taking Humphrey.

Without we saw the pear tree planted by Putnam's hand, and had the season been a trifle later, might have eaten grapes from a vine whose cutting was brought by the veteran from New Jersey. The original town of Pomfret was divided many years ago, and the home of Putnam fell in the town of Brooklyn, about three miles from the centre, which is also the shire town of old Wyndham county. We were shown where the fences were lowered that the procession at his funeral might pass in a straight line to the grave, and were told that so numerous were those present that the line extended from the house to the burial place. Our host also showed us the field in which Putnam was plowing when the news from Lexington came; but of this more later. We could not remain here long, for there were other Putnam memorials to be seen, and we were soon off for the village of Brooklyn, over a road on which the hero of Horse-neck must have oft appeared as he rode to and from town. The village is really a very beautiful place, in which live very many New Yorkers, who have laid out a deal of money in making the surroundings attractive.

Our next point was Gen. Putnam's grave, and this we found in the extreme rear of a large enclosure devoted to cemetery purposes, and here we were not only surprised, but disgusted, for the structure which had once risen to the height of two feet above the grave had, by vandal hand, been cut away till

the surmounting slab lay nearly level with the ground. It (the slab) was formerly about six feet long and two and a half wide, but the great American and other travelers have clipped off pieces from the edges till not only is the inscription encroached upon, but the stone is hardly more than two-thirds its former size. Over its remaining surface it would be impossible to lay one's finger and not touch the initials of some sight-seeing donkey who has thus sought to couple his own insignificance with Putnam's greatness.

The epitaph was from the pen of President Dwight of Yale College, and is as follows: "Sacred be this monument to the memory of Israel Putnam, Esquire, senior Major-General in the armies of the United States of America, who was born at Salem, in the province of Massachusetts, on the 7th day of January, A. D., 1718, and died on the 17th of May, A. D., 1790. Passenger, if thou art a soldier, drop a tear over a hero who, ever attentive to the lives and happiness of his men, dared to lead where any dared to follow; if a patriot, remember the distinguished and gallant services rendered thy country by the patriot who sleeps beneath this marble; if thou art honest, generous and worthy, render a cheerful tribute to a man whose generosity was singular, whose honesty was proverbial; who raised himself to universal distinction and offices of eminent distinction by personal worth and a useful life." Movements have several times been made toward a new monument, but thus far without avail.

Coming back into the village, we had pointed out to us the only male descendant of the General now living in the town, Wm. H. Putnam, a great-grandson. The old church in which Putnam worshipped is still standing, exteriorly just as it was in ancient times, but it is now held by the Unitarians, they having obtained it at the time of the Channing schism. Our guide bustled around and found a key, and admitted us to the building; but within it is altered, a floor having been run across from the galleries, which once hung from three sides. The old gentleman said: "The folks that manage this now pay expenses in the upper room by oyster suppers, and dances in the lower. I don't belong here. I'm a member of the Episcopal church." The lower room is also used as a town hall. It was in this room that the gallant Putnam apologized to God and his neighbors for his oaths at Bunker Hill, concluding with, "But it was enough to make an angel swear to see them feller run away." It was here, too, that his funeral was preached by Brooklyn's half-century divine, Parson Whitney. To the top of the belfry we clambered, and it is certain that no changes can have been effected in it for fully half a century.

Just opposite is wherestood, in ante-Revolution days, the tavern of which Putnam was "mine host," and it was about a dozen rods back of it that he was ploughing when the news came from the Concord fight. This relative avowed, and we considered the information more authentic than that obtained at his old home, for right here he lived till nearly the close of the war. No trace of the red tavern now exists; in fact, two large trees stand on the old site. We thanked our informant for his kindness, congratulated ourselves on our privilege of an hour's converse with a lineal descendant of Israel Putnam, swung our coats on our arms, and were off at a brisk pace for Danielsonville, distant four miles. Here, on the Norwich railroad, we took the cars for Worcester, and our trip was over. We had walked 14 miles, had sampled the water of all the wells we had seen, had pronounced the same better than any liquid we had ever tasted, and beheld all that is extant in the way of Putnam's memorials, and had marked the day a red-letter one in our memories.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### General Garfield's Maxims.

"I feel a profounder reverence for a boy than a man. I never met a ragged boy on the street without feeling that I owe him a salute, for I know not what possibilities may be buttoned up under his shabby coat."

"The privilege of being a young man is a great privilege; and the privilege of growing up to be an independent man in middle life is a greater."

"Whatever you win in life you must conquer by your efforts, and then it is yours, a part of yourself."

"Growth is better than permanence, and permanent growth is better than all."

"If there be one thing upon this earth that mankind love and honor better than another, it is a brave man; a man who dares look the Devil in the face and tell him he is a Devil."

"The student should study himself, his relation to society, to nature, and to art, and above all in all, and through all these, he should study the relations of himself, society, nature and art, to God, the author of them all."

"Great ideas travel slowly, and for a time noiselessly, as the gods whose feet were shod with wool."

"Ideas are the great warriors of the world, and a war that has no ideas behind it is simply a brutality."

"I would rather be defeated than make capital out of my religion."

"After all, territory is but the body of a nation. The people who inhabit its hills and its valleys are its soul, its spirit, its life."

"For the noblest man that lives there still remains a conflict."

"Come down the glorious steps of our banner. Every great record we have made has been vindicated with our blood and with our truth. It sweeps the ground and it touches the stars."

The Atlanta Cotton Exposition, the managers have decided, will positively see December 31, 1881.

### The Colley of Cumberland.

In the course of walks with Cumberland shepherds I have seen what the services are which the dogs are called upon to render. Judging from results, there are few better dog breakers than John Scott, shepherd at Lamplugh Hall, the Carlisle first-prize pastoral farm, occupied by Mr. William Leathes. Herdwicks are kept on this farm to the number of 500 ewes. Our task was to collect the sheep and cause them to move before us to the very top of the fells, for the sake of feeding all the land and changing the pasturage of the flock. The shepherd worked his dogs two to the right hand, one to the left, working them frequently by signs only, and sometimes by a few words spoken to a distant auditory, when the dogs were perhaps nearly half a mile distant, but still in full view, bringing up the sheep from some neighboring fellside. It is the habit of the Herdwick to spread themselves far and wide over the ground that is open to them. The 500 ewes are strewn like white stones in the distance over a thousand acres of land. "Get outnow," cried the shepherd to one of his clever helps, making a signal toward the sheep at the same time; off went the dog at full speed. The Herdwicks dislike being driven hard. If they are pushed, they will bolt in all directions. The dogs know this, and they keep their distance, never running straight at the sheep, but keeping well outside of them and some distance in the rear. The shepherd makes another signal. His dog is in a hollow from which he cannot survey the fellside far ahead. He watches his master, therefore, and expects to be informed whether he is required to be at the ground further or not. The signal comes, and off he bounds, but not quite in the right direction; he is running too much in a straight line. "Get out now!" comes shrill to his attentive ears, and further out he gets; or if he is not quite sure as to the import of the message, he stops and looks around for the signal.

The youngest dog, only a twelve-month old, was the best dog in the field—a wonderful dog for his years. He was told to "get out" and scour a conical hill that lay a little off our course, so as to fetch any sheep that might be feeding there out of our sight. He went off full speed, running to the right against the sun, so as to bring the sheep round to the left, and through a gate ahead of us into the "out-field" beyond. He remained out of sight several minutes, and then there were signs of his approach. Some crows took flight at the edge of the hill. "He is not far off now," said the shepherd, and in a moment after the sheep appeared and then the dog.

An occasional accomplishment of Cumberland sheep dogs is that of finding sheep buried in the snow. The snow drift sometimes covers the sheep beyond the reach of the shepherd's snow poles; still, the dog detects their whereabouts. A dog has never been known to acquire the valuable gift which renders him a sheep-finder except when young. Mr. Dickson gives a case in his "Earnings of Cumberland," where about 400 sheep were released under the detecting nose of a young dog—almost a puppy—who acquired the art upon the spot, while the other dogs stood listlessly by, leaving the honor of pointing out the sheep entirely to him. In the Martinmas snow-fall of 1807, being the heaviest of the present century, a flock of 400 Herdwicks was buried. They had been turned upon the common "out-field" late in the evening, and overtaken by the sudden storm far from the sheltered portions of their run. Darkness came on, and the snow falling heavily, the flock was taken at a disadvantage, and almost all of them were covered up beneath walls, or in hollows where they had endeavored to find shelter. After a night of tempest day broke, and the family the flock belonged to ceased their forebodings and came out to find their sheep. Not one could be found. All hands were set to work to probe the drifts with poles, with slight success, till the young dog joined in the proceedings. Desisting from his gambols, he took a serious interest in what was going on, sniffing at the holes made in the snow. He was very properly left alone, so that his attention might not be diverted, and the final result of his patient puzzling as to the object of the operations, was that the light broke suddenly upon him, and he commenced scratching eagerly in the snow.

He had all at once become a sheep finder; and while the older dogs stood indolently by, this young dog continued to point out the spots beneath which the sheep were buried, barking and howling with delight at every release of the endangered Herdwicks. The sheep lay generally in clusters, five or six together, and at each fresh discovery of a buried heap of them the dog would scratch eagerly in the endeavor to get at them; but he soon found the fruitlessness of such efforts, and after brief experience, he was content with merely indicating to the searchers the neighborhood of the buried sheep, leaving them to dig them out. At the end of the first day's labor, closed from sheer exhaustion of the persons engaged, 200 sheep had been extricated alive. On the following day, with the aid of the young dog, others were extricated—some living, many dead.

Herdwicks show much cunning in baiting an ill-trained dog. All goes well so long as the ground is easy for driving, but at the first opportunity some of the sheep, on the one side or the other, will break away. The dog endeavors to head them, and immediately others steel away in other directions, till the flock entirely breaks loose and disperses. Let a clever dog come on the scene, and the presence of the master-spirit is soon discovered; the sheep are speedily subdued and brought to order. All difficulties in driving van-

ish in his presence. The wildest sheep, placed under his charge, know by instinct immediately that they must succumb, be they ever so numerous and the ground ever so rugged.—London Field.

### The Unreasonable Ant.

Now and then, while we rested, we watched the laborious ant at his work. I found nothing new in him—certainly nothing to change my opinion of him. It seems to me that in the matter of intellect the ant must be a strangely over-rated bird. During many summers now I have watched him, when I ought to have been in better business, and I have not yet come across a living ant that seemed to have any more sense than a dead one. I refer to the ordinary ant, of course; I have had no experience of those wonderful Swiss and African ones which vote, keep drilled armies, hold slaves, and dispute about religion. Those particular ants may be all that the naturalist paints them, but I am persuaded that the average ant is a sham. I admit his industry, of course; he is the hardest-working creature in the world—when anybody is looking—but his leather-headedness is the point I make against him. He goes out foraging, he makes a capture, and then what does he do? Go home? No; he goes anywhere but home. He doesn't know where home is. His home may be only three feet away; no matter, he can't find it.

He makes his capture, as I have said; it is generally something which can be of no sort of use to himself or anybody else; it is usually seven times bigger than it ought to be; he hunts out the awkward place to take hold of it; he lifts it bodily up in the air by main force, and starts—not toward home, but in the opposite direction; not calmly and wisely, but with a frantic haste which is wasteful of his strength; he fetches up against a pebble, and instead of going around it, he climbed over it backwards, dragging his booty after him, tumbles down the other side, jumps up in a passion, kicks the dust off his clothes, moistens his hands, grabs his property viciously, yanks it this way, then that, shoves it ahead of him a moment, turns tail and lugs it after him another moment, gets madder and madder, then presently hoists it into the air and goes tearing away in an entirely new direction; comes to a weed; it never occurs to him to go around it. No; he must climb it, and he does climb it, dragging his worthless property to the top—which is as bright a thing to do as it would be for me to carry a sack of flour from Heidelberg to Paris by way of Strasburg steeple; when he gets up there he finds that that is not the place; takes a cursory glance at the scenery, and either climbs down again, or tumbles down, and starts off once more—as usual, in a new direction.

At the end of half an hour he fetches up within six inches of the place he started from, and lays his burden down. Meantime he has been over all the ground for two yards around, and climbed all the weeds and pebbles he came across. Now he wipes the sweat from his brow, strokes his limbs, and then marches aimlessly off, in as violent a hurry as ever. He traverses a good deal of zig-zag country, and by-and-by stumbles on his same booty again. He does not remember to have ever seen it before; he looks around to see which is not the way home, grabs his bundle and starts. He goes through the same adventures he had before, finally stops to rest, and a friend comes along. Evidently the friend remarks that a last year's grasshopper leg is a very noble acquisition, and inquires where he got it. Evidently the proprietor does not remember exactly where he did get it, but thinks he got it "around here somewhere." Evidently the friend contracts to help him freight it home. Then, with a judgment peculiarly antic (pun not intentional), they take hold of opposite ends of that grasshopper leg and begin to tug with all their might in opposite directions. Presently they take a rest, and confer together. They decide that something is wrong, they can't make out what. Then they go at it again, just as before. Same result. Mutual recriminations follow. Evidently each accuses the other of being an obstructionist. They warm up, and the dispute ends in a fight. They lock themselves together and chew each other's jaws for a while; then they roll and tumble on the ground till one loses a horn or a leg and has to haul off for repairs. They make up and go to work again in the same old insane way; but the crippled ant is at a disadvantage; tug as he may, the other one drags off the booty and him at the end of it. Instead of giving up, he hangs on and gets his shins bruised against every obstruction that comes in the way. By-and-by, when that grasshopper leg has been dragged all over the same old ground once more, it is finally dumped at about the spot where it originally lay. The two perspiring ants inspect it thoughtfully and decide that dried grasshopper legs are a poor sort of property after all, and then each starts off in a different direction to see if he can't find an old nail or something else that is heavy enough to afford entertainment and at the same time valuable enough to make an ant want to own it.—Mark Twain's "Tramp Abroad"

### Swedish Day and Night.

The peculiarities of day and night in Sweden strike the traveler very forcibly, after being accustomed to the temperate zones. In June, the sun goes down in Stockholm a little before ten o'clock. There is a great illumination at night, as the sun passes round the earth toward the north pole; and the refraction of its rays is such that you can see to read at midnight without an artificial light. There is a mountain at the head of Bothnia where, on the 21st of June, the sun does not appear to go down at all. The steambath goes up from Stockholm for the purpose of conveying those who are curious to witness the phenomenon. It occurs only one night. The sun reaches the horizon, you can see the whole face of it, and in five minutes more it begins to rise. At the North Cape, latitude seventy-two degrees, the sun does not go down for several weeks. In June, it will be about twenty-five degrees above the horizon at midnight. In the winter, the sun disappears and is not seen for weeks; then it comes and remains for ten or fifteen minutes, after which it descends, and finally is not set at all, but makes a circle round the heavens. The Swedes are very industrious, and labor is reckoned by the hour, twelve hours being reckoned a day's work. Birds and animals take their accustomed rest at the usual hour, whether the sun goes down or not.

FAILURE IN ENORMOUS SHIPS.—It is to be feared that the Inflexible, which cost about \$800,000 and took nearly eight years to get afloat, will prove a failure. She is terribly unwieldy, by no means swift, and draws two feet more water than had been calculated. The electric light, which it cost nearly \$5,000 to fit all through the ship, is not a success. And it is now doubtful to learn that the officials at Malta dock-yard have been busied in preparing a dock for the reception of the monster. In old times one did not hear of new vessels going into dock at the expiration of a ten days' voyage. The questionable result of the Inflexible experiment proves the justice of the doubts I expressed recently of the policy of building any more of these enormous ships. At all events, they do not seem to have answered so far. Surely it would be in all respects better to

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Martin B. Wood, a prominent and wealthy citizen of Albion dropped dead on the 23d inst. He was a brother-in-law of Gov. Cornell, of New York, and was a heavy holder of Western Union telegraph stock.

### Literary Women.

Miss Jane Austen died in 1816, aged 42. Mrs. Radcliffe, 1823, aged 59; Miss Mitford, 1855, aged 69; Mrs. Trimmer, 1810, aged 69; Miss Jane Porter, 1850, aged 74; Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu, 1800, aged 88; Miss Hannah More, 1833, aged 88; Mrs. Marcet, 1858, aged 89; Miss Joanna Baillie, 1851, aged 89; Miss Berry, 1852, aged 90; Mrs. Somerville, 1872, aged 92; Miss Harriet Lee, 1851, 95; Miss Caroline Herschel, 1848, 98; Lady Smith, 1877, aged 103—giving for the 19 literary ladies an average age of 81. Now it is quite true, of course, that the first and shortest-lived of all these was in genius worth all the others put together. We have no sort of doubt that Miss Austen's novels will continue to be read as long as the English language endures, and we have a good deal of doubt about all the others, even Miss Edgeworth, who probably comes next upon the list, though far below Miss Austen. Yet no one would really suppose that there was anything in the genius of Miss Austen at all of that kind to shorten her life. There was no vestige of excitability or restlessness either in her works or in her life that has been narrated for us. On the contrary, that misguided section of the literary world—and it is not quite a minute one—which rejects Miss Austen, and will not recognize her genius, complains of her excessive realism, of the minuteness of her studies and the dullness of the resulting fictions. That is bad criticism, no doubt, but at least it bears witness to the perfect tranquility and composure of Miss Austen's genius, and is pretty adequate proof that her relatively early death was in no way due to the wear and tear which genius is sometimes supposed to make in the constitution. Of those who remain, much the most eminent in the world of literature proper—Miss Edgeworth and Mrs. Barbauld—reached the great age of 82; while Miss Joanna Baillie, who had once a very high reputation as a poet, attained the age of 89; and the two whose tastes and talents led them into scientific research, Mrs. Somerville and Miss Caroline Herschel, reached the ages of 92 and 98 respectively. It is hardly possible to conceive clearer evidence that the culture of the intellect if it has any effect on the age attained at all—which, of course, in a large average of cases it must have, since it alters the tastes and occupations, and must more or less affect the activity of the brain—has the effect of lengthening life rather than shortening it. It is curious and perhaps significant that of those in this list who displayed the keenest knowledge of character, Miss Austen, Miss Jane Porter, Miss Edgeworth, and Miss Johanna Baillie, not one was married; and that Miss Burney, who became Madame d'Arby, is the only exception, for of course, Mrs. Radcliffe cannot be said to have shown any knowledge of character at all. And doubtless the kind of insight which makes novelists is not unlikely to make women somewhat fastidious, and perhaps a little formidable. We know how formidable Miss Bronte seemed to the young curates whom she sketched so cleverly and satirically, and that though she was eventually married, it was to one who set little store by that kind of talent, and perhaps hardly felt its power.—The Spectator.

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possess a fleet of very swift, strongly armed, and comparatively small cruisers.—London Truth.

### The Captain's Dinner.

A correspondent of the New York Post tells the following good story: It was forty years ago when, with a feeling of no little independence, as it was my first voyage in command, I arrived at New York with the first, and probably the only, crop of tea that was ever brought to the United States from Singapore. The war waged by England for the purpose of poisoning the Chinese with opium was then prevailing, so that Canton being blockaded, the experiment of purchasing "Junk tea," in the Straits of Malacca proved a success. Accordingly the senior partner of the house of Goodhue & Co., to which we were consigned, was so very complimentary, and absolutely familiar with me, while he was somewhat brusque or at the utmost range in the opposite direction—condescending—with the other skippers, that they became a little envious of my good fortune, which, however, I well understood was likely to be only temporary, as it was derived from the market value of the tea, and they also regarded it in the same light.

One day a Captain, who had discharged cargo, and whose ship lay outside of mine, said: "Has the old man asked you to dine with him yet?"

"No, he hasn't," I replied.

"Well, he will pretty soon," he answered. "He does that by all of us, and when he has done it there is an end of his civilities."

"What sort of a family is it?" I asked. "Are there any daughters?"

"Family! Daughters! Why, bless your soul, he won't ask you to his house. He'll take you to Delmonico's and give you a bowl of warm water and a beefsteak. That's dining with him."

I believed that old Shellback "spoke whereof he did know," and yet, as a beefsteak is never amiss, I resolved to profit by the invitation in case it should be given. It came on the very next day.

"I shall be happy to have you dine with me to-day," said the dignified merchant, in his most affable tone.

"Thank you, sir," I replied, "if the ladies will excuse me for not appearing in a dress coat."

"Oh, ah, well," he answered, somewhat disconcerted, but immediately recovering his self-possession, "if you feel any delicacy about that suppose we dine at Delmonico's?" He had cornered me but in the end he was cornered himself.

Having assented to the arrangement, he suggested that I should call at the counting-room shortly before 3 o'clock, and we would walk up together. We accordingly started at the appointed hour, walked socially arm in arm along South street, while those anxious skippers who could expect no more dinners looked on and hitched up their slack waistbands. At the corner of Wall street my host was buttonholed by an excited exchange broker, and forthwith there ensued a lively dispute as to whether the bill under discussion was to be drawn at thirty or sixty days' sight. Observing my patient attitude as I leaned against the lamp-post, an idea more brilliant in its results for me than for him occurred to the senior.

"Captain," said he, "I shall be detained here a few minutes. It will be a saving of time if you will go on and order the dinner."

"Certainly, sir," I replied. "What shall I order?"

"Oh, anything you please," was the satisfactory answer. "I shall be quite suited with your selection."

An old shipowner of Boston was accustomed to say that he never gave his Captains instructions. "I always," he said, "give 'em point blank to go where they are mind to." I hope they were too conscientious to take the advantage of the carte blanche which Mr. Waterman doubtless gave them that I took in this instance. I proceeded with such a rapid pace to Delmonico's that when my entertainer arrived the dinner was ready to be served, and the champagne, as our French friends say, was stuck with ice in the cooler alongside of the table. That was his first occasion for astonishment, which received another addition on the appearance of the turtle-soup, another at the sole au gratin, another at the canvas-buck ducks, which was not lessened when those delicate apple-fritters were followed by the stragglers in the rear, cheese, ice-cream, nuts, grapes, and black coffee.

To do justice to the excellent Pelatiah Perit—whose name thus far I have abstained from mentioning—after his first surprise he entered heartily into the joke and ate heartily of the dinner. I told him all about it—how I had been living on salt beef and hard-tack of late and how the rum had given out, and then, as he beamed benignly upon me, I told him what those other malicious skippers had said. And then, when the repast was over, what do you think he did? Why, he called for the best Habanos Delmonico had, although he did not himself smoke, and told me to put the bunch in my pocket.

Nor was that the end of it. He invited me to dine there again, and he invited the others too. And we were all willing to let him select from the bill of fare, although I don't really think that we ever again had a dinner so appetizing in all its appointments as the one for which I catered myself.

The newspapers will be the right wing of the apocalyptic angel, and the cylinders of the Christian printing press will be the front wheels of the Lord's chariot.—Talmage. Meanwhile newspapers can be used for covering country shelves as usual.—Syracuse Herald.

Is a man who thinks to please the world  
The dust of his kind—  
To let him face which way he will  
One-half is yet behind.  
—Breakfast Table.

# STILL AT THE FRONT!

J. C. Laing, General Merchant.

Is still to be found at the old store, where he is offering to the trade a full and complete stock of

**DRY GOODS,**  
Ladies' Dress Goods, Alpacos, Cashmeres, Gingham, and

And the endless variety needed to supply his large trade in addition to a large stock of the celebrated

Vassar Mills' Flannels, Cassimeres, and Satinets,  
AT MANUFACTURERS PRICES.

## CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.

A large line of Mens' and Youths' Clothing, Underwear, and Gents' Furnishing Goods.

## BOOTS AND SHOES.

I have a large stock of Custom and Sale Work from the well known establishment of A. C. McGraw & Co., embracing a complete line with styles and qualities to suit all.

## GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS

A Full Line, comprising everything needed in the line of a complete stock of Groceries and Provisions will be kept constantly on hand, with a line of CROCKERY and GLASSWARE, quite adequate to meet the demands of the trade. No trouble to show goods

Produce bought for Cash and taken in exchange for Goods

**CASS CITY**  
**FLOURING MILL**  
A First Class Mill, lately re-printed and improved to meet the wants of its many customers, where will be found constantly on hand at Wholesale and Retail, a full stock of  
**FLOUR, FEED, &c.**  
Special attention given to  
**CUSTOMER WORK.**  
Highest Market Price paid for Wheat and other grain.  
**J. C. LAING,**  
Prop.

# HARDWARE

AND  
GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

J. L. HITCHCOCK.

The oldest Hardware House in central and north Tuscicola, still "holds the fort" and offers his large and varied stock of Merchandise for

**CASH OR BARTER.**

What have you got Sir? I would Respectfully invite you to come and see.

Respectfully Yours,

J. L. HITCHCOCK.

Cass City, Mich., Oct. 6, '81.

## A Word or Two to the Public.

We are able to show the largest stock of Winter Goods in this part of the State. Nothing like it has ever been shown by our own or any other house as regards quantity and low prices. Cash customers will find the greatest bargains ever seen in Domestic, Flannels, Blankets, Table Linens, Dolmans, Cloaks, Dress Goods, Clothing and Hats and Caps. Everything fresh and new.

Lewenberg & Hirshberg,  
NEW YORK STORE,  
Cass City, Mich.

## The Cornet Solo.

(Continued)

ambitious young scholar home to inactivity and darkness. At first the blow had stunned him, and then came open rebellion, but out of the great calamity he finally emerged into absolute acquiescence.

But within the last six months a new cloud had crept into his narrow horizon. Louise Raymond had been his school-mate in the academy, and after his misfortune had come every day to read to him.

"I wish she had never come," he said, as with a pathetic hesitation he groped his way down the hill. "What business have I to love any girl? I'm not a man to protect her, as Heaven knows I would if I could. Louise ought to have a strong man to love her 'n' take care of her. My poor little Lu. She's getting into dangerous ways, I'm afraid. I don't like her going with that Jack Huntington, 'n' the village folks begin to talk about her. But what can I do? If I could see, I believe I could make her care for me, 'n' oh, what a queen she should be! But now she misn't suspect that I love her. I should only drag her down. She needs more than I can give her, 'n' I have no right to think of marriage. O, it is hard when I might save her!"

The halting steps drew near the post-office, when suddenly his beloved cornet slipped from its bag under his arm and rolled down the snow covered walk. He stopped in dismay, and began to grope aimlessly and vainly about him. At that moment a voice close by said breathlessly, "Here it is Nathan; I'm real sorry I was so mean to you. Will you let me help you the rest of the way?"

A little warm hand clasped his arm, and the trembling voice went on: "I don't know what makes me, Nathan, but I want to tell you something. I've been a s'ly girl, and oh, I should think you'd be glad you couldn't see me, for I've been fooling with Jack Huntington, 'n' writing him letters, and every thing. There! But I've got through with him," she continued, "and I'm so ashamed, I don't mean to be mad at you. I'm truly sorry."

Her hand on his arm unconsciously emphasized the astonishing words, and as by this time they had arrived at the church porch, and Nathan was about to be given into his father's custody, there was little time for comment. The young man managed to stammer, however: "Why, Lu, how glad I am; it's Thanksgiving day, your enough; and then went in and poured out all his grateful heart in a wonderful improvised solo.

Mrs. Skeele, left at home, was pursuing the even tenor of her way, all unconscious of the march of events. With the amazing "faculty" of her race and time, she had mysteriously disposed of the breakfast things, placed the turkey in the oven and hastened to the pantry to involve that most important piece de resistance, a chicken pie. Before she could cross the room a small red haired boy darted in at the back door, and coming close to her piped in a shrill tone: "Say, Mis' Skeele, they want ye to come right up to Raymond's. Lu's gone 'n' tumbled down 'n' sprant her ankle, 'n' her mother's so scaart she can't do nothin'. You better hurry up."

With skilled hands she molded her light crust, and with swift manipulations soon had the shapely delicacy ready for baking.

Louise had slipped on the sidewalk at her mother's door, and a painful sprain was the result, much aggravated by her careless exposure to the snow-storm. Fever and delirium set in, and the girl lay on her bed with scarlet spots in her cheeks and fierce lights in her eyes, talking incessantly.

"Seems rather unchristian to say, but it's a good thing for her mother," observed Mrs. Skeele, when at length she had returned to the bosom of her family at the Thanksgiving dinner; "that's a thing to be thankful for. Miss Raymond ha'n't meant to neglect Loeze, but she's worried night 'n' day about Rob, 'n' never was a facultized woman, 't the best. She's wide awake now though, 'n' 'tain't strange. It's enough to break a heart o' stone to hear that child go on. You 'n' Nathan 'll have to take care of yourselves to-night, father. I told Mrs. Raymond I'd set up with her. She ain't so sick but what good care 'll fetch her round."

"Just like ye, mother," said the sexton, scanning her gentle face with affectionate eyes. "always a trottin' round on y'r arrands o' marey, angel-fashion. How y' ever took up 'ith such an airthly-critter as I be I've no idea. There ain't much taste of the New Jerusalem about me, sartin. But what do you s'pose Judge Barron said to me comin' out o' meetin'. 'Tom, says he, 'that boy o' your'n does play like a nightingale; and says he, 'I'm satisfied, Tom, that he might git his sight, 'n' 't any rate, says he, 'you'll send him to the best oculist there is in Boston. I'll be glad to foot the bills.' I declare, mother, I was so beat out that I couldn't say a word. Just then Nathan come along 'n' the Judge spoke up agin, 'Wal, I think of it, Tom,' an walked off. 'Tain't best to expect too much, Nathan, but I concluded, comin' home, that I should let ye go 'n' see what prospect there is."

Nathan did not respond to the marvelous news. He had been snatched to such extremes of joy and pain that his mind seemed unable to comprehend at once this new shift of the kaleidoscope. His short-lived exultation over Louise had changed to deep misgivings. Could it be possible that she had begun to care for him? The very thought thrilled him with a rapture so intense that for a moment he forgot everything. "It must be," he said, "I heard it in her tender voice; I felt it in her touch on my arm, O, my little Lu!" But the afterthought followed swiftly. "She shan't be tied to a blind man. She shall never know how I love her."

But here was a new outlook altogether. To be a man among men again. To be free to win this beautiful girl for his own. To do the work in the world that he had always hoped to do! What had Thanksgiving ever meant before in comparison with this? "Won't you give me my cornet, mother?" he said,

almost in a whisper.

"Yes, my son, but don't forget that it ain't certain yet. You've got to wait and see first. Don't go to raisin' your expectations on nothin'."

Her warning was unheard, for already the exulting strains rose and fell, and filled the room with overflowing harmony. Meanwhile the sexton flung out in his chair, and finally, as the music ceased, he threw back his gray head and ejaculated in a deep growl: "O, that men would therefore praise the Lord for His goodness, 'n' for His wonderful works to the children o' men."

Midwinter was at hand. Nathan had just returned from the oculist's examination, full of hope and cheer. An interval of six months was to be endured before an operation could be performed upon his eyes. It was impossible to predict the result, but it was equally impossible for such optimists as the Skeeles to fear the worst. In spite of his unshaken hope, however, Nathan held bravely to his first resolution concerning Louise, and his blindness helped him. He thought it was hard to listen to her pathetic voice, and to know that she was still feeble from her long illness. But if he could have seen the look in her great blue eyes as they watched him come and go, and the sweet patience, so new to her, with which she bore the long weeks of weariness and pain, his task would have been harder still. Her recovery was slow. Some unknown cause kept back the blessed glow of returning health, and Mrs. Skeele expressed her misgivings openly to her audience of two.

"The pretty creature!" she would say, "she lays there on the lounge, lookin' just like a snow-flake, 'n' if they'd been quick consumption in the family, I sh'd say she was goin' that way. It don't seem like that, though. She don't cough none, nor sweat nights, nor nothin', but jest lays there 'n' fades away. Cud' you go round 'n' cheer her up a little, Nathan? She does think her eyes of you, that's a fact. 'N' I never see a sweeter child."

"Mother," said her son one day, in desperation, "you don't know what you're talking about. I don't dare to go and see her much. I'm a fool to think that may be she does care for me, I know; but sometimes I can't help thinking so. 'N' I've no business to let her, mother, or—to think of her that way till I'm sure about my eyes. I'd be just like her if she'd love me, to sacrifice herself. 'N' she never shall."

"Wal, jest as you say, Nathan; this is a queer world," was his mother's only answer, but she did not spare him in spite of his confession. It seemed to the young man as if some deliberate intention on her part sent him almost daily to the Raymond's house and as Louise grew a little stronger she was often their guest. A curious bond seemed to exist between her and her mother, and when in September he finally left them to undergo the dreaded operation, Louise and Mrs. Raymond came to take up their abode at the sexton's.

Nathan had been gone a fortnight. It was ten o'clock in the evening, and a great harvest moon shed its clear light over the village. Mrs. Raymond had

(Continued.)

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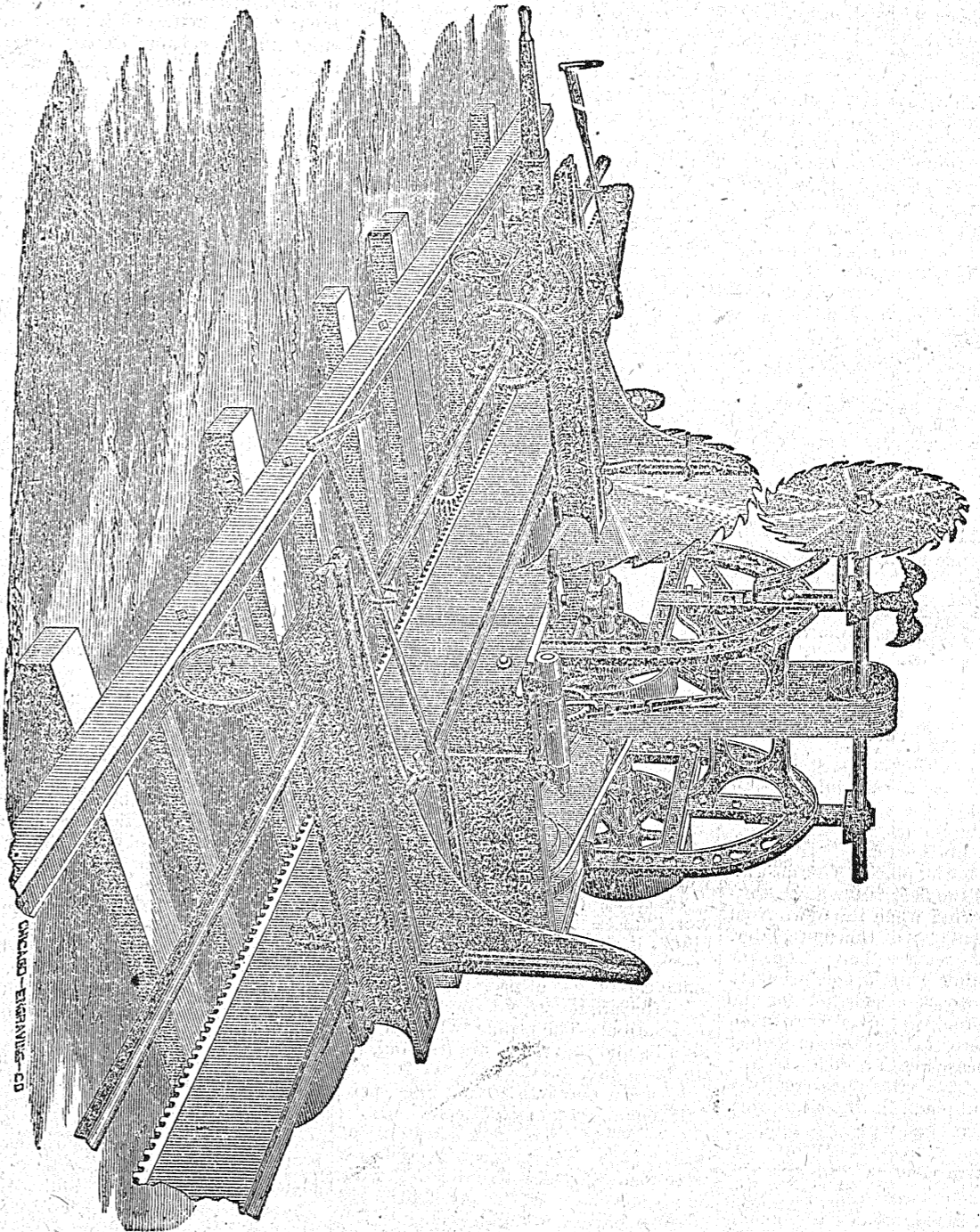
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