

The Cass City Enterprise.

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WORK AND WIN.

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OUR OWN OFFICE.

THIS 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 Tuscola. 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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Caro Route: Arrives at 11 A. M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Departs 12 M., Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.
Red Axe Route: Arrives at 12 M., Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Departs at 2 M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday.
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CASS CITY, MICH.

WHAT MAKES THE GRASSES GROW?

I closed my book, for Nature's book Was opening that day. And with a weary brain, I took My hat, and wandered toward the brook That in the meadow lay. And there, beside the tiny tide, I found a child at play.

Prono on the sward, its little toes Wrought dimples in the sand the rose. Its cheeks were fairer than the rose. I heard it murmur, "Mam-ma knows, But I not understand." While all unharmed a dainty blade Of grass was in its hand.

"What wouldst thou know, my little one?" Said I, with bearing wise; For I, who thought to weigh the sun, And trace the course where planets run, And grasp their mysteries, Into a baby's questioning, Could surely make replies.

"What wouldst thou know?" again I said, And gently bowing low, I stroked its half-uplifted head. With chubby hand it grasped the blade And answered, "Do will know, For 'oo has whixers on 'oor face. What makes the grasses grow?"

"Last fall," I said, "a grass-seed fell To the earth and went to sleep. All winter it slept in its cozy cell Till Spring came tapping upon its shell; Then it stirred, and tried to peep, With its little green eye, right up to the sky, And then it aye a leap.

"For the sun was warm and the earth was fair; It felt the breezes blow. It turned its cheek to the soft, sweet air, And was content of life so rich and rare, Came up from its roils below, It grew and kept growing, and that, my child, Is the reason the grasses grow."

"Oo talks des like as if 'oo 's pose 'bout nuthin'! But babies and 'o'y one knows That grasses don't think, for they only grows. My Mam-ma has told me so. What makes 'em start an' get bigger an' bigger?"

How could I answer in words so plain That a baby could understand? Ah, how could I answer my heart! "Twere vain To talk of the union of sun and rain In the rich and fruitful land; For over them all was the mystery Of will and a guiding hand.

What could I gather from learning more Than was written so long ago! I heard the billows of solstice roar On the rocks of truth from the mystic shore, And, humbly bowing low, I answered advice the man and child; "God makes the grasses grow."

—W. W. Fulk, in St. Nicholas.

WATER AND HEALTH.

One of the most important subjects for the consideration of the inhabitants of any thickly populated district is the sanitary chemistry of waters. Particularly is this important to the inhabitants of large cities, where the death rate is increased by a number of diseases that have been, and others that perhaps may be, traced to the imperfect and the improper supply of water.

Good water, fresh air and sun-light are three of nature's great remedies, but they are not advertised by our druggists because there is no money to be made. And if they were brought more forcibly to our notice, the chances are that we would prefer some of the more costly cures done up in bottles and wrapped in papers printed with the recommendations and opinions of those who, perhaps, are unconsciously victims to the "patent drug." We people of the nineteenth century would, like Naaman of old, rather do some great thing than to wash and be clean.

The character of spring water depends largely upon the nature of the soil through which it flows. Although spring waters may appear very clear and sparkling, yet they may contain large quantities of impurities held in solution. The fact that the water flows through earth and gravel is enough to account for its clearness—the soil, although giving off its impurities, filters from it any sedimentary matter.

The total quantity of dissolved impurity in spring waters varies from one or two grains to eighty or ninety grains in one U. S. gallon. (231 cubic inches.) Waters are said to be hard or soft. Lime salts make water hard. These lime salts decompose the soap and destroy its detergent properties.

With hard water much more soap is necessary, as some is used up in making the water soft. It is said that the people of Glasgow, in introducing the pure water of Lock Katrine in place of the hard well water, made a saving of \$180,000 per annum.

Some hard waters may be made soft by boiling, viz., such as bicarbonate of calcium. This compound may be destroyed by boiling, liberating carbonic acid gas, and forming insoluble calcium carbonate, which will settle and may be removed by filtration.

This explains how certain incrustations are formed in tea-kettles. I have specimens of incrustations more than an inch thick that were precipitated in the above manner in the boilers of an ocean line of steamers.

While bicarbonate of calcium produces only temporary hardness and may be removed by boiling, water is made permanently hard when the calcium is there as the sulphate.

Organic matter is almost always present in water. There must be a distinction made between vegetable matter which is harmless, and the objectionable organic matters derived from decomposing animal and vegetable substances. These last rarely occur in spring waters.

One word in regard to living animals and plants in water. Although these animals when seen under the microscope are very formidable in appearance and frightful in motion, yet they are not objectionable. They only inhabit very pure water. The plants exercise a purifying influence on the water by liberating oxygen.

It sometimes happens, owing perhaps to some peculiarity of the season, that these little animals multiply to such an extent as to produce serious annoyance. Although our waters are perhaps free from objectionable animals, yet I may

say that it is stated that one-sixth of the deaths in Iceland are caused by little animals being taken into the system. Young leeches, contained in drinking water, sometimes fix themselves on the pharynx. In Algiers 4000 French soldiers were sick at one time from this cause.

These waters contain about the same class of impurities that springs do. In addition to this they sometimes contain large quantities of putrifying animal matter on account of their too close proximity to cesspools, privy vaults or sewers. These matters, while they hardly affect the taste or smell, carry with them deadly results to the persons using the water. Wells in the neighborhood of grave yards often contain water contaminated with animal matter from the recently filled graves. In 1808 a law was passed in France prohibiting the digging of a well within 100 metres of any cemetery.

Very good water is often supplied by artesian wells when they are bored down so as to receive their supply of water from below a stratum of soil impervious to surface drainage.

Lakes and ponds contain less, but the same kind of impurities as springs. While the water from springs all flows through soil from which it dissolves its impurities, much of the lake and pond water only flows over the surface of the ground.

Rivers or any rapid streams contain generally a large amount of suspended matter which makes the water thick and dark in color. Very little of this suspended matter dissolves, and it may be removed by filtering or allowing it to settle.

When these turbid streams empty into lakes or ponds the suspended matter settles, leaving the water clear, but in running streams there is no opportunity for the sediment to settle.

The water of the Mississippi contains forty grains of mud per gallon. It is estimated that this river carries 400,000,000 tons of sediment per annum into the Gulf of Mexico. This mud is rich in plant food, and produces fertile land.

The water of rivers is often made very impure by receiving the drainage of towns on its banks. These impurities often make the water unfit to drink. Rivers, however, will purify themselves by oxidation in a short time.

The quality is often of more importance than the quantity of the impurity. Five or six grains of lime or magnesia will render water unfit for the cooking of some vegetables, while such impurity will be of great advantage when the water is used for making tea or coffee. Soft waters are generally better for cooking and for washing purposes, and hard water for tea or coffee. It is on account of this that certain wells have a reputation as tea wells. In years gone by there were two or three such wells in New York City and a boy was employed by the corporation to pump water for the benefit of the inhabitants.

The reason why hard water is better for making tea or coffee is because the lime salts prevent the water from dissolving the astringent matter contained in the tea or coffee, but it does not prevent the extraction of the tannin.

Larger quantities of these above-mentioned impurities make water injurious to health. It is known that water has a high degree of permanent hardness, the chances are that it is a bad water. It will probably contain the sulphate of lime, chloride of calcium, and perhaps salts of magnesium. Magnesium salts are especially objectionable to water, and water containing even a small amount of these salts should be rejected. Water containing these salts causes diarrhoea when drunk. They are also said to cause dyspepsia. It is supposed to be the presence of these salts in water that produces goitre (a swelling of the glands of the neck). Cretinism, which is a certain kind of idiotic insanity, is also referred to the same impurities in large quantities. Among the inorganic impurities of water, lead and copper are often found, and especially is lead found in water which acts freely upon lead is not suitable for the supply of a town, as our service pipes are made of lead. Almost any water will act upon lead if left in contact with it long enough. For this reason we should always empty the house pipes of water which has stood in them over night, before drawing any for cooking purposes. Lead is a cumulative poison, and a very small quantity taken into the system each day will finally produce lead-poisoning.

The products of the decomposition of animal matter in water are the most objectionable impurities. These are highly dangerous even when in minute quantities. They are the more dangerous because waters containing such poison, instead of being disagreeable to the taste, are frequently of very fine flavor and much sought after. Many cases of disease have been traced to the use of water contaminated by drainage from sewers, cesspools, etc.

The old saying "There was health in the old houses; while there is death in the new" is easily explained. New villages are generally supplied with water from springs, and as the number of inhabitants increases wells are used for greater convenience. Wells often receive contamination from sewage and cesspools, while spring water is free from such contamination. The famous Broad Street pump in London in 1854 killed 500 persons in a single week by disseminating cholera. In 1866 many deaths occurred from the use of water from a famous pump in Brooklyn. All trouble was brought to an end when the Health Officers removed the pump handle.

There are substances dissolved in water sometimes, which are themselves harmless, and yet they should cause the water

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 Gen'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.

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Our own preparations are sold and guaranteed by all Dealers. Respectfully,
Luce & Mosher.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

MICHIGAN.

In the Stout Shepherd case at Charlotte, Stout having sued Shepherd for the seduction of his daughter, claiming \$5,000, the jury disagreed, though on a former trial a verdict for \$3,000 was rendered.

Jephtha Smith fell from a railroad trestle at Flint on Saturday, 20 feet, injuring him seriously, if not fatally.

The fourth fatal case of small-pox at Grand Rapids was that of Geo. Jennings, who died at the pest house, Saturday.

The profits of the Menominee mining company for 1881 are stated at \$1,200,000. Jackson's increase for the year past is put at 2,900.

The M. C. Railroad on Monday commenced running parlor cars between Bay City and Mackinaw.

The postoffice department has ordered mail service as often as is required, at Free Soil, Mason Co., on the Flint & Pere Marquette road. The postoffice at Denver, Newaygo Co., is discontinued.

There is war in Adrian over the proposition to remove the postoffice from its present place in the Masonic temple to south Main street.

Capt. A. D. Perkins, an old lake captain and resident of Monroe, died Monday morning, aged 68.

Samuel Retterstroph, near Lexington, was arrested on Monday for fatally stabbing Henry Goodman, who died the evening of the same day. They had an altercation at Smyrna on Friday in which Goodman bit off a piece of Retterstroph's nose, and in which knives were used freely.

The Grand Council of Royal and Select Masons of Michigan met at Masonic hall in Flint on Monday; M. E. G. M. R. C. Hathaway presiding.

D. G. Carpenter's lumber and shingle mill near Cedar Springs, was burned Sunday night. Loss, \$10,000; insurance, \$5,000.

At Detroit, Jan. 16, Hugh S. Peoples, was arraigned in Police Court for the murder of Martha Whitla. He pleaded not guilty, and his case is set down for February 15, Justice Miner said he had no power under the constitution, to bail him.

Charles Martin, who murdered Christian Terres in Detroit, in December last, and who confessed the crime, was on Tuesday sentenced by Judge Swift to the State's prison for life.

The slander case of Mrs. Hazlett vs. Hon. Jacob Sawyer was discontinued in the circuit court at Adrian, Tuesday.

J. N. Cross, alias Nathaniel Hewitt, was struck by a passenger train near the depot at Sheridan on Tuesday morning and killed.

Leman Smith, of Alma, was run over and fatally injured by a train on the Chicago, Saginaw & Canada road, Tuesday.

A. A. Jones, of the firm of Messinger & Jones, Spring Arbor, died at Saranac, on Monday, aged 55.

The grand council of royal and select masons of Michigan, in session at Flint elected the following officers to day: W. G. Hudson, of Ludington, M. I. grand master; George H. Greene, of Lansing deputy grand master; George H. Stevenson, of St. Johns, G. P. C. of W. H. Shaw Noble, of Monroe, grand treasurer; and G. B. Noble, of Detroit, grand recorder.

On Tuesday night, a farmer from Pittsfield named William Gutheksun, returning from Ann Arbor, was thrown from his cutter and had his neck broken.

Judson Wilson's house between Milan and Ypsilanti, caught fire from the chimney, Tuesday, and was burned. Loss \$4,000, partially insured.

Tuesday night the safe in Mr. P. Byrne's lumber office, in Hillsdale, was blown open. Mr. Byrne was robbed on the streets last month.

W. C. Fitzsimmons & Co., proprietors of "The People's Bank," of Tecumseh, have made an assignment to E. B. Wood, of Tecumseh. Fitzsimmons is the colonel of the First Regiment M. S. T., is now in Central America, where he went last October in the interest of Grant and Vanderbilt's railroad scheme.

The liabilities of the People's Bank, Tecumseh, are put at \$80,000, its assets \$50,000. Much blame is charged on Fitzsimmons whose absence has dissolved all responsibility on Detroit, Wood, the assignee says it is an utter failure.

The Supreme Court has granted a writ of habeas corpus, directed to Sheriff Clippert, and of certiorari to Police Justice Miner, returnable next Tuesday, to determine whether Hugh S. Peoples was legally arrested and confined.

As E. W. Rice and A. Van Orman, of Lee, were out with their guns Thursday morning, Rice's rifle was accidentally discharged, and the contents were lodged in the breast of his companion, causing wounds which will probably prove fatal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The death of ex-Congressman Turner of New York is announced.

The block bounded by Main street, Beaver alley and Bank street, at Albion, N. Y., burned Friday night, consuming the principal business portion of the village. It originated in Parichard's fancy store, Main street, from an exploded lamp. Loss, \$250,000. Several firemen were injured.

Locomotive works are to be started in Louisville, Ky., with a capital of \$1,000,000.

Fifteen Brooklyn aldermen were fined \$250 each and sentenced to jail on Friday, from 10 to 30 days, for contempt of a court's jurisdiction.

The postoffice authorities at Denver say that the mail for New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and other far eastern points, which left there December 20, has been lost.

Count Franz Theard de la Forest, a Hungarian nobleman, died Monday morning in New York, in abject poverty. He had practiced medicine.

The annual report of the Chicago board of trade shows 1,836 members, of whom 145 were admitted during the past year, bringing a revenue of \$246,500. The total receipts were \$325,586; disbursements, \$233,000. The board has paid over \$140,000 for land and the erection of a new building.

Fire at St. Paul Monday night destroyed the temporary wing of the insane hospital at St. Peter, built to accommodate the patients burned out of the building a year ago. Forty inmates got out without injury, and the loss will not exceed \$10,000.

On Saturday a Mexican girl at Cuautla made a balloon ascension without a car, performing on the trapez attached. When three-fourths of a mile high the balloon burst, and she fell crushed to the earth.

Six wealthy men of Minnesota, including

Senator Windom, have agreed with the Northern Pacific to build a narrow gauge railroad from it to the nearest geyser in Yellowstone Park, 80 miles.

F. E. Argell, manager of the W. U. telegraph company's office at the Palmer house, Chicago died of small pox on Tuesday.

David Davis has introduced a bill into the senate to retire Justice Hunt, of the supreme court.

The freight house of the Canada Southern railroad at Courtright, Ont., was burned Tuesday morning.

On Tuesday indictments were found at New Haven, Conn., against James and Walter Malley and Blanche Douglas for the murder of Jennie Cramer in August last.

Ellis, one of the murderers on trial at Ashland, Va., has confessed, and reiterated his confession in cross-examination, to the murder.

Mr. Scoville, Guiteau's counsel, has sued the Chicago Morning Herald for \$20,000, for alleged defamation of character in publishing reports indicating that he was disheveled.

Daniel Webster's one hundredth birthday anniversary was celebrated at divers places on Wednesday.

Henry Willis of Battle Creek, on Wednesday, explained to the house committee on railroads and canals the feasibility of a canal from Saugatuck to Detroit, for vessels of 1,500 tons, by which the distance from Chicago to Liverpool would be shortened 1,500 miles.

In a message sent to the legislature of New York by Gov. Cornell, he denounces the present way of heating and lighting railroad cars, and suggests that cars be provided with implements for breaking open wrecked cars and extinguishing fires.

The senate Tuesday passed David Davis' bill to retire Justice Hunt on full pay.

There was a big riot in the railroad camp near Atlanta, Ga., Wednesday night. Over 20 men were engaged. Alexander Butler, colored, was shot and killed, and several wounded.

George Ladd, of Elmore, Ohio, sued ex-Governor R. M. Scott in the court of common pleas for \$10,000 damages to his wife, whose son, Warren G. Drury, was killed by Gov. Scott on Christmas day, 1880. The case was compromised Wednesday by Scott paying the costs and \$500.

The residence of George C. Smith, at Lewis Henry county, Mo., was burned Wednesday. Mrs. Smith, aged 43, her daughter Elizabeth, aged 17, Rachel, 13, Ellen, 6, and her son Theodore, aged 16, all perished in the flames. Mr. Smith managed to escape with a little child 8 years old.

The contest at Adrian over the removal of the postoffice to another building, has been transferred to Washington, and the department is loaded down with letters and petitions on the subject.

CONGRESS.

Jan. 14.—The committee on territories to day listened to delegate Pettigrew of Dakota, in favor of the admission of that territory as a state. The House committee on the expenses attending the illness and burial of President Garfield, gave notice to all having claims for services rendered or materials furnished to present the same to the committee on or before February 10th.

In the House bills were introduced by Mr. Horr to issue postal cards with flexible covers, to conceal the messages; by Mr. Willits, to make wives competent witnesses in trials for bigamy in the territories; by Mr. Burrows, to retire national bank notes, to make the agricultural bureau an executive department, and to admit Washington territory as a state.

In the Senate Mr. Logan introduced a bill to pay Mrs. Lincoln the amount of her pension from the death of her husband to the date of the act—about \$15,000. He read the statement of physicians showing her to be a confirmed invalid. Referred.

Jan. 17.—In the House, the increase of the membership of committees was discussed, following the report of Mr. Robeson on the changing of membership of committees. Mr. Keason spoke at length, criticizing the action of Speaker Keifer. Messrs. Robeson and Orth participated in the debate.

In the Senate, debate was had on the Sherman funding bill and the repeal of the arrears of pension act. Among the bills introduced, was one to provide for a commission on the alcoholic liquor traffic, by Senator Conger; to enable states to collect educational funds from taxes on fermented liquors and distilled spirits; to authorize the purchase by the government, of Freedman's bank property and real estate; to grant a pension of \$5,000 a year to Mrs. Garfield; to erect a public building at Marquette (by Mr. Ferry).

January 18.—Mr. Willis of Michigan, was before the committee on railroads and canals, urging a scheme for a ship canal from Saugatuck to Detroit. In the senate Mr. Cameron offered a resolution, instructing the committee on naval affairs to examine the new system of naval defense invented by Erickson. Mr. Anthon offered a bill, providing for the compilation and printing of the naval history of the war.

In the house Mr. Haskell, Ks., offered a bill for the sale of the Miami Indian lands in Kansas. Mr. Stephens, Ga., offered a bill for metric coinage for international use, to be known as the "Stella," and to authorize the coinage of a gold metric dollar, two dollars, and fraction of a dollar; also for the coinage of a metric eagle, double eagle and half eagle of standard value. Recommended.

Jan. 19.—The chair laid before the senate a communication from the secretary of the interior, in response to the resolution of Mr. Teller transmitting the papers relating to the lapsed lands of the Northern Pacific railroad and the action of Secretary Schurz thereon. Ordered printed and referred to judiciary committee.

The ways and means committee has decided to report favorably the bill releasing the Philadelphia & Reading railroad company from the payment of internal revenue taxes assessed upon the interest bearing promissory notes heretofore issued to its employees as wages, the company to pay the cost incurred in the proceedings to enforce the payment.

FOREIGN.

London dates of January 14 say: A Paris correspondent states that a commercial treaty between France and England will be almost certainly signed within three weeks; that only the duties in regard to some of the categories of woollens and cottons remain to be decided.

A Berlin dispatch says: Herr Dietz, the socialist arrested at Stuttgart, is a member of the reichstag. He was arrested for selling a prohibited publication. His friends are endeavoring to prove that his arrest is in viola-

tion of his privileges as a member of parliament.

An enormous mass of rock, 1,000 feet high, has fallen from Rothrisa mountain, near the town of Glarus, destroying orchards, roads and meadows. No lives were lost.

In connection with the movement to raise a fund for the relief of homeless Jewish families in Russia, the earl of Shaftsbury publishes a letter, January 16, asking whether the people of Great Britain wish to remain silent in face of atrocities hourly perpetrated on the Jews in Russia. To use the language of violence or menace he says would be injudicious and useless, but moral and religious protests on behalf of justice and humanity have a real and effective force which will read the ears of the czar and his ministers.

The fears concerning trouble in consequence of the Egyptian emb somewhat allayed this morning. The czar an official press declares that the western powers simply desire, like all Europe, to maintain the status quo in Egypt.

In the French chamber of deputies yesterday, Gen. Champron proposed a bill looking to a series of military reforms. The chamber decided that the committee on the bill should consist of 33 members. This is an exceptional number, and is considered in part a check to the government.

The ultramontane of clerical party is opposing the ecclesiastical bill in the Prussian landtag on account of the indefiniteness of some of its clauses. It not only fails to meet their demands, but some of its provisions excite their suspicion.

A company of Jews with a capital of \$100,000 has been organized at Montreal for the purpose of bringing persecuted Jews from Russia, and setting them in northwest Canada.

Bolivia and Chili have concluded a treaty of peace, Bolivia ceding to Chili all the Bolivian sea coast line.

At the Cork assizes Jan. 19, the outlaw leader Connell pleaded guilty to various charges against him. He will be a witness in other cases in which members of his band are defendants. At the time of his arrest, in the latter part of December, he was charged with having arms in a proclaimed district.

A dispatch from Paris says: There was a tremendous panic on the bourse Thursday. Union generale shares fell 1,300 francs. A number of Lyons speculators have been ruined. No financial disaster is known in Paris.

DETROIT MARKETS.

Table listing market prices for various commodities like Wheat, Rye, Corn, Oats, Apples, etc.

DETROIT LIVE STOCK MARKET.

The cattle market was quite active. The prices paid for shipping and butchering cattle were the same as paid last week, while oxen were 15c per cwt lower. Sheep were active at a decline of 20c. Hogs were sold at an advance of 25c, there being but few in the yards.

Table listing live stock prices for Choice shipping oxen, Cattle butchers' steers, etc.

THE TRIAL OF GUITEAU.

Mr. Davidge resumed his argument, and reviewed the testimony of witnesses for the defense—as that of J. W. Guiteau, Spitzka and Mrs. Scoville; commenting also on the testimony of Mrs. Dumire. As to Spitzka's notion that the prisoner had a one-sided head, he said the one-sidedness was "in the soul."

"I have a square soul," exclaimed Guiteau. "If you have as good a one, Davidge, you are all right."

Mr. Davidge pronounced Spitzka's testimony a miserably monstrous effort to build up a wretchedly rotten case.

Mr. Reed addressed the jury for the defense on Saturday, his effort aiming to show that the prisoner is and has been insane. He instanced his singular behavior in court, his claim to inspiration, the opinions of his relatives, his business ventures and his career at Oneida, and the absence of all motive for committing a crime, and expressed the opinion that if he were sent to the insane asylum he would turn out a driving maniac in a few days. At the last suggestion Guiteau turned up his nose. Mr. Reed closed with an impassioned appeal to the emotions of the jury, saying that the execution of such a man would be an indelible stain upon the American name. Mrs. Scoville sat all through in mournful attitude, unable to conceal her tears.

Scoville began the closing address for Guiteau on Monday. He criticized the course of the prosecution and charged counsel, doctors and experts with a conspiracy against the assassin's life, and that American journalism had disgraced itself by anticipating the verdict. Guiteau's own speech, which he hoped to deliver, has been given to the associated press, but it is in the main a repetition of his Christmas address.

January 17.—Scoville interceding for Guiteau, he was permitted this morning to read an address appealing to the court to charge the jury, that if they believe that he believed, at the time of the shooting, he was acting under special divine authority, they must acquit on the ground of temporary mania. The court promised to take the matter under consideration, and

Scoville resumed, attacking the counsel for the prosecution, and the medical experts over again. He stigmatized the course of the prosecution as scandalous, and the reason for it was that the prisoner was insane, and they knew it, but did not want the evidence to come before the jury. He knew Guiteau was insane or he would have put on his hat and left the court room, rather than stand his insults. He warned the jury against Porter's eloquence, and to remember that back of it all, there was a big fee, for which he prostituted his talents. Guiteau had been insane since he was 19—was honest in his belief that he is inspired, and he pitied the human being who, with the light of the 19th century of christianity, scoffed at inspiration.

The sensation of the third day of Scoville's argument, Wednesday, was his arraignment of the stalwarts, boldly charging Grant, Conkling and Arthur with moral responsibility for the murder of Garfield, and now urging on the prosecution of the insane man to hide their infamy. He alleged that it was their opposition to Porter's administration that incited his "insane client" to kill him. This was wholly unexpected to his associate counsel, Mr. Reed, who expresses his disapproval of Scoville's course. Mr. S. received a dispatch from New York during recess, informing him of a decision in the N. Y. court of appeals, which was construed as favorable to his case. It was to the effect that the prosecution, where evidence of insanity is produced for the defence, must prove sanity beyond a reasonable doubt.

JANUARY 19.

Scoville spoke the whole of Thursday, but his remarks were wholly a repetition of what had been said before. He referred to some of the testimony, and renewed his appeal to the jury. He spoke of Guiteau's connection with the Oneida community, and said that if he had shot Noyes instead of Garfield, it would have been all right. For some reason, counsel is talking against time: either to hold the fort until a decision of the New York court of appeals, which fixes the burden of proof in such cases on the prosecution, to reach Washington, or, because, if the trial can be continued after Monday next, the case will go over to the court en banc, and continue the case until next December. It is thought that Judge Cox will not allow this.

Secretary Baker read the report of the Board at the quarterly meeting held at Lansing on the 9th. The labors of the Board have been much increased the last quarter by the progress of diphtheria, scarlet fever and small-pox, which they have labored to restrict. The number of communications written during the quarter was 1,459.

The report also gives a total account of the distribution of small documents on diphtheria, scarlet fever, etc. The number of diphtheria documents was about 29,000; scarlet fever, 5,000; general rules for contagious diseases, 6,000; and weekly bulletins, 7,000. The usual number of meteorological reports from observers have been received, examined, and filed.

Drs. Kellogg and Avery were appointed a committee to prepare a report to contain what is now known relative to diphtheria. Dr. Leroy Parker explained the legal method of placarding houses for contagious diseases. The local board may declare the place where a person is sick a hospital and make and publish all the necessary regulations.

Dr. Baker advocated the establishment of an inspection station at Port Huron, to prevent the introduction of contagious diseases. On report of Dr. Avery, the dam at Maple Rapids was judged a nuisance which, if not taken down by the owners, called for a suit in equity. The subject of the inspection of summer resort hotels, with reference to danger by fire was considered, was referred to Mr. Parker, to inquire whether the law on the subject needed further amendment.

Western Michigan Agricultural Association.

At the meeting of the Western Michigan Agricultural and Industrial Association, held at Grand Rapids on the 17th and 18th insts., it was decided to hold their next fair commencing September 25, the week following the state fair.

H. C. Sherwood, of Berrien county, was appointed general superintendent, and other superintendents were named as follows:

- Horses—A. F. Kelsey, Ionia, and Anderson Stout, Grandt.
Cattle—Westbrook Divine, Ionia, and A. Ryerson Barry.
Sheep and Swine—E. J. Russell, Oceana.
Agricultural Products—W. Ladner, Mecosta, and David Woodman, Van Buren.
Pomological and Horticultural—H. Dale Adams, Kalamazoo.
Farm Machinery—E. A. Strong, Van Buren.
Manufactures—O. L. Whitney, Muskegon.
Art and Science—J. G. Ramsdell, Grand Traverse.
Police—Henry Fralick, Kent.

FACTS ABOUT UMBRELLAS.

Antiquarians say that the umbrella was invented shortly after the flood, and has been the least improved upon of all appliances for human comfort, the shape being now as it was in those days.

To put a cotton umbrella over a woman, the man getting every reader a splendid purpose sooner or later: To place your umbrella in a rack indicates that it is about to change owners. An umbrella carried over a woman, the man getting nothing but drippings of the rain, indicates courtship. When the man has the umbrella and the woman the drippings, it indicates marriage. To carry it at right angles under your arm signifies that an eye is to be lost by the man who follows you. To put a cotton umbrella by the side of a chair signifies that "exchange is no robbery." To lend an umbrella signifies that "I am a fool." To carry an umbrella just high enough to tear out men's eyes and knock off men's hats, signifies "I am a woman." To go without an umbrella and risk some of our sure of getting rheumatism, and will have to use St. Jacobs Oil to get well." To keep a fine umbrella for your own use, and a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, always in the house, in case of rheumatism or accident, would signify that you are real philosopher.

The following communication to the editor of the Salem (Mass.) Register shows how an artist treated his visitor: "I would have accepted your kind invitation to visit you in your new quarters with pleasure before this had not my old enemy, Mr. Rheumatism, pounced on me so suddenly. He arrived last Friday, and, without stopping to send up his card, rushed in and grasped me by the hand with such a grip that in a few hours my hand and wrist were so badly swollen and painful that I felt as though one of Mr. Hatch's coal teams had run over me. Mr. Rheumatism has been a constant visitor of mine for several years; he always swells and puts on a great many pounds more than I do, and he never changes his diet. I was somewhat at a loss what to feed him with, but finally concluded to give him three square meals a day of St. Jacobs Oil—morning, noon and night. This fare he is disgusted with, and is packing up his trunk and is going home to-morrow. He is a tracherous fellow, and he is doing just give him the same fare that I did and he won't stop long. J. S. LEFAYOUR.

ST. JACOBS OIL.

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M. R. P.—367

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THE OFFICIAL HISTORY OF THE GUITEAU TRIAL.

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FARM.

FARMER JOHN.

"It'd nothing to do," said Farmer John, "To fret or bother me— Were I but rid of this mountain of work, What a good man I could be!

Breaking Cows.

"When I was a boy I learned from a neighbor how breaking cows was not to be done. He had a kicking cow, and every time before milking he secured her in a narrow pen with rails and bars, in a task requiring some dexterity, in performing which his temper was often ruffled, and the first thing he sometimes did was to vent his rage by whipping the animal. This made it more difficult to get her there the next time. She did not willingly go where she might get a thrashing. More commonly, however, he began to milk her coaxingly, dodging her occasional kicks until some of the milk was accidentally spilled, or until he received a blow from her hoof on his shins. War constantly followed. Seizing a huge cudgel, he laid it with both hands over her back so vigorously as well as repeatedly that I could hear every stroke at a distance of thirty rods. Repeated scenes like this made a deep impression on me, although I was only nine years old, and I came to the conclusion that such acts of passionate cruelty to a helpless brute were uncalled for, and defeated their own object. When older, I milked several of my father's cows, and put my theory into successful practice.

This theory was to let the animal know just what I wanted, and next to make it for her interest to comply with my wishes. A quick distinct penalty was to follow every kick, besides which perfect kindness was to be shown. There must be no rage, heat or passion, or the whole thing would certainly fail. A single quick cut with the whip would tell; and coming but once would be dreaded. If repeated it would produce reaction and fury in the animal, and would utterly fail. If the penalty followed instantly each kick, the animal would soon connect cause and effect and know exactly what was intended; but if a continued thrashing was inflicted, as by the passionate neighbor above mentioned, there could be no connection between the two. I tried my method on many cows, and never failed but in one instance, and that was an exceedingly shrewd animal which knew enough never to kick me, although freely dealing out her blows to others. She seemed to be aware from my presence that I must not be trifled with. I can best describe my mode more in detail by giving my experience with a fractious animal belonging to a widow, with whom I temporarily boarded when a young man.

This widow's cow was an excellent milker, but reputed very low in the scale of morality among the farmers who successively owned her and tried to maul the evil spirit out of her. The widow bought her at a low price, and obtained much milk at a high price, for the cow's legs had to be securely tied every time before approaching her and even then it was a difficult and desperate task. I remarked to the owner one day at the breakfast table that I could easily break the cow. The statement of course was not believed, but I was promised a high reward if I would do it. The yard was about twenty feet square, or more. I placed what was termed a "rawhide" whip under my left arm, and approaching her stroked her back gently and began to milk. In a few seconds her foot came toward me like a flash of lightning, which I eluded, and instantly gave her a single blow across the back. She started to run, when another single blow across the nose brought her to bay. I stroked her gently again, and began to milk, when the same process was again repeated. After a repetition of the same act seven or eight times, she obtained the idea that a kick was followed by that same dreaded single blow, and the act became less frequent. Before I had done milking, the kicking had nearly ceased. At the next milking the trouble had greatly diminished, and two or three repetitions at the third milking were the last. It was nearly a fortnight afterwards that the young man who had charge of her dared to undertake the milking, so terrific was the impression she had pre-

viously made on him, although she stood perfectly quiet chewing her cud with closed eyes. On account of the peasant quiet which this animal afterwards enjoyed, as compared with the previous fury, fever and fight, she actually gained flesh and improved in milk.

I have been mortified in being unable to find a single farmer who would adopt this method, although so simple, easy and effectual. Some would occasionally intermit the single blow, and spoil all. Others would "get mad" and strike the animal more than once if any mishap occurred, and that ended the experiment. Some again would argue with me for not employing kindness and moral suasion, and for being so cruel as to strike the animal at all. But I found that such persons were the most ready to fly into a passion themselves at the animal, when their shins were briskly struck, or the milk upset on the ground. My remedy, carried out, proved the most humane in the end.

I have long since adopted the rule in ethics, that a man who ever so far disgraces himself as to get mad at a dumb animal, as to beat a cow in passion, or kick a horse, ought never to have charge of one, much less own it as property.

I saw, when a boy, another example of stupid passion, in addition to the one mentioned in the first part of this article. Two boys had the milking of neighbor's cow. The animal had the run of a large pasture, and she frequently made it a race ground when tired of standing in the corner to be milked. The boys chased her till they had her again cornered, when they gave her a furious drubbing for her misbehavior. The only lesson the animal could learn from this treatment was a special dread of the corner, and the difficulty of keeping her there became daily greater. The merest reflection would have taught the boys that they were only increasing the trouble, but like many older persons they were governed by passion and impulse, and not by reason.

The great leading principle in controlling animals, is to teach them the connection between cause and effect, which, if one closely follows the other, they are quick to learn. I saw a curious example at a ferry across one of our lakes. The ferry boat was driven by a pair of horses working on a horizontal wheel. The ferryman's barn was on a hill twenty rods from the boat. He turned the horses loose, when they went immediately of their own accord down the hill, walked out on the pier, stepped on the boat, went to the rear end, and then backed down on the wheel, the ferryman not being within sight. This remarkable movement was at once understood. They found their breakfast of oats every morning at the place on the wheel.

Many years ago when oxen were common, an acquaintance acquired a wide reputation for his skill in breaking to the yoke wild and unruly steers. In five days he would have the most intractable in mild and complete subjection, and he never charged over five dollars for each yoke, and made money at that sum. His whole process was very simple. He turned four or five pairs into a yard, and spent several hours at first in walking slowly and gently among them. They became familiar with his presence, and found that he did not hurt them. By that time they were willing to allow him to place his hand on their backs. He went slowly from one to another, and in a few hours they could be handled about the neck and head. An ox-bow was placed under the neck, and by gently drawing on it for some time, each animal would step forward. In this way they were taught successively to follow the movement of his hand, to come under the yoke and obey the voice of command. They understood this voice, given in low tones, better than common half-broken oxen obeyed the hoarsest vociferations. The success of this treatment depended on a system of uniform, patient, but unyielding labor, continued as daily work in succession. An excitable, nervous, impatient or passionate man, who is liable to commit that foolish and undignified act of an intellectual being—getting mad at a poor dumb animal—should never attempt anything of the kind, and in fact never have charge of cattle.

It must be borne in mind that while uniformly gentle treatment alone may be sufficient to accustom a heifer to the few which are natural kickers, and the many which are made so by mismanagement, must be taught by a firm hand in the manner described, that transgression always brings an unvarying and uniform and instant penalty.

The points on which I have written may seem unimportant and trivial to some farmers, but the fact that of the millions owned and fed in the United States, there are many ten thousands which are kicked, mauled and abused, when they might as well be humanely treated, and grow and get fat in contentment, affords a sufficient reason for giving the matter earnest attention.

Pasturing Stock in Winter.

The year 1881 is closed, but the weather in the shortest days was exceptionally pleasant. Not a few farmers have been letting stock run in the fields through the day, stabling at night; but it is very doubtful whether any advantage is gained by this, despite prospective scarcity of feed. Besides the tramping of the fields in their muddy state, the animals thus running around lose more than they can gain from frost bitten herbage. A run in the barnyard will give all needed exercise, and if kept close, more coarse feed like straw and stover will be eaten, than if stock is allowed to roam the fields. At this season there is nothing that cattle or horses can pick up, which would not be worth as much or more to lie on the ground and mulch or fertilize it. This is especially true of land intended for plowing and cropping next season.

Many farmers think because they propose to plow a field that all they

can get from it by pasturing must be clear gain. Yet they will haul wagon loads of coarse manure, often worth less per ton than the herbage they feed off. With clover, this close shaving cannot so well be practiced, for the deep roots constitute the most valuable fertilizer of the plant. But the grasses are more above the surface, and if the sod be eaten close to the ground most of its value to the next crop will be lost. There are at any season much cheaper foods than pasture. This cannot fail to be doubly true at this season when the nutritive value of grasses has been washed out by the combined action of snows, frost and rains. The open warm weather has been an advantage in wintering stock, provided it be kept close to the barn and regularly fed. But if the weather is open early in the winter, and stock is allowed to roam the fields they will invariably look poorly in the spring.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

How to Beautify a Home.

Almost everybody knows what a relief to the eyes a little spray of green is in the winter. The wealthy can indulge in expensive conservatories, but those in moderate circumstances, and even the very poor, can secure a pretty object at a small expense by following the directions given. To begin with, an acorn, which any little urchin can procure in the woods, and a pickle jar, which any housekeeper can supply. Procure a fine, healthy acorn, and crochet around it a little network case. Take off the cup first, and leave a loop of the cotton to hang the acorn point downward on the glass. The glass must have so much water in it that the tip of the acorn scarcely touches; keep it in a dark closet until it has sprouted, and then put it in the light. A chestnut thus kept in water will sprout in the same way. A sweet potato will grow luxuriantly, and may be trained around walls and picture-frames. A carrot grown in sand is, if well managed, a highly ornamental object. A good sized and healthy root must be selected. Cut off quite evenly the top of a carrot, and place it on the top of a pot full of sand, so that the leaves look as if they sprang from it. Moisten it well and keep it in the dark until it has begun to sprout; be careful to keep it damp, and move into the light directly the leaves appear. If the cultivation is successful, an ornament pretty enough for any room will be the result, and which will have to the unacquainted, the appearance of a pot of ferns. Another experiment may be made with a turnip, which must be as sound as possible. Clean the outside, taking care not to injure the part from whence the leaves spring. Cut a piece off the bottom and scoop out the inside, so that you have a hollow cap; fasten string or wire to it, so that it can be hung up. Fill the cavity and keep it filled with water. In a short time, the leaves will begin to sprout, and will curl up round the ball of the turnip, forming a pretty little hanging basket. Children can be made to interest themselves in such experiments which will be found an easy method of inculcating taste and refinement; besides, each and all point out their botanical lesson, and much is to be learned by careful and patient observation and experiment.

Drink Lemonade.

Lemonade is one of the best and safest drinks for any person whether in health or not. It is suitable to all stomach diseases, is excellent in sickness—in cases of jaundice, gravel, liver complaints, inflammation of the bowels and fevers. It is a specific against worms and skin complaints. Lemon juice is the best anti-scorbutic remedy known. It not only cures this disease but prevents it. Sailors make a daily use of it for this purpose. The hands and nails are also kept clean, white, soft, and supple, by the daily use of lemon instead of soap. It also prevents chilblains. Lemon is used in intermittent fever, mixed with strong, hot, black coffee, without sugar. Neuralgia may be cured by rubbing the part affected with a cut lemon. It is valuable also to cure warts and destroy dandruff on the head, by rubbing the roots of the hair with it. In fact, its uses are manifold, and the more we employ it externally the better we shall find ourselves. Rub your hands, head and gums with lemon, and drink lemonade in preference to all other liquids. This is an old doctor's advice. Follow it.—Anon.

BARLEY SOUP.—One pound of shin of beef, four ounces of pearl barley, one potato, salt and pepper to taste, one quart and a half of water. Put the ingredients into a sauce-pan, and simmer gently for four hours. Strain, return the barley, and serve. An onion added is an improvement. This is a good soup for invalids.

LENTIL SOUP.—Mix a tablespoonful of lentil flour and a teaspoonful of corn flour with a little milk till as thick as cream. Boil three-quarters of a pint of milk sweetened a little and flavored to taste; pour this slowly on the flour and milk, stirring meanwhile. Boil all together for ten minutes still stirring. Add a whipped egg. This is a most nourishing albuminous food and a good substitute for beef tea.

RICE CREAM.—To a pint of new milk add a quarter of a pound of ground rice, a lump of butter the size of a walnut, a little lemon peel and a tablespoonful of powdered sugar. Boil them together for five minutes, then add half an ounce of isinglass which has been dissolved, and let the mixture cool. When cool add half a pint of good cream whisked to a froth, mix all together, and set it for a time in a very cool place or on ice. When used, turn it out of the basin into a dish and

poor fruit juice round it; or some stewed apple or pear may be served with it.

APPLE MARMALADE.—A nice way of using apples that will not keep long is to make apple marmalade. Wipe the apples well, but do not peel them, core and quarter and cut in thin slices. If the apples used are very small ones, there will be an excess of skin in the marmalade; to counteract this and provide more pulp, a few large apples must be peeled and added to the rest. Have ready some syrup, made in the proportion of three pounds of loaf sugar to a pint of water, and boiled quickly for five minutes. Into this boiling syrup throw the sliced apple and boil rather rapidly for an hour, reckoning from the time of its first boiling up, stirring it frequently. It should then be clear, jellied and rather stiff. The rapid boiling drives off the watery particles in steam, and on this depends much of the success in keeping the marmalade from fermentation. Allow three pounds of sugar to four pounds of apples. Some people like cloves, cinnamon or lemon peel added as flavoring; but in this marmalade the natural flavor of the apples is so nicely preserved that it is almost a pity to spoil it. The marmalade can be kept in large or small quantities, and is very useful for open tarts or turnovers as well as for breakfast or tea.

Anecdotes of Webster.

I accompanied Mr. Webster to Annapolis to inform him of the facts of the case he was about to argue. But these were by no means the main topics of our conversation. It was not until the day before the hearing that he seemed to address himself seriously to the labor of preparation. He then shut himself up in his room for the entire morning, coming occasionally into mine to ask about some questions of fact, bringing half sheets of common blue letter paper, on which, he would say, he had been making "scratches." They were distinct propositions, texts rather than arguments, carefully studied, and, as was apparent from erasures and interlining, labored with a view to condensation, or to satisfy a fastidious judgment. Once, when I expressed a doubt whether one of his propositions was in accordance with certain facts, Mr. Webster drew his pen through it, saying, "So then that cock won't fight." The notes thus prepared were the brief of his argument, and he spoke from them. That the glimpses thus afforded of the workings of a great intellect were extremely interesting may readily be imagined.

But if the case did not engross us at all times, conversation did not flag. Our pleasant talks were after dinner, when we came back from the bar mess-room. Mr. Webster would then put on his slippers, and tilt back in his chair, with his feet against the side of the mantle-piece, on a level with his head, saying, "Shall I not take a steam ease in mine inn?" and go off into a stream of anecdotes, quotations, incidents of his early life, and matters and things generally. On these occasions Shakespeare was a favorite topic, and his familiarity with it testified by the aptness and correctness of his quotations. In one of these protracted talks, which always ran late into the night, Mr. Webster detailed the circumstances of his refusal to accept the clerkship of a county court, as they are related in Curtis, when the salary would have been a little fortune, and amused himself with a humorous comparison between his subsequent career and what would then have been his destiny. On the same occasion he described his early practice in New Hampshire, and told with almost boyish glee of overtaking, one bright moonlight night, a timber sled at the foot of a hill on which the snow lay deep. The driver had gone to the tavern ahead for an extra horse, and Mr. Webster, hitching his own horse as an addition to the team, got the lead to the summit, where the teamster presently found it. "I had hidden behind a tree," said the narrator, "where I enjoyed the fun, and only came forth to stay the hand of the owner, who was 'larrupping' his horses, because the 'farnal critters' had put him to the trouble of hiring assistance, when they were able to do the work themselves, and only refused their lead to spite him." It was Mr. Webster's way of telling the story, and his imitation of the driver's tone and manner, that enhanced the drollery of the incident.

Upon another occasion he gave an amusing account of his escape through the back window of an old-fashioned stage-coach when the horses were running away with it, and described the amazement of the driver, after they were stopped, when he found a member of congress standing on the baggage-rack, and playing footman to a stage-driver.

The interest of these anecdotes was not so much in their matter as in the evidence they afforded that neither the wear and tear of political and professional life nor distinguished position had impaired the freshness of early youth.

Another of Mr. Webster's anecdotes I have often repeated to students in my law office. It was the inflexible rule of Theophilus Parsons to give no law advice on Sunday—a rule which he persisted in adhering to when a client came to Salem on that day from Boston to obtain an opinion on a matter of first importance in connection with business to be transacted early on Monday. Angry at having had his journey for nothing, the client was on his way to his carriage, when Mr. Parsons followed him, and asked him whether he had made up his mind as to what was right according to the golden rule, and being answered in the affirmative, told him to go back to Boston, do what he believed was "just right," and when Mr. Parsons got to his office later on Mon-

day, he had no doubt he would find law enough to sustain him.

Speaking, on another occasion, about the elements of success in professional life, Mr. Webster said, "Why, there is a most learned lawyer, a most laborious man, and in all the relations of life absolutely unexceptionable, and yet, confound the fellow! he never produces results."

The age of some one being mentioned one evening, Mr. Webster said, "The worst standard by which to measure a man's life is the parish clerk's register. Some men, sir, are born old; others, again, never grow old;" and certainly, when I listened to his flow of animated talk, the gleefulness of many of his remarks about men and things, I fully appreciated his meaning—that it was the temperament of the man, and not the number of his years, that made him old or young.—Harper's Magazine.

HUMOROUS.

It is well to point out that the man who goes about solely to kill time should confine himself strictly to his own time.

Mrs. Partington said that a gentleman laughed so heartily that she feared he would have burst his jovial vein.

A man is like an egg. You can't tell whether or not he's good until he's "broke."—New York Post.

There are no pumps where the cocoon grows, which, perhaps, accounts for the milk in it.—Cincinnati Saturday Night.

Brooklyn claims a girl who eats half a pound of cloves a day. This is the worst case of going out to sea a man ever heard of.—Boston Post.

It is said that sharks will not bite a swimmer who keeps his legs in motion. If you can keep kicking longer than a shark can keep waiting, you are all right.—New York Post.

Huxley thinks music causes a dog acute pain, and nobody blames the poor dog very much, considering the fact that the family dog has to bear all the family practising.—Lowell Citizen.

An aged negro was one day showing the scars of wounds inflicted by the lash when he was a slave. "What a picture!" exclaimed a sympathizing looker-on. "Yes," responded the colored brother, "dat's de work ob one ob de old masters."—New York Post.

An illiterate personage, who always volunteered to go round with the hat, but was suspected of sparing his own pocket, overhearing one day a hint to that effect, made the following speech:—"Other gentlemen put down what they think proper, and so do I. Charity's a private concern, and what I gives is nothing to anybody."

Mrs. Agassiz found, one morning, in one of her slippers a cold little slimy snake, one of six sent the day before to her scientific spouse, and carefully set aside by him for safety under the bed. She screamed, "There is a snake in my slipper!" The servant leaped from his couch, crying, "A snake! Good heaven, where are the other five?"

One of the happiest hits ever made at the bar was made at Erskine in the days of his renown. He was arguing on the patent right relative to some new kinds of buckles; his opponent, Mingay, strongly contended that the invention was worth nothing. Erskine started up, and said in a solemn tone: "I said, and say again, that our ancestors would have looked on this invention as singularly ingenious—they would have been astonished at these buckles." "Gentlemen of the jury," said Mingay with equal solemnity, "I say nothing of my ancestors, but I am convinced that my learned friend's ancestors would have been much more astonished at his shoes and stockings." The court burst into a roar.

The Newab of Gondal in India has chosen seven youthful and lovely brides from among the daughters of the Gondal aristocracy, and has made arrangements to lead them to the altar, one after another on seven successive days. It will be the pleasing duty of each bride, progressively and in regular rotation, to attend the weddings celebrated subsequently to her own, so that the first lady of the series will enjoy the unusual privilege of witnessing seven nuptial ceremonies, in all of which she will be more or less directly interested, within the limits of a single week. The sevenfold bridegroom, however, has bestowed upon all his brides wedding dresses and ornaments of identical material, design and value. The rooms they are destined to occupy in his palace are all furnished exactly alike; and the accident of seniority; as regards the mere date of their respective marriage ceremonies, is not to carry with it any precedence at court.

Justice Gray's height is five inches over six feet—several inches more than Justice Harlan possesses. His proportions are not as full as Mr. Harlan's, and this increases his apparent height.

LADY BEAUTIFIERS.—Ladies, you cannot make fair skin, rosy cheeks, and sparkling eyes with all the cosmetics of France, or beautifiers of the world, while in poor health, and nothing will give you such rich blood, good health, strength and beauty as Hop Bitters. A trial is certain proof.

Cincinnati reports arrests during the past year 13,000, making an average of almost thirty-six per day.

KAHOKA, Mo., Feb. 9, 1880. I purchased five bottles of your Hop Bitters of Bishop & Co., last fall, for my daughter, and am well pleased with the Bitters. They did her more good than all the medicine she has taken for six years.

WM T. McCLURE. The above is from a very reliable farmer whose daughter was in poor health for seven or eight years, and could obtain no relief until she used Hop Bitters. She is now in as good health as any person in the country. We have large sales and they are making remarkable cures. W. H. BISHOP & Co. Wm. Fox, one of the Keokuk medical students, has had of small pox.

Vanderbilt's corporation tax, paid the New York State comptroller on the 12th inst., was \$101,346.62.

He had lost his knife, and they asked him the usual question:

"Do you know where you lost it?" "Yes, yes," he replied, "of course I do. I'm merely hunting for it in these other places to kill time."—Boston Post.

The hog may not be very far along in arithmetic, but when you come to square root he is there, the hog is.

CERVANTES says: "Pray devoutly, but hammer stoutly."

"Indian Department," Washington, D. C. I am anxious to introduce Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup among my Indians, having used it myself for several winters, and I think it one of the finest remedies I ever found. I assure you, it is the only thing that ever relieved me of a protracted cough, brought on by exposure while on the Sioux commission last year. A. G. BOONIE, Agent for Ponca and U. S. Commissioner.

Facts About Rheumatism.

Mrs. General Sherman says: "I have frequently purchased Durang's Rheumatic Remedy for friends suffering with Rheumatism, and in every instance it worked like magic."

General Logan, United States Senator, writes: "Some years ago I was troubled more or less with rheumatism, and have been a great sufferer in the last year with same disease. I began to take Durang's Rheumatic Remedy, and am satisfied that I have been cured by its use. I recommend it to all sufferers."

Hon. John Cassin, late member of Congress from Pennsylvania, writes: "In the space of twelve hours my rheumatism was gone, having taken three doses Durang's Rheumatic Remedy. My brother, of Bedford, Pennsylvania, was cured by a similar amount."

It absolutely cures when everything else fails. Sold by every Druggist. Send for free pamphlet to R. K. Helphensine, Washington D. C.

What the Director Said.

A Boston reporter, while in the office of the New York and Boston Dispatch Express Company, had a conversation with Mr. B. F. Larabee, one of the directors of the company, who gave the following personal experience: "A little more than a year ago I was taken sick. I did not know what the trouble was, but I continued to grow worse, and my complaint defied the skill of my doctors. At last my symptoms developed into that terrible complaint, Bright's Disease, which has been pronounced incurable by all physicians. My suffering at that time were unexpressed. I was bloated from head to foot; my heart pained me; my pulse was irregular, and I was unable to breathe, except in short, convulsive gasps. While suffering thus I learned of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, and although I had been given up to die by the prominent physicians of Boston, and they had told my friends I could not live a week, I resolved to try this remedy as a last resort. I am rejoiced to say that it effected a perfect cure in my case, and with my friends who have been afflicted with kidney troubles, either of long standing or in their acute forms, and who, under my advice, have used this most wonderful remedy."

RESCUED FROM DEATH.

The following statement of William J. Coughlin, of Somerville, Mass., is so remarkable that we beg to ask for its 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 gone at one time a report went around that I was dead. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of 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 hope once dead, began to revive and to-day I feel in better spirits than I have the past three 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.

PILES! PILES! PILES!

A Sure Cure Found at Last. No One Need Suffer.

A sure cure for the Blind, Bleeding, Itching and Ulcerated Piles has been discovered by Dr. Williams' Indian Ointment. A single box has cured the worst chronic cases of 25 and 30 years standing. No one need suffer five minutes after applying this wonderful soothing medicine. Lotions, Instruments, and Electrodes do more harm than good. Williams' Ointment absorbs the tumors, allays the intense itching (particularly at night after getting warm in bed), acts as a poultice, gives instant and painless relief, and is prepared only for Piles, itching of the private parts, and nothing else.

Read what the Hon. J. M. Coffinbury, of Cleveland says about Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment. "I have used scores of pile cures, but it affords me pleasure to say that I have never found anything which gave such immediate and permanent relief as Dr. Williams' Indian Ointment."

For sale by all druggists, or mailed on receipt of price \$1 00. HENRY & CO., Proprietors, New York City. FARRAND, WILLIAMS & Co. Agents, Detroit, Mich.

D. 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.

THE RAILROADS!

NOTES AND NEWS IN RELATION THERETO.—BOOM ALL ALONG THE LINE.—GOSSIPY GLEANINGS FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

Some uneasiness has been manifested during the past few days on account of a temporary suspension of the work of construction of our railroad. That there are no possible grounds for anxiety or distrust, we have the most positive and reliable information, and we trust that if any of our readers have allowed their faith to be shaken in the least they will speedily vanish from their minds all such questionings.

Mr. J. F. Joy and projectors of the Detroit narrow gauge road spoke a few weeks too late in regard to making Port Austin the principal northern terminus. Port Austin folks have made other arrangements.

LARGE QUANTITIES OF WIND. This narrow gauge railroad war, which apparently has just nicely got under way, has its foundation in a deep-seated and bitter feeling of antagonism between Detroit and Port Huron.

A VOICE FROM SAGINAW. The following from the Daily Courier of East Saginaw, discusses the question from a Saginaw stand point, and the reader will note how prejudice in favor of ones own locality will lead them to say very stupid and absurd things.

BAD AXE ALIVE. Bad Axe has done nobly in the raising of railroad subscription. It was hardly to be expected that in a village which, but a few weeks since, was almost destroyed by fire, anything for such a purpose could be secured.

WHAT BAD AXE PREFERS. There are now in course of construction projected no less than seven railroads that terminate somewhere in Huron county.

our bright prospects of becoming a great railroad centre for one tangible road which would connect us with the outside world. That a road through Bad Axe will be built, we have every reason to believe.

THE FEELING AT PORT AUSTIN. Quiet but very effective work has been done in Port Austin during the past two weeks in the matter of railroad subscriptions, and the list here is now larger in amount and more reliable than ever before.

Port Austin, January 17.—Considerable quiet but effective work has been done by the citizens of Port Austin and vicinity and they believe that they have secured the best thing in the way of a railroad that was ever offered them.

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TUSCOLA COUNTY.

There is some of the diphtheria lurking around Ellington yet. There will be good demand for carpenters, in Arabela, next spring.

Men are drawing logs into O. P. Hutchinson's mill yard, at Ellington, and the mill is running again. E. B. Hayes, of Juniata, has purchased the Root farm adjoining his own.

Rev. E. B. Sutton and Mrs. Remington, of Ellington, are holding a series of meetings in the Hutchinson neighborhood. It is reported that one of the citizens of Fair Grove, found a deer dead in the woods one day last week, and carried it home.

Seb. Coars, of Tuscota, has purchased the present residence of Mr. G. S. Owen, taking possession in April. Mr. Owen has not yet decided where he will locate.

John Whitney, of Gilford, died on Friday week, at 1 o'clock A. M. He was one of the pioneer residents of Gilford and was much respected by all who knew him.

J. H. Mosier, of Ellington, is putting up a shingle mill for Geo. Taylor. It will be attached to O. P. Hutchinson's mill, and will be a fine thing for that part of the township.

D. P. Hinson, of Fair Grove, one of the pioneers of this county, is in very poor health this winter. He has been confined to the house ever since last fall. Mr. Hinson is 82 years old.

Well, the iron horse, has progressed so far that it is visible from the corners. There will probably be a little racket with the boys, if the contractor don't pay up when the train gets to Aldrich's corners.

John Waite, just over the line in Birch Run received quite a serious injury the other day. While attempting to push a tree over with a spring pole, the pole broke and flew back and came near scalding him.

D. G. Slaughter, of Tuscola, bid in the McPherson house hotel property last week at mortgage sale. What disposal he will make of it is not known.

On Tuesday, the 10th, a little granddaughter of John Myerhoff, of Fair Grove, was badly scalded by falling backward into a pail of water.

The railroad track is now laid through Gilford and part of Fair Grove. They never had a railroad before, but are equal to Caro in that respect.

On the sixteenth as Elmer Sprague, of Watertown, was engaged in drawing lumber, his team started to run.

The cars have come to Fair Grove. The iron is laid across the east and west road, and it will be laid across the north and south road to day.

SLIGHTLY MIXD. Milton Maybee, of near South Haven, brought small-pox contagion from Chicago in his clothing, and one of his children has since died of the disease and another is dying.

A German farmer named Fritz Frank was crushed to death yesterday week by a load of wood capsizing upon him as he was driving into East Saginaw.

And now it is said those two clerks who broke into the relief rooms, at Minden, a short time since, did so for the purpose of keeping the night watchman awake, and not with any intention of extracting goods as was rumored.

R. J. Briscoe's Detroit mill, at Bay City, will receive extensive repairs to its gang saws in the way of heavier and stronger gearing.

A few days ago, as a train on the Port Huron & Northwestern railroad was approaching a bridge, the engineer saw a woman on the bridge and in danger of being killed.

There was no way for her to get off, and the brakes would not stop the train, therefore the engineer yelled to her to "lie down."

AND DON'T YOU FORGET IT!

The Cheapest and Purest DRUGS In the Market are found at

City Drug Store, Also a fine Stock of

Patent Medicines Books

—AND— Stationery.

WEYDEMAYER & FREDMORE, Cass City, Mich.

NEW STORE! AND NEW GOODS!

Cross & Parsons FLOUR & FEED STORE

—AT— A. L. Keiff's Old Stand.

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

—We Buy— Produce and Provisions AND PAY CASH.

FREE DELIVERY! Call and see us opposite Kelly & Stick and's market.

Cross & Parsons, Boston Restaurant

WARM MEALS at all Hours. OYSTERS.

MILK STEW, SOUP, RAW. A first-class stock of Confectionery and Cigars kept in connection.

W. E. ANDERSON, (First door west of Town Hall) Cass City.

JACOB MAIER, Photograph Artist.

FOR THE FINEST Photographs

McKenzie & Duck, Caro, Michigan

CASS CITY DRAY, Lent Deming, Prop.

Moving and Tinning attended to promptly. Can be found at Frank Austin's Tin Shop, or word and directions may be left there when absent.

WISCONSIN LANDS 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.

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 wareroom 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.

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 SHOETTLE'S Drug Store

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

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. BOWELL & 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 Weydemeyer's 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 JAKETS.

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

At N. A. Waugh & Co. Sagetown, 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. Sagetown, Mich.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

Detroit and Bay City Division.

Table with columns for TRAINS SOUTH and TRAINS NORTH, listing times and destinations like Port Huron, Metamora, and Thomas.

CARO BRANCH.

Table with columns for TRAINS NORTH, listing times and destinations like Vassar, Watrousville, and Caro.

SAGINAW BRANCH.

Table with columns for TRAINS SOUTH, listing times and destinations like Vassar, Watrousville, and Caro.

PORT HURON & NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY.

MARLETTE DIVISION.

Table with columns for GOING WEST and GOING EAST, listing times and destinations like Port Huron, Marlette, and Brookway Center.

SAND BEACH DIVISION.

Table with columns for GOING NORTH and GOING SOUTH, listing times and destinations like Port Huron, Marlette, and Sand Beach.

CITY AND VICINITY.

—A general boom. —Hay by the wholesale. —Drummers till you can't rest. —The permanent steps to this office are erected. —Our correspondents are bracing up. Glad of it. —Mr. Wm. Lewenberg, of Caro, was in town Friday. —Dr. Chase, of Caro, was in the village on Thursday. —About two inches of snow fell on Friday night last. —Miss Annie Burk scalded her hand severely on Monday. —The sleighing is possible in the village, but outside it is rather bare. —Mr. Wm. Jeffrey still attends to his justice business at the Boston Restaurant. —S. C. Armstrong is in Detroit this week attending Grand Lodge F. & A. Masons. —Mr. Walker sunk a well for Mr. W. B. Anderson, at the rear of his building, last week. —The Swarder Bros. have sold out their meat market to Chas. Stryker and Geo. Killands. —Mr. McMillan, formerly of St. Thomas, Ont., but now teaching school in Greenleaf, made us a pleasant call on Saturday. —There was great excitement in the village on Monday owing to the distribution of relief money, by Hon. Dugal McIntyre. —There will be a donation party at the residence of Rev. J. Kelland, on Friday 3rd February. A general invitation is extended to all. —Messrs. Jeffrey & Anderson, by mutual consent have dissolved partnership and the business will hereafter be carried on by Mr. Anderson. —A public dera is one of the conveniences we have acquired. It is run by Lent Deming whose advertisement may be found in another column. —At the party at Mr. Waugh's, Gagetown, on Friday night last, a quantity of apples were purloined. Mrs. Waugh wishes them returned. —Mr. J. Lewenberg, of Caro, was in the village, visiting with his brother and cousin for several days the past week, and returned home on Tuesday. —Mr. Wright, of Monroe county, has been in the village for several days, looking out for a suitable farm on which to move. He expects to move soon. —Miss Edna Tennant gave a party to the little folks of the village on Monday evening, with Mr. Gillies' help the gathering passed off very pleasantly. —A man by the name of Sol. Hugel, living near Clifford, had both of his legs broken and an ankle smashed in the lumber woods, on Friday last. He was taken home on Saturday. —We were sorry to see so much drunkenness prevailing in the village on Monday. If the relief money is to be used in this manner it would be far better if it were not distributed.

—Mr. Chapman, prosecuting attorney of Huron county, was in town on Tuesday.

—Cass City is booming, the travel to and through here is immense. On Monday, seventy-four parties took dinner at the hotel. Throughout the day the hotel was crowded to overflowing.

—It is astonishing fact that parties after receiving relief in the form of cash from the commission, turn around and heap abuse upon said commission and Mr. McIntyre its agent. Of course they have to spend a large share of the money they receive at the hands of Mr. McIntyre in getting disgustingly drunk and then he gets it right and left. The more you do for such men the less they think of you. Mr. McIntyre is a man of unapproachable character and we feel that a great injustice is being done him by those faultfinding parties.

—Mr. Neal McEachin met with a severe accident on Tuesday morning. He left here for the south of the river with one of Mr. Hall's horses hitched to a cutter. Upon arriving on the other side one of the horses became unhitched and he got out to replace it, when the horse, from some unknown cause, started on the run, dragging Mr. McEachin after him on the ground. The horse in starting broke loose from the cutter running about forty rods. Mr. McEachin sustained injuries to his head, arms, hands and neck, but we hope he soon will be around again all right. The cutter was pretty badly demolished.

—There has been no time in the history of Bad Axe in which so large an amount of property has changed hands as within the past ninety days. There are various causes for the sudden activity in real estate transactions. The great fire made it necessary for some to seek other homes, while it discouraged and led others to dispose of their property. The same fire, by running over the wild lands, cleared and enhanced its value from five to fifteen dollars per acre. The attention of the public has been called to this district by its calamity, and the people have found the lands to be of superior quality and a first-class investment. To these causes may be added that a railroad is now being built in the county and a very general impression prevailing that another will shortly penetrate the interior. Should this activity continue it will tend to enhance the value of property which has already advanced from ten to thirty per cent since the fire. The encouraging feature of the movement is that a large proportion of those buying are doing so with the intention of the becoming actual settlers, and we may reasonably look for this to make advances unprecedented in its history. —Huron Tribune.

FROM THE COUNTY CAPITAL.

DEAR ENTERPRISE: The events of the past week have been unimportant, and in consequence our weekly epistle will not be of absorbing interest.

The improved condition of the roads has induced more folks than usual to come to town but business does not improve. The few weeks succeeding the holidays are always dull. This is true in village and country, hamlet and city, and this year is no exception to the rule. Some of the merchants are beginning to jake stock, after which will follow preparations for spring, and big spring announcements.

Our population steadily increases. This time the stranger came to Will S. Kellands house, and there is great rejoicing. It is a fat, good looking boy. It is grandpa Sam, Stickland now.

Contractor Lawrie, of the Pontiac road was in town on Monday, and reports that everything that can be done towards furthering the construction of the road during this cold weather is being done. He is inclined to laugh at the rumor that the road has woodblinded.

A county convention of the Michigan State Temperance Alliance is called to meet at the Baptist church on Monday next at 2 p. m.

NOVESTA.

The Union Sunday school held a concert on Wednesday the 8th, which was a success. Music was furnished by Miss Sarah Dickson. The singing and recitations by the school was a credit to the scholars and teachers.

Mr. T. Kirkpatrick has decided to set up his mill on his own place, where he will saw all the logs brought to him. He expects to have it in running order by the first of February.

Messrs Warner & Houghton have received their shingle machine which they will set up on sec. 16.

I see by Canadian papers that Mr. A. D. Gillies, of Cass City, intends to take a tour through western Canada to lecture on the great Michigan fire and receive contributions for the sufferers. We wish you success A. D.

R. Q. P.

GREENLEAF.

On Wednesday evening January 4th, at the Sheridan Presbyterian church a very pleasant entertainment was held for the benefit of Sabbath school. Rev. Mr. Fleming, Sabbath school missionary, and Rev. E. England were present. Meeting was called to order by Rev. Fleming and Mr. W. Tuttle elected chairman for the evening. Meeting opened by singing, led by Rev. Fleming, and prayer by Rev. Eng. land, after which a rich repast and social interview was enjoyed by all. Meetings called to order by Chairman after singing. Rev. Fleming delivered an edifying address upon the origin of holidays and Christmas

day with other remarks suitable to the occasion, after which Rev. England was called upon for an address, who rethanked how properly the exercises were conducted, and also offered appropriate suggestions as how we should enter upon the duties of the New Year, after which a number of presents were distributed among the children making their hearts good. The proceeds amounted to nearly \$7.00, which will be used to furnish the school with literature. In all we had a good time and was a success and doubtless will be the result of much encouragement to the school. A. C.

GAGETOWN.

John L. Bratie, clerk of the Pontiac Oxford & Port Austin railroad company, will start on Monday Jan. 23rd for Clatham, Ont., to visit his family, and expects to return about February 1st. We wish him a safe journey. His place will be filled as clerk during his absence by H. Drane, late clerk of the J. L. & S. R. R.

A night cap social was held at the residence of Dr. Morris on the evening of Jan. 18th, for the benefit of the Grace church. The result was a good time and \$3 dollars cash.

John Wilson, Sen., is sick with typhoid fever. He is receiving medical treatment from Dr. Wm Morris, Jr.

James A. Lawrie, co-tactor of the P. O. & P. A. R. R., is in town.

The grating on the railroad north of Gagetown is being pushed along as fast as the weather will permit.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Smith, of Gagetown, are recovering from a severe attack of diphtheria.

Gagetown grist mill in full blast, doing good work.

Railroad ties and fence posts are coming in lively at the depot grounds at Gagetown.

Communication.

Gagetown, Jan. 23rd, 1882.

ED. CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

Dear Sir,

Mr TenEvke, attorney for the Pontiac Oxford & Port Austin railroad company, was at this place last week. The object of his visit was to secure more bonus for the railroad, or in other words, he wished to exchange some worthless notes for one good note of \$140 four hundred and forty dollars, signed by responsible parties. But as no one could be found who would take stock in the slow notes, no exchange was made. On or about Nov 1st, A. D. 1831, Mr. TenEvke was at Gagetown and received from Mr. Dann, notes to the amount, (\$1,040) four thousand and forty dollars, for which amount he gave a receipt, now after two months or more time has past and the railroad is partly ironed and the grating nearly finished, he finds out that his notes are not all good. A man of his ability, holding the attorneyship of the above mentioned railroad should not have expected the notes at par, as no subscriptions to the amount above stated could be collected by law. The time was when the amount of \$140 dollars could have been secured, but as the chance has been lost, I think it doubtful whether any more can be secured unless some who have not subscribed will come to the front and give their aid, the amount cannot be secured.

Geo C. Peterians.

A Vindication.

MR. EDITOR: The Board of Health and particularly myself, have been severely criticised concerning the desecration made of the body of the late Edward Wells. In first thought I would allow the matter to pass in silent contempt, but there are cases when forbearance ceases to be a virtue, and this appears to be an instance of that kind. I am aware that a great share of the criticism has occurred because the law under which we acted is a recent one and people generally were not aware of its existence, but people should not presume that because they had not seen the law that it did not exist, as some ex health officers in this township have done, much to their credit. I can only say to these gentlemen that many things exist which they do not know and advise them to pay more attention to veracity in future. The law regarding the disposal of persons who die on public charity, may be found in the Session Laws of Michigan for 1831, on pages 12 and 13, by any person who may wish to read it. Our duty in this matter was plain and unmistakable, and we fulfilled the requirements of the law to the letter. I heard that the Hopkins boys had said that they would bury Wells. I went to see them on Sunday and Oscar told me that he did not feel able to assume the responsibility. On Monday morning I told Mr. Leonard, the gentleman for whom Wells had worked, that he could have the body if he would pay the board for the coffin and bury the remains. He thought he could not do it, which I am prepared to prove by Richard Clark, who was present. Any person who states that they offered to take charge of the body and were refused the privilege, tell what they know to be an unqualified falsehood. Before shipping the body, I went to Caro and got the prosecuting attorney's opinion, in which he stated that it was our imperative duty to send the body to Ann Arbor, if not claimed inside of thirty-six hours. It is surprising that green-headed justices of the peace would say that the board could be presented, and the advice of the health officer of an adjoining township, ought to make him a

ATTENTION FARMERS!

Having rented the Reynick 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.

laughing stock. I believe that a great deal has been said about this matter for no other reason than to place me in a false position, and to injure my personal character, conveying the idea that I was acting on my own responsibility, and not under the direction of the board of health. I was acting in the capacity of health officer, and it was my duty as executive officer of the board to dispose of the body according to law. I believe that when the general public understand my true relation to the transaction that they can come to no other conclusion than that I have done my duty, nothing more. At least I am willing to abide by the verdict of the intelligent people of this vicinity, when they know all the facts in the matter. Thanking you Mr. Editor for this valuable space. I am very truly, N. L. MCLACHLAN.

P. S. Below is the prosecuting attorney's opinion:

This is to certify that I have examined the law of 1831, in relation to the duty of the Board of Health in relation to persons who die a charge upon the public and no friends to claim the body. The law seems to be clear in such cases and makes it imperative on the board to box up and ship the remains to the Medical University, if not claimed within 36 hours.

IRVING P. EDISON, Prosecuting Attorney.

SOME STARTLING FACTS.

Bell's Health Preserving Corsets, the only corset pronounced by the medical profession not injurious to the wearer. For sale at A. D. Gillies'.

Down they go, goods cheaper than ever for cash, at Wickware's.

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.

Try those fresh water herring at Wickware's Cheap Store.

A conundrum.—Why do all the old ladies buy their tea at A. D. Gillies'?

Luce & Mosher's Cough Mixture and Hancock's Ointment are sold and guaranteed by Adamson & Fritz, Druggists.

A new stock of clocks of all descriptions at Frank Hendrick's Jewelry store.

Try that fine, uncolored Japan Tea, sold at Wickware's cheap store, its only 50 cents a pound.

Genuine Mocha and Java Coffee, at Wickware's, try it.

T. H. Hunt has a full line of everything usually kept in a first-class grocery. Fresh Oysters at Wickware's and don't you forget it.

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 fine English breakfast Tea for 50 cents at Wickware's.

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

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

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.

Coffee! Coffee! Coffee! fresh ground, at Wickware's.

A perfect 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.

WANTED. 1,000,000 feet of Pine, Cherry, Ash and Cedar Logs, and Cedar Posts, for which will be paid the highest price, to be delivered on the bank of Cass river. Asa White, Cass City.

Notice. Sealed proposals will be received by the undersigned Com. of Highways of the township of Novesta, on Wednesday, 8th day of Feb. A. D. 1882, from nine o'clock A. M. until three o'clock P. M., at the bridge ruins, one mile south of Cass City, for building a stone abutment on sec. line between sec. three and sec. four, in said township. Said abutment is as follows: South abutment is to be 20x52 and 14 feet high, estimated to need about 75 cords of stone, plan and specifications made known on day of sale. Dated Jan. 10th, 1882. A. R. TROSPRON, Com. Highways, Novesta township.

Notice. Sealed proposals will be received by the undersigned Commissioner of Highways, township of Novesta, on Wednesday the 8th day of Feb. A. D. 1882, from nine o'clock A. M. until three o'clock P. M., at the bridge ruins, one mile south of Cass City, for building a combination bridge across Cass river on the sec. line, between sec. three and sec. four, in said township of Novesta, said bridge to be of one span, about one hundred and twelve feet in length and 14 feet roadway. The right to reject any or all bids is reserved. Dated Jan 10th 1882. A. R. TROSPRON, Com. Highways Novesta Township.

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 mis take 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 and health 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 female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere. 25 cents a bottle.

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, Croup, 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.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

We offer for sale, for the first time, five of the most desirable lots for building lots to be found in Cass City. The most centrally located and desirable fronts in town, and parties desiring to build a hotel, we offer a choice of three locations. We hold in reserve 3 lots on corner below town hall, for a hotel site. These lots are on corner of Main and West streets. Travel to and from the depot will pass this corner. It is the largest and best location in town, considering the price we ask for it. 16 choice residence lots for sale.

We offer 80 acres of land in township of Sheridan, ten miles from Cass City, at a bargain.

We will make terms on any of the above property to suit purchaser.

Wilsey & McPhail.

Bangles.

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

Experience the best Teacher. We know from experience that Hamilton's Cough Troches are just what they are recommended to be. They give almost immediate relief in Bronchitis, Throat affections and chronic Throat disease. Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Cass City druggists and Geo. H. Dann, Greenleaf.

Valuable Remedy for a Painful Disease. PARMELEE'S PILE SUPPOSITORIES act promptly in allaying all inflammation of the rectum, and by being easily dissolved, are readily absorbed in the system, healing the diseased and irritated condition of these organs. They are convenient for self-application, causing no unpleasantness, and affording such satisfactory results, that to any one afflicted with that painful disease, the Piles, they are invaluable. By direct application to the seat of disease, they are the most efficacious means of cure to be met, and are particularly useful in cases attended with rigid contraction of the sphincter ani. Price 50 cents per box Sold by Cass City Druggists and Geo. Dann, Greenleaf.

Best Worm Medicine Known. Physicians say that almost every child is troubled more or less by worms. The poor little ones are pale and haggard, weary and listless, and there is a constant flush on one cheek. The parents should at once secure a box of Parmelee's Worm Candies or Lozenges. They will destroy the worms without injury to the child. Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Cass City Druggists, and Geo. H. Dann, Greenleaf.

A stubborn and harassing Cough that will not yield to ordinary remedies, may be thoroughly cured by Hamilton's Cough Balsam, a most effective remedy for all bronchial and pulmonary disorders and a certain cure for croup, diphtheria whooping cough and other affections to which children are liable. Sample bottles 25 cents; large size 50 cents. Sold by Geo. H. Dann, Greenleaf, and Cass City Druggists.

ADVERTISE OFTEN.

ADVERTISE ALWAYS

ADVERTISE NOW.

Whether business is lively or dull, it

Always Pays to Advertise

THE RESULTS

May not be as noticeable at one time as another, but they are

ALWAYS POSITIVE.

DON'T LET DULL TIMES

DISCOURAGE YOU FROM

ADVERTISING.

THE DULLER THE TIMES THE GREATER THE NEED FOR SPECIAL ENDEAVOR.

Advertising in a Good Newspaper

IS LIKE

Placing Your Sign

IN EVERYONE'S HOME.

IT IS A

CONSTANT REMINDER

To the reader that you are

"ALIVE AND KICKING."

DON'T TAKE OUT YOUR ADVERTISEMENT, THE REGULAR

READER WILL MISS YOU, AND WILL EITHER

FORGET YOU

OR MAKE UP HIS MIND YOU HAVE PUT UP YOUR SHUTTERS.

Trying to do Business

WITHOUT ADVERTISING,

IS LIKE RUNNING A STORE WITH

THE SHUTTERS ON.

It is SLOW—very slow, and not Very Sure.

It is like winking at a pretty girl in the dark—you may know you are doing, but no one else does.

THE WEEKLY

"ENTERPRISE"

NEVER ENJOYED SO

LARGE A CIRCULATION

AS NOW,

And consequently was never before in a position to do as much good to its advertisers.

Notwithstanding which its advertising rates have not varied, while its

CIRCULATION HAS DOUBLED.

No pains will be spared to make

THE "ENTERPRISE"

A Welcome Visitor in Every Household.

—AND THE—

LOW RATE OF SUBSCRIPTION

Brings it within the reach of all.

THE CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

BERRY BROS., Publishers.

CASS CITY, MICH.

The Democratic Issue for 1884.

A languid debate is in progress in the columns of Democratic newspapers over the question whether it will pay the democracy to take up Civil Service Reform and make it a political issue for 1884.

The proposed reform has, as one of its chief features, the interdiction by law of the contribution of money for political purposes by office-holders, and great stress is laid upon this as an argument for the party's taking it up and pressing it.

We are inclined to think that the discussion will result in the adoption of the Pendleton plan of an aggressive campaign on the Civil Service Reform platform.

MICHIGAN LUMBER AND SALT.—The annual review of the lumber and salt industry of the Saginaw Valley just published, shows the lumber products of the Saginaw River Mills for 1881 to have been 971,320,000 feet, 304,000,000 shingles and 47,000,000 barrel staves; and that 2,750,000 barrels of salt were manufactured in this State.

The "Expert" Question Under Discussion.

"My dear," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, as she wiped the corner of the baby's mouth, and curled up a roll on the top of the head, "why don't you go and be an expert?"

"Expert in what?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke, dropping his paper.

"Don't you know! An expert who goes to court and yells right out what he thinks of hypothetical questions and heads, and knows by the almanac just when a man is crazy and when he isn't."

"Anything particular the matter with your head this trip?" roared Mr. Spoopendyke. "Been reading some old cook book lately? What're you talking about? What dress pattern have you got hold of now?"

"I was reading about Mr. Guiteau," replied Mrs. Spoopendyke, "and I thought how much better it must be to be an expert than to know anything about the case! That's why I asked. If a man knows anything they always prove that he don't, but if he is an expert, he just swears that a man who bothers him is crazy and ends it."

could make a fortune as an expert," sputtered Mr. Spoopendyke. "I tell you they are intelligent men. They make up their minds and speak to their opinions according to law. When the revised statutes at large provide for me as an expert, as they provide for idiots, lunatics, habitual drunkards and married women, I'll go into the business!"

"Well," rejoined Mrs. Spoopendyke bridling indignantly, "if the revised statutes provide that way, they ought to be shut up. They've no business at large. I don't know that these experts were legalized. I supposed they just went there to help their friends along."

"No, they don't either!" retorted Mr. Spoopendyke. "They go to swear whether the man is insane or not."

"But what do they want to drown him for?" argued Mrs. Spoopendyke. "There they were all talking at once and getting along pleasantly, when all of a sudden Mr. Porkhill and Col. Corker and Mr. Savage throw Mr. Guiteau into the dock."

"Drown your grandfather's hind leg!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke. "What d'ye think a law dook is? Got a notion it's a pond with green scum on top of it? S'pose it's a two-inch mud puddle with a fence around it, and a congressional appropriation to make it navigable? It's a pen, I tell ye; a railed-off pen in the court room, where they put prisoners. Guiteau bothered the experts so that they had to put him in the pen. Think you understand it now?"

"Of course" assented Mrs. Spoopendyke, but why didn't they put Mr. Scoville and Mr. Reed there, too? They are trying to bother the experts just as much as Guiteau did. They won't let the poor man alone."

"Don't you know the difference between a lawyer and a criminal?" ripped Mr. Spoopendyke, or is that too fine a distinction for you? Reed and Scoville are defending Guiteau, Porter and Corkhill and Davidge are prosecuting him. Of course his lawyer will cross-examine the witness against him. But it's no use to explain anything to you."

"I understand that much," returned Mrs. Spoopendyke, "but I don't understand what Judge Cox means by pitching into the lawyers and overriding their questions. The first he knows the experts will swear that he is an asymmetrical, and then he'll be put in the dock with Guiteau, where it will go hard with him. I tell you a judge can't be too careful how he behaves," and Mrs. Spoopendyke pinned the baby's skirts and smoothed out its dress.

"Wow!" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke, unable for an instant to throw his feelings into any coherent form of speech. "You've struck it! You're a whole barrel of canned judiciary! All you want now is a red label on your back and some marginal notes to be a dodgasted law library! If you'd change your assistants once a month and win four cases during one term of office, you'd only need three deadends and a plug hat to be a district attorney! You've got the idea! There's nothing more to be said on either side! Give you a black petticoat with sleeves to it and a wart on your nose, and you'd only want a restaurant in the basement and a lounge up-stairs to be a United States supreme court! What d'ye suppose a judge is for, a substitute? Think he sits around to ease the prisoner, turn and turn about? Got some kind of an idea that he is a work on etiquette, with mottled leaves and a yellow binding, and Tommy from Fanny on the fly? I tell you he presides! And anybody but a half-witted woman who didn't think with her heels and reason with the rattle next door wouldn't need to be told of it more times than she makes an idiot of herself."

"If he presides, it's all right," rejoined Mrs. Spoopendyke, with a sigh of relief, "but I got the idea that he went there to feel the public sentiment, and then say those were his views, and he was only helping the prosecution to see the error of Guiteau's ways before his conduct was snapped up and used against him."

Mr. Spoopendyke drew off his clothes solemnly, fired the pieces into different corners and waded into bed with the stern reflection that "some people only needed side whiskers and a note book full of bad lectures on repealed statutes to be a modern law school!"

"I don't care," muttered Mrs. Spoopendyke. "I like those experts, and I wish my husband would go into the business. They may not hang Mr. Guiteau, but they will find the jury insane, and Mr. Porter will have to look up some other kind of a job, for this trial can't last forever."

With which satisfactory solution of the national complication, Mrs. Spoopendyke undressed the baby, dropping the pins where Mr. Spoopendyke would be sure to find them the moment he stepped out of the bed in the morning.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Powerful Machine.

The muscles of the body are in reality machines for doing work; and the work they do is much greater than many people have any idea of. A strong man can easily do in a day as much work as though he lifted 350 tons a foot high. The heart itself, the most powerful and the most untiring of the muscles, pumps out the blood which passes into it with a force which appears almost incredible. At every beat it throws out five or six ounces of blood, and in twenty-four hours from fourteen to nineteen tons!

An abundant maple sugar crop in Northern Michigan is predicted this year.

W. H. Smith & Bro., of Hillsdale, have shipped to New York and other eastern cities the past year 224 heavy, fine coach horses, at an average cost of \$280 a head.

The mother of the late Gen. G. A. Custer, died at Monroe on Saturday, aged 73. A husband, two daughters, and a son survive.

THE INGRATITUDE OF HUMANITY.

W. H. SMITH, M. D. PH. D.

The student of history cannot fail to be impressed with the frequent evidences given of man's ingratitude. Often persons have labored in such a way as to redound to the good of others and yet been shamefully maltreated. Carthage allowed her greatest warrior, Hannibal, to die in exile; Rome had her Caesar stabbed in the senate chamber, and her most celebrated orator, Cicero, was assassinated by the imperial soldiery. Scipio, when Hannibal had overrun Italy and was at the gates of the eternal city, aroused his countrymen and led her legions in victorious war. From amid the ruins of demolished Carthage he dictated the terms of peace to her enemies. For this a grand triumphal procession was awarded him, and he was given the name, *Africanus*. Soon his country again demanded his services, and he was appointed to conduct the war against the Numantians. Bringing victory out of a series of his predecessor's defeats, his successes in Spain were more glorious than the fall of the chief city of Africa. Another triumphal pageant, and the name *Numantinus* was his, not long after, he was unfortunate enough to offend his countrymen; alas for earthly glory! The same people, who had followed with their plaudits his triumphal chariot, now greeted him with hisses upon his appearance in public. He became almost a cipher in the affairs of his country, was strangled in his bed, and Rome had not sufficient regard for his memory to look up and punish his murderers.

Botgther, by his discovery of porcelain, became one of Saxony's greatest benefactors. The depleted and exhausted treasury of that kingdom was enriched by the revenues accruing from the sale of his wares. Skillful artisans and workmen were drawn thither from other countries, and the name of Saxony was honored by the porcelain produced. But how fared it with the man to whom all this was due? For him there was no royal honors, but he was retained a royal slave, conducted to and from his work by a guard of soldiers, locked nightly in his room, watched constantly lest he escape and carry his secret to other lands, he remained a close prisoner until nearly the end of his life and died from ill health engendered by his enforced confinements.

Bernard Palissy, the discoverer of the art of enameling, was another of earth's worthies who was shabbily treated. Accused of heresy on account of his Protestant views, his house was entered by the so-called officers of justice, his workshop forced open and pottery destroyed by the rabble, and he himself a prisoner was cast into the dungeon at Bordeaux, condemned to the stake, his life saved only by the intervention of the influential Constable de Montmorency. Afterwards set at liberty, he was re-arrested, imprisoned in the Bastille, and threatened with death unless he recanted. Said King Henry III. to him: "We have put up with your adhering to your religion amidst fires and massacres; now I am so pressed by the Guise party, as well as by my own people, that I am constrained to leave you in the hands of your enemies, and to-morrow you will be burnt unless you become converted."

Palissy, bowed down with the weight of seventy-eight years, but with a heart and spirit as undaunted as ever, replied: "Sire, I am ready to give my life for the glory of God, you have said many times that you have pity on me; and now I have pity on you, who have pronounced the words, 'I am constrained!' It is not spoken like a king; it is what you, and those who constrain you, the Guissards and all your people, can never effect upon me, for I know how to die." The old man was not executed, but died in the Bastille one year later.

Giordano Bruno, in the 11th century, accumulated facts for future astronomers, and promulgated the view that a plurality of worlds exist. This was deemed heresy. The cold-hearted sleuth-hounds of the inquisition hunted him from country to country, and finally arrested and burned him at the stake. Galileo investigated the principles of philosophy and astronomy, and taught that grand truth that the sun, and not the earth, was the center of the solar system. For this he was imprisoned, tried, and compelled to renounce the doctrine of the motion of the earth.

Columbus, with unsurpassed daring, sailed over the pathless deep and discovered the New World. He thus indirectly filled the coffers of Spain with wealth, and yet he was afterward sent from Hayti to Spain in chains, which he declared he should continue to "wear as a memento of the ingratitude of princes."

Among the most brilliant discoveries of the 11th century was that of the circulation of the blood by Harvey. He, however, met with the usual lot of innovators. He was derided and the fact rejected. Of his great discovery of circulation it is said that no man then living over forty years of age ever believed it. Not only was the truth which he revealed branded as error, but he was accused of impiety, his practice disappeared, and he was left almost friendless in the world. Ambrose Pare discovered acciden-

tally that emollient applications were better than boiling oils as a dressing for wounds. He also re-introduced the ligature in surgery, and tied instead of burning the bleeding vessel. Surely one would say such a benefactor would be appreciated and kindly treated. But not so! His practice was denounced so unprofessionally and empirically. The older surgeons generally opposed the innovation. He was accused of the horrible crime of daring to suspend a human life upon a single thread. He was reproached with his ignorance of Latin and Greek, and assailed with quotations from the ancient writers. To these he could not reply, but his practice triumphed. His Protestantism, however, made him unpopular, and it was only through the friendship of Charles IX. that his life was saved on the night of the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Not substantially different did Jenner fare when he made his discovery of vaccination. This was at first treated with indifference. Not a single medical man could be induced to try it. Then active hostilities were manifested. Jenner was accused with attempting to "bestialize" the species. It was affirmed that vaccinated children became "ox-faced," and that sores appeared to indicate "sprouting horns," and that the countenance became by degrees "transmuted into the visage of a cow, the voice into the bellowing of bulls." From the pulpit vaccination was denounced as "diabolical," and declared to be an attempt at the contravention of Providence in warding off disease. However, vaccination was a truth and triumphed, and of it the great Cuvier declared that, "if vaccine were the only discovery of the epoch, it would serve to render it illustrious forever; but it knocked twenty times at the doors of the Academies."

In like manner Vesalino was accused of sacrilege for dissecting the human body, and Wepfer, the discoverer of the hemorrhagic nature of apoplexy, was pursued with hostility by the council of the city of Schaffhausen. To those who told this last named anatomist that it was disgraceful and abominable to stain his hands with blood and ichor, he replied that his hands could be washed in a little water, but that ignorance in anatomical matters was far more disgraceful and hurtful, and would cause a disgrace to inexperienced physicians and surgeons that not even the Rhine or ocean itself could wash away. The study of anatomy was a thing to be commended and encouraged by those who considered the state's truest interests.

Other instances of human ingratitude abound. Socrates drank the hemlock. Aristides the Just was driven into banishment; the learned Hypatia was murdered by a mob; Nestor, bishop of Antioch, was exiled to an Egyptian oasis; Servitus and Huss were burned; the great inventors, Kay, Hargreaves, Arkwright, Vancausan, and Jacquard, were treated as enemies by their townsmen and had their lives endangered from mobs; the Cornish miners sought to destroy the steam engine of Boulton and Watt; and the tragic scene on Calvary, followed after a time by the violent deaths of all the apostles save one, was a sad commentary upon the world's treatment of its best benefactors. Abuse and opposition has frequently been the fate of innovators. They were in advance of their age. The world was not sufficiently prepared for the reception of the truths they discovered. The result was a natural one. They met with opposition, and as humanity was lifted up to a point where their labors could be appreciated, the world after their death turned in and did them honor.

REV. PLATO JOHNSON'S EXPERIENCE IN WALL STREET.

It is my 'pinion dat a minister understandan's de Bible best after he has had lots ob 'sperience wid de cole world.' Now, I nebbber knowed 'zactly wat dat story 'bout de pore feller dat went from 'Rusalem and Jericho, an' had ebbberying he had on his pusson taken away, an' was leff nigh onto half dead, an' couldn' tink wat excuse he'd maké to his wife wen he got home for his lapidated 'pearance—I say, I nebbber knowed wat dat story meant till I went down to Wall Street in de City ob York. I don' mean to say that I fell 'mong thieves, cos some one told me dat mose all de big operators was churchmembers, so I s'pose ebbberying is honest an' 'bove board; but I do mean ter say, wid tears in my ole eyes, dat my 'spectations ob untold riches was all nipped by de frost ob adversity, an' dat de only ting I brought away wid me was some werry sad experience. I knows so much now dat, if I saw a young man taking de omnibus for Wall street, I would say to him: 'My dear brudder, de gulf is a yawnin' at yer feet. De pore innocent codfish dat fools roum' de bait on a hook, 'specting to get a free lunge; has a millum more chances dan you has ob gettin' outer dat street with a cent in yer pocketbook. It's cheaper to go on a journey roum' de globe wid a first class ticket, an' to horry de money to do it wid, dan it is to spen' a week makin' a fortun' in Wall Street. Dere's lots ob good advice down dere; but mitey little money. Ebbery one is anxious to gib you a pint; but you fin', after a

little while, dat you're pinte straight for destruction.'

I felt 'bout fifteen minutes like I was a rich man; but ebbber since I've bin shore dat I'll spen' de ebbing ob my days in de workhouse. Don't speak to me 'bout Wall Street, cos it excites me wuss dan derheumatiz. I tell you I'd rather take my chances in a wild storm in de middle ob de 'Lantic Ocean, with a shingle to hole up my chin an' a fousan' sharks gnawin' at my vitals, dan go froo wat I've been froo. You see dat wallet? Well, it looks as though it had clobbered de Asiatic plague, an' been gibben ober by de doctor, don't it? Now, den, I feel jest like that wallet looks. Dat wallet and I has boff been to Wall Street, an' we boff feel ez though we had been run over by a freight train. Well, I went straight to Jay Gool, an' I sot down, kinder confidentially like, side ob him, an' I sez: 'Now, Brudder Gool, I has got in my pocket one fousan' dollars, partly mine and mostly borrowed. I would feel 'bleiged ef you would gib me a pint.' Sez he to me: 'Mr. Johnson I muss warn you dat speckulation is morally wrong, an' that a man aint no right to risk his money on a uncertainty. Dat's gamblin', an' gamblin' is wrong.'

Den I sez to him, kinder startled: 'Mr. Gool, wat you mean by those words, please?' 'I mean,' says he, 'wid a frown on his face, 'dat I nebbber speckerlate, cos it aint right.' He looked kinder sad arter that, an' I sez: 'My 'brudder, you is a werry much misappreciated man.' 'Well,' sez he, 'I will 'splain ter yer, Mr. Johnson, wat I nebbber tole afore. Wen a man speckerlates, dat man takes chances. Don't he?' 'Sartin shore he does, Mr. Gool,' sez I. 'Now, den,' sez he, 'I nebbber takes no chances, an' so I don' speckerlate. I buy stock, lots ob it, an' ef dat stock don' have no inclination ter rise right up, I uses means to make it. Don' yer see?' 'Not 'zactly,' sez I. 'I don' know precisely wat yer means by de word 'you makes it.' Will yer state it again, Mr. Gool, an' dis time use de common langidge ob North America?'

'Now, listen,' sez he. 'Wen I has a lot ob stock on han', an' it don' feel 'clined to advance, I—well, it's so werry simple, Mr. Johnson, dat I can only say dat, arter I has had the stock long's I want it, it allers goes up, somehow. I nebbber could tell how. I sometimes tink it's cos I've a orle lucky man.' 'Dat's all I wants to know,' sez I. 'I has jess dis fousan' dollars, an' s'pose I leab it wid you.' 'Wid de greates' ob pleasure,' sez he. 'You couldn't leab it with a better man. I put it whar it do de mose good.' Wid dat, he call a young feller, an' say: 'Jes drop dat inter Manhattan.' Sez I:

'Wen shall I call agin, [Mr. Gool? 'Any time, arter forty-eight hours,' sez he; 'an' I hope you will hab a fortin by that time. Lots ob dem has ben made in dat stock. It's de luckiest stock on de Street an' cheap at any price. I shouldn' wonder if dat stock went to 200.' I open my ole eyes an' say: 'Mr. Gool, for de Lord's sake, tell me how much I make at that rate.' Sez he: 'I was allers slow at figgers, but I should say dat you'd have 'nuff to keep a kerridge and a mule.'

Well, sar, I felt de throbbin's ob wealth in my bussum. I thought one time I'd call on Wanderbilt, an' fin' out de best 'vestment for a big pile. Den I thought I'd take a handsome turnout, and view de beauties ob de city. I picked out two or free houses which I meant to gib to my pore relations. 'Oh! it was beautiful while it lasted; but it didn't lass long. Well, the next day but one I went down to see Jay Gool an' git my money. I nebbber saw a man's countenance so sad as his was on that 'casion. I felt sorry for him, an' sez: 'Mr. Gool, is yer family all dead?' He look up at me, and sez: 'Mr. Johnson, fer de fuss time in all my business career, I've had a streak ob bad luck.' 'W'y, Mr. Gool, wat's de matter?' sez I, werry startled. 'Oh! dat Manhattan!' sez he; and he fell back in his chair an' mos' gasped fer breff. 'Well, wat 'bout it?' sez I. 'Oh! oh!' says he, an' his voice tremble wid rage, 'dat mis'ible Russel Sage, he jess sot down on dat stock, an' we's all ruined togedder.' Den he took me by de han', an' sez: 'My frien', I've sorry fer yer, from de bottom ob my heart, but dat Sage, he allers 'interferes wen I tries to do a man a good turn. He spoil de market, an' your fousan' dollars is gone, an' you's jess another fousan' in det; but, an' here he jumps up, and standin' in front ob me, sez: 'Mr. Johnson, I nebbber lets a fren' who has confidence in me suffer. You loses the fousan' dollars, sure 'nuff. Russel Sage got that, an' he won't gib it to nobody; but dat odder fousan' dat you owes me—well, don't speak ob it agin, I forgi' de froo.' 'Well, brudder, I didn't see froo it 'zactly, an' I don't now eider; but ob one ting I've sartin, dat fousan' dollars done sunk whar de glitter ob de gold nebbber meet my eyes again. My pore relations won't hab no house on de avener. An' as fer me, well, dat wallet tells de story. Still I tink Jay Gool muss be a good man, fer he sez, jess as I cum away: 'Mr. Johnson, if I ever make a extra fousan' dollars, I will send it down to you by the post. I've sorry to be de innocent cause ob yer ruin; but I speeks allers to be a pore man while Russel Sage libs.'—Independent.

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THE BOYS.

There come the boys! Oh, dear the noise
The whole house feels the racket;
Behold the knees of Christ's pants!
And weep o'er Bertie's jacket!

But never mind; if eyes keep bright,
And limbs grow straight and limber;
We'd rather lose the tree's whole bark
Than find unsound the timber.

Now hear the tops and marbles roll!
The floors—oh, wee betide them!
And I must watch the banisters,
For I know the boys who ride them!

Look well as you descend the stairs,
I often find them haunted
By ghostly boys that make no noise
Just when their noise is wanted.

The very chairs are tied in pairs,
And made to prance and caper;
What swords are whittled out of sticks:
What brave hats made of paper.

The dinner-bell beats loud and well,
To tell the milkman's coming;
And then the rush of "steam-car trains"
Sets all our ears a-humming.

How oft I say, "What shall I do
To keep these children quiet?"
I could find a good receipt,
I certainly should try it.

But what to do with these wild boys
And all their din and clatter,
Is really quite a grave affair,
No laughing, trifling matter.

"Boys will be boys"—but not for long;
Ah, could we hear about us
This thought—How very soon our boys
Will learn to do without us!

How soon, and tall, deep-voiced men
Will gravely call us "Mother,"
Or we be stretching empty hands
From this world to the other.

More gently should we chide the noise,
And when night quells the racket,
Sit in but loving thoughts and prayers
While mending pants and jacket.

BABY SONG.

Of all the lambs with the prettiest eyes
And the jumpyest feet baby's the fun-
niest
Baby's the bonniest and he seldom cries
And he's always sweet, Oh baby's the bon-
niest

And baby's the funniest and baby's the shini-
est
And baby's the tiniest and baby's the merri-
est
And baby's the worriest of all the lambs
That plague the dams. And mother's the
lovingest

Of all the dams that feed the lambs
That go crop-cropping without stop-stop-
ping;
And father's the best of all the swallows
That build their nest out of their shining shal-
lows;

And we have the merriest children.
That's baby and Johnny, and Johnny and ba-
by.
And baby and Johnny, and Johnny and ba-
by.

HARRY.

'Another train on in half an hour.
Will any gentleman get out to oblige a
lady?'

The station at Oxenholme Junction,
'change here for Windermere,' was
crowded with travellers hastening lake-
ward, and anxious to reach their vari-
ous destinations in time for dinner or
tea, as the case might be. The plat-
form was still dotted with the differ-
ent costumes, ultra-pretty or ultra-ugly,
which delight the tourist eye, though
the train now on the point of starting
was already so full that distinctions of
class had been lost sight of in the rush
for seats made by the famished and
tired crowd. Mrs. Salway felt sure
that such was the case as she sat in
the corner of her first-class carriage,
and alternately cast angry glances at
the people who had scrambled in after
her, and piteous ones at her younger
daughter, who had not been so success-
ful in the rush, and was now standing
forlornly enough upon the platform.

'It is so like Mary,' Mrs. Salway mur-
mured to her elder daughters; 'really
your father should have waited for us;
this is the last time that we travel in
two parties. I had no idea that first-
class passengers were crowded out of
their seats, and mixed with everybody
in this way. I suppose we must get
out and all stay until the next train?'

And indeed the other passengers, not-
withstanding the guard's invitation
and her black looks, showed no inclina-
tion to postpone their arrival for
half an hour, and risk the chance of
being late at table d'hote.

There was one passenger, sitting in
the opposite corner from the platform,
who excited Mrs. Salway's more partic-
ular spleen. She was quite certain
that the ticket in his pocket, if he had
one at all (this was a mental reserva-
tion), was for the third class. His
rough suit was shabby, and had seen
much service, more especially the
knickerbocker part of it, and in that
service his soft gray hat had apparently
shared to a very considerable extent.
His boots were as innocent of blacking
as his stick of varnish, and the small
knapsack above his head would have
failed to carry confidence to the mind
of the least suspicious of hotel-keepers.
But he had some redeeming points
about him; his hands were gloved—in
old gloves once yellow, it is true—and
he gave up his seat to oblige a lady,
according to the guard's formula.

From his place in the corner of the
carriage he could not see whom he was
obliging, until, having retired with the
shamefaced confusion which nine out
of ten Englishmen assume when they
are being conspicuously courteous, he
stole a glance at her face as she stepped
in.

She gave him a little bow of thanks,
and a smile of such evident gratitude
as would have converted the many fam-
ily friends who considered Mary Sal-
way rather plain than otherwise. She
had a small pale face, with shy brown
eyes a size too large for it; a rather
timid, retiring face, which made one
agree with her mother that giving way
in a crush was just like Mary, and
very unlike Mrs. Salway. Our friend
in knickerbockers saw the smile, and
would fain have become better ac-
quainted with it; but the train was al-
ready moving off with the young lady,
and, as he remembered when too late,
with his knapsack as well.

So it happened that when he did
reach Windermere station his scanty
baggage was not to be found. Knaps-
acks, large and small, are common

things at the Lakes, and inquiries were
in vain. The Crown Hotel at Bowness
reached, he was only just in time to get
the last vacant room, a little one at the
top of the house, much encumbered
with spare baths, a baby's crib, and
other odds and ends, but otherwise
almost as ill provided with furni-
ture as I was with luggage. However,
he was lucky in not having to sleep
under the billiard-table, as had hap-
pened to some wayfarers in those parts;
and besides, the room had such a view
of the head of Windermere, the Lang-
dale Pikes, and High St., as made up
for some slight inconveniences.

Strict evening dress is not demanded
by etiquette at the Lake hotels. Some
of the company, no doubt, are Ameri-
cans, traveling with mountains of iron-
bound trunks, bearing the labels of
half the hotels in Europe; many are
honeymooning couples, arrayed in the
newest of apparel from the crown of
the head to the sole of the foot. But
many also carry their luggage
in their hands or on their backs, and
so swallow-tails and spotless shirt-
fronts are out of the question. But the
etiquette of the *table d'hote* does look
for one thing, and that is a black coat
of some kind or other. Therefore Mrs.
Salway, who for various reasons had
not felt all her daughter's gratitude,
was much aggrieved at the presence of
our hero in his knickerbocker suit; not
knowing that it was through his cour-
tesy that he was compelled to appear
in this (to Mrs. Salway, with whom
form and ceremony were fetiches, from
whose worship rank and wealth alone
were free) disgraceful state. But she
was more aggrieved at his proximity to
her party, and most of all at her hus-
band's stupidity and mismanagement in
leaving Mary to take the outside seat,
so that the young fellow was next to
her. The objectionable gentleman did
not see the matter at all in the same
light; but having attacked the young
lady's reserve by the usual observations
about the weather, rattled on so pleas-
antly that Mary quite forgot that she
had not been introduced to him, and
was emboldened to say with a blush:

'I am so much obliged to you for
your kindness this afternoon; had you
not given up your seat we should have
all had to stay.'

'I was very glad to be of service to
you. Do you stop here long?'

'A week at least, I believe.'

'I suppose you have private rooms
here, and you will disappear after din-
ner?'

'Oh, no; my father likes to see stran-
gers, and the coming and going he thinks
it a change after home life.'

'Very true,' answered the gentleman,
with a look of content on his face which
was not lost upon Mary. She began to
feel that the Lake holiday promises to
be at least as agreeable as she had ex-
pected. Women are quick, very quick,
to read men's thoughts when they are
turned toward themselves, even such a
shy little Hampstead maiden as Mary,
and still suffering a good deal from
repression at the hands of her
mother and sisters. She steals a look
at him while he is engaged with his
entree. He is not handsome; she set-
tles that at once. He is not tall, with
a black moustache, flashing dark eyes
and imposing manner; only a keen, sun-
burnt face is his, with small black
whiskers, and with eyes bright enough,
but of no particular color. But if his
clothes are old and shabby, he seems at
home in them, and perfectly at ease
with his company, she is certain that
he is a gentleman, not because he gave
up his seat to her, but by a hundred
tiny proofs. And she enjoys her first
hotel dinner very much, and wonders
whether the same seats will be reserved
for them every evening.

So when she rises and he bows, Mary
is inclined to view the world through
rose-colored spectacles. Not so her
mother. Mrs. Salway has, during din-
ner, been talking to an old gentleman
who chanced to sit next to her and
whom she does not know from Adam;
but nevertheless on the road to the
drawing room she puts before Mary
the enormity of talking to a gentleman
to whom she had not been introduced,
and begs her to behave herself like Ag-
nes and Laura, who, having been wait-
ed in from such approaches by those
heavy flanking parties, Mr. and Mrs.
Salway, have had no chance of sinning
in the same way. Her father is in-
structed to see that Mary is not allow-
ed to outlie the party another evening;
and when the objectionable young gen-
tleman actually has the audacity, to
quote Mrs. Salway's words, to enter the
drawing-room in his knickerbockers,
and looks inquiringly round as if for
some particular person, he finds Mary
penned in a corner by her mother and
sisters, who regard him, and especially
his nether garments, with looks in
which wonder and scorn are finely
blended. That richly dressed matron
having set the example, he finds him-
self rather coolly received in other
quarters, and soon retires from the
scene in search, if I may make a guess,
of the smoking-room.

But strict reserve in the club-like
life of a tourists' hotel is difficult to
maintain. If you do not meet your
bugbear (or vice versa, for it is more
polite to suppose that you, reader, stand
in Mary's place than in her elders')
upon the coach to Ullswater, you will
do so most probably next day on that
going to Coniston; if not in the draw-
ing-room, then in that favorite resort
the verandah; if not at breakfast, then
at dinner, or lunch, or lighting a bed-
room candle, or on the steamboat, you
will be sure to find him or her opposite
to you. So it was with our young
friends, and Mary suffered in conse-
quence. The sisters persisted, as sis-
ters will in such a case, that Mary en-
couraged him, but I believe that he
needed small encouragement. Now
and then too he suffered a little; Mrs.
Salway would be rude to him, and the
girls overlooked and slighted him with

a haughty contempt that was certainly
felt more by Mary than by the person
for whom it was chiefly intended. Mrs.
Salway had made up her mind that he
was a commercial traveller, and was
not chary of stating her belief; so that
the young fellow without a black coat
came quite unconsciously to be con-
sidered a rather objectionable member
of the little community; a wolf—and
worse, a low class of wolf.

This had gone on for more than a
week, when the Salways went by coach
to Coniston, with the intention, so far
as the younger ones were concerned, of
ascending the Old Man. It was a
bright and gloriously fine morning, one
of those so sparingly granted amid
this beautiful scenery. The party were
in the highest spirits; the careful moth-
er had begun to contemplate changing
their plans, and running away from
that vulgar young man, who had last
evening crowned his other enormities
by openly drinking beer out of a pew-
ter at the table d'hote dinner; but now
she congratulated herself on his ab-
sence. It must be confessed, Mary was
a little dull; no doubt the scenery was
beautiful, and her sisters were prepared
to join in any amount of loudly-ex-
pressed admiration of it, as they swept
past Esthwaite Water, and over Con-
iston Pass, and through the thickly-
wooded slope that, like a shrubbery,
surrounds Coniston Water, and forms
so rich a contrast to the bare gigantic
sides of the Old Man. But she brighten-
ed up directly.

'I declare now,' cried Mrs. Salway as
they came in sight of the village hotel,
'if there's not that dreadful young man!
Now, Mary, remember what I told
you.'

'The child can't be rude to him,' said
her father, who had a sneaking prefer-
ence for Mary, and had seen the faint
blush which that figure lounging there
at the porch had brought to her cheeks
long before her mother had noted the
gentleman's identity.

'We had better wait and let him go
up the hill first,' said Agnes, a dark
handsome girl, who always attracted a
circle of admirers, and had brought
two or three with her on this expedi-
tion.

'Nonsense!' cried Mr. Salway. 'If
we are to go up we must start at once:
the coach will leave at 6, and that does
not give us any too much time. What
will you and Laura do?' added he to his
wife.

'Oh, we will walk a little way round
the lake, papa. I do not envy you
your climb, especially if you will bring
me a nice root of the parsley fern.'

Laura was the studious and learned
member of the family, seldom visible
without spectacles, and more attached
to ferns and botany than to anyone
outside her own circle.

It is a very long pull up-hill from
Coniston village to the top of the Old
Man towering nearly three thousand
feet above it, and so our party found it.
They started five, but had not gone far
when the objectionable young fellow
joined them, and, seizing his opportu-
nity, soon detained Mary from the rest.
I believe that, on this occasion at any
rate, she made some resistance. But
Agnes had her hands too full of her
swains to look after her sister; and as
for Mr. Salway, who was stout and
more at his ease upon the pavement of
the Stock Exchange than the side of a
Westmoreland fell, he had enough to
do to mind his own business upon the
winding path, even though for a long
distance that path cannot be called pre-
cipitous. Mary was far lighter and
more nimble than her Juno-like sister,
and so the pair, in no very long time,
took the lead. That the young gen-
tleman had not been wasting his time,
may be inferred from a scrap of the
conversation.

'I wonder whether this week has
been as pleasant to you as to me,
Mary?'

'It has been very nice. The lakes
are delightful.'

'Ah, of course; you must have had a
pleasant drive this morning?' answered
he with some haste.

'Oh, yes, pretty well,' assented Mary,
but dubiously.

'I am going away to-morrow.'

She turned her face the other way,
and diligently rooted up a bit of pars-
ley—a very scrubby bit too, though
there were plenty of splendid clusters
not far off. Then she said frankly,
though still with her face turned
away.

'I am so sorry.'

'Are you really, dear? Won't your
mother be glad, though? She doesn't
like me much.'

'No,' said Mary candidly.
'Do you?'

'You have no right to ask me that.'

'Have I not? And why not Miss
Mary?'

'Because—because you have not told
me—whether you like me.'

'I think I called you, something;
Miss Mary Salway, a few minutes ago,
glancing up and down the path: they
were just in the centre of the gorge
near the Low Water Tarn, and there
was no one in sight. Mary did not
answer. 'You've forgotten, perhaps,
what it was, dear?'

She shook her head.
'I meant it. 'You are very dear to
me.'

'You've only known me nine days.'
His arm, which had been assisting
her up the steep path, was now giv-
ing her much surer support.

'And to know you a day, my darling,
is to love you.'

And Mary, her arms full of parsley
fern, was kissed before she could es-
cape. Then a little reaction of feeling
took place on her part.

'I don't even know your name,' she
said, standing still.

'Of course not; Harry. It's rather a
common name, isn't it?'

'Harry?' murmured the girl softly;
'and—what else?'

'Oh, never mind that. You have not

yet answered my question whether you
like me.'

'Yes, I like you.'

'That won't do, Mary. The question
is now altered—love me?'

'You have answered it for yourself,
I think. Do you suppose I should have
let you do what you have, if I had
not?'

And they went on up the hill.

When they reached the top it was
unoccupied; and seldom, indeed, had it
been gained by two more happy people.
A sunny, smiling world stretched round
them from sea to sea, the lights and
shades flitted over the green sides of
the Old Man's brethren; while below,
lake beyond lake reflected the sky, and
round them, peak beyond peak, the
mountains stretched as far as eye could
reach. Only Scawfell's summit was
veiled in mist. They stood by the
cairn, and for a moment almost forgot
one another in the grandeur of the
sight. No, not forgot one another;
rather it was the thought of the other's
presence which tinged with a brighter
lustre the brightest sunbeam on the
distant lakes. No wonder that they sat
down by the cairn, taking no very care-
ful note of the passage of time, and
talked more of those sweet nothings
than before. At length Harry looked
at his watch and discovered that they
had but an hour in which to make the
descent if they wished to catch the
coach.

'The others must have given it up
and turned back, Mary.'

'I suppose so. We must come up
with them, or mamma will be so an-
gry.'

'Poor little Mary!'

'Don't, sir! How misty it has be-
come!'

'By Jove! so it has. I ought to have
looked out. Have we not the world to
ourselves? But I wish I were quite
certain which is the side by which we
came up. We must make a start, any-
how.'

Have you ever, when at the top of
a Westmoreland hill, found yourself
silently, as if by magic, surrounded by
a mist, from which a London fog would,
for density and a power of confusing
things, hardly bear off the palm? A
moment ago a smiling plain, set with
lakes, as if with jewels, and rimmed
with purple hills, was before you; a
little puff of thin mist almost trans-
parent, rises from some neighboring
gorge, and another, and another, and
lo! your prospect is narrowed to a few
feet of turf and shale, a cold ghastly
cairn of stones, and beyond—nothing,
nothing but mist, surrounding your lit-
tle island like a gray ocean. While all
is clear, it is so hard for a novice in
mountains to realize the difficulty of
finding his way in such a state of
things; but the difficulty is very real.
Our hero, who had experience of it,
was quite at fault, nevertheless; he had
been too much occupied with his com-
panion to notice the direction of the
wind, or any landmarks which might
indicate the side on which they had
come up. Once safely upon the path,
the foot of the hill might, by patience
and care, be gained; but the summit
was stony, and on two sides precipi-
tous. He remembered that a honey-
moon couple had only a week before
been caught upon Helvellyn and detain-
ed all night by the mist. Such an ad-
venture would be much worse for him-
self and Mary; the latter would certain-
ly suffer, so he made a resolute attempt
to descend.

Mary trusted to him implicitly, and
hand in hand they had successfully de-
scended some distance, although the
steepness of the hillside and its rocky
nature made him feel pretty sure that
this was not side by side which they
had gained the top. Slip, stumble, slip,
here a few yards of steep turf aiding
them, there the stones giving way un-
der foot, and warning him at least that
they were on the border of a scree.
The ground grew more and more
treacherous and rocky; after a stumble
worse than those which had preceded
it, he stopped to try if their eyes could
distinguish anything through the gulf
of mist into which they had nearly
plunged headlong. No, the curtain
was as thick as ever, and the rain be-
sides was falling heavily. Then he
started a large stone, in order to judge
by its descent what kind of ground lay
in front of them: three yards, and it
was hidden from sight; bound, bound,
twice it struck the rocks, and then an
interval of silence, and then a sullen
distant splash. He shuddered, and
drew the girl back against the
rocks.

'Thank God!' he muttered; 'a few
more steps, and we should have gone
over the scree into Low Water Tarn.'
Mary's distress, as slowly and very
carefully they retraced their steps,
may be well imagined. Not only was
she tired, worn out, and frightened,
but the thought of what would be said
if they could not descend speedily was
tormenting her. The poor girl was
feverishly anxious at any risk, to get
off the hill, and her companion had
much work to prevent her meeting with
a mishap. Consequently, when they a
second time reached the cairn at the
top, they were in a very different frame
of mind. The young fellow groaned
as he looked at his watch, and found it
was nearly 7 o'clock and the mist
thicker than ever. But not a word of
reproach did the brave little maid utter
to him.

In the meantime the party assembled
in the hotel at the foot of the hill were
passing through quite a series of
anxieties. When 6 o'clock came, and
with it the returning coach, Mrs. Sal-
way's anger at the absence of her
youngest daughter, could hardly be
concealed from the outside public. Of
course they could not leave her and
the coach had to depart without them.
Her husband present and Mary's ab-
sence shared the mother's reproaches
with the objectionable young gen-
tleman, while the sisters were quite as
much surprised as they expressed them-
selves to be, for this was 'so unlike

Mary.' But when 9 o'clock came and
no signs of the missing ones, and the
mist grew thicker, the landlady ex-
pressed herself decidedly of the opinion
that the young lady and gentleman
would have to stay upon the hill all
night, and hoped they had some
wraps.'

'Stay on the hill all night, woman!
My daughter with that young man!
Good gracious, Mr Salway, you must do
something! This is too dreadful!'

So a search-party was organized,
though with some difficulty, and
guides, brandy and lanterns obtained;
but before it set out Mrs. Salway had
been moved to contemplate the affair
from a different point of view. She
heard the 'tarn' and the 'cliffs' men-
tioned in whispers by the guides with
ominous glances, and saw from her hus-
band's face that he knew and did not
think lightly of their suspicions. Up
to this time she had thought only of
her daughter's good name, and the way
in which it was being compromised,
but now her fears for her daughter's
safety took the place of this feeling.
Agnes and Laura, eloquent enough be-
fore, were awed into silence, and the
affair was assuming a very serious
light in the eyes of all, when a cry out-
side proclaimed some news, and just as
the party were starting into the mist
and rain, the lost ones stood before
them.

'Thank Heaven!' cried Mr. Salway,
taking charge of Mary, who, what
with her wornout condition and her
very natural confusion was near faint-
ing. Mrs. Salway, in the revulsion of
feeling and fear to relief and then to
anger, had nothing to say on the spur
of the moment. The girls surrounded
Mary, and as they did so they looked
defiance, and yet a sort of admira-
tion, at her daring companion.

'Please look to your daughter, Mrs.
Salway; she is very wet and fatigued.
It is my fault and that of the mist
that we are so late. But I will ex-
plain, I am sure to your satisfaction in
the morning.'

'To my satisfaction, sir!' cried Mrs.
Salway, taking up an indignant atti-
tude between him and Mary; but before
she could say any more the greater cul-
prit has gone, and the lesser one was
not in a state at present to hear the
lecture which Mrs. Salway was pre-
pared to administer. And I think
it was still held in over the
young lady when they took their seats
outside the coach for Bowness next
day; she was evidently in disgrace,
and her mother would not let her quit
her side for a moment. For a wonder,
Mary had escaped all injurious effects
of the exposure, and though very quiet
this morning and very shy, she did not
look altogether unhappy, and once or
twice on the road a smile would cross
the demure little face, and a twinkle of
fun appear in the big brown eyes. Mrs.
Salway saw something of this; and
feeling sure that Mary was infatuated
with that 'dreadful young fellow,' added
a few severe phrases to the lecture she
was conning, and hardened her heart
to administer it without mercy. 'Mary
shall go home to Hampstead to-morrow;
with Anne she will be out of danger,'
she mentally determined; Anne being
the sourest of Mrs. Salway's maiden
aunts, at this present moment taking
care of their house during the holidays.
'No more holidays for you, young lady,'
thought her mother to herself.

They had passed Esthwaite water
and were nearing Windermere, when
the attention of all upon the coach was
attracted by the sight of a four-in-hand
behind them. It was splendidly harnessed,
and, as two servants in handsome liv-
eries were sitting behind, it was clearly
a private coach. It came along with a
wonderful smoothness, which put the
spring of the rickety vehicle upon
whose top they were perched to shame.
Nevertheless it seemed in no hurry to
pass them; and presently Mr. Salway,
who had been running his eyes over the
horses with an expression of critical
approval, asked his own driver whose
was the four-in-hand following them.

'I guess it will be Sir Henry Norbor-
ough's,' said he, whistling up his
horses, and getting to the side of the
road. 'I see his team standing in the
hotel-yard when I was starting.
They're four as pretty bays with white
stockings as ever I see together.'

'It's Sir Henry Norborough's four-in-
hand,' explained Mr. Salway to his
womankind, as the other drew gradu-
ally alongside.

Ah, Miss Mary, how your cheek has
been flushing and blushing, and your
eyes brightening, and your mouth smil-
ing a proud happy smile, though you
have never looked up to see who is the
spruce driver of this gallant equipage
turned out in all respect fit for Hyde
Park! Now he is alongside, handling
the ribbons, though the road is narrow
and steep, with the ease of custom,
looking, with his tall hat and black
coat and the flower in his button-hole,
ever a inch a baronet and a member of
the Coaching Club. He is alongside,
and not until then, when he lifts his
hat and shoots one glance at Mary,
sitting well protected by her mother and
sisters from the wolf—wolf indeed!
wolf no longer—not until then do the
others recognize their old acquaintance
of the knickerbockers and shabby hat.
He is gone before they can express
their astonishment, or any; but she is
so well prepared for it, returns his
salute.

'Good gracious! uttered Mrs. Salway
slowly, her eyes glued to his back, can
it be? I suppose it really is. Why,
who can it be? Can it be his coach?'

'Sir Harry Norborough, I suppose,
answered her husband drily, who has
secretly sympathized with Mary, and
has been puzzling his brains how to
rescue her from that lecture and other
disagreeables that he suspects are be-
ing prepared for her.

'Mary, is that Sir Harry Norbor-
ough?'

'He told me so,' answered the girl
demurely, as if the most impossible as-

sertion from his lips would not have
commanded her credence.

And it was really true. If the early
part of Mary's courtship had had
something of the bitter mingled with
the sweet, that was all over now. No
lectures, no banishment to Aunt Anne
for her. 'It was so unlike Mary,' said
her sisters among themselves, meaning
so unlike her to gain the heart of a
baronet. But they were good girls in
their way, and tolerably unselfish—just
as ready to fall down and worship and
pet the successful sister as to repress
and snub the schoolgirl. As for Mrs.
Salway, when she found Sir Harry's
four-in-hand standing at the door of
the Crown, and half the visitors in
Bowness standing round admiring it;
when that rather cynical young gen-
tleman received her at the door with
all honor, and a few minutes later pro-
posed for her youngest daughter; when
he put that very coach at their dispos-
al, and the whole party had a week's
tour in it; when all these things and
many more as pleasant (including
going in to the *table d'hote* dinner
on a baronet's arm) had happened,
why, Mrs. Salway taught herself to be-
lieve that this match was entirely of
her contrivance, and was owing simply
and purely to her good management
and diplomacy.

And demure, quiet Mary, with the
shy little face and the big brown eyes,
the baronet's wife to be, what of her?
Well, nothing more, I think; for this
happened in August of this year, 1881,
and among the forthcoming Christmas
festivities an event of the utmost im-
portance in Mary's life is arranged,
which is looked upon by Mrs. Salway
with much pride and satisfaction.—
London Society.

Corals and Coral Reefs.

Professor Joseph Le Conte in a re-
cent lecture on corals, corrected a
widespread misunderstanding respect-
ing corals and coral reefs. The popu-
lar idea is, says M. Le Conte, that these
animals are little insects; that they
build like ants and bees do, and when
they are alarmed they disappear into
their little burrows, and these reefs are
accumulations of millions of these lit-
tle insects in generation after genera-
tion. The fact is the coral animal is a
polyp belonging to the group of radia-
tia; that it consists of limestone depos-
its in the shape of a hollow cylinder
with top and bottom discs, surmounted
with tentacles, containing a stomach
and enveloped with gelatinous organic
matter. The tentacles or arms are
provided each with a mouth for the
absorption of food. The coral is coralline
limestone after the gelatinous organic
envelope is decayed and removed.
The animals which build reefs are not
much larger than pin-heads.

Reef-building corals will not grow at
a depth of over 100 to 120 feet. There
have been reef-building corals found at
a depth of 1,000 feet, but they were
dead—drowned by being carried below
their depth. This confines them to
coast lines and submarine banks.
Corals will not grow where the tempera-
ture is lower than 68 degrees at any
time, that is the ocean, not the air.
Therefore they are confined to the tropi-
cal regions. They will not grow ex-
cept in clear salt water; hence there is
always a break in reefs opposite the
mouth of a river. Finally, they de-
mand free exposure to the beating of
the waves. The more violently the
waves beat the more rapidly the corals
grow, because the agitation gives them
ventilation. Corals will grow in the
face of waves whose beatings would
gradually wear away a wall of granite.
The four kinds of coral reefs
found in the Pacific Ocean are fringe
reefs, barrier reefs, circular reefs, in-
cluding lagoons in the ocean, and small
lagoonless coral islands.

Passamaquady, (Me.) Indians are
shooting large numbers of deer. They
report they were very plenty in the vicinity
of parts of Eel River.

By actual merit the famous substance
St. Jacobs Oil, has steadily won its way
until it is

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, Alpaca, 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.

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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
CUSTOM WORK.
Highest Market Price paid for Wheat and other grain.
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HARDWARE

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GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

J. L. HITCHCOCK.

The oldest Hardware House in central and north Tuscola, 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.

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

to be looked upon with great suspicion. The first is sodium chloride or common salt. This substance may get into the water by infiltration from the sea or from strata containing common salt. But another source of chlorides in a water is pollution by sewage.

Although the presence of chlorides in water does not show positively that the water is contaminated, yet when found in any quantity the water must be condemned until the source of the sodium chloride has been ascertained.

Nitrates and nitrites are sometimes found in water, and they may be there as the products of the decomposition of organic matter. Allowing that they are not injurious in themselves, yet they at once make you suspect that the water containing them has at some time or other been contaminated with organic matters to a large extent.

Impurities from factories and chemical works must sometimes be looked for. But such impurities are not to be feared in this country while our factories are so scattered as now. The waste products of our most important industries are quite harmless when diluted with much water.

It frequently happens that whole communities are thrown into a state of excitement if the water supply happens to be a little off-color, as it frequently is after a heavy storm. They get an idea that the water is poisoned, and no amount of reassuring will prove the reverse. Such cases occurred in New York City once or twice during the late war with the South, and they amounted to almost a panic. In New York they supposed the Croton water, which supplies the city, to have been poisoned by Southerners. The absurdity lies in the fact I am about to state.

One-sixteenth grain of strychnine is necessary to poison a person. That each person might get that amount the water of Croton Lake would have to receive three and one-half tons of strychnine. There is not so much in the world, and it would take about three years to procure it.

If arsenic were used, they must have two grains for each person, and that would require 114 tons—a canal boat load.

Before closing I wish to call your attention to the following figures, which show the amount of water used per head in some large cities:

Manchester.....	50 gallons
Liverpool.....	30 gallons
Edinburgh.....	30 gallons
Glasgow.....	30 gallons
London.....	50 gallons
New York.....	100 gallons
Imperial Rome.....	30 gallons

If the amount of water used has anything to do with the health of a nation, we are far behind Rome in the days of the Caesars. Imperial Rome then supplied her citizens three times as much water as is used per capita by the citizens of our largest city.—Harbert C. Foote, in a Lecture before the Students of the Cleveland Homoeopathic College.

Draining Wet Lands.

With the record of the grand results of drainage in this country before us, and with the evident possibilities of thousands of acres of land that is almost worthless now because of its wetness, if it were drained, there is plenty of room for enthusiastic advocacy of drainage. It is almost safe to say that there never was a piece of drained land that did not pay a heavy percentage on the investment, although we do not ourselves go so far either in theory or practice as some who advocate the drainage of, and do drain all land. While we would not say that any soil is not bettered by drainage, we think that there is a point beyond which is not practical and will not pay. Nature has drained much land, and done it well, and we can afford to let it alone. But when nature has not done this our duty clearly is to supply the deficiency.

The intelligent experiments in draining wet land have been so many, and so successful, that it would hardly be thought that any could now doubt the practicability and profit of thorough drainage; and there is no such doubt with those who have made the subject a study. Men have incurred the ridicule of their neighbors by enormous outlay for tile for the apparently most unpromising mudholes, but, so far as we know, none of them made a mistake, and levity among their neighbors changed to great admiration for the profitable results. In England drainage is the rule and not the exception with the advanced farmers of the United Kingdom, and a large portion of the marked success of British agriculture, especially of experimental agriculture, is owing to the fact that the land is thoroughly drained. Usually this fact, important as it is, is not taken into consideration by those of us on this side of the Atlantic who are interested in agricultural matters, and who sometimes wonder at the results of British agriculture. There is a business that is considered so important that draining the land is the first thing thought of, and it is not spoken of in stating results, for it is presumed that it has been done. The Englishman fully understands its utility. Such men as Lawes and Gilbert have found that to be unvaryingly successful in raising crops, drainage is of the utmost importance, and that without it, other efforts to improve the soil are actually in some degree detrimental. These gentlemen found, for instance, that land that was heavily manured retained very much more water than land that was not, and so demonstrated that without drainage, even manuring was liable to say the least, to do damage instead of good.

Doubtless there is much drainage done that is not satisfactory. It is not well done, and of all things this is a business that should be intelligently and carefully entered upon, and carried through in the same way. Slip-sod drainage may be said to be worse than no drainage at all. Tile that is improperly laid will sooner or later become an intolerable bother and nuisance. Not unfrequently it is laid too near the surface when it might just as well as not, at a little more expense, be laid deeper, and at sufficient depth to answer every demand. It pays to do everything well, that we attempt to do. To slight the commencement of any enterprise, in order to save expense or trouble, is a wretchedly poor policy and no enterprise demonstrates it more forcibly than

tilling land. The soil will, of course, have something to do with the depth at which the tile is laid. Frequently quick-sands or other defects will prevent it being laid as deeply as is desirable, and under such circumstances we must do the best we can. Nothing preventing, however, tile should be laid three feet and a half deep. As to the means of draining, tile is the most popular and usually the most satisfactory.

The outlet of the drain is of course a matter of the utmost importance. Without a sufficient outlet, and one that will allow a sufficient fall to the drain, our efforts would naturally be abortive. The outlet must be sufficient to give the water a free flow from the drain. It is recommended that precaution be taken to keep stock away from the mouth of the drain, as it is said stock is very partial to drain water, and will soon make a mud hold and obstruct the flow of the water, besides being liable to injure the tile.—Western Rural.

A Phenomenal Spring.

In April last David Manners, a farmer living in Kingwood Township, Hunterdon County, N. J., discovered a spring right alongside of another spring which has been in existence about eighty years, but has yielded no water, not even in wet seasons, since the Pattenburg tunnel was made several years ago. Why this spring should flow while the other is dry baffles the wisdom of the neighborhood. Just how water can flow through the crevices of rock from the mountain regions beyond Pattenburg to the Delaware River adds to the mystery of the spring. That which is most surprising respecting it, however, is the fact that every time the moon changes, whether there is rain or not, the spring rises about eleven inches, and then falls again some four inches. This causes a gain of seven inches with every change of the moon, and the spring is therefore growing rapidly. Already there are signs of a stream being formed, and the course which it will take is clearly outlined among the rocks and even down in the meadow land. The question which agitates the rural mind outside of the phenomenon of the spring's curious conduct is as to the result should a stream of any size be formed. Blocked in by the hills, it would be apt to rush down over the fields and destroy the rich farming soil. A sagacious school teacher has done some figuring regarding it, and has come to the conclusion if the rise continues at its present rate and the stream forms, as now seems likely, in three years there will be a body of water pouring over the rocks large enough to cause trouble, and that in six years the farm-houses will be washed away, unless moved beforehand. These things are not agreeable to contemplate, and David Manners and his neighbors are seriously discussing the taking of speedy measures to prevent the prophetic flood.

—New fashions for ladies were set in the last century by dressing dolls in the prevailing mode and distributing them over Europe. The custom is believed to date from Venice, where the Government rigorously regulated dress by means of a doll set up as a pattern.

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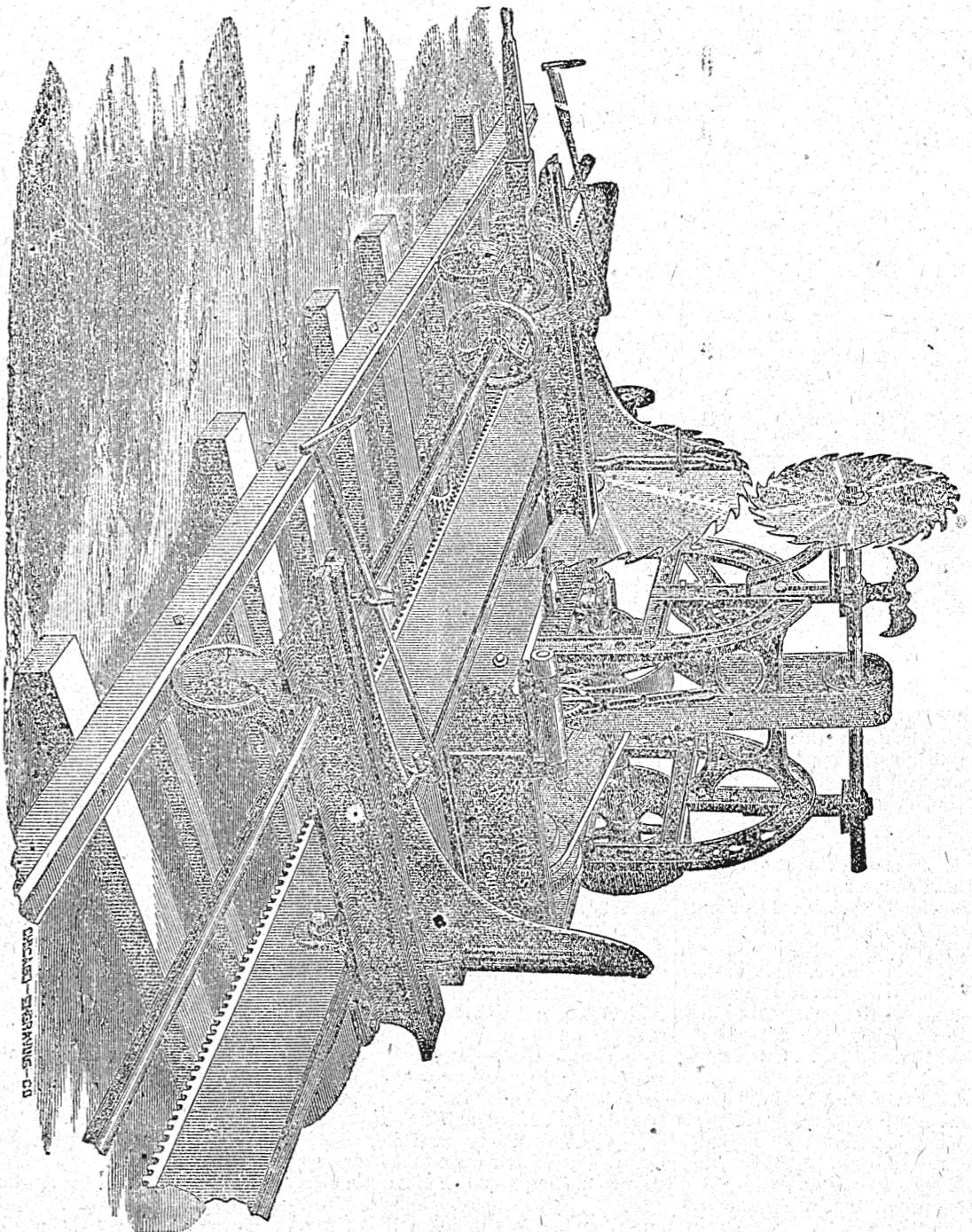
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