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NO. 22

OUR OWN OFFICE.

THE ENTERPRISE is published every Thursday Morning at our office in the Opera House block. It aims to be a live local paper, and is devoted to the advancement of the Agricultural, Commercial and Social interests of the people of Northern Tuscola. The subscription price is One Dollar and fifty cents per year. We give no paper covered books 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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Firework Making.

A firework factory is not a very imposing establishment to look at. It cannot very well be so. It is necessary to have almost as many workshops as there are various processes in the manufacture, and the law requires that only a certain amount of explosive material shall be accumulated in each shop, that only a certain number of hands shall be employed in it, that the center of each shop shall be at least twenty-five yards from the center of any other shop, and that finished fireworks shall be stored in quantities strictly limited and clearly specified in magazines sunk in the ground at least fifty yards from any other magazine or workshop. A large firework factory, therefore, has the appearance of a rather queer-looking little industrial village, the open spaces of which may perhaps be piled up with debris of one sort and another, while some of the roadways about it are fringed with a display of iron mortars, which, to any one who should chance to come upon the place without any knowledge of its character, might very probably suggest the idea that the heaps of broken frames, rocket-sticks, barrels, and so forth, were the outcome of a recent bombardment.

It is not altogether an inviting enclosure for a stranger to make his way into. There is a big notice of "Danger" in capital letters near the entrance, and all sorts of notices of pains and penalties and warnings to trespassers. There are some fifty workshops and magazines dotted over about twenty-one acres of grass land, and the rules and regulations posted up here and there about the place convey the idea—quite an erroneous one no doubt—that a general blow-up may be expected at any moment. Every workshop is floored with kamputicon and lined with paper. Not a scrap of iron is employed in their structure, all nails, etc., being of copper. The people employed in them are compelled to wear "over-all" boots made specially for the purpose without nails, and garments of woolen, all pockets, in which lucifers or other contraband articles might be brought into the place being strictly forbidden. To insure that this prohibition is adhered to, every person is searched before commencing work. If it is necessary, as it sometimes is at busy times, to carry on work after dark, each workshop must be lighted by a gas lamp shining through the window from the outside.

Perhaps the most delicate and interesting feature of modern fire work-making is the charging of Roman candles—those colored balls which are puffed out softly into the air one after the other without any report, and which always are recognized as such a pretty feature of the Sydneyham displays. The public like to see these balls thrown out with exactly an equal force, so as to play just within the same sphere. In order to secure this very careful adjustment is necessary.

The fiery balls of color are little lumps of composition filled into the case, and separated from each other by a layer of "dark-fire," a little charge of gunpowder being just underneath each. It is this little charge of powder which blows them into the air, and if all the charges were alike, every ball would be thrown out a little further than its predecessor, because the deeper down in the case an explosion takes place the more violent it is, the resistance being greater. To obviate this the charge of powder is made to increase as the tube is filled up. The workman who fills a Roman candle, therefore, has before him a series of little scoops of different sizes for measuring the powder, and uses them in succession, the smallest being used for the first ball put in and the largest one for the ball at the mouth of the tube. The "dark fire" is a composition which only smolders, and which therefore does not burn down to a second ball until the first has performed its graceful progress through the air. Of all fireworks the rocket is perhaps the most beautiful, and it certainly is the most curious in its structure. Some of the best of them are said to rise to a height of more than a third of a mile, and this amazing power of light is secured by running in very tightly into the rocket-case a composition which burns fiercely, and generates gas very rapidly when once lighted, but which has only a very small vent for its fury at the lower end of the case. The gas generated inside rushes out with such violence against the air outside that the rocket is driven upward by it, the tail of the comet consisting of the sparks of the fire burning within. Rocket-making of course forms a large part of the work of any firework factory. In another building sticks are being split up and rounded at the head so as to fit into the rocket-case. In a third all sorts of curious burdens are being prepared for the fiery messengers whose heads are hollow chambers capable of holding "tail stars," comets, colored stars, golden rain, floating lights and a score of other surprises when the rocket can rise no higher. These floating lights, by the way, are well worth a passing notice. They are produced by little tubes of color borne aloft by a small silken parachute, which, together with the tube, is skillfully packed into the head of the rocket.—*London Daily News.*

There was an accident of quite a serious nature occurred in Saginaw last week. A polander from Oliver, whose name we did not learn, in getting out of a wagon fell on his head on the frozen ground and fractured it in several places. The wounded man was taken into B. W. Boyd's store, where his wounds were attended to.

Red Tape in Mexico.

The following from the *Tucson (Arizona) Citizen* will give some ideas of the difficulties of railroading in Mexico. The railroad from Hermosillo to Guaymas is being run under circumstances that seem somewhat singular to persons not acquainted with Mexican laws and customs. Upon completion of the road the company arranged their tariff and time-table and began business, whereupon they were notified to suspend traffic until the proper authority inspected the road and tariff rates, and secured their approval by the General Government. As it would require fully two months for this official to go to the City of Mexico, and an equal length of time to return, the matter became one of serious importance to the Sonora Railway Company. At this juncture Gov. Ortiz came to the rescue of the company, and assumed officially and personally, the responsibilities connected with the operations of the road, and he now issues all tickets and permits for transportation. The passenger tickets are four by fourteen inches in size, are covered entirely by writing and printing, and are signed by the Governor and his Secretary, and the official state seal is attached. This formidable document entitles the holder to a ride of a few hours from Hermosillo to Guaymas.

—Mr. Bright's accession to the Cabinet has never affected the social life of himself or his family. Neither his late wife nor members of his family have ever mixed in what in England is called society. In fact, he has never even had a house in London.

Miscellaneous Notes.

—The Indians of Mendocino County, Cal., poison large quantities of fish. They use a weed that grows like clover, in bunches, and is abundant in that county. They bruise the weed, and then fasten a quantity of it in the current at the head of a hole of deep water. The fish become crazy from its effects and die. It kills everything in the hole where it is placed, from the largest fish down to the smallest minnow. The Indians in this way gather fish by the basketful.

—A sanguinary drama has just been enacted at Loreto, in Corsica. A bandit was being led to prison by two gendarmes, when his relatives suddenly appeared on the scene and summoned the officials to release him. They refused to do so, and a brisk fire was the result. Both the gendarmes were killed, and their prisoner, whom they retained to the last, was so severely wounded that he is not expected to survive. The gendarmes of the district has been sent in pursuit of the assailants, several of whom have also sustained serious injury.

—There died recently in Leipsic, Germany, an enormously rich widow, whose only relative was very distant. After making a large number of minor bequests, among them one of 150,000 marks to the city for the erection of a monumental structure, she bequeathed the residuary fortune to the Kingdom of Saxony, some 12,000,000 marks in all. A mark is about twenty-four cents. She directed that the interest on the money shall be used in assisting such poor persons as are not already benefited by public charities.

—The remains of an alleged sea serpent have just been found in the marl pit of O. C. Herbert at Marlborough, Monmouth County, N. J. Mr. Herbert had the remains removed to his house. There are forty or fifty sections of the spinal column, each one about three inches thick and nine or ten inches in circumference. At the head were found four tusks and a number of teeth. The tusks are between two and three inches in length, and they still retain the enamel. Mr. Herbert states that the remains are similar to those found two years ago in his pit, which were sent to the museum of Yale College. It is estimated that the reptile whose remains were just found was thirty-six feet long.

Sun Disturbances.

Once in about eleven years the sun takes on his present sun-spot phase, and we are approaching the maximum of disturbance. No one knows the cause. Some believe that it is planetary attraction, some that it is the fall of great masses of meteoric matter and some that it is the result of internal commotion and the upward rush of gaseous explosions, in comparison with which our fiercest volcanic eruptions are but the flicker of a flame. Besides the sun-spot agitation the gaseous outbursts are marked and vivid. The tongues or rosy protuberances are darting forth in all directions and bear their testimony to the solar commotion. Mr. Trouvelot, of Cambridge, who is making daily observations of the sun's chromosphere, gives a description of a remarkable solar protuberance that he witnessed lately. When first seen it was large and complicated, extending upward from the sun about 100,000 miles. Three or four hours later it had developed into huge proportions, extending far out into space, and vanishing gradually into regions where it would not be perceived. As nearly as it could be measured, it reached a height of over a quarter of the sun's diameter, or about 235,000 miles. Such a protuberance hurled upward from the earth would almost reach the moon. Two hours later the whole structure had collapsed, and was only about 18,000 miles high. Observations like this give an idea of the mighty forces at work in the solar orb, and make observers long for the time when a satisfactory solution may be found for these periodical solar disturbances, so intimately connected with the meteorological condition of the earth.

MOVED AT LAST!

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

A. L. KEIFF.

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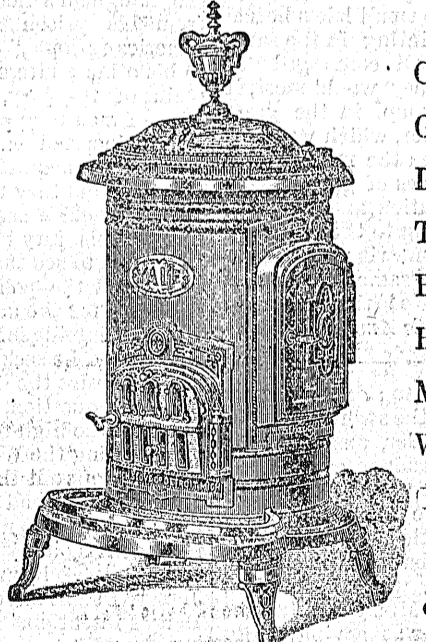
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CASS CITY MICH. ANGUS D. GILLIES

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Come and see our Stock now Full and Complete.
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THE CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

BERRY BROS., Publishers.

CASS CITY, MICH.

The Senators—namely Democrats, we are glad to say—who are hammering away at the National banks day after day were bothered yesterday by a few sharp questions from Mr. Edmunds, who asked them to say what they proposed to put in their place as a means of supplying the country with currency in case they succeeded in destroying them. None of them were willing to go upon record in favor of any particular substitute for the present currency system. Any demagogue can clamor against the banks, but it is quite another thing to explain how a system closely interlocked with nearly all the business interests of the country is to be safely uprooted and some better machinery for furnishing a redeemable and elastic paper circulation invented and put in its place.

Senator Sherman talks unconcernedly about the future of his three percent funding bill. He said to a correspondent of The Cincinnati Commercial recently: "It makes very little difference what becomes of the bill so long as I get the Democrats on record either for or against. This I propose to do. If they propose to defeat it I shall insist on their doing it like men, and not by tacking amendments on it. But just see what they are doing. They are setting themselves up as opposed to the greatest experiment in three percent bonds, and if they carry the Vest amendment they put themselves on record against the National banks. I shall call their attention to the Metropolitan National bank of New York, of which George I. Seney, a prominent Democrat, is president. That bank has no circulation whatever, though it does an immense business, hence it has no money invested in bonds. Now according to the Democratic theory laid down by Mr. Vest's amendment, that bank must take a million dollars of its capital and invest in government bonds—take that money out of the hands of the people and lock it up where no one can have the benefit of it. If the Democrats propose to go on record against the National banks, let them do it now."

THE GEOLOGY OF THE LAKE REGION OF NEW YORK.

At a recent meeting of the New York Academy of Sciences, Dr. Lawrence Johnson read an interesting paper on the "Parallel Drift-hills of Western New York." A glance at the topography of the western section of the states shows a series of long and narrow lakes, among which may be mentioned Skaneateles, Cayuga, and Seneca as perhaps the most important. These bodies of water vary from a few to one hundred miles in length, and are of extreme depth, considering their breadth, which is often not more than four or five miles, and at points even less. They lie in cup-shaped valleys between series of hills whose general direction is from north to south. They are connected by a stream of water called at different points Duck river, the Clyde, and so on, which finally turns the flank of the great limestone formation of the Niagara and empties into Lake Ontario. After minutely describing the surface of the section and noticing the extreme comparative depth of the lakes, varying from 400 to 600 feet, Dr. Johnson proceeded to consider the question of their formation, rejecting, for many reasons, the theory that they were excavated by icebergs. The section, embracing from 800 to 1,000 square miles, was one of great interest, the speaker said, because no such ranges of drift-hills had been elsewhere noticed on this continent, save possibly by Sir William Logan, who described a somewhat similar formation high up on the Ottawa river in Canada, whose ranges lay north and south in the same manner. Dr. Johnson advanced the hypothesis that the whole section he had described was once nearly covered with water, and there were evidences, as, for example, in the marshes north of Cayuga Lake, that they had formerly extended further northward. The tamarack tree grew in great abundance in these marshes on the north, and the nature of the strata beneath was such as to show that they were formerly parts of the bodies of water that they joined. It would be noticed by the listener that the long axes of the small lakes he had described, while pointing in the same general direction, all converged at such angles that they would meet, if continued on the map, in the great peninsula of Labrador, which was now believed to have been the mother of a vast prehistoric series of glaciers concerned in the formation and modification of the tract lying to the south and southwest. Lake Ontario was evidently formed by the same tremendous glacier that excavated the basin of Lake Erie.—*Scientific American.*

General Grant, when asked the other evening where was the sword which he wore at Lee's surrender, answered, the New York correspondent of the Boston Traveller says: "I didn't have any on. I seldom wore a sword. I did wear one at the battle of Shiloh, and it saved my life. A ball struck it and broke the scabbard, which dropped on the field. I believe Mrs. Grant has the blade. She is better at saving things than I am."

David killed Goliath of Gath by means of a sling with a stone in it. Giants still continue to be killed by slings with a stick in them. Same thing.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

THE TRIAL OF GUITEAU.

THE CLOSING APPEAL.

Judge Porter closed his argument as follows:

GENTLEMEN—The time has come when I must close. The government has presented its case before you and we have endeavored to discharge our duty to the best of our ability. His honor has endeavored to discharge his. I know you will be faithful to your oaths and discharge yours. So discharge it that by your action at least political assassination shall find no sanction to make it a precedent hereafter. He who has ordered that human life shall be shielded by human law from human crime, presides over your deliberations, and the verdict which shall be given or withheld to-day will be recorded where we all have to appear. I trust that the verdict will be prompt, that it will represent the majesty of the law, your integrity and the honor of the country, and this trial, which has so deeply interested all the nations of the earth, may result in a warning (to reach all lands) that political murder shall not be used as a means of promoting party ends or political revolutions. I trust that the time shall come in consequence of the attention that shall be called to the considerations growing out of this trial when, by international agreement between the various governments, the law shall be so strengthened that political assassins shall find no refuge on the face of the earth.

JUDGE COX'S CHARGE.

Judge Cox began his charge at about 3 o'clock, and occupied an hour and a half. The lawyer's who heard it, pronounce it able, and eminently impartial. It is well summarized in his closing words, as follows: "And now, gentlemen, to sum up all I have said to you, if you find the whole evidence that at the time of the commission of the homicide the prisoner was laboring under such a defect of his reason that he was incapable of understanding what he was doing or of seeing that it was the wrong thing to do, as for example; if he were under the insane delusion that the Almighty had commanded him to do the act, then he was not in a responsible condition of mind but was an object of compassion and should be now acquitted. If on the other hand you find that he was under no insane delusion but had possession of his faculties and had power to know that his act was wrong, and if of his own free will he deliberately conceived the idea and executed the homicide, then whether his motive were personal vindictiveness, political animosity, desire to avenge supposed political wrongs, or a morbid desire for notoriety, or if you are unable to discover any motive at all, the act is simply murder, and it is your duty to find a verdict of guilty, as indicted. Or (after a suggestion from Mr. Scoville to that effect), if you find the prisoner is not guilty by reason of insanity, it is your duty to say so. You will now retire to your room and consider your verdict. During the delivery of the judge's charge which was completed at 4:40 p. m., there was perfect stillness in the crowded court room and even the prisoner kept absolutely quiet with the exception of one or two simple interruptions. The jury immediately retired, but soon the rumor was afloat that they had agreed upon a verdict. At 5:35 they filed in. The clerk pronounced to the foreman the usual inquiry, "Have you agreed upon the verdict?" Clear and distinct came the reply, "We have." "What is your verdict. Guilty or not guilty?" With equal distinctness came the reply, "Guilty as indicted."

Mr. Scoville will probably file a motion in arrest of judgment and for a new trial on exceptions. The law gives the defendant four days to file a motion and reasons for a new trial and it is customary for the court to set some day to hear the argument thereon. Should this motion be overruled the defendant is entitled to suspension of sentence till after the next general term not exceeding 30 days. The verdict in Guitau's case is received with almost universal satisfaction, as righteous and just. The jurors acted conscientiously, and were, as they say, wholly uninfluenced by newspapers or popular clamor, determined that there should be no cause of complaint. Of course the defense will make complaint, and Scoville proposes to write a volume on the conduct of the trial, but, except as a matter of speculation, it is hard to say wherein there is occasion for such a work. As to further proceedings, the court will hear motions in arrest of judgment, or for a new trial, and the result will be known in due time. Guitau affects to be confident that he shall escape the hangman's noose, and send forth from his prison an "appeal to the American people," of a tenor similar to his other addresses. It is a complaint of the jury, who were not the class of men to appreciate his character as an inspired man, otherwise, they would have acquitted on the ground of insanity; but they treated him as a disappointed office seeker, which he was not. "This jury had not sufficient intelligence to see that point, and entirely ignored the political and patriotic necessity for the act, which all Christian and intelligent people see." For this reason he seeks a new trial. He says: I desire the court on banc to pass upon this question, and have no doubt but that the high-toned Christian men representing the Washington court on banc will give it their most careful attention, to the end that if the Deity intended to protect me from legal liability herein by allowing the President to depart gracefully and peacefully in New Jersey, I shall have the benefit of the Deity's intention. He makes appeal to the people for money to help him in his effort; and a special appeal to the "ladies of America," alludes to the demoralized condition to which Gen. Garfield had reduced the Republican party last spring, and the satisfactory condition in which Mr. Arthur has placed it, and claims that "only good has come

from Gen. Garfield's removal," and claims for himself all the merit of the change. He says that under the law he can not be executed in any event until July, and he may die a dozen times before that; so he borrows no trouble about it. He says his friends need not be ashamed of him; "some people think I am the greatest man of this age, and that my name will go down in history, as a patriot by the side of Washington and Grant."

NO MORE OF GUITEAU'S "APPEALS."

A Washington dispatch says: Scoville and Warden Crocker had a discussion at the jail yesterday as to the propriety of allowing Guitau's address to go out. Scoville at first opposed, but finally yielded in this instance. He said so long as the papers will print Guitau's screeds he fancies he has the ear of the press; and that he is superior to his counsel and can manage his case entirely in his own way, while as a matter of fact he is indebted to his own utterances for yesterday's verdict. Warden Crocker suggested: "If you will not supply him with any more stationery, I will see that he does no more writing." It was finally settled between counsel and the warden that for the next week no one shall be permitted to interview the prisoner, and that no communication shall go to the public.

A Chicago dispatch says: Mrs. Scoville, who has kept herself aloof from reporters since the news of the conclusion of the Guitau trial, was asked last night if there was any truth in the story that her husband was about to apply for a divorce on the ground of insanity. She expressed great surprise and indignantly repudiated the suggestion as ridiculous and untrue. She showed this dispatch:

WASHINGTON, January 26. Mrs. Frances Scoville, Chicago. Have written fully. Nothing new. Remain quiet at home. Imperative.

GEO. SCOVILLE. He put "imperative" in because he feared that she would start east upon receiving the news from her brother, J. W. Guitau, that the verdict was guilty. It could not be otherwise under the judge's charge. She did not think the verdict settled anything, but it was providential, for it probably saved Charles from a mob. Next time the case is tried the result will be different.

GUITEAU'S EXCEPTIONS.

Scoville bases his motive for a new trial on the ground, that the indictment consists of different counts, and the verdict does not say on which of the counts it was founded; that the trial of the case was not concluded in the same term in which it commenced; that the court had no jurisdiction in the case because the death occurred outside the district; that the court erred in overruling the prayers and questions of the counsel for defence, refusing to instruct, and in admitting improper evidence on the part of the prosecution; that the court erred in commenting improperly during the trial on the conduct of the defendant; on account of the misbehavior of the jury in reading or having read to them the news papers calculated to prejudice their minds; by reason of new and material facts come to light since the trial; because the verdict is contrary to the evidence, and also contrary to the law.

GUITEAU'S BODY.

A scheme is on foot for the exhibition of Guitau's remains, and it seems that some of his own relatives are parties to it. J. H. Ridgeway, of Philadelphia has received the following despatch:

WASHINGTON, Jan. 30, 1881. Yours of the 28th inst. received. The relatives are inclined to regard your proposition favorably. In case of the death the brain will have to be removed for post mortem examination.

(Signed) GEO. SCOVILLE.

Scoville, in explanation, says it will be next to impossible to save the body from the body-snatchers, and it may thus be made to subservise some worthy object. Mrs. Scoville refuses to entertain such a proposition, and says she has refused a \$5,000 cash order for it. If he dies she will have a post mortem examination by experts of her own selection. Mr. Reed says the proposition to publicly exhibit the body is monstrous, and an outrage upon common decency. He says such a thing would not be allowed; that a person seeking to make the exhibition would be liable to arrest and punishment as a public nuisance.

Lawyers outside of the case the government will have authority over the body. The supposition is that the body will be delivered to the family, if they request it.

A Texas paper having remarked that "niggers" are manufactured in Kalamazoo, Mich., and sold in great numbers, and that they go by steam, many papers are trying to guess what a "nigger" is. A "nigger" is a steel and iron thingumbob, or what-you-call-it, used in a saw-mill. Without any apparent cause or provocation, it suddenly pops up through a hole in the floor, nabs the log on the saw carriage, flops the log over, lets go and retires with a sound like grinding its teeth, and lies in wait till the head sawyer winks at a lever with his left hand, when it startles the visitor by bobbing up and doing so some more. It is so named, perhaps, because the ordinary observer can't see what makes the doggedest thing act so, any more than he can explain the mysterious proceedings of a barber.

"Thank you, dear, for your polite attention," said Mrs. Partington, looking benignly upon the charming attendant. "I will take, if you please, a cup of oblong tea, without milk or sugar—not too sweet—and if you will be sure that it is not made of the eelymoinary water that the doctor wrote about, I shall be much obliged."

Farmers Institute at Lapeer.

The first session of the Farmers' Institute at Lapeer, was held Monday evening in the court house.

Henry D. Lee, of Mayfield, the presiding officer, delivered a short address of welcome, in which he called attention to the necessity of intelligent and educated farmers, if the great question of securing the most profit from the farm should ever be solved.

Prof. Carpenter delivered an address on the "Transportation Question," in which it was claimed that some legislation from the general government was necessary. The main portion of the address was devoted to showing the various difficulties that were in the way of any legislation that could be adopted. The conclusion seemed to be that special legislation fixing rates would not be just and should not be urged.

Hon. J. B. Moore, of Lapeer, delivered a short but pointed address on "Laws Relating to Agriculture." The idea of our early legislators was that it was desirable for every man to own the land he tilled, and in support of this idea were passed the Homestead Act and the Act of Exemptions. The law of descent of property common to England and Ireland, by which it becomes possible to keep landed estates inviolate through an indefinite number of generations, was changed so as to limit the time to two heirs. This law is no doubt an excellent thing for a community, as it acts to increase the number of land holders. The legislature also took steps to encourage agriculture by encouraging the starting of state and county agricultural societies. Agricultural education was provided for in the common schools, and later in the Agricultural College. The policy of these special schools has often been discussed, but this much is true, that so long as schools of medicine, law and pharmacy shall exist at the university, so long and longer should the Agricultural College exist. The college should have the patronage of every farmer in the state, as it is doing great work in their interest.

TUESDAY MORNING SESSION.

Judge W. W. Stickney read a paper on "Fine Wool Husbandry," which he recommended as a profitable business for those farmers who have a taste for such pursuits. The principles of breeding were clearly stated and he did not believe there was any danger of over-doing this business.

Prof. G. H. Harrower read a paper on the subject of "Roads," in which he stated concisely the leading points in their history and what had been done to improve the roads in other countries. He thought that the notion of protection, tending as it does to discourage intercourse between nations is opposed to the very idea underlying all road-making, and he showed that the original protectionists lived in the middle ages, when men shut themselves up in castles and walled cities; a time when existing means of communication were neglected, and new ones were not opened. He cited the petition of counties near London against the extension of turnpikes, lest they should be undersold and lose their "home market."

TUESDAY AFTERNOON SESSION.

A paper on the subject of "Drainage" by Hon. J. T. Rich, was next read. The profits of drainage were considered as certain, and all were advised to drain wet land. The drains should be of tile, one and one-half to three feet deep and laid carefully in a uniform slope.

Mr. Collins thought the drains should be deeper.

Mr. Wilson had laid wooden drains with good success.

Prof. Samuel Johnson delivered a lecture on "Ensilage," which was listened to with great interest. The lecturer explained how to make a "silo." He had great faith in ensilage, and obtained some good results in feeding it.

R. L. Taylor read a paper on our "School System," in which he claimed that the high schools were not a success.

Dr. McCall read a paper on "Coarse Wool Husbandry," in which he set before the farmers the profits and advantages of long wool. The discussion which followed indicated a decided opinion in favor of fine wools.

John Abbot, of Lapeer, next read a paper on the subject of "Clover," in which he advocated the growth not only of red clover, but of white clover.

TUESDAY EVENING SESSION.

In the evening there was a paper read by Wm. Hamilton on the subject of "Education of Farmers' Boys," a paper on "Department of Agriculture" by Secretary R. G. Baird, and a paper on "The Improvement of Cattle," by Ira H. Butterfield.

A FISHERMAN'S METEOR.

The fall of a meteor in the bay near Goat Island, from the description given to a San Francisco Call reporter by various persons on the water front, must have been a sight seldom witnessed by man. Hearing that an old fisherman had been on the bay near where the meteorite fell, the reporter looked him up, and got the following story: "Yes," said he, "I was near the place when that meteor fell, and let me say right here, I don't want to be there when the next one comes down. I tell you what young man, I've been in a good many close places in California, fighting grizzlies and standing off Mexicans in '49, but I never said my prayers as many times in a second as I did when that meteor lit out for the bay that morning. I was going across the bay to the Oakland flats to set my nets, as I do most every morning. Well, when I got almost opposite the island, all of a sudden it got so light that I thought the whole electric light business had exploded right over my head. I pulled for the island as hard as I could, for I always had a holy horror of making fish-bait of myself. I had not made two strokes when it got all-fired hot, and I looked around and was just in time to see the grandest and terriblest sight these old eyes ever looked upon. Not ten feet from me the

meteor struck the water. It looked as large as a horse. When it struck you could have heard the hissing almost a mile. I never heard anything like it before. Almost as soon as it went under my boat was over the spot, and the water was bubbling and steaming as though a young volcano had broken out." "Do you think you could find the exact place where the meteor struck?" asked the reporter. "I don't know. As soon as daylight came I went back to see how things looked, and found a number of dead fish floating around. I think it was about 200 yards from the island, a little east of south. I was so badly scared that I can't say exactly." "How old are you, and what is your name?" "I was born in Maine in 1823, and my name is John Small," answered the lone fisherman. The reporter called upon Prof. Hanks at the State Mining Bureau. The professor was out of town, but it had been reported by several parties that the acrolite had been seen by quite a number of persons. Prof. Davidson was also called upon, but was out. This is, without doubt, one of the largest acrolites that has visited the earth for some time past.

EARLY ARCTIC EXPLORERS.

The first scientific exploring Arctic expedition was sent by the Russians, in charge of Prontschichtschew. This bold investigator sailed westward from the Lena to circumnavigate the icy capes of Taimurland, accompanied by his young wife, who wintered with him at the Olenk, and in the following summer shared his unsuccessful efforts to double the most northerly capes of Asia. He perished under the fatigues incident to his severe struggles in the ice, and a few days after she followed him to the grave. Four years later Prontschichtschew's project was taken up, by Lieutenant Chariton Laptew. The explorer wintered on the Chabanga, and in the summer of 1749 resumed his arduous work. His vessel was crushed in the ice, and the river not being frozen solid enough to enable the exhausted survivors to return to their former winter quarters, some of the crew fell victims to famine. But the following spring, renewing with fresh vigor the survey of the great Asiatic promontory, he crossed the desolate icy tundra by sledge, reached Taimur lake before the close of April, and penetrated the valley of Taimur river to its outlet in the Arctic ocean. At the same time his brother, Dimitri Laptew, explored the Siberian coast east of the Lena, doubled the Swjatoi-Noss cape, wintering on the banks of the Indigirka, spending a second winter on the borders of the Kolyma, and in the fourth season extending his scientific surveys to Baranow.—*Post and Tribune.*

Miss West, the daughter of the English Minister, is much admired at Washington for the skill and taste with which she plays the hostess in her father's house. She is only eighteen, and had not long been out of her convent when she started for Washington. She shows in entertaining the grace

It takes a Philadelphia girl longer to tell a story than a Chicago girl. But she belongs to a slow city, and it is necessary to keep pace with her aunt's sisters.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

THE GULF STREAM AND EUROPE.

There was a time within the human epoch, says James Geikie in an article on "The Gulf Stream and the Panama Canal," when the European climate was so genial that many delicate southern species of plants flourished luxuriantly in regions where they cannot now exist. Thus in the neighborhood of Paris, the fig tree, the laurel of the Canary Islands, and other southern species found a congenial habitat. The Canary Island laurel does not grow further north now than near Toulon, on the borders of the Mediterranean. It flowers in winter, and repeated frosts would therefore prevent re-producing its kind. That this plant formerly flourished near Paris is thus a striking proof of changed climatic conditions, for the winters in Northern France must then have been extremely genial. The land and fresh water shells which were contemporaneous with that remarkable flora in Northwestern Europe tell precisely the same tale, and this is still further illustrated and confirmed by the character of the mammalian fauna. Among the commoner animals at that time occupants of England, France, etc., were hippopotami, elephants, rhinoceroses, lions, tigers, hyenas, etc., and vast numbers of cervine and bovine animals which still occupy the temperate latitudes of Europe.

That such genial climatic conditions were due in large measure to a great increase in the volume of warm water flowing into the North Atlantic seems just as certain as that the Arctic climate of the Glacial Period was largely induced by a very considerable decrease or even an entire stoppage of that heat-bearing current. The presence of many Mediterranean shells in the ancient raised beaches of Scandinavia, the occurrence of mussel-banks in the coastlands of Spitzbergen, the appearance here and there off the coast of Scotland, the Faeroes, and Iceland, of southern species of shell-fish, and the presence of isolated colonies of southern mollusks in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, are all indicative of a former much greater influx of warm water into northern regions than is now the case. Those remarkable colonies of southern species are living evidence of the last epoch of extremely genial conditions experienced in Northwestern Europe—an epoch during which great forest growth over-spread wide regions in the north—covering the British Islands, the Inner and Outer Hebrides, the Orkney and the Shetland Islands, all Norway up to the extreme north, and most extensive areas which to-day lie submerged in the sea.

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SENDING A VALENTINE.

I might begin, "The rose is red" (Though that is not so very new), Or this boys all think is good: "If you love me as I love you."

But, seems to me, a valentine Is nicer, when you do not say The same old things that everyone Keeps saying, in the same old way.

And I asked Jane, the other night, What grown-up people write about. She would not answer me at first, But laughed, till I began to pout. That stopped her, for she saw I meant The question (and she will not tease). "Why—love," she said, "and shining eyes. A kiss, soft hair—just what they please. It can't be hard, if that is all. So I'll begin by saying this:

To my dear lady beautiful, I send a valentine and kiss. The valentine, because she has The loveliest hair and gentlest eyes; The kiss, because, I love her more Than any one beneath the skies; Because she is the kindest, best, The sweetest lady ever known; And every year, I bring the same, The very same, to her alone!

There! Now it's finished. Who will do? I've thought of one and then another. Who is there like it? Why, of course, I'll send it right away to Mother!

THE SIN.

'O Leonie lily-gird, precious and fair,' (Green is the grass in the lane), 'Whinge me a lock of thy tangled hair' (For maidens will always be vain).

His speech was rough and hard his hand (Hard with labor were they), But the heart within was shifting as sand, (In the morn he rode away)

The red rose came and the red rose went (For in winter the nights are long), And the maid with sobs at the window leant (Why tarries he so long?)

The mullioned window with storied glass (The raindrops silt from the eaves)! Chant for the maiden's soul a mass (The sun-flower droops its leaves)!

They have dug a grave 'neath the burdock tree (Plant chickweed at her feet)! And there this maid at rest will be (Where earth and sky do meet).

His heart had shifted like the sand (For the maid he cared not a pin)! And he married the richest dame in the land (Upon his soul the sin)!

Aestheticism.

MIKE'S CONFESSION.

Now Mike was a 'soler of very good parts, Yet sly as a church mouse was he; And he came to confess to the new parish priest, Like a pious and true devotee.

When his sins were reeled off till no more could be found, Said the priest: "Are you sure you've told all?" Have the mouths of the horses never been greased, So they couldn't eat oats in the stall?"

"With respect to yer reverence," said Mike with a grin, "Sure for that you may have me alone; I've scraped till there's niver a sin left behoided, Me conscience is clane to the bone!"

So absolved, happy Mike went away for more sins, Till the day came round to tell all; And the very first thing he confessed, he had greased The mouth of each horse in the stall!

How is this?" said the priest: "when here, but last week, You never had done this, you swore;" "Faith, thanks to yer reverence," said Mike, "I niver had heard of before!"

ROBBERY AT THE HALL.

"Look here, Peter," said he, "there is a rare chance for you just now. You can hire the Frolic, a forty-tonner, lying at her moorings in the Gareloch, all ready for sea. Be off, and show Charley the West Highlands."

"Well, well," I said at last, "don't bother me any more. Send Charles up to Scotland, and if he likes the craft we'll try a cruise."

Four days later I joined my nephew on the Gareloch. What a lovely scene it was from the deck of our craft! Beautifully wooded hills on either side of us, here and there crowned with heather, and between them the sea, all green and gold, sparkling up for five or six miles till stopped by a grand range of purple hills. These stretched right across the landscape, and were called "Argyle's Bowling Green."

"A curious name," I said to our skipper, Captain McCosh. "Is it possible that the Argyle family ever played bowls on such extremely rugged ground?"

"Oh, ay!" he replied. "The Macal-lum More would mount you steep hill before breakfast and roll the big stanes down from the top—just for exercise, ye ken. You may see the rocks they hurled down to this very day lying all about the shores of Loch Goil and Loch Long."

Dear me, what Titans these old Scotch fellows must have been! I looked in vain, however, for any remains of their strongholds. Nothing to be seen but the most objectionable of pretty villas, with eagles and statues before the doors, the largest being a sort of Greek temple belonging to the duke of Argyle himself.

We were amused at the eccentric behavior of some person sketching on the shore close by us; he would gaze bare-headed at the landscape, rush to his easel, dab on some paint, then fall back on the bank and gaze at the sky. Suddenly he would rise and repeat the operation. We watched and watched, till at last Charles got so interested that we landed to see what he was doing. We found him in a sort of swoon; a young man with fair hair brushed straight back from his forehead, dreamy blue eyes looking into vacancy, an acquiline nose, and a thin-lipped mouth.

"I beg your pardon," Charles began. "Who is it that speaks?" he said, jumping up. "Ah, gentlemen, it is I who should ask pardon, but my thoughts were far away."

"I see you are an artist," said my nephew, "and I thought perhaps you

could give me some hints as to the subjects about here."

"I wish it was in my power to assist you," he replied; "but the fact is I am lately come from Germany, and am seeking sketching ground myself. You are almost the first person I have spoken to."

"Well, I am sorry we have disturbed you."

"Not at all. It was kind of you to notice a stranger. Will you look at my work?"

"It is comforting to meet any one who has your perceptive faculty, sir," said the stranger to me. "Depend upon it, if you say a landscape, 'How like the spot!' it is a bad picture, 'because the spiritual has been sacrificed to the material. The same is also of a portrait. How easy to make it like by accentuating some commonplace peculiarity. The true painter's aim should be, not only to paint the soul of the man, but also to show what traditions belong to him and what portents they have. You will pardon my rudeness," he continued, "but your face plainly speaks a long history."

"You are right!" I answered. "Extraordinary as the guess is, you are perfectly right. I am the representative of one of the oldest families in Britain. The Stonnors, sir, date back to Edward the Fourth—a pretty long history."

"It is, sir," he said, with a polite bow; "but there is no need of your assuring me of the fact. It is written on your face."

"Come and dine on board the Frolic," I said, "and we will inspect your folio during the long evening."

I liked this young fellow. There was a deferential air about him that is sadly missing in most young men of the present day. My nephew did not at first share in my admiration, but began to alter his opinion after looking at the drawings. They were distinctly different from what we had seen on the shore. Small literal transcripts of Dutch scenery, quaint figures, boats, buildings, all drawn with great skill and care, and all signed Edward Hansen. My nephew raved about their artistic merit, and talked German art with Hansen all the evening.

After this we saw a great deal of him. We were detained for provisions, and the young men sketched and fished together, till Charles, with his usual contradictory and impulsive way, took such a liking for the young German that he accompanied us on our cruise.

We had a happy time. We explored the Clyde Lochs, sailed round the Mull of Cantire, and saw most of the coast lately made famous by Mr. Black and Mr. Collin Hunter. Our skipper was invaluable. His memory was marvelous. We had no need for guide books. Hansen drank in these legends with avidity. He was a strange, gentle creature, thoroughly gentlemanlike and unselfish, making himself useful to my nephew and myself in a thousand little ways, till he became almost indispensable to our comfort. We found out that he was in reduced circumstances, and I was glad to be able, at my nephew's suggestion, to purchase the folio of drawings.

His fits of abstraction were absolutely painful to witness. They appeared to be accompanied with considerable physical suffering, and at these times he would pace the deck for hours, refusing both food and drink.

"Curiously enough," I said one day after listening to one of the skipper's tales, "there is a legend of a somewhat similar character attached to our family. The story goes that some time during the last century there was a certain Miss Lettice Stonnor who had offended her father in the same way as poor Ellen MacLaine, and was in consequence made a close prisoner by him in one of the rooms in Stonnor Hall. She was treated with so much harshness that at last she threw herself out of the window in despair. There used to be some story of a ghost, but not in my time. The room, however, remains untouched, and I can show it to you now. There is a curious old inscription carved in oak over the fire-place. It is worded thus: 'Your lettuce grows within the garden, but our Lettice buds in Paradise.'"

Poor Hansen listened spell-bound, and subsequently had an unusually severe fit of abstraction. So wretchedly ill did he look in the morning that I determined to speak to him.

"Mr. Stonnor," he said, grasping my hand, "the sympathy of a gentleman of your high position is one of the most precious comforts I have experienced. I am a most unfortunate person. You see how these legends affect me. The fact is, sir, I have the misfortune to be en rapport with the spiritual world. Why the mantle should have fallen upon me I cannot tell, but so it is, and the suffering it entails is dreadful. I believe I am the most powerful medium known. The manifestations that have been elicited thro' me in Germany have had the effect of ruining my health. The expenditure of odic force has rendered me as weak as an infant. I can no longer produce such sketches as those you have lately purchased from me. I flew from Germany to distract my thoughts, and to avoid being made use of by the spiritualists. In your society I have been happier; but still you see—I suffer."

"Is there anything, then," I asked, "in this spiritualism?"

"Anything, Mr. Stonnor! Oh, I wish there was not!"

"I have always thought that it was considered by our learned men as humbug."

"Yes," he replied, sadly, "all the higher truths suffer from modern skepticism. A great mind like yours—unfettered by study, and free from school traditions, one that has lain dormant in its strength—would bring a new light on the subject!"

"I dare say I could do something toward elucidating it," I said. The Stonnors have generally succeeded in what they undertake."

"I am sure of it," he replied, "and I feel relieved now that I have unburdened my mind to you."

This was the first of many conversations we had on the subject. My interest was roused, not so much at spiritualism itself as the knowledge of finding a power of philosophical reasoning within me which I had been hitherto unaware of. One evening we had a little seance. The manifestations were slight, but quite enough to convince me.

At Oban I found letters that called me home; one from India telling me that my niece had sailed for England and was coming to the Hall—the trouble consequent on the death of her child, some two or three years old, had so preyed upon her health that her husband had packed her off by the first steamer; the other from my brother, saying that she had arrived, and offering to come and finish the cruise with his son. I set off at once—arranging that my brother should join the yacht at Oban, and that Hansen should then come and pay a visit to Stonnor Hall.

I found that the young wife had picked up her health and spirits during the voyage, but that she might have a cheerful companion, I asked Mrs. Randall Rawson and her husband to spend a few days with us.

Mrs. Rawson was a brisk, busy lady, who would manage everything and everybody in the county if she could. She had a formidable array of domestic virtues; had the reputation of being very strong-minded, but withal was a most nervous woman, hiding it well, however, under a loud sort of bluster.

Another peculiarity was her absurd jealousy of her husband. Poor Rawson himself was one of the meekest and mildest of men. He was known at school as Pink Rawson, and now he was married and the father of a large young family, he was pinker and milder than ever. His life was made a burden to him from this ridiculous jealousy.

A remarkable occurrence took place at the Hall shortly after they arrived. We had all met in the drawing-room after dinner. My brother was dozing in an arm chair. Mrs. Rawson was reading a novel, my niece was at the piano, and Rawson would have been turning over the leaves had his wife's eye not been on him.

Suddenly the door opened, and my butler, Thomas (a most exemplary person) came up to my chair with a startled sort of look and desired to speak to me. When we got outside he told me that one of the housemaids was in hysterics, having seen a ghost on the lawn. It was bright moonlight, and while the girl was closing some shutters her attention was attracted by a moaning. On looking out she saw the figure of a young lady gazing up at one of the windows and wringing her hands. Thomas, who ran to her assistance when she screamed, said also that he distinctly saw the figure disappearing in the shrubs.

"Where is this girl?" whispered a voice close to us, and there was Mrs. Rawson, looking very white. She had followed out of feminine curiosity.

"Take me to this girl," she said loudly. "I'll soon take the nonsense out of her."

However, notwithstanding cold water, salvolatile, and abundant scolding, the girl stuck to her statement. She gave the most circumstantial account of it.

The figure was dressed in white, had black hair, looked very sad, would stare up at a particular window, then wring her hands and moan.

The window she described was that which belonged to the haunted chamber. My brother scoured the shrubberies without avail.

Nothing occurred the following night, but on the next, Thomas knocked at my dressing room door as I was going to bed. "For heaven's sake, come here, sir," he cried, I hurried after him. There, sure enough, on the lawn, in the bright moonlight, was the figure the girl had described. I could see it with painful distinctness. It was like in face, figure and dress to Scheffer's picture of 'Mignon regrettant sa patrie,' that hung in my nephew's room. It would look up at the haunted room, then clasp its hands and moan. When I turned to speak to Thomas, I was confronted by another white figure. It was that of Mrs. Randall Rawson, who, having heard the disturbance, had followed us in dishabille. "What is all this about?" she said in sepulchral tones. For answer I pointed to the figure. "Ah!" she cried clutching me violently, "I am not frightened! no, this is some trick. I'll have the creature punished. I tell you both, these things do not frighten me!"

Here she clasped me so violently that I nearly fell. "Open the window, Thomas," she continued loudly, "I'll speak to the creature."

At the sound of the opening casement the figure turned slowly toward us, and with a despairing cry disappeared amid the trees. Mrs. Rawson fell back in hysterics, and being rather stout, it was as much as Thomas and I could do to support her. "Ah, ah!" she laughed; "I tell you I am not frightened, I tell you—"

When my brother, who had slept soundly all night, began deriding it, and saying it was a dodge of the servants, I pulled him up at once. "Perhaps," I said, "I know more about it than you think."

"What are you driving at?" he said. "I mean that it may portend something more serious than you hint at."

"Ah! Peter," how often have I told you not to keep all the jewels and plate at the Hall. Why don't you send them to your bankers?"

"You mistake me," I said; "the trinkets and plate are safe enough; but did it never occur to you that spirits may actually visit the earth?"

"If I did not know you better, Peter, I should think you had adopted whis-

ky in Scotland, or had softening of the brain coming on. Whence did you pick up this nonsense!"

I laid my hand upon his shoulder. "Robert," I said, seriously, "I'll tell you about Scotland. My mind was opened there, and I am now convinced that it is possible for spirits, both seen and unseen, to visit this earth. Moreover, we may converse with them."

He looked at me dumbfounded. At last he said: "Poor Peter, you are worse than I expected."

Just before he started for Scotland he had played a very stupid and reprehensible practical joke on Randall Rawson. Rawson happened to leave an envelope addressed to his mother on the library table. This was taken by my brother, who, imitating the handwriting, wrote, "Dear mother, I shall send you fifteen blue goats to-morrow. Can't get any more, but will telegraph to New York." Poor Rawson came up to me in great excitement the next day with a telegram in his hand. "Good heavens! Stonnor," he said, "here's a calamity; my poor mother's gone mad. Read this."

"From Mrs. Rawson, Queen's Gate, to Randall Rawson, Stonnor Hall—Don't want any blue goats—Don't telegraph to New York."

"Poor mother!—I must be off at once. My wife is out driving. Could you manage to come with me?"

"Certainly," I said. Write a line to your wife, and let us be off. We shall just catch the London train."

So Rawson wrote on the back of the telegram. Dear Wife: This will explain itself. Hope to be back to-morrow. Poor mother!

Of course, when we got to Queen's Gate and saw the spurious letter, the Roax began to dawn upon us. We vowed vengeance against Robert, but by the time we got back he had started for Scotland.

Luckily our attention was now distracted by Mr. Hansen's arrival. His presence acted like oil on the troubled waters. In a couple of days he had settled down, a favorite with all, and a special comfort to me. Even Mrs. Rawson pronounced him to be a most superior person, and it was interesting to notice that, after pooh-poohing the name of spiritualism and abusing its converts, she insensibility became converted herself.

"There may certainly be," said Mrs. Rawson, "some occult power which we know nothing whatever about."

"There is! There is! Believe me, there is, Mrs. Rawson," cried Hansen. "And then how sweet and comforting to think we can hold converse with departed friends!"

After this we had many interesting conversations. We of course told him of the spectre. He was intensely interested. He made us narrate the circumstances again and again. He examined the lawn, shrubberies, and windows, and finally put the girl Jane under severe cross-examination. One day, in company with Mrs. Rawson, we explored the old house, and were looking at the family jewels and plate, in the strong fire-proof box.

"We must not wonder at your brother telling you to look after these valuable heirlooms," said Hansen, "any more than we wonder at the girl Jane's fright. The idea of burglary is just what would occur to an unenlightened mind."

"I think this box would resist any attempt at burglary," I said, smiling. "See how this key turns two strong bars right across the inside of the lid."

"Most beautiful mechanism!" he said, "and how ingeniously contrived!"

He tried the key several times, then returning it to me, continued: "But I am more interested in the haunted room. Let us go there! Let us go quickly!"

Something in the change of his voice as he spoke the last words made us look at him. His eyes were fixed on vacancy, and both his hands were extended toward us. We each took one, and without any direction on our part, his eyes still fixed, he led us straight to the haunted room!

That evening we all tried to persuade him to conduct a seance with the view of eliciting information from the departed Lettice. At first he refused. "Remember," he said, "how my health suffered in Germany from these investigations. Since that I have been unable to follow my calling. Oh, let me regain my health!"

It was at my solicitation that he at last yielded; and that he should not be a sufferer I induced him to accept a douceur that would relieve his anxiety about working for a year or so.

He thought the manifestations would be stronger if some of his time were spent in the old chamber; so we had his bed moved to a room opening from it, that he might go in and out as he pleased.

I must own we were all morbidly excited on the morning of the prearranged seance.

We were impatient for the night, and then, more like a row of conspirators than ordinary inmates, we silently went up to the haunted room.

Hansen was already there. The night was very dark and warm, and he stood by the open window, calm and collected.

We seated ourselves round the table, placed our hands upon it, and made a contact with our fingers. Presently it moved; then was violently agitated, almost falling on our feet, while occasional loud raps were heard on the inscription.

"Strong manifestations on the oak carving," he said in a low tone; "let me go to it."

He got up, and as he moved to the fireplace, his chair ran after him.

We all saw it, and made some involuntary exclamation as we rose from our seats.

Hansen rose and drank some water. "I think," he said, "it would be advisable to conduct the rest of the seance in

darkness. Your late researches, Mr. Stonnor must have shown you the wonderful properties of light as an occult motive power. No doubt it interferes somewhat with spiritualistic phenomena. In the light we get indirect information by rappings, but in the darkness we may obtain more direct communication."

So saying, he put out the candles, and we resumed our seats. The rappings increased. They were very loud. Then small flickers of light darted about the room. Then a moaning, such as we heard on the lawn, could be detected in the air close to us.

"Are you the spirit of Lettice Stonnor?" asked Hansen.

"There were three raps and a moan. 'Is your visit a portent of evil?' Two raps. 'Is your visit to the Hall a very friendly one?' Three raps. Here a shower of stars shot all about the room.

"Will you show yourself to us?" Three raps.

Our excitement was now positively awful. We could hear our hearts beating. Presently, out of the darkness, a luminous figure was seen moving toward the window. Arriving there, it turned, and we saw, illuminated by a soft light, the features of the departed Lettice Stonnor. Her black hair clung about her shoulders, and she moaned and gesticulated as she did on the lawn.

"Speak!" said Hansen.

"I return no more," she said in an unearthly voice, and slowly disappeared out of the window.

There was a crash in the room. Hansen lit the candles, and there on the floor were my niece and Mrs. Rawson in hysterical faintings. To this day I don't know how we got to bed. I remember calling Rawson, and somehow, between us, we saw the two ladies to their rooms. When I got back, Hansen had thrown himself on his bed.

"Let me sleep, let me sleep," he said, shaking me by the hand—"the expenditure of odic force has been too much for me; but what a glorious success!"

The reaction from the excitement gave me a heavy sleep, but I was rudely awakened before eight o'clock the next morning, by Thomas. He had shaken me out of my stupor, and was standing over me in his shirt sleeves.

"Oh, lor, sir!" he cried. "Oh, lor, Mr. Stonnor!"

"What is the matter, Thomas?" I exclaimed, starting up and rubbing my eyes.

"Oh lor, sir! the family plate, sir, and the jewels! all gone!"

"Gone!" I shrieked, jumping out of bed. "Call Mr. Hansen!"

"He's gone, too, sir!"

I kept my room for a week. Owing to something he had heard in Scotland, my brother had suddenly returned to the Hall the day after the robbery, but had immediately left for London. Ten days after he appeared.

"I hope the detectives and I have not compounded a felony," he said, laying some of the lost jewels on the table, "but these are all we could recover. The plate is melted down by this time, and your check was cashed the day you gave it. Would you like me to read you the result of Pascal's inquiry about your friend?"

"Edward Hansen," he writes, "is not an artist himself, but is the son of a well-known painter of the same name. No doubt the sketches your brother purchased are by the father. This Edward is married to a handsome, dark woman, and a very clever pair of scamps they are, the Stonnor Hall seance not being the least clever of their adventures."

"He first caught your brother by a little judicious flattery, and then carefully elicited all your family history from him. The story of Lettice he utilized by writing to his wife and telling her to impersonate her in the moonlight. This, and subsequent deferential flattery to your brother's mental attainments, brought about the seance. The raps are produced by a very common trick. The sparks and stars are simply caused by rubbing the top of a common lucifer match, and flickering it up into the air. As to the apparition, this was no one else but his own wife, who had entered the room, as they subsequently left it, by a rope ladder. The luminous appearance was caused by a compound of phosphates and sulphides well-known in Germany, and the greater light near the window showed that she had come within the focus of some lantern cunningly hidden by her husband."

"The subsequent robbery was absurdly easy, seeing that the fireproof box had been left unlocked after Hansen left the key. 'I hope Peter is better. 'Experientia docet,' etc.'"

The Albany (N. Y.) Press and Knickerbocker says: "The largest following we know of to-day is that of St. Jacob's Oil; for where St. Jacob's Oil is, there rheumatism is not."

An entire edition of the Vienna Neue Freie Presse was recently confiscated by order of the authorities, for the reason that it contained several passages from Edmund Burke's "Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontent."

E. L. Loweree, Esq., cashier of the Cincinnati Southern Railroad, says the Cincinnati Enquirer, was cured by St. Jacob's Oil of a stubborn case of rheumatism, which wouldn't yield to physicians' treatment.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Western woman advertises that she can cure the pernicious habit some people have of biting their finger nails. "I know," remarks a little maiden of our acquaintance, "she puts mustard on them."

Coal Oil or Petroleum may be very nice illuminating or lubricating purposes, but it is not the proper thing to cure a cough. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is looked upon as the standard cough remedy.

Despondency, on account of financial losses, led Gen. Briggs, of Pawnee, on Friday, to blow out his brains with a shot gun.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND revises the drooping spirits; invigorates and harmonizes the organic functions; gives elasticity and firmness to the step, restores the natural lustre to the eyes, and plants on the pale cheek of beauty the fresh roses of life's spring and early summer time.

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

VEGETINE—"The life of all flesh is the blood thereof." And no one can possibly be healthy when the blood is diseased. VEGETINE is composed of substances identical with healthy blood; and when taken into the system for the cure of disease, it is absorbed, and replaces the deficiency which causes the disease.

James' Tonic Pills. Why suffer from indigestion and constipation, when 25 cents worth of James' Tonic Pills will assist digestion, regulate the bowels, purify the blood, and make you feel like a new creature. J. S. PEABODY, Pub., Republican. J. E. Davis & Co., Wholesale Agents, Detroit, Mich.

That Terrible indigestion and sick headache will yield readily to Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. It Tells Its Own Story. LANCASTER, N. H., Dec. 3, 79.

By the way, I will say that I think Downy Elixir the best cough remedy that I can find at our druggists. We always use it. J. S. PEABODY, Pub., Republican.

All diseases arising from Biliousness or Torpid Liver, are quickly cured by the use of Baxter's Mandrake Bitters. See notice of Arnicin and Oil Liniment in another column.

How often we hear middle-aged people say regarding that reliable old cough remedy, H. N. Downy's Elixir: "Why my mother gave it to me when I was a child, and I use it in my family; it always cures." Who can name another medicine with such a record as this? Dr. Baxter's Mandrake Bitters are another good medicine; and Arnicin and Oil Liniment is just what it is recommended to be.

Rescued From Death. William H. Coughlin, of Somerville, Mass., says: "In the fall of 1876 I was taken with BLEEDING OF THE LUNGS, followed by a severe cough. I lost my appetite and flesh, and was confined to my bed. In 1877 I was admitted to the Hospital. The doctors said I had a hole in my lungs as big as a half dollar. At one time a report went around that I was dead. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of DR. WILLIAM HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. I got a bottle, when to my surprise, I commenced to feel better, and to-day I feel better than for three years past."

I write this hoping every one afflicted with diseased lungs will take DR. WILLIAM HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, and be convinced that CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED. I can positively say it has done more good than all the other medicines I have taken since my illness. JAS. E. DAVIS & CO., Wholesale Druggists, Detroit, Mich., Agents.

RESCUED FROM DEATH. The following statement of William J. Coughlin, of Somerville, Mass., is so remarkable that we beg to ask for it the attention of our readers. He says: "In the fall of 1876 I was taken with a violent BLEEDING OF THE LUNGS followed by a severe cough. I was unable to eat or sleep, and my flesh was wasted. 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 near gone at one time a report went around that I was dead. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of DR. WILLIAM HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. I laughed at it, but I thinking that it was a case of 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. WILLIAM 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 Needs Suffer.

A sure cure for the Blind, Bleeding, Itching and Ulcerated Piles has been discovered by Dr. Williams' Indian Ointment, called 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. It is non-injurious, and does no harm to the body. 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 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. It is a great relief. 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.

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP For the Cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Croup, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Incurable Consumption and for the relief of consumptive persons in advanced stages of the Disease. Sold by all Druggists.—Price

GUTTEAU's autographs have sold well here, but now since sentence has passed he will hardly be able, if it is allowed at all, to do his scribbling fast enough to supply the demand.

GUTTEAU's actions during his trial has been much to prove him sane, and Judge is to be commended for his course in being so lenient with the prisoner. It shows the Judge's patience and clear forethought in the case.

The libel suit against the Post and Tribune, by John Miner, was brought to a close on Monday, by a verdict in favor of the plaintiff for \$250 instead of \$10,000. In regard to the decision the Post and Tribune says: There have been several interesting decisions in this case, and for the good of the papers of the state, to have them affirmed or reversed, The Post and Tribune will take the case to the supreme court.

The American people have received what they have for months wished and prayed for, word that the dastardly coward, the assassin Gutteau, has been sentenced to be hung by the neck until he is dead, and the intelligence has been received with general satisfaction. It seems that the prisoner has had all the time the hope that he would be cleared, and now that this prop of hope has been knocked from under him, his actions are two fold worse, if that is possible, than before. After hearing the motion for a new trial denied and his sentence of death placed upon him by Judge Cox, he raved and cried for vengeance like a wild man. He laid down vengeance upon the prosecution, and judge. In being taken from court room, he attacked this guards with such violence and fury that he had to be carried out by force. He is to be hung in Washington on the 30th of June. This will do much to weaken the unity plea hereafter.

The death of the late Dr. Bellows vacant another of the prominent pulpits of New York, and it is hard to see how any one can find a successor who will keep them together. Unitarianism has never got any very strong hold in New York. But it was more powerful here as a distinct sect a quarter of a century ago than it is now. The energy of Dr. Bellows has kept one church of the denomination alive in the city, though even that one has not been growing, and the pulpit eloquence of Mr. Collyer has put some vitality into the other society. Besides these two, the Unitarians have no church here with the exception of a struggling chapel in Harlem. Among the Unitarians, as also among other religious denominations, the scarcity of exceptional pulpit talent begins to attract attention. Even communions far more aggressive and more enthusiastic in their devotion to their faith, confess that the regulars now furnished to the ministry from the theological seminaries are not of promising material. If all Sem. Church shall find difficulty in getting a suitable minister, will not be alone in their embarrassment. The Presbyterians went abroad to occupants for their most conspicuous and pulpits. The Dutch Reformed people did the same thing when the rich collection at Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third street wanted a pastor. The Congregationalists crossed the ocean to seek a successor to Dr. Thompson at the Tabernacle. Calvary Church has been without a pastor since the death of Dr. Washburn a year ago, though the vestry have searched and near to find one to fill his place.

When they did call one he was a man from Germany, who did not answer them favorably. Dr. Tjalling's place has been supplied in St. George's Church by the death of Dr. John Cotton Smith leaves their leading Episcopal church without a pastor; and now, we understand, there is a movement to call to that pulpit Rev. Mr. Courtney, an Englishman. Union Theological Seminary of this city, a Presbyterian divinity school, has lately succeeded in raising a large sum of money to increase its endowment and to extend its buildings; but what our theological seminaries need more than money is a better quality of students. In no profession are the opportunities for advancement for a young man of real talent and real power so great as in the ministry. Elsewhere the competition is stronger, and progress much slower. Law, medicine, and, nowadays, the profession of engineering are overloaded. The brightest graduates of colleges rarely sink of serving the Church, and clever young men generally prefer business to the ministry. Perhaps, having no devout belief, they could not preach the faith without hypocrisy; they will not assume. The consequence is that the pupils of the divinity schools are often of mediocre intellectual capacity, and many of them, we are sorry to say, are slothful fellows, who enter a theological seminary because there they will be supported, or young men who can never make a living by the independent exercise of their talents. It is a remarkable and suggestive circumstance that there are now several churches of the greatest prominence and largest wealth in New York which are hunting in vain for pastors. They are ready to pay high salaries, salaries equal to the incomes of men in the secular world who have had exceptional success, and yet they cannot fill their pulpits.

THE HOSPITAL AT MINDEN.

A meeting of the two committees of the hospital department of the woman's auxiliary of the diocese of Michigan was held recently at St. Paul's chapel to hear the report of Mrs. J. S. Conklin, who had been requested by the commissioners to visit the Minden relief hospital and report thereon. Mrs. Conklin represents the hospital as a small unpainted two story frame house containing five rooms with a good nurse in charge, who was selected with conscientious care by the ladies of the committees and who has given, so far, complete satisfaction. In the two upper rooms are three double beds and each room is filled with patients, and sad indeed is the story of the afflicted people. Amongst the number are little children covered with loathsome skin diseases, caused by extreme poverty, of thin blood, from insufficient food, and women who have lost their health and strength forever from their great exertions at the time of the fire. One case especially might be cited—that of a bright, cheery little Irish woman, who boasts of having made over 200 pounds of maple sugar last spring, besides boiling down sap for syrup, all in connection with her household work. When the fires came she fought them with all her strength, and at last succeeded in saving her small home, but it will cost her her life, as the doctors have discovered that she has an incurable cancer, and that her days will be few and full of pain. Another sad case is that of a woman sent from Verona homeless and sick, her disease called general debility, which means in her case, and in many others, overwork at the time of the fire and starvation since. These are a few of the sad cases which the ladies in charge of the Minden hospital feel thankful that it is in their power to relieve, and if their means are limited, it comforts them to know that even one such afflicted person can be taken under their care. Ten patients are now in the hospital, and there is room for two more. Dr. Healy makes a daily visit for almost no compensation, and has done so since the opening of the hospital. He possesses the full confidence of the people, and both doctor and nurse the hospital committee have been most fortunate. Upon Mrs. Conklin's recommendation the committee decided to furnish a physician for Verona Mills, and Dr. Sutton offering to fill the place for \$40 dollars a month, and the board of his horse, it was resolved to place him in charge. The committee on medical books and instruments reported the receipt of \$77 in money, and \$14 50 in books donated, and the disbursement of \$76 74 for the purchase of instruments, books, etc., which were sent to Drs. Gardner and Deady. Dr. Healy having lost all his medical instruments by the fire, and being willing to let his professional services at the hospital go partly toward paying for them, it was decided to send him what was most needful, and the committee on books and instruments were reported to ask Drs. Emerson and Andrews to make the selection. The treasurer, Mrs. Chas. Buncher, acknowledged the receipt of \$1,180, the first \$100 of which sum was sent by Mrs. James A. Garfield to Bishop Harris and by him paid over to the hospital committee; \$866 have been raised through Miss Smiley, who has worked and talked all winter, and is still working for the hospital at Minden. The disbursements so far have been \$554 14. Boxes, barrels and cases are received constantly at the storehouse of G. & R. McMillan, who have kindly placed a part of their store at the ladies' disposal, and most careful in all cases is the distribution. Requisitions of medicines from the physicians are often received and filled with care and dispatch, and all interested strive to make it a matter of duty that all orders shall be quickly attended to. The desire of the community is to keep the hospital open until the 1st of May, by which time they trust to have helped to carry many poor sick ones over the hard winter and spring months, and make them better able to take hold of the hard work which will have to be done by all of them to replace their losses by the fire.—Post and Tribune.

TUSCOLO COUNTY.

Theran Spencer, of Newbury, has lost his two eldest and youngest children—victims of diphtheria. N. Berry, of Watertown, received a severe scalp wound from a falling limb while working in the woods a few days ago. John Guthrie, of Arbel, smashed his wagon while driving over a defective sluice. He has called on the town to settle the bill. There being no snow at Gilford, wheat is looking bad in that part of the county and if this weather continues will be a poor crop again. Mrs. Eley, of Tuscola, mother of Mrs. E. B. Fisher, now nearly fourscore years of age, continues to grow weaker from an attack of malarial fever. J. A. Rossman and wife, of Newbury, lost their child, a little girl, on the 13th. They have had a number of children, but they have all died in infancy. J. C. Corwell, of Reese, recently of Vassar, was called to Ann Arbor last week to attend the funeral of his sister, Miss Alice E., some 18 years of age. Dwight Babcock, of Tuscola, is among the fortunate, having received last week a back pension of \$800, and his name on the list for four dollars per month in the future. As Geo. Thompson, of Millington, was drawing ice one day last week he slipped and fell under the wagon, the wheel passing over his right arm. No bones were broken.

There was a genuine robbery, in Arbel, at John Kibbee's last Friday about noon. Mr. Kibbee went over to one of his neighbor's on business, and when he returned home his house had been broken open, and a trunk he kept his money in was opened and about \$3 in silver and a match box full of pennies taken. It was no professional that did the job. It has been supposed for some time that he kept quite an amount of money by him. There was a copper box in the same trunk with a large amount of money in it, but that was set to one side and left.

Geo. F. Lewis, of the Bay City Morning Call, who was present at the farmer's club meeting held at Mayville last week, gives voice to the following, which speaks praise for Tuscola county: "There were a hundred members present at the meeting; practical farmers with experience, intelligence and views. The essays, of which we regret that our space will only admit one were, excepting always the road business, clear intelligent, explicit and well constructed; and the discussions were free, familiar, and at times decidedly forcible, as indicated by the above synopsis. In an experience in this line of near twenty years, that was the best farmer's meeting we ever reported, and by-and-by Tuscola county will discover that in this department of agricultural endeavor they take no back seat, but are flush to the front in comparison with any county in Michigan."

There is at present considerable excitement in railroad matters, at Gilford, as the contractors have given up their contracts and have not paid up the men that have built the road and the board bills of the men are not paid, and the parties that furnished board are holding the clothes of boarders until they get their pay; and as a consequence the men are getting desperate and have posted notices along the line that unless paid they will make it hot for the railroad company, giving five days notice to pay up, and as no money changed hands they have commenced by first setting fire to the bridge across Squaw Creek in the town of Akron, burning a part of it out so as to take the entire force of men laying track one day to rebuild it so as to go over. The switch this side had been set by some one so as to take the next train from the main track or there would have been a wreck. More trouble is daily expected.

The most serious runaway accident that has yet occurred in Vassar happened Tuesday afternoon. Chas. H. Diem was moving his household goods from Bay City to Mayville, and Tuesday his father-in-law, David Stooler, came in with his team for a load of the goods. Mr. S. had started for home with a full load, and just after crossing the D. & B. C., track his team became frightened and so unmanageable that he could not keep them in the road. They ran briskly, and one wheel of the wagon ran off the end of the bridge over a sluiceway, breaking the reach, uncoupling the wagon, dumping the load in the ditch and throwing Mr. Diem to the ground with great force. The horses, with the front wheels attached, ran about two miles before they were stopped, one having run a siver in his foot and the other having cut its heels very badly. Mr. Diem was dangerously injured by the accident, his scalp being cut in three or four places, a bad cut over the eye, a cut on the cheek and a fracture of the jaw; the most of the wheels having passed over him he thinks.

HURON COUNTY.

From our Exchanges. There is a rumor that Port Hope is a case of small-pox. The Catholics, at Sand Beach, will build a church in that place next summer. Michael Hanselman, of Sherman, had his right shoulder dislocated on Sunday week. Under the care of Dr. Johnson he is recovering. Large quantities of salt block wood is being hauled to Haskell's yard, at Port Crescent. He is repairing the block preparatory to commencing salt making at once. While William Bickle, of Bad Axe, was attending his team, one of the horses stepped on his foot, almost severing some of his toes and jamming his foot very badly. George Bowen, a teamster who resides at Port Austin was thrown from his wagon and ran over at Sand Beach on the 26th ult. The wagon was loaded with six barrels of oil. Both wheels passed over his breast. His recovery is doubtful. Will Sturtevant, of Port Austin, had a narrow escape from drowning one day last week, when he skated into a hole where they had been cutting ice. He sounded the bottom at eight feet, and was only rescued by the prompt efforts of those near by. Two prominent men, of Sebawaing, had a fine cool bath on Sunday last. While walking on the river one of them suddenly disappeared under the ice, but the other fortunately caught him by the hair and pulled him out, giving himself a complete drenching in so doing. Mr. John Kowlden, of Port Austin, while coming out of Adams & Currid's planing mill one day last week, fell and broke the cap of his right hip. He was removed to his home, where he experienced great suffering and lies perfectly helpless. Mr. K. is well advanced in years, and his recovery at best will be very slow. The accident is a particularly unfortunate one, as he has been a very industrious man whose labors were needed by those who in some degree were dependent upon him.

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. WEYDEMEYER & FREDMORE, Cass City, Mich.

GROCERIES FEED AND FLOUR AT Cross & Parson's, Caro, Mich.

Boston Restaurant KEPT IN EUROPEAN STYLE Warm Meals at all Hours. OYSTERS. MILK STEW 25c. SOUP 20c. RAW 20c. A first-class stock of Confectionery and Cigars kept in connection. W. B. ANDERSON, Cass City.

JACOB MAIER, Photograph Artist. Photographs, Tin-types, Copying, etc. Work warranted. Satisfaction guaranteed. Opposite Flaming mill, Cass City, Mich.

FOR THE FINEST Photographs McKenzie & Duck, Caro, Michigan

LEGAL. MORTGAGE SALE.—Whereas default has been made in the payment of the money secured by a mortgage dated the 9th day of May, 1879, executed by Michael Seeger of the town of Elkland, County of Tuscola, and State of Michigan, to Alice M. Houghton, of said place, which said mortgage was recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of the County of Tuscola, in Liber 94 of Mortgages, on page 142, on the 6th day of June, 1879, at 11 1/2 o'clock A. M. And, Whereas, the amount claimed to be due on said mortgage at the date of this Notice, is the sum of \$215 of principal and interest, and the further sum of \$25, as an attorney fee, stipulated for in said mortgage, and which is the whole amount claimed to be unpaid on said mortgage, and no suit or proceeding having been instituted at law to recover the debt now remaining secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof, whereby the power of sale, contained in said mortgage has become operative. Now therefore, notice is hereby given that by virtue of said power of sale, and in pursuance of the statute in such case, made and provided, the said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the premises therein described, at public auction to the highest bidder at the front door of the Court House in the Town of Indian Fields, in said County of Tuscola, on the 2nd day of May next, at 10 o'clock of the forenoon of that day, which said premises are described in said mortgage as follows to wit: The north-west quarter (1/4) of the south-east quarter (1/4) of section three (3) in town thirteen (13) north of range eleven (11) east, containing Forty acres of land, more or less, according to United States survey, being in the Town of Novata, County of Tuscola and State of Michigan. Dated this 1st day of February, 1882. ALICE M. HOUGHTON, Mortgagee. E. B. LANDON, Attorney for Mortgagee.

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. Customers will find it greatly to their advantage to examine my prices before purchasing elsewhere. I would call special attention to my Undertaking Dep't.

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.

CASS CITY DRAY, Leont Deming, Prop. Moving and Teaming attended to promptly. Can be found at Frank Austin's Tin Shop, or word and directions may be left there when absent.

Removed!

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.

New York Bazaar To the store lately vacated by Ingersoll & Oldfield.

CRIB YOUR CORNS. AT THE CASS CITY Boot and Shoe Shop. Our prices are sure to please you. We can fit your feet to a T. If you don't believe it you know where we R. Drop in any day and C.

A COMPLETE STOCK OF BERLIN ZEPHYR, GERMANTOWN WOOLS, LADIES KNIT JAKETS, JAS. H. ELLIS, STATE STREET, CARO, MICH.

All work warranted. THOS. ROWELL & Co. Opposite J. L. Hitchcock's Hardware.

SPITLER & SON, CARRIAGE & WAGON SHOP, -Next door East of Weydemeyers Hardware- Horse Shoeing a Specialty. Repairs on Woodwork done promptly All work warranted to give satisfaction. Prices Moderate. CASS CITY, MICH.

WISCONSIN LANDS 5,000 000 Acres 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.

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.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

Detroit and Bay City Division.

TRAINS SOUTH.			TRAINS NORTH.		
am	pm	am	pm	pm	am
7 10	5 40	10 40	7 10	10 40	7 10
7 38	6 08	11 27	7 38	11 27	7 38
8 00	6 30	12 10	8 00	12 10	8 00
8 13	6 43	12 40	8 13	12 40	8 13
8 26	6 56	1 10	8 26	1 10	8 26
8 38	7 08	1 40	8 38	1 40	8 38
7 55	4 10	7 55	4 10
8 55	7 25	3 10	8 55	7 25	3 10
8 57	7 25	3 20	8 57	7 25	3 20
10 00	9 00	10 00	9 00
9 15	7 52	3 55	9 15	7 52	3 55
9 26	8 02	4 10	9 26	8 02	4 10
9 36	8 10	4 25	9 36	8 10	4 25
9 46	8 18	4 40	9 46	8 18	4 40
10 07	8 40	5 12	10 07	8 40	5 12
10 26	8 55	5 35	10 26	8 55	5 35
11 25	9 53	7 10	11 25	9 53	7 10

CARO BRANCH.

TRAINS NORTH.		
am	pm	pm
Vassar.....Dep.	8 15	12 51
Watrousville.....	8 35	1 15
Watrousville.....	8 45	1 25
Caro.....	9 00	1 40

TRAINS SOUTH.

am	pm	pm
Caro.....Dep.	7 00	11 50
Watrousville.....	7 12	12 02
Watrousville.....	7 25	12 15
Vassar.....	7 45	12 35

SAGINAW BRANCH.

Leave Vassar at 5 10 a. m., 12 50 p. m. and 8 30 p. m., Arriving in East Saginaw at 6 30 a. m., 1 40 p. m. and 9 15 p. m.

Leave East Saginaw at 7 10 a. m., 5 40 p. m. and 10 40 p. m. Arriving at Vassar at 7 55 a. m., 6 25 p. m. and 12 00 m.

Trains daily, Sundays excepted, and by Chicago time.

W. A. VAUGHAN, Division Sup't, Bay City
H. O. WENTWORTH, Gen'l. Pass'gr and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

PORT HURON & NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY

MARLETTE DIVISION.

Time Table No. 10, Taking Effect Sept. 21, 1881.
All Trains run by Port Huron Time.

GOING WEST. STATIONS. GOING EAST.

am	pm	am	pm
7 30	5 15	10 15	6 25
8 12	6 00	10 45	6 40
8 45	6 32	11 15	6 55
10 25	7 40
11 45	8 59

SAND BEACH DIVISION.

GOING SOUTH. STATIONS. GOING NORTH.

am	pm	am	pm
4 15	12 30	7 15	4 15
4 45	1 04	7 45	4 45
5 20	1 36	8 20	5 20
6 05	2 21	9 05	6 05
7 05	3 21	10 05	7 05
7 55	4 10	10 55	7 55
8 25	4 39	11 25	8 25
9 30	5 44	12 30	9 30

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

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

CITY AND VICINITY.

—Butter 20 cents.
—Eggs 20 cents doz.
—Wheat brings \$1.25.
—Oats still keep at 50 cents.
—You have to get vaccinated.
—Potatoes are coming in at 75 cents.
—New sidewalk in front of the hotel.
—A light fall of snow on Sunday evening.
—Circuit court commenced on Tuesday at Caro.
—Three services were held last Sunday evening.
—Very little skating indulged in on Sabbath last.
—No bears killed this week that we could learn of.
—A busy day for our merchants on Saturday last.
—Small-pox, three miles from the village but not here yet.
—Mr. H. Hoyte, of East Saginaw, was in town yesterday.
—Mr. Joseph St. Mary, of Caro, was in town on Friday last.
—The musical cry of the fish monger has died out for the present.
—Then, Ah! left on Thursday last for an extended visit in Indiana.
—Messrs. Omer Mandard and J. C. Berry, of Caro, made us a call yesterday.
—Dr. Fritz has been in town the past two days practicing his profession.
—A large number of new subscribers have been entered upon our books the past week.
—R. E. Adamson has quite recovered from his recent illness, and is on duty again.
—Miss Lottie Randall is visiting her brother and sister at Indian Lake, Oscoda county.
—Small-pox at Austin Muzzie's house but don't go there to see if it is so, or you will catch it.
—Pay attention to the change made in J. L. Hitchcock's advertisement in another column.
—Mr. J. C. Laing was in Detroit on Tuesday, making the trip to obtain virus for vaccination.
—The meeting of the county Grange was held at the Gageton Grange hall, north of Cedar Run, yesterday.
—Rumored that the Cass City Grange will build a hall for their own use in the village in the near future.
—A strange looking ambulance appeared on our streets on Tuesday. Several endeavored to name it but failed.
—As high as 300 bushels of grain was gristed at our mill one day last week. That is running business rather lively.
—Mr. Neal McEachin has recovered sufficiently from his accident of a couple weeks ago, to be able to go on with his work.
—All the scholars were vaccinated at the school house yesterday. It will be "look out for my arm" in a few days.

—The skating still continues good, and citizens are taking advantage of it.

—Our Caro correspondent being out of the town this week, our "Capital" items are not on time.

—Mr. Bond, the contractor for the railroad bridge across the Cass river, arrived in town Monday night.

—Mrs. John Bader, we are glad to say, has passed the crisis in her severe illness and it is hoped she will recover.

—Real estate in this village is rapidly growing in value. Now is the time to purchase your lot for building purposes.

—"Crib your corns," the advice Messrs. Thos. Rowell & Co. give to their patrons. Read it for yourself in another column.

—The Crosswell Democrat comes to our table now looking more like its former self with considerable apparent improvement.

—Mr. Henderson, walking boss on the Pontiac road between this point and Cassville, paid the ENTERPRISE a call on Wednesday.

—The contract for building the Cass river bridge was sold yesterday, but who was the lucky, or unlucky, man we have not learned.

—Elder Deming has just returned from a six weeks visit, through this state and Ohio, and reports himself as having had a splendid time.

—Dr. Smith has changed his office from Mr. Nash's residence, and hereafter may be found at Adamson & Fritz's drug store, day and night.

—The donation held at Rev. J. Kelland's residence last Friday evening was largely attended and a very pleasant time was enjoyed by those present.

—The Port Huron Headlight is carrying the Mail at its head now, and will continue to do so in the future, but will do no free distributing as in the past.

—Dr. Stanton made the village another short call during the week. The doctor has assumed a heavy undertaking but is going through with it manfully.

—John Waldon, Jr., who has been very sick for the past two weeks, is about again. John had a tough time of it, and we are glad to hear that he is better.

—Mr. Lawrie, through his agent Mr. J. Clare, advertises for 100,000 ties, to be laid down upon the right of way of the P. O. & P. A. R. R. It sounds like business.

—Our professional men have all they can do at present, there being more than the usual amount of sickness in the village and the surrounding country, the past two weeks.

—We were shown the new globe which has been placed in the school, and it is truly an elegant one, being the neatest and most complete piece of mechanism of the kind we have ever seen.

—A daily mail they are bound to have at Cass City. That generally follows the establishment of a live paper in an interior town.

—Caro Jeffersonian.

—Thanks Bro. Williams.

—Mr. L. A. Orr and Mr. C. C. Durant, attorneys of Port Hope, passed through here on Monday on their way to Caro to attend the circuit court now in session, and made the ENTERPRISE a pleasant visit.

—Know ye, that the larger part of the news in this issue, from this and the adjacent counties, which we clip weekly from our exchanges under the head of "All Around" is from the Vassar Times and the Huron Co. News.

—The Pontiac Gazette asks, "shall we have the northern road?" but is unable to answer its question, and is between hope and discouragement, while it waits patiently for the citizens to come down with the \$10,000.

—We acknowledge the receipt of the Monitor a neat and newsy six column quarto, published in that beautiful little city, Mt. Clemens, by J. E. Nellis & Son. The publishers are to be complemented for its tasty appearance.

—About next week the following stanza from the Bay City Tribune may apply to well—most anyone in this vicinity:
"I put my arm around her,
The hour was growing late,
She shrieked and danced like thunder
I'd squeezed her 'vaccinate'."

—Mr. Morrison Jones, of Greenleaf, died on Saturday last, and was buried on Monday. The probable cause of his death was his over exertion at the time of the fire last fall. Since then he has been living with his son in Greenleaf.

—Last Saturday, as the morning train on the Caro branch of the D. & B. C. R. R., was leaving the main line, it jumped the track and two flats were demolished. The coaches remained upon the track and no one was injured. Cause, a defective switch rail.

—Mr. Menkin and wife, who have been visiting with Mr. S. Botsford's family for the past two weeks, left for their home in Brion, Ohio, on Tuesday. Mr. Menkin is very favorably impressed with Cass City and its surroundings, and will in all probability make this a permanent home in the near future.

—Some three weeks ago, Mr. James Tennant fell and, as he thought, simply sustained a bruised knee. It has continued sore and slightly painful since, and on Monday he had it examined when it was found that the knee cap was split. Proper care has been taken of the crippled member.

—St. Valentine's Day comes next Tuesday, and all are invited to watch the post-office and claim their own, at least we will for ours.

—The Port Huron Tribune has done a little toner dress, and from appearance we should judge that its "burn out" will end adventagously.

—Pontiac is slowly creeping up to the \$10,000. Tuesday's Evening News says: At the railroad meeting Saturday night \$225 was raised, making about \$7,000 altogether in aid of the Pontiac & Cassville extension. Five more citizens were added to the committee.

—Messrs. Watrous & Sutton, the new law firm of Gageton, made the ENTERPRISE a pleasant call on Monday. Mr. Sutton will attend to the business at Gageton while Mr. Watrous will remain at Holly, and continue their profession at that place. The firm make a specialty of dealing in real estate, and will no doubt make a good thing of it, as land is being bought up in this locality very rapidly. Mr. Sutton, who is a gentleman in every sense of word can be found at all times at his office at Gageton, and will be pleased to see you.

—Work has been resumed all along the line of our road, and from reports we are sure of its speedy completion. Nine gangs of men were put on between Gageton and Cassville on Wednesday last. And Mr. Neal McEachin has been awarded the contract of getting out the timber for the bridge, and has been busy upon that contract for a week past. Mr. Lawrie has his orders to push all departments of the work to their utmost. The contractors for the bridge across the Cass river arrived on Tuesday and will begin work as soon as the timber is on the ground.

—We are pleased with the information that the enterprising firm of Himeloch and Levenberg, now doing a prosperous clothing business in Caro, will in the course of two weeks open out in Cass City, an extension and well selected stock of clothing, by far the largest stock ever brought into the village. They will handle clothing and gents furnishing goods exclusively and will thereby be able to give all their attention to the wants of their patrons in that line, by keeping more of and a larger variety that is generally kept by other houses who deal in general merchandise.

—F. B. Howard, chief engineer of the Pontiac & Port Austin railroad, came over the route of the projected road from Cass City to Port Austin last week, by direction of the New York investment company, who are constructing the road, that he might look into its feasibility and give them an estimate of its cost, etc. He reported the route an exceedingly favorable one, with fewer obstacles to overcome than any other thirty-five miles he had ever looked over for the same purpose. He expressed great confidence in the company,—of their ability and determination to carry through this undertaking.—Huron Co. News.

—There is evidently less interest in the Detroit & Northern railroad in Huron county than anywhere else along the proposed line. This lack of interest is largely due to the fact that the people of this county do not believe that there is any backing to all the talk that has been indulged in. Mr. Joy, who has done much to fan the agitation, has never yet committed himself in any way that would indicate that he would build the road, even if all the bonus that could be expected of the people were subscribed, and yet the greatest enthusiasm prevails along the line and even in towns where there is no possibility of the line reaching.

—In speaking of the "much wanted" Detroit Great Northern road, the Huron Co. News says: If a demand of \$2,000 per mile bonus is Mr. Joy's ultimatum, we do not believe this projected road will ever be built. For the first fifty miles out of Detroit certainly the people do not so much need increased railroad connection with that city as to buy it at such a price; and this side of the C. & L. H. track the highest bonus asked by other roads that are striving to occupy the territory is \$1,000 per mile and the right of way—nor is the country well able to give more than this. The "Detroit Great Northern" would be a very desirable road; still, notwithstanding the positive assurances of some newspapers and Mr. Waterbury, we cannot but look upon it as very doubtful.

—A well authenticated case of small-pox has made its appearance in this vicinity the past week at the house of Austin Muzzie, living two miles north and three-quarters of a mile west of this village. The patient, one of Mr. Muzzie's sons, is supposed to have it from his father, who has carried the infection from Chicago, where he has been lately. The doctors report that it is a case of the worst form. Dr. Morris, of Caro, and Dr. Deming of this village are in attendance. The board of health have ordered all persons not having been vaccinated lately, to have it done immediately, and are doing all they can to prevent the spread of the fearful disease. All ingress or egress has been positively forbidden everyone, except nurses and doctors, everything needful to be brought and left outside. We hope the patient will improve and that no more cases will develop.

—Mr. George Wilson, of Gilford, had a narrow escape while hauling wood from the woods, the front part of the load slipped and threw him between the horses to the ground, bruising him severely. The horses failed to kick him to death as would have been in most cases of that kind.

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.

PATRONIZE HOME!

Any one wanting a sewing machine will find it to their interest to call and examine my machines, prices and terms before buying elsewhere. I have different styles of first-class machines which are warranted; or if you want a low priced machine, I can sell it to you as cheap as the cheapest.

R. E. Gamble,

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. H. Knickerbocker, of Caro, has a nice line of clocks in stock manufactured expressly for his trade, each one of which he warrants.

All kinds of fresh and salt fish just received at T. H. Hunt's.

You will find A. C. Mc Graw hand made boots and shoes at J. L. Hitchcock'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.

Note paper and envelopes of the best quality, at W. B. Anderson's.

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

Lucas & Mosher's Cough Mixture and VanKouran'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.

Hot or cold, raw or stewed oysters, at W. B. Anderson's.

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.

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

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Wood stove wood delivered by J. L. Hitchcock.

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

Nice fresh candies at W. B. Anderson's.

Cheese! Adrian cheese, the best manufactured, at T. H. Hunt'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.

For Sale.
A house and two lots situated north of the Presbyterian church, on east side of Sugar street. Inquire of John Atwell.

At N. A. Waugh & Co. Gageton,

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.
Gageton, Mich.

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

ALL KINDS OF FRESH AND SALT FISH JUST RECEIVED AT T. H. HUNT'S.

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A house and two lots situated north of the Presbyterian church, on east side of Sugar street. Inquire of John Atwell.

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 NECESSITY

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."

THE FARM.

Some Questions Which Should be Decided.

At a recent meeting of the directors of a western creamery, it was decided not to receive thereat, cream skimmed from milk into which water or ice was put at straining. I have reason to know that the practice of cooling milk in warm weather by pouring in cold water, or the use of ice, is common. It is claimed by such farmers that the milk will keep sweet longer, and that more and better butter can be made in this way. On the other hand, it is claimed that water when put into milk, immediately starts a decomposition of the milk, a process of decay is begun which necessarily affects the quality of the cream, and of course the butter also. In a recent conversation with several dairymen of experience, both of these views were advocated. I would like to know if any experiments have been tried which positively determine this matter. Facts and not opinions are needed. Such questions as these should be determined by scientific tests—by men of science, who have facilities for the analysis of the cream or butter in its after stages. Farmers guess too much, are not accurate enough in determining conditions and results to ascertain facts in such cases. Why do not our experimental stations and agricultural colleges determine some of these questions about which farmers are forever disputing?

Another question on which dairymen are divided is, whether cream should be skimmed before or just after the milk sours. The creamery referred to above, decided not to receive cream that was taken off from sour milk, yet I think the more common custom is to let the cream stand till the milk sours, or, often till it becomes lapped. Which is right, Iowa or Vermont? Have any accurate tests been made to decide this question? Have our State Boards of Agriculture, or of agricultural colleges made any experiments to decide the case? Such institutions are supposed to exist, partly at least, for the benefit of farmers. Why not aid them in the solution of such questions?

CAN HOGS BE FATTENED IN THE WINTER?

I have often read in agricultural papers, that pork could not be profitably made in the winter. On some accounts swine will fat better in winter. They are not then so liable to disease, their appetites are better, and after eating are more quiet—all these conditions are favorable. From repeated trials, I have no hesitation in pushing their work right along in the winter. Provide a warm pen, with plenty of food and bedding, and success will follow. Hogs need a variety of food, both ground and unground, milk and vegetables, access to the ground, and ashes, and a clean, dry pen, with plenty of room for exercise. Feed carefully, with every change of food, not too much sour milk or heavy grains at first, and always watch them at whittle.

"LOOK WELL TO THY HERDS,"

"and be diligent to know the state of thy flocks"—said the wise man. Constant oversight and care is necessary, over all the herds, for their protection. See that they are all kept, if possible, in good flesh—if any are losing in flesh, give them extra feed and care. If apples or root crops are fed, watch them while eating. A farmer near me, fed a fattened cow with turnips at night, expecting to butcher her the next day. She was found in the morning dead and frozen, choked to death. If calves and cows get rousy, rub them at once with a mixture of lard and kerosene, stirring the mixture all the time while using. One or two applications during the winter will ordinarily be sufficient. Feed stock twice a day, two full meals, all they will eat up clean, morning and night, and watch them drink.

The Fashionable One Brings the Most Money.

The economical objects in raising cattle are milk and meat. The animal which will produce the largest amount of rich milk, or the greatest quantity of tender and nutritious meat, in the shortest time, should be considered the best. The color of the skin or hair and the size and form of the horns amount to nothing. Persons who buy milk, butter and cheese do not know and do not care whether the cow that gave the milk was red, white, spotted or roan. They never take the trouble to inquire whether she had long, short, or crumpled horns, or no horns at all. They simply desire rich milk, sweet butter, and well-flavored cheese. The owner of a dairy herd derives no benefit from the color of the cows he keeps. He is only interested in the amount and quality of the milk obtained in a given time. The person who purchases steaks and roasts never inquires about the color of the animal that was slaughtered, and asks no questions about the size and shape of the horns. It makes no difference to him whether it had horns or not. He is satisfied if he obtains tender, fat, and nutritious meat at a reasonable price. The feeder derives the most profit from animals that mature early and produce a large amount of good beef. He is interested in having cattle that are hardy and free from hereditary diseases, but derives no benefit from fashionable colors. The butcher is only interested in that portion of the animal that lies under the skin. White hair sells for as much as red, and the skin of a white steer is said to be more valuable than that of a red one for making any kind of leather. Experienced butchers state that white cattle "handle" better those of dark colors. In the days of slavery many philanthropists expressed great surprise that

intelligent persons were so deeply prejudiced in relation to color. Now the prejudice of the breeders of Jerseys and short-horn breeders in relation to color, is greater than that which ever existed in regard to the black race. A spotted Jersey or a white short-horn has all the desirable qualities of any specimen of the breed to which it belongs, while the negro differs from the Caucasian in at least a dozen characteristics besides the color of the skin. There is no doubt that the foolish prejudice in relation to color has operated to prevent the greatest practical improvement in at least two of the most valuable breeds of cattle. The Jersey cow is valuable for the milk she gives, and is valuable for scarcely anything else. The worth of a Jersey cow should be estimated by the amount of milk she will give and the richness of it. Still, Jersey cows that were quite ordinary milkers have been sold at most extravagant prices, on account of the color of their noses and hair, while cows not possessed of "fancy points" but wonderful milkers, have brought very low prices. A foolish fashion dictates that a short-horn shall be red, and the prejudice against white animals of this breed is greater than that which ever existed against the black man. In consequence of this prejudice many of the very best specimens of this breed of cattle have been killed as soon as they were dropped, or slaughtered as soon as they were large enough to make healthy food. At present a white short-horn bull of faultless form and excellent pedigree can only be sold for the tenth part of the sum demanded for a similar animal that is of the fashionable color. Most breeders would not accept him as a gift. It holds to reason that a breed of cattle can only be brought to the highest possible degree of excellence in the shortest time, by raising and breeding all the animals that possess the most desirable qualities. Short-horn cattle would be much more numerous in this country than they are, if the practice of sacrificing those of an undesirable color had not been general. It also seems certain that the breed would have reached a higher degree of excellence, for many very desirable animals have been made victims to the prejudice against their color. We ridicule the veneration of the people of Siam for white elephants, and they in turn may laugh at our esteem for red cattle. It is not likely that there would ever have been any "unjust discrimination" shown to white or spotted cattle, had their breeding been entirely in the hands of practical men, who simply desired to make money in the business. But such was not the case. Many of the breeders are men of fortune, who seek to derive pleasure rather than profit from the pursuit in which they engage. They desire to gratify their taste for animals of a particular color, and a black nose or a red coat strikes their fancy. They set the fashion and other people follow it. It is with bulls as with bonnets—the fashionable one brings the most money and is the general favorite. The more absurd the fashion the more anxious people are to follow it. Out on the frontier it is not necessary to follow the fashions that prevail in the centres of civilization in regard to dress, and the stock-raisers may raise animals without reference to color or other "fancy points." A herd of white short-horns will look as well as any as they roam over the prairies, and will sell for as much money in any of the eastern markets.

Kansas Atmosphere and Illinois Fish-Ponds.

"Speaking of climate," said Dick, "the climate of Colorado gets away with Kansas badly. The water in that country is clearer than the air is here. I've seen fish in the lakes at a depth of forty feet, and counted their scales, but here the air is so dense you can hardly get it up your nose, and I can't see my lead mules nor half the time."

"Now," said Jack, "you ought to know better than to talk that way; you've driven the team all day, and must know by this time that there's but two of 'em, and they ain't mules, but horses."

"That's so," said Ike, "and as for your clear atmosphere, I've heard a dog bark twenty miles, in Kansas."

Dick drove in silence some time and then inquired:

"Did any of you fellers ever fish with a seine?"

The crowd nodded, and Dick continued: "Don't reckon any of you ever had as big luck as I've had. I've fished in the lagoons of the Illinois, and that's fishing, I tell you."

A silence of some minutes elapsed; as we jogged over the smooth plain, the party in a reflective mood, when Dick broke out again:

"Speaking of fishing, I've helped to drag out seventy-five wagon-loads at one haul."

"How many?" said Jack.

"Seventy-five."

"But Dick, that's an awful pile of fish."

"Can't help it; we pulled 'em out all the same."

"Why, Dick, that would be a pile of fish seven hundred and fifty feet long and—"

"Can't help it if it's seven hundred and fifty miles."

"No difference about the width."

"And a foot deep."

"That's mathematically K'rect, no doubt; I ain't after figures, but fish."

"Gentlemen," said Ike, "that man's statement is correct. I was present and carried one end of the seine myself, and caught fifty bushels of fish in the seat of my breeches."—Kansas City Journal.

Senator Fair lives in Charles Sumner's old quarters at Washington. He is the richest man in Congress, and perhaps the richest office-holder in the world.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

THE THOUGHTS OF A CHILD.

After the sun went to bed, I guess the angels must have left the door open, for the light shone out.

See, father, how the light shines out just as it did before! The angels, when the sun went in, forgot to shut the door. And now it shines up there so bright, while here, it's getting dark; and see the angels in the light! they are singing; father, hark:

Oh! if I were an angel, pa, each night I'd spread my wings. And fly, and fill my apron full of stars—those pretty things: I wish I had enough to make a wreath around my head, To light us when we stay awake after the sun's abed.

See how they open all around, and shining smile on me! If on the wrong side 'tis so bright, oh! what wish I had enough to I could have that bright cloud for a seat. And one wide silver happy sun, to shine so soft upon my feet.

Do let me go there, dear papa, and help the angels sing— They're standing in the doorway now, a joyous happy ring; And see the light shines yet, to brighten as it did before! I guess the angels did forget, papa, to shut the door.

VERY RICH.

My little daughter climbed upon my knees, And said with an air of great mystery, "I've a secret to tell you, papa, But I must whisper it close in your ear, And don't you speak of it, papa dear, For there's nobody knows but mamma."

"I am very rich! Very rich indeed! I have far more money than I shall need; I counted my money to-day: Twenty new pennies—all of them mine— And one silver dollar, far richer than you! That I got from my Grandpapa Gray."

"I've fourteen nickels and one three-cent, Five silver quarters, though one of them's bent; And, papa dear, something still better: Three big white dollars, not one of them old; And, whisper, one beautiful piece of gold— That came in my Uncle Tom's letter."

Then she clasped her small hands, laughed merry and glad, And put her soft rosy lips close to my ear, (Oh, so lovely the fair, curly head!) "Am I not very rich? now answer me true, Am I not richer, far richer than you? Whisper, papa, she artlessly said.

I looked at her face, so young and so fair, I thought of her life unclouded by care, And I said with a happy sigh, "As my lips touched softly your waiting ear, 'You're exceedingly rich, my daughter dear! Ten thousand times richer than I.'"

Wild Animals and Their Tamers.

Most youngsters who pay their way into a circus-tent know at sight every animal that is likely to be found there, and, as soon as they have nodded recognition at him, are sure to ask: "What can he do?"

For this reason, almost every dangerous creature in the best recent collections has been both wild and tame. The lions, the tigers, the panthers, are as large and terrible looking as ever, and it would be just as dreadful a thing if they should get loose among the spectators. It is worth while, therefore, to see them all playfully submissive to a little man or woman with a mere whip in hand.

A direct consequence of all this is, that the more a wild beast can be taught, the more he is worth, but there is no telling how stupid some lions and other savages are. The very best of them, even after all kinds of good schooling, retain a lurking disposition to make a meal of their keeper, or of anybody else, if a good opportunity is given for it. "Taming" is a process which has to be constantly renewed, for the tamest tiger is a tiger still, and there has been no change in his born conviction that all other living creatures are "game" for him. The best lion and tiger "kings" of to-day say that every time they enter a cage containing these fierce creatures they carry their lives in their hands.

"Gentle?" remarked one of these venturesome folk the other day. "Those tigers of mine?—Why, do you see that whip? I know, as well as I know anything, that if I drop that whip when I am in that cage, they'll be on me. Their idea of obedience is connected with the whip, first; then with my voice; then with my face. Severity? Cruelty? No use at all. I never use cruelty in training them. Only patience. When I take on a new cage of beasts I work to get them used to me; feeding them; cleaning the cage; talking to them; all that sort of thing; before I go in among them. Then I do that. It's a ticklish piece of business, going in the first time; and I pick my chance for it when they're specially peaceable. I go right in, just as if it were a matter of course, but I keep my eyes about me. It's all humbug that a man's eye has any power over a wild beast. Your eyes are to watch their motions—that's all. They'll find out quickly enough to be watching you all the time. Are they intelligent? Well, there's as much difference among 'em as there is among men. I can train a really intelligent lion, right from the wild, in about four weeks, so he will do all that the lion kings make them do. A lioness always takes a couple of weeks longer, and so does a leopard or a tiger. You can't get a hyena well in hand inside of two months. They're the meanest of brutes. They never understand anything but a club. The easiest to train, because they know the most, are pumas. I can teach a puma all it needs to know, in four weeks. Affection? Teach those fellows to love you? That's all nonsense. They'll fawn and fawn on you, and you'll think you've done it, may be. Then you go into the cage, if you want to, without your whip, or when they're in bad temper, and find out for yourself what they'll do. See that dent in the side of my head and those deep scars of my arm! There are more down here,"—patting his leg—"Got 'em from the best trained lions you ever saw. It's awful, sometimes, to have one of those fellows kind o' smell of you and yawn and shut his jaws, say, close to one of your knees! See my wife, there? She's the 'Panther Queen,' just as I'm a 'Tiger King,'

and that fellow yonder 's a 'Lion King.' Her pets are playing with her now, but they've scratched her well, I tell you. There's great odds among them, though, and that young puma with her head up to be kissed is what you might call gentle. Only they're all treacherous. Every lion king gets sick of it after a while. I could name more than a dozen of the best who have given it up right in the prime of life. Once they give it up, nothing'll tempt 'em inside of a cage again. You see, every now and then, some other tamer gets badly clawed and bitten. They've all been clawed and bitten more or less themselves. The strain on a man's nerves is pretty sharp—sure death around him all the while. And the pay isn't anything like what it was."

It may be true that the strictly predatory animals of the cat kind are never to be trusted, but the now three-years-old hippopotamus of the leading American "show" seems to have formed a genuine attachment for his keeper, a young Italian. He is savage enough to all other men, and when out of his den for his very limited exercise, it is his fun for all but the person chased to see how clumsily, yet swiftly, he will make a sudden "charge" after a luckless bystander. After that, he will crustily and gruntingly obey his keeper, and permit himself to be half enticed, half shouldered into his den again. There should be more room for brains and, consequently, for affection, in the splendid front of a lion, than between the sullen eyes of even a very youthful hippopotamus.

The "keeper" question is one of prime importance in collecting and managing wild animals. Trainers of the right kind are scarce, and although high pay hardly can be afforded, it will not do to put rare and costly animals in the care of stupid or ignorant men. Such qualities as courage, patience, good temper, and natural aptitude for the occupation are also needful, and they are not always to be had for the asking. Unless the right men are secured, however, the failure of the menagerie is only a question of time. As for the "specimens" themselves, it is much easier to obtain them than it once was, owing to the better facilities for transporting them from the several "wild-beast countries." Catching them in their native wildernesses has been a regular trade for ages.

The market price of a menagerie animal of any kind varies from time to time, like that of other merchandise, according to the demand and supply. A writer stated recently that zebras are sold at a little over \$2,000 a pair, gnus at about \$800 a pair, while rhinoceroses cost some \$6,000 per pair, and tigers about \$1,500 each. A short time ago, however, and perhaps now, a very good "uneducated" tiger could be bought in London for from \$500 to \$800. The same beast, the moment he takes kindly to learning and promises to be sparing of his keepers, doubles and trebles in value. There is no telling what he would be worth should he show further signs of intellect or good morals, but he is like a human being in this respect—the more he knows, the more it will pay to give for him. The same rule applies to the entire list, from elephants to monkeys, so that no precise idea can be given of the probable cost of a menagerie.—From "Man and Animal Shows," in St. Nicholas.

WHAT LITTLE ARTIE DID.

Little Artie and his brothers. Three of them, and dear little fellows they were, all brave and self-reliant, and brought up by their parents in the right way.

As these children lived some distance from town, it was often found necessary to leave them at home when father and mother attended meeting; especially was this the case in cold weather. Through the summer months the children were often taken along to their great delight. And as their parents were Methodists of the good old-fashioned kind, the boys were in the habit of hearing—at such times—the hearty "Amen" break forth from their father's lips when the sermon was particularly enjoyable.

One cold Sabbath day these children were left at home, with many cautions to be careful; yet hardly had the parents left, ere the wood-work near the stovepipe was discovered to be on fire, and out of the children's reach; but, with wonderful activity and energy, the eldest climbed up on a table, and put out the flames.

When the father and mother returned, they shuddered to see the danger to which their dear ones had been exposed, and with thankful hearts praised them for their courage.

"How did you manage, Tommy, to reach the fire?" asked their father.

"Why," said Tommy, "I pushed the table up to the wall, and got upon that."

"And did you help brother Jimmy?" to the next.

"Yes, sir; I brought him a pail of water and handed him the dipper."

"And what did you do?" said the proud father to his pet, the youngest of the group.

"Well, papa," said Artie, "you see I was too small to help put out the fire, and so I just stood by and holler'd 'Amen.'"

—Kind Words.

Borax water will instantly remove all soils and stains from the hands, and heal all scratches and chafes. To make it, put some crude borax into a large bottle, and fill in water. When the borax is dissolved, add more to the water, until at last the water can absorb no more, and a residuum remains at the bottom of the bottle. To the water in which the hands are to be washed after gardening, pour from this bottle enough to make it very soft. It is very cleansing and very healthy. By its use the hands will be kept in excellent condition, smooth, soft and white.

A Girl of the Period.

She rode with me in the street cars of St. Louis one day. Many days, indeed; but of these, one day stands out—a silhouette of sad and sorrowful memory.

She was so pretty. The fresh and lovely curves of healthful youth made beautiful her dainty, piquant face. The clear skin, the violet eyes, the warm tinge of the sunny brown curls made pleasing and attractive contrasts, and but for a certain mocking sauciness of the faultlessly-formed, rosy mouth, the portrait was one of nature's most exquisite finish. She was a gentleman's daughter. Gracious manner and modest mien were naturally expected of her, and would have been altogether becoming. From such eyes one looked for kind and innocent glances; from those lips it seemed meet that pearls and diamonds of pure maidenly speech should fall.

Alas! From under the drooping lashes, the beautiful eyes cast furtive, sidelong glances, such as innocence never prompts. Ah, they lifted themselves in a bold and challenging stare from which modesty would shrink. The coquettish, defiant poise of the head, the bold and saucy pout of the lips, and the reckless fling with which she precipitated herself into the car on this particular morning, gave measure warning of what was to follow.

My eyes sought the floor, and I bit my lip with vexation and sorrow, as she flung her books—she would be a "sweet girl graduate" in June, and this was a fair May morning—in the farther corner of the car, and in a loud voice bade the driver, whom she familiarly addressed as "Curly," to "propel."

For just opposite me, and also facing her, sat two gentlemen, from—of all places!—Philadelphia. And here was one of our girls.

The gentlemen's eyes turned in the direction of the pretty passenger who had entered with such a rush, and whose tasteful and becoming dress was at such variance with her manner and speech.

She was drawing on her gloves. The violet eyes met theirs. The glance revealed to her quick perceptions that these were gentlemen who were used to seeing ladies with toilets complete, upon appearing in public.

Instantly the saucy poise of the head took to itself a more aggressive tilt; the eyes opened in a wide and questioning stare; the tiny hands fluttered and labored with effrontery. The air and action, as well as the expression said, and was meant to say, as plainly as any words could have said, "Well, sirs, I'm here; and I'm putting on my gloves in the street car, if it isn't the proper thing, and I know it. And what are you going to do about it?"

For a moment, the exceeding beauty of the face compelled the admiring glance. Only for a moment. In the next instant, the gentlemen's eyes turned away from the fair, blurred picture, and looked upon it no more—not even when the clear, musical voice called out to the driver, as the car neared the corner where she wished to alight, "Whoa, January! Slow up."

My cheeks burned, and for very shame the unbidden tears sprang to my eyes. She rose to leave the car, and for the first time the young girl's glance rested on my face. She recognized me, and accorded me a nod and a curt "How d'ye." Then perceiving my distress, and perhaps, divining its cause, for she was not obtuse, she added in a tone, and with an air of comic-tragic mockery—

"O ye tears!"

And there was a shading of scornful triumph in the tones, as she added, "In vain ye flow."

Then she staved out as she staved in; and we heard her accost a group of classmates, as she stepped upon the curb—

"Hello! you fellers."

"The Girl of the Period," was the quick remark of the younger of the two gentlemen.

"The pity of it," added his companion, with a sigh. Ay, the pity of it. That one so fair to look upon, so richly endowed, so capable of giving keenest pleasure to both friends and strangers, should by her own action have merited the characterization she had just received, was pity, indeed.

And there are so many like her. So many who are thus slightly classed.

The Girl of the Period is understood to be a bold, effusive creature who glories in conduct unbecoming to a maiden of native modesty and delicate sensibility. If she be not positively coarse, at least she is unrestrained in speech and manner. If she be not absolutely unfeminine, at least she is far from being "pure womanly."

Affects a style of bearing, and obtrudes it in the tones of her voice, as in the poise of her step, which is fitly characterized by the term "loud."

The low voice, that "excellent thing in woman," she rejects from her accomplishments. The gentle manner, the retiring habit, the docile nature, which in all ages of the world have been held in estimation as meet and fitting attributes of a gentlewoman, find no recognition with the so-called Girl of the Period. Supreme blot and blemish on the fair page of the nineteenth century, she stands alone mid all the gleaming brilliancy of civilization and highest progress, her sole approximate in repulsiveness being that abnormal development of modern masculinity, the Hoodlum.

Dear sisters and daughters, do you know her? Avoid her, for contact defiles. And what grace of touch can restore to a smirched lily its pristine purity? Alas, for such restoration, how true it is, in the mocking words of her of this class, that "O ye tears, in vain ye flow."

LIGHTING THE SUEZ CANAL BY ELECTRICITY.—There is a fair prospect of the Suez Canal being lighted by electricity, so that ships may pass through it at night, instead of coming to an anchor as at present. Maj. Strutt, Managing Director of the Eastern Electric Light Company, is at present in Egypt arranging with M. Lemasson, the engineer-in-chief of the Canal Company, for the lighting of parts of the canal, so that dredging operations may be carried on at night instead of in the daytime. At present the traffic is very much impeded by the dredging operations. There is a fair prospect of a contract being entered into eventually between the Eastern Electric Light Company and the Suez Canal Company for the lighting of the whole of the canal by the Brush system. There is some prospect also of the lighting of the Suez Dock by electricity for the Peninsular & Oriental Company.—Bombay Gazette.

How Long we are to Live.

What the vine is to the Indian, the oak to the Englishman, the cocconut-tree to the Polynesian, is the date-palm to the Arab, and more—far more. This single tree has peopled a desert. Civilization, rudimentary compared with that of the West, sufficiently advanced if you contrast it with that of the Malay or the South Sea Islander, finds in it its standpoint, its centre, its support. The wealth of an oasis is computed by the number of its palm-trees. All of them, however, are not fruitful, for this date is dioecious. It has its males and females. The males have flowers, furnished with stamens only, and form a closed-up, folded, grapa-like ball, previous to the ripening of the pollen in an envelope called the spathe. The females, on the contrary bear clusters of fruit, also wrapped up in a spathe, but incapable of development until fecundated by the pollen, or dust, of the stamen. To multiply the date-tree, the Arabs do not sow the kernels of the fruits, though they germinate with extreme facility, for it is impossible to tell beforehand of what sex the tree will be. They prefer, therefore, to detach a slip from the trunk of a female tree, and this becomes fruitful at the expiration of eight years. The male trees blossom in the month of March, and about the same time the case containing the female buds begins to open. To impregnate these, a bunch of male flowers is carefully inserted and fastened in the calyx. Toward the beginning of July, when the fruit begins to swell, the bunches are tied to the neighboring branches. The dates are ripe in October. Some trees produce as many as twenty bunches; but the average in a favorable season is from eight to ten bunches each, weighing from twelve to twenty pounds. Before the dates ripen, each proprietor is bound to set apart one tree in his garden whose fruit is consecrated for the service of the mosque and the use of the poor. The crest of the full-grown tree rises about fifty feet above the ground. The air circulates freely under the leafy canopy formed by their interlacing branches, but the sun's rays do not penetrate. Shade, air and water—these three elements—permit the most varied cultivation in palm-gardens, despite the scorching heats of summer.

The Date Palm.

It is not every one who asks himself this question, because strangely enough, it is the belief of many persons that their lives will be exceptionally lengthy. However, life insurance companies are aware of the credulous weakness of those whose lives they assure, and have therefore compiled numerous tables of expectancy of life for their own guidance, which are carefully referred to before a policy is granted. The following is one of these well authenticated tables in use among London assurance companies, showing the expectancy of life at various ages. In the first column we have the present ages of persons of average health; and in the second column we are enabled to peep, as it were, behind the scenes of an assurance office, and gather from its table the number of years it will give us to live. This table has been the result of careful calculation, and seldom proves misleading. Of course, sudden and premature deaths, as well as lives unusually extended, occasionally occur; but this is a table of average expectancy of life of an ordinary man or woman.

Table with 2 columns: Age, and More years to live. Rows for ages 10, 20, 30, 40.

Our readers will easily gather from the tabulated statement the number of years to which their lives, according to the law of averages, may reasonably be expected to extend.

Proof Everywhere.

If any invalid or sick person has the least doubt of the power and efficacy of Hop Bitters to cure them, they can find cases exactly like their own, in their own neighborhood, with proof positive that they can be easily and permanently cured at a trifling cost—or ask your druggist or physician.

GENEWAUGH, Feb. 11, 1880. Hop Bitters Co.—Sirs—I was given up by the doctors to die of scrofula consumption. Two bottles of your Bitters cured me. LEROY BREWER. Bolivia and Chili have concluded a Treaty of peace, Bolivia ceding to Chili all the Bolivian sea coast line. A good Baptist clergyman of Bergen, N. Y., a strict temperance man, suffered with kidney trouble, neuralgia, and dizziness almost to blindness, over two years after he was told that Hop Bitters would cure him, because he was afraid of and prejudiced against Bitters? Since his cure he says none need fear but trust in Hop Bitters.

STILL AT THE FRONT!

J. C. Laing, General Merchant.

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

DRY GOODS,
Ladies' Dress Goods, Alpacos, Cashmerse, Ginghams,

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

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

CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.

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

BOOTS AND SHOES.

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

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS

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

Produce bought for Cash and taken in exchange for Goods.

CASS CITY
FLOURING MILL
A First Class Mill, lately repaired 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.
J. C. LAING,
Prop.

Fashions for Gentlemen.

Gentlemen are emerging from the plain dark clothes worn so long to bright coloring now so fashionable in ladies' dress. Three different classes of goods are often seen in one suit, and the scarf or necktie is of the most flaming hue. Moorish and Oriental colorings and designs are shown in the various styles of neckwear, and the fashionable vest is in bright and pretty tints. The prevailing style of vest is single-breasted, without collar, closing high and cut short and straight across the bottom. Double-breasted vests are not worn. Garments of all kinds have never been worn as high at the neck as now. There is a tendency to put flat braid on almost all classes of goods except fancy suitings. Braids of various widths are used, the six and eight line being most in favor. The tight trousers are cut by all the fine trades in New York, and such a thing as loose pantaloons is not known; but this is not the case in London, as the leading tailors there cut the trousers as loose as were being worn here years ago.

Fancy mixtures are in demand for frock-suits, sack-suits, and overcoats. Light gray mixtures with smooth surface are used for dressy overcoats, and green also is in favor. The general tendency is for fine goods, yet the Scotch suitings are more popular than they have been for several seasons past. Pin-checks are still in fashion, and some make them in cutaway coats to be worn with trousers and vest of one color. For overcoats there are the Elysians, Shetlands, fur-beavers and Montaignes, and many kinds of plain goods.

The entire suit (made of one kind of cloth) is only admissible for business purposes or for traveling. The double-breasted sack-suit is cut with a light double breast and narrow lapel, with five buttons to close. It is shapely at the back, and the sleeves are cut small and crooked. (All sleeves, including overcoat-sleeves are cut thus). The cuffs are stitched on about two inches deep and finished with one button. For a man five feet eight inches the fashionable length is from twenty-nine to thirty inches. These sack-suits are usually made of fancy suitings. Young men who find the sack-suit particularly becoming can still wear it made in three different kinds of goods—the coat of fur-beaver, Elysians, or any kind of fashionable goods—the vest of fancy cassimere, and the trousers of something in fancy striped material and cut tight. The double-breasted pea jacket, with patch-pockets, will be worn, made in heavy overcoating, blue fur-beaver being a favorite. These are lined throughout with silk and trimmed with braid.

A handsome style of overcoat is the "surtout" coat. It is a double-breasted frock, the sleeves quite tight and lapels faced with quilted silk, velvet collar. One of the most select styles is the single-breasted sack of Shetland beaver, cut rather short. It is handsome, made of rough combination goods, blue face with golden tinge, a really beautiful color. No matter how cold the weather is the fashionable young man must not feel it, for to produce the elegant effect the coat fronts should be turned back to show the rich silk facings and the stylishly-cut undercoat.

A coat for a top garment is a loose oversack, which is patronized by young "swells" and men who ride and drive. It is also considered a high style for the street, and will in many cases take the place of the ulster. The newest thing in the way of this latter coat is the frock ulster with a short waist. All fancy shapes in ulsters are passe and but little used.

A three-button cutaway, rather short waisted, with long skirts, the back having the appearance of a dress suit, is very fashionable. The shoulders are made close to the body and shortened, the sleeves tight. These coats are bound flat with silk braid about six lines wide. This makes a very good evening coat, although the double-breasted frockcoat is the coat for receptions or dinner parties. The three-buttoned cutaway can be made of any class of goods that may please the fancy—of diagonal cloths or gay colorings. It is used for street wear with fancy vest, and the fancy vest is also worn with the double-breasted frockcoats.

Trousers measure seventeen knee and seventeen around the bottom, but some of the toniest young men will have them as small as fifteen inches. These are made principally in striped goods. Fancy vests are again introduced, and some noted are extremely pretty.

The full-dress suit has undergone material changes. The cloth now fashionable is a small, very fine wall diagonal, and a very fashionable coat must be lined with white watered silk. The trousers have a black braid stitched on the side, no pockets, and are lined throughout with black silk. The vest has but three buttons. There are two kinds of dress for wedding purposes—a full-dress suit and a frock-suit. If the bride is in full dress and the wedding in the evening, the groom should wear a black dress coat, black vest and trousers, white tie and gloves, patent leather high gaiters, with plain kid tops. If the bride appears in dark dress the gloves should be of a delicate shade, not white, and the groom should wear a full dress suit, with black tie and gloves of light color. For a morning wedding the bride would be dressed in dark colors, in which case the gentleman should appear in a dark frock suit, with a plain dark tie or scarf, with gloves of light color, and calfskin gaiters, with kid tops.

Gentlemen have worn hats with very narrow brims for some time past; but this fall the introduction of wide-brimmed hats for the ladies has made a change in mens' hats. The rims are much wider, and a bell-crown with a wide rim, it is said, is gradually coming into fashion.—N. Y. Herald.

Origin of Mustard.

Before the year 1722 mustard was little known, according to the *Grocers' Journal*, at English tables. About this time an old woman of the name of Clements, residing in Durham, began to grind the seed in a mill, and to pass the flour through several processes necessary to free it from its husks. She kept her secret to herself for many years, during

which she sold large quantities of mustard throughout the country, but especially in London. Here it was introduced to the royal table, where it received the approval of George I. From the circumstance of Mrs. Clements being a resident at Durham, it obtained the name of Durham mustard. The manufacture of mustard consisted in simply grinding the seed into a very fine flour, a bushel of seed, weighing sixty pounds, yielding twenty-eight pounds to thirty pounds of flour of mustard. A false taste, however, arose for having an improved color, and the flour of mustard was introduced from which the oil had been abstracted. Hence other materials, such as capsicum powder, turmeric, terra alba, wheaten flour, etc., are added to bring up the flavor and increase the bulk.

—One sleigh,
One horse,
One moon,
Of course,
One maid, who snuggles to you, nothing loth.

One arm
Well placed
Around
One waist,
One robe that's closely tucked 'round you both.

A race,
A dash,
A clash,
A crash,
And you and she are sprawling on the way.

A drink,
A bit,
A fond
Good night,
A groan when you look at your purse next day!

—This is the story of the one person who ever, on a life policy, received the amount for which she was insured, and yet was not dead or supposed to be dead. At Battle Creek, Mich., about a year ago, Mrs. Henry Ingham had all her teeth pulled at once, and the result was a paralysis of the stomach, which so interfered with her eating that from one hundred and seventy pounds her weight fell to fifty. Her family was poor, and since it seemed certain that the woman would soon die the amount of her insurance was paid as a charity. Now she is better, and likely enough may entirely recover.

—Ex-Governor E. A. Straw, of New Hampshire is *casane*.

—The collection mania still has many followers. First it was postage stamps, but that seems to have palled on the appetite. Now it is labels and mercantile tags, ornament and advertising cards. But the latest is a rage for hairpins, which fall (or are filched) from the heads of their beautiful owners. These are arranged in a scrap-book, accompanied with the name of the whilom wearer.

A curious feature of the Chinese coins, the nail-mark, appears to have originated in an accident very characteristic of China. In the time of Queen Wentek a model in wax of a proposed coin was brought for her Majesty's inspection. In taking hold of it she left the impression of one nail, and the impression has in consequence been a marked characteristic of Chinese coins for hundreds of years.

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—AND—

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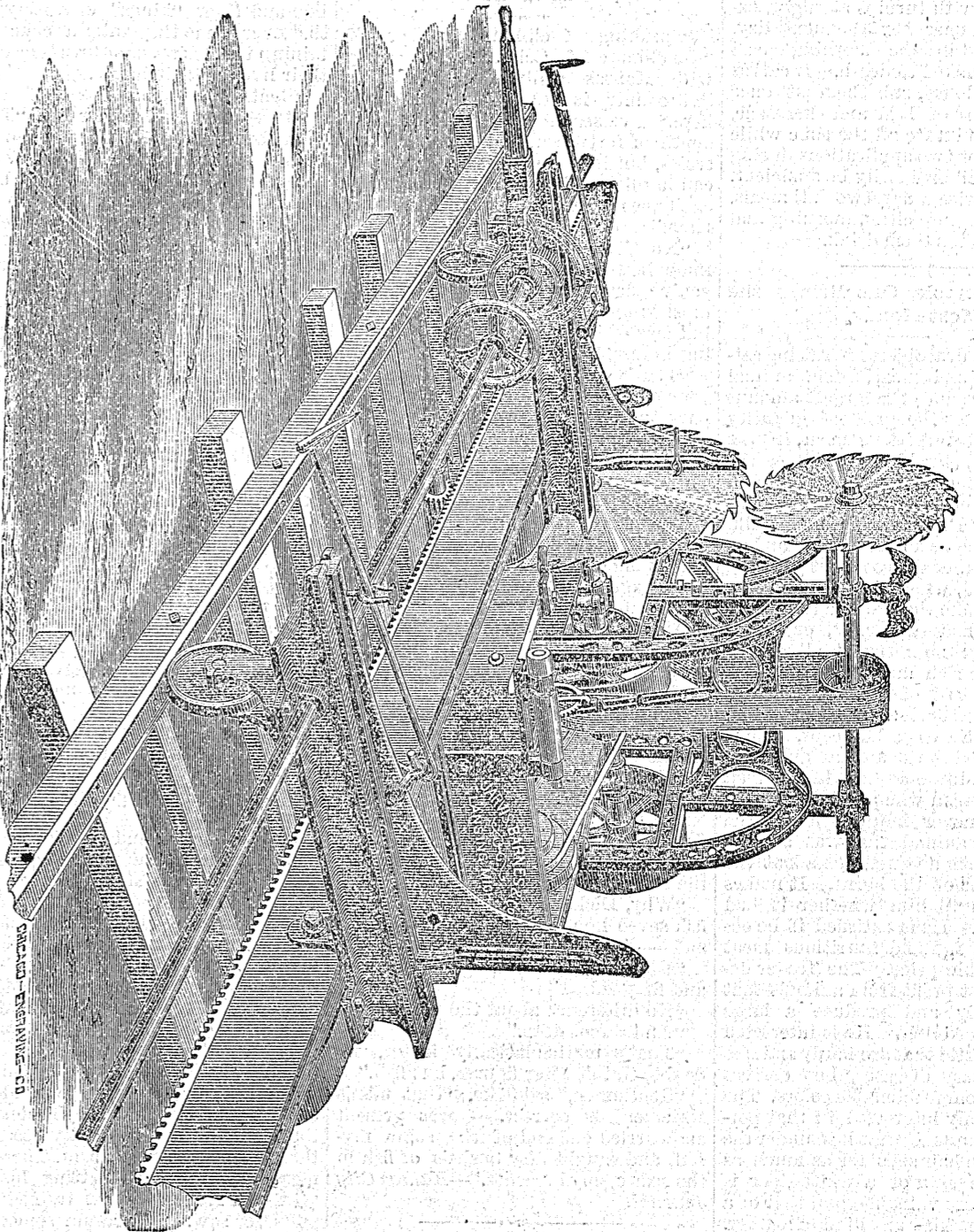
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