

# The Cass City Enterprise.

BERRY BROS., Publishers.

WORK AND WIN.

TERMS, \$1.50 PER YEAR

VOL. 1.

CASS CITY, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, APRIL 13, 1882.

NO. 31

## 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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## AN ANGLO-AMERICAN ROMANY BALLAD.

Mr. Charles G. Leland contributes a gypsy ballad to an illustrated article by Elizabeth Robbins describing "A Gypsy in a Prison Cell," which appears in the *Osborne Magazine*. The original text accompanies this translation:

"TO TRAVEL  
Now thou art my darling girl,  
And I love thee so dearly,  
O, but wait, and my fair,  
Lest thou me sincerely?"

"As my good old trusty horse  
Draws his load or bears it—  
As a gypsy cavalier  
Cocks his hat and wears it—

"As a sheep devours the grass  
When the day is sunny—  
As a thief who is the chance  
Takes away our money—

"As strong ale when taken in  
Makes the strongest tipsy—  
As a fire within a tent  
Warns a slithering gypsy—

"As a gypsy grandmother  
Tells a fortune neatly—  
As the gentle breeze in her  
And is done completely—

"So you draw matches and hire,  
Where you like you take me;  
Or you sport me like a bit—  
What you will you make.

"So you steal and gnaw my heart,  
For to that I'm fast—  
And by you, my gypsy Kate,  
I'm intoxicated.

"And I own you are a witch,  
I am beaten hollow;  
Where thou goest in this world  
I am bound to follow.

"Follow thee wherever it be,  
Over land and water,  
Till, my gypsy queen!  
Witch and witch's daughter!"

**NEW YORK OPIUM DENS.**

I was out to see some of the American opium smokers, of whom Dr. Kane, in his recent book, says there are at least three hundred in the city. One of them had made an appointment to take me in. As we stood for a moment in the shelter of the doorway of a public house two women passed us. They had just turned out of Chatham Square. They wore long ulsters cut close to the figure and fashionably made. Their shoulders were protected by deep fur capes. Their heads and faces were pretty effectively wrapped up, and a tilted silk umbrella concealed them still further. They passed a few yards beyond us, and then turned and disappeared down a cellar-way.

"We shall see them again later on," my companion said, and he led the way to the first place of our investigation, which is just below Mott Street in Chatham Square. It looked like a deserted barracks. The moist fog from outside had invaded it. Its bunks, or platforms, built all around the walls, were unoccupied. A young Chinaman stood in the middle of the room, smoking a tobacco pipe with a long stem and a bowl the size of a child's thimble.

"Halloo!" exclaimed my companion, "where are the smokers?"  
"For week, no," returned the Chinaman, smiling gloomily, and shaking his head.

"What, no American smokers?"  
"For week, no."  
"Why? Did they steal all your pipes?"  
"Yah, steal some."

The fact was, as my companion explained to me afterward, that American smokers had cleared out of this place because it was not kept clean. It is true that the American smokers are occasionally nimble-fingered gentlemen, who are not averse to appropriating without pay a really good pipe when they find it, but they are neat in their personal habits and cannot stand vermin.

Our second visit was to an opium cellar, or "joint," in Mott Street. It is one of the few which are favored by American smokers, and they frequent it for the reason that its tidiness is measurable, that its pipes are good, and that the opium supplied is *li yun*, or of the No. 1 grade. The cellarway leading to it is like most of the others in Mott Street.

A citizen who did not know what was on the other side of the door would hesitate about descending into it. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when we went in. As the door closed behind us all the dismal suggestion of the fog and the rain was shut out. I had a half sense that I had got into some small heathen temple by mistake. It was warm and dingy, and a peculiar aromatic fragrance filled the air. A Chinaman with round silver spectacles fairly glowed in an illuminated cubby hole. He was busily engaged in the manipulation of some mystic trinkets.

"A husky voice from somewhere called: 'Wing, gimme a quarter's worth,' when he instantly bobbed out of sight. Through another illuminated cubby hole I saw a table, upon which glittered a pile of polished metallic wedges, curiously inscribed, and I was told afterward that this was gambling paraphernalia. Between the two cubby holes lay a dark passage which we passed through, fetching up against what I suspect was either a shrine or a Chinese toilet table. It was laden with pots and brushes and saucers, and lots of other matters with unknown outlines and inconceivable uses. A bunch of punk-colored joss sticks on pink standards smoldered upon it somewhere, and off to one side, flanking it like a bastion, towered a gray and massive jar of tea.

In a room behind all this we came upon the smokers. There were eight, all men. Only one was a Chinaman; he was tightly rolled up in a horse blanket and fast asleep. Two only were smoking opium. The others were smoking tobacco and conversing.

This bowl of the opium pipe is called so only by courtesy. It is the size and nearly the shape of a door knob, made of metal or clay, and solid save for a hole that would be filled by a knitting needle, and that leads down through its center into the bamboo stem. The opium pill, when it is cooked, is set upon the bowl like a small washer, the

opening left in it by the steel needle coming just opposite that in the bowl itself. All being ready, the smoker places his lips to the ivory mouth-piece at the end of the stem, turns the opium pill to the flame, and as it burns with a bubbling sound, draws the smoke into his lungs. It takes about twenty seconds to consume a pill, and a smoker can finish his pipe with a single inhalation. From twelve to fifteen pills can be made from twenty-five cents' worth of No. 1 opium.

The matted boards and the stuffed cricket were not as hard as I had supposed, and I did not find the position uncomfortable. My companion worked away like a skilled tinker, twirling the slender needle and deftly cooking and molding the plastic pills. His face and hands glowed in the clear yellow lamp-light, the rest of his person merging undecidably into the shadows. He chatted as he worked, and when the pipe was ready he swung the mouth-piece around to me, and prepared to bring the pill against the flame. I had my doubts about drawing a quantity of opium smoke into my lungs, and I shrewdly determined to do the work as I would with a pipe of tobacco.

"He asked me if I was ready and I replied that I was. He tilted the opium pill against the flame, and I performed rapidly with my lips the operation that I have always found to succeed so admirably in smoking a tobacco pipe. I think it was about the most futile effort that I ever made. It seemed as if I were sucking at all outdoors, and in a moment the pill took to flaming and sputtering in a most alarming way, and my companion adjured me to "hold out." He proceeded to inform me that it was impossible to circumvent an opium pipe in that infantile manner, and overcame with chagrin at my failure. I permitted myself to be betrayed from the shrewd standpoint which I had taken, and promised him that I would positively "fetch the thing at the next trial." I did succeed with it in three trials. I felt a smooth and oily warmth sliding, as it seemed to me, into the very recesses of my being, and when the pill had quite disappeared I lay and enjoyed the pride consequent upon having mastered the technique of a vice that is so odd.

We lay for two hours. I smoked four pills, and my companion smoked fifty cents' worth. I do not know that the opium produced in me any other effect than a somewhat surprising but certainly very willing acquiescence in my surroundings. I felt well pleased. Tray after tray was borne in by Wing, until nearly everybody was smoking. The smoke lay in thick strata. Its odor, though heavy, was sweet and pleasing. Under it, as under the moonlight, objects seemed shorn of their ungainly features, and appeared soft and charming.

We went to another branch in Mott Street. The rain was still falling, and darkness had set in. Opium seems always to be smoked in cellars, and it was into a cellar that we went. The smoke was so thick that for several minutes I could not see my hands as I held them at my waist. At length I became aware of a room about twenty feet square. My head, as I stood, came within an inch of the ceiling. A platform, raised a foot and a half from the floor, extended about three sides of the apartment. In a corner behind a stove, a pot of tea and a small counter lay Poppy, the proprietor. A dozen of the little peanut oil lamps glowed round about like fire flies in a fog. The place was packed with smokers, and they were all Americans. I doubt if, engaged at any other occupation, so many could be contained comfortably in so small an area. They lay as I have already described, with their heads against the walls and supported upon crickets, and now, moreover, each group contained a third person, who reposed transversely with the other two, making a pillow of one of them. Five women were among the smokers. Two of these were the same as I have mentioned as passing me in the afternoon. My companion got a place, after a while, at a tray. I sat on a stool at his feet, and leaned upon him. Everybody was chatting save the Chinese proprietor, Poppy. He was busy in supplying opium. The familiar cry of "Poppy, gimme a quarter's worth," came at brief intervals, and from all sides. He tried behind his counter and his jars of tea to smoke a pipe himself, but he had only indifferent success. The two young women who had passed me in the afternoon, with the ulsters and the fur capes, were reposing close by me. They lay facing each other, the little flame of peanut oil between them clearly illuminating the faces of both. They had a companion, a young man. They talked in a languid fashion among themselves, and with others in the room. The women were good looking, twenty-five years of age, perhaps. They had made themselves quite comfortable. Their hats and wraps were laid aside. One of them attended to the "chying" or cooking of the opium, and the pipe was passed about among the trio in turn. She was very deft at the work. The slender needle of steel was twirled in her fingers more rapidly than the eye could follow it, while she lazily chatted and smiled. The young man was a listener. He lay with his eyes half closed, and smoked a cigar between his pipes of opium. When fresh opium was called for, as it was repeatedly, an evenly divided pool was made up among the three to pay for it. One of the young women had just returned to the city from a trip through a country where she could get no opium. She described her yearnings for the drug, and her enthusiastic delight at this first taste of it after her forced abstinence. She had escaped great suffering by the use of morphine pills.

All the smokers were acquainted and they called one another by their first names.

Continued on last page.

## BUSINESS IS BOOMING!!

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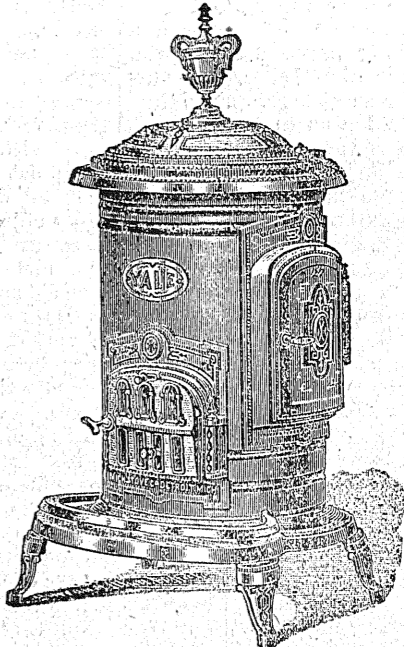
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Jesse James Meets His Death.

Between 8 and 9 o'clock on Monday morning, Jesse James, the Missouri outlaw, came to his death at the hand of a young man named Robert Ford, at St. Joseph, Mo. Ford had been an accomplice of James since November last, and had his confidence, and the killing is supposed to have been premeditated and planned by Ford and his brother Charles, to get the reward of \$50,000, offered for the brigand, dead or alive. James and his family had been living at Kansas City some months, but fearing they were suspected, came to St. Joseph in November, accompanied by Ford. They had discussed plans for robbing the bank at Platte City, and fixed on Monday night, April 3d, for that purpose, the Fords meanwhile watching their opportunity to take James' life, but he was heavily armed and they found it difficult to draw a weapon without his seeing it. The account proceeds, under dispatch of April 3rd: The opportunity they had long wished for came this morning. Breakfast was over, Charley Ford and Jesse James had been in the stable currying the horses preparatory to their night ride. On returning to the room where Robert Ford was, Jesse said, "It's an awfully hot day." He pulled off his coat and vest and tossed them on the bed. Then he said, "I guess I'll take off my pistols for fear somebody will see them if I walk in the yard." He unbuckled the belt in which he carried two 45-calibre revolvers, one a Smith & Wesson and the other a Colt, and laid them on the bed with his coat and vest. He then picked up a dusting brush with the intention of dusting some pictures which hung on the wall. To do this he got on a chair. His back was now turned to the brothers, who silently stepped between Jesse and his revolvers, and at a motion from Charley took down their guns. Robert was the quickest of the two. In one motion he had the long weapon to a level with his eye with the muzzle no more than four feet from the back of the outlaw's head. Even in that motion quick as thought there was something which did not escape the acute ears of the hunted man. He made a motion as if to turn his head to ascertain the cause of that suspicious sound, but too late. A nervous pressure on the trigger, a quick flash, a sharp report and the well directed ball crashed through the outlaw's skull. There was no outcry, just a swaying of the body and it fell heavily back upon the carpeted floor. The shot had been fatal and all the bullets in the chambers of Charley's revolver still directed at Jesse's head could not more effectually have decided the fate of the greatest bandit and freebooter that ever figured in the pages of the country's history. The ball had entered the base of the skull and made its way out through the forehead over the left eye. It had been fired out of a Colt's 45, improved pattern, silver mounted, and pearl handled, presented by the dead man to his slayer only a few days ago. Mrs. James was in the kitchen when the shooting was done, divided from the room in which the bloody tragedy occurred by the dining room. She heard the shot and dropping her household duties ran into the front room. She saw her husband lying on his back and his slayers each holding his revolver in his hand, making for the fence in the rear of the house. Robert had reached the enclosure and was in the act of scaling it when she stepped to the door and called to him: "Robert, you have done this; come back." Robert answered, "I swear to God I did not." They then returned to where she stood. Mrs. James ran to the side of her husband and lifted up his head. Life was not yet extinct, and when she asked him if he was hurt, it seemed to her that he wanted to say something but could not. She tried to wash away the blood that was coursing over his face from the hole in the forehead, but it seemed to her "that the blood would come faster than she could wash it away," and in her hands Jesse James died. Charles Ford explained to Mrs. James that "a pistol had accidentally gone off." "Yes," said Mrs. James, "I guess it went off on purpose," and meanwhile Charley had gone back into the house and brought out two hats, and the two boys left the house. They went to the telegraph office and sent a message to Sheriff Timberlake of Clay county, to Governor Crittenden and other officers and then surrendered themselves to Marshal Craig.

Gov. Crittenden says the result was an understanding between Ford, who killed him, and Dick Little, who surrendered to the Sheriff at the same time Ford did. Ford was to receive one-fourth of the reward and immunity. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of murder in the first degree against Ford, and the authorities of Buchanan county refuse to give him up.

Mrs. Samuels, mother of the dead outlaw, arrived at the scene on Tuesday morning from her home in Clay county. She is a large woman, 57 years old, black hair, well sprinkled with gray. She was incredulous upon her arrival about the dead man being her son Jesse, and was not fully convinced until she was driven to his late residence, where she met the widow, who embraced the old lady and both manifested great emotion. Mrs. Samuels, accompanied by Mrs. James and her children, were driven to the undertaker's where they viewed the body of James, and the scene was very affecting, the mother, wife and children all joining in lamentations. Mrs. Samuels said the body was that of her son, and in great emotion exclaimed: "Would to God it was not."

The Ways of Getting Out.

Some four weeks ago Ed. Rice, Ed. Hennessy, Tom Britton and Pete Goebel, of Detroit, went to Stratford, Ont., to have a little "fun with the boys" and make a few dollars. Arrived at Stratford the gang got into an altercation among themselves, and revolvers were drawn. Some say Goebel was the first to draw, and that one of the others did not wait to perform that act, but fired his weapon from his overcoat pocket. The ball struck Goebel just below the lower rib on the right side, making a dangerous and painful wound. A physician was at once summoned, who probed for the ball, which he found. Goebel fainted during this performance, and when he revived, he looked about him and saw Rice and Hennessy standing near him. He exclaimed: "What did you fellows shoot me for?" This was enough for the authorities, and Rice and Hennessy were arrested on the charge of assault with intent to kill and locked up. Britton escaped to this state, and was arrested at Jackson, and is now awaiting extradition. As soon as the Stratford authorities learned the character of the men they had in charge they began a skillful nursing of Goebel. If Rice and Hennessy could be convicted two dangerous men would be out of the way for a term of years. Goebel was taken to a hotel and an attempt made to procure his ante-mortem statement, as it was feared he might die. This he refused to give, after he had been interviewed by some of the local "gang." He was closely watched lest his friends should steal him away. In fact, several attempts were made to get him away by members of the gang in Detroit. Goebel then formed a little scheme of his own. On Wednesday last the crown's attorney visited Goebel for the purpose of examining him and seeing how soon he would be able to appear against Rice and Hennessy. As Goebel had made up his mind not to appear he feigned great weakness. When lifted up by the attorney he managed to have the blood run from his nose. The attorney thought the blood came from the wound in Goebel's side, and went away and represented to the court that Goebel was lying in a critical condition. The following morning about two o'clock Goebel dressed himself quietly, placed a stick across the open window, to which he attached a rope that had been furnished him. He then began his descent to the ground. When half way down his feet swung against the dining-room window of the hotel and smashed a pane of glass. The noise aroused two deputy sheriffs who were in the bar-room of the hotel. The ran out to find the cause of the noise and saw the rope hanging from the window of Goebel's room. One officer searched for Goebel on the outside while the other rushed to the room he had just vacated to assure himself of his escape. Goebel in the meantime had hidden himself in a large puddle of water. Luckily for him about this time a buggy was driven off by some one a few rods distant. The officers thought it was some one driving off Goebel and secured a rig and drove a distance of 15 miles before returning. As soon as the officers disappeared Goebel sketched about, stole a horse, and rode 30 miles and turned it loose. He then "sneaked" a ride on a freight train to Sarnia. At that point he went into a boiler shop, blackened his face, procured a tin pail and walked on board the ferry boat. Officers were on the lookout for him. He crossed safely to Fort Gratiot, and reached Detroit Thursday evening. He is in quite a healthy condition, and happy over his escape from the clutches of the Canadian authorities.

Michigan Rattlesnakes.

Matthew Shotwell of Jackson county describes the "massager" in the current number of the Germantown Telegraph. When Webster and Wooster fail to give this awful snake a name what could the proof-reader do but call it a massager. Should he chance to meet one, no doubt he would conclude that more "anger was massed" in those few inches of snake hide than he had ever seen before. The snake, Mr. Shotwell says is more stocky and less active than the rattlesnake proper, but equally dangerous to man or beast. Your correspondent has often worked upon marshes in cutting and securing hay, when seldom a day passed without killing several of these ugly customers. They have rattles on the ends of their tails numbering as high as twelve or fourteen. The largest and oldest have the greatest number of rattles. They lie coiled up in the grass, often until the scythe passes over them, before they start to crawl away, when it is easy for the mower to drop the heel of his scythe securely upon them, and hold them fast, until some one near by is called to assist in dispatching them. When they are held fast they become full of nerve and excitement; their forked tongues flying back and forth with extreme velocity, and their large flat heads dart around with the zeal of despair, striking vehemently every object that is within their reach. They are from one foot and a-half to two and a-half feet in length. They are seldom found upon high, dry land, except near marshes; are not considered very dangerous, as they always bite near the ground. Heavy leather boots are considered a safeguard against them. Your correspondent about a year and a-half ago, while traveling on a road that ran through a marsh, saw a number of ladies standing in the road awaiting him. When he reached the spot he quickly saw the difficulty. A large massager lay coiled up in the centre of the road, and the ladies were afraid to pass. He picked up a stick about three feet in length, walked up, and struck it a severe blow. The snake threw itself out of its folds, but before it had time to run or to fight another blow and another followed and he was easily killed.

The Crevasses and the Floods.

The literature of the flood which has visited the lowlands of the southwest is voluminous. The cotton districts are not much harmed, but many of the best sugar plantations are submerged, on which people have lost cattle, sheep and hogs and many hundred thousand dollars worth of property, generally saving their horses and mules. The government has been liberal in the distribution of rations to the suffering, by which many have doubtless been kept from starvation, though the effect in some instances, may be demoralizing. A correspondent of the New York Herald has been recently making explorations in the waste of waters, and has written up his observations, from which we gather some items. As indicating the hopeful spirit of the planters in the Yazoo bottoms, he quotes the letter of one of them to his Vicksburg merchant: While it is true that much loss will result from the drowning of hogs, cattle and a few mules and horses still I feel assured that all will yet be well, and that your boats will be taxed next winter to their utmost capacity to carry off the many thousand bales of cotton raised on the now apparently ruined plantations. By the great height of water our lands have been freed of what heretofore has been a curse to us—the hogs. Each planter has heretofore been put to the expense of keeping up fences to protect himself from their depredations at a cost that in ten years would pay for his lands. As for suffering for want of food and the lives of the people being in danger, I can but think that fears of the latter, and false statements with regard to the first, were solely designed to awaken the sympathies of a charitable and trusting people in order to gratuitously gain what, if they remain where they are, will be furnished them, to be paid for when the crops are raised.

Between Vicksburg and Baton Rouge the planters say the back water will not run off in less than two months' time, and even if a partial crop be made it will be so young as to attract the worm unless the season should prove to be an unprecedented one. Besides, it will be impossible to plant corn so late in the season, as the sun will burn it up before it gets a foot high. The only crops that can be raised so late in the season are cow peas and hay. The great destruction of stock will also militate against them, though labor is plentiful in Louisiana, there being a surplus of it under the exceptional circumstances.

The free distribution of rations is diversely commented upon. It is generally conceded that it will have a demoralizing effect wherever carried extensively into practice. The better class of planters are free and loud in their criticism of those who apply for rations instead of taking care of their own negroes, for which they will all be reimbursed by collecting from the negro when the crop is made.

General McMillan, the postmaster at New Orleans, who owns a large plantation in Carroll parish, deplors the spathy of the people and their call for government aid. "There is not," said he, "a parish or county in the valley which is not rich enough in product to build its own levees." Others hold that the levee question, affecting as it does the prosperity of the entire country, is a subject of national importance.

At Vicksburg boats and barges were constantly arriving from the flooded districts with horses, mules and occasionally a few cattle. Their condition was pitiable in the extreme. Wild looking, uncared for, generally bearing the marks of hard if not severe usage, so hungry they prospected the very gang plank for forage on being driven ashore, the sight was calculated to awaken even a stoic's sympathies. Under a porch near the wharf boat, duffed there out of the way, lay a calf dying from exhaustion. Nobody paid any attention to it, nor, indeed, to the hungry, suffering stock. Nobody thought of feeding them, and the conclusion was irresistible that these people are cruel to their stock. A mule, they say, is generally broken down and worn out in three years. Cattle are entirely neglected and the hogs are abandoned to the tender mercies of the negroes.

On the way from Vicksburg to Natchez the same glassy sheet of water stretching far back into the country from either side of the river, dotted here and there by the same half submerged houses, the same isolated and broken lines of levee peeping out, upon which the cattle could be often seen standing, vigorously switching their tails to keep off the gnats while slowly dying of starvation. At every landing planters came on board, moving about from place to place on business errands, but no refugees or negroes.

Below Vicksburg the scene of great desolation is transferred from the east to the west bank of the river and the great houses embracing the entire parishes of Texas, Concordia, Madison, a portion of Carroll, Franklin and Catahoula, is all under water from the breaks that have occurred at St. Joe, Milliken's Bend and other points.

The sugar district is thickly settled, covered with fine stock and sugar plantations, extending to the shores of the Gulf of Mexico. Heretofore this vicinity has been under water in many places, but not entirely, the land being comparatively high and well leaved. Yesterday morning it was first threatened by the water rising to within two inches of the top of the levee. A force of 200 men were at once set to work, who continued their labors until four o'clock in the morning, when it at last gave way. In three hours the whole country was submerged, the people flying from house to house calling for skills to come and take them off. By the breaks in the Point Copper levee, which occurred a fortnight ago, the parishes of West Baton Rouge, Iberville, part of Lafourche, St. Mary's and

the Teche country have been swept by the flood.

The floods have also had their effect on the wild animals. A merchant living at New Texas Landing told your correspondent that he had purchased nearly one thousand coon pelts within the past three weeks at ten cents each. They were all killed upon an island opposite his residence, upon which the water is only a few inches deep, and every morning the air is still musical with the echo of the hunters' guns. Driven out of the swamps, where the coons' usual food is berries, grapes, &c., they come there at night to fish for crayfish, which are so plentiful in that locality as to form a staple article of food with the people. From the stunted trees and willows they put their paws into the water, which are at once seized by the crayfish, who catch a Tartar every time. The deer are everywhere flocking to the uplands, and in the neighborhood of Vidalia and Natchez herds of thirty or forty are frequently seen in the neighborhood of the river bank. The negroes are killing them by dozens, although their slaughter is contrary to the laws of both states. They are in very poor condition, worn out by lack of food and chilled by the cold water. Several herds have swam the river to the hills in the neighborhood of Natchez. But few bears are seen, as they can yet live and find sustenance in the trees. Snakes are driven up to the mounds and highlands of Mississippi in thousands. The cottonwood logs swarm with them. Moccasins, king and black snakes abound. The negroes are in great fear of them and are very careful to give them a wide berth.

The Crow will Stay.

The virtues of the crow contribute to his destruction, for his clannishness and conjugal love forbid him to desert his friends or partners in distress. The writer heretofore while secluded in the depth of the forest has often arrested them in their flight overhead by an imitation of their well known cry. And as they would remain circling over the tree tops answering the call, they fell an easy prey to the breech-loader. But are not these depraved or misguided beings who so relentlessly, by force, trick and device, pursue our sable friend, plainly flying in the face of nature? His only offense is that he pulls up and eats the sprouting corn. A simple and effectual remedy for this annoyance is to mix in a vessel some tar, oil and a small quantity of slacked lime in powder. The seed corn is then stirred in until each grain receives a thorough coating. This preparation being somewhat impervious to moisture, will retard germination about three days, but it saves the crop. The crows after pulling up enough in various places to satisfy themselves that it is unpalatable throughout, will leave it forever in disgust. Don't kill them. Are not the unlovable characteristics of the crow, and the black mark of Cain upon him unmistakable proofs that he should be left unmolested to fulfill his intended mission of keeping down the army of mice, moles, snails, slugs, snakes, lizards, grubs, worms, beetles and the like, which, but for him, would overshadow the land and destroy us altogether? With a song like a mule; a strut like a petty boss; too big for a pet; useless for sport; unsavory for food; with forked tongue, uncanny speech, dusky wing and sulphurous smell; with evil eye and chilling croak, he is plainly enough marked as an outcast. Then let the scavenger alone; he may save us from a pestilence.

Occasionally attempts have been made to civilize him, but his bad moral nature seems to develop with culture. He is harder to take care of than a two year old baby, and is as treacherous as a tame Indian. Cunning as a fox, mischievous as a monkey, he is withal a born thief. The rascal is honesty itself by the side of him. He steals for the love of it, and will make away anything that is not tied down, no matter how useless it may be to him. A younger brother of ours once had a tame crow for some months about the house, and he managed to keep the neighborhood in an uproar the whole time. One would conclude that Capt. Kidd had buried his treasures in our garden by the way it was dug over by irate losers of scissors, thimbles, knives, spoons and the like which Richard, for that was his name, had purloined from open doors and unguarded windows. To do the bird justice I believe he was innocent of half the crimes charged against him, but he had a bad reputation, and, like many another, had to suffer for it. Once he was seen to steal a small coin, and, by the extra pains he took in hiding it, one would imagine he knew its value. After his plunder was concealed he perched upon the fence and tried to act as if he had done no wrong, but the kleptomaniac kept one eye upon his treasure all the same, and grew into a furious rage when his loot was taken from him. He was worse than a pet dog to betray your whereabouts, and would keep a crowd of boys around as the outside of a circus tent. Yet with all his faults he was, as Artemus Ward says of the kangaroo, "an amoooin' cuss." He would very plainly say "Uncle Wall," and would jabber a lot of other stuff that you could almost understand. He visited every bedside he could reach in the morning and roused in a friendly way the sleepers. He made friends with a butcher with whom he regularly breakfasted and received many a tid-bit from admiring neighbors when making his social calls. He was not, however, particularly dainty about his victuals; it was all as one to him whether it was porter house steak or a paper of tacks. He could swallow anything smaller than he was without tasting it, for he was as thin, as hollow and as tough as a rubber overshoe. But, bless you, the crows chief value lies in his omnivorous tastes and his

insatiable maw; and you might as well try to satisfy him with food as to fatten a thrashing-machine by running grain through it. And so he did his level best to keep the vicinity poor. Luckily, before the impending famine came upon us we noticed that the inside of his mouth was growing white—a fatal sign—and soon with a sigh of relief and a kindly remembrance of his cunning ways we buried him among his hidden treasures.

My brother made three or four more attempts to keep another, but sooner or later the white mouth—perhaps the diphtheria—carried them off. Every one knows of their cunning, intelligent and mischievous ways. A friend of mine had one that would go down a well twenty feet on a chain to drink, rather than make use of a brook nearby. Notwithstanding he was so fastidious as to his water, he could chew tobacco and swear like a trooper. He would at evening sit on a gate post and say, "Co-boss—co-boss—co-boss," until the cows would come rushing home if they were a mile away. To offset this good service, however, he would sometimes call them in the middle of the day with the same result. He delighted in wading out in the duck pond until he could seize a young duck by the neck, plunge his head under the water and hold it there until the coward was driven away by the mother duck.

They are long-lived, and are models of conjugal fidelity. Lord Ross once kept a pair under his observation for thirty years, and in all that time there was never any jarring in their domestic relations. Though cowardly enough when they have been into mischief, they are bold as a lion when their rights are at stake. A crow has been seen to successfully defend a captured mouse against a voracious vulture.

But to return to our wild crows. He knows that everyone's hand is against him, and he revenges himself as best he may. He is cruelty itself. He will pick out the eyes of new born lambs and will impatiently watch the clucking orbs of dyking animals, and if the vital spark carries too long, vulture like, he sends in his bill. He will follow a wounded deer all day, waiting until an attack upon him is fraught with no danger. He has even been known to follow carnivorous animals, hoping their next meal would afford them some morsels. Cattle don't dislike him, for he often lights upon their backs and plucks out the grubs that at sometimes invest them. He will wage a sassy war with the mother hen until he entices her far enough away from her brood to enable him to jump over her, seize a chick or two and bear them away to his own. He will fly up 40 or 50 feet high with his fist full of clams and drop them upon the rocks to get at their interiors. He will, when dangerously pursued, disgorge his food to lighten him for his flight, which is made in so straight a line as to become proverbial "As the crows flies." I have seen them when preparing to emigrate, holding their council, and discussing the matter with all the gravity and decorum of legislature. They would form in a circle of perhaps 100 feet in diameter, several rows deep, heads inwards; and after quiet was secured, one would march into the center, with stately tread and flapping wing, and after a long chattering harangue to attentive listeners, give place to others until the subject was apparently fully considered and decided upon.

It is said that there are white crows as well as white negroes and white negroes and white deer, Albinos all; but I have never seen a man with whom I dared trust my jack-knife, say that he had seen one.

The crow has come to stay, so we may as well soak our corn and save our powder. There are many worse things than crows.—Honsdale, Pa., Herald.

CARLYLE'S TOBACCO.—Carlyle's habit of smoking had begun in his boyhood, probably at Ecclefechan before he came to Edinburgh University. His father, he told me, was a moderate smoker, confining himself to an ounce of tobacco a week, and so thoughtfully as always to have a pipe ready for a friend out of that allowance. Carlyle's allowance, in his mature life, though he was very regular in his times and seasons, must have been at least eight times as much. Once, when the canister of "free-smoking York River" on his mantle-piece was nearly empty, he told me not to mind that as he had "about a half stone more of the same up stairs." Another tobacco anecdote of Carlyle, which I had from the late G. H. Lewes, may be worth a place here. One afternoon when his own stock of "free-smoking York River" had come to an end, and when he had set out to walk with a friend, (Lewes himself, if I recollect rightly,) he stopped at a small tobacco shop in Chelsea, facing the Thames, and went in to procure a temporary supply. The friend went in with him, and heard his dialogue with the shopkeeper. York River having been asked for, was duly produced, but, as it was not the right sort, Carlyle, while making a small purchase, informed the shopkeeper most particularly that the right sort was, what was its name, and at what wholesale place in the city it might be ordered. "Oh, we find that this suits our customers very well," said the man. "That may be, Sir," said Carlyle; "but you will find it best in the long run to always deal in the varieties." The man's impression seemed to be that the varieties were some peculiar curly species of tobacco hitherto unknown to him.—Macmillan's Magazine.

A Buffalo paper tells of a lover who began to propose to his girl just as his horse started to run with the sleigh. Being determined to have it over with, he got the question out at the moment the sleigh struck a mile-post. The girl was thrown high into the air, but as she came down she uttered a firm "Yes, Charlie," and then fainted.

TEMPERANCE.

Evils of Intemperance.

The appetite for strong drink in man has spoiled the life of more women—ruined more hopes for them, scattered more fortunes for them, brought to them more sorrow, shame, and hardship—than any other evil that lives. The country numbers tens, nay, hundreds of thousands of women who are widows to-day and sit in hopeless weeds because their husbands have been slain by strong drink. There are thousands of homes scattered over the land in which wives live lives of torture, going through all the changes of suffering that lie between the extremes of fear and despair, because those whom they love, love wine better than they do the women they have sworn to love. There are women by thousands who dread to hear at the door the step that once thrilled them with pleasure, because that step has learned to reel under the influence of the seductive poison. There are women groaning with pain, while we write these words, from bruises and brutalities inflicted by husbands made mad by drink. There can be no exaggeration in any statement in regard to this matter, because no human imagination can create anything worse than the truth and no pen is capable of portraying the truth. The sorrows and horrors of a wife with a drunken husband, or a mother with a drunken son, are as near the realization of hell as can be reached in this world, at least. The shame, the indignation, the sorrow, and the sense of disgrace for herself and her children, the poverty and not infrequently the beggary, the fear and the fact of violence, the lingering, life-long struggle and despair of countless women with drunken husbands are enough to make all women curse wine and engage unitedly to oppose it every where, as the worst enemy of their sex.—Ez.

Delirium Tremens.

On Wednesday of last week Alexander C. Wingate, a wealthy resident of Woodford county, Ky., was shot dead on an Ohio and Mississippi train near Mitchell, Ind., by a man named Haynes. Mr. Wingate was returning home from a business trip to the West, and was in a sleeping car. Haynes entered the car laboring under great excitement, and said to the porter and several passengers that he had been followed by thieves from San Francisco, who were bent on robbing him. He begged the passengers to keep his money, which only amounted to \$90. The porter tried to pacify him, but he grew more desperate, and flourished his revolver around wildly. The train men were either too cowardly or did not have sense enough to wrest the revolver from him and eject him from the train. At about this time Mr. Wingate stepped out of his berth. Haynes immediately confronted him with the revolver, exclaimed, "Give me my money," and fired. Wingate threw up his hands, cried, "I'm shot," and sank down dead. The maniac turned and fired two shots at random; then darted past the passengers and out of the car door and jumped off the train, which was running at the rate of forty-five miles an hour. He landed safely, walked half a mile to a creek, stripped himself naked, and jumped into the stream. His dead body was found there this morning. His clothes were found hanging on a tree 100 yards distant, and they contained \$90 in gold, a gold watch, an express receipt for \$400, sent from El Paso, Texas, to New Salem, Ohio, and a quart bottle of brandy, half full. In his valise, which he left on the train, was found a gambler's lay out. Haynes is from Yuma, Arizona. He was laboring under delirium tremens at the time of the deed.

NOT ANXIOUS for such a civilization is what comes from the Orient. It seems that Jan. 5th, 1852, two young men of Brunswick, Warren County, Miss., mailed a letter addressed "To any Slave-Dealer, Constantinople, Turkey, Europe," in which they expressed a desire to purchase at a fair price two young and pretty female slaves as travelling companions during their projected European tour. The original letter and envelope have been sent to the New York Tribune office by the gentleman in Constantinople into whose hands they fell, accompanied by the following expression of indignation and disgust: "Every such discovery as the present one of the inner thought of foreigners rouses the stubborn religious fervor of our people into more invincible determination to resist the civilization offered them by emissaries of every grade. . . . Your readers should be informed that the proposal of Messrs.—and—of Brunswick, Miss., is one which would be rejected with inexpressible scorn by every slave-dealer in this city. When Turkish girls are sold, they are sold into homes among their own people. They are never sold to infidel and disreputable foreigners to be dragged about the world, the slaves of caprice, and to be dropped into any vile slum as soon as the caprice falls." The full names of Messrs.—and—of Brunswick, Miss., signed to their infamous letter now in this office, are omitted in this paragraph, in the hope that their owners out of their secret shame may bring forth fruits meet for repentance. The letter with their signatures, however, will be carefully preserved for future use in case such use should seem to be desirable.

A letter was recently found in the postoffice at Rochester, N. Y., marked "Held for postage," that was mailed in 1853. The authorities are endeavoring to find the owner.



Sargeant Mason's reckless and unjustifiable conduct in shooting into the window of Quiteau's cell has not only gained for him great notoriety, but will place his family, financially, in a more favorable position than they would otherwise have enjoyed.

It is not yet definitely known who will be the nominee of either of the leading political parties at the next presidential election. A most lucid suggestion is made on this subject by a southern paper, and one which must go far to quiet excitement, and lead all concerned to patiently bide their time and wait for developments.

JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG, who accompanied Gen. Grant in his tour around the world, has received his commission from the president as Minister to China. Mr. Young goes out under very embarrassing circumstances, as the Chinese bill, should it receive the president's signature, is one of the greatest outrages in international law that has ever committed by a legislature.

The action of the president in vetoing the anti-Chinese emigration bill will be sustained by a large majority of republicans, and stamp him as a man of firmness and clearness of judgment and courage to do a strong deed, when in his opinion properly matured, he is called upon to take a firm stand.

The indications are unmistakable that Maine and Kansas will be followed by many of the sister states. Iowa is debating the question of falling into line on the same basis, and is likely to strike for prohibition. The time at which their state elections comes off is so near that, unless much preparatory work is done they may find themselves behind in organization. Their election is fixed for June 27. To us it appears clear that ultimately, and perhaps not far in the future this question may come to the front so prominently and potentially that it will form the rallying point of a successful and governing party.

It is fully determined to make the question of legal prohibition a leading subject in the state elections in a large number of states. Connecticut leads off and will open the campaign on that line by nominating a full state ticket at a convention to be held at Hartford, on April 19th.

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THE JEANNETTE EXPEDITION. We cannot give space in our paper for more than a brief notice of the exploring expedition now in search of the Jeannette and her crew. Most interesting accounts have been received at the Navy Department from Siberia, dated January 6th, which may be summarized thus: The Jeannette was sunk by the ice June 12, 1881. Her crew of thirty men left her in the three boats to seek for land and shelter. Fourteen of these, with DeLong the commander of the expedition, arrived at a point on the Lena Delta on the 17th of September.

The three boats had been separated in a gale on the night of the embarkment, and failed to meet again. The records of the fate of DeLong's boat have been recovered, and he and his party have been traced up to November 7th,

when Lieut. Melville's assurance is given that with a sufficient force of men, the missing commander and his party may be found. October 1st is the last date found from Lieut. DeLong's hand. Then the party were all alive, and most of them well, after the most heroic struggle with ice, storm, and frost and hunger. They had two days' provisions, and reported good luck in killing game, and were hopeful. It is difficult to see that an end sufficiently valuable can be gained as to justify such a reckless and fatal expedition.

CARO CHIPS. The "boys" were out hoeing the gutters on Thursday. John Staley, Jr., left on Friday for Wilkesbury, Penn., on a business trip.

A. C. Parsons is talking of moving into the building now occupied as a cigar factory.

H. S. Lee has moved his store of groceries, into the building next to the Exchange hotel.

The farmer's club will hold a meeting in this village on the 23rd of the present month.

The ladies' band give an entertainment in the Opera House on the 20th of the month.

It was rumored that Mrs. E. J. Melor had leased her hotel property. False alarm. It was too good to be true.

Easter services were held at the Episcopal church last Sunday. The church was very nicely decorated with flowers.

John Kelly, is getting material on the ground for a dwelling, on the corner opposite the rest house of John Staley Jr.

The social which was to be held at the residence of A. C. Parsons on Wednesday evening, was postponed indefinitely on account of the death of Col. R. White-side.

A social was held at the residence of W. L. Rogers, under the auspices of the Universalist church on Tuesday week. All who attended seemed to enjoy themselves immensely. It was with deep regret that we listened to the news of the death of Col. R. White-side, one of Caro's best and most respected citizens. He passed away on Saturday evening, after a short illness of four days, of inflammation of the bowels. Mr. White-side was a gentleman with a warm heart towards all his friends, treating everyone with kindness. In his capacity as pension agent he has done much good, relieving many a mother, widow or orphan in their need and gaining a recompense in some degree for those noble men who were disabled in the nation's cause. He was one of the pillars of the M. E. church in this place, doing good whenever and wherever the opportunity presented itself. He will be missed by the whole community. Our sympathy goes out to the bereaved family in their affliction. The funeral took place on Tuesday afternoon. The funeral services were held on Tuesday afternoon in the M. E. church, by the Masons, assisted by the Rev's Smart and Varner. At the grave the solemn Masonic rites were performed. During the funeral service all places of business were closed, in accordance with the wishes of the common council.

NOVESTA NUGGETS. But little news this time. The mad is settling some. And we are glad of it. Patrick will start his mill this week.

Mr. Webster buried his little girl on Wednesday last, the 5th inst.

McQuillen has sold his lot 40 to George Houghton for the sum of \$700.

The town board met on Saturday. The new elected officers were all qualified, and now business begins.

Warner & Houghton are waiting for the engineer to come from Lansing to set their mill up. Why not go Frank?

On Tuesday, the 4th inst., the Baptists attended to the call, and three were immersed in White creek, confessing their sins.

Frank Sherwood got partly immersed the other night when on his way home from the city, and he did not confess his sins either, but it would be a good thing if he would.

It is reported that five young girls have come to board with five different families in the south part of the town, the smallest one boards with Mr. Fox. She weighs five pounds.

Too late for last issue.

Mrs. A. G. Smith is dangerously ill. John Wilson, Jr., is out from Paw Paw on a visit to his former home.

Maple sugar's sale at Wang's hall Gagetown on Friday evening, April 14th. Everybody invited. Bill \$1.00.

The poor as well as the rich, the old as the young, the wife as well as the husband, the young maiden as well as the young man, the girl as well as the boy, can find just what they want at S. C. Armstrong's furniture warehouses. Chairs of all kinds, Bedsteads, Combs, Bureaus, Spring Beds, the best in the market, Mattresses, Upholstered Furniture, Perambulators, new styles, Cabs, Boy's Express Wagons, Carts, Brackets, Looking Glasses, all kinds of Crochets, Pictures framed to order. Everything fresh and new and warranted first-class in every particular. Remember the place, at Armstrong's.

We wish to call the attention of the smoking public to the fact that we have secured the agency for "Fansils' Punch," America's finest 5c Cigar. Weydemeyer & Fredmore. W. H. Smith has just bought a large stock of Oak-tanned Leather from Reed Bros. of Cincinnati, Ohio.

Notices. I hereby notify all persons not to trust my wife, Annabella Turner, on my account, as she has left my bed and board without just cause or provocation. I will pay no debts contracted by her after this date. M. C. TANNER. E.kland, April 3, 1882.

A fine stock of of all grades from 25 cents to \$1.50 will be found at Frank Hendrick's Jewelry store, Cass City.

J. L. Hitchcock has just received a heavy stock of Tea from New York. He guarantees them to be the best quality for the least money, in town. Try and be convinced. Call and see our lobby line of whips. ROWLEY & POOLE, Caro.

Those white shoes and slippers at H. N. Montague's, C. ro, "take the cake" for beauty and elegance. 1/4 off. CALICO, 25 cents per pound at the New York Store.

The nicest line of embroideries from two cents to \$1 per yard that can be found in Cass City at the New York Store, Lewenberg & Hirsberg, prop's.

Baby carriages, boy's express wagons, carts and wheel barrows, at Knickerbocker's, Caro.

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

A splendid line of Boots and Shoes just received at Wickware's. Call and examine. Double and single harnesses cheap at Rowley & Poole's, Caro.

Going, going, gone! Hurry up, or you will lose those great bargains now offered for a few days only at H. N. Montague's. Remember, 1/4 off.

You will find A. C. Mc Graw hand made boots and shoes at J. L. Hitchcock's OVER \$10,000 worth of jewelry, watches, clocks, etc., to select from at Knickerbocker's, Caro.

Fresh or Salt Pork, Fresh or Salt Beef always on hand at D. M. Houghton's meat market. Try those fresh water herring at Wickware's Cheap Store.

A conundrum.—Why do all the old ladies buy their tea at A. D. Gillies? Saws gummed at the Cass City Foundry. Finest and largest stock to select from in Caro, at H. N. Montague's boot and shoe store. Selling off at cost.

T. H. Hunt has a full line of everything usually kept in a first-class grocery. Coffee! coffee! Coffee! fresh ground, at Wickware's.

Wood, stove wood delivered by J. L. Hitchcock. We have received an immense stock of trunks and satchels. ROWLEY & POOLE, Caro.

Take advantage of the closing out sale at H. N. Montague's, Caro. One quarter off on all boots and shoes.

25 per cent off on all boots and shoes bought at H. N. Montague's, Caro. Rowley & Poole sells harnesses for lower prices than any firm in Tuscola county.

I have used Lane & Mosby's Cough Mixture with good effect and can cheerfully recommend it to all who are suffering with Coughs, Colds or Lung difficulties. J. P. Westfall, Caro.

One spoonful relieved and half a bottle of Luce & Stisher's Cough Syrup completely cured me of a severe and disagreeable cold and heartily recommend it to the public as a reliable remedy. W. F. Berry.

Sold and guaranteed by Adamson & Frutz, Cass City, Mich. Amethyst Rings. Worth \$3.00 and \$7.00 for \$3.00 at Knickerbocker's, Caro.

Notices. All parties having accounts past due at my store will please call and settle the same at once, and oblige. WM. WICKWARE.

For Sale. In the village of Cass City, two houses and three lots, pleasant situations. Enquire at this office.

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

Farm For Sale. Located 4 and three-quarters of a mile north of Cass City cemetery, containing 123 acres, 65 cleared, 19 in wheat and 20 acres of green hard wood timber, no pine stumps, 90 fruit trees, frame house and out buildings, land is high and dry, and front on two good roads and could be divided. Personal property for sale. Enquire of the undersigned owner who lives near the premises. JOHN G. WHELOCK.

Billboards. Are you bilious? Do you suffer from sick headache, sick stomach, dizziness, constipation? Does your appetite fail? Are you averse to all exertion, dull and languid? Is life almost a burden? If so your blood is impure, your liver torpid; you need a medicine that will relieve you. Parmelee's Blood Purifier will meet your case in every instance. It is simple but efficacious. Price \$1 per bottle; sample bottle 15 cents. Sold by Cass City Druggists, and Geo. H. Dann, of Greenleaf.

Why "We do it." We offer you Parmelee's Dyspepsia Compound because we know it will cure you. We are tired of seeing that sad, despondent air, tired of seeing you suffer so when you have only to use the compound to find speedy relief. We know that this disease, Dyspepsia, unless cured, may continue for years, embittering your life and leading to an early death. Then secure the compound and be once more restored to life and vigor. Price \$1 per bottle; sample bottle, 15 cents. Sold by Cass City Druggists, and Geo. H. Dann, of Greenleaf.

Valuable Remedy for a Painful Disease. Parmelee's Piles. Sufferers act promptly in laying off inflammation of the rectum and by being easily dissolved, are readily absorbed into the system, heating the diseased and irritated condition of those organs. They are convenient for self application, causing no unpleasantness, and affording such satisfactory results, that to any one afflicted with that disease, the Piles, they are invaluable. By direct application to the seat of disease, they are the most efficacious means of cure to be met, and are particularly useful in cases attended with rigid contraction of the sphincter. Price 50 cents per box. Sold by Cass City Druggists, and Geo. H. Dann, of Greenleaf.

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 price machine, I can sell it to you as cheap as the cheapest. R. E. Gamble.

INFIRMARY FOR SICK AND LAME HORSES & A TTLE. OPERATIONS on LAMENESS A SPECIALTY. Examinations Free. The cheapest medicines in the county. All calls attended to. DR. C. MATTHEWS, Office 2 doors east of A. C. Young's store. Caro. Mich.

WISCONSIN LANDS 5,000,000 Acres ON THE LINE OF THE WISCONSIN CENTRAL R. R. For full Particulars, which will be sent FREE, Address, CHARLES L. COLBY, Land Commissioner, Milwaukee, Wis.

Double and single harnesses cheap at Rowley & Poole's, Caro. Going, going, gone! Hurry up, or you will lose those great bargains now offered for a few days only at H. N. Montague's. Remember, 1/4 off.

You will find A. C. Mc Graw hand made boots and shoes at J. L. Hitchcock's OVER \$10,000 worth of jewelry, watches, clocks, etc., to select from at Knickerbocker's, Caro.

Fresh or Salt Pork, Fresh or Salt Beef always on hand at D. M. Houghton's meat market. Try those fresh water herring at Wickware's Cheap Store.

A conundrum.—Why do all the old ladies buy their tea at A. D. Gillies? Saws gummed at the Cass City Foundry. Finest and largest stock to select from in Caro, at H. N. Montague's boot and shoe store. Selling off at cost.

T. H. Hunt has a full line of everything usually kept in a first-class grocery. Coffee! coffee! Coffee! fresh ground, at Wickware's.

Wood, stove wood delivered by J. L. Hitchcock. We have received an immense stock of trunks and satchels. ROWLEY & POOLE, Caro.

Take advantage of the closing out sale at H. N. Montague's, Caro. One quarter off on all boots and shoes.

25 per cent off on all boots and shoes bought at H. N. Montague's, Caro. Rowley & Poole sells harnesses for lower prices than any firm in Tuscola county.

I have used Lane & Mosby's Cough Mixture with good effect and can cheerfully recommend it to all who are suffering with Coughs, Colds or Lung difficulties. J. P. Westfall, Caro.

One spoonful relieved and half a bottle of Luce & Stisher's Cough Syrup completely cured me of a severe and disagreeable cold and heartily recommend it to the public as a reliable remedy. W. F. Berry.

Sold and guaranteed by Adamson & Frutz, Cass City, Mich. Amethyst Rings. Worth \$3.00 and \$7.00 for \$3.00 at Knickerbocker's, Caro.

Notices. All parties having accounts past due at my store will please call and settle the same at once, and oblige. WM. WICKWARE.

For Sale. In the village of Cass City, two houses and three lots, pleasant situations. Enquire at this office.

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

Farm For Sale. Located 4 and three-quarters of a mile north of Cass City cemetery, containing 123 acres, 65 cleared, 19 in wheat and 20 acres of green hard wood timber, no pine stumps, 90 fruit trees, frame house and out buildings, land is high and dry, and front on two good roads and could be divided. Personal property for sale. Enquire of the undersigned owner who lives near the premises. JOHN G. WHELOCK.

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Cross & Parson's. Groceries, Flour & Feed. Caro, Mich.

PURE DRUGS AT THE City Drug Store. Wishes to say that they are now receiving their Spring Stock, bought for Cash, and are offering greater bargains than ever before. Special attention called to their new goods in Ladies and Gents' fine Shoes and Slippers. We are opening the largest and best line of Boots and Shoes ever shown in Cass City. Dress Goods, Buttons, Trimmings, all new.

SMOKE TANSIL'S PUNCH AMERICA'S FINEST 5c CIGAR. PATENT MEDICINES AND STATIONERY. Weydemeyer & Fredmore.

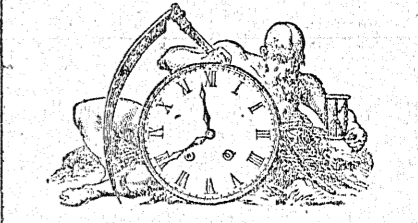
A WHIRLWIND! FURNITURE FOR EVERYBODY. Having just received a large and elegant stock of Furniture, at my warehouse in Caro, I take this opportunity to invite my numerous friends in the northern part of the county to call and inspect it. The stock consists in ELEGANT PARLOR SETS, BED-ROOM SETS, SOFAS,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

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

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.

FRANK HENDRICK,



The Cass City JEWELER

—And Dealer In— Clocks, Watches and Jewelry.

—A Full Stock of—

Ear Pins, Ear Rings, Ladies' NECK CHAINS, GENTS' GUARD CHAINS, FINGER RINGS, SPECULUMS AND WATCHES.

All Repairing promptly attended to.

CRIB YOUR CORNS. AT THE CASS CITY Boot and Shoe Shop.

Our prices are sure to please U, We can fit your feet to a T, If you don't believe it you know where we are, Drop in any day and C.

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

LIVERY STABLE, R. Clark, Prop.

First-class Horses and Carriages for the accommodation of the public. CASS CITY, Mich.

**MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.**

**Detroit and Bay City Division.**

TRAINS SOUTH.		TRAINS NORTH.	
am	pm	am	pm
7 10	5 40	10 40	10 40
7 38	6 08	11 27	11 27
8 00	6 30	12 10	12 10
8 13	6 43	12 40	12 40
8 26	6 56	1 10	1 10
8 35	7 05	1 40	1 40
8 52	7 22	2 10	2 10
8 57	7 35	2 20	2 20
10 50	9 50	4 15	4 15
9 15	7 52	3 55	3 55
9 26	8 02	4 10	4 10
9 36	8 10	4 25	4 25
9 45	8 18	4 40	4 40
10 07	8 40	5 12	5 12
10 23	8 53	5 33	5 33
11 25	9 55	7 10	7 10

**CARO BRANCH.**

TRAINS NORTH.		TRAINS SOUTH.	
am	pm	am	pm
Vassar	Dep.	8 35	1 15
Watrous	Dep.	8 46	1 26
Watrous	Dep.	8 46	1 26
Caro	Dep.	9 00	1 40

**SAGINAW BRANCH.**

TRAINS SOUTH.		TRAINS NORTH.	
am	pm	am	pm
Caro	Dep.	7 00	11 50
Watrous	Dep.	7 25	12 15
Vassar	Dep.	7 45	12 35

Trains daily, Sundays excepted, and by Chicago time.  
 W. A. VAUGHAN, Division Supt. Bay City  
 H. G. WENTWORTH, Gen'l. Pass'r and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

**PORT HURON & NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY**

Time Table, Taking Effect Feb. 21, 1882.  
 All Trains run by Port Huron Time.

**EAST SAGINAW DIVISION.**

GOING WEST.		STATION S.		GOING EAST.	
a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
10 20	4 20	Lv. Port Huron	Ar.	10 25	9 20
10 25	4 25	Brookway Center		10 30	9 25
11 25	4 40	Marlette		10 35	9 30
11 40	4 55	Clifford		10 40	9 35
12 08	5 20	Mayville		10 45	9 40
12 45	5 55	& R. C. Junct.		10 50	9 45
12 50	6 00	Vassar		10 55	9 50
1 30	6 40	Ar. East Saginaw	Lv.	7 41	6 30

Flag Stations—Trains stop only on Signal.  
 MENRY McMORAN, I. B. WALSH, Supt. & Gen'l. Manager.

**SAND BEACH DIVISION.**

GOING NORTH.		STATIONS.		GOING SOUTH.	
a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
3 10	10 15	Lv. Port Huron	Ar.	10 35	4 40
4 05	11 10	Saginaw Junction		10 40	4 45
4 50	11 55	Crossville		10 45	4 50
5 45	1 04	Crossville		10 50	4 55
6 25	1 23	DeKerville		10 55	5 00
7 05	1 55	Minden		11 00	5 05
8 10	2 35	Ar. Sand Beach	Lv.	6 45	5 05

Flag Stations—Trains stop only on Signal.  
 \*Stop for Dinner. \*Stop for Supper.  
 MENRY McMORAN, I. B. WALSH, Supt. & Gen'l. Manager.

**CITY AND VICINITY.**

What means this oblong smile,  
 Which plays around Warren's face?  
 Why, can you not guess the reason why,  
 A brain new boy is at his place.  
 —The river is still high.  
 —The wheat and grass begin to look greenish.  
 —Those new band instruments are nobly and no mistake.  
 —How Sam does love his tuba. Wonder if he sleeps with it?  
 —Messrs. Geo. and Chas. Nettleton were in town on Friday last.  
 —Mr. Anderson has put a billiard table into his "Boston restaurant."  
 —Mr. Hurst and wife and Sheriff Jones, of Caro, were in town Monday.  
 —The half-drowned man reported in last issue is around all right again.  
 —Our "D" has returned and reports having enjoyed himself immensely.  
 —Mr. F. D. Crissman was in town this week delivering his book on etiquette.  
 —Harry Berry, formerly of this place, expects to start for Dakota on Monday next.  
 —The Boston Clothing house makes a change in their advertisement in this week's issue.  
 —W. H. Smith's card did not appear on the programme for Monday night through our oversight.  
 —The contractors for the railroad bridge have their men busily engaged on the construction of the same this week.  
 —We understand that the election at Gagetown has been pronounced illegal and another election will have to be called.  
 —Mr. S. C. Armstrong, on Saturday last received an immense stock of furniture and undertaking goods, which does Cass City credit.  
 —Strange things are happening every day. The latest—Charlie Spitzer and Miss Vice Karr were married on Sunday, at Unionville. We expect to smoke.  
 —Prof. J. R. Beach was called to Caro on Sunday by the death of Col. Whiteside, and in consequence the schools have been closed for the week.  
 —Prof. Forbes left for his home in Watrousville on Tuesday morning. He expects to leave for Canton, Kansas, next week. We wish him a safe and pleasant journey.  
 —Mr. D. D. Bickford and niece, of Kelly, Wisconsin, and sister, made the ENTPREPRISE a short call on Tuesday. They expect to return home soon, and will hereafter have all the Cass City news, as this paper will find its way there.  
 —Mr. Wilcox, who expected to start a bakery in this place but not receiving sufficient encouragement, has decided to locate in Caseville, where they appreciate new enterprises of this kind. They probably have a more energetic local government than we have been blessed with.  
 —The cold weather continues and so does our wood pile—that is, smaller. Those parties who promised wood the fore part of the winter will please take this gentle hint and deposit a load handy, before we are completely out. It takes a quantity to supply several establishments.

—On the 5th inst., at the Walmsley school house, was held the regular examination, during which the scholars manifested great interest, both in their studies and their teacher, Mr. Graham, and after the classes were examined by their teacher, Miss Striffler and Mr. McMillan, a very interesting programme was prepared, composed of recitations by the scholars, readings, etc., among which were "Over the hills to the poor house," by Mr. Graham, and "The funeral of Napoleon I," by Mr. McMillan, each reading being followed by good music by Misses Withey and McKillar and Mr. Graham, which caused the time to pass by very pleasantly.

The following will be read with interest. It is from the pen of Rev. J. F. Berry, formerly of Caro, and gives a vivid impression of the gorgeous scenery through which he passed on his way to his new field of labor in Arizona. It is copied from a letter to his father in Fort Grant, Mich:  
 "On cars, Saturday afternoon, approaching Lamy, New Mexico. Will drop this at Lamy. We are all real well, and approaching our journey's end. To-day has been the most exhilarating and exciting of my life. The scenery for the last 400 miles has been such that no words can express its grandeur. Oh, such mountains! It has charmed me through and through! We arrive at Deming in the morning and at Tucson to-morrow evening at 6:30. The children are both as well as can be. I already feel the exhilarating effects of this dry, pure mountain air. We are now 7,000 feet above the sea. The snow-capped mountains are in sight, while it is warm here in the valley. I cannot satisfy my appetite; five meals a day is not enough; I am hungry all the time. I wish I could write you of the sights we have seen to-day, but it is not possible. It is grand, in the superlative degree. I will write you again on arrival at Tucson." More in the future from this valued correspondent.

—High hopes were entertained of good roads and pleasant weather by the band boys for the evening of their second band concert. How cruelly their expectations were dashed to pieces, as in the former one, with the exception of the rain. Monday night came and a goodly crowd assembled in the opera house, but in looking over the audience we could see but very few from outside the village, owing to the horrible state of the roads. The band first appeared in front of the hall and give two selections as serenades, and after some unavoidable delay an overture was executed upon the stage. The programme was lengthy, and in about the same order as the former one, with the exception of the farce, which was to have been substituted by a black Humpty Dumpty, but in this connection were missed and it was dropped from the programme, which was of sufficient length as it was. All participants performed well. Highly can we speak of the duet by Mrs. Adamson and Miss Ahr, which brought down the house with applause. The choruses sung by Mrs. Knight and Adamson, Miss Ahr, Messrs. Laing, Wickware and Berry, were well received. Prof. Forbes' cornet and violin specialties, together with his comic song, delighted the audience to such an extent that he was encored on his violin solo. W. F. Berry furnished some fun for the boys in his political speech, lecture on women's rights and cornet solo. Messrs. Forbes and Lawrence's cornet duet took especially well. Although the new silver instruments, which were purchased of C. G. Conn, Elkhart, Ind., did not arrive but a few hours before the concert took place, the boys manipulated them well, making a very fine appearance on the stage. We can now boast of having the finest set of instruments in the county or in this part of the state. Under Prof. Forbes' management the boys have made rapid advancement while they all speak very highly of the professor as a musician and a gentleman. The band do not intend to let the series of concerts drop at this, but as intended from the first, hold one about once in every three or four weeks. As everyone appeared to enjoy themselves, we prophesy, if the roads are in decent shape, a crowd of house to welcome the next one. The party at the close of the concert was an enjoyable affair, being well attended. Good music was given by Prof. Forbes and Charlie Nash. Total receipts \$35.50.

**DIED.**

GREEN.—In Cass City, on Wednesday, April 5th, W. H. Green, M. D., aged 35.

**In Memoriam.**

W. H. Green was born in Batavia, N. Y., in 1847. When at the age of five his family moved from that state to Michigan and settled near Rochester. As he grew up he studied medicine with Dr. Wilson, of Rochester, and graduated from the Ann Arbor Medical college. In the spring of 1873 he married the daughter of Dr. Hudson, of Rochester, and moved to Cass City the same spring, where he has practiced medicine until his death. His was an unusually bright intellect, having a thorough education. His success as a practitioner was marked. He was not blessed with a robust constitution and the exposure necessary to practicing in a new country proved too much for his health; for the past two years, his health has been very poor. In the last three months he has seldom left his home. Although expected, the news of his death was received by the community with a shock. As with all human beings he had his faults and weaknesses, but overshadowing them he had a heart filled with benevolence and pity for the poor and needy whom, without exception, he took in and supplied their wants and attended in sickness without charge. He treated everyone in a gentlemanly manner, making friends by the score. Deep regret is expressed by all at his death, both at the loss of a friend and an experienced and successful physician.

**TUSCOLA COUNTY.**

Vassar Times.

Reese is soon to have a new bakery. Vassar expects to have class in phonography.

Cattle will run at large, in township of Arbelia this year.

The northern part of Kingston is fast being opened up by settlers.

Passenger trains commenced running on Tuesday morning week from Saginaw to Sebawaing.

Old Mr. Vickery, another of the the county pioneers, was buried at Watrousville on Sunday week.

Work on the railroad has been interrupted in some parts of Kingston in consequence of its being so wet.

John Kilburn has 250,000 feet of logs at the high banking ground in Indian Fields, which he will commence running this week.

Voters in Wells had the pluck to nominate a woman for the the office of school inspector at the caucus, but backed down at the election.

Alex. Dingman, a barber of Vassar, on Tuesday evening week, while drunk, stabbed Wil Allen, to avenge an old grudge, in Aiken's billiard hall in that place.

Mrs. Froede, an old German lady of Wells has lain for four days in an unconscious condition, as if asleep, of what is supposed to be rheumatism of the heart.

The accommodation and freight train on the Port Huron & Northwestern railroad, which left East Saginaw at 11:40 a. m. yesterday, jumped the track at a point six miles west of Vassar, and the express from Port Huron was delayed several hours until the track was cleared.

Ed. McClintock, a workman engaged with others in breaking a railway on Houghton creek, about five miles of Vassar, Wednesday week met with an accident which came very near terminating his earthly career. A log which had become loosened above him, swung around, and striking him foreably, broke his collar bone and inflicted painful injuries about the head. It was at first supposed that he could not survive the accident, but the attending physician says that, although painful, the injuries inflicted are not of an extremely serious character, and that the wounded man will not long be disabled.

In the township of Greenleaf, a lady (w) wells, considered, by herself, one of its fairest belles, who in spite of jealousy has best did try to injure John by a contumacious lie.

For years she has attended school, always endeavoring her teacher to rule, making him bow to each and every mood, on him playing jokes whenever she could.

Last January a new teacher took the school, who because he was not a fool, was tormented by her at every chance, but in this she did not make much advance.

"Those who think they know the most know the least," the wise man did boast, so it is with this learned scholar, Jane, and it is even doubtful if she is sane.

If to meeting she goes at eventide, she could not get an escort if she died, but in a frenzy of madness and despair, would throw handfuls of dirt and rip and tear.

"Cute little thing" would stick her teacher fast and have his lady help him out at last; if left to her he might sink in mire deep, for she would never, never sweep.

No, lovely Jane, post and talk as you like, your teacher is a gentleman and won't fight; nor will he be in fear of you go back to Canada, but remains in Michigan at the present day.

S. C. Armstrong, Notary Public and Conveyancer, Cass City, Mich.

W. H. Smith sells a first class double team harness for \$25.

Let those now smoke Who never smoked before, And those who always smoked Let them smoke the more, Of "Tansill's Punch" world renowned 5c. Cigar. Weydemeyer & Predmore.

If you want pictures framed, take them to Armstrong's, he has a fine assortment of mouldings and rustic frames.

If you want a first-class smoker for 5 cents, buy "Tansill's Punch" Cigar. Weydemeyer & Predmore.

All kinds of Furniture fresh and new at Armstrong's.

Oh! that elegant line of Silverware displayed at Frank Hendrick's is "just too lovely for anything."

Buy your Baby Carriages from Armstrong.

The largest stock of ever brought into Cass City, has just been received by Frank Hendrick.

Buy your High Chairs from Armstrong. All kinds cheap for cash.

More of "Tansill's Punch," America's finest 5c. Cigars, are sold in New York, Chicago and San Francisco than any other city. We have the agency for Cass City. Weydemeyer & Predmore.

The finest assortment of undertaker's goods ever brought to Cass City, can be found at Armstrong's.

The determination of the manufacturers to furnish the smoker a strictly first-class Havana-filled Cigar at 5c. accounts for the wonderful demand for "Tansill's Punch." Weydemeyer & Predmore.

Burial Robes of all kinds at Armstrong's the undertaker.

Fine Cloth Covered Caskets, Fine Rosewood Casket, Burial Cases in endless quantities at Armstrong's, the Cass City Undertaker, 2nd door East of Post Office, Main Street, Cass City.

"A Thing of Beauty is a Joy Forever."

That "thing of beauty" is Hamilton's Cough Balsam and in every household where tried, it has proven itself a "thing of joy" that will last forever. It has permanently cured that beautiful young daughter whom you thought a victim of that dreaded disease, Consumption. Price per bottle, 50 cents, sample bottles 25 cents. Sold by Cass City Druggists, and Geo. H. Dann, of Greenleaf.

**HERE WE ARE AGAIN!**

Case after Case of New **SPRING CLOTHING.**  
 Hats and Caps and Furnishing Goods.

of all descriptions are being received daily at the Mammoth Store of **INGERSOLL and OLDFIELD,**

And by the looks they intend to capture their share of the Clothing Trade. **NOVELTIES,** not found elsewhere in this market.

**NEW PATTERNS, NEW COLORS, NEW DESIGNS.**  
 Prices way below Competition,

And people are finding this to be a fact. **INGERSOLL AND OLDFIELD,** CLOTHIERS, Montague's New Block, Caro, Mich. 27-1-ly

**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.**

**SOMETHING NEW, SOMETHING NEW, IN CASS CITY.**

Messrs. Himelhoch & Lewenberg again to the front with a choice selection of **GENTLEMEN'S SUITS!** Something new in **BOYS and YOUTHS' CLOTHING, CHILDREN'S SUITS** in the Latest Styles. Odd Coats, Pants, Vests, **OVERCOATS IN ABUNDANCE.** The **HAT AND CAP** Department is one that is perfectly attractive, as it embraces all the Latest Styles. The **FURNISHING GOODS DEPT** Being so complete that one cannot ask for what they cannot purchase. **COME ONE, COME ALL!** See and be convinced that Cass City takes the lead, and well may it be proud of the display of goods in those several different departments, unequalled by any other clothing store in Michigan. Messrs. Himelhoch & Lewenberg, under the management of **MR. G. LAFERTY,** will at all times study the wants of their patrons, so that the store will be a home for all, **Fair Dealing. One Price.** And that which will defy competition cannot help but make it success both for the benefit of the proprietors and the good of the people at large.



### THE FARM.

#### Barley.

There is much land in Michigan well adapted to the growing of barley, and it is a profitable crop when a fair yield is obtained. It is generally sold from the farm, because it brings more in market than its feeding value. It is, however, one of the best grains to feed. Ground barley is a valuable food for growing or fattening pigs, for cattle of all kinds and also for horses, though seldom used for the latter purpose in the eastern part of the United States. In California the principal grain feed for work horses is ground or soaked barley.

Barley requires the right character of soil, but it must also be in fine till. Cold, wet, lumpy or very dry soil is not suitable, and where all the conditions are not obtainable it is better to sow oats. Probably a well-drained clay loam is the best soil for barley, but it will grow well on a thoroughly worked clay or on sandy loam. With the proper soil the next requirement is good cultivation. The soil must be mellow and worked fine. A well manured sod, plowed the previous year for corn or fall fallowed, is in the best condition as far as previous cultivation is concerned. It is difficult to say which is the better, fall or spring plowing, either will answer provided the ground is not worked in the spring till it is dry. The time and manner of sowing is important. The young barley plant is tender, not nearly as hardy as the oat plant, and should not be sown till the soil is warm, otherwise much of it will not grow, or if it does will be yellow and spindling. It must not be sown too deep. This is a common fault, especially where the drill is used. On mellow soil the drill tubes should be regulated to the most shallow pitch. A very good way to sow with a drill if the time can be spared is to drill half the quantity required and then cross drill the remainder.

Among the serious troubles in growing barley is the presence of smut. It not only lessens the yield but gives it a bad color and is very disagreeable in handling. A good method to prevent smut is to soak the seed grain for a short time in strong brine made with all the salt the water will dissolve. This will destroy the smut germs and will also give opportunity to remove oats which are often found. By stirring the grain when in the brine the oats will rise to the surface and can be taken up and removed. By doing this the grain must be sown by hand. All this makes some work, but will abundantly pay unless seed, perfectly free from smut, can be found, which cannot in many cases be done.

Harvesting barley is one of the most delicate operations connected with its growth. If it falls down or "lodges" before it is ripe it is one of the best grains to "fill" in such condition, but it is also likely to become colored when it is ripe and this injures its sale in market. The best of care and good weather is necessary at harvesting to secure it in perfect condition. It will color before it is cut if too ripe and will easily do so afterward. When cut with the reaper it may be allowed to lay in the gravel over night if the weather is good, and if turned over the next morning after the dew is off it will soon be ready to go in the barn, or it may be put up in bunches and remain a day or two if fair, but must not heat either here or in the mow, if its color is preserved. The six rowed barley is usually grown, as it sells best, but if intended for feed the two rowed is best, as it yields larger crops.

The total barley crop of the United States is about 40,000,000 bushels annually, of this state about 1,000,000. Canada produces 10,000,000 or 11,000,000 of bushels, a large portion of which is exported to the United States.

The crop in Michigan in 1879 averaged 22 and two-third bushels per acre. California grows the largest crops of barley of any section. Fifty bushels per acre is a frequent yield and much larger yields have been known. The best barley grows in Canada. The soil and climate in many portions seem particularly well adapted to its growth and the production of a high quality and is a profitable crop to the farmers notwithstanding the duty of 15 cents per bushel when exported to the United States.—*Ex.*

#### Farm Laborers.

As the spring approaches, the farmer begins to feel uneasy in regard to what help he shall employ to assist him in his labors on the farm. If he can do his own work four months in the year, he hires for only eight months. In doing this he meets with two difficulties. First, it is more difficult to get skilled labor for only the eight best months of the year than when wanted for the entire year. Second, as he rarely gets the same man two years in succession, it takes nearly the entire season to teach him to conform to the practice of the farm. These are serious drawbacks, and often eat up a very large portion of the income of the farm.

The difference between one who has but little knowledge of the business, is more than a dollar a day; and the difference between a man who has learned, by a season's practice, a farmer's ways of performing each operation on the farm, is large in dollars and cents, as well as a great relief to the farmer's mind.

One of the great drawbacks at the present time on the small farm is the difficulty of getting, and keeping, intelligent and skillful laborers, at fair prices. The farmer who is so situated that he can make work enough during the winter to half pay the wages of a laborer, will gain by keeping him the entire year, providing he will enlist the second year. If a farmer gets a laborer of only fair capacities for work, if he

can keep him several years, he had better do so than to change every year.

Young men with no families who come from a distance are not likely to stay on a farm as one who comes with a family; therefore the farmer who needs help on his farm will get that which is more reliable by employing these with families, and furnishing them with a house. Young men with no families start out to seek their fortunes, and take the first position that seems to furnish the most ready money. Thus they will work on a farm the first season. When the season is over, with the money in their pockets, they start for some manufacturing town or city, where, with the money accumulated, they pay their expenses while learning to run a machine, or measure off tape. If intelligent and skillful, they work their way into good positions: if they are not, the glitter of the town has so blinded them that the pure air and beautiful scenery of the country are forgotten, and remembering only some of their most disagreeable labors on the farm, they cling to the town, though compelled to live in poverty.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

#### Wild Celery.

In many parts of the West, where lakes abound, the wild celery, which is the choice food of the canvasback and some other ducks, and which attracts them to the lower Susquehanna river, Chesapeake bay, etc., is being planted as feeding-ground for these valuable birds. It is said, if planted carefully, there is little difficulty in getting it to grow, and once firmly established it will propagate itself and spread, so that there may be no fear of its becoming exhausted. This plant is to be found along the Hudson, especially near Newburg; on the Delaware and Hudson canal, near Princeton, where it becomes so abundant as to be a nuisance; also in the Delaware, Chesapeake, and Sandusky bays, and in portions of Lake St. Clair. The male and female flowers grow on different roots, and must be planted together, though we see this denied. It will also grow, it is said, from pieces of the plant. It can be planted in water from six inches to eight feet in depth, but does best where the water is pretty still and from three and a-half to four and a-half feet in depth. This is about all the information necessary for those who may see proper to assist in stocking a river or lake with this most attractive food for the best fowl in the world.

Farmers with good sense say they will hold on to their wheat "through good and weevil report."

A new line of French steamers has just been established between New Orleans and Havre. The capital of the company is 12,000,000 francs. The steamers are the largest ocean vessels coming to the port of New Orleans. Each is capable of carrying 10,000 bales of cotton and has accommodations for 1,000 passengers. The capacity of each vessel is 4500 tons.

**VALUE OF LIQUID MANURE.**—Prof. Johnston says: "The urine of man and the animals he has domesticated is the most important and valuable, though the most neglected, and the most wasted." Prof. Dana declares: "The quantity of liquid manure produced by one cow annually is equal to fertilizing one and a quarter acres of ground, producing effects as durable as do the solid evacuations. A cord of loam saturated with urine is equal to a cord of best rotted manure. . . . If the liquid and solid evacuations, including the litter, are kept separate and the liquid is soaked up by the loam it has been found they will manure land in proportion, by bulk, of seven liquid to six solid, while their actual value is as two to one." The *Journal of Chemistry* contains the following testimony in regard to the value of liquid excrement: "A cow under ordinary feeding, furnishes in a year twenty thousand pounds of solid excrement, and about eight thousand pounds of liquid. The comparative money value of the two is but slightly in favor of the solid. This statement has been verified as truth over and over again. The urine of herbivorous animals holds nearly all the secretions of the body which are capable of producing the rich nitrogenous compounds so essential as forcing or leaf-farming agents in the growth of plants. The solid holds the phosphoric acid, the lime and magnesia, which go to seeds principally; but the liquid, holding nitrogen, potash, and soda, is needed in forming the stalks and leaves. The two forms of plant nutriment should never be separated, or allowed to be wasted, by neglect. The farmer who saves all the urine of his animals doubles his manual resources every year."

The beginning of the year should be a time for the balancing of the farm accounts. New books are opened, and with the inventory taken, as suggested last month, the farmer knows how he stands. The first of January usually brings an end to the paper subscriptions, and if not already attended to the renewals should be made at once. It may be that some farm journal or family paper has come to sight that will need to be added to the list of those already counted as necessary. Farmers, as a class, are yearly reading more and more, and for a number of very good reasons. The improvements of farm machinery allow of more time for mental culture; and not the least of the reasons for an increase of reading among farmers is the better quality of the matter provided for them by the agricultural press. It may be that the insurance policy runs out with the old year, and this important safeguard against distress should be looked to. Only the best companies should be patronized; the rates for ordinary farm buildings should be comparatively low. A co-operative system of insurance has worked admirably in some localities.

#### Care for the Life Saving Crew.

The bill reported from the Commerce Committee March 2nd, to promote the efficiency of the life-saving service, and to encourage the saving of life from shipwreck, passed the Senate last Saturday. The provisions of the bill relating to the coasts of Lake Superior and Lake Michigan were not amended in the Senate, and stand as follows. On the coast of Lake Superior, a life-saving station at or near Grand Marais, Mich. On the coast of Lake Michigan, a life-saving station at or near Frankfort, one at Pentwater, one at White river, one at Holland, one at South Huron, and one at Michigan City, Ind., and one at Sturgeon Bay, Wis. The salaries of the superintendents of the districts embracing the coasts of Lakes Ontario, Erie, Huron, and Superior will hereafter be \$1,800. Surfmen will receive \$50 per month, and keepers of stations \$800 per annum. The most worthy feature of the bill is the section put in by the Commerce Committee. The section provides that in case a man is disabled in the service, his salary runs on for at least one year, and for a longer period if the general superintendent thinks it wise under all the circumstances of the case. Provision is also made that in case a member of the crew or other employee should die by reason of a wound received in the service, his widow or children shall receive the amount of his salary for two years. Senator Conger and all who have assisted have the heartfelt thanks of the heroic men in the Service, their families and their friends.

#### Great Discovery at Thebes.

To anyone with a knowledge, however slight, of the history of Egypt, the mere names of the kings whose mummies have been brought into the garish light of this nineteenth century are full of associations of the highest interest. The series commences with a gigantic coffin, painted white, and bearing a long inscription in black on the breast. It contains the body of the patriarch of the Egyptian royalty of what Mariette distinguished as the "New Empire." Many of us remember the name of Tiaaken Raskenen, about whom such a tantalizing little fragment has been published in the "Records of the Past." He preceded Aahmes, the first king of the famous eighteenth dynasty, and the fragment which is in the British Museum tells us of the beginning of his contest with a northern king, Apapi, who dwelt in the city of Haver, and is generally recognized as one of the Hyksos or shepherds, about whom so much has been written, but about whom so little is known. Raskenen was the father; it is now all but certain, of the Queen Aahhotep, whose jewels were exhibited at Paris in 1868. Her husband appears to have been Kames Uaz-Khaper-ka, a successful general, sometimes spoken of as himself, perhaps in her right, a king, and she was the mother of Aahmes, the founder, as I have said, of the eighteenth dynasty. The inscription on the coffin of Raskenen contains no historical record, except his name and a prayer to the gods of the dead on his behalf. Beside him lies his grandson Aahmes—the coffin of whose mother, Aah-hotep, was already in the museum; the lid removed, and the royal mummy swathed in wreaths of what 3,000 years ago were fresh lotus-flowers. They are faded and dry now, and so fragile that a touch destroys them. Next to King Aahmes is his wife in a crimson coffin, the body wrapped in grave clothes of pink cambric, with bands of white, so fresh, so delicate in color that no effort of mine suffices to realize the fact that Nefertary must have died long before Moses was born. Close to her and her royal husband is their son Amen-hotep I., his face covered with a brilliantly painted mask, and his body like that of his father, wreathed with flowers and leaves. On his breast his name is written with a singular variation, referring apparently to his love for his country. "Amen-hotep united with Egypt." It recalls Napoleon's reference in his will to "the people whom he had loved so well," but had, we must hope, some better foundation in fact. Attracted perhaps by the flowers, a wasp entered the royal coffin at the last moment before it was closed, and was found among the wreaths. By the side of the great Amen-hotep rests the body of his younger brother, Se-Amen, which, when it was opened, was found to contain nothing but a bundle of reeds packed so as to resemble the outline of the human form, surmounted by an infant's skull. This is not the only example of such deception among the number of the supposed mummies. *McMillan's Magazine.*

*That poor bed-ridden invalid wife, sister, mother or daughter can be made the picture of health by a few bottles of Hop Bitters. Will you let them suffer? when so easily cured.*

The Americans' memorial asking the reprieve of Dr. Lamson has been sent to the English Home Secretary.

**An Enthusiastic Endorsement.**  
GOSLIAM, N. H., July 14, 1879.  
GENTS—Whoever you are I don't know; but I thank the Lord and feel grateful to you to know that in this world of adulterated medicines there is one compound that proves and does all it advertises to do, and more. Four years ago I had a slight shock of palsy, which unnerved me to such an extent that the least excitement would make me shake like the ague. Last May I was induced to try Hop Bitters. I used one bottle, but did not see any change; another did so change my nerves that they are now as steady as they ever were. It used to take both hands to write, but now my good right hand writes this. Now, if you continue to manufacture as honest and good an article as you do, you will accumulate an honest fortune, and confer the greatest blessing on your fellow-men that was ever conferred on mankind.  
TIM BURCH.

The czar has written to the morganatic widow of his father, who has been residing at Carlsruhe since the death of Alexander II., requesting her to return to Russia and live in St. Petersburg.

#### Reminiscence of Henry Highland Garnett.

Rev. Mr. Garnett's death has called out the following reminiscence from a Detroitier:

It was a colored people's convention during or about the close of the war, and speeches were made by Fred Douglass, Dr. Garnett and others. Mr. Douglass made one of his customary masterly addresses, and some one in the audience remarked that his ability came from the white blood in his veins. At the conclusion of his address Mr. Douglass referred to this insinuation, and said he would introduce to the audience a man whom he thought all present would acknowledge a full-blooded negro. He then presented Rev. Henry Highland Garnett.

At once there stepped forward a man who, to the best of my recollection, was of medium height, rather spare in build, very homely and rugged of face, and black as ebony—so black that the whites of his eyes and his teeth were particularly noticeable. He was also very lame (a hip trouble or shortness of one leg rendering him a cripple), and apparently walked with much difficulty. He began his remarks in a slow, dignified manner, in good voice, and with exceeding good delivery, and soon proved to the audience that he was an orator of more than ordinary ability, while some thought him almost if not quite the equal of Douglass. He opened his address by remarking that he had traveled a great deal and addressed many audiences, and had generally been taken for a colored man. He said his father and mother were black as he, and also were his grandparents. This was as far back as he could trace his ancestry, but he never had any reason to believe that there was any admixture of white blood in any of them.

On arrival at Syracuse by train the night before a gang of roughs attacked Mr. Garnett, knocked him down and stole from him his manuscript, hat and gold-headed cane, the latter a present from some prominent ladies of New York. In referring to the episode, Mr. Garnett remarked that he had not expected such a reception in the abolition city of Syracuse; but that while the rowdies left him well-nigh helpless in taking his cane, by leaving his head whole their theft of his paper made little difference.—*Ex.*

Moses How, Esq., of Haverhill, Mass., strongly indorses St. Jacobs Oil for rheumatism, etc., from the observation of its effects in his factory as also in his own family—so we see from one of our Massachusetts exchanges.—*Bridgeport, Conn. Standard.*

First swell: "I never did like 'May,' not nearly so pretty as 'Mary'; wonder they don't change the name of the month to 'Mary.'" Second swell: "Cleavay ideav, by Jove! make awystairs good to June, you know!"

#### A PICTURE WORTH BEHOLDING.

Hanging between two small windows, and catching the light from a larger one opposite, in one of the offices of Adams' Express Company, at 59 Broadway, New York—the office occupied by Mr. W. H. Hall, head of the delivery department—is a plainly finished but neatly framed chromo about 2 1/2 by 3 feet in size, which is looked upon by hundreds of people daily, on many of whom it has a wonderful and salutary effect. It represents a flight of half a dozen rough stone steps leading from the swarded bank of a placid lake to a little rustic temple set in the rugged side of the mountain which rises in stupendous proportions in the background all covered with a rank luxuriant growth of foliage in brush and tree. In the open door of this little temple stands a half concealed figure, with an arm and hand extended, holding forth a small, dimly defined package, while seated on the sward at the foot of the steps an aged pilgrim, barefooted, lame and decrepit, bears a staff in one hand, and in the other holds before his dim eyes a small bottle, whose label he eagerly scans. This label bears the words "St. Jacobs Oil the Great German Remedy." Simple as this little chromo appears in its unostentatious position, it has an influence which it would be difficult to estimate. "It is to that picture and the persuasions of Mr. Hall," said Mr. Edward J. Douglass, a gentleman connected with Mr. Hall's department, "that I owe my present ability to perform my work. Some weeks ago I was violently attacked with sciatic rheumatism, and hour by hour I grew worse, and nothing my family or the doctor could do gave me any relief. I began to think in a few days that my case was hopeless and that I was doomed to be an invalid and helpless cripple for life. But at last I thought of that picture which I had so often looked at with but little interest, and then Mr. Hall came to my bedside, and telling me how St. Jacobs Oil had cured him of a worse and longer standing case than mine, urged me to use the same remedy. I did so that very night, directing my wife not to spare it but to apply it thoroughly according to the directions; this she did with a large piece of flannel cloth saturated with the Oil, and then bound the cloth to the affected parts. The next morning I was free from pain, and although a little sore in the hip, was able to dress myself, and the next day resumed my duties in the office as sound as a dollar. Here I am now in full health and strength, having had no touch of rheumatism or other pain since. Whenever I see one of our drivers or any other person who shows any symptoms of lameness or stiffness, I point him to the picture in Mr. Hall's

office, and then direct him to go for St. Jacobs Oil at once."—*N. Y. Evening Telegram.*

#### Smiles.

"And phat wud ye want sich a man as Patrick for?" said Mrs. McGlone. "Ye never cud thrust him out ye sight, onliss ye was wid him."

When a man's chestnut curls begin to turn gray, it means that he is 50 years old. But when they begin to turn black—that means that he is 60.—*Paris Paper.*

Mistress met "help" in the street and said to her, "Well, Mary, where are you living now?" A blush stole softly over the cheek of the girl and she said sadly, "Please, marm, I don't live nowhere now; I'm married."

"Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day." And yet when his mother uttered it in the presence of her little boy he at once replied, "Then mother, let's have the rest of that plum pudding before we go to bed."

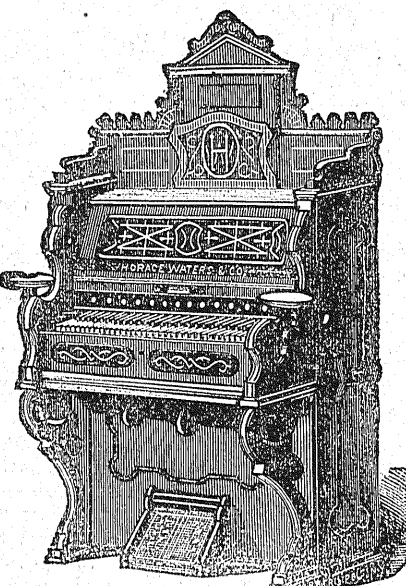
"I have come for your good," is what the burglar says to the terrified owner of the house at the witching hour of 12, and then he looks tenderly round on the various members of the family, and adds, "yes, for all your goods."

The time of year is at hand when Dr. Glynn's recipe for the preparation of cucumbers will be needed. "Peel the cucumber," he says, "with great care; then cut it into very thin slices, put on pepper and salt at discretion, and then throw it away."

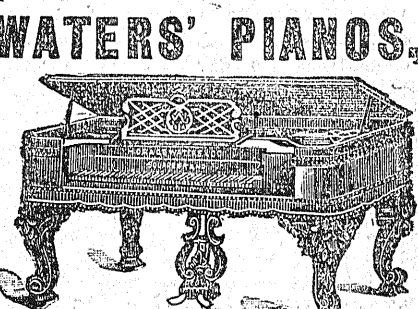
"Ah," he exclaimed, as he pressed her tenderly at parting, "shall I hold you in these arms again to-morrow and paint our future with the bright pigments of the imagination?" "No," she said calmly, "not to-morrow; to-morrow's wash-day."

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Who keep constantly on hand a complete stock of  
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Law Blanks,  
Perfumery,  
Oils,  
Varnishes,  
Brushes,  
Dye Stuffs,  
Coice Cigars and Tobaccos  
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and Trimmings.  
Wall Paper, etc., etc.,  
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**HEAVY WAGONS**  
FROM  
**Wickware & Waldon,**  
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A First-class Blacksmith Shop in connection, where competent men are employed.  
Repairing in both Departments promptly done.

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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, Alpaccas, Cashmeres, 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.

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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.

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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.  
F. C. LAING,  
Prop.

# ONWARD!

"A nimble sixpence is worth a dead shilling." A penny saved is worth to earned." are old and good sayings.

## READY PAY

is the ROCK which we propose to build upon, and invite you to assist and receive

# A Mutual Benefit

Yours Truly,

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1892 1892

# Spring Goods

## Spring Styles

People visiting Cass City wonder at the elegant line of Fancy Dry Goods and Notions which are being received at Lewenberg & Hirshberg's which they offer to sell at figures that defy competition. Please give us a call. Goods shown with pleasure.

Respectfully,

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

names. Two of the women were variety actresses, and a third performs in a dime museum the trick whereby the head of a living woman is made to seem to exist without any appendage of trunk. The smokers chatted about all sorts of things, and narrated their experiences with opium without the slightest restraint. There was a man from Chicago who had been traveling in Pennsylvania, and who carried a toothbrush in his waistcoat pocket. He had not been able to find smoking accommodations in his wanderings, and as a substitute for opium he had taken morphine pills, a handful of which he exhibited. They constituted a part of his necessary baggage, and were carried loose and handy, in the same manner as his toothbrush.

The stories that were told would make a book. The latest news from the different branches were discussed. A new branch was about to be opened in connection with the Cremorne Garden. The night before, in a branch across the street, two of the female smokers had become intoxicated with liquor, and had fought savagely hand to hand. The story was graphically told, and I could fancy them at it in the smoke. There is always somebody lying about a branch, who is ready to act as messenger or to cook. His reward is an occasional supply of the opium which the stringency of his own finances does not permit him to purchase outright. He brings in beer, wine, tobacco, or whatever individual smokers desire. It is not unusual for a gambler who has been successful to make champagne flow like water in a branch. I heard of a king among the bunco men who only a few nights before had spent \$100 in champagne and intoxicated a whole crowded branch. I was forced myself to drink a glass of beer which a skilled telegraph operator who had intermitted his smoking long enough to become very drunk, and whose heart beat, to the best of my judgment (he insisted on my feeling it), 200 times to the minute, insisted upon "setting up." Just after this episode a handsome young fellow, who could scarcely have reached his manhood, came in. He wore handsome clothes and what resembled a diamond pin in his scarf. I learned that he was a skilled pickpocket and thief.

Shortly afterward I experienced a slight feeling of zausenau, which increased momentarily, until a cold perspiration broke out all over my body, and my hand trembled so that it was difficult to hold the cigar that I was smoking. My companion advised me to take a cup of tea, which he said would sicken and relieve me. I tried the tea. It was weak and lukewarm, and I wonder that it did not produce the effect promised. But it did not, and, my distress continuing, I made a break for the open air. This almost immediately restored me. The rain was still falling, and the pavements were shining in the light of the gas lamps. The illuminated windows of Mott Street were blinking vaguely through the fog. Chinamen popped out of doorways and uttered queer little songs, such as barbaric cuckoos might emit, in token that the gambling games were opened. Other Chinamen momentarily popped in, and the street, under the darkness and the rain and the fog, was alive with a bewildering heathen life. And then I turned into Chatham Square, amid the bounding horse cars and the great square hacks of Christian civilization.—N. Y. Sun.

"A man would be a heap better off if he was as perticler 'bout de whisky he drinks as he is 'bout de water," remarks an observant old darkey.

### SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Compulsory education is being enforced in Mexico.  
—Rev. Dr. John Hall, of New York, says there is more positive Christian life in New England to-day than ever there was before.

—The first senior class of Colorado University will be graduated this year. It has six members. The whole number of students now in attendance is 118.

—Benjamin P. Cheney, of Boston, presented the town of Cheney, in Washington Territory, with a schoolhouse, and has sent a staff of teachers at his own expense to establish the institution.  
—Announcement is made from England of the death, at the age of ninety-seven years, of Rev. S. Oughten, for many years associated with Baptist missions in Jamaica during the most memorable parts of their history.

—It takes the long-suffering school-committee to appreciate the industry of school-book makers. When he goes home to find spelling books on every table, readers in mail box and geographies under the door-mats, he appreciates the enterprise of agents and his own dread responsibilities.

—Out in Paterson, N. J., the other day, it was so cold in a school house that the only way the teacher could keep her pupils from freezing was to set them dancing a Virginia reel, the music for which was played by one of the pupils on a piano. After the children were aglow from the exercise order was called, when they went through their studies in comparative comfort.

—The pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Newark has recently resigned after a pastorate of thirty-two years. Although more than 200 years old the church has had only fourteen pastors, including Aaron Burr, the father of Col. Aaron Burr; Abraham Pierson, first President of Yale College, and Alexander McWhorter, a friend and advisor of Washington's. If the next pastor remains as long as the last, he will stay there until some time into the next century.

—The Rev. John W. Butler, of the City of Mexico, in an article on the progress of evangelical missions in Mexico in the past ten years, gives the following table of their present condition: Foreign missionaries and assistants, 51; native helpers, 209; congregations, 239; members, 10,764; probable adherents, 10,000; Sunday-schools, 103; Sunday-school scholars, 3,685; pay-schools, 79; pay-school scholars, 2,782; church edifices, 37; other places of worship, 192; probable value of church property, \$320,610; presses employed, 12; religious periodicals published, 11; their united circulation, 11,850; pages of religious literature issued in 1831, 6,071,900. Ten years ago there were 125 congregations, 11 churches, 99 halls of worship, 28 free day schools, and 28 night schools.

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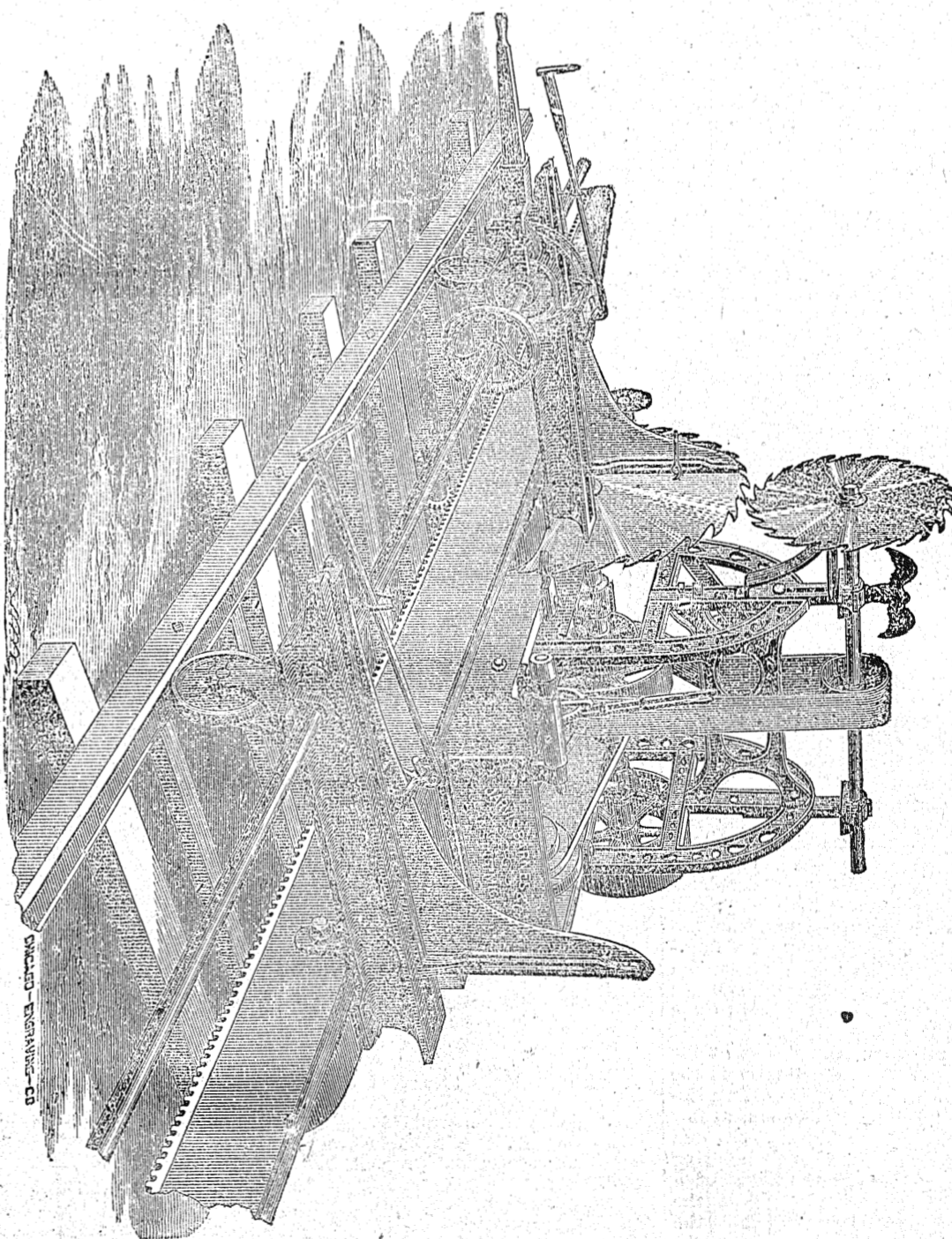
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In our next issue.

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