

# The Cass City Enterprise.

BERRY BROS., Publishers.

WORK AND WIN.

TERMS, \$1.50 PER YEAR

VOL. 1.

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NO. 33

## OUR OWN OFFICE.

The Enterprise is published every Thursday morning, at our office in the Opera House block. It aims to be a live local paper, and is devoted to the advancement of the Agricultural, Commercial and Social interests of the people of Northern Tuscara. The subscription price is One Dollar and fifty cents per year. We give no paper covered looks or other trinkets to induce people to read the paper, and we carry no dead head subscribers.

Advertising rates as low as any other paper in the county having an equal circulation, and no lower. A new and thoroughly equipped Job Office in connection, in which we will have none but competent workmen. Business men intrusting their orders to us are pretty likely to be satisfied.

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Cass City Route: Daily, Sunday excepted. Leave 7:30 A. M. Arrive 6 P. M. Arrive Caro 11:30 A. M. Depart 2 P. M.  
Bud Axe Route: Arrives at 12 M. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Departs at 2 M. Monday, Wednesday and Friday.  
Marlette Route: Arrives Tuesday and Friday at 9 A. M. Departs Wednesday and Saturday at 7 P. M.  
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Hearse in Attendance when Required.

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

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Caro, Michigan

## A Victim of Charity.

It was at a church fair, and he had come there at the special request of his "cousin," who was at the head of the flower-table. He opened the door bashfully, and stood, hat in hand, looking at the brilliant scene before him, when a young lady rushed up, and, grabbing him by the arm, said:

"O you must, you will, take a chance in our cake. Come right over here. This way!"

Blushing to the roots of his hair, he stammered out that "Really he didn't have the pleasure of knowing—"

"O that's all right," said the young lady. "You'll know me better before you leave. I'm one of the managers, you understand. Come! The cake will all be taken if you don't hurry," and she almost dragged him over to one of the middle tables. "There now—only fifty cents a slice, and you may get a real gold ring. You had better take three or four slices. It will increase your chances, you know."

"You're very good," he stammered. "But I'm not fond of cake—that is, I haven't any use for the ring—"

"Ah, that will be ever so nice," said the young lady, "for now if you get the ring you can give it back, and we'll put it in another cake."

"Y-e-e-s," said the young man, with a sickly smile. "To be sure, but—"

"O, there isn't any but about it," said the young lady, smiling sweetly. "You know you promised?"

"Promised?"

"Well, no, not exactly that; but you will take just one slice?" and she looked her whole soul into his eyes.

"Well, I suppose—"

"To be sure. There is your cake," and she slipped a great slice into his delicately-gloved hands as he handed her a one dollar bill. "O, that is too nice," added the young lady, as she plastered another piece of cake on top of the one she had just given him. "I knew you would take at least two chances," and his one dollar bill disappeared across the table, and then she called to a companion: "O, Miss Larkins, here is a gentleman who wishes to have his fortune told."

"O does he? Send him right over," answered Miss Larkins.

"I beg your pardon, but I'm afraid you are mistaken. I don't remember saying anything about—"

"O, but you will, said the first young lady, tugging at the youth's arm. "It's for the good of the cause, and you won't refuse," and once more the beautiful eyes looked soulfully into his. "Here we are. Now, take an envelope. Open it. There! you are going to be married in a year. Isn't that jolly? Seventy-five cents, please."

"This time the youth was careful to put out the exact change.

"O, I should just like to have my fortune told. May I?" said the first young lady.

"Of course you may, my dear," said Miss Larkins, handing out one of her envelopes. "O, dear, you are going to be married this year, too. Seventy-five cents more, please," and the poor youth came down with another dollar note. "No change here, you know, added Miss Larkins, putting the greenback in her pocket.

"O, come, let's try our weight," said the first young lady, once more tugging at the bashful youth's coat sleeve, and before he knew where he was he found himself standing on the platform of the scales. "One hundred and thirty-two," said the young lady. "O, how I should like to be a great heavy man like you," and she jumped on the scales like a bird. "One hundred and eighteen. Well, that is light. One dollar, please."

"What?" said the youth; "one dollar! Isn't that pretty steep? I mean, I—"

"O, but you know," said the young lady, "it is for charity," and another dollar was added to the treasury of the fair.

"I think I'll have to go. I have an engagement at—"

"O, but you must first buy me a bouquet for taking you all around," said the young lady. "Right over here," and they were soon in front of the flower-table. "Here's just what I want," and the young lady picked up a basket of roses and violets. "Seven dollars, please."

"O, Jack, is that you?" cried the poor youth's "cousin" from behind the flower-counter, "and buying flowers for Miss Giggie, too. O, I shall be terribly jealous unless you buy me a basket, too," and she picked up an elaborate affair. "Twenty dollars, please, Jack," and the youth put down the money, looking terribly confused and much as though he didn't know whether to make a bolt for the door or give up all hope and settle down in despair.

"You'll excuse me, ladies," he stammered, "but I must go. I have—"

"Here, let me pin this in your button-hole," interrupted his "cousin." "Fifty cents, please," and then the youth broke away and made a straight line for the door.

"Well, if ever I visit another fair, may I be—be blown!" he ejaculated, as he counted over his cash to see if he had the car fare to ride home.—*Brocklyn Eagle.*

## Well, there's nothing peculiar about that.

"No; but just listen. When he put on a slouch hat his character changed entirely. He became ruffianly and desperate, and swaggered around like a hired bravo or an advance agent out of a job. His best friends were afraid of him and he had only to put his sombrero on to keep away the most energetic bill-collector."

"If I were like that, I'd have a felt hat riveted to my head, said the other man."

"Then, when he put on a cap with a vizor, he became simply low. He used to hang around bar-rooms, although he was a strict temperance man, and he consorted with car-conductors, and statesmen, and that class of people."

"So long as he did not associate with poets it was all right."

"He never got so low as that. But you ought to have seen him when he put a silk hat on. The moment he appeared on the street with a beaver he used to look so respectful that people used to come up to him to accept the Chairmanships of mass-meetings, or to serve as a Director of charitable associations, and on one occasion he was actually arrested on suspicion of being a bank President."

"How is it," inquired the other man, doubtfully, "that we have never heard of your grandfather?"

"He died young. The way it happened was this: He once went out in a silk hat, and a man came along who mistook him for the receiver of a savings bank who had received all that was left of the unfortunate depositors' money after the smashup. This man struck him on the head and broke down the hat. It then resembled the discouraged-looking tile always worn by inebriates on the stage. True to his peculiarity, my grandfather at once became profoundly intoxicated, although as I have said he never drank a drop in his life, and he died in fifteen minutes of delirium tremens."

"Let us adjourn to the nearest bakery," said the other man, "and I will purchase the establishment for you."—*Punch.*

## PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—It is a little singular that a crank cannot be turned in the right direction.—*Newton Republican.*

—What can make more vocal noise than a boy driving ten cows through a town? Why, a boy driving two cows, of course. The more cows, the less noise.

—The Atlanta Constitution notices that "a pair of black eyes give a man a sort of rapped expression." The man with poulticed eyes and face has an expression still more wrapped.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

—During a death of news in a Western newspaper office, the office cat was jammed in the job press, and the editor immediately set up the following headlines: "Dreadful Accident." "Nine Lives Lost!"—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

—A Galveston school teacher asked a new boy: "If a carpenter wants to cover a roof fifteen feet wide by thirty feet broad with shingles five feet broad by twelve feet long, how many shingles will be needed?" The boy took up his hat and slid for the door. "Where are you going?" asked the teacher. "To find a carpenter. He ought to know better than any of us fellows."—*Hartford Times.*

—Fogg has a neat way of turning a compliment now and then. Seeing the elderly Miss Pangley in the street the other day he tried to avoid her, but did not succeed. When they met, said Miss Pangley, "O, you naughty man! You wanted to cut me!" Replied Fogg, blandly. "I should be cutting a pretty figure, wouldn't I?" Miss Pangley tells her friend, Miss Sagegreen, that Mr. Fogg is a perfect gentleman.

—Two sides to it.—"There are two sides to everything," said a lecturer. "I repeat it, there are two sides—" At this juncture a tired looking little man stood up in the front seat to say: "Well, if you've no objections, I will just step out and see if there are two sides to this hall. I know there is an inside, and if I find there is an outside you'll know it by my not coming back. You needn't be alarmed if I shouldn't return." And as he walked up the aisle he was followed by the admiring eyes of the whole audience. Their sympathies were with him, but they were deficient in moral courage.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Austin Society Notes.—Colonel Bill Snooks is looking smiling and happy. His mother-in-law left yesterday. We were glad to meet Mose Swindelmeyer, the handsome drummer. The Sheriff will also be glad to see him, as he has a capias against him for not paying his drummer tax. Bill McSnifter, the talented horse thief, is in town on route to Huntsville. He has many friends in Austin who are disappointed at his not being hung. Judge T. C. Blowhard, of Bunttown, is once more in our city. His visit has no political significance. The Grand Jury is in session just now at Bunttown—that's what brings him over. The beautiful Miss Peggy Friggins left yesterday on the 2:40 train for her home in Crosby County. The young men regret her departure, and especially the dry-goods clerk who let her have credit to the amount of seven dollars is unconsolable, as it will be deducted from his salary.—*Texas Siftings.*

—It is said that two Virginia girls have been fighting a duel with shotguns. They must have told on themselves, for it is not likely that any one close enough to witness the affray survived.—*Pittsburgh News.*

## BUSINESS IS BOOMING!!

DRY GOODS.

SILKS,

VELVETS,

CASHMERES,

COTTONS

AND

DOMESTICS.

BOOTS and SHOES.

Gent's Sewed and Pegged Fine Boots.

Ladies Fine Shoes.

CASS CITY MICH. ANGUS D. GILLIES



## EVERYBODY!

that has seen our new

## SPRINGSTOCK

and Styles in

## CLOTHING,

say it is the noblest and best selected stock in town and the prices, Oh! so low. Yes the stock is large and the prices low, and they must be sold. Since my removal my business has increased more than double, so that it enables me to buy cheap for cash and sell at very low figures.

## Furnishing Goods.

We have just received the latest spring styles in Hats, Neckties, Fancy Shirts, Collars & Cuffs, etc., etc.

## Call And See Us.

Yours Etc.,

A. I. Keiff.

Caro, Mich April 27, 1882.

## HARDWARE!

Nails, Glass,

Putty, Paints,

Oils, Brushes

Iron Stoves,

Hardware,

Powder, Shot,

Lead.

Rubber

—and—

Hemp Packing,

etc., - - - etc.

Crockery,

Glassware,

Lamps, Brooms,

Tubs, Pails,

Bird Gages,

Baskets,

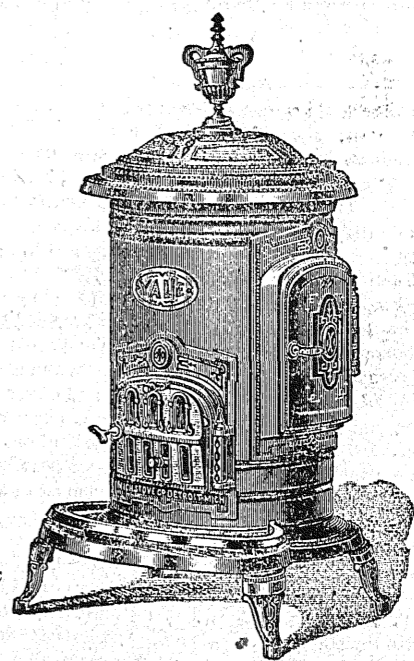
Mop Sticks,

Washboards,

Churns, wood

and stone,

etc. - - - etc.



Come and see our Stock, now Full and Complete.

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

Cass City, Mich. P. R. Weydemeyer.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

MICHIGAN.

A runaway team at Cornuna on Saturday threw from a wagon a Mrs. Shipman, causing fatal injuries, and also run over a miner and broke his arm.

Henry Barry, an employe of the Port Huron & Northwestern railroad, while standing at the bar of a saloon in Port Huron Monday, drew a revolver and shot himself through the temple.

At Bay City lumber rates have dropped 25 cents per M. to Ohio ports, and charters are now made at \$1 50 per M. to Ohio and \$2 to Buffalo.

A. T. Nichols of Corunna, president of the San Miguel gold mining company, has been appointed superintendent of the company's mining operations, and is about to go west to assume the duties of the position.

A dead body packed in a box was found by boys out fishing in Eagle Lake, Allegan Co. As the coroner was preparing to hold an inquest it was claimed by a young man in the vicinity as having been sent by a brother at the University, Ann Arbor, for safe keeping until he could attend to it.

Julius Conlon, a young German, committed suicide, by hanging himself with a piece of twine in an old log hut near Mt. Clemens. He was industrious, and is supposed to have been temporarily insane.

Chas. S. Raymond, a merchant at Forestville, started on Monday to reach the dock at Port Sanilac in time to meet the Steamer Flora. Reaching the dock, he sat down to rest, and while the prescription from his face, when he was seen to rise, and then to fall forward on his face, and almost instantly expired. His death was ascribed to heart disease, superinduced by over exertion.

The house of Nicholas Brodel, huckster, 100 Hastings St., Detroit, was entered by masked robbers, Monday morning, and robbed of \$1,124 of property, \$600 of which was money. A portion of the gang held pistols to the heads of Brodel and wife, while the others hunted for the property.

The booms and mills at Muskegon remain idle, and are likely to remain so the present month. The strikers insist on \$2 and 10 hours, the company on \$2 and 11 hours.

Willie, son of Judge Swift, of Vassar, was thrown into convulsions and died from eating wild persimons on Monday.

Cadet Charles J. Dickey of Racine, Wis., died at the Orchard Lake Military Academy on Thursday, of inflammatory rheumatism. He had but recently recovered from the scarlet fever.

Charles Pearce of Lexington, was riding an unmanageable horse on Tuesday, which reared up and fell over backward, falling on the boy and killing him instantly.

The Protestant Methodist church on the Bowman road, three miles from St. Clair, was destroyed by fire Monday night—supposed to be the work of an incendiary.

The Ovid and Traverse Bay railroad company was organized Monday, with a capital of \$1,000,000. Charles Farmer, President.

The safes at Petersburg, of Beckler & Russell, H. Bartlett and H. J. Beckler were blown open Monday night and robbed of \$1,200 and some jewelry. The thieves also stole a horse and buggy of a livery stable and made their escape.

The workmen on the new Union depot grounds, Detroit, unearthed an Indian grave in which were many curiosities; a silver breastplate, silver rings, kettle, etc., were confiscated by the workmen.

Miss Barner, daughter of the well known Detroit paper dealer, has joined Listeman's concert troupe of Boston. Critics think, Miss Barner will make a fine success.

The senate financial committee report favorably reopening a former discussion rejecting the application of the Detroit House of Correction to be refunded interest taxes. The amount involved is some \$16,500.

Monday night as the prisoners in Ionia were being locked in their cells, James Myers, in the outer corridor, descended the stairs, explaining that he wanted to obtain a match from the officer standing just outside the grated door. He walked down to the grating, suddenly turned, wrenched the grating over the register toose, sprung down the hot air pipe, and there being no fire, wrenched an opening into the cellar, broke out a cellar window and was in the outer darkness in a few seconds after he left his cell. Train conductors were notified, and Conductor Dolman, of the freight train on the Detroit, Lansing & Northern, found a man in an empty box car who answered Myers' description. He was locked in and taken to Detroit. Officer Lavy took the morning train for Detroit, escorting the prisoner back to Ionia. He is again in his old quarters.

At the meeting on Monday of the executive committee having in charge the ensuing reunion of the Army of the Potomac, Col. F. W. Swift read a letter from Gen. Grant, saying he would be present if unforeseen causes did not hinder. Congressman Bragg of Wisconsin has been invited to deliver the oration, Mr. Burrows of Kalamazoo, having declined.

The President has nominated Jerome C. Knowlton, as postmaster at Ann Arbor.

Andrew J. Seeley has caused the arrest of Charles M. Slade, of Montrose, and Hiram Fozar, of Maple Grove, Saginaw Co., on complaint for committing an assault on him in April 1880.

Jackson and Michigan Center are soon to be connected by telephone.

Chas. Blanchard, of St. Johns, has been convicted of horse and buggy stealing.

Memorial services were held at Marshall Tuesday afternoon, in honor of the late J. D. Pearce, Judge Ingersoll presiding. Biographical sketches were read by Miss Carrie Knause and Dr. O. C. Comstock, and reminiscences given by C. T. Gorham, R. G. Hendryx, T. W. Hall, Milo Soule, and P. Mulvaney.

Geo. Miller, of Plainwell, was killed Thursday at Gobles, Van Buren Co., by the falling on him of timbers of a stump-pulling machine.

Major D. H. McComas and Carrie M. Thrift were married at Lansing on Thursday.

A heavy snow storm prevailed in northern Michigan and on Lake Huron Thursday.

A 9 year old son of A. Astor, near Saline, fell from a pole suspended by a chain in a barn, and was caught in the mouth by a hook, by which his face was torn open from his mouth to his temple, leaving bare the bone and nasal organs.

E. N. Thomas, charged with the silk robbery of Camp, Morrill & Camp, Jackson, was acquitted on charge of stealing and burglary and

convicted on charge of receiving the stolen goods. The case of Welch, the lawyer in the case, is not disposed of.

Joseph Tooley, freight conductor on the L. S. & M. S. railroad, residing at Hillsdale, had his foot smashed by the cars Thursday.

Charles Crandall was arrested at Grand Rapids Friday, charged with committing an outrage on the person of Miss Martin, a girl of weak mind.

David Paine, for the last 40 years a resident of Fenton, died Monday of a shock of paralysis received some months ago, aged 76.

During March 6,698 immigrants from the British provinces entered the United States at Port Huron.

The Rev. Mr. Koehler of Manistee, arrested on a charge of sending indecent publications through the mails, has plead guilty.

The special committee of the Detroit board of education are considering the advisability of maintaining or abolishing the high school.

Isaac D. McCutcheon of Michigan has been confirmed as secretary of Montana.

On the 21st, Henry Gubby, at work on an addition to the Pontiac asylum, fell a distance of 50 feet, striking on the ground. He seems but slightly injured at this writing, 24 hours after the accident.

"Every Saturday" and "Chaff," Detroit's society papers had a pitched battle Friday evening, through their representatives, reporters, etc. The police interfered or it might have ended in a civil war. Kunze, a reporter on Every Saturday was badly bruised.

Creditors, or agents of creditors, of John Dawson, merchant at Sand Beach, assisted in packing up his goods on Friday, and shipped the same to Port Huron and Bay City. Dawson is in jail in Bay City for obtaining money under false pretences.

Lundington is to have water works. Mack Walker, hydraulic engineer of Port Huron, is to lay 600 feet of eight and ten inch pipe, furnish engines, hydrants, and all necessary machinery for \$30,000.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The navy department has recent word from Melville, 500 miles from Irkutsk, saying he had every reason for hoping to find DeLong and his party.

Rev. Simon Quigley, a well known Methodist minister, was thrown from his buggy at Port Wayne, Monday, and was instantly killed.

Dr. Rice, of Bay View, Wis., while beastly drunk on Saturday, tried to kill his wife, and allied therein, shot himself.

Ernest Longfellow issues a card, saying that none of the projected biographies of his father are authorized, but that the family are collecting materials for a complete life, which will appear in due time.

The Managers of the broken Savings Bank at Washington, Pa., Ruth and Thompson, have been arrested, charged with robbing the institution of \$100,000.

The new Chinese bill with a ten-year restriction, passed the House Monday by an overwhelming vote, only 37 in the negative.

A despatch from St. Joseph, April 17, says: Charles and Robert Ford were arraigned today in the Circuit Court upon an indictment charging them with the willful and premeditated murder of Jesse James. As Judge Sherman finished reading the bill and asked of Robert Ford guilty or not guilty, he exclaimed, as if he had been waiting for the Judge to finish the reading of the indictment, guilty, and then turned to H. H. Craig, Police Commissioner of Kansas City, with a cold, scornful smile, which he then turned upon the crowd. Charles Ford also pleaded guilty in the most unconcerned manner. Judge Sherman then briefly passed sentence upon them, omitting all the formalities: You, each of you, shall on May 19, 1882, be taken to some convenient place and be hanged by the neck until you be dead. The boys smiled as the Judge finished the sentence. They were then taken back to jail. Their pardon was granted by Gov. Crittenden to day, and is expected to arrive to-night. Sheriff Timberlake and a squad of Kansas City police, all heavily armed, arrived in the city on the midnight train Sunday and attended the trial. It is expected that on the receipt of the pardon the boys will be quickly remanded before daybreak to Kansas City where they have friends.

Atchison dispatches say it is positively known that Frank James is at the head of a movement to avenge the death of his brother by killing all who were concerned in compassing it. The avengers are to be backed by the whole of Jesse's constituency.

The Red river in Dakota is still rising, and is four and a half feet above low water mark.

John Sullivan, a young farmer in Burrill, near Rockford, Ill., who was acting as escort to Estelle Andrus, popular young lady, murdered her on the way, stabbing her 22 times without warning or cause.

James Gordon Bennett proposes to cross the Atlantic in his gorgeous new yacht, Namouna, as soon as it is launched.

The Governor's pardon for the Ford boys has not yet arrived at St. Joseph and they are still in jail. The Sheriff of Ray county served warrants on Robert and Charles Ford for complicity in the murder of Wood Hite, one of the James gang. The Ford boys are disconnected at the turn of affairs. It is understood that they will be taken to Ray county on the 19th to answer to the charge of killing.

G. M. Irwin, arrested for complicity in the St. Joseph Mo., bond case confesses as follows: Enos Crowther, former Register of the city, borrowed Register Ringo's safe key and made an impression of it. He then had a key made and, accompanied by John Cox and W. W. Scott, went to the Register's office, opened the safe, and abstracted the bonds. Irwin arranged, and he and Scott should go east, sell the bonds, return and divide the proceeds with Crowther and Cox, and then \$20,000 more of bonds were to be taken in the same manner and disposed of in the same way. Irwin's statement seems to be generally believed and has created more of a sensation than the arrest of Bob Ford.

The paper of the Providence Company has been protested, but the suspension is believed to be temporary. Liabilities exceed \$500,000.

The burden of the Mormon preaching at Salt Lake, last Sunday, was that Mormons should not trade with Gentile merchants, who were held responsible for the adverse legislation of Congress.

Weaver, Ware & Co., of Providence, cabinet makers, have suspended. Liabilities \$76,000.

ANOTHER TORNADO.

On Tuesday evening, a cyclone crossed the Mississippi at Carrollton, La., gathered water into its column 60 feet high, and struck the

town with terrific force. The streets were deluged with water, and many buildings were unroofed and demolished. The ferry wharf was lifted and left some distance down the bank. An old negro was taken through the air and lodged in a tree. The storm proceeded toward Lake Pontchartrain, crossing the upper end of Canal street, New Orleans, and unroofing many small buildings. At Brownville, Mo., the cyclone destroyed the entire business portion of the town. Seven persons were killed outright, and over 100 seriously hurt. It approached that place as a black funnel-shaped cloud, moving at the rate of 100 miles an hour. Large two-story brick buildings were lifted from their foundations and dropped in confusion some distance away. Electrical explosions accompanied the wind and the rotary motion of the storm twisted out of shape every thing it touched; 18 brick buildings and two frame buildings were destroyed. I. P. Payne the Baptist minister, City Marshal White, and C. Meyer, a leading dry goods merchant, are among the killed. At Montross, Mo., the Baptist and Christian churches were destroyed and 20 other buildings wrecked. A school-house with 35 children was carried some distance and several among them badly hurt. Montross, Calhoun, Lewis, Clintonia, Holden, Brownsville and the adjacent country were in the track of the hurricane, and all suffered more or less.

The Chinese steamer Meath, arrived at Portland, Oregon, Tuesday with 850 Chinese laborers for the railroad contractors.

The revenue cutter Gorwin will go to the rescue of the Rogers crew.

The grand jury at St. Joseph, Mo., has passed indictments against M. Irwin, W. W. Scott, E. J. Crowther and John Cox for the theft of \$100,000 of funding bonds from the City Register's office. The bonds were fixed at \$5,000. Crowther gave bonds, the others went back to jail.

Judge Tompkins Westervelt, of Staten Island, a judgment of Daniel D. Tompkins, died Thursday morning.

Secretary Folger thinks the revenue fund, which is now \$136,000,000, will justify bond calls to the amount of \$20,000,000.

Marshal Henry, Washington, offers \$500 for the capture of Howgate, half of which he will pay himself, and the other half to come out of the salary of the deputy from whom the prisoner slipped.

Twenty-five of the Chicago gamblers have been convicted and fined \$100 each.

Wm. Sindram, who murdered his landlady, Mrs. Crane, January 26, 1881, was hanged Friday.

Having convicted and fined the gamblers of Chicago, the authorities are now after the owners of the gambling saloons. Several were fined from \$250 to \$500 on Thursday.

A Mexican presented himself at San Antonio, Texas, Thursday, badly bruised and blackened. He said he had been hung by bandits, but saved himself by hanging onto the ropes four or five hours, when he was found and cut down.

Democratic members of the house banking committee say they have pledges from Democratic members of the house sufficient to insure the passage of a bill to extend the bank charters.

Some one has stolen, it is supposed for a relic, the Bible which has been used the last 53 years for swearing in Senators.

Fitz John Porter makes a direct appeal to the President for a remission of that portion of the sentence of the court martial which remains unexecuted, and to carry into effect the recommendation of the advisory board to the extent of his constitutional power.

Fuscini dispatches announce the massacre of sixteen persons at Eagle Creek by the Apaches and twenty by the Chinichubas, in the vicinity of San Carlos, belonging to Lucas Bann. The victims at Eagle Creek were about half Mexicans.

CONGRESS.

April 17.—In the senate Mr. McMill introduced a bill to establish a board of commissioners for the regulation of inter-state commerce.

Mr. Chilcott, the new senator from Colorado, was sworn in and took his seat.

In the house a resolution was adopted fixing the hour for beginning sessions after the 19th inst., at 11 a. m. Bills were presented to create a United States entire commission; to expend \$100,000 for seed for Mississippi valley flood sufferers; by Mr. Blair to retire the circulation of national banks and continue them as banks of deposit and discount; to transfer certain moneys from the war department to the Indian bureau for Indian schools; to punish unlawful certification of checks by officers of national banks, and prevent over drafts; making appropriation for the improvement of the Mississippi river according to the plans of the Mississippi river commission; and to pay those entitled to the Geneva award. The committee on elections presented a report in the contested election case of Busbee vs. Finley, of Florida, unseating the latter and giving Busbee the seat.

April 18.—In the Senate, the agricultural bill, granting \$414,750 was passed. A message was received from the President, urging favorable and early consideration of the recommendations of the Mississippi river commission for an additional appropriation of \$1,000,000, to stop the levee gaps. A message from the President was also received, calling attention of Congress to the outstanding invitation to all independent countries of North and South America, to participate in a general Congress to be held in Washington Nov. 23rd next, to consider the method of preventing war between the nations of America and asking Congress for suggestion or advice as to the wisest course to be pursued.

In the house, Mr. Kasson announced that the tariff bill would give way to other business and would not be disposed of this week. Mr. Hiscock reported a joint resolution appropriating \$485,000 to supply a deficiency for public printing and binding the current year. A communication was received from the Secretary of the navy concerning the establishment of an Indian training school at Fort Ripley Reservation.

April 19.—The house met under the new rule at 11 a. m. Mr. Taylor, of the committee on expenses of President Garfield's illness and funeral, reported a substitute for the one previously reported, giving Bliss \$25,000, Agnew and Hamilton \$15,000 each, Reynolds, Boynton and Mrs. Edson \$10,000 each, Jennings \$1,000, and C. A. Benedict, the New York undertaker, who embalmed the body, \$1,800. Mr. Blackburn submitted a minority report on the same bill. The Utah case came up as unfinished business. After a long speech by Cannon, a vote was taken on the minority report, declaring Cannon entitled to the seat, and it was re-

jected, 79 to 128. The majority resolution declaring that neither Cannon nor Campbell were entitled to the seat was adopted without discussion.

In the senate the house bill appropriating \$405,000 to supply the deficiency for printing, was passed. Mr. George, of Miss., advocated the passage of the Mississippi river improvement bill, increasing the appropriation to \$15,000,000, using the money to rebuild the levees.

In the house the bill to create a civil government for Alaska was reported favorably. The naval committee reported favorably the bill to sell the Charlestown navy yard. The land will now bring \$6,000,000 and the treasury will be saved \$150,000 for repairs, and \$120,000 interest annually on the value of the property—enough to purchase a steel ship of war every four years, while Boston will gain \$7,000,000 worth of taxable property.

April 21.—In the house the following bills passed: Extending to steamships the same unloading privileges as sailing vessels have; making congressional elections in West Virginia occur at the same time as state elections.

In the senate Mr. Beck's resolution was passed calling on the committee of the census for exact information as to the character and number of the census publications to be issued and the total cost. Mr. Beck said he had reason to fear that the cost would exceed \$2,000,000.

FOREIGN.

The czar has summoned Gen. Louis Melikoff, chief of police at St. Petersburg, to organize measures for protection at Moscow on coronation day.

Nihilists are being arrested all over Russia and are more active than ever.

The perfect of police at St. Petersburg has received a basket of eggs emptied of their natural contents and filled with dynamite.

Two hundred Jewish refugees passed through Lemberg Sunday on the way to America. Two hundred more were expected on Monday.

Smith, charged with the robbery of the Hatton Garden, England, Postoffice, arrested at Brussels and released, has again been arrested in Berlin with two accomplices. He was about to start for St. Petersburg; £3,000 worth of wares and diamonds were found on them, their baggage, which had already left Berlin has been telegraphed for.

An explosion in the Blackhouse colliery, Sunderland, England. Thirty-five persons killed.

The British steamer Mary Tatham, with a cargo of Chinese and merchandise for Portland was wrecked off China.

The trial of MacLean, who attempted to shoot the Queen, was concluded on Thursday. Montague Williams appeared for the prisoner. He said it could be shown MacLean had had a homicidal mania for years and had imagined the English people were against him and also that it could be proved MacLean had been confined in an asylum. The Superintendent of the Salisbury and Broadmoor Asylums testified to MacLean's insanity. They said they believed him incapable of appreciating the nature or quality of any of his acts. Williams asked for acquittal on the ground of insanity. Lord Chief Justice Coleridge summed up the case. The jury returned a verdict of not guilty on the ground of insanity.

The N. Y. Herald has received a despatch, giving intelligence of the burning and sinking of the Arctic steamer Rogers, on the north coast of Siberia. The ship was searching for the Jeannette survivors. Lieut. Barry with the officers and crew, 36 in number, were saved at Taplaka.

Hederick Maclean, who was acquitted on the ground of insanity, of the charge of high treason for having attempted to assassinate the queen, has been sentenced as a lunatic to confinement during the pleasure of the queen.

The persecution of the Jews in southern Russia has been renewed with such violence that 17,000 have been rendered homeless in the past few days.

Sir Alexander Tullock Galt, high commissioner for Canada in London, has, it is reported, resigned.

Resolutions requesting her majesty to grant home rule to Ireland were passed unanimously by the Ontario house of commons in committee of the whole last night, after a debate lasting until nearly morning.

Dispatches from Hlza of March 29 say Minister Hurbut's death was very sudden and exciting. He had not been in the best of health, and visiting friends to bid them farewell prior to his departure for the United States on April 6th. He awoke at the usual time and dressed on the morning of March 27th. While playing with his grand children, he was suddenly seized with pains and fell to the floor. His agonizing cries were heard by all in the house. He soon became unconscious and so remained for a long time. As the physicians came he was raised from the floor, when he opened his eyes and exclaimed: "God bless you all, I'm dying. O my heart," and expired within 20 minutes from the first attack. It is suspected by some that he was poisoned.

DETROIT MARKETS.

PRODUCE AND PROVISIONS.

The market is strong with good demand. Rates as follows: Mess pork, \$19.25; family, \$19.50; clear, \$21.00. Lard, 1 1/4c for tierces; 1 1/2c for kegs; hams, 12@12 1/2c; shoulders, 8 1/2@9c; bacon, 12c; dried beef, 13@14c; extra mess beef, \$12.50. Chickens were sold at 12@14c per lb.

WHEAT—roller process, \$6 75 @ 7 25; White wheat pastry, 6 00 @ 6 25; White wheat brands, country, 6 00 @ 6 25; Winter patents, 7 50 @ 7 75; Seconds, 4 75 @ 5 00; Minnesota brands, 7 25 @ 7 50; Minnesota patents, 8 00 @ 8 50; WHEAT—white @ bu., 1 20 @ 1 32; CLOVER SEED—@ bu., 4 00 @ 4 80; CORN—@ bu., 65 @ 75; OATS—@ bu., 60 @ 67; APPLES—@ bbl., 4 00 @ 4 50; BARKLEY—@ bu., 1 95 @ 2 20; CHERRY—Ohio & Mich., @ bbl., 34 @ 40; DRIED FRUIT—Apples @ lb., 5 @ 6; —"evaporated", 12 @ 13; —Peaches, 18 @ 23; —Pitted Cherries, 20 @ 21; ONIONS—@ bu., 25 @ 30; BEANS—@ bu., 2 75 @ 3 45; BUTTER—@ lb choice, 27 @ 29; BEEF—@ lb, 20 @ 22; DRESSED HOGS—@ lb., 7 00 @ 8 50; EGGS—@ doz., 14 @ 16; HAY—per ton, 14 00 @ 16 00; HIDES—Green, 6 @ 7; —Cured, 7 @ 8; HOPS—@ bu., 20 @ 25; POTATOES—@ bu., 1 00 @ 1 10; SHERIFF PHOS.—each, 4 75 @ 5 00; TALLOW—@ lb., 5 @ 6; WOOD—@ cord, 4 00 @ 6 50

Detroit Live Stock Market.

In the cattle market offerings were light. Sheep were sold at about last week's prices. Hogs were sold at slight advance.

STEERS extra per cwt., \$6 50@7 70; Steers shippers, 5 50@6 75; Steers butchers, 5 50@6 75; Steers common grades, 3 50@5 00; Milch cows, 35 00@50 00.

Per 100 lbs. clipped, 4 00@6 00; HOGS, 6 50@7 50.

Ida Greeley Smith.

The following interesting sketch appeared in a recent New York Tribune:

Ida, the eldest daughter of Horace Greeley, had been ill only a day or two, and the family physician, Dr. Sloan of Sing Sing, at first pronounced the attack to be quinsy. Subsequently Dr. White of New York decided that it was a case of diphtheria. The day before her death, she was considered to be much improved, and neither she nor her friends anticipated a fatal result. So deceptive was the result that five minutes before the end came she had taken nourishment, and at the last the falling asleep was quiet and painless. Mrs. Smith received the care of her younger and only sister, Gabrielle Greeley, assisted by family friends.

Mrs. Smith was thirty years of age, and left three small children—Horace, aged five years, Gabrielle, aged two years, and an infant daughter, only a month old.

On the morning of May 1, 1875, she was married to Colonel Nicholas Smith, of Kentucky. At noon of the same day Colonel and Mrs. Smith, accompanied by her sister, Gabrielle, her aunt, Mrs. Cleveland, and the two Misses Cleveland sailed for Liverpool. The bridal trip lasted till the end of the October following, and the party visited a large number of leading cities and points of interest in Great Britain and on the Continent.

After the death of Mr. Greeley much publicity was given to the financial affairs of the family, more particularly on account of the large sum of money which he had, with characteristic generosity, loaned to Cornelius J. Vanderbilt, who so recently shot himself at the Glenham Hotel. This indebtedness amounted, principal and interest, to more than \$81,000. Commodore Vanderbilt paid to Mrs. Smith and Miss Greeley the sum of \$10,000, expressly stipulating, however, that it should not be considered as applying in payment of the debt of his son to Mr. Greeley. When Cornelius J. Vanderbilt received the money paid him by his brother, William H. Vanderbilt, he at once paid to Mrs. Smith and Miss Greeley the entire amount of his indebtedness to their father. In the Tribune of April 9, 1870, the following card was published:

The money loaned by our father, Horace Greeley, to Mr. C. J. Vanderbilt, amounting in all principal and interest, to over \$81,000, much of which had been outstanding, has been paid in full by Mr. Vanderbilt, thereby fully justifying the faith our father placed in him. (IDA GREELEY SMITH, GABRIELLE GREELEY.)

In addition to the money received from Mr. Vanderbilt, \$10,000 which Mr. Greeley had left by will to the Children's Aid Society, was surrendered to Mrs. Smith and Miss Greeley.

While Mrs. Smith was a woman of rare intellectual power and varied attainments, her mental activity did not seek expression in writing for publication. Her modest literary contributions consisted of a series of exceedingly bright and readable letters, written from Nassau, N. P., where she was passing the winter with her mother, and published in The Tribune, a few sketches in Appleton's Journal, and the translation of a serial story which appeared in The Graphic. The last two summers Mrs. Smith had spent with her husband in their cottage at Saratoga. By the peculiar sweetness and simplicity of her character she had won for herself the warmest affection of a large circle of friends.

She was a very intellectual woman, with a wonderful power of acquiring information. She was an accomplished linguist, being perfectly familiar with both French and German. She could memorize in a remarkable manner everything she heard or read, while her habit of observation was exceedingly acute. She could learn anything or do anything to which she gave her attention. She had a great natural ability for writing had she cared to exercise it. In her disposition she was as gentle and forbearing as her father, and had a most refined soul, and was meek and lowly in spirit.

If sulphur is well dusted around the sheds and hog pens it will effectually drive off lice. Dust it on the hogs also, and leave a little in the troughs for them to eat.

Rev. J. L. Scudder, son of Rev. Dr. H. M. Scudder, of Brooklyn, has accepted a call to Minneapolis.

Mrs. Georgiana Armstrong, of Charlotte, died Saturday, at the advanced age of 95.

How to GET SICK—Expose yourself day and night, eat too much without exercise, work too hard without rest, doctor all the time, take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know

How to GET WELL—Which is answered in three words—take Hop Bitters.

On Saturday a passenger coach belonging to the Grand Rapids and Indiana Railroad Company, standing on the track at Traverse City, caught fire and was nearly consumed.

Given up by Doctors.

"Is it possible that Mr. Godfrey is up and at work, and cured by so simple a remedy?" "I assure you it is true that he is entirely cured, and with nothing but Hop Bitters; and only 10 days ago his doctors gave him up and said he must die!"

"Well—a day! That's remarkable! I will go this day and get some for my poor George. I know hops are good."

E. W. Giles' lumber and shingle mill at Cedar Springs was destroyed by fire Sunday morning.

Canals—Their Length and Cost.

The following table comprises the canals of the United States and Canada, of which the cost has exceeded \$1,000,000 each:

Table with columns: Name, State, Length (Miles), Cost. Lists various canals such as Erie, Champlain, Chenango, Central Div., public, Western, Wabash & Erie, etc.

Henry Ward Beecher denies that he intends to retire from the ministry when he is 70 years old, which he will be on June 24, 1883. He said yesterday that his father, Lyman Beecher, continued to preach until after he was 80, and he would like to do the same. His health was never better than it is now. He had said that he didn't care to live beyond 80, but he might change his mind as he neared that point.

Commodore Vanderbilt's widow will be married in the early spring to Dr. Nathan Rozeman, a surgeon of some reputation in New York, and the manager of one of the large charity hospitals. The young wife has already passed a long widowhood, and she is entirely her own mistress as to her choice and fortune.

Thomas Hood, driving in the country one day, observed a notice beside a fence: "Beware the dog." There not being any signs of a dog, Hood wrote on the board, "Ware be the dog?"

The man who was waiting for something to turn up was rewarded when he stepped on the edge of a barrel-hoop.

"What is heaven's best gift to man?" she asked, sweetly smiling on him. "Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup," he replied with pride. He had just been cured by it of a bad cold.

## THE FARM.

### Michigan Farms and Farm Products.

From the third annual Report of the Secretary of State of Michigan on farms and farm products for 1880 and 1881, received from Secretary Jenny, we copy the following facts and figures:

**LAND.**—The total number of farms in the state in the spring of 1881 was 119,763, and included 6,374,385 acres of improved, and 4,703,393 acres of unimproved land. As compared with 1880 there has been an increase of 828 in the number of farms, of 157,176 acres in the area of improved lands, and a decrease of 57,665 acres in the area of unimproved land in farms. The area of improved land in the southern four tiers of counties is shown to have been 5,341,070 acres, or 1 and 66-hundredths per cent. greater than in 1880, and in the counties north of the southern four tiers 1,033,306 acres or 7 and 23-hundredths per cent greater than in 1880.

The farms in 1880 averaged 92 and 40-hundredths acres each, which is but a fraction of an acre different from the average size as shown by the two preceding reports.

**WHEAT, 1881.**—The July wheat statement, published on the thirteenth of the month, exhibited the acreage, the total yield, and the average yield per acre of wheat in 1880, and the number of acres in wheat in May, 1881.

According to these estimates the average yield per acre for the whole state should have been but a trifle more than nine bushels, and the aggregate product 16,200,000 bushels.

The law providing for the publication of monthly crop and stock reports took effect in September. The first report published under this act contained returns from 901 correspondents representing 624 townships. Of these returns 589 were from 373 townships in the southern four tiers of counties. The returns were made between September 1 and 10. The average yield per acre as shown by the correspondents' reports was 10 and 15-hundredths bushels, indicating an aggregate product of 18,085,929 bushels. It will be noticed that the average yield was reported about one bushel greater than estimated by the supervisors in July, thus making the aggregate product exceed the July estimate by nearly 2,000,000 bushels.

A much greater difference in the results of the two returns would not have been surprising. The supervisors made their report when but little, if any, of the crop had been harvested, and when the prospects were gloomy in the extreme, while the reports of the correspondents were made after the threshing was mostly done. Correspondents were instructed to report the average yield per acre of the acres sown, and not the average per acre of the acres harvested. These instructions were given to correspondents because the supervisors were instructed to report as the number of "acres in May, 1881," the number sown the preceding fall, it being impossible at the time they took the assessment and made their report of acreage, to determine definitely what portion of the wheat crop was winter-killed. If it were certain that both supervisors and correspondents in all cases, or even very generally, followed the instructions given them, the September report would certainly be entitled to a high degree of confidence, but in the presence of bare fields, and half-filled wheat bins, it is not improbable that the instructions were in many cases forgotten. Despite the uncertainty that may exist upon that one point, the great number of correspondents reporting, the wide breadth of territory represented, and the marked uniformity of the reports from each locality, make the September report at once the most complete and trustworthy of all the estimates of the year.

At the time of sending in their report of farm products last spring, one hundred and forty-eight supervisors in the southern four tiers of counties reported the amount of wheat winter-killed in the proportions following: 2, one-fifth; 5, one-fourth; 20, one-third; 57, one-half; 1, five-eighths; 21, two-thirds; 17, three-fourths; and 14, four-fifths.

**WHEAT, 1880.**—In acreage and aggregate yield, the Michigan wheat crop of 1880 ranks as one of the great crops of the state. The total number of acres harvested was 1,768,475, which is 162,839 acres more than harvested in 1879. The increase in acreage each year since 1876 is as follows: in 1877, 89,140 acres; in 1878, 263,228 acres; in 1879, 30,056 acres; and in 1880, 162,839 acres. The acreage harvested in 1880 was more than one and one-half times the acreage harvested in 1873.

The yield of wheat in 1880 amounted to 30,603,075 bushels, which is 380,265 bushels less than the product of 1879. The average yield per acre was 17 and 30-hundredths bushels, which is just two bushels less than in 1879, and 41-hundredths less than in 1878, and 87-hundredths of a bushel less than in 1877. The yield per acre in 1880 fails to sustain the opinion that improved methods of culture were the cause of the increased yields in 1877, 1878, and 1879. The years named are known to have been exceptionally favorable to the production of wheat, but it augurs poorly for the future if to the seasons alone is due the credit of those bountiful harvests.

### How to Raise Melons.

It is high time to be getting the melon patch in order. The way to do it is told by a Nebraska farmer writing to the Fruit Recorder:

"I am a great lover of melons, and although I have lived in Philadelphia nearly all my life, have only found really fine melons in this great state of Nebraska. I have a peculiar way of raising them, and will describe my way for the benefit of your many readers.

Select any piece of sandy land, well exposed to the sun; if all pure sand, so much the better. Plough deep furrows, six feet apart, 24 inches deep, in straight lines from north to south. Fill these up with strong manure, old or new, and plough the earth back to bury the manure and form a ridge. Level the top with the back of the harrow. At each end plant a stout stake to remain as an indicator of the exact position of the center of the ridge. You now have a perpetual melon patch for ten years at least. In the spring stretch a garden line from stake to stake, and at every six feet plant six seeds in a twelve-inch circle, and four or five radish seeds in the center. The bugs will not touch the melon plants as long as the radishes grow there. Let all the seeds grow; do not thin them out, and keep the weeds till the vines begin to show runners; then mulch the whole patch with straw, hay, fresh-cut grass, or anything that will keep the surface moist and the fruit from the vines. As soon as the frost kills the ground, gather all fruit above eight inches in diameter, and stow it away in a sunny corner under some new hay. In this way I have melons ripening slowly and finely till the weather gets too cool to eat them. Next year plant your seed a foot or two north or south of the old hills, and so on yearly to obtain the whole ridge. The roots follow the ridge, and the cultivator can be run through the spaces without disturbing the roots. I grow the Long Island, Black Spanish and Mountain Sweet watermelons, and the green citron, Alton, large and white Japan citron melons. We do not drink oceans of cold water during haying and harvesting, as is the custom in many places in the East, but draw largely upon our melon patch, to the unbounded delight and comfort of all hands."

### Grubs in Cattle.

The grubs on the back of cattle, are larvae of the *astrostis bovis*, the most beautiful variety of the gad fly. This winged pest of cattle passes through transformations similar to that of the *astrostis egypti*, or the bot fly of the horse. In its larval condition it differs in one essential point, viz: the seat of its development. In cattle, the germ or ova is deposited beneath the hide of the animal on either side of the spine, forming sacs or cysts having a small opening through the hide; in these sacs they mature, if not disturbed. They then work their way through the opening in the hide, fall to the ground and assume the form of a chrysalis, again to become the parent fly. The *astrostis egypti*, or bot fly of the horse, deposits its eggs upon the hairs of the horse, in such positions as are easily reached by the mouth, are taken into the stomach, the natural habitation of the bot and are there developed. The *astrostis bovis* is particularly choice in its selection of the animal upon which to deposit its eggs, rarely selecting those in poor flesh, or in an unhealthy condition. It is due to this fact, perhaps, that farmers generally regard the presence of these grubs as so many evidences of the good condition of their cattle. They resemble very much the bot in the horse, were it not for its increased size it might readily be mistaken for that grub. There is, however, this difference; the wings that encircle the body are perfectly smooth, while those of the horse are studded with prickly hairs, and from one-third to one-half smaller. This variety of parasite is peculiar to the bovine species, and when they are present in large numbers seriously interfere with any improvement in the animal's condition. Your question "How to rid the cow of these parasites?" is one easily answered. Press the parasite from its little bed if the opening in the hide is large enough to do so, if not, take a sharp-pointed knife and make the opening a little larger, and in that way rid the animal of the pest. These grubs must then be destroyed, or the natural transformation goes on, and the fly is again produced, and again is seen during the months of August and September, busy in depositing its eggs beneath the hide, the perforation being attended with pain, as manifested by the animal when attacked. These are months for the farmer to pay especial care to his cattle, turn them, if convenient, into low meadow land, as they are less liable to be attacked. An effectual preventive is, to saturate a woolen cloth with crude oil, and pass it over the animal before turned into pasture each day during the period above indicated; care must be taken not to allow the oil to reach the skin of the animal. This precaution will prevent the appearance of grubs in cattle the following spring.

**Farmer.**

A scene of the wildest disorder prevailed around the quarters of Adam Forepugh, the circus manager, on the 5th inst. the occasion being the transfer of 500 animals from their winter quarters to cages, preparatory to being shipped for Washington, where the season opens. The animals were loth to move and during the tumult occasioned by the removal a tragedy occurred. In the same den with two lions were kept two tigers separated by a strong wooden partition. One of the tigers was worked up to such a pitch of ferocity by his removal that he threw his body against the partition with so much force as to carry it away, and in less time than it takes to narrate, had fixed his fangs deep in the throat of the lion. A torrent of blood gushed forth, and the king of beasts attempted to throw his adversary off, but it was no use, the tiger's grip had done the work, and, in an instant, the lion fell back. Half a dozen employees beat the ferocious brute, which stood gloating over his victim, and drove him into a close cage.

Sorghum seed is readily eaten by poultry, and is better for small chickens than corn.

## THE HOUSEHOLD.

### Care of Lamps.

Considering the number and variety of kerosene lamps in use, it seems a little strange how few there are who fully understand the care of them. There is a vast difference in both the quantity and quality of light given by a well-trimmed and badly-trimmed lamp, and it is surprising to me that any one of ordinary observation can be satisfied to use a badly-trimmed lamp or an imperfectly-cleaned chimney. Yet it is a fact that out of the many thousands of lamps in use there are but very few that are trimmed as they should be, or have perfectly cleaned chimneys. It is not only careless housekeepers and servants who make this mistake; it is, many times, those who are careful, but fail from the want of proper knowledge upon the subject. First of all, a lamp-wick should never be trimmed with anything but a sharp trimmer, be it one of the many patented implements now in use, or simply a pair of scissors. The latter is the best. Let them be sharp, and used for no other purpose, wiping them well after using. It is generally thought that the best way to cut a lamp-wick is to round the corners, thus preventing the flaring of the blaze and the breaking of the chimney. Others, again, simply break the charred wick with the fingers, supposing that it will then burn more evenly, but in both these ideas they are mistaken. Great care is necessary in the trimming. The wick should be cut below the burnt part, and parallel with the top of the burner. Then you are sure of its being straight, and of having a bright light. Now comes the care of the chimney. Unless they are well cleaned, no matter how well trimmed the wick may be, if the chimney does not receive the proper attention the lamp will give very unsatisfactory light. In cleaning chimneys, many are again mistaken, as they wash them, and, as they suppose, wipe them perfectly dry. In this they many times fail, and the result is, the chimney breaks when they least expect it. I have found, after many trials, that the best way is never to wash them. Simply blow your breath into and on them, rubbing quickly with paper, the softer the better. Do this until your chimney looks clear and clean. Then you have no fear of their being damp and apt to break, at the same time you avoid the particles of lint that are apt to adhere to the glass if cloth is used. This care given to both wick and chimney will be a thousand times repaid, if you care to have a bright and good light. Caution: Be careful to keep the ventilating tube on the burner always open and clean. Remember, also, the well-known fact that heat expands and cold contracts; so, if you would avoid having the chimneys broken, never subject a lighted lamp to a draught of cold air, nor place it where cold water may splash on the chimney; and, too, the oil should be replenished every day, and never be suffered to get below the reach of the wick.

### Look to Your Whitewashing.

As we have often recommended, good whitewash, well-applied to fences, sheds, rough siding, and the walls and ceilings of buildings, cellars, &c., has a highly sanitary influence, as well as being very preservative in its effects. To be durable, whitewash should be prepared in the following manner: Take the very best stone-lime, and slake it in a close tub, covered with a cloth to preserve the steam. Salt—as much as can be dissolved in the water used for slaking and reducing the lime—should be applied, and the whole mass carefully strained and thickened with a small quantity of sand the purer and finer the better. A few pounds of wheat flour mixed as paste may be added, and will give greater durability to the mass, especially when applied to the exterior surface of buildings. With pure lime, properly slaked and mixed with twice its weight of fine sand and sifted wood ashes, in equal proportions, almost any color may be made by the addition of pigments. Granite, slate, freestone and other shades may be imitated, and without any detriment to the durability of the wash. This covering is very often applied with good effect, to underpinning, stone fences, roofs and the walls of barns and other out-buildings. Probably the pure whitewash is more healthy than the colored, as its alkaline properties are superior, and when used in cellars, kitchens and sleeping-apartments, produces salutary results.

No person who regards the health of his family should neglect to apply a coat of such whitewash every spring. Country-fences, especially farm out-houses, places, &c., are greatly improved in appearance by an annual coat, and it will add to their permanency much more than many would imagine. As we all know, it is cheap and easily applied, so that neither expense nor labor can be pleaded against it.

**HOPE AHEAD.**—A committee of stockholders who waited upon the superintendent of a California mine to ask why in blazes the same mine hadn't panned out anything but assessments, were graciously received, invited to be seated, and the official explained:—"Gentlemen, you are all aware of the fact that we had scarcely begun work when the mouth of our mine was blocked by a landslide. That put us back a month." They nodded their remembrance. "Then we had just got in shape to take out 4000 tons of ore, worth \$2000 per ton, when the mine caved in. You recall it?" They did. "Once more we bent ourselves to the burden of reaping \$500 for every \$10 invested, when the mine was flooded by a subterranean river." That was true also. "Then we had just got the water out when we discovered that our mine was located on another man's claim.

We had him shot to prevent trouble, and once more we were about to declare a dividend of 200 per cent when the dead man's heirs put in an appearance. There were three of them. We chased one over the range, had another hung by the vigilance committee, and I am happy to inform you that I have four men out after the other, and am every hour expecting to hear that he has stumbled off the cliff. Gentlemen, there is hope ahead—golden hope. Please come up and drink with me; after which there will be another assessment of ten per cent."

### How Much Makes a Man Rich?

"To be rich," said Mr. Marcy, at one time Secretary of State, requires only a satisfactory condition of mind. One man may be rich with a hundred dollars, while another, in the possession of millions, may think himself poor, and if necessities of life are enjoyed by each, it is evident that the man who is best satisfied with his possessions is the richest." To illustrate this idea, Mr. Marcy related the following anecdote:—"While I was governor of the state of New York, I was called upon one morning, at my office, by a rough specimen of a backwoodsman, who stalked in and commenced conversation by inquiring if this was Mr. Marcy?" I replied that was my name. "Bill Marcy?" asked he. I nodded assent. "Used to live in Southport, didn't yet?" I answered in the affirmative, and began to feel a little curious to know who my visitor was, and what he was driving at. "That's what I told 'em!" cried the backwoodsman, bringing his hand down on his thigh with tremendous force. I told 'em you was the same Bill Marcy that used to live in Southport, but they wouldn't believe it, and I promised the next time I come to Albany to come and see you, and find out for sartin'. Why, you know me, don't you, Bill?"

He didn't exactly like to ignore his acquaintance altogether, but for the life of me I couldn't recollect having seen him before, and so I replied that he had a familiar countenance, but that I was not able to call him by name. "My name is Jack Smith," answered the backwoodsman, "and we used to go to school together thirty years ago, in the little red schoolhouse in old Southport. Well, times have changed since then and you have become a great man—and I got rich, I suppose?" I shook my head, and was going to contradict that impression, when he broke in: "Oh, yes, you are, I know you are rich; no use denying it. You was controller for—use for a long time, and the next time we met you, you was governor. You must have had a heap of money, and am glad of it—glad to see you getting along so smart. You was always a smart lad at school, and I knew that you'd come to something." I thanked him for his good wishes and opinion, but told him that political life did not pay so well as he imagined. "I suppose, said I, 'fortune has smiled upon you since you left Southport?' "Oh, yes," said he, "I haven't got nothing to complain of. I must say I have got along right smart. You see, shortly after you left Southport, our whole family moved up into Vermont, and put right into the woods, and I reckon our family cut down more trees, and cleared more land, than any other in the whole state. 'And so you have made a good thing of it. How much do you consider yourself worth?"

I asked, feeling a little curious to know what he considered a fortune, and he seemed to be so well satisfied with his lot, that he replied, "I don't know exactly how much I am worth, but I think (straightening himself up) if all my debts were paid I should be worth three hundred dollars clear cash!" He was rich, for he was satisfied."

**OIL ON TROUBLED WATERS.**—The completest demonstration ever made that the soothing effect of oil on troubled waters can be put to practical use was made by Mr. John Shields, of Perth, England, in March last. Having chosen Peterhead as the most suitable place for his experiment, Mr. Shields caused iron and lead pipes to be laid from the beach into the sea in front of the entrance to the harbor. A force-pump was attached to the land end of the piping, and near it was placed a large barrel containing 100 gallons of oil. Mr. Shields, having been informed by the Meteorological office that the sea was rough at Peterhead, went thither from Perth, accompanied by several seafaring men from Dundee and Aberdeen. When the white-crested waves were rising to a height of ten or twenty feet at the harbor entrance the oil pump was put in motion, causing the oil to spread in the bottom of the sea, and on its gradually rising to the surface the white foam entirely disappeared, and although the swell continued, the surface of the sea was perfectly smooth, so that a ship or small boat could have entered the dock without the slightest danger—an impossibility before the oil was distributed in the water. The experiments satisfied the shipmasters who witnessed them. Mr. Shields is willing to give any harbor board the benefit of his invention, and render assistance in carrying it out.

**A NOVEL CONTRIVANCE.**—A Russian officer has invented a very ingenious apparatus for ascertaining the depth of the sea without the use of a costly and heavy line. Indeed, no line at all is used. The instrument consists of a piece of lead, a small wheel, with a contrivance for registering the number of revolutions, and a float. While the apparatus sinks, the wheel revolves and the registered revolutions indicate the depth. When the bottom is reached the lead becomes detached, the float begins to act, and the machine shoots up to the surface, where it can be easily lashed up by a net and the register read off.

## PRESENTMENTS.

### An Investigation of the Causes of Those Dark Forebodings Which Make Powerful Men Weak.

#### Golden Rule.

Much apprehension has been occasioned throughout America from the announcement made by Professor Proctor that the return in nineteen years of the great comet of last summer will cause the destruction of the earth. But while people are becoming so strangely exercised over this announcement, an event of far more serious importance, which is taking place to-day, seems to be almost wholly overlooked. The nature of this most vital subject can be best explained by relating the following experiences:

Bishop E. O. Haven, known to the entire land, was unaccountably awakened one night out of a sound sleep, and lay awake until morning. His mind seemed unusually active, and he not only reviewed his past life, which had been an eventful one, but laid extensive plans for the future. He did not feel especially ill, but could not account for the unusual activity of his brain, nor for the restlessness which seemed to possess him. In the morning he had but little appetite, but was apparently well in other respects. In a few days, however, he began to feel restless and morbid, although he tried earnestly to overcome the feeling, which had taken possession of him. But try as he would the shadow of some evil seemed to follow him, and he was conscious of a gradual sinking and wasting away of all his physical faculties. He had been an earnest and diligent worker, and in his zeal frequently overtaxed his strength, and being absorbed in his duties failed to observe the common symptoms with which he was afflicted, thus permitting the work of destruction to go on unheeded. But the end finally came in a most peremptory manner. Shortly before his death he wrote a will, in which he bequeathed to his wife, and she speaks as follows: "A belief that death is near affects different minds differently, but probably all who are in a fair condition of physical and mental strength instinctively shrink from it with an indefinite dread and horror. A dying man is no more able of himself to foresee his own destiny or the destiny of those he leaves than he was before he began to die."

The recent and sudden death of Hon. Clarkson N. Potter is one of the most serious warnings ever given in the long list of innumerable cases of fatal neglect. It is not sufficient to say that many other brilliant men, including Everett, Sumner, Chase, Wood, Wilson and Carpenter, were swept away by the same fatal trouble. The question is, were these men sufficiently careful of their health, and could they have been saved? The Albany Argus, in speaking of Mr. Potter's sudden illness and death, says:

"One of the physicians who attended Mr. Potter was interviewed last evening. He stated that Mr. Potter's inability to converse for some time served to baffle the physicians in their efforts to determine the root of his illness. It seems, however, that Mr. Potter, some two years ago, had a slight attack of kidney disease. Unwise dependence upon a robust constitution and naturally perfect health, and neglect of proper clothing, doubtless sowed the seeds of a disease that needed but some such person neglect as that of Tuesday morning to develop. From the symptoms at first shown, it was thought that his only trouble was nervous prostration; but his long continued and general unconscious state led to the belief that his illness was seated in a chronic difficulty more mysterious and dangerous."

Up to the latter part of last year Mr. Edward F. Book, a member of the New York stock exchange, was doing business in Wall street, New York, and was everything to encourage him, and make life happy, but was the victim of unaccountable uneasiness. His experience as described by one who knew, was as follows: "At this time he was on an occasional visit to his home in the country, and on one occasion when he had the greatest reason to feel joyous he was irritable and haunted with strange feelings of discontent. He endeavored to check these feelings and appear pleasant, but it required great effort to do so; after which he would again relapse into his former morbid mood. This feeling continued for a number of months, when he became conscious of an acute pain in the back of his head. He was tired when resting, and although experienced in his limbs and various parts of his body. Shortly afterward his head began to ache and his stomach failed to do its duty, and he grew worse and worse. Being told that he was suffering from malaria he consulted an eminent physician, who informed him that his kidneys were slightly affected, and gave him medicine to restore them. But he grew worse instead of better. He then consulted other eminent doctors of another school and was informed that he had a brain difficulty; somewhat in the nature of a tumor, but in spite of all efforts to the contrary he continued to grow worse, and at this time his condition was terrible. What were at first simple symptoms had developed to terrible troubles. He was flushed and feverish, and his pulse was irregular, and very little the next. His pulse was irregular, and his breathing labored, and every moment of existence was a struggle. These distressing symptoms continued, his face and body became discolored, his heart was irregular in its action, and his breath came in short, convulsive gasps. He grew constantly worse, notwithstanding the care of his friends, and at length he died in the greatest agony. After his death an examination as to its actual cause was made, when his brain was found to be in a perfect state of health, and his decease was of an entirely different nature."

The experiences which have been cited above all had a common cause and were each the result of one disease. That disease, which so deceitfully, yet surely, removed the people from the world, was Bright's disease of the kidneys. In the case of Mr. Book the examination after death, while showing the brain to be in perfect condition, revealed the terrible fact that he was the victim of a slight kidney trouble, which, if neglected, would have resulted in acute Bright's disease. The leading physicians and scientists of the world are fast learning that more than one-half the deaths which occur are caused by this monstrous scourge. It is one of the most disordered, maladies ever known to the human race. It manifests itself by symptoms so slight and common, as to seem unworthy of attention; and yet these very insignificant symptoms are the first stages of the worst complaint known in the history of the world. Thousands of people have died from troubles that are called heart disease, apoplexy, pneumonia, brain fever, and similar diseases, when it was, in fact Bright's disease of the kidneys. The ravages of this disease have been greatly increased from the fact that until recent years no remedy was known to prevent its beginning nor check its increase when it had become once fixed upon the system. Within the past two years, however, we learned of more than four hundred pronounced cases of Bright's disease, many of them much worse than those above described, and most of whom had been given up by prominent physicians, who have been completely cured. The means used to accomplish this and have been Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, manufactured in Rochester, N. Y., a remedy that has won its way into the confidence of the public solely upon the remarkable merits it possesses. As a result, it is more widely used and thoroughly praised than any medicine which has ever been before the American public. Indeed there is not a drug store in the entire land where it cannot be found.

Although Bright's disease is so common in cities, it is still more prevalent in the country. When eminent physicians in the largest cities are not able to recognize Bright's disease, it is only natural that in the country, where there are few physicians of any kind, and those few so unacquainted with the disease as to call it by some other name, it should rage terribly and yet unknown to the ones who are suffering with it. Thousands of people can look back and recall the death of friends from what is supposed to be some common complaint, when it was really Bright's disease, and no ONE KNEW IT. The terrible pleuro-pneu-

monia, which has been so dreaded, is usually the result of uremic or kidney poison. Lung fever can be traced to a similar source. Most cases of paralysis arise from the same difficulty, as well as innumerable fevers, lung, throat, head and bowel troubles. A vast number of ladies have suffered and died from complaints common to their sex, called, perhaps, general debility, when, could the real cause have been known, it would have been found to be Bright's disease, masquerading under another name. In marked contrast to the sad cases which have been above described, are the experiences of many prominent people who were as low as any of the persons mentioned, but who were remarkably restored to former health and vigor by this same remedy. Among this number are the following prominent names: Col. John C. Whitner, A. A. A. G. B. E. Larabee, Boston, Mass.; Gen. C. A. Heckman, Philadelphia, N. J.; Rev. D. D. Buck, D. D., Geneva, N. Y.; Dr. F. A. McManus, Baltimore, Md.; Edwin Ray, Davenport, Iowa; Rev. A. C. Kendrick, L. L. D., Rochester, N. Y.; J. S. Matthews, Portland, Mich.; C. W. Eastwood, New York; Dr. A. A. Ramsey, Albion, Iowa; Chancellor C. N. Sims, D. D., Syracuse, N. Y.; Dr. S. P. Jones, Marietta, Wis.; T. S. Ingraham, Cleveland, O.; Henry T. Chamney, Boston, Mass.; Elder James S. Prescott, North Union, O., who is a prominent member of the Shaker community, and many others.

To all candid minds the force of the above facts must come with special power. They show the importance of promptness and attention to the first symptoms of disordered health, before disease becomes fixed and hope departs. They show how this can successfully be done, and that the dangers which await a neglect can only with difficulty be removed.

### Bill Nye and Oscar Wilde.

The aesthetic editor of the Boomerang, Bill Nye, had an interview with Oscar Wilde, and he gives his experience: "We went down the overland train, Thursday evening to see the aesthete. We picked him out without any trouble and tackled him for a quiet little talk all by ourselves.

Mr. Wilde is very tall, with a face like a broad ax. We told him that our name was Nye, the great Wyoming aesthete. He smiled like the rolling-mill and shook hands. He wore a soft hat and a kind of steel-colored velvet sack coat. He also wore his hands in his pockets clear up to his elbow joint. He wears a kind of Byron collar and a necktie the color of a diseased liver. His pants were of a gray material and held in place with pale pink gum suspenders. These were shown as he stooped over, his coat being cut just below the shoulder blades. His shoulder blades are high and intellectual.

He wears his hair long, with hay and little mementoes from the sleeping-car in it. His face is thin, and when buried in a piece of pie must be a ghastly sight.

Mr. Wilde's teeth are evidently his own. Nobody could make teeth like them and escape the vigilance committee. They are broad and prominent, with a tendency to go out and look for air. He does not seem strong, but his breath proves this impression to be erroneous. Mr. Wilde wore a silk handkerchief the color of the illustrations found in public documents describing the cattle plague.

He spoke of various topics with a seductive-drawl, wiggling his limber, angle-worm legs as he spoke and posing like a giraffe with the colic, for the benefit of the ladies who stood near. He wipes his nose in a languid yet soulful way, that makes you wish he would do so again.

We asked him when he would return to England, and he tossed his mane in the air and said: "Ah! I don't know whether I shall survive or not."

"You get a good deal of free advertising, I see," said the Boomerang man, gnawing a little fragment from an irregular piece of navy and thoughtlessly stepping on the patent leather shoe of the great aesthete.

"Oh, yes!" said Os., as he straightened up and extended his neck up through his collar till you could see the scolloped edge of his chemise. "Yes, sir. Most too much of it. Still it pays moderately well, he, he, he. However, it is absolutely stupid of them to make beastly and peculiar little jokes upon me, you know."

We had a good deal more confidential talk with him before the train left, which we may give to the public after a while, but at present space forbids. Mr. Wilde's complexion is very pallid, with here and there a little pimple that relieves the monotony some. He wears no beard or mustache at all, but makes up for that with a large growth of hair on his head, which falls in graceful festoons over his shoulders like a horse's tail over an olive green dashboard. He is just as full of soul as he can be and walks, and breathes, and exists like a 2-year-old steer in a cabbage grove. He smiles every little while like a colicky baby in his sleep, and sighs and places himself in staccato positions, as though something had given away in his apparel and he was trying to keep his ethereal pantaloons on till people looked the other way.

**A STEAMER'S RACE FOR LIFE.**—A desperate and exciting race for life was made across a part of San Francisco bay on March 25 by the ocean steamer ship Columbia. In approaching the city in a dense fog the ship grounded in the straits, but in a few moments glided off into deep water. Suddenly it was discovered that the vessel was leaking badly, and the captain determined to stop for a safe beaching ground. Under a full head of steam, and followed by a fleet of tugs, which endeavored to keep near her to render help if it were needed, the ship rushed toward the mud flats. Her firemen stood waist-deep in water and she was slowly sinking, but there was just time to save her, and amid a chorus of shrieks from a hundred steam whistles she ran high up on the soft shore near her wharf.

Town has been asked whether it is unlaylike to carry a pug dog, and it answers that pugs are not going out of fashion, but that the uglier the dog the better contrast it gives to the good looks of the owner. The saffron-tinted pug is considered the best, because it contrasts well with the fashionable mastic red.

# THE ENTERPRISE.

THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1882.

The victims of the rum traffic are increasingly numerous. A very painful case is reported in the Port Huron papers of last week, of a man by the name of Bury who shot himself in the head with a revolver, while standing at the bar of a saloon. This victim to rum, as is the case with multitudes, appears to have been a quiet and inoffensive man, his chief fault being love for strong drink. He occupied quite a respectable position, and possessed some means, but by habits of drinking had lost all, and appears to have been reduced to a state of dependency. Hence his rash act, and its painful consequences to himself, his friends and the community. The promoters of the traffic in intoxicants have a fearful responsibility as the cause directly or indirectly of the tide of rum flowing in the train of their profession.

The Irish land leaguers have had some sympathizers among Americans, more in our judgment than they deserve. One of their own countrymen, and one too, of no ordinary ability and possessing the very best means to determine the real state of the case on the ground, lately said at a public meeting in Washington, "The thing is carried on under the name of the land league. There is not a country under the sun where there is a better law than in Ireland. I don't mean to say that it was always so, but it is so now. There was a time when the people had a good deal to complain of, when Land law could raise the rent, but the Land laws has no power to raise rent now, and the tenant cannot be put out now except for non-payment. There is a faction in Ireland that does not want to be satisfied. There is a party there whose grand grievance is that they have no grievance, and they come over to America and get a good deal of money for the purpose of keeping the pot boiling in Ireland. So long as money is sent in thousands from America to fuel agitation, there will be agitation in Ireland."

## TWO THOUSAND MILES BY RAIL.

Notwithstanding the fact that we were greatly interested and every delighted when we first caught sight of the plains of Kansas with their splendid farms and growing and prosperous villages, we were sick of them before we got through with them. After passing into the western part of the state, very little of the land along our route appeared to be taken up, and we sometimes traversed forty or fifty miles of territory without seeing a solitary building or any evidence of human life. Occasionally we came upon a dug-out, and at each way station a few rude shanties were huddled irregularly together. The poverty-stricken appearance and dejected look of the little crowds that peered curiously into the car windows at each stopping place, made me feel as though I would rather be confined within the strong walls of a modern prison than sentenced to banishment for life on these dreary plains, no matter how much personal liberty I might enjoy. If any of your readers have the western Kansas fever, and are seriously contemplating choosing the plains as their future earthly abode, I hereby give them warning. I wouldn't take ten thousand acres as a present and be forced to live on it.

But we had hardly passed the Colorado line before the grand old mountains heave in sight. When I first caught sight of them it seemed as though we were not more than from five to ten miles from the summit, and you may imagine how astonished I was when the conductor informed me that it was in the neighborhood of sixty miles to the base of the nearest range. When we were whirling along the base of what appeared to be quite an ordinary sized hill, I felt as though I would like it if the train would stop long enough to allow me to run up to the summit and take a look at the adjoining country, but changed my mind when they told me the hill was only about 6,000 feet high. When shall I find language adequate to the task of describing this wonderful mountain scenery? How shall I tell of its exhilarating effect on my mind? I took my position on the rear platform of our sleeper, and despite the wind and dust, kept it for hours at a time, perfectly intoxicated with the charming scene. The locomotive seemed to crawl up the precipitous sides of the mountains at a grade of nearly two hundred feet to the mile, the passengers crowded the platforms shrinking away from the awful chasms yearning on the one hand, lest purchase their weight might cause the train to career. But the danger was one of imagination only, for steel rails, rock ballast and "eternal vigilance" guard the way, and when we reached the summit apprehension vanished in the thrilling ecstasy of scenes which can never fade while memory endures.

Just before reaching Raon where we made a half an hour's halt, we pass from Colorado into New Mexico. The first point of special interest in this wonderful territory of mines and mining is Las Vegas, where we halted thirty minutes for dinner. It is a city of some eight or ten thousand inhabitants, and although originally a Mexican town it is fast filling up with a live American population. The chief attractions are the celebrated hot springs, twenty-two in number, located near the mouth of a beautiful canon, which opens upon the plains four miles above the city and from that point winds romantically into the Spanish Range of the Rocky Mountains, the latter extending one hundred and fifty miles southward from the Colorado line into New Mexico. The Springs have an altitude of 6,400 feet—the elevation which has made Colorado such a favorite resort for those

affected with pulmonary complaints—with a decided advantage over some of the northern resorts, as to latitude and health-giving climate. The character of the waters is similar to that of the famous Hot Springs of Arkansas. The Los Vegas Springs will always possess important advantages over similar resorts elsewhere, in the greatly superior medicinal character of their waters and a climate less bleak and harsh in winter, and equally pleasant and bracing in summer. They are the most southerly resort attainable on the Central Elevated Plateau, which may be considered the Great Sanitarium in this country for diseases, and which extends through Colorado and the upper half of New Mexico, along the eastern base of Rocky Mountains. Prominent gentlemen in Boston, having their attention called to the value of these Springs, purchased the property, and have built a bath house, 200x42 feet, two stories, with all the modern improvements. It has been their aim to introduce every feature of comfort and aid to health. It is divided into departments for ladies and gentlemen. The ladies' department has a large shampooing room, electro and vapor rooms, douche, rising, spray and tub baths, cooling and dressing rooms, parlor and reception rooms, all of which have been fitted up at great expense. The gentlemen's department has all the bathing facilities of the other, with smoking room and a large promenade. It has been said by parties who have been familiar with all the prominent bath houses in the country, that this establishment is more complete than any of the kind in America.

At Las Vegas Mr. B. B. Johnston, formerly a Caro boy, came on board, and rode with us for fifty miles or more. He is a bright, intelligent young man, and greeted us with great cordiality. He occupies an excellent position in the office of the A. T. & S. F. railroad, and is doing well. He had a great many questions to ask about his many old friends at Caro, and we of course gave him a good account of them all. At any rate Caro has no cause to be ashamed of her son out on the mountains of New Mexico. We were sorry when he had to bid us good bye, and return to his post.

At Lamy, Perfecto Armijo, sheriff of Bernalillo county, came on board. He is a Mexican, and is a fine specimen of physical manhood. He is said to be the strongest and bravest man in New Mexico, and a perfect terror to evil doers. He was accompanied by five guards who were going down the road to pick up several prisoners who had been sentenced to the state prison at Leavenworth, Kansas. I had a long chat with Mr. Armijo, and he rehearsed to me some of his experiences in arresting desperate characters among the mines. I won't swear that his hair actually stood on end, but I know it made a vigorous attempt. When he got through and went forward to take a smoke, I can't say that I had any particular hankering after the office of sheriff of Bernalillo county.

After leaving Albuquerque I began to realize that I was getting into the country where cow-boys thrive, I am of the opinion that I was the only man on the train but had in his belt or hip pocket a shooting iron. I saw several huge deer knives hanging from the belts of some eminent respectable looking passengers who boarded the train at Upland. They also carried rifles, and I learned afterwards they were in pursuit of some horse thieves who had taken off a lot of horses and mules the night previous. There is no mercy for horse thieves in this country. Every county has its vigilance committee and the courts don't have much trouble trying offenders. The penalty of horse or mule stealing is to be hung up to the nearest tree in the shortest possible time after the culprit is caught. "No guilty man escapes," and some that are not guilty are occasionally hung up by the excited crowd. We crossed a bridge below Wallace where they had hung up six men for mule stealing only a few days before. The leader of the band was rescued by the officers and placed in jail at Santa Fe, but it was impossible to convict him of anything, as the only parties who could give evidence in the case had been hung.

After we left Albuquerque the place we heard most about was Deming, the terminus of the A. T. & S. F. road. Everybody had something to say about Deming. It would naturally suppose it was a city of mammoth proportions, but when we arrived there on Sunday morning we found in addition to the depot and hotel, nine saloons, one barber shop and four or five private residences, in an private shanties. But then they say it is going to be a great city. The proportion of saloons to other buildings is about in the same proportion in all the villages along the railroad in New Mexico and Arizona. Drinking is as popular here to-day as it was in Michigan twenty years ago. It is an almost universal custom. I can imagine how uneasy Mrs. Staley, or some other members of the Caro women's temperance union, would be here in Tucson. They would find here a rare field for all their temperance enthusiasm and energy. After getting one glimpse of more than a hundred saloons, running day and night, Sundays included, they would make up their minds that after all Caro was a model temperance town.

My next letter will be devoted to a description of Arizona. Subsequently I will give you some points about Tucson, the commercial metropolis of the territory, and the Chicago of the southwest.

J. F. BERRY,  
Tucson, Arizona.  
We wish to call the attention of the smoking public to the fact that we have secured the agency for "Tansill's Punch," America's finest 5c Cigar.  
Weydemeyer & Predmore.

## Farm For Sale.

Eighty acres, 3 1/2 miles north of Cass City, and 80 rods east, good frame house, good orchard and good well, 35 acres cleared and 15 acres fitted in good shape for logging. Apply to

JOHN LANDRIGAN.

A fine stock of all grade 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 nobby line of whips. ROWLEY & POOLE, Caro.

Those white shoes and slippers at H. N. Montague's, Caro, "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, Lewisburg & Hirsberg, prop's.

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

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

Saws ground 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 Luce & Mosher's Cough Mixture with good effect and can cheerfully recommend it to all who are suffering with Coughs, Colds or Lung Affections.

J. P. Westfall, Caro. One spoonful relieved and half a bottle of Luce & Mosher's Cough Mixture 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 & Fritz, Cass City, Mich.

W. H. Smith has just bought a large Stock of Oak-tanned Leather from Reed Bros., of Cincinnati, Ohio.

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

W. H. Smith sells a first-class double team harness for \$23.

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 mountings and rustic frames.

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

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

Amalgams, fillings. Worth \$6.00 and \$7.00 for \$3.00 at Knickerbocker's, Caro.

Notice. 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 12 1/2 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. WHEELOCK. 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, Corsets, Bureaus, Spring Beds, the best in the market, Mattresses, Upholstered Furniture, Perambulators, new styles, Cabs, Toy's Express Wagons, Carts, Brackets, Looking Glasses, all kinds, Crochets, Pictures framed to order. Everything fresh and new and warranted first-class in every particular. Remember the place, at Armstrong's.

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 cities. We have the agency for them. Weydemeyer & Predmore.

## PATRONIZE HOME!

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

## INFIRMARY

FOR SICK AND LAME

## HORSES & CATTLE.

OPERATIONS and 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.

## Wilsey & McPhail

PURE DRUGS

AT THE

City Drug Store.

wish 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.

## GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS

In Groceries and Provisions we still carry a heavy stock on which we make the very bottom prices. Mr. Wm. Ellison who has been with us for the past year, has engaged with us again and will be pleased to see his friends and supply their needs in his usual courteous and obliging manner.

Our stock is full in every department. No trouble to show goods. Give us a call and we will endeavor to please you.

Yours,

Wilsey & McPhail.

Weydemeyer & Predmore.

## Notice.

Sealed tenders will be received up to Saturday noon, the 22nd inst, for the erection of a board fence in front of cemetery grounds, and placing shade trees for those buried. Plans and specifications to be seen in the clerk's office. The board receive or reject any or all bids. Responsible security will be required.

GEO. S. FARRAR, PRANK KAHN, J. D. WITHEY, H. S. WICKWARE, Board of Health.

## A Cough, Cold or Sore Throat

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

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

LEGAL. MORTGAGE SALE.—Whereas, default has been made in the payment of the money secured by a mortgage dated the 9th day of May, 1879, executed by Michael Seegar of the town of Elkland, County of Tuscola, and State of Michigan, to Alice M. Houghton, of said place, which said mortgage was recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of the County of Tuscola, in Liber 37 of Mortgages, on page 142, on the 5th day of June, 1879, at 11 o'clock A. M.

And, Whereas, the amount claimed by me on said mortgage at the date of this Notice, is the sum of \$215 of principal and interest, and the further sum of 25c, as an attorney's fee, stipulated for in said mortgage, and which is the whole amount claimed to be unpaid on said mortgage, and no suit or proceeding having been instituted at law to recover the debt now remaining secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof, whereby the power of sale, contained in said mortgage has become operative.

Now therefore, notice is hereby given that by virtue of said power of sale, and in pursuance of the statute in such case, made and provided, the said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the premises therein described, at public auction to the highest bidder at the front door of the Court House in the Town of Indian Fields, in said County of Tuscola, on the 2nd day of May next, at 10 o'clock of the forenoon of that day, which said premises are described in the following manner: The north-west quarter (1/4) of the south-east quarter (1/4) of section three (3) in town thirteen (13) north of range eleven (11) east, containing Forty acres of land, more or less, according to United States survey, being in the Town of Novesta, County of Tuscola and State of Michigan.

Filed this 1st day of February, 1882.

A. E. LONDON, ALICE M. HOUGHTON, Attorney for Mortgagee. Mortgagee.

## GROCERIES, FLOUR & FEED

Cross & Parson's.

Caro, Mich.

Cross & Parson's.

Caro, Mich.

Cross & Parson's.

Caro, Mich.

Cross & Parson's.

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Caro, Mich.

## FRANK HENDRICK,

The Cass City

JEWELER

—And Dealer In—

Clocks,

Watches

and

Jewelry.

—A Full Stock of—

Bar Pins, Ear Rings, Ladies'

NECK CHAINS, GENTS'

GUARD CHAINS, FINGER RINGS, SPECIALLY MADE 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 R.

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 accomodation of the public.





TWO VIEWS.

A old farm-house, with meadows wide, And sweet with clover on each side; A bright-eyed boy, who looks from out The door with woodbine wreathed about, And wishes his one thought all the day: "Oh, if I could but fly away From this dull spot the world to see, How happy, happy, happy, How happy I should be!"

Amid the city's constant din A man, who round the world has been— Who, 'mid the tumult and the throng, Is thinking, thinking all day long: "Oh, could I only trace once more The field-path to the farm-house door, The old green meadow could I see, How happy, happy, happy, How happy I should be!"

THE THREE LITTLE CHAIRS.

They sat alone by the bright wood fire, The gray-haired dame and the aged sire, Dreaming of days gone by; The tear-drops fell on each wrinkled cheek They both had thoughts they could not speak And each heart uttered a sigh.

For their sad and tearful eyes descried Three little chairs placed side by side Against the sitting room wall, Old-fashioned enough as there they stood, Their seats of flag and their frames of wood With their backs so straight and tall.

Then the sire shook his silvery head, And, with trembling voice, he gently said, "Mother, those empty chairs! They bring us such sad thoughts to-night We'll put them forever out of sight In the small, dark room up-stairs."

But she answered, "Father, no; not yet; For I look at them and I forget That the children are away; The boys come back, and our Mary, too, With her apron on of checkered blue, And sit there every day.

Johnny still whistles a ship's tall masts, And Willie his leaden bullets casts, While Mary her patchwork sews; At evening the three childish prayers Go up to God from these little chairs So softly that no one knows.

Johnny comes back from the billow deep, Willie wakes from the battle-field sleep To say "good-night" to me; Mary's a wife and mother no more, But a tired child whose play-time's o'er, And comes to rest at my knee.

So let them stand there, though empty now And every time when alone we bow At the Father's throne to pray, We'll ask to meet the children above In our Savior's home of rest and love, Where no child goeth away."—Selected.

HER APPEAL TO THE LEGISLATORS.

When Judge Roberts entered Katherine Wright's little parlor he found her contemplating three bonnets laid on the table in front of her. They were of velvet and trimmed with feathers, but one was blue one violet and the third a dark poppy red. The sunlight shone in; it was quite early in the morning and Katherine looked pretty and gentle. The Judge liked to stop in for odd moments. He had known Katherine ever since she was a little girl, and he felt she needed some supervision.

"Why, you have gone into a new business," he said. "Did you make all these bonnets?"

"Not one of them. I had them sent from Madame Fontaine's, and I am trying to decide which one I shall take."

"The blue one is pretty," he said. "Yes. And she took it up and turned it around. 'Men always like blue; I suppose I ought to think of that.'"

"At this remark the Judge smiled. "I did not suppose women ever did forget that point."

"You don't suppose women dress for men's eyes? If we did we would care more for beauty and less for fashion. We dress for each other, sir."

"Then she took up the red bonnet and looked at it. "This is lovely," she said; "just look at the shadows in it."

"Take it then. Isn't it becoming?"

"Now, she brightly answered, 'you have hit the very point. It is becoming. I have tried them all on and I know I look best in this one.'

"Take it," he repeated. "But my hair?"

"What is the matter with your hair?"

"It is red also."

"But not the same shade."

"No it isn't, and this shade subdues, kills it a little, but you know there isn't a woman in the city who wouldn't say I looked horrid in it. Girls who have red hair wear blue or purple you know."

"Well, you are an absurd creature!" said the Judge. "Do you know why I came here? It was to give you a point for your speech. I expected to find you buried in notes, in ink, in ideas, and behold you are worrying over bonnets! Is your speech ready?"

"Oh yes," she replied, pushing up the red feathers with a lead pencil, "or it will be. I know pretty much what I shall say. Don't you want to give me a judicial opinion concerning these colors?" and she jumped up and went to the glass carrying the bonnets. She put on the blue one and turned to him.

"That is very nice," he said. "I think it will do first-rate."

"Then she put on the purple one. "That does make your hair look red, I confess," was his comment, "still it is pretty."

"Oh I shall not take that," she exclaimed, and she smoothed back her hair, pulled out the little curls on her temples, and with care and deliberation tried on the red bonnet.

"She was quite right in thinking it was becoming, and her radiant satisfaction did not diminish the effect. The Judge nodded.

"Take it," he said, "prepare to conquer all womankind."

"Oh, but this time I have the legislators to consider! There is not a woman on that committee who has said a word to me about my speech, but each one in

turn has told me to dress well. Do I usually dress so badly?"

"You always look very well," he replied. "I do not suppose any one would expect you to look like a woman of fashion."

"Still," she said glancing mischievously at him, "that is my present ambition. I intend to make an effort. The only trouble is I never thought of it before Tuesday, and so I've had to hurry."

"I hope," he replied, "that you have also thought of your speech? Of course I suppose you want women appointed on a board of street inspectors or you would not have consented to talk to our eminent legislators on the subject?"

"Certainly I do. Oh, when I begin to speak I shall be intensely interested. It will seem the most important thing in the world to me. But as I am to meet them at Mrs. Elliot's house I must look all right."

"Nonsense," he exclaimed. "What possible difference can your clothes make, if only they are neat and appropriate? Did you know that in 1847 a bill very similar to the one you are interested in was before the legislature?"

"I wish it had passed," she said. "Do you know I would dearly love a reform in operation. Was there ever one?"

"He smiled very slightly. "Well," he said, looking a little annoyed, "you know I never approved of any of this. Mrs. Elliot shows little wisdom in inviting those men to her house to be talked to, and I don't think you need have consented to talk to them. I said nothing because it was none of my business, and I also thought you were deeply interested in the subject. Now I find you are deeply interested in bonnets."

"Yes," she answered, "I have a fever for bonnets! And it has come late in life. Consider, I am twenty-four years old and I have never had a complete 'costume.' I have been a creature of shreds and tatters, and I have worn last year's coat with next year's hat. Now I am to have a 'toilette.' A velvet dress, sir, and a train and gloves with ten buttons!"

"And for what? To meet a lot of lubberly men! What will they care for your ten buttons?"

Katherine laughed. "The men are the excuse. Why a wedding would do as well. But perhaps my attack of vanity will be as short as it is violent."

"I hope so," he said, standing up and holding out his hand. "I thought you were superior to all this."

"I am not," she replied gravely. "I am a victim to it."

"You have my best wishes for looking well. May I also hope for the success of your appeal?"

Katherine now looked at him with real gravity. She feared her frivolity had carried her too far, but he turned and walked out of the room.

He looked perplexed as he hurried to his office. He did not like this. He had considered Miss Wright a sensible girl and he had not objected to her liking for politics, nor had he cared because she made speeches at ladies' meetings and semi-jubilee affairs. He would not have liked all this in his wife or sister, but Katherine was neither. He was nearly forty; he was a bachelor, distinguished and not poor, but he was not a marrying man.

Suddenly he stood still. "A fever for bonnets!" he repeated. "A fever for bonnets! The next thing she will be getting married! And her hair! What a fool I was! Of course that is it."

Then he laughed. And then he wondered who it was. It couldn't be one of the legislators!

"That evening he wrote her a letter. "MY DEAR MISS WRIGHT—I saw the very bonnet for you this afternoon. It was gray and it was tied down, and might be described as fuzzy or woolly. I think it very superior in style and color to the ones you were worrying over. A very pretty girl had it on. Of course I couldn't ask her where she bought it. Very truly, GEORGE L. ROBERTS."

When Katherine read this note she was confounded. Her "fever" was of such very late date that she had had short time for preparation. Even now she had to go to her dressmaker's, she had to buy lace and natural flowers. The reception was at three o'clock; it was now after nine, and from half past nine to half past ten she had a music lesson to give, and it was pouring rain.

She had half a mind to wear her old cashmere.

A gray beaver! That was what the Judge meant, and he was right. A gray beaver! How stupid not to have known it was the very thing!

But she had no time to spare. She put on her hat, her waterproof, she took her umbrella, and she sped away to give her music lesson. What an hour it was!

The selections from the "Prophe'te" were longer than the opera itself. But even this came to an end and she ran home. It was now after eleven, and with the help of her landlady she made a hasty and provisional toilet. The velvet with its train was to be put on at the dressmaker's, and the bonnet changed for a beaver at Madame Fontaine's. It was after twelve before she left the house. She bought the lace, but she went from florist to florist before she found her ideal white rose. It rained in torrents. The streets ran in water and mud was everywhere. She was hungry, she was nervous. She went to a restaurant to get a cup of tea, but the waiter was so long coming to her she jumped up and ran to Madame Fontaine's.

"What, change that hat!" cried the milliner, "that superb hat! It is the most charming one I had in the room. Beavers are commonplace and to you not becoming. She could not trim a hat on so short notice. She talked, she said it was absurd to think of change. The time flew on. Katherine had no time nor strength to discuss it, and she hastily threw off her old hat and the milliner put the new one on her, and

without a glance at the glass she was off again. Ice cream is not stimulating, but it is readily served, and on it Katherine lunched. It gave her a pain in her forehead, and she laughed to herself at the idea of anyone so drenched with rain eating such cold, frozen stuff.

But at the dressmaker's all was ready. It took but a moment to sew in the lace, and the skillful fingers of the dressmaker fastened up the dress, pinned up the train, and then the clock struck three.

How far away Mrs. Elliot lived; how slowly the car splashed along! If the horses had only kept time with Katherine's watch, how they would have flown!

But when she entered Mrs. Elliot's door how still, how apart from hurry it was. There was a murmur of voices in the parlor. There was the perfume of flowers, the hushed step on soft carpets, the gentle voice of the lady's maid. And up in Mrs. Elliot's room Katherine at length viewed her costume.

She was pleased. Her figure was tall and slender, her dress fell in heavy lustrous folds; her gloves, her handkerchief, her flowers!—well, it was the possible Katherine Wright made real. She did not regret the gray beaver and she had one moment of perfect unalloyed satisfaction in her own appearance. Then she went down stairs. It seemed to her that her train gave her a new movement. If she had been but seventeen she could not have been more content.

She noticed, however, that there were but few legislative hats on the hall table, but she was not sorry. She was not displeased because she was not the last to arrive.

In the long and brilliant parlor a group of ladies stood talking to some gentlemen, and among them she at once saw the tall figure of Judge Roberts. When she entered Mrs. Elliot looked up in surprise. She did not recognize this elegant girl, and then she came forward and as she greeted her whispered, "You are just lovely!"

Katherine looked down the room, and her hostess laughed. "Oh, they have not come yet. They are not punctual but they will come."

But they never did come! Not a single member of the Legislature came that afternoon to hear about the legal status of women in regard to the 'Board of Street Inspectors.' Every one else was there. The committee of ladies, the gentlemen invited to meet them; the graceful and persuasive speaker who was to convince them, but not a legislator.

Some of the ladies said they must be bashful, and some said they feared the weather, and the gentlemen declared the proper refreshments had not been promised, and when half-past four came Judge Roberts said in a low tone to Katherine that she was right in her estimate of the relative importances of hats and arguments, and so took his leave.

In the evening the Judge went back to his office, and on the way he stopped to see Katherine and to condole with her. He found her sitting in front of the fire. Her bonnet lay on the table. She still wore her velvet dress and she looked tired.

"You have not been in long?" he said, glancing at one gloved hand.

"No. I staid to dinner with Mrs. Elliot."

"Well?" he said.

"Well?" she replied.

"Were you disappointed?"

"Because the legislators did not come?"

No, it was not.

"Your dress was all right?"

"I was over-dressed. There wasn't a rich woman there who was dressed as I was, and they were all rich."

"There was not a woman there who was as beautiful."

"And I ought not to have worn a bonnet."

"You looked well in it. You were right about it."

She gently sighed and began to unbutton her glove.

"I am sorry," he said, "that you were disappointed."

"I was not," she answered, looking up quickly. "You don't suppose I really care so much for dress? It was a whim. Of course I am sorry it was such a fiasco."

"You are tired," he said, in an anxious tone.

"No—yes, I am."

"What is the matter with you, Katherine?"

She looked into the fire. Then she glanced at him with a mixture of shyness and defiance in her eyes.

"To-night," she said, "Mr. Elliot was very cross. He was annoyed because his wife put herself in such a position."

"Mrs. Elliot is a very lovely woman," replied the Judge. "I have a great liking for her."

"Yes," said Katherine.

"He did not scold you?" said the Judge after a moment's silence.

"No. And Katherine colored and smiled. "That is the very trouble. I envied her. I was much more to blame. She trusted to the good faith of others; I was silly, vain, ridiculous, and there is no one who cares enough for me to scold me for it."

"Do you want me to scold you?"

"No," she cried. "I want you to forget all my foolishness. To-morrow I will be wiser. I am tired now."

The Judge looked at her in great surprise. What a very woman she was! He had thought her superior to the little foibles of her sex. And how very nice she was!

He walked about the room a moment and then he went back to his office.

Katherine cried a little. She was certainly very tired. She had never before been so lonely. She hated her rooms. She hated the legal status of women. She hated inspectors, and she hated music lessons, and she felt that she was very cross and that she was quite right in being so.

The Judge was not cross, but he did not like his rooms, nor his office, and

he began to stop still more frequently to see Katherine, but he gave her no more "points." Neither did he scold her, and yet Katherine seemed satisfied.

He wanted her to be married in the poppy red hat, but she declared it was horrid and all out of taste and she much preferred her gray beaver. But the Judge did not. He liked the red bonnet.—Continued.

Deer Caught with Lariats.

S. S. Bayley, of South Fork, Cal., tells of an exciting deer chase that occurred on his ranch. Mr. Bayley, T. H. McBride and Charley Williams were in the barn saddling their horses preparatory to taking a ride. Mr. Bayley's little daughter called out to them that there was a herd of deer coming across the field making for the hills. The three men were immediately in the saddle and started in pursuit. The excitement seemed to be contagious, and in a few moments there were fifteen men in pursuit of the deer. Some of the South Fork boys are very handy with the rope and never ride without their lariats. In less time than it takes to tell it these useful articles were brought into use and the vaqueros had two fine deer tied to the fence. They were left there until all who wished had a good look at them, when they were butchered and the meat distributed among the captors. *Mojo Independent.*

The father of S. P. Noros, Boston, has received a letter from his son dated Yakoutsk, Siberia, January 7. Noros was one of the men selected by Lieut. DeLong to go ahead for relief. In the letter he says: We traveled about two weeks short of food then the captain decided to send Niderman and myself on ahead to look for assistance. We walked 120 miles without anything to eat. For six days we had not a mouthful of food. We were most starved when found by natives. The captain and 10 men, I fear, have died from starvation and cold.

The Newark (N. J.) Sunday Call says: One of our Cincinnati exchanges cites the case of Mr. Haldeman of the Louisville Courier-Journal who was cured of rheumatism by St. Jacobs Oil. His wife was cured of neuralgia by the same article, and every member of his family of some pain or ache by the Great German Remedy.

One of the latest theories advanced is that apples are more nutritious than potatoes, and in Corn wall, Eng., workmen say they can work better on the fruit than on the vegetable.

A singularly interesting case was lately referred to by the Brooklyn Eagle. It was told by Mr. W. A. Davenport, connected with the house of Messrs. Butler, Pitken & Co., 476 Broadway, N. Y., and concerned the marvelous cure of Mr. Ezra D. Clarkson, near Newark, N. J., of a terrible case of rheumatism, which other remedies had failed even to alleviate. He was on his way to a hospital when Mr. Davenport met him and induced him to try St. Jacobs Oil with the result named.—*Cleveland (O.) Practical Farmer.*

It is now claimed that potash, in the shape of ashes, or the potash salts, is excellent for grape vines if the fruit is defective in color.

The St. Paul (Minn.) Globe observes: Things had gone wrong with him and he wanted to die; yet he had the whole house darting around mightily lively, so we heard, hunting for the St. Jacobs Oil bottle, when the first twinge of rheumatism gathered him up.

It has been ascertained that where eggs are sold by the pound that they vary in weight from one to four ounces. The average weight of a dozen eggs is 2 3/4 ounces.

KANSAS PRAISING IT. "While I was in Topeka last winter," said the Hon. Arthur Edgington, "I had a pretty rough time of it. I got a bad cold, and that not being sufficiently severe, I was also attacked with rheumatism. The pain was in my left shoulder. At times I almost writhed in agony. I tell you, sir, that the pain could not have been greater had my shoulder been screwed up in a vise. I was utterly helpless, and felt like I was destined to remain in that condition indefinitely. My friends and a physician were generous in their prescriptions, and my room soon became a miniature apothecary shop. But nothing did me any good. One day some one told me I was enduring a great deal of needless pain when I could invest fifty cents in a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil and be cured. I invested in a bottle of the Oil, rubbed it on my shoulder twice, and in two days forgot that I ever had rheumatism. Yes, that is a great remedy, and no mistake. They can't say too much in favor of its healing power."

The above was uttered by Mr. Edgington while sitting in the porch of the La Gonda House, at Columbus, the other evening, and was overheard by an escaped reporter, who was traveling over the country incog. Inquiry developed the fact that Mr. Edgington is one of the most widely known men in Kansas, figuring prominently in politics, and acting as the responsible agent of the Bradstreet Commercial Agency. Upon subsequently making Mr. Edgington's acquaintance, the reporter was assured that all he had heard was true, and he was at liberty to use it in the papers.—*Oswego (Kan.) Democrat.*

The temperance people are agitated because Mr. Tennyson in his song asks his friends to drink to freedom. It may be well to comfort these agitated people by supposing that the place at which Mr. Tennyson proposes to drink has taken out a poetical license.

ROYALTY cannot escape from sewer gas. The grants made to the Duke of Connaught before his marriage were as liberal as the incomes of Queen Victoria's children invariably are, yet he has lived in an unhealthy palace and his duchess has had a narrow escape from blood-poisoning. His residence in Bagshot Park was recently erected at a cost of from \$150,000 to \$200,000, and special pains were taken in the arrangement and ventilation of the drains, yet so faulty was the workmanship that poisonous gases were conducted into all the bedrooms of the house. The Lancet asserts that the elaborately conducted system of baths, drains and waste-pipes communicated directly with the soil-drains of the building, pipes which should have been stopped being left open and house-drains and sewers generally being ventilated into the very apartments which it was most important to preserve from infection. The result was that offensive smells were perceived in several rooms, that many of the inmates suffered from various forms of indisposition and from a general sense of heaviness, and that the duchess herself, immediately after the birth of her child, was removed from the house on account of ominous symptoms of blood-poisoning, from which happily she has recovered. Apparently there are sanitary engineers in England as well as in the United States who have not mastered the first principles of house-drainage.

What a Three-Cent Stamp Will Do. It will do more than any other piece of paper of its size and value in the world. It accomplishes what would, a few years ago, have seemed impossible. That talismanic placard on the corner of an envelope or package commands the use of capacious and beautiful buildings wherein to receive your letters, orders train to carry them, and starts an army of men to deliver information from every section of the country and tidings of pleasure as well. But the crowning consideration is the fact that I take pleasure in advertising that the stamps of the country and tidings of pleasure as well. But the crowning consideration is the fact that I take pleasure in advertising that the stamps of the country and tidings of pleasure as well. But the crowning consideration is the fact that I take pleasure in advertising that the stamps of the country and tidings of pleasure as well.

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# STILL AT THE FRONT!

J. C. Laing, General Merchant.

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

**DRY GOODS,**  
Ladies' Dress Goods, Alpaca, Cashmeres, Gingham, and the endless variety needed to supply his large trade.

In addition to a large stock of the celebrated Vassar Mills' Flannels, Cassimeres, and Satinets, AT MANUFACTURERS PRICES.

## CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.

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

## BOOTS AND SHOES.

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

## GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS

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

Produce bought for Cash and taken in exchange for Goods.

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

# 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,

J. L. HITCHCOCK.

—Dealer in—

# HARDWARE

—AND—

## GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

Cass City, Mich.

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.

"Let Go!"

The experiences of any great show bring to it one more great trial, constantly recurring under all sorts of circumstances of locality, weather and weariness. There is one hour which, more than any other, tests to the uttermost the temper, skill and discipline of the force under the command of the circus manager. It is the hour when the tents must be "struck," or taken down, and the vast establishment packed up for removal to its next stopping-place.

Slowly the audience has leaked away through the narrow entrance, though some of its younger members linger until it is necessary to scare them out. The preparations for departure began long ago. Every article of dress taken off was instantly packed for travel. Every animal has been fed and cared for. Every tool is in its place, for present use or for transportation, as the case may be. There are miles and hours of traveling to be done, and every minute is precious. The least confusion or mismanagement would surely bear bad fruit on the morrow.

The experts of all sorts—acrobats, animal trainers, keepers—are caring for their war-horses or themselves, or for the precious beasts in their charge. The horses in their canvass stables know that their time is up, and meet their groomers as if prepared to go. The cook and his assistants have fed their last "boarder," and already have packed their pots and crockery, and the fire is dead in the portable range. Every man who has not completed his task is working at it with all his might, but the center of interest is the great tent and its appliances. There is comparatively little shouting of orders, but scores of men are taking their positions by stakes and ropes, knowing exactly what to do and where and when to do it. There are, perhaps (to give the exact size of one big tent), one hundred and sixty-eight thousand square yards of canvas to come down, with all that held it up. The huge, hollow interior is empty at last, with the exception of a few loiterers who hurry out in great alarm, as they hear a loud shout of "Let go!" from the manager. The shout was meant to scare them out, and not a man loses his hold upon a rope. It is a plan which always clears away the loiterers.

The immense space is cleared, but vaguely shadowy and dim, for the lights are out and there is nothing there to "show."

Another order, another, another, follow in quick succession; ropes are hauled upon or let go; the canvass steadily pulls away, and the center-poles and stays, all the airy skeleton of the tent, stand as bare as when they were first lifted there. These, too, come down in regular order, rapidly and without a sign of hesitation or confusion. Thus, every peg and pole and board is removed from the tent-area to its proper place on its own wagon.

More than a quarter of a million square yards of "duck," and every flag, rope, pole and pennon are neatly folded and packed away in the wagons. And all this has been done in less than twenty minutes. Not a rope is mislaid, nor a tool lost sight of, and the secret of it is that some one has been made personally responsible for each of all those numberless items of duty. Not too much has been laid upon any one, but mercilessly strict will be the inquiry concerning the least shortcoming.

The general crowd of spectators hurries home at once, all the sooner if the night is dark or rainy, or if it be the last performance and the tents are coming down. The latest to depart are invariably the boys, to whom the show presents a world of weird, strange fascination. It is almost hard upon them that their attachment is not reciprocated. Neither the manager nor his corps of trained workers has any use for boys. The former "does not want 'em around." He would not have them at any price, although they are sure to offer, continually, with their heads full of dime-novel ideas of circus life, its "adventures" and its "glories." They know nothing at all of the hard work, the patient training beforehand, neither do they think of the experience and thorough knowledge of at least some one trade required by every member of the manager's army of helpers. Even the "bill-stickers" must know how to do their work, and work hard in doing it, but boys with the circus-fever are after something which will enable them to wear tights and spangles. They seldom if ever think of the hard work, severe training, wearying repetitions and terrible risks of injury and life-long maiming that must be undergone before a manager will allow a performer to appear in public. For instance, in learning circus feats of but one kind—riding on bareback horses—severe falls are likely to happen. To lessen the danger, however, almost every large circus school has a derrick with a long arm. Through a pulley in the end of this arm is passed a rope which is fastened to the learner's belt, the other end being held by a watchful attendant, who secures it whenever the rider loses his balance. A second man keeps the arm revolving just above the pupil as he rides around the ring, and the instructor leads the horse by a lariat. Thus, three men are needed in teaching one to ride bareback, and each new lesson has to be repeated a great many times in the same wearisome round.

It is likely that most of the youngsters who so eagerly volunteer are in a kind of mental fog. They could hardly say, if they were asked, whether they prefer to be hired as owner, manager, clown, "king of the ring," or to train and handle the elephants.—W. O. Stoddard, in St. Nicholas.

—Fried Oysters.—Drain the oysters through a sieve; beat up two or three eggs; have ready some grated bread or cracker crumbs; sprinkle some salt and a little pepper over the oysters, then dip each oyster into the egg and bread crumbs; have the pan hot and clean; put equal portions of butter and lard in the pan; fry to a nice brown; be careful and not burn.—Boston Transcript.

—The New York shaver who read his verse the other day, "Keep thy tongue from evil and thy lips from girls," had no authority, perhaps, for his revised version, but the teaching was sound.—Buffalo Express.

## SPITLER & SON,

CARRIAGE & WAGON SHOP,

—Next door East of Weydemeyers Hardware—

Horse Shoeing a Specialty.

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

Prices Moderate.

CASS CITY, MICH.

## R. A. LUTZE, BLACKSMITH.

Horse Shoeing and Custom Work a Specialty

AGENT FOR

## FARMING IMPLEMENTS

of all descriptions.

Call and examine my Stock before purchasing elsewhere.

Cass City, Mich.

## BROWN & BENTLEY, JOB AND HORSE-SHOEING SHOP,

In Jno. Bader's old stand, south of the New York Store.

WORK DONE PROMPTLY AND SATISFACTORILY.

Special Attention Given to Horse-Shoeing.

Prices Moderate.

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## W. L. PARKER, CARO, MICH.

Manufacturer of Fine

MONUMENTS and TOMBSTONES,

AMERICAN and ITALIAN MARBLE

—AND—

AMERICAN and SCOTCH GRANITES.

Executed in Plain and Ornamental Designs. Do not go abroad for your monuments and Tombstones before seeing our work and getting prices.

## BUCKEYE

REAPERS

And

MOWERS

Manufactured by

Aultman Miller & Co. AX-ON,

For Sale By

JAMES DOYING, Cass City, Mich.

—GO TO SHOETTLE'S—

## Drug Store

—FOR—

DRUGS, MEDICINES,

CHEM. CL. PERFUMERY,

Fancy and Toilet Articles.

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

G. F. SHOETTLE.

Opposite Caro House, Caro, Mich.

## CASS CITY FOUNDRY AND

## MACHINE SHOP

Is running now and is doing all kinds of

REPAIRING

at present. Saws gummed at low prices.

## MOULDING

Has commenced,

On and after Wednesday the 26th, we furnish Points and Castings of all descriptions.

HERN & HIGGINS, Proprietors,

Cass City, Mich.

## T. H. HUNT

—SELLS—

Groceries, Provisions

AS CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST

—O—

TEAS, COFFEES, SPICES, and TOBACCOS a Specialty.

—ALSO KEEPS—

Crockery, Glassware, Woodenware.

—O—

Best Market Price Paid For BUTTER and EGGS.

—O—

Opposite the Grist Mill,

CASS CITY, MICH.

Farmers while waiting for your grist, will find it to your advantage to give me a call.

L. A. DEWITT, Will say something in reference to his PLANING MILL

—AND—

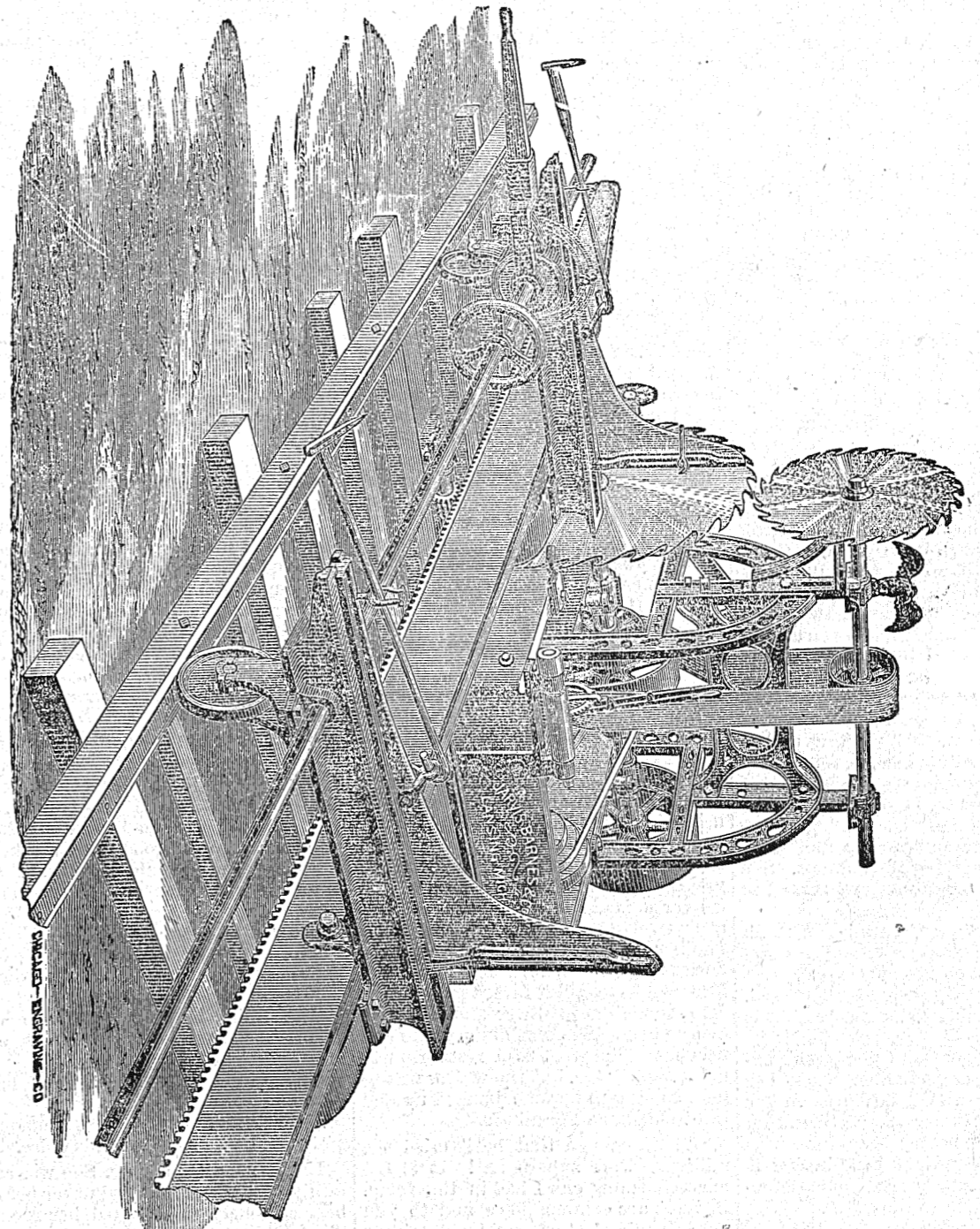
Furniture Wareroom,

In our next issue.

# ATTENTION SAW MILL MEN!!

## C. H. VAN WAGONER

Keeps the Best Saw Mill Machinery in the State



# CALL AND EXAMINE.

State Street, Next Door to the Post-office, Caro, Mich.