

The Cass City Enterprise.

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NO. 48

OUR OWN OFFICE.

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

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A Long-Lost Brother.

Types are not warm enough to paint the true, pathetic color of a picture seen Tuesday night on a north-side car about 10:30 o'clock. The car was of the open kind and was crowded with humanity struggling for foot room. As it neared Clark-street bridge a gentleman sitting pretty well forward noticed a lady standing on the east side of the car, and clinging desperately to one of the upright posts. He told the conductor to ask her to step forward and she might have his seat. She came clambering forward and took the proffered seat with a hearty "Thank ye." The gentleman casually glanced at her, and saw that she was a neatly-dressed Irish woman, about thirty-two years of age. She spoke with a rich Irish brogue, and was evidently a domestic. The car joggled along for several blocks, and, happening to glance at the lady again, the gentleman noticed that she was evidently laboring under some great excitement. Her bosom throbbed violently, and her face, even in the poor light of the car, was deadly pale. She was bending eagerly forward, and her eyes were strained to their greatest extent at some object immediately in front of her. Following the woman's gaze it was seen that she was staring straight into the face of a man who sat in the opposite seat. As the car passed on her excitement seemed to increase, so much so as to attract the attention of the other passengers. The man returned her gaze at intervals in a somewhat interested manner. He was about twenty-six years old and looked as if he might be a mechanic. At length the woman's breath came thick and fast and leaning still further forward, she asked him hoarsely in her brogue:

"Aren't you from Oireland?"

"I am," he answered, calmly. She quickly asked:

"From Ballansloe?"

"I was born there," he said, looking into her eye. She paused a long moment as if to steady her voice; it quivered like a child's, as she half rose from her seat and inquired, slowly:

"An' isn't yer name McCoskry?"

"Yis," he answered quickly.

"Dan McCoskry?"

(In a high key.)

"Dan McCoskry."

The woman rose to her feet, and crossing herself, piously exclaimed in a deep and earnest voice:

"Praise be to God, this blessed day. Thank God I've found ye, Dan, at last. And before she had finished she was on his breast, smothering him with kisses. The young man seemed astonished, and she proceeded:

"Don't ye know me, Dan? Yer sister Nora. Praise be to God. I've found ye at last. An' me searchin' for twelve year from Boston to New York; an' from New York to Baltimore and from Baltimore to Cincinnati, where I gave ye up six year ago. O! God's good, an' so He is," and she showered him again with kisses. He held her at arm's length, and looked her all over, exclaiming at last as if hardly yet convinced:

"An' are you raly moi sither Nora? Well, well, if I ever!" and it was evidently he never had from the sincerity of his manner. A few more questions, and there was no doubt of the relationship. Regardless of the hundred eyes fixed upon them, they gave themselves over to a regular Des Plaines camp-meeting scene. It appeared from the excited questions and answers which passed between the couple that Dan had run away from the town with the unpronounceable name eighteen years ago, and come to America, from whence no tidings had ever come from him. The family, all but the eldest daughter, Nora, had died or emigrated, and twelve years ago she had taken her earnings and crossed the ocean with but one purpose in view, that purpose being to ascertain if Dan was living, and to find him if she could. She told of her landing all alone at Castle Garden, her search through New York, her journey to Boston, never asking for her "Brother Dan" how every night she would leave the place where she was employed, to search streets, stores and offices; how she besieged police stations, scanned newspapers, visited hospitals, never giving up the hope of finding her "Brother Dan;" how one blessed morning in Boston she heard from a carpenter that a person of that name had worked for him, but was now in Baltimore; her trip to that town, only to find that he had gone west, probably to Cincinnati, her journey there, and despair at seeing in the death list: "Died, at Mercy hospital, of small-pox, Daniel McCoskry;" her joy at discovering the dead man to be a Scotchman, her further search, and final despair; her coming to Chicago five years ago, and the great pain at really having to think him dead. She is a domestic in a family on Lincoln Avenue, near Fullerton, so she said, and she had a bean on the back platform "smokin' a seyyar, so he was."

Dan then told his story. He was a Boston carpenter, and had gone to Baltimore, but had come directly from there to Chicago. He had worked at Pullman, but had lately quit, and was looking about for a shop of his own. And so the pair chatted on, heedless of the watchers, and frequently interrupting their conversation for a fond hug. All the scenes of their childhood were lived over again, and many were the questions Dan asked about the "ould sod." So interested were the spectators, and especially the gentleman who had relinquished his seat, that he was carried nearly half a mile past his destination; but there was something in the scene he had witnessed which made the homeward walk one of the pleasantest he ever had.—Chicago Times.

Good News About the Shirt.

In the course of a confidential conversation with a friend who had recently had two new shirts made, we learned incidentally that the style of building shirts had radically changed, and that they were being made to button in the front instead of at the back of the neck. The news was so good that we could not believe it until we had it directly from a shirtmaker, who showed us the ground plan and front elevation that had been prepared by architects for the erection of some fine shirts for our best citizens, and sure enough the old fashion of folding doors in front instead of a storm door between the shoulder blades in the back was the fashion. We have never felt so much like passing a resolution of thanks to the shirtmakers and a resolution of condolence to parties who have got to wear the old ones, in our life. Those shirts that button in the back have been the cause of more profanity than any one thing. Shirts that button in the back have been the cause of crime. Religious societies can not prosper as they should when the male population has to reach over its head and away around to the back of the neck to button its shirt. Talk about spending thousands of dollars to find the north pole; if half the money spent in that way was offered as a reward for the detection of the man who invented shirts that buttoned in the back, and he could be turned loose among men who have suffered for years by his devilish contrivance, it would be well expended. For fourteen years the men of this country have been slaves to this absurd fashion, and more arms have been cramped, shoulders dislocated and backs bent than would be believed by those who have not seen it. The spectacle of a mild-mannered man, after getting into his shirt, making a contortionist of himself, an acrobat, trying to get on the other side of himself to button his shirt the back way, is sad indeed. Statistics show that the buttons on the back of a shirt always come off the second week, and in place of the thin, oyster-shell button that comes with the shirt, the housewife always sews on a big drawers button, four sizes larger than the button-hole, and if he gets the button in the hole the hole has to be "bushed" or a washer put on the button next time. Go through our prisons, and you will find that the criminals—the bad men—wear shirts that button in the back. They have been driven to a life of crime by letting their campers get the best of them while searching blindly for a button with one hand and a button-hole with the other, when their back was turned. They go from home mad, and commit crime to get even. The bare idea of having shirts that open in front will give a feeling of rest to tired, back-aching humanity. To stand up to the glass and button a shirt and see what you are about will be bliss indeed. The thought of a generous slit in the bosom of a shirt, where one's hand may wander, is elysium. There are times—we say it advisedly—there are times when the best of us want to put a hand inside a shirt bosom, but with the old shirt that buttons in the back a man might as well be in a burglar-proof safe, with the combination lost, as to try to get in. With the old shirt it would be necessary to live a hand. A man's stomach has when a sealed book for fifteen years, with the old boiler-iron shirt-bosom, with no port-holes. Occasionally a man's heart aches, and if he could put a hand on it without going around the back way and sneaking in under the arm he could tell by the feeling whether it was unrequited affection that ailed him or rheumatism. With the new shirt an exploring expedition can be sent to the seat of the disease before it is everlastingly too late. Men have been wounded, and before they could be turned over and the entrance to their shirt found they have bled to death. The old back-action shirt is a fraud, and the new one is a daisy. It may be said by some that the new open-sesame shirt will show the world the color of the undershirt. It might, if one was going to use his shirt-bosom as a pillow; but few do that. And even if they did—that is the only way that the world can know that a man wears a silk undershirt with a monogram on the front. We hail the new open winter shirt with delight, and are sure the public will when they once get their hands in.—Peck's Sun.

A Clever Cheat.

Henry Keys, who left the Pioneer Park, Oakland, Cal., recently played a trick by which he realized \$65 for forty gallons of water. Wishing to sell out, he "doctored" a barrel so as to dispose of it as full of pure whisky. He arranged in the barrel a piece of hose two feet long, with one end hermetically sealed. He then filled the hose with a quart of the finest whisky—old, oily and rich. He then fastened the unsealed end to the faucet on the inside, headed up the barrel, and filled it with water. Ready was he for a purchaser for "forty gallons of rare old whisky," and Max Marcuse proved a willing customer. Marcuse sampled the liquor drawn from the hose, pronounced it good, and bought the barrel for \$65. After drawing a few drinks the supply in the hose gave out, and an examination showed the deception. In the meantime Keys had left the town, and he has not been heard from. Two warrants await him—one for obtaining money under false pretenses, and the other for disposing of fixtures in the Pioneer Park which are said to belong to the estate of Michael Reese. Max Marcuse is figuring how much to charge profit and loss in his ledger for the purchase of one barrel, two feet of hose, one quart of whisky, and forty gallons of water.—San Francisco Alta.

BUSINESS IS BOOMING!!

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SILKS,

VELVETS,

CASHMERES,

COTTONS

AND

DOMESTICS.

BOOTS and SHOES.

Gent's Sewed and Pegged Fine Boots.

Ladies

CASS CITY MICH.



GROCERIES.

TEAS, COFFEES,

SUGARS,

CANNED GOODS,

SPICES,

TOBACCO'S AND

CIGARS,

TOILET SOAPS.

ANGUS D. GILLIES

EVERYBODY!

that has seen our new

SPRINGSTOCK

and Styles in

CLOTHING,

say it is the nobbiest 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,

Call And See Us.

Yours Etc.,

A. L. Keiff.

Caro, Mich April 27, 182.

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. L. Keiff.

Caro, Mich April 27, 182.

HARDWARE!

Nails, Glass,

Putty, Paints,

Oils, Brushes,

Iron Stoves,

Hardware,

Powder, Shot,

Lead.

Rubber

—and—

Hemp Packing,

etc., - - - etc.

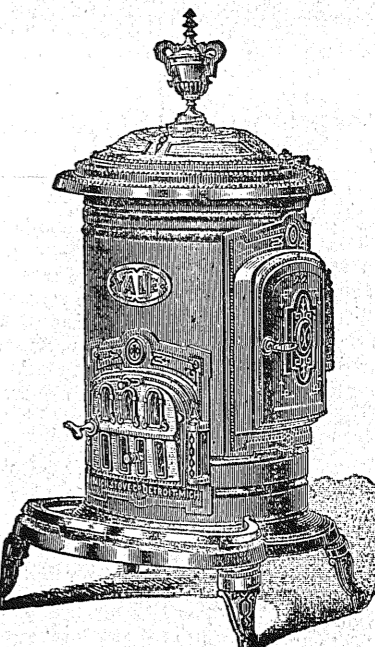
Come and see our Stock now Full and Complete.

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

Cass City, Mich. P. R. Weydemeyer.

CASS CITY, MICH.

P. R. Weydemeyer.



NEWS OF THE WEEK.

MICHIGAN.

Forest fires are raging near Tawas City. It is reported that fields of grain and bridges have been destroyed, and that owners of cattle have been obliged to drive them off to places of safety.

The New York World publishes the following crop report from Michigan, July 27: The wheat harvest in the northern counties has commenced and the yield will be about one-third better than last year. In the middle and southern counties crops are progressing finely. Oats and corn are growing rapidly, but all the spring crops need more rain.

Ed Rice of Detroit, is again under arrest, charged with being implicated in the Strongson robbery.

Miss Clara Lee of Dowagiac, while working in Benton Harbor, suddenly disappeared, and it is now thought she has been abducted. She was last seen in a buggy with two negroes.

Ex-Ald. Wm. Brown of Jackson, was run over by a traction engine and badly hurt. His left ankle was injured and the right leg crushed from the foot to the body. No bones were broken but an injury in the right groin excites apprehension.

Charles K. Backus of Detroit, former editor of the Detroit Post and Tribune, now of the immigration commissioners' office, has been ill for a month. He is improving.

J. Huff Jones of Detroit has just paid taxes amounting to \$11,525 on property which he represents in that city.

The large Union Hall at Manistee, built by Richard G. Peters at a cost of \$25,000 and dedicated to the cause of temperance the fore part of last month, was destroyed by fire on Saturday. There was an insurance of \$15,000.

John McNulty, of East Saginaw, aged 63 years, in attempting to get off a Flint & Pere Marquette Railroad train, while in motion, fell under the wheels and was run over, crushing his left leg.

Corn is ninety cents per bushel at Litchfield, and farmers state that they shall continue feeding wheat, unless there is more difference in price between the two, as a bushel of wheat will go farther than a bushel and a half of corn.

Mr. Stewart, of Cheboygan, has a Jersey cow that has been playing a game in the neighborhood of late. Nearly every cow in the vicinity that was allowed to run apparently went dry. The Jersey was caught the other day, milking one of her sister bovines, when she was promptly muzzled with a spiked collar (around her nose), and now there is a bovine disturbance every time the cow tries her old tricks.

A terrible storm of wind, hail and rain swept through Millbrook, Mecosta county, on the 27th, unroofing buildings, tearing down mill, smoke stacks, &c.

Albert J. Volland of Ann Arbor, of the class of '76 in the University, and for the last five years a teacher in the State Normal School at Ypsilanti, Wis., has been engaged as principal of the Ypsilanti High School for the coming year, at a salary of \$900.

An accident befell a pleasure party from Manistee, while on an excursion upon the tug Crosswell. Among the passengers were Geo. Benson and wife, and while attempting to walk on the gunwale to the stern of the tug, Benson fell overboard, and was drowned in the presence of his wife and friends. He rose but once, and though all efforts were made to save him, they were in vain. He was only 23 years of age.

Home reports nearly all of wheat in the vicinity secured and threshing begun. The yield per acre, while not as large as has been estimated, is good, ranging from 20 to 25 bu. The largest yield reported from a single acre is 30 bushels. The late rains have materially improved the condition of the corn and potato crops, and a medium yield is expected. The oat crop is first class, and the yield as large as for years past.

H. D. Hugh, near Lansing, has lost by fire his entire crop of wheat and hay, valued at \$1500.

Near Maple Ridge, Albie Osgood, while hanging to the reach of his father's wagon under a load of hay, fell and one wheel went over his head, crushing his lower jaw.

Thomas Caldwell of East Saginaw, while engaged in a scuffle for fun on a steamboat in the bay, fell overboard. Another Saginaw man, with great presence of mind, threw an iron piano stool at him. Caldwell was picked up, but the piano stool did not swim.

Geo. Train of Tecumseh, recently deceased was an uncle of George Francis Train. A. M. Lyons, a graduate of Adrian college class of '82, has just been elected principal of the Steubenville, Ohio, public schools at a salary of \$1,100. The schools consist of 12 departments and show an enrollment of about 900 pupils.

Frank Schermerhorn of Mayville, visited Caro last fall and got rid of a large number of counterfeit national bank notes, familiarly known as "Tray fives." The young man was arrested and held for trial, bail being fixed at \$1,000. The necessary bond was finally procured, bearing the names of ten prominent citizens of Mayville and Yassar. Schermerhorn, after quietly adjusting his affairs in a manner to produce plenty of ready money sought the seclusion of her majesty's dominions. He was finally found at Woodstock, Ont. The passing of counterfeit money is not an extradition offense, but it is claimed that Schermerhorn's bondsmen, being responsible for his appearance before the court, are entitled to the possession of his body wherever it can be found. The result of the affair is awaited with considerable interest.

Michigan will be entitled to 20 pension clerks under the new appointments for the purpose of closing all cases within three years.

A water-spout burst in Ann Arbor on Wednesday, flooding some portions of the place to the depth of several feet. A loss of \$3,000.

Subscriptions for a race track and fair ground at Kalamazoo have reached over \$4,000.

James Maloy and James Marion, Kalamazoo, are under arrest for highway robbery. A man named Huddleston on his way

called the previous question on his motion. The motion was carried by the necessary vote.

Among other remarkable things in the Senate the most noteworthy was the appearance on the floor of Secretary Teller, who, when the message and bill were received from the House, the Senators and friends of the measure were very impatient. They had counted the votes and they were content with simply taking a vote, resulting 41 to 16. So the President's veto was set aside and the bill is a law.

Aug. 4.—The tax bill was taken up. The pending question before the Senate is what is known as the Beck amendment, providing for a horizontal reduction of ten per cent. on all tariff duties, the reduction to take effect January 1. The Beck amendment was denounced by Morrill, Sherman, and Hoar as dangerous in the extreme. They asserted it would ruin the industries of the country. Hoar declared that the amendment was worthy only of a lunatic asylum. The bill comes up again to-morrow when Beck's amendment will probably be voted upon.

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Several buildings were struck by lightning in Adrian and vicinity. A barn in Raisin township was struck and a horse and several hogs were killed.

Mrs. Orsan Green of Rollin, while in the city on the 1st, had the misfortune to lose a New York draft for \$400, drawn by a bank at Albion, this state.

July 28.—The Senate passed the House resolution requesting the President to call an international conference to fix a common prime meridian. The House bill with regard to the pay of letter carriers was passed. The Senate bill to provide for the publication of the tenth census was passed. The Senate then took up the Naval Appropriation bill and the bill was read for action upon committee amendments. Amendments were discussed until the hour of adjournment and the bill went over until Monday.

In the House, the Senate bill was passed establishing ports of delivery at Kansas City and St. Joseph, Mo. A resolution providing temporarily (until August 2) for expenditures of the government was passed.

July 31.—In the Senate the House bill was passed granting the widow of Henry H. Garnett, late minister to Liberia, an amount equal to her husband's salary for one year. Mr. Beck offered an amendment, which was passed, reducing from \$1,000,000 to \$400,000 the amount of the appropriation for completing the Manatonomah and launching the other four monitors, prohibiting the completion of those four vessels until further orders from congress, and directing the Naval Advisory Board to report as to the advisability of their completion.

July 31.—Senator Ferry introduced a resolution calling upon the pensions committee to report the bill introduced by him March 2d, granting additional pensions providing for monthly pay of \$50 to each soldier of the first class, \$40 to the second class, and \$30 to each of the third and fourth classes. The bill makes the first class consist of men who were so disabled that they can get no relief from artificial means; the second class consists of those who are able to wear artificial limbs, and the third and fourth classes of those who have suffered a total loss of arm or leg. The sundry civil bill reported contains an amendment put in by the Senate committee which contains an item of \$15,000 recommended by Senator Ferry for the laying of a cable between Fort Mackinac, St. Ignace and the island of Mackinac, and operating the same for one year. The bill also contains an item of \$50,000 to committee work upon the public buildings at Washington. The whole amount appropriated for the bill is \$190,000.

In the House, Representative Brown of Indiana, introduced a resolution providing for investigation of the Soldiers' Home at Hampton, Va. The citations in the preamble charge, among other things, that Superintendent Woodfin makes distinction between inmates who are non-pensioners and pensioners; that it is almost impossible for pensioned inmates to secure their money after it reaches his hands; that he issues wooden chips in lieu of pension money, said chips being only receivable at the home store and bear exorbitant prices there.

August 2.—The Senate adopted unanimously to-day the adverse report of the Senate Financial Committee on the House bill, authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to issue \$200,000,000 two per cent. bonds, to be exchanged for other bonds bearing a higher rate of interest. The objections urged to the bill related to its being simply a proposition to inflate the currency, as the proposed bonds were of consular debt, and the proposed circulation.

The House Committee on Foreign Affairs adopted the report submitted relative to the results of the Chili-Pezuvia investigation. To the main questions—Whether one or more Ministers Plenipotentiary of the United States were personally interested in or improperly connected with business transactions in which the intervention of this government was requested or expected in the affairs of Chili and Peru? the reply is unqualifiedly in the negative. The committee state that the Cochet, Izendren, and Credit Industrial claimants asked the interference of the United States in behalf of Peru simply as a matter of business interest, uninfluenced by any patriotic considerations. The committee enumerate further that from the charges made by Stiphard, likewise all others connected with the administration, finding no trace of any interference of a scheme of a protectorate in any correspondence. Copies of the missing letters with one exception have been found, and they are important. They occupy Minister Morton, Minister Kilpatrick, and San Blair etc., from all dishonorable intention but to recommend the careful avoidance of any complications which may allow even a suspicion of the mixture of personal, bias or interests with public duties. Finally, the committee find no ground for action on the part of the House and ask to be discharged.

Aug. 2.—In both houses the proceedings were chiefly in regard to the vetoed river and harbor bill. As soon as the House met the members of the Commerce Committee, having previously determined to ask the House to pass the bill over the President's veto, came upon the floor and during the reading of the journal were busy arranging their plans of action. At the conclusion of the reading of the journal Mr. Page was recognized by the Speaker. He moved the passing of the bill, the objections of the President notwithstanding, and he

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THE FARM.

Farm Notes.

Brewery refuse is valuable for milch cows only when fresh, as it affects the quality of the milk when sour.

By the use of lime and ashes, and by growing cow peas for turning under, poor soils can be made to yield good crops.

Orchard grass and red clover make excellent companions, and as they grow so well together, the former is being substituted for timothy by many farmers this year.

The present high prices are convincing proofs that farmers have not been able to overstock the market yet. There is plenty of room for more farmers in this country.

Okra is as easily grown as corn, and requires the same treatment. The young, unripe pods make delicious soups, and if sliced and dried can be used the year round.

Mustard is one of the most valuable plants for ploughing under. It grows as quick as any other crop, and if sown quickly will afford an excellent green manure in time for wheat.

Permanent pastures should consist of mixed grasses in order to satisfy the desires and peculiarities of animals. A variety does much in the matter of promoting health and thrift.

Every farmer who has to contend with stony land will thank us for saying that when the small stones are to be picked, two men with dung forks will do more work, and do it easier, than four with their hands.

A French chemist reports that water made slightly salt, and to which, when boiling bran in the proportion of one quart to every gallon has been added has been found in a series of experiments to increase the yield of milk 55 per cent, if given to the cows in their ordinary drink.

It is a startling fact, and one worthy of serious consideration, that the people of the United States are clearing off 35 acres of timber for every one that is planted with forest trees. We have reached that point in denuding our country of its forests where it becomes the duty of every landowner to plant trees.

Cultivate frogs, toads and lizards. Put them in your gardens, and as evening approaches they will hop from their hiding places and smudge down in some convenient spot near the gutter, or where they know there will be plenty of food. The ants, roaches, mosquitos, etc., they consume in the night is marvelous, and thus they keep down the insect pests.

Prof. Bell of the Michigan Agricultural college says that the young tree must be very much like a hill of corn; therefore, raise hoes crops in a young orchard. He also, like most intelligent horticulturists, says it is a good plan to keep young trees mulched, to prevent rapid evaporation from the soil, keep the surface mellow and prevent the soil from freezing and thawing in the winter, and from becoming overheated in summer.

The Soft Maple in the West.

BY PICKET.

It is perfectly safe to say that fully two-thirds of all the timber trees planted in the western states during the past fifteen years were soft maple. In this part of this state there is a grove of these trees of from half an acre to fifteen acres in extent on nearly every farm that is owned by the person living on it. There are also thousands of these trees set in rows and groups on streets, lanes, around town and country residences, and in pastures for shade-trees. Many of the groves in this section were set fifteen or twenty years ago, and the process of thinning, pruning, etc., every year yields their owners an incredible amount of fire-wood.

A grove of five acres near me, set fourteen years ago, the trees being set in rows six feet apart and three feet apart in the row, has furnished its owner enough wood to run one large cook stove and make a hot fire once a week in a heating stove through five warm months of each of the past six years. The owner tells me that at the rate he is using the wood he will have a better grove at the end of six more years, and nearly as much wood as he has now.

The wood, when dry, burns rapidly and makes a quick, hot fire. It is just the kind of fuel needed for a cook stove during the summer months, when a hot fire is required but a short time each day.

The soft Maple grows tall and slender, and makes a great deal of wood when planted thickly in groves; but the principal objection to its use as a lawn or shade-tree is its liability to be broken by wind storms during the summer. I have seen many fine rows thus ruined. The trouble was chiefly caused by encouraging too rapid growth by manuring or cultivating, and by pruning the branches off too high. Experience has demonstrated that even with the most careful management they are liable to be broken by storms, and consequently the White Ash is rapidly superseding it both as a grove and shade tree.

The tendency of Soft Maple to be broken by winds may be prevented by planting them in small groups, instead of singly. I have set a large number of them in this manner during the past ten years, and they not only look much better than single trees, but they have effectually resisted all the mighty efforts of our storm-blizzards to break them. In planting them on a lawn I put three to five in a group, setting them two and a half or three feet apart. At a distance they look like a single tree, and in the autumn when the leaves change a more beautiful sight cannot be imagined, as it rarely happens that the leaves of any two in the group are of the same color.

In pruning this tree, if I find it necessary to take off a large limb, instead of cutting it close and smooth like an apple tree, I cut it off two or three feet from the trunk. Numerous small branches start from this stump and serve as a sort of safety-valve for the surplus sap, which would otherwise flow into the leading limbs and cause too rapid growth.

When two leaders on a young tree are struggling for supremacy, I lop about a foot off one, and send the tree up straight without inducing too rapid growth. I have found this method of pruning all rapid-growing trees by far the safest. If necessary, the stump of the limb may be cut off a year or two afterward.

The soft maple is the best and cleanest rapid-growing tree we have, and for prairie farms, where windbreaks and fuel are needed immediately, it is the tree to plant. For fuel the wood is much superior, in my estimation, to the cottonwood, which invariably becomes soggy when exposed to wet. It will not make durable fence-posts, rails or lumber; for these purposes slower-growing varieties must be planted, but when they are merely fishing-poles in size the maple will be furnishing "stove cuts."

The seed of the soft maple must be gathered in May. It may then be seen fluttering and spinning down, like great green and brown butterflies, from its hiding-place among the leaves. It should be gathered before ground squirrels and other vermin get it, and planted at once. It may be kept two or three weeks in a damp place, but it must not become dry, or it is worthless.

If the trees are to be removed when one or two years old, sow the seed in drills like peas, and cover with two or three inches of fine soil. If they are to stand where sown, the seed should be dropped in hills three to five feet apart, two or three seeds in each hill. They will soon be up, and if the soil is rich, will grow like weeds. It is so little trouble to set them out when one year old that I prefer to sow them in drills, and cultivate with the hoe. The rows should be about fourteen inches apart.

Improvement in Sugar Beets.

Those who sneer at science and "book larnin'" as aids to the advancement of agriculture may well learn a lesson in modesty from the success which has attended scientific investigations and experiments in improving the saccharine quality of the sugar beet.

When beets were first grown for sugar no more than five per cent. of sugar could be obtained from them. Now the amount yielded sometimes reaches as high as fifteen per cent. This result was reached by careful experiment, based on scientific knowledge.

The most essential point in beet-culture is the quality of the seed used. But the quality of the seed depends on the richness of the root which produces it. Recognizing this fact, M. Vilmorin succeeded in ascertaining the fitness of the root for seed-bearing in the following ingenious manner: Since each root is a perfect plant, in the examination of each for the production of seed the quality of it had to be ascertained. For this purpose M. Vilmorin had a set of exceedingly delicate instruments made for the determination of specific gravity, and he found that the specific gravity was indicative of the sugar contained. The cups he used were no larger than a lady's thimble, and the saccharometer, or measure of specific gravity, was equally small. First selecting the best roots according to ordinary rules, he then removed a small portion of each root in such a way as to injure its future growth as little as possible. The pieces were reduced to a pulp, and the juice was extracted. Those only which yielded juice up to a certain standard were planted for seed. It was found that roots produced from this seed constantly increased in richness, and a few years of the process resulted in the great percentage of sugar which is now attained.

This is but one of many instances in which the labors of the scientist have secured to the practical agriculturist, in a brief time, great and lasting benefits, which might never have been reached by experimenters untrained in scientific methods.

The Recent Weather and the Crops.

The recent hot weather of the past week, though so unwelcome in the crowded cities, was a timely boon to agriculturists. As it was general over the country east of the Rocky Mountains, where the crops were belated by a long-continued deficiency of temperature, it must have been of great advantage, especially to the corn crop. For this important cereal the critical period of its growth comes in the middle of July, and it is not likely that the subsequent fine weather can bring up the yield of Northwestern corn fields to the average. Our special crop reports of 25th inst. from the grain belt show that while wheat, oats and rye promise an exceptionally large return, the corn prospects are still discouraging, and the yield will not, in some states, be more than half the average. With this exception, which may be slightly modified by the weather of the next fortnight, there is good reason to conclude from the data now in hand that the grain crops of all sections of the country will be at least up to it if not decidedly above the average. The seasons have been more propitious than usual for the fruit crops, except in the extreme Northern sections. In the South, where cotton and sugar flourish under ardent skies, the temperature has been until very recently rather below the normal, but there is yet left time enough for them to make up for any backwardness of growth. While, therefore, the general agricultural outlook now is not rosy, it is in decided and happy con-

trast with last year's, and if no intense and extensive droughts set in over the Northwest and the Southwest the total crop will probably be considerably in excess of the estimates made in the early summer.

The Princess Soulouque.—Visiting in New Haven.

Princess Soulouque, the only daughter and the only surviving descendant of the once celebrated Emperor Hayti who rose from the condition of a slave to that of a monarch, is the guest of ex-Minister Bassett, New Haven. Her rank was abolished when Hayti became a republic, and she now bears the name of the nobleman she married, and is known as the Marquise de Lubin. The Princess was born while her father was a superior officer in the Haytian army. She was educated in a convent in Louvain, Belgium, about fifteen miles from Brussels, and speaks Spanish, Italian, German, French (her native language), and English fluently. She is the widow of the Marquis de Lubin, a native of Hayti, and once Minister of Liberia, who died a few months ago. When her father was dethroned in 1858 his immense property, consisting of plantations and houses in the towns, was confiscated; but another change of Government brought amnesty, and such of the property as had not been sold was returned. The Princess was in exile twice—from 1859 to 1867, and from 1870 to 1872. She has just put up a magnificent monument—a lofty column of marble on a pedestal of granite—at Petit Goave, to the memory of her father. The inscription is: "Faustine Soulouque, Emperor of Hayti. Born 1788; died 1867."

A friend of the Princess, who lives in New Haven, describes her appearance when he first saw her a few years ago. He says: "I was seated on the broad balcony of the American Minister's house, overlooking the beautiful bay of Port au Prince, in Hayti, when the Princess, on horseback, pulled up in the roadway. Her face was of a dark color, but the features were softly moulded, and a fineness of teeth made her appearance surpassing. She wore a jaunty white turban hat, with an immense cardinal red feather floating away behind like a ship's pennant. Her riding dress was of sky blue silk, very long and trailing in the dust. Around her waist was a broad gold sash, and in her bosom she wore a sapphire brooch of much more than the usual size. Her diamond earrings were brilliant of the first water, and worth about \$30,000, and a necklace of the same gems, whose value might be roughly estimated at \$100,000, added to the richness and splendor of her apparel. Her riding whip had a gold handle studded with precious stones, and the bridle chain was of solid silver. She wore yellow leather gloves with gauntlets extending as far as the elbow. She was mounted on a Venezuelan horse about sixteen hands high, which was made a present to her father by the President of Venezuela. The horse was as remarkable as the woman on his back. He was a clear cream color all over the body, with long, snow-white mane and tail, and most admirable shape. The Princess was then about 25 years old."—*Ex.*

Mrs. LINCOLN'S PROPHECY.—Although Mrs. Lincoln's illness was not known here, her name was mentioned in a pleasant parlor conversation between ladies one evening last week and some interesting reminiscences of her were given by Mrs. William Preston, of Lexington, Ky., who when a young girl, Miss Wickliffe, was well acquainted with Mary Todd, for both were then living in Lexington. Mrs. Preston said that Miss Todd had always insisted when quite a young girl that her husband would be President of the United States, and as she did not then appear to be one who would attract the attention of young men, not being as handsome as most of her companions, many of the latter would laugh at her prediction. While she was still young she got into a girlish pet with her family and announced that she was going away to make her home with her sister, Mrs. Edwards, in Springfield, Ill., and declared that she would yet be the wife of the President of the United States and triumph over those who had opposed her. She went, and was courted by both Stephen A. Douglas and Abraham Lincoln, and accepted the latter. After becoming engaged to him she wrote to her friend Miss Wickliffe a playful description of the man of her choice, mentioning his unprepossessing appearance and awkwardness, and with a merry appreciation of the humor of the prediction again said: "But I mean to make him President of the United States all the same. You will see that, as I always told you, I will yet be the President's wife." Years afterwards, in fact not more than 10 or 12 years ago, in looking over the papers of his father-in-law, Governor Wickliffe, who had just died, General Preston came across a letter endorsed in Gov. Wickliffe's handwriting, "the most remarkable letter ever written by one girl to another." This proved to be the identical letter written by Mary Todd in regard to her betrothal—Abraham Lincoln. When General Preston showed it to his wife she said she supposed that after reading it she had thrown it carelessly down on her father's desk, attaching no importance to it, but he, picking it up, was so impressed by it that he indorsed it as quoted above and laid it away among his papers, to be found after the girlish prophecy had been fulfilled.—*Washington Letter.*

S. A. Murphy has also taken the contract of raising the tug M. I. Mills, which went down about eight years ago in 92 feet of water, near Sand Beach.

Rome, Ga. has completed the survey of her proposed canal, and estimates the cost at \$25,000 per mile.

HOW HE WON HER.

As the lonely twilight hour
Wrapped the earth in silent gloom,
And the somber, ghostly shadows
Hovered darkly round the room.
Where a maiden and her lover
Sat in close communion sweet,
Listening to their heart beats,
Wishing time were not so fleet.

"Darling," whispered he so softly,
She drew closer, just to hear,
"I have loved you long and fondly,
Won't you be my true wife, dear?
I'll be good, give up bad habits,
Give up drinking, smoke no more."
Still she sat unmoved and rigid,
With her eyes cast on the floor.

"I will leave off chewing, darling,"
Unrelenting, still she sat.
Join the church and live a Christian,
Now, my dearest, think of that!"
But she shut her lips together,
Shook her head and answered not,
And the sadness was unbroken,
Save by sighs with sadness fraught.

Desperate now, he wildly uttered:
"I will give a diamond ring;
As a seal to our engagement,
If your heart to me you'll bring."
Then she raised her drooping optics,
Laid her head upon his breast,
As tremblingly she muttered:
"Oh, my darling, I am blessed."

And there she sat, and sat until
The soft darkness of night,
That dusky nurse of our great world,
Had folded them from sight.
Pondering, planning, thinking,
She of the diamond ring,
And he—of how on earth
He was going to get the thing.

—Our Continent.

"IT."

FROM THE GERMAN OF ALEX. N. ROBERTS.

Returning from a business trip, I entered my wife's boudoir, and found her kneeling before a low chair, on which sat a baby with large, round and wondering eyes. She got up and came rustling in her silken robe de chambre to meet me. She reached out her hand and greeted me not more heartily nor yet more formally than we were accustomed to greet each other in those days.

"There it is," said my wife, pointing to the child.
"What?" asked I; but she stooped down before the little stranger, held a biscuit close to his little upturned face and half turning toward me, replied: "Well, you know—did we not read of it in the newspaper? Don't you remember—the day before yesterday? And is it not beautiful?"

Now I did recollect that a few nights before she had held the Gazette under the light of my student lamp, and pointing with her finger to an advertisement, said to me, "Please read that." It was the well-known appeal, the cry of despair from a bleeding heart, addressed "to good people." A child was offered for adoption to persons well off. "What would you think of our taking it?" my wife had said, and I had returned the paper to her with a shrug of my shoulders. "But Martha, what have you done?" cried I, in a tone vibrating with anger. "You have really?"

"Certainly, as you see. And then it belongs to me; I myself have settled everything with the poor mother, who is in reality to be pitied. I have sworn to take good care of it; and so I will indeed."

She took the little head, with its blonde silk curls, between her white hands and fondled and caressed it. "Is it not so, little one?—you will be loved?"

But the somewhat sickly and delicate little face showed no sign of understanding, except that out of the heart-shaped little mouth came one of those sighs that sound so strangely from children.

I at once gave up all serious objection. Had we not been accustomed for years to act independently of each other? We had not married for love. During the noise and bustle of the crowded exchange, our fathers had contracted this union. She had to her heart from a beloved one, and in mine glowed a passion not yet unspoken. But parental wishes conquered. We chose to be obedient children; and so it happened.

At the commencement we were to each other a silent reproach; after which followed a declared war, until finally we came to a polite but gloomy peace.

To be sure she was beautiful, she was good and bright and sparkling. Others called her an angel. And I? Well, I believe I was no monster, either. The analysis showed the brightest colors, still the sun was missing. We were six years married and had no children. This child belonged entirely to her! I heard later that she had given the mother a thousand dollars the price of a set of jewels which she sold secretly.

"Why did you not tell me of it?" said I, half angrily.

"Because it would have been too late, if I had waited for your return to the city; and besides I wanted to have it entirely for myself; I want to call it my own," said she, poutingly.

My horses, my dogs; her canaries, her gold fishes—that I could endure; but that she wanted to have her child for herself alone, that was too much for me. The thought of it tortured me one, two days long. On the third day, my wife having gone out in her carriage, there came a veiled woman and demanded entrance. It was the mother. Like a shadow she glided into the room, and with a half-suppressed sob, begged to see her child once more. She could not part from him forever, without imprinting on his more kiss upon his cheeks. I opened my eyes quickly; "Here, my good woman!" said I, "take that, they have not given you enough." Hot tears fell down her wan cheeks; she begged me not to judge her too harshly; she herself was sick and would not live much longer, and what was to become of the children? Then she thought—I myself had to finish the sentence, which a violent fit of coughing had interrupted.

"Yes," she had thought, "I will sell the healthy one, in order that the money may help the cripple when I am dead and gone."

No, she must not be judged harshly; we rich ones know but little of the trials and temptations of the poor.

When my wife returned, I gave her an account of the call I had had, adding that I had given to the unfortunate one exactly the same amount as she had. "And now," said I, "you see the child belongs to both of us." She bit her lip with her little white teeth.

"It is all the same to me," said she after a moment's reflection, and with that she pressed a tender kiss on the little boy's mouth. It sounded almost like a challenge.

"Our child!" I scarcely ever saw it. And the changes that were made in our household for his sake were made entirely without me. Sometimes, after the most important things were decided, my consent was then asked. "We are obliged to have a nurse, I hired one, Anselm,"—I nodded silently,—"We must fit up a nursery; that room is too warm for the child." I nodded silently, but I heard the sound of the workmen, who were already busy in the hall. What could I do better? Was it not all done for our child?

My wife and I did not talk much about the child, and when we did mention it, we used only the name "It." But this "It" could be heard through the house at almost any time of the day.

"Hush! not so much noise! It sleeps!—It must have its dinner. It should be taken out for a drive. It has hurt itself!" And so the whole house began to turn around our "It." This nameless neuter vexed me.

"It must have its own name," said I one day.

I entirely forgot to ask the mother—
—I mean the woman—what its name is," answered my wife. "She intended to come again. But she does not come, she is certainly sick. Now, I call it, Max. Max is a pretty, short name; is it not?"—"Him," returned I between two draughts of my cigar, Fritz would also be a quite pretty name. "One cannot change the name now, on account of the domestics," answered she, shortly; and then called out loudly, "Is Max up already?" Never mind, was it not our child?

Once, though I played my justifiable part toward our child. At dinner it was always served at a little table in an adjoining room. At such times we could hear, between the scantily dropping phrases of our conversation, its merry rattling, accompanied by the clattering of its spoon. My wife had no rest; there was a continual going and coming between us and him; the soup might be too hot, and he might eat too much! "Wife," said I very quietly but very decidedly, "from tomorrow it shall eat with us at our table. It is old enough now, with its two years."

From that time on "It ate with us. He sat there in his high chair like a prince, close to my wife; both opposite to me like declared enemies, as it were. The yellowish paleness of poverty had yielded to a fine aristocratic pink in his little cheeks, which, now were becoming quite chubby. It worked powerfully at its soup; and now that it had finished, set up the spoon like a scepter in its little round fist on the table. My wife and I had exchanged a few words, and now again we sat silent. Apparently on account of this silence, its large eyes began to open wider and wider. They stared on me, stared at my wife, with a surprised almost frightened expression, as if they had a presentiment that all was not right between us. I confess that these eyes embarrassed me, and that I had a feeling of relief when Frederick entered with a dish. And I think that my wife felt the same.

And the following days, there were the same large, wondering eyes, like an appealing question, staring into the pauses of our conversation. It sounds ridiculous, but it is nevertheless true; we were culprits before the child, we two grown persons! And by degrees our conversation became more animated. The occasional rattlings of the little one were noticed and spoken about; indeed sometimes there was mutual laughter at his attempts to speak.

Al! how light, how bell-like pure sounded her laughter! Had I never then heard that before? And what was the matter with me, that I sometimes bent over my writing-desk, listening, as though I heard from a distance these same silvery tones?

With the first sunny spring days "It" began to play in the garden, which I could overlook from my seat in my office. She was generally with him. I could hear the sound of his little feet on the pebbles, and then her foot-steps. Now she would playfully chase him, and a chorus of twittering sparrows would join their notes with the merry laughter. Now she would catch him and kiss his cheeks over and over. Once I opened my window; a warm, balsamic air streamed around me, and a butterfly fluttered in and lit on my instand. Just then she came out of a green, vine grown bower; she was dressed in a dazzling white negligee, trimmed with costly lace; all over her streamed the golden sunshine, except that her face was overshadowed by the pink of her parasol.

How slim she appeared! how graceful in her movements! Had I been blind? Truly the aunts and cousins were right; she was in reality beautiful! A sweet smile transformed her features; she was happy—certainly in this moment she was—and her happiness came from her child. Then a voice made itself heard in my breast, which said very plainly, "You are a monster!" I got up and walked to the window. "It is a beautiful day," called I. I know how cold and prosaic it must have sounded to her. It came like a heavy cloud-shadow over a sunny landscape. She answered me not a bright that I did not understand; but the brightness was gone from her little face. Then she took up the child, who was stretching out his arms to her, and kissed and caressed him before my eyes.

There it was when the first feeling of jealousy was aroused in me; a jealousy truly, but what a strange jealousy, which could not make clear to itself who was its object! If "it" said "mamma" to her, there came a pain in the heart; and the caresses with which she overwhelmed him almost drove me wild. I was jealous of both! It pained me that I had no part in this weaving of love; that I was not the third in the union. I exerted myself to gain a part of their love. I did it very clumsily. The child persevered in a certain shyness, and she—had I not kept myself forcibly away from her these long, long years?

One day at the dinner-table, after a skirmish of words, came a great stillness between us, a stillness more painful than it had ever been. I glanced down at the flowers on my plate of Saxon porcelain, my displeasure showing in my face; but felt plainly that "It" had its eyes fixed on me, and also her eyes! It was as if those four eyes burned on my forehead. Then sounded suddenly in the stillness; "Papa!" and again louder and more courageous: "Papa!" I shuddered. "It" sat there and stared, now very much frightened, over at me, wondering perhaps whether a storm would be raised by its "Papa." But her face was suffused with glowing redness, and her half-open lips trembled slightly.

There came a flood of gladness over my heart. Certainly no one but she had taught him this, "Papa." Why did I not spring up, bound toward her, and with a word, an embrace, strike out the loneliness of these last six years? One right word in this moment and all would have been well. It remained unspoken; I seemed to have lost all power to act; but on a certain page of my ledger are still traces of the tears I shed in anger at my own stupidity.

There is no doubt about it; another spirit had stepped in with its little curly head,—the spirit of Love; and that made me a stranger in my own house. A precious sunbeam brightened the rooms, even when the one in the heavens was hidden by clouds. The face of the servants, and even inanimate objects, streamed back this radiance. But me, only, the sunshine did not touch.

I felt myself always more and more unhappy in my loneliness. Jealousy grew in me; it gave me all sorts of foolish thoughts, I wanted to rebel against the little autocrat, but that would be ridiculous. I wanted to give her the choice between him and me. I, audacious one, I knew very well which side her heart would choose. At another time I was ready to take steps in order to find the mother, and with the power of gold, force her to take back her child,—behind my wife's back. That would be cowardly.

I could no longer fix my mind on business. I mistrusted even myself. People asked what was the matter with me. I feigned illness.

The sunshine would not let itself be banished, and the spirit of love was stronger than I. With his flaming sword he drove me out. "I must take a long journey, Martha." My voice trembled as I said this. My wife must have noticed it; for something like moist, shining pity trembled in her beautiful eyes. At my taking leave, she held the little one towards me and asked, in caressing tones, "Will you not say adieu to our child?" I took up the little one, perhaps too roughly; at all events, he began to cry and resist my caresses. Then I put him down and hastened away.

I travelled with uncertainty through the world and beheld after the first few days in addition to an ordinary traveling companion, bad humor, there came another fellow who told me plainly that I was a fool. First it sounded like a whisper, then louder and louder: "You are a downright fool." Finally I read it in the newspaper before me; it was traced on the blue mountains; the locomotive shrieked it to me. Yes, I believed it; why did I not then and there turn my face homeward? Well, the fool must first travel it all off before everything would be right again.

At last, one day, with a violent beating of the heart, I again entered my dwelling. What a solemn stillness reigned there! I could now hear the sound of whispering voices; my wife came toward me; "It is very sick, very sick," moaned she, "It will surely die! I tried to comfort her. Only a short time, however, proved that her fears were but too well grounded. During the night we both sat by the little bed; she sat there and there. Each of us holding one of his little hands. Ah! those feverish pulse beats!—every stroke sounding like an appeal: "Love each other, love each other; be good!" We felt eventually these throbbings and we understood the appeal. Our eyes met full and earnest through the glittering tears, as in a first holy vow. Words would have seemed a sacrilege then.

Not long after, we laid our darling in the warm spring earth.

When we again sat down at our table, there was a stillness between us; but it was not the same stillness as that which the little stranger had broken in upon with his parting "Papa." Even by the wall still stood his high arm-chair, and on the little board before it lay his spoon-scepter. My wife reached her fine, white hand over the table, and asked, "Did you also love it?—at least a little?" Her voice trembled. "My wife! my sweet, my own wife!" called I. Then I fell at her feet and held her hands fast in mine. "I love thee, my wife, O, my wife!" After the first emotion had subsided, I pointed to the arm chair; "The little one came to teach us love," whispered I. "And when it had finished its teaching, it went again to the angels," added she, through her tears.

The free-trade press is ringing the changes upon the decline of the merchant marine with about as much comprehension of the interests involved as a parcel of boys playing a blind-man's-buff. They are driving about in the dense fogs of an un instructed understanding, riding a knock-kneed hobby, for the sake of riding something.—*Phila. N. American.*

THE ENTERPRISE.
THURSDAY, AUGUST 10, 1882.

The members of the Temperance Alliance are working vigorously in the cause of temperance.

SPEAKER Kaifer was unanimously nominated at Springfield Ohio, as congressman for his old district. A great deal of unanimity prevailed in the convention, and his triumphant return assumed.

They all admit that Tuscola county holds the key to the congressional situation. Thank you, gentlemen, for so much candor. She will try and unlock it in good shape with her own candidate.—*Tuscola Advertiser*

FRESH trouble is in store for Ireland in the utter failure of all the crops. The rain has been incessant, and it is too late now for even partial recovery from the damage done. The ruined crops will naturally be followed by suffering and famine, and these in turn by rekindled agrarianism, tumult and disorder.—*Evening News.*

THE President's veto of the river and harbor appropriation bill, and the rapid passing of that bill by the required two third majority, tells of the energy of our legislators, and their determination to not be checked by any executive power when they think they are right. Our worthy president may bite his lips and chafe but he cannot help it.

THE rains for the last few days have done a great amount of damage. Wheat has been considerably injured by the wet. In some places rivers have risen so as to do quite a large amount of injury to shipping. The flood at Cincinnati was very great, and in other cities the inmates of dwellings in low sections were removed by boats and floats. A very large amount of property has been destroyed.

THE Star Route trials will terminate without any great beneficial result, further than the check which will thus be put upon the enormous shaves so often imposed upon the government. A thorough economical government is almost as impossible as a thoroughly economical fashionable lady. Both in government, expenditures and in fashionable styles a great saving could be made by abiding by that which is necessary and useful.

It is though probable that the celebrated Quaker member of the English government, John Bright will visit this country in a short time. No Englishman would be made more welcome than he. He is not only a pledged and conscientious friend of but has stood up firmly for the rights of this country. He is now, for the time being out of the British cabinet on account of the inconsistency of the present war with Egypt with his peace principles. Mr. Bright is about seventy years of age, having his nativity in 1811.

DELESSERS has been making a fool of himself, in his fussy French way, in interfering with the action of the Powers in regard to the protection of the Suez canal. Even the French Admiral Conrad is defied, and retarded by this assuming engineer. One can hardly tell what he wants to do, unless it be to bring himself into notice by his impertinence, and into favor with the Arabs by his defiance of England, and in the general break up, grasp some falling scepter. The French government will, no doubt deal with him in such a way as to cure his lunacy, e'er long.

THE Roman Catholics have held a total abstinence convention in St. Paul, Minn., lately. 590 organizations were represented in which are numbered 35,000 members. Great activity appears to be manifested by this religious body in the work of promoting prohibition. A Bishop was present from Ireland, and made a two hour address in which he declared that the woes of Ireland were mostly caused by intemperance. He said "if they could be made temperate, and kept so for fifteen years, they could buy out the entire island with the money which they are now spending for drink." This fully harmonizes with an opinion more than once expressed by us, in regard to the cause and cure of Ireland's misfortunes.

THE crisis in connection with French politics at this juncture appears unfortunate. Harmony, if possible to secure it, is most desirable at this time. Still president Grevy is personally strong, and will, no doubt form an administration more in harmony with the needs of times than that which now fails. It is an ominous fact that political opponents made the speeches which defeated the vote of credit in the Chambers, and thus stayed movements in sending troops to Egypt. Probably a deep seated jealousy of England may have dictated their course. Meantime, Russia and Italy occupy positions of questionable definiteness, or manifest a similar jealousy. What the outcome of the whole will be none can surely predicate. We must wait for further movements of the cards before we can see to the end of the game. An embargo involving a general European war, in which the partition or dominion of large portions of Asia and Africa may be the question, may occur. Indeed from present appearances, this would appear probable. The Turkish expedition to Egypt appears still to be a farce. It may never take place, and should it do so, it will be hypocritical in purpose, and inefficient, so far as opposition to Arabi Pasha is concerned. No doubt an understanding exists between the sultan and this rebel chief.

The State Teachers' Institute.

The State teachers' institute for Tuscola county, will be held at Vassar, commencing at 2 o'clock p.m., Monday August 21, and closing Friday following.

It is desired to make the Institutes of this series of the greatest practical benefit to teachers. For this purpose some of the most experienced and successful instructors have been engaged to conduct the various exercises. With revised outlines of institute work as a guide, and with the experience of the past to aid us, it is believed that the present series will be of unusual value to all.

Under the operations of the new school law better preparation and greater efficiency are demanded of teachers, and in view of this fact all persons that intend to engage in teaching will find it greatly to their interest to be present at all the sessions of the Institute to prepare for the increased requirements.

The morning and afternoon sessions will be devoted to the discussion of topics of particular interest to teachers, while the evening lectures will be of a popular character.

There will be no tuition or enrollment fee.—Full particulars in regard to board, etc., may be obtained upon application to the Local Committee.

VARNUM B. COCHRAN,
Superintendent of Public Instruction.

INGERSOLL UNMASKED.

A scathing and fearless expose of his life and real character. The second ten thousand, revised and enlarged, giving the names and post office addresses of the persons whose statements are given in the pamphlet. The pamphlet that has silenced Ingersoll and confounded his admirers. Price ten cents. Address, Clark Braden, No. 315 East 55th Street, New York City. Or news dealers generally.

TUSCOLA COUNTY.

From our Exchanges.

Three excursions of the S. T. & H. railroad this week.

Mr. McIntyre, owner of the plank road through Reese, intends replanking the road through town.

Aber Brooks, of Juniata, who recently purchased the McPherson saw and shingle mill, which is located on the town line between Fremont and Watertown, will shortly remove the same to the old site of the Bates mill.

M. M. Hobart, of Denmark, lost a valuable horse recently.

J. Donaldson, who has been a resident of Caro for the past two years, has purchased a farm near Watrousville and removed thereto with his family.

John Norton, who left Watrousville about two months ago, is now acting as street-car conductor in San Francisco, Cal., where he realizes his fifteen dollars per week, regardless of expenses.

A case of small-pox is reported in Deerfield.

A wind and rain storm passed over Gilford on the 27th ult., doing considerable damage to fruit and shade trees, upsetting considerable timber and scattering grain and fences.

From the present indications, the apple crop in Tuscola, is going to be rather light, on account of the fruit being wormy and dropping off.

The stitch regulator on the perfect No. 7 American sewing machine is just what every lady requires on a machine as she can always get the same stitch without any guess work or delay.

Tenders Wanted.

Scaled tenders will be received up until noon of the 26 day of August, A. D. 1882, for the building of a school house in school district No. 1, township of Evergreen. Plans and specifications for which can be seen at this office. The tenders must each be accompanied by at least two good sureties. The committee reserve the right to reject each and all bids.

Evergreen, August 9 A. D. 1882.
By order of Committee.
M. S. Phetteplace,
Andrew Lawrence,
Henry Leslie. } COMMITTEE.

With as good a sewing machine as the New American 7, O. C. Predmore is sure of success.

The Brain During Sleep.

Some curious experiments as to the action of the brain during sleep have lately been made upon himself by M. Delauney. Working on the known fact that the action of the brain causes a rise of temperature in the cranium, the experimenter found that the converse of this was true, and that he was able, by covering his forehead with wadding, to stimulate the action of the brain. Dreams which are naturally illogical and absurd became under this treatment quite rational and intelligent. He also found that their character was much modified by the position assumed during sleep, whereby the blood might be made to flow toward particular parts of the body, and thus increase their nutrition and functional activity. These experiments have but slight value. Those whose lives are spent in hard work, either physical or mental, will prefer their dreams to be as illogical and vague as possible, so that the poor brain may not go on working while the body is at rest.—*Chambers' Journal.*

—A story of a miracle gains credence at Bristol, Pa. Miss Bowley, after having remained in bed sixteen years, was so affected by the prayers of a meeting called especially in her behalf that she got up and walked, and has since been pretty well.—*Detroit Post.*

Wilsey & McPhail

In Dry Goods

We have recently added largely to our stock of Notions and Fancy Dry Goods, Trimming Silk, bought in New York.

We intend increasing our stock in this line, and with this end in view have secured the agency of the celebrated, Broadhead Dress Goods direct from the mills. Call and examine our stock of Dry Goods.

In Boots and Shoes: We intend in future to drop out of our stock all shoddy Eastern goods and handle only standard goods, direct from the manufacturer. You will find in our stock, such well known makes as Lewis P. Ross, Rochester, N. Y., L. Allison & Co., Canister, N. Y., H. S. Robinson & Burtenshaw, Detroit, all of which we warrant to give you the worth of your money in wear.

In Groceries:—We claim to carry the large-t stock in town. We will guarantee prices in every article as low as the lowest, and on some lines of goods which we buy direct from the manufacturers in jobbing quantities to supply our several stores, we can distance all competition. This a large share of our customers know, and we can prove it to any who will call and examine our stock.

To all we say, come to our store for your goods and we will guarantee you satisfaction.

LEGAL.

PROBATE NOTICE.
STATE OF MICHIGAN,)
COUNTY OF TUSCOLA,) ss.
Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the Probate Court for the County of Tuscola, made on the 24th day of July, A. D. 1882, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of Adelbert Lawrence, late of said County, deceased, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said Probate Court, at the Probate office, in the village of Caro, for examination and allowance, on or before the 5th day of March next, and that such claims will be heard before said Court, on Monday, the 18th day of September, and on Monday, the 5th day of March next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each of those days.
Dated 24th July, A. D. 1882.
WM. JOHNSON,
JOHN STALEY, JR.,)
Register.)
[Seal.] A true copy.

NOT TO BE SNEEZED AT.

Call at Dubois Bro's. for prices on a new fresh lot of Groceries.

The noblest Ladies and Gents fine boot at Wickware's.

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

Best 10 cent sugar in town at Dubois Bro.

Ladies, call and see that splendid line of Glassware at Wickware's

The New American No. 7 is by far the best and fully warranted for five years.

H. S. Robinson's Fine hand Sewed Boots and Shoes at Crosby's.

Kerosene oil 16 cents per gal. at Dubois Bro's.

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

Boots and Shoes all widths at Crosby's.

Feed always on hand at Dubois Bro's grocery.

We deal in Groceries only at Dubois Bro's.

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

Wood, stove wood delivered by J. L. Hitchcock.

The New American No. 7 is noiseless, light running, self threading with a positive feed, a positive take up, in fact no springs about it, must be the best.

Spread the Good News

And let everyone know the benefits to be derived from the use of Parmelee's Blood Purifier. It thoroughly cleanses the system from all humors. It is a sure cure for Scrofula, Erysipelas, Chronic Sores, Tumors, Salt Rheum; and all diseases indicating an impure condition of the blood. Price \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by Cass City Druggists and Geo. H. Dann, of Greenleaf.

Piles.

In all of the various forms are constant companions of the Human race and produces the utmost suffering and cause many a person to commit sin if not suicide. In Blind, Bleeding, Itching Piles, internal or external immediate relief can be obtained by faithful use of Parmelee's Pile Suppositories with hot water. Never known to fail. Warranted to cure. Price 50 cents per box. Sold by Cass City Druggists, and Geo. H. Dann, of Greenleaf.

The New No. 7 American has steel bearings, and less parts than any other sewing machines in the market. These are facts and we ask you to call and examine for yourself. O. C. Predmore, Agent.

Strayed Beasts.

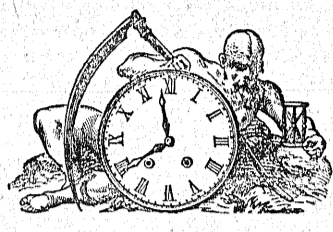
Notice is hereby given that on about Aug. 1st, 1882, two calves of the age of three months old, or thereabouts. One of said calves a dark red, the other a red and white with a white tail, strayed upon my enclosed land in the township of Novesta, and now remains there upon, and that I reside in the said township of Novesta. Dated this 7th day of Aug. A. D. 1882.
ALICE M. HOUGHTRON.

Don't suffer with those griping pains and Diarrhea, but go to Adamson & Fritz's and get a bottle of Luce & Mosher's Cholera Preventive. A cure is guaranteed.

For Sale.

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

FRANK HENDRICK,



The Cass City JEWELER

—And Dealer In—
Clocks, Watches and Jewelry.
—A Full Stock of—

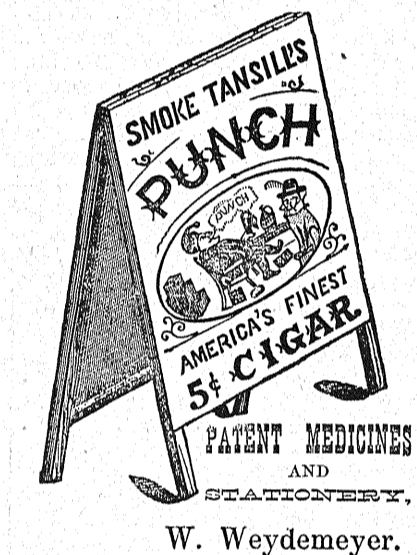
Bar Pins, Ear Rings, Ladies' NECK CHAINS, GENTS' GUARD CHAINS, FINGER RINGS, SPECULUMS AND WATCHES.

All Repairing promptly attended to.

PURE DRUGS

AT THE

City Drug Store.



W. Weydemeyer.

Look Here!

Fresh Bread CAKES, BISCUITS, WECKS, etc., etc.

FRESH EVERY DAY, BY **Heinrich Schust.**

NEW GROCERY.

The undersigned would respectfully inform the citizens of Cass City and vicinity that they have opened a grocery opposite the opera house, where they will keep always on hand a full line of

GENERAL GROCERIES.

And everything needed in the grocery line.

GIVE US A CALL. And we will convince you that we can sell goods as cheap as anyone else.

DUBOIS BROS., Cass City, 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.

FOR SALE!

The subscriber offers for sale, his property on Main Street, one of the finest business locations in the village.

For information and terms, See undersigned. **DAVID SPITLER.**

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 accommodation of the public. **CASS CITY, Mich.**

THIS PAPER may be found on file at GEO. P. ROWELL & CO'S Newspaper Advertising Bureau (40 Spruce Street), where advertising contracts may be made for it in **NEW YORK.**

GREETING

To the Citizens of Cass City and Vicinity.

I have opened an exclusive **BOOT and SHOE**

store in the store formerly occupied by P. R. Weydemeyer.

My Stock is complete, **ALL NEW AND OF THE LATEST STYLES**

All Goods marked at the **LOWEST LIVING PRICES. CALL AND BE CONVINCED**

that it is so. **J. D. CROSBY, CASS CITY, MICH.**

A WHIRLWIND!

FURNITURE FOR EVERYBODY.

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

Undertaking Dep't.

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

JAMES H. HOWELL, Caro, Mich.

GO TO WICKWARE'S

FOR GOODS FOR THE

NEXT SIXTY DAYS.

Prices Way Down.
Cass City, Mich.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

Detroit and Bay City Division.

TRAINS SOUTH.		TRAINS NORTH.	
am	pm	am	pm
7 10	8 40	10 50	9 50
7 38	6 08	9 18	8 35
8 00	6 30	8 45	8 05
8 13	6 43	8 58	8 18
8 26	6 56	9 11	8 31
8 36	7 06	9 21	8 41
8 55	7 25	9 31	8 51
8 57	7 27	9 33	8 53
10 50	9 50	11 30	10 30
9 15	7 52	11 39	10 39
9 28	8 02	11 48	10 48
9 36	8 10	11 56	10 56
9 46	8 18	12 05	11 05
10 07	8 40	12 14	11 14
10 26	8 58	12 23	11 23
11 25	9 55	12 32	11 32

CARO BRANCH.

TRAINS NORTH.		TRAINS SOUTH.	
am	pm	am	pm
7 10	12 45	7 10	12 45
7 38	1 15	7 38	1 15
8 00	1 45	8 00	1 45
8 13	2 15	8 13	2 15
8 26	2 45	8 26	2 45
8 36	3 15	8 36	3 15
8 55	3 45	8 55	3 45
8 57	4 15	8 57	4 15

SAGINAW BRANCH.

Leave Vassar at 5.10 a. m., 12.50 p. m., and 8.30 p. m., Arriving in East Saginaw at 6.50 a. m., 1.40 p. m., and 9.15 p. m.
 Leave East Saginaw at 7.10 a. m., 5.40 p. m., and 10.40 p. m., Arriving at Vassar at 7.55 a. m., 6.25 p. m., and 12.00 m.

Trains daily, Sundays excepted, and by Chicago time.

W. A. VAUGHAN, Division Supt. Bay City
 H. O. WENTWORTH, Gen'l. Pass'gr and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

PORT HURON & NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY

Time Table, Taking Effect Mar. 27, 1882.

All Trains run by Port Huron Time.

EAST SAGINAW DIVISION.

GOING WEST.		GOING EAST.	
a. m.	p. m.	a. m.	p. m.
9 20	4 20	11 20	10 20
10 25	5 40	12 25	11 25
11 25	6 40	1 30	12 25
11 40	6 55	1 45	1 15
12 08	7 20	2 15	1 45
12 45	7 55	2 50	2 20
1 20	8 00	3 20	2 45
1 40	8 40	3 40	3 20

Flag Stations—Trains stop only on Signal.

SAND BEACH DIVISION.

GOING NORTH.		GOING SOUTH.	
a. m.	p. m.	a. m.	p. m.
9 30	10 15	10 30	9 30
10 30	11 30	11 30	10 30
11 30	12 30	12 30	11 30
12 30	1 30	1 30	12 30
1 30	2 30	2 30	1 30
2 30	3 30	3 30	2 30

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

HENRY McMORRAN, I. R. WARDWORTH, General Manager, Superintendent.

CITY AND VICINITY.

SCENE I.

The golden wheat looked glorious,
 As we gazed across the field;
 The farmers were uproarious
 Over a rich and bountiful yield.

SCENE II.

The rain then fell so heavily,
 From out the darkened sky;
 The farmer stops his revelry,
 And sends up a supplicating cry.

SCENE III.

At last the rain subsided,
 He wears a contented look;
 And 'round the field glideth,
 Examines each grain-crowned shock.

ENTERPRISE POST.

—Oats are about ready to cut.

—Wilsey & McPhail have a new clerk.

—W. M. Ellison is on a pleasure trip.

—The county convention at Caro to-day.

—Huckle berries are becoming plentiful.

—Harvest parties come in quick succession.

—The threshing machine is heard in the land.

—Old papers five cents per dozen at this office.

—Potatoes are brought into the village slowly.

—The foundation for the new hotel is being laid.

—Berrying parties are being organized quite frequently.

—Prosecuting attorney Edison was in town on Saturday.

—The idea of water laying on our streets is "perfectly horrid."

—Mrs. Geo. B. Hunt, of Caro, was visiting in town this week.

—On Monday our post-office opened out as a money-order office.

—S. Ale has the most beautiful piece of corn we have ever seen.

—Everyone says with us, hurrah! for Hon. B. W. Huston for congress.

—The threshing machine was busily engaged on Ed. Em's wheat on Tuesday.

—W. B. Anderson has cut down his billiard table, and will soon add another to his parlor.

—The case of Ritter vs Wood, which was tried by jury last week, was decided in favor of Nellie Wood.

—Rev. J. Kelland's residence is making good headway toward completion. It will be a fine looking structure.

—Wilbur Marshall brought us in samples of green cucumbers one of which measured nearly twelve inches, and it tasted immense too.

—We learn that O. C. Predmore of our town, has secured the agency for the New American No. 7 sewing machine. He has our best wishes.

—Reports reach us from a distance, of large quantities of wheat being ruined. In this section wheat has not suffered nearly as badly as at first supposed.

—Our streets are surveyed and staked out, but so far we see no signs of work being done on them. Their condition on Sunday should hurry the completion of this important task.

—John Bader gives a grand harvest party in the opera house on Friday (tomorrow) night. Ice-cream, lemonade and cake will be served in the hall. Bill to party 50 cents.

—While engaged in jointing shingles in the planing mill, on Wednesday last, Wilbur Marshall had the end of his thumb taken off by the jointer. The wound remains sore, but is healing.

—On Sunday afternoon this village was struck by a terrific wind and rain storm, which did quite a little damage to the grain in this vicinity. The storm lasted for about half an hour, keeping up its fury to the end.

—The party given by the Cass City Band last Friday evening proved an entire failure. The rain, connected with the depression among the farmers caused by the rain, made a very slim attendance. John Bader lost quite heavily by it.

—The Republican caucus held in the town hall on Monday afternoon, resulted in the nomination of Messrs. Jas. S. Deming, P. R. Weydemeyer, N. L. McLachlan and Henry Butler as delegates to the county convention, to be held in Caro to-day. We highly approve of the choice made.

—Misses Retta Hamilton, and Maggie Dickson, take pleasure in announcing to the citizens of Cass City and vicinity that they have opened dress making rooms one door east of Frank Austin's tin shop, where they are prepared to do all kinds of dress making and invite the patronage of the public.

—Riley Niles once more appears upon the scene and will give a harvest party in which he furnishes music with his grand violin, on Friday evening Aug. 18th. He has secured a number of first class assistance. Everyone knows the position Mr. Niles is placed in, and will act accordingly. See invitations.

—The rubber-stamp man was in town on Tuesday delivering his wares which had or had not been ordered some time since. There is at least one man in town who will not look favorably upon anyone hereafter who follows this calling. The said citizen feels now like applying his right pedal exclaiming to the cheekiest part of said peddler.

—R. N. Johnson, state manager for the "New American Sewing Machine No. 7," was in town yesterday. We also learn that James Cline, of Bad Axe, traveling manager for Robt. Philp, of that place, and general agent for the county of Huron and adjoining territory, for the same machine, is stopping with us a few days. He is a lively gentleman and has stirred and livened up the s.m. business. Why not? He is representing a first-class machine.

—An extensive fire, the fifth in a year, within a radius of about five acres, in Fort Gratiot, on Monday, July 31st. During this time the people, and the village board have been discussing water works, which on account of proximity to Port Huron can be had at small cost. In the five fires thus occurring, at least \$50,000 worth of property has been destroyed, while the cost of the water works, a year ago would have been less than \$10,000. There is economy in "a stitch in time."

—Donahue, who was arrested for assault and battery, and sent to the county jail to await trial, was tried by jury on Saturday and found guilty. He was sentenced to pay \$50 and costs, making upwards of \$75, or state prison at Ionia for 90 days. Not having a sufficient sized pocket book he had to travel. This trial and sentence will have a dampening effect on those parties who enjoy and exult in being renowned pugilists, and occasionally disgrace our streets with their drunken brawling.

Elkland Farmers' column.

Sylvester Ale was born in Columbia county, Penn., and moved to this county in 1861, settling on a farm in the township of Columbia. He lived there for ten years, when he sold his farm and in company with Howell & Ale, of Caro, built the "Cass City grist mill," moving his family to this village. In September of 1872, they sold their mill to Nash, Laing & Co., and Mr. Ale moved to the farm he now owns and occupies. His farm consists of 80 acres of fine land, immediately adjoining the village on the east, 60 acres of which is under a high state of cultivation. The balance will soon boast of the same cultivation. His principal crops are wheat and corn. The land has yielded as high as to average 38 bushels to the acre. He is the happy possessor of a good orchard, containing a fine variety of fruit. Mr. Ale also indulges in stock raising, which he finds profitable. The buildings are good, comprising a very comfortable frame residence, a large frame barn and granary. His fences are well built and kept in good condition. Mr. Ale is a practical and intelligent farmer, one who reads and posts himself on all new improvements on cultivation, variety of seeds, etc. He has enjoyed the confidence of his neighbors in a large degree, having been elected supervisor of this township for seven years, and township treasurer for one year. His family consists of himself, one girl Lizzie, nearly grown, and four boys, the eldest, Lon, is in the store of J. C. Laing, and the second, Charlie, is boss on the farm, the others being quite young. Mr. Ale lost his wife in January 1877. She was a daughter of the late Mr. Edgar of the township of Columbia.

—We are kept so busily engaged in the office that it is impossible for us to see all that is going on in the village and vicinity, hence we often leave out items of interest to the community. We ask that everyone consider himself our news agent and acquaint us with what happens to his knowledge. Parties having friends visiting with them, will please give us their names, etc.

NOVESTA NUGGETS.
 (Crowded from last issue.)

Harvest is a thing of the past—in Novesta.
 Chas. H. Hardy swings a yankee notion—a large title for so small a man.

Another large bear was seen a half mile south of Houghton's mill, last Friday.
 The chances are that there will be some dry weather, unless it rains soon in—Novesta

After a two years sojourn in Chicago, Alex. Dickson returns home, expected this week.
 Mrs. Loduna Parker leaves this week for Lansing to join her husband, who has bought a farm in that section.

L. D. Snyder shot at a large bear Saturday morning, but having nothing but fine shot he had to give up the contest and let bearie go.
 O. A. Briggs and J. C. Laing honored Novesta by passing through to Lapeer on Saturday, and returning Sunday. We saw them on their trip looking rather dejected after these long rides through the sand.

EVERGREEN ECHOS
 Evergreen, August 1st, 1882.
 (Too late for last week.)

It rains at last.
 Wheat is all cut in this vicinity.
 Mrs. Joshua Sharrard is sick, chills and fever being the complaint.

Mr. Sharrard has gone to Deanville to see his father who is sick.
 John Proctor has a fine lot of hay and it has been put up in good shape.

The bids for the school house in district No. 1 must be in by the 5th of the month at noon, as no bids will be accepted after that time. The bids will be opened at noon sharp.

Mr. Bingelman has traded his oxen for a span of horses with Mr. Harrington.
 James McHugh has purchased a new wagon of Kilyour & Morris of Marlette.

Will some one looking for a mill site please come and look at the location at or near J. B. Proctor's and oblige all the neighbors.

SCRIBBLER.

Evergreen, August 7, 1882.
 Potatoes, corn and all other spring crops are looking very good.
 Wheat is almost all cut, but very little has been hauled in at this time on account of the rain.

Seeing that old Scribbler is about played and we cannot get much out of him in the shape of news, I believe I will try my hand by telling you that it has rained almost all the time since a week ago and the wheat is growing very bad in some places and C. Wheaton says his is growing before it is cut.

The teacher in school dist. No. 1, it appears has plenty of admirers and the other evening had the good luck to secure the attention of a young man, and when they started for home he found a wire stretched across the road with a cow bell attached thereto supposed to have been placed there by some of the young men, cause jealousy of course, but we are inclined to the opinion that that same old Scribbler was the man, and that is the reason he has failed to write for some time, we understand the lady is very mad at him, but what's the use my little lady, undoubtedly he had to take some of the same "sass" when he was young, and you must remember it is a yankee trick and we presume it was done for fun, and if you get mad why he will be ten times as bad next time. Hoping that the Scribbler will not call me out for usurping his place and that he will try and do better, I remain yours,

YANKEE.

Cagetown.

The rain did lots of good to the spring crops as well as harm to the wheat, about one half being yet in the field and growing very bad.
 N. A. Waugh will give his harvest dance the 18th. A good time expected.

The good templars have an entertainment at Waugh's hall on Friday eve, Aug. 11th. Everybody invited.
 Huckle berries quite plenty, 10 cents a quart.

Schooley of the Washington house was called home to Holly on Monday eve., by telegram.
 Post office affairs are the topic of the day just now, the new post master don't seem to get along very well.

The band boys did very well at their party on Friday eve.
 Justice Morris sentenced James Smart to 60 days in jail or \$10 fine. Smart went to jail for killing a dog belonging to Fred Eyre.

Our town was lately visited by a small menagerie. A man with a dove, cat and mink in one cage.

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Why Longer Groan

With pain and hug the delusion that nothing can give you relief. There is a remedy that is greatly prized for the relief of the afflicted. It relieves pains and aches in all forms, stimulates the digestive apparatus to more perfectly do its work, so you will not be suffering with Dyspepsia and the long list of ills, the results of disordered digestion, Dysentery, Cholera and Cramps. It is Hamilton's Jamaica Ginger Tonic and Pain Cure. In Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Bruises, Strains, &c., applied externally in is excellent. Price 25 and 50 cents per bottle. Sold by Cass City Druggists, and Geo. H. Dann, of Greenleaf.

Diabetics.
 Are you troubled with Thirst, Excessive and Frequent Flow of Urine, Pain in the Loins and Back and Nervousness? These are some of the symptoms attending Diabetes and Brights Disease. Do not hesitate, but get Paramelee's Dyspepsia, Diabetes, Kidney and Liver Cure, which will not only cure you but tone up the system and prevent Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Biliousness, Liver complaint and all kindred diseases. Only \$1.00 for large bottles. Sold by Cass City Druggists, and Geo. H. Dann, of Greenleaf.

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

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

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,

IMPORTANT!
 In consequence of a change about to take place in our firm, we offer our present stock at **Very Attractive Prices.**
 \$10,000 Worth of Goods must go **Before September First.**
 Silk and Fancy Dress Goods at less than **Cost of Importation.**
 Silks, Satin and Cloth Dolmans and wraps at a **GREAT SACRIFICE.**
 Ladies Silk Suits at One-half Price—**FIFTY CENTS ON THE DOLLAR.**
 Bleached and Brown Sheetings, Shirting, Table Linens, Napkins, Towels, Counterpanes, Marseilles Quilts, etc. **Will Be Sold Cheap To Close Out.**
 One Hundred Different Styles of Parasols at **One-Half Former Prices.**
BARGAINS IN CARPETINGS
SALE BEGAN
FRIDAY, JULY 28th, '82.
 Respectfully,
E. O. Spaulding & Co.
 Caro, Mich.

Grand Combination
HOT WEATHER, THIN CLOTHING,
LOW PRICES.
Every Dept. complete at the Boston Clothing and Boot & Shoe House.
 It is wondered at how it is that we are continually doing business while others complain that it is dull on account of the backward season. The secret of this is, we turn our stock over at prices that cannot help but sell itself. Those small profits and quick returns are what tell, besides our stock being so much larger than other dealers, gives the public something to select from, and knowing that to keep up the trade to its usual standard, we must cut prices. This we have done and the result has been beyond our expectations; our trade is increasing every day. Other dealers still clinging to the old foggy style of doing business, pile up the profits and keep the goods piled up from one season to another until they become so shop-worn that people will not have them at any price.

We care not for Profits.
 Come to us for CLOTHING, Boots & Shoes, Come to us for your HATS & CAPS.
HIMMELHOCH & LEWENBERG.
 Come to us for your FURNISHING GOODS.

NOVESTA NUGGETS.
 (Crowded from last issue.)
 Harvest is a thing of the past—in Novesta.
 Chas. H. Hardy swings a yankee notion—a large title for so small a man.

Another large bear was seen a half mile south of Houghton's mill, last Friday.
 The chances are that there will be some dry weather, unless it rains soon in—Novesta
 After a two years sojourn in Chicago, Alex. Dickson returns home, expected this week.
 Mrs. Loduna Parker leaves this week for Lansing to join her husband, who has bought a farm in that section.

L. D. Snyder shot at a large bear Saturday morning, but having nothing but fine shot he had to give up the contest and let bearie go.
 O. A. Briggs and J. C. Laing honored Novesta by passing through to Lapeer on Saturday, and returning Sunday. We saw them on their trip looking rather dejected after these long rides through the sand.

EVERGREEN ECHOS
 Evergreen, August 1st, 1882.
 (Too late for last week.)
 It rains at last.
 Wheat is all cut in this vicinity.
 Mrs. Joshua Sharrard is sick, chills and fever being the complaint.

Mr. Sharrard has gone to Deanville to see his father who is sick.
 John Proctor has a fine lot of hay and it has been put up in good shape.

Grand Combination
HOT WEATHER, THIN CLOTHING,
LOW PRICES.
Every Dept. complete at the Boston Clothing and Boot & Shoe House.
 It is wondered at how it is that we are continually doing business while others complain that it is dull on account of the backward season. The secret of this is, we turn our stock over at prices that cannot help but sell itself. Those small profits and

THE CASS CITY ENTERPRISE

BERRY BROS., Publishers.

CASS CITY, MICH.

A MICHIGANER VICTIMIZED.

J. L. Stevens, Alias J. W. Wilson & Co., Under Arrest

A motion was made before Judge Arnoux in the Superior Court Chambers on Wednesday to vacate an order of arrest against J. L. Stevens, whereby Stevens is held to answer a charge of fraud preferred against him by Francis R. Lewis, of Flint, Mich. Mr. Lewis is a manufacturer of straw boards used in making paper boxes. He got an order to ship a car load of his goods, price, \$684, to J. W. Wilson & Co. at 40 Broadway, this city, and not knowing the firm he consulted a commercial agency as to its commercial standing, but did not give street or number. The agency rated the firm J. W. Wilson & Co. as first class; and so the Flint man filled the order purporting to come from that firm without any misgiving. He subsequently wrote some letters relating to the transaction to the same address, but they returned to him by the postoffice authorities with an intimation by Postmaster Pearson, of New York, that he "had reason to believe that the firm so addressed was fictitious."

The Michigan man opened his eyes and began to think he had been victimized. He instituted an investigation, the result of which was the discovery that there is indeed a firm of the name of J. W. Wilson & Co., of the highest possible standing and credit in New York City, but that the address is 27 Beaver street, not 40 Broadway. Moreover, he discovered that this firm did a commission business which might be mistaken for the kind described in the printed circulars of the one claiming to be its business in wheat, grain, alcohol, wool, English chemicals, etc. The Beaver street firm does a commission business chiefly in agricultural products from Mexico.

On the strength of this discovery the Flint man hunted up Stevens as the party who had addressed him under the name of J. W. Wilson & Co., and had him arrested. This was the arrest which it was sought to set aside. An elaborate argument was made by ex-Judge Dittenhofer to show that there was really no fraud—nothing to prevent Stevens individually or with others calling himself J. W. Wilson & Co., and that the arrest could not be sustained. "We shall see on another occasion and in another court," said counsel, "if the autocrat of the postoffice, sitting in his private chamber, can order business correspondence to be arbitrarily interrupted. No wonder Stevens could not pay his bills when his letters, oftentimes containing remittances, were prevented from reaching him."

It was stated by counsel for Mr. Lewis that there were other similar charges against Stevens. Exception also was taken that his sureties had not justified. Judge Arnoux reserved decision.—*New York News.*

A Michigan Bear.

A little Michigan girl had a most exciting experience some time ago. Her father lives in the woods, where there are few clearings and people. One day he took the little girl on horseback with him for a little way, as he was starting to visit a neighbor, then put her down and told her to run home. She started, he rode away. But when he got home that night she was not there, and her mamma had not seen her. Then what a hunt they had. They found a bear's tracks, and never expected to see their little girl alive again. But the next day two men who joined in the search heard a voice calling; and going through the thick bushes toward a river, what do you think they found? On a log was the girl, while the bear was in the water, swimming away as fast as he could for the other side of the river. He had tried to cross the river on the log, carrying her, but when he heard the noise in the bushes he dropped her and jumped into the water. Strangest of all, the little girl was not hurt. The bear had scratched her a little, and torn her clothing in carrying her; but she said he had seemed very fond of her, brushed his face against her cheek, and put his arms around her and kept her warm through the night. It was plainly a case of love; but the little girl was glad enough to get back to her home, and her papa and mamma were gladder yet to have her there.—*Eze.*

Carlyle's Estimate of Webster.

Mr. Webster had spent a part of the previous summer in England. "I met him," said Carlyle, "the most remarkable man in appearance I ever saw—great, shaggy, taciturn—having the gift of silence, yet knowing how to talk—a great thing that, to know when to hold your tongue—evidently of great reserved power. I shouldn't like to fall into his claws when excited." Mr. Webster's daughter was married to Mr. Appleton during this visit to London. Carlyle alluded to this and went on: "If his daughter looks like his father she cannot be very handsome. Webster with a cap and bonnet would make a queer-looking lady"—saying this with a hearty burst of laughter at the oddity of the conception, and then added: "Webster conducted himself altogether as one would wish to have him and commanded universal respect."

Since the strike among the iron workers at Pittsburgh the Gazette of that city says they have lost \$2,000,000 in wages.

An English Critic on our Army.

Probably no army in the world ordinarily attracts so little attention, and none accordingly is favored with so little foreign criticism, as the army of the United States; and for this reason the article on this subject by Mr. Archibald Forbes, in the North American Review for August, has a certain freshness, while the wide campaigning experience of the well-known English war correspondent gives interest to his words.

The first fact that strikes this observer is the prodigious show of military bureaus in Washington, compared with any discoverable evidence of the existence of military forces. There is no War Department in the world, says Mr. Forbes, whose lodging can compare for spacious splendor with that palace near the White House in which the Secretary of War and the General have their headquarters.

"There is a district of that beautiful metropolis in which it seems that almost every second building is occupied by some branch or other of military or quasi-military administration. And if the number of civilian employees finding occupation (or salaries) in these various bureaus were to be taken as the criterion of the strength of the army in whose administration they are engaged, the assumption would be natural that the army of the United States is as the sands of the seashore for multitude. But Washington can show not even the hap'orth of army bread to all this quantity of administrative sack."

The mystified observer is, therefore, according to Mr. Forbes, tempted to settle upon the theory that the American army resembles a tadpole, in having a very big head and a very little body; but this conclusion seems improbable when he learns that there is army enough somewhere to cost the country \$40,000,000 a year. "He reflects that on an annual expenditure of only \$12,500,000 more, Germany maintains a standing army of 420,000 men, with the machinery for increasing that strength to 1,000,000 within a single week!"

It need hardly be said that, with so vast an expenditure on so few troops, enlisted men in the American service are found by Mr. Forbes to enjoy great advantages over those in the British in pay, rations, and other matters, while the officers appear to him singularly favored. "No army in the world," he declares, "presents to its soldiers and opportunities comparable to these which I have set forth." He is especially struck with the liberality of the pay:

"A Second Lieut in the American infantry commences on an annual income of \$1,400, increasing by ten per cent, annually for each five years' service in the same grade until an increase of forty per cent, has been reached. The corresponding pay in the British army is less than \$500 a year—barely enough to pay the mess bill. A Colonel in the American service draws an annual revenue of \$5,500, rising by quinquennial instalments to \$4,480. A Major-General has \$7,500. All these incomes are exclusive of quarters, fuel, and forage, on at least as liberal a scale as in the British army. There is no reason why the American officer, even of the junior ranks, cannot effect savings from his pay. Indeed, it has been told to me on good authority that when on service west of the Missouri, he cannot help saving unless he drinks or gambles."

"Its retired pay" is unique in the liberality of it. I do not ask the British boy subaltern, his health permanently shattered by a campaign in Ashantee or Afghanistan, to fancy himself the life possessor of a pension of £210 a year; or the grizzled Major, worn out by long and hard soldiering, to conceive his retirement on the comfortable income of £600 a year. Imagination can undergo only a certain strain. But what for the British officer would be an inconceivable chimera, is for the American officer a pleasant, matter-of-fact reality."

It is worth while, not only for the officers and men of the army, but for congressmen who are called upon to legislate annually for the maintenance of the military establishment, to see how an English observer, whose acquaintance with modern military services has gone far beyond that of his own country, regards the provisions for this purpose made in the United States.

On the other hand, Mr. Forbes points out what some may consider drawbacks to service in this country as compared with other countries. There are fewer sinecures. Again, with Uncle Sam, "merit and success are synonymous; failure spells incompetence," and this assertion Mr. Forbes illustrates from the history of the civil war, "strewn with a litter of commanders who ceased to command for the simple reason that they did not succeed." A British officer, on the contrary, always gets something advantageous out of having held a command, whether he fails or succeeds; he frequently is promoted, he always is decorated. Finally, with the three exceptions of Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan, the chief commanders of our war received nothing comparable with the honors and pecuniary favors lavished upon British officers for less illustrious services. Mr. Forbes contrasts the scantiness of the rewards given to Meade and Hancock with those heaped on Sir Garnet Wolseley; he finds Warren, Parke, and Gilmore, corps commanders nearly twenty years ago, now Lieutenant-Colonels; he discovers one Lieutenant in the Third Infantry whose brevet as Brigadier-General was dated seventeen years ago; he sees that Lieut. F. V. Greene, who wrote "the standard history of the Russo-Turkish war, the text book of that war to every student of the art military," is still plodding along in the rank he held before he left the country to watch the Russian campaign; and of the veteran Philip St. George Cooke,

who was retired in 1873 as a Brigadier-General, he says that in the British army this officer would have been a Field Marshal.

As to the condition and general efficiency of our army, Mr. Forbes seems to have been chiefly impressed with the sacrifice of polish and trimness to utility. A detachment of American cavalry on the march might, he thinks, bear to the European a suspicious resemblance to banditti. The infantry "wears neither stock nor standing collar; it has the helmet for hot weather, and its boots are susceptible of improvement." But he finds that what at first appears slovenly almost always turns out to be serviceable.

One impression left upon the reader of this article is that the American officer and soldier are better off than they are sometimes said to be during debates in congress on the annual army appropriation bill. Another impression is that the smallness of the United States army is its glory, and that if it were still smaller its glory would be greater.

A regular army of ten thousand men, officers included, is quite enough for all the purposes of this republic.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Glimpse at British Columbia.

British Columbia hangs on to Canada, which is 4,000 miles distant, and Canada hangs on to England, 3,000 miles further off; thus this little wilderness community on the North Pacific Coast is a dependency—a colony of a colony—a grand daughter, one might say, of the great nation from which it is identified with the United States; but its political relations run through Ottawa to London. The only way it has of reaching the world is by steamers to San Francisco and the Puget Sound ports; but its commerce is regulated by tariff laws passed in Canada, and it is forced by high duties to buy its goods in Montreal and Toronto, and bring them through the whole breadth of the United States.

Nominally, or rather officially, the population of the province is 43,000; that is to say, it draws annually from the Dominion treasury \$1 per capita for 43,000 people, under the terms of union adopted in 1871; but that figure is hypothetical. A competent authority, not inflated by local patriotism, assures me that there are not more than 24,000 white inhabitants in the province, about half of whom live on Vancouver's Island, and the remainder on the mainland. The Indians, of whom there may be 30,000, should be counted, however, as of some value to the body-politic, for they are self-sustaining, working at various avocations, and bringing to market the furs of the sea-otter, the arctic fox, the mink and the beaver. I have seen here single otter skins worth \$150, and fox skins valued at \$100 apiece. People who manage to pick up a living and make such valuable contributions to commerce as these beautiful furs are not exactly cumberers of the ground, if their complexions are rather off-color. At present there are nearly 10,000 Chinamen in the province, a flood of Mongolian invasion having poured in of late to meet the demand for labor on the Canadian Pacific railroad. Most of these people will manage to cross the line into the United States when the road is built, in spite of laws of Congress. There will be nothing more for them to do in the British Northwest, and they will make their way to American labor markets over mountain trails not watched by custom-house officials. Their arrival by the shipload has brought the Chinese question into the politics of the province. Public opinion is just as decided and as one-sided as in California on the unwisdom of keeping open doors for hordes of pig-tailed pagans, but nothing can be done to shut out these undesirable immigrants, except through the action of the far-away Dominion Parliament. The only consolation the white people find under the circumstances is in the belief that John will take himself off to the States as soon as his job on the railroad is ended.

Including both Chinese and Indians, there would seem to be a scanty population to support a Government having substantially the same functions as the American State Government. Curious to know the financial basis on which the province stands, I went down this morning to the bit of park in which stands the group of pretty low red-brick and timber buildings whence official authority emanates. They look like annexes to a World's Fair. There is a Legislative Hall for the single law-making body, an Executive building, a Supreme Court edifice, a Printing Office, a Land Office and an Armory, representing altogether perhaps \$100,000 of expenditure. The officials, though evidently surprised at the invasion of a Yankee journalist, were very courteous in furnishing information. According to the balance sheet they exhibited the total cost of carrying on the Provincial Government during the last fiscal year, including salaries, interest on public debt, schools, hospitals, charities and public works, was \$37,800, a moderate sum, certainly, but nevertheless a heavy tax on the less than 60,000 people of all sorts, white, yellow and red. On the revenue side of the account, however, appear various items obtained from Canada under the agreement which persuaded the reluctant province to join the Federation—an interest payment of \$25,000, a direct subsidy of \$35,000, a per capita grant of \$48,000, and an allowance for public lands to be given the railroad of \$100,000; making a total of \$208,000—considerably more than half of the whole expense account.—*Cor. N. Y. Tribune.*

An orchestra of converted Chinamen in Chicago volunteered a concert to help a Methodist Church out of debt. The profits were \$260, and the musicians refused to accept even their car fare.

Alexandria a Beautiful City.

The destruction of so fair a city is terrible to think of in its details. It was a town so built that destruction was a comparatively easy task. All the European houses lay together on the eastern, or rather southeastern, side of the city (not far from the sea). The great square was almost the beginning of the Frank quarter. This square known as place Mehemet Ali, was in the form of a parallelogram, of which the long sides lay parallel to the sea. The hotels and consulates were all in it, or close by it. The French Consulate and the hotel d'Europe were big blocks on either side, while the International Tribunals occupied the whole of the eastern end. The English Church, with the huge pile of offices known as St. Mark's buildings which were built on the English Church property and paid an aggregate rent of £4,000 a year, occupied nearly one-half of the sea side.

Further out still to the east, four miles along the seacoast, lies the Brighton of Alexandria, where the English all resided—Ramlah. It is a scattered suburb a mile long, full of pretty villas, some of them most lordly pleasure houses, all enjoying the view of the sea and desert, and in easy communication with the city by means of a small passenger railway, which was managed by an English company. Three weeks ago Ramlah was as silent and lonely as a cemetery; but every house was full of furniture and pictures and all the curiosities of the Levant which English people love to collect.

Such is the European quarter, whose smouldering ruins are now being traversed by exploration parties from the fleet. Every house was left ready for reoccupation when its refugee owner returned. Bedouin servants guarded the Ramlah houses, Arab servants remained to protect those in town. All the banks were fortunately, without any exception, persuaded to abandon their first intention of converting their establishments into small fortifications. The barricades, the underground chambers, the sand-bag concealment of strong boxes were all thought foolish while there were ships of refuge in the harbor, and, consequently, three weeks ago everything was shipped by the banks that was of value. All the principal merchants followed this example, and the consulates adopted, as far as possible, the same plan.

In any case, the destruction of property must have been very great. A vast city, whose streets were lined with noble mansions, has been reduced to ashes. The loss, immense as it is to the owners, can have little benefited the plunderers. Arab thieves would profit very little by European furniture in a place where there was no organization of receivers of stolen goods. Cash they would not find. Goods had all been shipped long ago. Even the shops contained very little stock. The destruction would benefit nobody, not even the destroyers.

SOURCE OF FUTURE LITIGATION.

One result is certain to come out of this awful disaster. A long series of claims will be made against Egypt for the loss of property. Even before their departure, in all the hurry of the exodus, all European owners of either house or furniture, made a statement of what he owned and lodged it at his consulate. Many, even, who had not insured before went so far as to insure their goods and chattels, not because they thought the companies would indemnify them from loss at the hands of a mob, but because they would have an additional proof of what they held to be the value of their property. Poor Egypt has a melancholly future before her in many ways.—*London Times.*

Negro Superstitions.

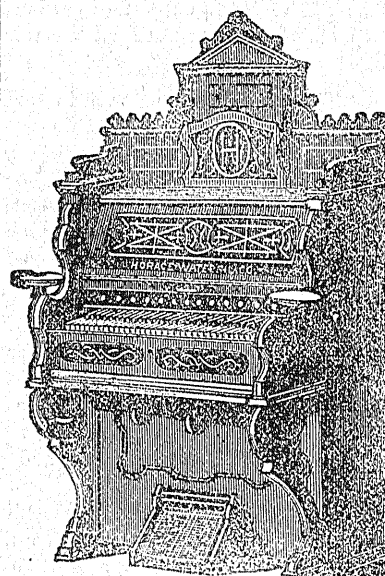
Savage African beliefs or superstitions, as to the interference of supernatural powers in the affairs of human life prevail everywhere among the negroes of the South to an extent which Northern people would scarcely imagine without special study of the subject. This is not to be wondered at when we observe how largely prehistoric forms of thought survive even in cultivated Northern communities. I think there are no negroes, perhaps, except the few educated young men, who are free from the influences of the general belief in signs, charms, dreams, spells and magical incantations. Nearly every neighborhood has an old man or woman who possesses unearthly powers, and who is constantly consulted and appealed to for assistance in connection with love affairs and the quarrels of the colored people, and in cases of protracted or mysterious sickness. The belief in the power of the evil eye is nearly universal, as is the notion that persons, domestic animals, wells and particular places can be "tricked"—that is, have a curse or malign spell put upon them—by anybody who knows the "charm" or method of procedure which will produce such a result. A nail driven into the ground, with certain magical preliminaries and accompaniments, is a potent means of dire injuries and re-venge. In matters of love, courtship and marriage the negroes are usually extremely jealous and suspicious, and magical arts are commonly invoked to secure affection, to alienate those who are already attached to each other, and protect aggressors from detection or punishment. There are various spells of formula for such purposes. They usually include the use of a scrap of some article of clothing which has been worn by the person who is to be tricked or a shred of his hair, a piece of a finger-nail or toe nail, or even some dust from his shoes. A volume might be written on the beliefs of the colored people regarding the supernatural, and on this department of their folk-lore, and the subject would probably as well repay attention as the ideas and race characteristics of savage tribes in distant parts of the world.—*Atlantic.*

Of Bhul.

The famous cabinet-maker whose name has been a household word during the last week or two, Bhul—or Boule, to be quite correct—was born in Paris in 1642. He was the son of a cabinet-maker, but if he had followed his own bent he would have become a painter, and only adopted the line in life which was to make him famous at the urgent desire of his father, who wished him to become his successor. Not much is known of his early life, but the fact that he was lodged in the Louvre as the protégé of Louis XIV., with carte blanche to carry out his ideas for the decoration of the King's palace by the time he was thirty years of age, shows that his artistic abilities must have developed themselves at an early age. From this time commissions for work poured in upon the young cabinet-maker altogether beyond his power to execute, and he might have been wealthy. As a matter of fact, however, we are told he was constantly in pecuniary difficulty. This appears to have been owing to his passion for rare prints and drawings, for the purchase of which he raised money in every direction. He had at one time a collection considered to have been one of the most complete and interesting in existence. Unfortunately a fire broke out and destroyed the greater part, to the intense grief of the owner. Over £15,000 his losses were estimated at—a sum which, of course, a couple of hundred years ago was very large. Boule seems to have lived in the Louvre for half a century. He died there at the age of eighty-two and was buried in the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, leaving behind him two sons, one of whom, having been employed in the Sevres manufactory, was the first to introduce the use of porcelain into furniture.—*London Builder.*

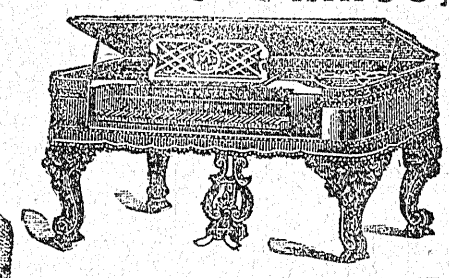
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THE IMPENDING FATE.

An Interesting Chapter From the Life of a Prominent Bostonian.

(Boston Globe.)

The readers of this paper were more or less amazed at a most remarkable statement from one of our leading citizens which appeared in yesterday's issue. So unusual were the circumstances connected with it, and so much comment did it occasion on the street and in social circles, that a representative of this paper was commissioned to investigate its details and verify its facts.

The article referred to was a statement made by Mr. B. F. Larrabee of the New York and Boston Dispatch Express Company, whose office is on Arch street. Mr. Larrabee was found by the newspaper man in his private office, and on being questioned, said:

"Well, sir, logically I have been dead, but really I am as you can see me. A little over a year ago I was taken sick. My trouble was not severe at first and I thought it was the result of a slight cold. Somehow I felt unaccountably tired at times, although I took an abundance of sleep. Then, again, I had dull and strange pains in various parts of my body. My appetite was good one day and I had none whatever the next, and my head pained me more or less much of the time. A while afterward I noticed much that was peculiar about the fluids I was passing, and that a sediment, scum and a strange accumulation appeared in it. Still I did not realize that these things meant anything serious, and I allowed the illness to run along until on the 28th day of October I fell prostrate while walking along Tremont street. I was carried home and did not go out of the house until the middle of December. I then went down town and attempted to attend to my business until the 13th of last January, when I was taken with a very severe relapse. My symptoms were terrible. I was fearfully bloated; I suffered severe pains in all parts of my body, and it was almost impossible to get my breath. For six days I never laid down and never slept. I was constantly attended by my regular physician, Doctor Johnson, and Dr. Bowditch also came to see me nearly every day. There was no doubt that I was suffering from Bright's disease of the kidneys in its worst form and last stages, accompanied by other troubles in my liver and heart. In spite, however, of the skill of the physicians, I kept growing worse, and finally they tapped my side in the vicinity of the heart, taking away forty-six ounces of water. This relieved me for the time, but I soon became as bad as before. Then the doctor gave me up entirely, declared I could not live more than 24 hours, and my daughter, who was residing in Paris, was telegraphed for. Still I lingered along for several weeks, far more dead than alive, but never giving up hope. One night—it was the 20th of April, I very well remember—my attendant, who was reading the paper to me, began an article which described my disease and sufferings exactly. It told how some severe cases of Bright's disease had been cured, and so clearly and sensibly did it state the case that I determined to try the means of cure which it described. So I sent my man to the drug store, procured a bottle of the medicine, unknown to my physicians and friends, and took the first dose at ten o'clock. At that time I was suffering intensely. I could not sleep; I had the short breaths, and could scarcely get any air into my lungs. I was terribly bloated from head to foot, and the motion of my heart was irregular and painful. The next morning I was able to breathe freely; the pain began to leave me and the bloating decreased. I continued to take the medicine, and to-day, sir, I am as well as I ever was in my life, and wholly owing to the wonderful, almost miraculous power of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. I do not know what this medicine is made of, or anything else about it, but I know it saved my life when I was given up by the doctors and had really been dead for weeks; that it has kept me in perfect health ever since, and has cured many of my friends to whom I have recommended it. There are a number of very remarkable cases in Lynn and Salem, as well as in this city, that it has cured. My recovery is so remarkable that it has excited much attention, and physicians, as well as others, have investigated it thoroughly. I am glad that they have, for I feel that the results of such a wonderful cure should be known to the thousands in all parts of the land who are suffering from troubles of the kidneys, liver or heart, in some of their many dangerous forms."

The representative of the press thanked Mr. Larrabee for his very frank and clear statement, and was about to leave the office when a gentleman stepped up to him and inquired if he was seeking information about Mr. Larrabee's sickness and recovery. The scribe replied that he was, whereupon the gentleman said:

"And so am I, and I have come all the way from Chicago for that very purpose. Kidney troubles seem to be alarmingly increasing all over the country, and I have a very near relative who is afflicted much as Mr. Larrabee was. I have been to see the physicians of whom Mr. Larrabee speaks, and I tell you, sir, it is simply wonderful."

"What did they say?" asked the man of news.

"Say! why, sir, they fully confirm everything Mr. Larrabee has stated. I went to see Dr. D. A. Johnson, at 20 Worcester street. He was absent when I called, and so I stepped into the Common-wealth hotel, where Mr. Larrabee was living at the time of his sickness. Messrs. Brugh & Carter are the proprietors, and I asked them about Mr. Larrabee's case. Mr. Brugh pointed to the electric annunciator and said

"why for weeks and weeks every time that bell rang I said: That means, the death of Mr. Larrabee. No one around the hotel ever dreamed that he would recover and when the doctors would come down from his room they would shake their heads and say there was no hope. The arrangements for the funeral were made and his recovery was simply a miracle."

I then called on Dr. Johnson who said that Mr. Larrabee's case was a very remarkable one. He was his family physician and expected his death every hour for a number of weeks and never called to see him during that time, but he was prepared for it. The doctor said the recovery was due to Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, and if he had friends, male or female, troubled with Albumen or any kidney troubles he should certainly advise them to use this remedy. Dr. Johnson said kidney difficulties are more common than most people think and that many symptoms which are supposed to be other diseases arise from the kidneys. He said that ladies after gestation are specially subject to albuminous troubles which require prompt attention.

Well, I then came down and called on Dr. H. Ingersoll Bowditch on Boylston street. The old doctor was inclined to be reticent but fully confirmed all I had previously learned. He had attended Mr. Larrabee, and supported him beyond all hope and he was afterwards restored, as he said, by Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

I next went to see Dr. Melville E. Webb, at the Hotel Cluny, for you see I was determined to be thorough in the matter. I found Dr. Webb a most clear-headed and well-informed gentleman and he said:

"I know of Mr. Larrabee's case from having thoroughly investigated it as a medical director of a Life Insurance company, and it is one of the most remarkable cases I have ever met. Mr. Larrabee had all the manifestations of a complication of diseases, and in their worst forms. He had albumen and casts in the urine, and a terribly diseased liver and spleen. Indeed, he was so bad that he threw himself upon the floor, and with his head upon a hassock, struggled for breath. It was on the night when he was so bad and when all his medical advisers had long given him up that he began using Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. The next morning at 10 o'clock he was able to breathe freely, and has been ever since. I subjected him to the most thorough examination possible, after his recovery, and I can't find out about him. His kidneys, liver, lungs and heart are perfectly well and sound. I can only add that, from what I have seen, I would unhesitatingly recommend this remedy."

The conclusions from the statements above made which come to the newspaper man as well as the general public, must be two-fold. First that a modern miracle of healing has been performed in our midst, and that, too, by the simplest means and one which is within the reach of every one. It should be remembered that Bright's disease is not usually a sudden complaint. Its beginnings are slight and its growth slow. The symptoms by which it may be detected are different with different persons, no two people usually having the same. This fact was manifest in the case of Mr. Larrabee, and he had no idea of the terrible complaint which had attacked him until it became fixed upon him. Secondly, testimonials of such high character and so outspoken in tone, conclusively prove the value of the remedy and its superior nature to the proprietary articles with which the public have been flooded.

"The greater includes the less," and the remedy which has been proven so valuable and has saved a life after it was brought down to death's door, must unquestionably be certain in all minor troubles which are so disastrous unless taken in time.

Trembling on the Brink.

"My darling papa!" As she spoke these words to her father, the only father she had in the wide, wide world, Myrtle Hathaway placed about his neck a pair of dimpled white arms, and looked into his face with a trusting, I-would-be-seven-to-three-on-you look, that told more eloquently than could any words of the deep love she bore him.

Bending over his daughter and kissing her tenderly where the Bloom of Youth was thickest, Mr. Hathaway seated himself on a fauteuil, the girl kneeling by his side.

"Do you love me, very much, papa?" she asked, smoothing with her soft white hands the bronzed forehead over which the furrows of time were beginning to spread.

"Why, what a foolish question for my little one to ask," was the reply, and a kiss stopped the prattle of the pretty lips. "You know, my darling, the father continued, "that my whole life is wrapped up in yours; that your happiness is my joy, your disappointments my bitterest woes."

"And would you do anything to please me, papa?" "Of course I would, my child. Why do you ask such foolish questions?" "Then," said the girl, slowly, every word telling by its pathos of the earnestness with which it was spoken, "take me to the races, to-morrow."

Reaching silently around to his pistol pocket, Mr. Hathaway drew forth a quarter-stretch badge and placed it in his daughter's hand. The girl looked at it eagerly, gave a little cry of joy and kissed her father again.

Rising from the fauteuil, Mr. Hathaway went to the window and looked out upon the night. "God help me!" he said in husky tones, choking down a sob that was welling up from his supper, "I shall be broke to-morrow night, for there are two pacing races and a free-for-all trot on the programme.—Chicago Tribune.

Mr. Spoopendyke's Search.

"Oh, dear!" grunted Mrs. Spoopendyke, "I'm sure I'm going to die!" and the good woman flopped over in the bed and contemplated her husband with a pale face and a look of general debility. "You will be good to baby, won't you, dear?"

"Oh, ho!" returned Mr. Spoopendyke, pounding her tenderly on the head with his big hand. "You're all right. Bear up against it, and you'll be well in an hour or two. I've often had the cholera morbus, but you never see me give up like this. Where's the ginger?"

"I don't know," moaned Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Look on the top shelf of the closet. If it isn't there, try the bottom drawer of the wardrobe; or it may be in the pantry. Ow-w!" and Mrs. Spoopendyke doubled up and straightened out with a jerk.

"You can't remember any other Congressional district represented by that ginger, can you?" growled Mr. Spoopendyke, prowling around the room in an aimless but energetic fashion. "You don't call to mind a couple more roosting-places in which that ginger is to be found, do you? Where 'bout on the top shelf?" and Mr. Spoopendyke rattled around among the old bottles and empty pill-boxes. "Look here! I've found that court plaster I wanted day before yesterday!" and more than gratified with his find Mr. Spoopendyke utteredly forgot the original object of his search.

"You'll send baby to a good school, and see that she marries happily, dear?" growled Mrs. Spoopendyke, adapting a woman's style of hinting that the ginger would be acceptable. "And you'll bury me by mother?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Spoopendyke, immersed in the contemplation of the court plaster. "Where's the sheet of flesh color that was here?" he demanded. "I don't seem to detect the presence of that particular element of adhesion!" Where's the flesh-colored portion of this curative?" and Mr. Spoopendyke ran over the little squares again in a vain search for the piece he missed.

"Did you look in the wardrobe, love?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, faintly. "It isn't here!" growled Mr. Spoopendyke, raking over the contents of the drawer and turning them over with his foot. "What—?" Upon my word! you're a pretty woman! I thought you said that old razor strap of mine was lost when we moved. Here it is as big as life and twice as dirty. Glad I found that strap," mumbled Mr. Spoopendyke, rubbing it tenderly and blowing off the dust. "Got a piece of cloth?"

"Oh, do look in the pantry!" pleaded Mrs. Spoopendyke. "I'm sure it's in the pantry!"

Mr. Spoopendyke charged on the pantry like a column of horse and hustled around and bumped his head, but didn't seem to meet with much success.

"I don't see any," he muttered. "Don't you know where you keep your cloth? I s'pose I might stand around here till doomsday, while moths corrode and thieves do break into this razor strap and steal the whole business, without finding a piece of cloth to wipe it on. Haven't ye got an old skirt or something?" And Mr. Spoopendyke drew the strap under his arm two or three times and regarded it affectionately.

"Oh, please find the ginger!" squealed Mrs. Spoopendyke, as another spasm caught her. "Never mind your old strap! Find the ginger!"

"Ain't I looking for it?" retorted Mr. Spoopendyke. "Here's a cork, and the bottle can't be far off. When I find that bottle I'll have a clue to the ginger, and I'm going to follow it to the bitter end. You ought to save these corks anyway when I go fishing. What kind of a looking bottle was it?"

"It was long and narrow," replied Mrs. Spoopendyke, almost in despair.

"I ought to find it from that description," muttered Mr. Spoopendyke. "Most bottles are perfectly round. Here's the amica bottle upside down, and I told you to keep it filled. I might knock my elbow into the next Presbyterian General Assembly, and I'd have to wait all day before I could get a drop of amica to soothe my anguish! What's this straw hat of mine doing in the bottle box, anyhow? What particular malady did this hat have that suggested such a disposition of it?"

And Mr. Spoopendyke smoothed out the crown and squinted with one eye while he straightened the brim. "That's a good hat, yet," and he put it on and regarded himself in the glass. You wanted some ginger, didn't you! Where is it? Where'd you put it?"

Mrs. Spoopendyke arose from the bed, pale but firm, and stalking across the room seized the bottle and flounced back into bed with a bump that showed she was mad. There is nothing on earth that will so express a woman's wrath as that one dive among the sheets.

"Getting better, ain't ye?" snorted Mr. Spoopendyke. "I told ye the cholera morbus didn't last long. Where's that razor strap? What'd ye do with that strap?"

Mrs. Spoopendyke eyed him, but made no response.

"Point out to me the present address of that strap!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke. "Take this finger and lay it tenderly on the home and country of that strap!" and Mr. Spoopendyke whirled around like a grindstone and filled the air with bottles and boxes, and powders and pills. "Come out of the jungle and face me!" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke apostrophizing the strap which he remembered having in his hand but a moment before. "Show me to the strap! Take that strap by the ear and lead it before Spoopendyke in proper person!" and the enraged gentleman thrust his foot through the crown of his hat and drew the wreck up to his hip.

"What's that sticking out of your breast pocket?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, scraping off internal applications of an assortment of drugs.

"Umph!" grunted Mr. Spoopendyke, drawing out the strap. "Found it, didn't ye? Another time you let things alone, will ye? Made me spoil my straw hat with your nonsense! Another time you want anything you just stand back and let me search! Y' understand?"

"Yes, dear," murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke, and as her husband left the room she took a consoling swig at the ginger bottle and reflected that he hadn't enjoyed the attack of cholera morbus much more than she had.—Brooklyn Eagle.

An Exemplification.

He was one of those opinionated men who are especially pleased to express their views in public places, the conversation had turned upon a recent bold robbery, and he had just fixed the attention of all the passengers in the car upon a demure-looking young man who sat next to him, by addressing him sotto voice: "Now I'm a detective and you stole that money."

As a matter of fact, the young man had not stolen anything, nor was the older man accusing him. He was simply about to explain to the unsophisticated youth how detectives operate in running down a criminal. He was playing detective and had cast the young man as the thief, just for instance, you know, and, warming to his subject, feeling that he had his illustration splendidly in hand, the old man settled right down to business.

"You stole that money," he repeated, "and I'll show you how easily you tripped yourself up."

Everybody in the car became intensely interested.

"Last evening," continued the old man, "a person answering your description was observed by several parties to pass and re-pass the scene of the robbery."

Here the lady who sat next the young man left her seat and stood up in the far end of the car.

"Footprints made by boots exactly of your size were discovered in the yard and on the roof of the veranda, whereby your entrance was effected, and a piece of the very goods from which your clothes are made had been torn out and was found adhering to a sharp point of the iron work."

About this time the young man became conscious that he had for some reason been singled out by the passengers as an object of great interest, and it suddenly occurred to him that they might think the old man's remarks were personal to himself. He endeavored to get in a word or two, but the old man would brook no interruption.

"But that is not all," he went on; "a servant girl discovered your presence, the alarm was given, a shot fired at your retreating figure which penetrated your hat."

Here the passengers noticed a pair of clean cut holes in the young man's hat. The evidence was complete. Murmurs of "What a pity!" "So young, too!" "The little scoundrel!" greeted the young man's ears.

Crimson and speechless, in his mortification he fled the car, followed by all the passengers but the old man.

"Going to let him get away?" asked the conductor.

"Yes," responded the old man, keeping up the joke; "I pity the poor boy." "Well, you'll have to pay his fare, then. I didn't get it."

And that's where the joke turned on the old man.—Cincinnati Saturday Night.

Times Soliloquy.

Old, call you me? Ay, when the corner-stone of the universe was laid I was on deck. Before the first circus joke had shot athwart the morn, I was there. When the morning stars sang together I might have been seen with my new hour-glass and crude mowing machine, taking it all in.

Amid the boom and verdure of paradise I gazed upon the new world radiant with celestial smiles. Ere the foot of man had trod the velvet green of the new earth, and before the range had been all fed down like a base ball ground, I was there.

I am the oldest inhabitant. The song of the lark and the twitter of the guinea hen were first heard by me. When Adam opened out for himself and pre-empted the Garden of Eden, I was on hand. When Noah rounded up his stock and built his boat, I was there.

I saw Babylon, Assyria, Palmyra and Cheyenne rise, flourish and bust. Nero, Pontius Pilate and Susan B. Anthony entered upon the great stage of action during my life-time. The ruins of Balbec and Nineveh were once proud structures. I saw them in their rise and fall. I control the fate of empires and ward caucuses. I give them their glory and splendor and then bust them in the snoot. Sooner or later I gather them in with my lawn mower and plant them in the sweet remotely. I spread silken tresses on the brow of beauty and polish the dome of the man on the front seat at the "Black Crook." I paint the blush of beauty on the cheek of the school-ma'am and encourage the sickly fuzz on the upper lip of the bilious masher.

I mature the giant oak that grows for centuries, as well as the cucumber that matures in two weeks. I pile up the salary of the newspaper nabob and accumulate interest on the twenty-four per cent note.

I bring around the fall elections and the silver wedding with its dollar-store casters and seventy-five cent butter dishes. I plant the false teeth in the mouth of the venerable and scatter sciatica and sadness wherever I go. Young and beautiful or old and wheezy, I put the kibash on them all.—Boomerang.

Shooting a Frog.

A gentleman from Hartwell, Ga., sent on to the Great Western gun works and purchased a small parlor rifle, with 1,000 cartridges of the smallest size, the bullet being about the size of a duck shot. He went over to Benson's mill pond frog hunting, and found a very large frog of the masculine gender sitting on a stump just above the water. He shot twenty-seven times at him, when his frogship lost his balance and dropped into shallow water. Upon taking the frog out it was found that he had swallowed twenty-six of the bullets, catching them in his mouth, supposing them to be flies. When he went to move, the weight of the lead carried him overboard, and when taken out was not dead but awful sullen. Western guns work frogs very slowly in this section. You need not believe this tale if you can't swallow a whale.—Hartwell (Ga.) Sun.

A young woman in New York drank four glasses of soda water in succession, and still did not have to call a physician.—Boston Bulletin.

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American Manners.

While American manners are doubtless susceptible of much improvement, they are not nearly so black as they are frequently painted by foreign fools and native snobs. If by good manners are meant "the small sweet courtesies of life," then ours will bear comparison with the foreign article. An American may not bow as gracefully as a Frenchman, but he will sacrifice quite as much personal convenience and comfort for a stranger as the Frenchman—perhaps more. An American may not be as elegant at a dinner party as an Englishman, but he will not ride half a day in a railway car without speaking to the fellow-passenger at his elbow, as the Englishman will. A lady—whether young or old, pretty or plain—may travel from Boston to San Francisco without an escort, and receive all the needed attentions from men whom she never saw before and will never see again. Would the same lady be equally fortunate in a trip from London to Paris, or Paris to Rome? In our street-cars a laboring man, wearied out with the day's toil, will give his seat to any woman who may be in many European gentlemen would do as much? There is more chivalric respect shown to women in America than anywhere else on earth, and such respect is inconsistent with intense "vulgarity of manners."

In drawing-room accomplishments and the graces of the dancing master, and in those indescribable products of high breeding found in the circles of hereditary aristocracy, America must now—and always, perhaps—yield the palm to Europe; but in genuine courtesy, unaffected and unselfish politeness, disposition to accommodate, readiness to go out of one's way to help others—Europe has much to learn from America. Our manners are "in the rough" and need polishing; but the material of which they are made is gold, not pinchbeck. Vulgar manners are bad, but artificial worse. Let us hope and believe that by diligent minding of our own business and making the best of ourselves without servile copying of European models, we shall some day reach a point in education, manners and morals which will meet the demands of the most fastidious taste, foreign or domestic.—*St. Louis Republican.*

A Husband's Preparations.

The other morning when a Detroitier seated his wife in a car on the Michigan Central to make the journey to Chicago alone he took a look around him and said to her:

"Now, love, if you want the window raised, here are a dozen gentlemen who will break their necks to accommodate you."

"Yes, dear."
"If you feel lonesome and want somebody to talk with about affairs in Egypt, Noah's ark, or the ice period, don't hesitate to call upon any of these gentlemen."

"I understand."
"You won't know enough to leave the car at noon and get your dinner, and you had better ask some of them to accompany you. If they offer to pay for your meal don't be squeamish about it."

"Of course not."
"You may want to read to pass away time. If so, any of these gentlemen will be only too happy to purchase you half a bushel of the latest books and magazines. Be careful to save 'em for me to read when you get home."
"I'll be certain, love!"

"And you can say to them that we have been married four years; we do not live happily together; that I am a domestic tyrant; you have strong thoughts of procuring a divorce; you feel that you could love the right sort of a husband; you like oranges and peanuts; you are innocent and confiding; you have never traveled; you are afraid of getting lost in Chicago, and you will be ever so much obliged to any one who will get you a hack, see to your trunk, and pay all the expense. Good-bye, love."
"Good-bye, dear!"

And wasn't it strange that not one single man in that car spoke to that lady in a ride of three hundred miles?—*Detroit Free Press.*

Ravines and Knolls Upon the Farm.

In opening up a new farm, many of the conveniences so needed in the various movements on the premises can be secured by taking advantage of the irregularities in the surface. If however, all the ground around the buildings is a dead level, then no fact on the part of the owner will avail, because there are no natural advantages to be utilized. Where there is a ravine, or if the land is in places rocky, there is liable to be a miniature bluff. In or near this formation it is not unusual to find a spring. Whether there is a spring or not there will at least be good drainage; and while such surface as we refer to is pretty much valueless if enclosed within a tilled field, it is as yarding ground for swine or sheep far more valuable than the best level surface upon the farm. For poultry yards, also, it is available, and whatever character of small stock it is devoted to, will be benefited by the natural drainage, as well as by the fact that the various exposures afford places of retreat from the wind when this comes from cold quarters.

In so far as such land affords surface on which to grow grass, this can be turned to good account, for either class of stock referred to, provided the enclosure is large enough to insure the preservation of this from being trodden out by the stock. Such locations afford excellent sites for the small buildings or sheds required for shelter; and these can quite generally be given a southern exposure, in a degree secure from cold winds. The French farmers, as well as others where the vine receives great attention, know full well the high value of these broken places, as upon these the grapes and certain vegetables grow to perfection.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

"Here is the last of old Ira Fletcher," said a middle-aged man, as he sat down on the steps of the Methodist Church at East Greenwich, R. I., and shot himself. Who Ira Fletcher was nobody knows.—*N. Y. Sun.*

"When Tennyson first went to live at Freshwater, Isle of Wight, it is said that the aristocracy of that small island would not call upon Mrs. Tennyson or upon him. He was only a poet, and a dingy, bearded, forbidding-looking animal; and probably did not take a sitting at church. When the Queen came to Osborne the first thing she did was to call at the Tennysons, and go in and sit half an hour. This flew over the island, and immediately "it snowed in his house" of visiting cards, which, rumor saith, he straightway and punctiliously returned to all the senders.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Arkansas now has a weekly paper called the Horse Shoe. Such a name ought to kick its way into the world.—*Detroit Post.*

ADVERTISE OFTEN.

ADVERTISE ALWAYS

ADVERTISE NOW.

Whether business is lively or dull, it

Always Pays to Advertise

THE RESULTS

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

ALWAYS POSITIVE.

DON'T LET DULL TIMES

DISCOURAGE YOU FROM ADVERTISING.

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

Advertising in a Good Newspaper

IS LIKE

Placing Your Sign

IN EVERYONE'S HOME.

IT IS A

CONSTANT REMINDER

To the reader that you are

"ALIVE AND KICKING."

DON'T TAKE OUT YOUR ADVERTISEMENT, THE REGULAR READER WILL MISS YOU, AND WILL EITHER FORGET YOU

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

Trying to do Business

WITHOUT ADVERTISING,

IS LIKE RUNNING A STORE WITH THE SHUTTERS ON.

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

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

THE WEEKLY

"ENTERPRISE"

NEVER ENJOYED SO

LARGE A CIRCULATION

AS NOW.

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

Notwithstanding which its advertising rates have not varied, while its

CIRCULATION HAS DOUBLED.

No pains will be spared to make

THE "ENTERPRISE"

A Welcome Visitor in Every Household.

—AND THE—

LOW RATE OF SUBSCRIPTION

Brings it within the reach of ALL.

GO TO SHOETTLE'S— Drug Store

—FOR—
DRUGS, MEDICINES,
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Fancy and Toilet Articles.

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

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

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Is running now and is doing all kinds of

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Horse Shoeing a Specialty.

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

Prices Moderate.

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R. A. LUTZE,
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Horse Shoeing and Custom Work a Specialty

AGENT FOR

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unfailing cure for Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhea, Impotency, and all diseases that follow as a consequence of Self-Abuse; as Loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude, Pain in the Back, Dizziness of Vision, Premature Old Age, and many other Diseases that lead to Insanity or Consumption, and a Premature Grave.

Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at \$1 per package, or six packages for \$5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by addressing

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AS CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST

TEAS, COFFEES, SPICES, and TOBACCOS a Specialty.

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Crockery, Glassware, Woodenware.

Best Market Price Paid For BUTTER and EGGS.

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

L. A. DEWITT,

PLANING MILL

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Manufacturer of Fine

MONUMENTS and TOMBSTONES,

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

BROWN & BENTLEY,

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

WORK DONE PROMPTLY AND SATISFACTORILY.

Special Attention Given to Horse-Shoeing.

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CASS CITY, MICH.

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Will occupy this space hereafter.