

CASS CITY ENTERPRISE

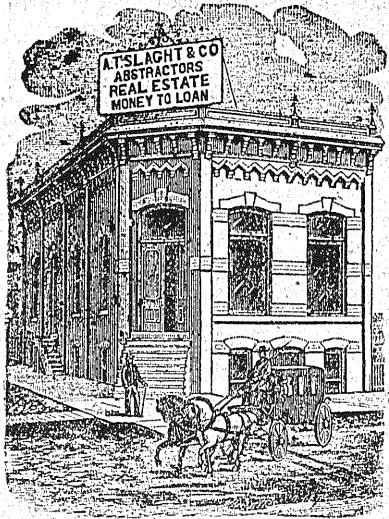
VOL. 7.--NO. 52.

CASS CITY, MICH., FRIDAY, JANUARY, 4, 1888.

WHOLE NO. 405

A. T. SLAGHT & CO., Abstracts of Title

To all Lands in Tuscola county.



MONEY

TO LOAN ON

FARM MORTGAGES.

IN SUMS FROM

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For long or short time.

Office across from Medier House,

CARO, - MICH.

DEFORD.

A Big Reduction.

5 PER CENT OFF

FOR CASH AT

FRUTCHEYS' STORE,

AT DEFORD.

Butter and Eggs Bought.

CENTRAL Meat Market.

SCHWADERER ROS., Prop'r.

Everything Fresh, Wholesome
and Inviting.

Cattle, Hogs and Sheep bought
for the Eastern Market.

CASH PAID FOR HIDES.

E. L. ROBINSON VETERINARY SURGEON.

CASS CITY, MICH.
Is prepared to treat the various diseases of
Horses, Cattle, etc. Charges moderate. Office
near residence one block south of the harness
shop.

CORRESPONDENCE

KINGSTON.

Miss Lou Ryckman has returned from Caro.

Miss May Payne is home from her school.

O. Harris has returned, bringing with him a wife.

Miss Ida Curtis returned from Oxford on Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Darcey of Mayville are visiting in town.

Miss Allie Curtis will commence her school on Wednesday.

Kingston merchants have struck the cash system, with a few exceptions.

Chas. Baker has got his blacksmith shop up and shingled. Good for Chas.

Several of our boys are home from the woods. They report no snow in northern Michigan.

Mrs. Booth and Miss Springstead have started a dressmaking shop and we wish them success.

J. E. Johnson of Mayville, formerly a resident of this village, was calling on his many friends here last Thursday.

Come again Jake, but don't shake so hard next time.

The Christmas tree at the Methodist church was a grand success. Every one was well pleased and all had a good time. The program was well carried out and all done credit to their share.

Music—By the school, "Welcome Christmas.

Prayer—J. W. Beach.

Music—The school, "Christmas Tidings.

Recitation—Elmer Colston.

Recitation—Ora Jarvis.

Recitation—Mary Hopkins.

Recitation—Bessie and King Beach.

An Acrostic—Infant Class.

Music—The School.

Dialogue—Two Girls, "Christmas."

Recitation—Miss Myrtle Jeffery, "The Child Wandering."

Song—Bible Class, "The Golden Bells."

Recitation—Anna Youngs, "The Voice of the Star."

Reading—Edith Jarvis.

Song—"The Golden Censer."

Recitation—Hattie Lumley, "A Glass of Cold Water."

Music—The School.

Recitation—Mora Best, "There is Danger in the Town."

Reading—Mrs. Roy.

Music—The School.

The Christmas entertainment at the Baptist church was a decided success. The tree presented a very fine appearance. The program was well rendered.

Song—"Christmas Bells."

Reading—The School.

Prayer—Superintendent.

Recitation—Mary Ealy.

Recitation—Herby Moyer.

Song—"Clinging around the Christmas tree."

Recitation—Eva Booth.

Reading—Pearl Randall.

Song—Nellie Legg, "We are all little branches."

Recitation—Ettie McCarrott.

Dialogue—"Stopping a Quarrel."

Song—The school.

Recitation—Emma Mathews.

Recitation—Eddie Payne.

Song—"My old cottage home."

Recitation—Harry Smith, "Christmas."

Recitation—Stella Moyer, "A whisper to old Santa Claus."

Recitation—"Why Santa is troubled."

Song—"Jesus was once a little child."

Recitation—Frank Moyer.

Concert Recitation—"Little Ladies."

WILMOT.

Did you pay your taxes?

Bert Beyerly from Caro was here on Monday.

Reid & Upthegrove run the livery and feed stable now.

We were favored with a lawsuit before Justice Hawkins.

The postoffice takes another move ere long; west this time.

A very little snow now would make it quite lively here now.

Winegar & Brown is the name of the new firm that was to be.

The Christmas tree here was quite a treat for the young folks.

R. B. Clark was at Caro on Saturday and Monday on business.

S. W. Smith, ex-senator from Pontiac, called here on Saturday.

Jas. McCallum has at last adopted the cash system in his store.

Enoch Hart waits on the ladies as if he was born to the business.

They come from the lake shore here to mill. How is that for Wilmot?

Walter Legg is working for his brother

Lottie Lockwood, who teaches at North Branch, is home for the holidays.

Mr. Elwell is recovering slowly from the effects of that runaway of Allen's colts.

A. Freutchy, Hiram and Bony Daugherty and others visited Wilmot on Christmas night.

W. R. and Mrs. Reed went to Caro on Sunday to see the mother of the former, who is not expected to live.

H. R. Brown, "the man who pretends to change with the administration," has the timber on the ground for a new store.

DEFORD.

Jan. 1st, is the time to swear off.

Harve Retherford is on the sick list. Theron Spencer is one of our villagers again.

Who will make the first move to establish the cheese factory?

John Retherford has come home from his sojourn in the north.

Mrs. W. M. Retherford's son and two daughters have been visiting at Imlay City.

Down in school district No. 6, Kingston, they hold their debates on Saturday evenings, a change from Wednesday evening.

Married, at the residence of the brides' parents, Dec. 28., Benjamin Sharp of Deford to Miss Anna Bell Schenck of Imlay City; our best wishes.

There is some talk among the boys of making "music in the air" when Ben. Sharp returns with his bride. Greet them gently, lads, and let it be a green spot in their memory.

GRANT.

Neil Shaw and wife of Sheridan spent their Xmas with Adam Heron of Grant.

Jos. Doerr has purchased a pair of spring's colts. Nothing like speculating, Joe.

Chris Segar and wife of Ellington were visiting at John Brown's and W. Richards.

Mr. and Mrs. Crawford of Brookfield were visitors at John Walters, and also at Mrs. Mary Walters a sister of Mr. Crawford.

Alas! what was it that killed the bud that was about to blow and bring forth a postoffice at Grant center or was it nothing but blowing.

We are sorry to record the protracted illness of Miss Ella Hoshal, teacher, but we hope that she will soon be able to resume her honourable calling again.

Elias Morrison of Brookfield made a visit at his sister's, in Grant, Mrs. Richards, on Sunday and left there for J. G. Owen's camp near Owendale.

Whoever the blackguard may be that is posting those obscene placards by the roadside, had better take care he is not caught at such proceedings. Let this be a warning to the parties.

CREEL.

Jas Ballagh had a raising on Thursday last.

Wm. Bearss and wife spent Christmas in Grant Centre.

Bob Stephens of Caseyville dined with Ralph Ballagh New Years.

Frank Stearns wears a broad smile these days. Take something, boys.

Miss Maggie Watson paid a flying visit to her sister, Mrs. Campbell, on the 25th.

Maitland Bank No. 18, of Creel, will hold their next entertainment on January 15th, all are invited to attend.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Gago of Elmwood, spent New Years with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Taylor of this place.

The Christmas tree at Owendale was a great success in every respect. Elder Hillas of Gagetown presided and a lively time enjoyed.

A little gentleman stranger appeared at the home of Mrs. Dan Chisholme one evening last week, so Dan wears the second broad smile.

Camp No. 2 was well represented at Gagetown Christmas eve. The boys were the best of boys and took nothing but the best, so Jack says.

Henry Ebitson and Will McLaughlin have the contract of furnishing 100,000 feet of hard wood logs to be delivered at the Creel mill yard, to be cut on the Ross place, 1/2 mile west.

J. McKay and family of Teeswater, Ont. are at present visiting his brother-in-law, John McKinnon of this place. McKay

claim them to be of the best variety.

GAGETOWN

School opened up on Wednesday.

Peter Brown of Dryden Sundayed in town.

C. Gale of Caseyville was in town on Friday.

Geo. Mann of Mt. Vernon, Mich., was in town over Sunday.

Jas. Brooker of Cass City was in town on Monday on business.

Richard Case of Grant raffled off a horse on Christmas. F. C. Stearns held the lucky ticket.

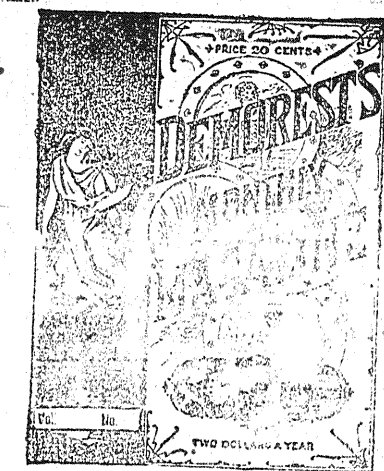
Our baker has packed up bag and baggage and departed for Cass City to start a bakery there. Gagetown didn't seem to appreciate the manufactured article.

The Echo dramatic club went to Sebawaing on Monday night to present the play, "The Social Glass." They had a good house and all report a good time.

The Christmas services at St. Agatha's church were well attended during the day and in the evening the crowd departed for Echo hall where the festivities were carried on to a great extent, which included supper, a raffle and dance, H. Freeman was the first lucky man, who carried off a gold watch chain and a handsome cake, Jas. McLaughlin followed with a rocking chair. It was a highly enjoyable affair, and after everyone had tripped the light fantastic for a few hours, they departed for their homes well pleased.

EUPEPSY.

This is what you ought to have, in fact you must have it, to fully enjoy life. Thousands are searching for it daily and mourning because they find it not. Thousands upon thousands of dollars are spent annually by our people in the hope that they may obtain this boon, and yet it may be had by all. We guarantee that Electric Bitters, if used according to directions and the use persisted in, will bring you all good digestion and oust the demon, Dyspepsia, and instead, Eupepsia. We recommend Electric Bitters for Dyspepsia and all diseases of the liver, stomach and kidneys. Sold at 50 cts. and \$1.00 per bottle by D. A. Horner & Co., Druggists.



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And do all other work in his line neatly and at the lowest prices. All work warranted.

I have also for sale eight-day Clocks, walnut frame, at \$4.00; one-day strike Clocks, walnut frame, at \$2.90. Watches and Jewelry cheaper than you can buy in the county. I have reason for selling cheap. I have no rent or hired help to pay.

West Main street, Cass City, Mich

If you want an easy shave or a good hair cut go to S. Champion. Hair cut for 15 cts.

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Wanted! Wanted!

\$500.00

IN TEN DAYS, IF NOT SOONER.

I must have this sum in ten days from this date, and earnestly ask those whom I have accommodated for months past, to call and settle their bills at once. Don't neglect, gentlemen, as

SOLD TO STRANGERS.

The worn-out blinds hang loosely,
The paint is nearly gone,
The creaking gate swings idly,
The lace looks forlorn;
The myrtle mound is grass-grown,
That blossomed years ago,
And one by one have vanished
The flowers I used to know.
The ancient tree whose cherries
Rejoiced my childish heart
Stands leafless, grim and groaning;
The arbor's drooped apart—
That arbor in the garden
Where honeysuckle twined;
The once broad path that led there
Is now but ill defined.
The dear, quaint, old mansion,
It held our kith and kin
For eighty years and over,
Till they were gathered in,
And now it goes to strangers;
Its glories all are fled
Since those who built the hearth-fire
Are numbered with the dead.
While we who loved it fondly
Must give a parting sigh,
A farewell look, and sadly,
Forever pass it by.
And still the fragrant lilies
May bloom beside the door,
But strangers' footsteps echo
Across the oaken floor.
—Boston Transcript.

A Trifling Mistake.

It was a very busy day at Storrs & Jackson's. All the country customers had come in to make their purchases for the week, which they always did on Saturdays, rain or shine. The five over-worked clerks were rushing here and there, striving to be in half-a-dozen places at once, and old Storrs himself, smiling and obsequious, was bowing in the carriage customers, and giving a more familiar greeting to the plainly-dressed people who were not likely to run up a long bill.
"Just look at old Storrs bowing and scraping to Mrs. Walton," Tom Jarvis whispered to one of his fellow-clerks. "Wonder if he won't have a crick in his fat back to-night."
"Oh, he's bowing to the \$100 bill he expects to get out of her," the other answered. "She talks big about her indifference to expense, but all the same she holds on to her money with a tight grip. Those newly rich people always do. But I'll bet the boss is more than a match for her."
Mrs. Walton, a stout, vulgar, pretentious woman, sailed into the store with her head thrown back, and what she considered a haughty carriage. She had been wealthy a very short time—not long enough to forget the value of the dimes, which were scarce enough in her days of poverty, and to keep a sharp look out over them, but yet striving to impress others with her indifference to expense. Parsimony and ostentation waged a perpetual battle in her mind.
"I do hope you're going to wait on me yourself, Mr. Storrs," she said loftily.
"The last time I was here I had astupid fellow who didn't know real valenshun lace from imitation." She did not add that she was ignorant of the difference herself, until one of the other clerks pointed out the mistake. "Yes, sir, that's just what he did. I never wear any but the real thing, but I don't care what it costs."
"Oh, of course, of course, madam," Mr. Storrs answered, obsequiously. "A lady of your fortune wouldn't be seen with that cheap stuff on you. Most people can't afford the price of real laces, so we're obliged to keep all kinds on hand. You shall have the best clerk in the establishment to-day. I only wish it was in my power to wait on you myself, but I am compelled to give my personal supervision to a large country order. Here, you,"—to one of the cash boys—"tell Mr. Allen to come here immediately. I don't care whether he's busy or not, I want him."
In a few moments a bright, intelligent looking lad of about 18 hurried in.
"Here, Mr. Allen, I want you to wait on Mrs. Walton. Show her the best qualities of our goods. Those handsome lace fichus, and the velvet mantle we opened to-day. It will suit your figure to perfection, madam! None but a stately, queenly person ought to wear that style of mantle."
Henry Allen checked a smile as he glanced at the portly figure of the lady. She spoke to him in a peremptory tone, as Mr. Storrs bowed himself off.
"You needn't show me no velvet mantles, young man. I got mine from New York, and it cost me \$100. I reckon yours isn't a patch to mine. I want to see them new silks Mr. Storrs said you have got in. You're mighty young, seems to me, to know much about the quality of goods," she added, with a suspicious look.
"I have been clerking ever since I was twelve years old, madam," he answered, respectfully.
"Be you any relation to old Wm. Allen, who died round here three years ago?" was the next question.
A hot flush crept up into the boy's face, and his voice faltered a little as he answered, "I am his son, madam."
Would he never get over the shame of being his father's son? Would his years of hard work and strict honesty never outweigh the chance circumstances of his birth? Because his father had been a drunkard, and only by a lucky accident had escaped conviction for forging his employer's name, was he innocent, to bear through life the burden of another's sin? Henry Allen's eyes were cast down, but he could feel the woman's contemptuous look, and her tone was more arrogant than usual when she spoke:
"I wish you'd hurry with those silks, young man, and don't you go to snow me any that ain't all silk. You can't

cheat me in goods. I'm up to all your trade tricks. Does old Storrs allow you a percentage on the goods you sell, or pay you a salary?"
"He gives his clerks a regular salary," was the answer.
"Well, then it ain't so much to your profit to cheat as if your living depended on it," with a coarse laugh.
"When I hear of a clerk getting a percentage, I keep my eyes open, I tell you. I don't like those dingy colored silks. Show me something brighter."
"But these browns and grays are very handsome and fashionable, madam," remonstrated Henry Allen.
"They're too grave for me. I'm not a Quaker."
Henry, looking at her brickdust-colored skin and shapeless figure, thought that the gravest colors were needed to tone down such marked imperfections, but it was his business to sell to his customers, and not to cultivate their taste.
After a deal of tossing and turning over the goods, pulling them to see if they were strong, pleading them to see if they cracked, Mrs. Walton chose a bright shade of mauve. The very shade to show off her defects of complexion and figure, but she was jubilant over it until it came to paying the bill. Then she haggled over the price, and it was useless for Henry to remind her that he was not the owner of the store, and could not deduct from the stated price.
"Here I've gone and bought laces, and embroideries, and a silk dress, run up a bill of over a hundred dollars, and you won't take a cent off! It's just a swindle, that's what it is; but when people have money everybody takes a turn at cheating them. Well, I suppose I've got to pay."
She felt in her satchel for her pocket-book, but changed color when she found it was not there.
"I'm sure I put it in my satchel," she said nervously. "But no, I remember when I was lookin' at them lace fichos yonder, I took it out and put it out on the counter."
"You'll be sure to find it there, then," said Henry, going to the next counter. "No one has touched these laces since I showed them to you."
The counter was piled with laces and embroideries. Piece after piece was lifted, but no pocket-book was visible. Mrs. Walton's broad face grew redder and redder as the search progressed.
"I can swear on a stack of bibles I laid it right here, young man," she cried in a shrill, angry voice. "I was lookin' at this here valenshun fichoo, and I laid my pocket-book under it. There was three hundred dollars in it, and it's got to be found."
"What is the matter, Mrs. Walton?" said Mr. Storrs, who had hurried up, hearing her raised angry voice.
"Matter enough, I reckon. I'm willin' to spend my money freely, but I ain't goin' to lose three hundred dollars in bank notes. I laid my pocket-book right here, and it's gone."
"Has any one been to that counter since you left it, Mr. Allen?" asked Mr. Storrs sternly. The young man was pale with indignation at the woman's tone and looks, but he answered quietly:
"No one, sir. We only left the laces a few minutes ago, and I think it possible Mrs. Walton is mistaken as to the place she left her pocket-book."
"I tell you, Mr. Storrs, I put it right here," she cried, vehemently. "I never forget where I lay my money. It's my opinion you needn't look further than that young Allen to find it. I can't understand what you meant by takin' him as a clerk after all his father's disgrace. I'm going home now, but I want you to understand I ain't goin' to lose that money quietly."
"The whole place shall be searched, madam," Mr. Storrs said, nervously rubbing his hands. "I'm confident if it has been left here it will be found."
"I guess if you go the right way to work," with a contemptuous look at Henry, "you'll be pretty apt to find it." She swept away, her head higher than usual, and Mr. Storrs turned furiously upon the young man, who stood pale and silent before him.
"Come to my office, sir, and we'll investigate this matter," he said.
"Now, hand over that money without a word," he said, when they reached there.
"Why, do you believe I stole it, Mr. Storrs?" he cried. "I swear to you I never saw the pocket-book. I don't believe she ever brought it to the store. Surely, surely, knowing me as well as you do, you cannot really think I would commit such a crime!"
"How do I know when bad blood is going to crop out?" his employer answered, brutally. "I ran a risk in taking you on, and now I'm going to suffer for it. You've got to be searched, sir, and to avoid scandal in my establishment, I'll do it myself, instead of sending for a policeman. You needn't resist!"
"Resist!" the unhappy boy drew himself up proudly. "I would have insisted upon a search even if you had not proposed it."
He said no more. In the agony of his humiliation he uttered no protest, made no assertion of innocence, but when the unavailing search was over, he said to his employer:
"I hope, sir, you are satisfied!"
"Satisfied! no, I'm not. You haven't got the money on your person, but perhaps you dropped it somewhere in the store when you were suspected. You'll stay in here while I have the place searched."
For hours Henry Allen sat there, his face buried in his hands. He knew that the mere suspicion of the theft was quite sufficient to ruin him in the community where he lived, and his father had sinned.
He thought of his mother and little

sister, and how he would be forced to leave them to make a living among strangers, and another home for them, for they could not live without him. But could he do it? Would not this base suspicion cling to him like leprosy? The terrible burthen of an inheritance of shame seemed to crush out all hope and strength from his sore young heart, and yet he had tried so hard to do right!
The entrance of Mr. Storrs roused him, and he looked up inquiringly.
"No, the money has not been found," his employer said, harshly, "and I don't say you took it. Dare say the woman dropped it in the street! But all the same, Allen, I can't keep you here. It would ruin my business, and she's got an awful tongue, and would go about saying all kinds of things about my establishment, where I keep thieves as clerks."
"Tell Mr. Nally to pay you the balance of your month's wages. I've no fault to find with you as a clerk, and I dare say you'll get another situation. But not in this place. You'll have to go away. Good-bye."
It was a curt farewell, but selfish, and hard as old Storrs was, he felt a twinge of remorse at this summary dismissal of a young man who had served him faithfully and honestly for years, and whom he knew in his inmost soul to be guiltless of any wrong doing. But the idea of keeping him in his store, and thus acknowledging to the world his faith in his clerk's innocence, never crossed his mind for a second. He was not going to run the risk of losing a single customer for a foolish sentiment.
It was a cruel ordeal for Henry Allen to carry the bad news to his mother. She met it as good mothers do all over the world, thank God for them! She felt it acutely, but she spoke cheerfully and hopefully, dwelling on his innocence, and trying to make him feel that only a sense of guilt should crush a man and humiliate him before his fellow-men. She succeeded, and it was with a brave heart Henry turned his back on his old home and went to seek employment in a city in another state.
About a month after the occurrence I have related, Mrs. Walton drove up to the establishment of Storrs & Jackson, and, seeing Mr. Storrs in the door-way, beckoned him to her. He went with a sinking heart, believing that she was going to annoy him about her missing money. Perhaps, to avoid a scandal, he would be forced to pay it. But, to his surprise, she turned a gracious and smiling countenance to him.
"Got in your fall goods, Mr. Storrs?" she called out. "I haven't been here for an age, have I? Why, I do believe the last time was when I made such a fuss about my pocketbook! Would you believe it," with a loud laugh, "the very first thing my eyes lighted on when I got home was the pocketbook, lyin' on my dressing table. I thought of sending you word, but then it was a triflin' mistake, you know. You'd hear it all in good time."
Even old Storrs felt a movement of righteous indignation.
"Not such a trifling mistake, madam. It has cost me my very best clerk, and driven him out of the place. It was hard on him and his mother, you see."
"Oh, well!" with another laugh, "you're rich enough to hire as many clerks as you want, and I guess it's best old Allen's son should leave here, anyway. He didn't take my pocket-book that time, but I reckon he wasn't too good for it. Come, show me your finest cashmeres."
I am happy to say that old Storrs called on Mrs. Allen that evening, and related the conversation.
"Not that I ever believed that he had taken the woman's money," he said, "but I dare say he will be glad to hear it is found. You can write to him that I'm willing to take him back."
"He will not return," Mrs. Allen said, quietly. "He has a good situation, and I don't think he will be willing to run the risk of another such 'trifling mistake.'—Youth's companion.

Ben Butler Chews Gum.

A Chicago lady recently came east with a little niece whom she was taking to school. Somewhere in New York State, a short, fat man, with a peculiar-looking eye, entered the car and sat opposite the lady and her charge. The little one surveyed him closely and then, turning to her aunt, whispered: "Aunt, that's Ben Butler." The lady recognized him, as the little girl had, from the caricatures of the illustrated papers. In a few moments he drew forth a bit of paper and began a search through all his pockets for a pencil to jot down something. Seeing that his search was fruitless the lady offered him her pencil. He took it with a polite acknowledgement and made his memorandum, after which he returned the pencil with a bow and a smile. For a few moments his mind appeared occupied with something and then he seemed to recover himself. Fumbling in the pocket of his overcoat he drew forth a small package and passed it over to the lady with a pleasant nod. She hesitated a moment, then accepted the offering and found that it was a fresh package of chewing gum. That Gen. Butler had a good supply of the article was evident from the vigorous working of his jaws.

Midnight Mysteries.

Paterfamilias (sternly)—"Seems to me you are becoming quite interested in that Mr. Goodfellow."
Daughter (demurely)—"Why, pa, he is homely enough to stop a clock."
"Ah! That, then, may account for the fact that when he is here in the evening you never know what time it is."—Philadelphia Record.

Did Not Get Him.

A woman and a small boy were walking in a magnificent park. It was at a time when the flowers had just "attained their majority." The boy reached out to pluck a blossom. The woman drew him back.
"Why don't you want me to have it?" the boy asked.
"Because, if you pluck it the policeman will get you."
"Does the policeman make 'em grow?"
"No."
"Who does then?"
"God makes them grow."
"And did God tell the policeman not to let anybody pull 'em?"
"No."
"Then how does the policeman know that God don't want anybody to pull 'em?"
"Oh, the policeman is simply put here to protect them."
"How protect them?"
"Why, to keep anybody from taking them."
"Who put him here?"
"The city—or, rather, the park commissioners."
"What's a park commissioner?"
"One of the men who has charge of the park."
"How has charge of it?"
"Now, look here, sir, I want you to hush. You worry the life out of me. I'd rather have the nettle rash."
"What's the nettle rash?"
"A sort of breaking-out."
"How breakin' out?"
"Are you going to hush?" the woman exclaimed, turning upon him. "You are enough to drive anybody crazy."
"What's crazy?"
"Look here, sir, if you don't hush I'll march you straight home and lock you up. Are you going to hush, say?"
"Yessum."
They walked on. After a while the boy said:
"If I was to pull the big flower would the policeman get me?"
"Yes."
"And would he hit me if I was to pull a little one?"
"Yes."
"A little, teincy one?"
"Yes."
"What would he do with me?"
"Take you down town and lock you up."
"Would you care?"
"Of course I would."
"Because you love me, don't you?"
"Yes."
"You love me more than you do the policeman, don't you?"
"Look here, you little rascal, if you say such a thing as that again, I'll spank you good."
"Would it make me feel good?"
"No, it wouldn't."
"Then it would be spankin' me bad, wouldn't it?"
"Gracious alive! you tire me nearly to death. Come on, now, and go home."
"Let us look at the bears first."
"No, you'll ask too many questions." They went to the den of bears.
"What's that one doing up in the tree?" the boy asked.
"He's asleep."
"Why didn't he go to bed?"
"Because he'd rather go up in the tree."
"Won't he fall out?"
"No."
"If I climb up there and go to sleep would I fall out?"
"Yes."
"Why?"
"Come on here, now. You shan't stay here another minute. Come on."
"Let me see the tiger, and then I'll go."
"You'll worry me with questions."
"No, I won't."
She let him go to the tiger's cage. He gazed at the animal, and then said:
"If I was to get in there would he eat me?"
"Yes."
"Cause he don't like boys?"
"Because he does, I should think," the woman answered, smiling in a tired way.
"He wouldn't eat a man, would he?"
"He would try to."
"He wouldn't eat a piece of iron, would he?"
"No."
"Why wouldn't he?"
"Because he couldn't."
"Would it hurt his jaws?"
"Yes."
"Why?"
"Come on here this instant. I never saw such a boy in my life. It's nothing but talk, talk, from morning till night. You are worse than a chatterjack."
"What's a chatterjack?"
"I don't know."
"Then how do you know that I am worse than one?"
"Come here to me."
She led him away. "I wish I did have one flower," he said, "just one. The policeman wouldn't get me for takin' just one, would he?"
"Yes, he would."
"This little one right here?"
"Yes. Don't you touch it. See, the policeman is looking at you."
A few weeks later the woman and the boy visited relatives in the country. The little fellow, while playing in the woods with several other boys, came upon a clump of wild flowers. He looked around for the policeman. He thought that a man with a club presided over every flower. One of the boys, a red-headed fellow named Jim, jumped in among the flowers and began to tramp them down. The city boy was

frightened. "The policeman will get you!" he exclaimed.
"Ho, lissun at 'im," Jim roared. "There ain't no policemen here. We never saw one."
"No policeman here!"
"No."
"Then what are these flowers doing here?"
The country boys roared, and playfully seizing him, rolled him among the flowers. When he escaped he ran to his mother.
"You must not be scared," she said. "There are no policemen here."
"But whose flowers are they?"
"God's."
"Then the policeman will get me."
"You must not be foolish, ym little angel."
Flushed with fever, he tossed upon a bed. Sometimes, thinking that he was rolling in the flowers, he would beg the policeman not to get him. One night he regained consciousness. A bouquet lay on his pillow. He looked at it and shuddered.
"Won't the policeman get me?" he gasped.
"No, darling."
He slept, but soon awoke. A grave looking man turned away. A mother sank upon her knees. Some one got up and stopped the clock. The policeman did not get him.—Opie P. Read, in Arkansas Traveler.

Astronomical Facts.

The Uranometria Nova, of Argelanda, gave the positions of the lucid stars of the northern sky, and it has been supplemented by the Uranometria Argentina of Dr. Gould, which covers the southern sky. With the stellar statistics of the whole sky before him, Dr. Gould was in a position to draw some extremely interesting conclusions with respect to the arrangement of the brighter stars in space, and to the situation of our solar system in relation to them. The outline of his reasoning is given by a writer in Scribner's. In the first place it is fairly proved that in general the stars that are visible to the naked eye (the Invid stars) are distributed at approximately equal distances one from another and that, on the average, they are of approximately equal brilliancy. If we make a table of the number of stars of each separate magnitude in the whole sky we shall find that there are proportionately many more of the brighter ones (from first to fourth magnitudes) than of the fainter (from fourth to seventh magnitudes). That is, there is an unfalling and unsystematic excess of the observed number of the brighter stars. We cannot suppose, taking one star with another, that the difference between their apparent brightness arises simply from real difference in size, but we must conclude that the stars from the first to fourth magnitudes (some 500) are really nearer to us than the fainter stars. It therefore follows that these bright stars from a system, whose separation from that of those of the fainter stars is marked by the change of relative numerical frequency. What, then, is the shape of this system? and have we any dependent proof of its existence? Sir Sohn Herschel and Dr. Gould have pointed out that there is in the sky a belt of brighter stars, which is very nearly a great circle of the sphere. This belt is plainly marked, and it is inclined about 80 degrees to the milky way, which it crosses near Cassiopea and the Southern Cross. Taking all the stars down to the fourth magnitude Dr. Gould shows that they are with reference to the milky way. In fact, the belt has 264 stars on one side of it and 263 on the other, while the corresponding numbers for the milky way are 245 and 282. From this and other reasons it is concluded that this belt contains brighter stars because it contains the nearest stars, and that this set of nearer and brighter stars is distinctively the cluster to which our sun belongs. Leaving out the brighter stars, which may be accidentally projected among the true stars belonging to this cluster, Dr. Gould concludes that our sun belongs to a cluster of about 400 stars; that it lies in the principal plane of the cluster (since the belt of stars is a great, not a small, circle), and that this solar cluster is independent of the vast congeries of stars, which we call the milky way. We know that the sun is moving in space. It becomes a question whether this motion is one common to the solar cluster and to the sun, or only the motion of the sun in the solar cluster. But a very important research will be to investigate the solar motion without employing these 400 stars as data.

A Reformer.

The jury has returned a verdict against Cleveland, declaring him guilty of overestimating the strength of tariff reform. The lawyers on each side made excellent speeches, and considerable interest was felt in the case. The jury was out one day.
Mr. Cleveland did not exhibit the shrewdness of an old fellow who was a legislative candidate in Allen county, Kentucky. During a speech made before a large crowd, he said: "My fellow citizens, this tariff is an awful tax. It keeps us ground down and is likely to send our children to the poorhouse. You now see before you a free trader." The audience groaned.
"All right, follow citizens, if you don't want free trade I am agin it. I am on the side of the people and whatever they want I try to procure for them."—Arkansas Traveler.

THE ENTERPRISE

ROBERT S. TOLAND.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 4, 1889.

The report of the commissioner of the bureau of statistics, which will be published in a few weeks, covers the records of 2,700 divorce courts extending over a period of twenty years. The divorce industry, though not protected by the tariff, has been extremely prosperous during that time, and we will make a great showing.

The secretary of war has issued a general order directing that, when not prevented by actual service, all the available infantry, cavalry, and light artillery of the army shall devote a part of each summer to practice marches, encampments, maneuvers, and other field operations of actual war. For this purpose the available forces will be assembled in as large bodies as practicable, having due regard to economy and to the location of Indians who may need watching.

A VIRGINIAN relates that one of the amusing features of the late campaign in the tenth district of Virginia, where a son of ex-congressman Randolph Tucker was running for congress against Jacob Yost, was the conflict of opinion between Tucker, the father, and Tucker, the son, in regard to the seventy-million dollar education bill of Senator Blair. In congress and on the stump Randolph Tucker was one of the most resolute opponents of the Blair bill, on the ground that it is unconstitutional. His son on the contrary, made himself solid with the people, and deprived Mr. Yost of a strong argument against young Tucker's election by coming out squarely in favor of the scheme for national aid to public schools, which is very popular with both political parties in Virginia. While Randolph Tucker was stumping the district this family difference was often thrown up to him in a good natured way, and his ready wit and facial drooleries soon had the audience in a roar. Young Tucker was elected.

REFORM OUR SCHOOLS.

The following resolutions were passed at a meeting of the Teachers' Association held in Caro, Nov. 30th and Dec. 1st, 1888:

Whereas, We as members of the "Teachers Association" of Tuscola county, realizing the deplorable condition of our district schools and sincerely desiring the promotion and welfare of such schools, do hereby in convention assembled:

Resolved, That the present system of school supervision as conducted under the district plans is a weakness and in a great measure a failure.

Further: That upon naturally considering the demands of our schools, we do believe that the township district system as adopted in many states, (notable for their excellency of common schools) will conduce to such an improvement of such schools.

Further: That as our State Legislature is soon again to assemble, we, as representative teachers of this great commonwealth, do hereby unite our voices in behalf of such and earnestly petition that Honorable Body to give this question their favorable consideration that we believe it merits.

Further: That we as teachers of this county shall exert our utmost influences in securing such modification:

Unanimously adopted this 1st day of December, 1888.

After the foregoing resolution was adopted the following resolution was submitted by Rev. Mr. Giltner and passed by the house.

WHEREAS: We the Teachers of Tuscola county realizing the broad chasm lying between the district and graded schools, and being forcibly impressed with the deplorable condition of the latter, do hereby in convention assembled agree to put forth certain efforts which we think will meet the immediate wants.

Resolved: 1st. That we as teachers in the several districts will require a monthly written examination from each student that has passed the grammar grade.

2nd. That we will request the clerk of the township in which we reside to prepare for annual examination and furnish questions pertaining and relevant to the branches.

3rd. That the students from the several districts in the township will be allowed to write at such examinations and that he (the township clerk) will examine and pass upon the answers of the pupils, grading them upon the scale adopted by the County Board of Examiners.

4th. That those who pass a certain average in his examination shall be entitled to a diploma, issued by the clerk and signed by the teacher of the school in which he or she has been attending.

5th. That in event of failure to obtain the co-operation of the town clerk, we, the teachers will form ourselves into a committee to perform such work.

HOMER E. GORDON, President.

DANIEL DICKSON, Secretary.

GOLD fields are scarce, but those who write to Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine, will receive free, full information about work which they can do, and live at home, that will pay them from \$5 to \$25 per day. Some have earned over \$50 in a day. Either sex, young or old. Capital not required. You are started free. Those who start at once are absolutely sure of snug little fortunes. All is now.

FARM FOR SALE.

The south half of the southwest quarter of section 12, township of Elkland, 5 1/2 miles northeast of Cass City. Price, \$1,800 on easy terms. MARY C. SMITH, Evart, Mich.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cts. per box. For sale by D. A. Horner & Co.

FOR SALE.

I have a lot of black ash rail timber, which I will sell by the acre, by the thousand, or in a job lot. Inquire of WILLIAM LITTLE, Novesta.

\$2,400

WILL BUY 160 ACRES IN SECTION 12, ELKLAND.

PART CASH, AND PART ON 7 PER CENT. MORTGAGE.

Write to JOHN. F. SEELEY, CARO MICH.

FARM FOR SALE!

A 200 ACRE FARM FOR SALE CHEAP.

The "Archibald McAlpine farm" in Sections 17 and 18, Greenleaf, 30 to 35 acres improved, good house and orchard, and well located; price \$9 per acre, part cash, balance on seven per cent mortgage, or \$8 per acre, all cash. Possession given on short notice. Write to or enquire of

JOHN F. SEELEY, Agent, Caro, Mich.

FOR SALE!

House and Lot on Reasonable Terms.

I will sell my house and 1 1/4 acres of ground in village of Cass City, on reasonable terms. Good house, good barn, excellent well and cistern, fruit, etc.

NICHOLAS GABEL.

FARM TO RENT

For a term of years, at a reasonable rate. Owing to failing health I now offer my farm to a good tenant, for any term of years agreed upon. There is about 200 acres cleared and under cultivation, with 80 acres of good pasture; two good and comfortable dwelling houses, two good commodious barns, a good granary, and sheds; a good orchard, three never failing wells, and spring water, convenient for stock purposes. The location is pleasant and convenient to churches, school and markets.

This is a rare chance, and the first bid, if agreeable, shall be accepted.

JOSEPH BROWN, Cumber, P. O., Sanilac Co., Mich.

J. P. HOWE. N. BIGELOW.

Domestic infelicity reached the zenith and Belinda Jane most emphatically informed Aminadab Spooner that there was no use of "his beating about the bush," and talking to her about the injustice of Protection, the danger of free trade, or the millenium of Prohibition, and that he should at once reconcile himself to the fact that she must have

A NEW STOVE

No matter how wide the difference in their political affiliations.

The belligerent parties agreed that they would go to

Howe & Bigelow's

IN CASS CITY,

and make a selection from the finest line of

COOK STOVES AND HEATERS

ever shown in Tuscola county. Yes, they bought the stove so cheap they had money left. So Belinda got a churn, a bench and wringer, a set of Mrs. Potts' irons, a five-gallon galvanized oil can, and a bird cage. Well, Aminadab decided to get a new stock of

GROCERIES

and the material to paint the house, and have eye-troughs put up; some roller doors for the barn, and a dozen cattle chains, a new ax and a cross-cut saw, a cant hook and a lantern. All of these articles were purchased of H. and B., who carry a general line of



J. C. LAINC

Would invite the attention of the public to his well selected stock of

DRY GOODS

Embracing the celebrated

Broadhead Alpacas

Together with everything needed to make a complete assortment. Also a new and complete stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES.

A. C. McGraw & Co.'s warranted standard goods just received and opened for inspection. With a full line of

GROCERIES!

plete in all that pertains to a Grocery Stock. And trusts by dealing and courteous manner to merit in the future, as enjoyed in the past, a share of patronage. Cass City, Mich., April 10th, 1886.

SPECIAL SALE!

2 * MACKS * 2

Hoods, Toboggans, Cloaks, Shawls,

And all Heavy Winter Goods. All other Goods at

Rock Bottom Prices.

With a New Years greeting to all, and many thanks to our Patrons for their liberal patronage in the past year, we can assure them we will endeavor to merit a continuance of the same in the future.

2 MACKS 2.

IT IS A FACT

THAT

HENRY STEWART

IS SELLING

The Best Goods at the Lowest Prices.

CARPETS!

Any one who intends purchasing a Carpet will do well to see my large and varied line. Prices range from a 20c Ingrain to a \$1.35 Wilton Velvet

ATTENTION!

THE FINEST LINE OF

HOLIDAY-GOODS

IN THE CITY.

Consisting of BOOKS of all kinds, BOOKS in sets, Carleton's works, Gilt edge Poets for 75cts., Photograph and Scrap ALBUMS, TOILET cases at all prices, MANICURE sets, VASES of all styles and prices, Childrens' DISHES, TOY DRUMS, TOY BANDS, TOY GUNS. A choice line of PERFUMES for the holiday trade.

Call-and-Examine!

Our Stock and Prices. Articles too Numerous mention.

CITY DRUG STORE

A. W. SEED.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

A. D. GILLIES, NOTARY PUBLIC. Deeds, mortgages, etc. carefully executed. Office, Main street, Cass City, Mich. Money to loan on Real Estate.

DR. N. L. McLAGHLAN, SPECIALTIES, Surgery and Midwifery. Office opposite Postoffice residence Novesta avenue. Cass City, Mich.

DR. N. McCLINTON, PHYSICIAN, SURGEON and Accoucheur. Graduate of Vio. University 1865. Office first door over Fritz's drug store. Specialties—Diseases of women and nervous debility.

DR. J. H. McLEAN, PHYSICIAN and Surgeon. Specialties—Surgery and diseases of women.

HENRY BUTLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Collections and conveying a specialty. Office in the Finney block.

JOHN ANYON, NOTARY PUBLIC. Collections promptly attended to. Prepared to do business in other states and foreign countries. dec17

CASS CITY HOUSE,

MAIN STREET, CASS CITY, - - MICHIGAN. A new brick hotel, newly furnished and kept in the best style. On principal street and closest to depot. Telephone connection with railroad depot. Good stabling accommodations. T. B. MORSE, Proprietor.

CARO Marble Works

Invites you to call and stock and prices before purchasing.

No Agents' commission to pay, as no Agents are employed.

This saves the purchaser 25 per cent. A full line of all colors and shades constantly on hand at the works.

COME AND SEE

The works for yourselves.

Located op. Caro Exchange Bank

Owned and operated by

W. L. PARKER.

LOGS

WANTED!

AT OWENDALE.

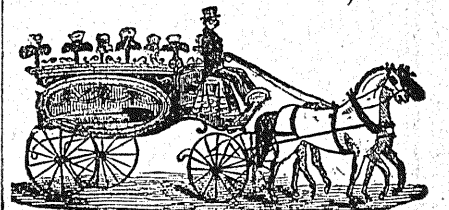
ALL KINDS OF TIMBER! BOUGHT

I will pay CASH for Saw Logs, the present winter delivered at my Mill, or on certain parts of the P. O. & P. A. R. R. or delivered on my Railroad at No. on 2, section 16 or 21.

Will also pay the highest market price for Shingle bolts, Hay and Grain.

JOHN G. OWEN.

A. A. MCKENZIE,



And Funeral Director.

A complete stock of Coffins, Caskets and Undertaker's Supplies on hand.

EMBALMING WHEN DESIRED.

Burial Robes, Crape, Gloves, etc., always in stock, at lowest prices. Good Hearses in connection. At Lenzer Bros.' Furniture Store, CASS CITY.



A Solid Gold Watch, sent for a 30c. until lately, sent for a 25c. until lately, sent for a 20c. until lately, sent for a 15c. until lately, sent for a 10c. until lately, sent for a 5c. until lately, sent for a 2c. until lately, sent for a 1c. until lately, sent for a 1/2c. until lately, sent for a 1/4c. until lately, sent for a 1/8c. until lately, sent for a 1/16c. until lately, sent for a 1/32c. until lately, sent for a 1/64c. until lately, sent for a 1/128c. until lately, sent for a 1/256c. until lately, sent for a 1/512c. until lately, sent for a 1/1024c. until lately, sent for a 1/2048c. until lately, sent for a 1/4096c. until lately, sent for a 1/8192c. until lately, sent for a 1/16384c. until lately, sent for a 1/32768c. until lately, sent for a 1/65536c. until lately, sent for a 1/131072c. until lately, sent for a 1/262144c. until lately, sent for a 1/524288c. until lately, sent for a 1/1048576c. until lately, sent for a 1/2097152c. until lately, sent for a 1/4194304c. until 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Cass City Enterprise

FRIDAY, JANUARY 4, 1889.

I. O. O. F.

CASS CITY LODGE, No. 203, meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30. Visiting brethren cordially invited.
L. A. DEWITT, Commander.
H. S. WICKWARE, N. G.
E. L. McLAUGHLIN, Secretary.

G. A. R.

MILBURN WARREN Post, No. 232, Cass City, meets the second and fourth Tuesday evenings of each month. Visiting comrades cordially invited.
L. A. DEWITT, Commander.
ROBT. S. TOLAND, Adjutant.

K. O. T. M.

CASS CITY TENT, No. 74, meets the first Friday evening of each month, at 7:30. Visiting Sir Knights cordially invited.
A. D. GILLIES, COMMANDER
H. S. WICKWARE, RECORD KEEPER.

W. McPHAIL, Banker.

O. K. JANES, Accountant

CASS CITY BANK

ESTABLISHED 1832.

Money to Loan on Real Estate.

Money to loan on endorsed Notes,

Money to Loan on Chattels!

AT A BARGAIN.

I offer for sale the "Red Front" store property formerly occupied by J. P. Howe, Lot 38 and 132, fine location. Also store building west of the Cass City Hotel, known as the Schwaderer building, Lot 22 and 132. For prices and terms apply to C. W. McPhail.
P. S.—Will rent either store to reliable tenant.

CITY CHAT.

Behold the year 1889.

Supervisor Striffler is at the county capital.

The board of supervisors meet this week in Caro.

M. Myers of Detroit is in the city visiting friends.

Mrs. O. A. Briggs of Kingston Sunday in town.

Mike Sheridan and wife are visiting friends in Canada.

M. H. Quick of Novesta visited Cass City on Wednesday.

John Leonard of Bad Axe spent Sunday at the Tennant House.

D. A. Horner of Caro is in the city looking after his business here.

W. R. Hamilton, Kingston's tonsorial artist, spent Wednesday in town.

Jim McArthur of 2 Macks spent New Years with friends in Port Huron.

Henry Butler was in Caro on legal business Wednesday and Thursday.

A number from this place attended the dance in Gagetown on New Years Eve.

Mrs. John Korth has returned from Capac where she has been spending the holidays.

P. R. Weydemeyer has been assisting behind the counters in J. C. Laing's store this week.

Dr. J. H. McLean left on Wednesday evening for Dutton, Ont., being called to see a case of cancer.

Henry Eastman left on Tuesday for the northern part of the state, where he will locate with his brother.

Miss Jennie Risner of East Saginaw has been visiting friends at the Tennant House during the past week.

King Work has been clerking in Holmes Bros. grocery during the past two weeks in the absence of Sydney.

Geo. Toland has secured a situation in the Phoenix Iron Works in Port Huron, and left for that city on Tuesday.

Geo. Wright and bride, who have just returned from their wedding tour, ate New Years dinner at the Cass City House.

To advertise is not simply to tell people who want things where to find them, but to make them want things or think they do.

Henry Colburn and James McKenzie took their departure on Monday morning for Grayling, where they will pass the winter.

Ex-Editor Toland is now permanently located in the county capital, and assumed the duties of register of deeds on Tuesday.

We publish elsewhere a list of resolutions passed at a meeting of the teachers' association held in Caro, Nov. 30th and Dec. 1st, 1888.

Rev. N. B. Andrews, of Evans Mills, N. Y., will preach in the Presbyterian church in this place on Sunday, Jan. 13, and also on the 20th.

Conductor A. D. Smalley of the P. O. & P. A. was presented with a fine silver lantern on Christmas by the employees of that road. Bert is very proud of his "glim."

The dancing party at the rink on New Years night was quite well attended and all who were present report having had a good time.

W. R. Johnson, traveling salesman for the Morton Baking Co., of Detroit, made the Enterprise office a social call on Wednesday.

Most of the stores were closed on New Years day to give the clerks a chance to recreate a little before commencing their duties for the year 1889.

P. Livingston of St. Clair has been the guest of A. A. McKenzie for the past week. He is one of the teachers in the public schools in that city.

Miss Blanche Walker left on Saturday last for Port Austin, her sister Flora accompanying her as far as Gagetown, returning on the evening train.

The scene at the depot on Monday presented quite a city appearance, judging from the arrival and departure of visitors on the noon train.

M. H. Quick, township treasurer of Novesta, will be in Cass City to receive taxes on Saturday, Jan. 12. He will be found at E. H. Pinney's bank.

Miss Franc Brown of Lexington arrived in this city on Monday, and will keep house for her brothers in the residence formerly occupied by Editor Toland.

Lew Houghton, who is employed in one of the printing offices in Midland, Mich., spent Christmas and New Years with his relatives and friends in this place.

The members of Elkland lodge, No. 12, Patrons of Industry, are requested to meet at their hall on the evening of Jan. 10th, for the purpose of transacting special business.

New Years day was a very quiet one in Cass City. Lack of snow prevented the customary "spurt" around town behind a fast horse and in a flashing cutter with your best girl.

S. Champion has secured the agency for Griffin's steam laundry, Bay City, and any lady or gentleman who wishes work done in the laundry line will do well to leave their orders with him.

Hunters of the partridge will have to "come off the perch" now as the game law relative to the killing of that bird went into effect on January 1st, and the much abused partridge will be allowed to pursue its wild haunts unmolested.

Jas. Outwater, who has been ill for some time past, was stricken with inflammation of the lungs on Friday night, and is now dangerously ill, but at last accounts there was a change for the better. It is hoped by his many friends that he may recover in a very short time.

A very enjoyable time was spent at the roller rink on Monday evening. Several members of the Cass City band discoursed some fine music for the skaters. We believe it is the intention of Mr. Leonard to open the rink twice a week for skating purposes during the winter months.

Eighteen hundred and eighty-nine is here—young, lusty and full of hope, and in common with the readers of the Enterprise, we greet the new comer with a hearty welcome, for we know as his predecessors have done, he brings only blessings, good will and prosperity to the people.

Our friends will confer a great favor on us, if when they have persons visiting them they would kindly leave such items at this office, and in that way they will save many oversights which otherwise would occur. It is impossible for us to gather in all "personals" without the assistance of our friends.

Cass City is to have a bakery. Jas. Reuter who has been running a baker shop at Gagetown for some months, thinks that this town is a better place for his business than Gagetown, and has moved to Cass City, occupying the building formerly used as a bakery. Mr. Reuter comes well recommended and thoroughly understands his trade.

The following is a list of letters remaining uncalled for in the postoffice in this place: O. S. Brieks, Geo. Bullock, David Caudow, Reuben Galert, Mrs. Geo. H. Harrison, Miss Grace Hawkins, Miss Geo. Miles, Maggie McLean, J. McKinley, Owens Bros. 2, Harry Quig, Joseph Rowell, Lincoln Smith, Arthur Thomas, W. W. Wilkins. Parties calling for the above will please say "advertised." G. S. FARRAR, P. M.

The Detroit Evening Journal has our thanks for a copy of their Year Book. It is a well arranged affair and is printed in excellent style, containing much valuable information. The work shows the enterprise of that paper, and will be given away free of charge to all regular subscribers of the Journal, but all persons who are not subscribers can obtain this valuable book by sending 30 cents to the Detroit Evening Journal. It is worth double the money asked for it.

Jas. W. Higgins advertises for 200 carloads of cedar house-blocks and fence posts to be delivered at any station or skidway on the P. O. & P. A., for which cash will be paid. He will also buy all kinds of lumber and shingles.

Miss Coates, a lady evangelist, preached in the Baptist church on Sunday last both morning and evening. Meetings will be continued during this month at stated intervals, probably several evenings each week, and will be conducted by the above lady. Miss Coates is an English lady, and comes highly recommended as a christian worker. It is hoped that much good may come from her efforts in this place.

Messrs. McGregory and McArthur received a letter on Tuesday from Geo. W. Smith, prosecuting attorney of Oakland county, stating that a large amount of butter had been stolen from a car at Oxford on the evening of Dec. 15th, '88, and it was thought that part of the butter belonged to the above firm, as they had shipped some that day to Bay City via Oxford. The letter further stated that the thieves had been caught and would be held for examination which will take place on Jan. 8th, and 2 Macks were requested to be present to identify their property. Part of the butter when found had already been worked over and placed in crocks, but one tub or half-barrel was still in the original rolls as shipped by 2 Macks. The boys think there is not much doubt but what they can identify their butter.

Ere this issue of the Enterprise will have reached its readers New Years will have come and gone, and the grand old year of 1888 have given place to its successor, 1889. The celebration of New Years day is intimately connected with that of Christmas and partakes largely of its joyous and festive spirit. No feature of the celebration of the New Years festival is more appropriate or praiseworthy than the custom of forming resolutions for the coming year, looking to the overcoming of injurious habits, the dismissal of whatever prejudices you may have against your neighbor, and the establishment of more cordial relations with your fellow citizens. The Enterprise asks for a year of prosperity for its village patrons and its country constituency, hoping at the same time that such prosperity may extend to the office of the Enterprise. In a very short time the paper will be enlarged and the equipment of the office will be immeasurably superior to that which we now have. With these facilities we enter upon the new year confidentially expecting to make the Enterprise more than ever a welcome weekly visitor to its patrons.

SCHOOL REPORTS.

Report of the Cass City Union school for the fall term:

No. pupils enrolled..... 218
Average daily attendance..... 181

An examination was held in the high school and grammar departments at the close of the fall term.

The following pupils of the high school have passed a satisfactory examination on the work for the term, and will be credited:

Cal Ale, Ella Bader, A. A. Hitchcock, Ida Jamieson, Alma Killins, Nelson McClinton, Jennie and Nancy McArthur, Nettie Dickson, Fred Schwaderer, Hugh Seed, Lillie Schenck, Eva Wickware, Minnie Hern, Alma Botsford, Bertha Martin, Mate Higgins, Mate Spurgeon, Emma Spurgeon, Hen Boomhower, J. E. Kelley, Jennie Reid, Harry Pinney, Hattie Wood, Andrew Wood, Ida Wright, Bell Munro, Bell McKenzie, Hannah McDougall.

The following passed in part of the work:

Chas. Seed, Dan McArthur, Ada Butler, Hattie Lewis, Irene Pinney, Lou Wood, Robert Walmsley.

Those not present at the examination must pass before receiving credit for the work of this term.

Report of school in district No. 4, Greenleaf, for the month ending Dec. 21, 1888:

Number days taught..... 19
Number pupils enrolled..... 44
Average attendance..... 30

Pupils neither absent nor tardy during the month: H. D. Livingston, John Cleland, Robert Lang, George Somerville, Walter and Melvin Hill, James Byers, Roy Gilbert, John Somerville, Harley Kelley, George Jackson, Selena Jackson, and Mina Henderson.
G. M. LIVINGSTON, Teacher.

NOVESTA.

Raw weather.
Snow storm Sunday night.
Friends from Kingston called on R. H. Warner's family on Sunday.

The Guide, the first sheet issued in the interest of the P. of I. came to us on Wednesday of last week.

Geo. Hamilton has been sick for some time with cold, neuralgia, etc., but is slowly recovering.

Robby Warner, who has been visiting in Macomb county nearly a year, has returned home again for the winter.

Taxes are coming in slowly. The treasurer reports only \$500 collected up to date; balance to collect, \$3,500.

50 cents will buy a ticket giving the holder a chance to obtain one of the latest improved No. 7 American sewing machines at the City Drug Store.

The finest line of gloves and mittens in town at E. F. Marr's.

Wanted—3,000 feet of No. 1 pine lumber.
E. H. PINNEY.

Drop into the City Drug Store just to keep up acquaintance.

"How to be happy though married," trade at the City Drug Store.

Money to loan on real estate.
E. H. PINNEY.

Marr the clothier has the largest and best assortment of overcoat scarfs to be found in the county.

Any and all goods sold this week regardless of cost at
A. W. SEED'S.

Don't miss the Bargains that are being given at the City Drug Store.

They are barbering goods at SEED'S. That is, they cut prices close and shave their profits.

NOTICE!

All persons owing us on account will please call and settle at once, as we wish to close all accounts by the 1st of January.
Yours Respectfully,
FROST & HEBBLEWHITE.

FOR SALE.

A judgement against Daniel McGillivray and Reuben H. Frey. Apply to Cass City bank.

500 HENS WANTED.

I want 500 hens, fat or poor, within the next 30 days for which I will pay the highest market price, to be delivered in Cass City.
ALFRED BADER.

STRAYED.

Came into my inclosure on the 6th of November, a spring's calf, black in color. Owner will please call, prove property, paycharges and take it away.
WALTER RICHARDS, Grant, Huron Co

LAST CALL.

* All owing me on book account or past due notes are requested to come and settle at once by CASH or notes. If not settled by January 1st, will have to place them in other hands for collection.
J. H. STRIFFLER.

LOTS FOR SALE!

I have 150 lots for sale between Creel and Owendale, at \$25 a lot. Good title guaranteed. Address
Mrs. Geo. Cross,
Creel, Mich.

nov30m3

New Tin Shop

I have opened a new Tin Shop in the Dilman building, and am now prepared to do all work in the line of tinning. Satisfaction guaranteed. Give me a call.
L. M. HOWEY.
Formerly with J. P. Howe

**School Books,
School Books,
School Books.**

Call and See Our Large Assortment and get prices.

D. A. HORNER & CO.

One door east of Postoffice. T. H. FRITZ, Manager.

CASS CITY, MICH., Dec. 20th, 1888.
A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Years Greeting of thanks I offer to any friends and patrons, who have liberally patronized me. I hope and trust our friendly relations will still continue.
Our stock of merchandise is large and of desirable quality, with prices low. During the remainder of the year I will sell for cash the beautiful parlor heating stoves of Sherman S. Jewett, lower than they have ever been retailed for. I extend this offer to the general public.
Yours very truly
JAMES L. HITCHCOCK.

CALL AND SEE

**EXCELLENT STOCK OF
Bob Sleighs,
Feed Cutters,
Horse Powers,
Corn Shellers,**

Which will be sold at REDUCED RATES for the next THIRTY DAYS.

J. H. STRIFFLER, Cass City, Mich.

Cass City Enterprise.

R. S. TOLAND, PUBLISHER.

CASS CITY, MISSOURI.

The religion of the Theosophists, which is attracting considerable attention at present, is a blending of Roman Catholicism, Buddhism, Brahmanism and Shamamism, with a partial return to the religion of the ancient Egyptians and the doctrine of the two elements held by the prehistoric Phoenicians or true Aryans. In the temple at 117 Nassau street, in New York, there is a bronze Buddha, and there are drawings of a virgin and child, and also of the same virgin with two children pursued by an enormous serpent with human eyes, said to be taken from porphyry bas reliefs in the cave temple at Ellora. Incense is burned perpetually before these and before the Buddha, and this is made from sandal wood with a little added gum copal. Many New York reporters have tried to learn the meaning of the virgin with the two babes pursued by the serpent, but have not succeeded. One more enterprising than his fellows consulted a journalist who was thought to be an archeological well, and he said that the picture was Etruscan, and he proved it by taking the reporter to the Astor library and showing him an illustration in Inghirami's great work, "I Monumenti Etruschi." The gloom, however, was not dissipated by this, for the text said this picture referred to the Goddess Latona, the mother of Apollo and Diana. But Father Inghirami was wrong, because the babes are both boys, and they stretch out their hands to the serpent as if recognizing their parent. The general impression in New York seems to be that the Oriental theosophists are desirous of introducing a purely philosophic religion, and use these curious and contradictory symbols just to excite comment and get the new faith talked about.

The Illinois bureau of labor has compiled a table of statistics showing the extent to which that state is mortgaged. The total value of the mortgages exceeds four hundred millions, one-third of which represents liens on the lands alone of Illinois. Stock and farm implements are mortgaged to the value of seven million dollars, and household goods and chattels are mortgaged to the sum of four millions. Chicago is burdened with a large mortgage debt, exceeding the aggregate value of the mortgages in the rest of the state. The interest alone on this huge burden estimated at but five per cent amounts to over twenty millions annually. The report of the Illinois bureau is valuable in calling attention to the great debt which the people of that state are piling up unconsciously and which one day will have to be paid.

At the meeting of the New York excise commission the other day, Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby moved that every applicant for liquor license must be endorsed by at least 20 of his adult neighbors before a license should be granted to him. He argued that the community should be made responsible for the evil in its midst. It was finally carried after long discussion.

Spiritualism is all the rage among certain kinds of people in Washington, and it is growing. Several congressmen—indeed, one senator from the Pacific slope—are regular patrons of the seances which are held in the various parts of the town. It has set some of the department clerks almost wild, and those who have caught the mania talk of nothing else.

A Sunday school entertainment at Worcester, Mass., the other evening included a wood-sawing match by seven young ladies in costume. It was nip and tuck for a few minutes, but was finally won by Miss Sarah Rogers, who secured a handsome pin, of a saw horse design. The last one was obliged to content herself with a bottle of soothing syrup.

Charles Francis Adams, president of the Union Pacific railway, in a public speech at Boston, said that the interstate commerce act tends to railway consolidation, and that the material and scientific development which is hurrying the nation forward toward greater centralization cannot be set naught by any act of congress.

FOR ALL THAT.

FLORENCE A. JONES.

A man is but a living lie,
Conceited, vain, and all that,
Tho' he may pose as virtue's own,
He's but a sham for all that,
For all that, and all that,
He's but a sham, for all that,
Go where you will, the wide world o'er,
He's but a sham, for all that.
Deceitful, rash, and full of whims,
Brimful of sin, and all that,
He still must be creation's lord,
Or the devil's to pay, and all that,
For all that, and all that,
His credit's small, for all that,
Where might makes right, 'tis well we know
A man's a man in all that.
Yes, man's a vile, deceitful wretch,
But 'tis a fact, for all that,
That women love these very men,
So full of sin, and all that,
For all that, and all that,
He's wicked, vile and all that,
'Tis passing strange, the more 'tis true,
They want a man for all that.
So we will wait until our time,
As come it may, for all that,
Regardless of his faults and whime,
We'll have a man, for all that,
For all that, and all that,
We'll bide his faults, and all that,
And think, with woman's logic rare,
He's a dear man, for all that.

DARK DEEDS.

BY HENRY W. NESFIELD.

CHAPTER I.

No. 3, Netherly Road, N. W., was one of the prettiest little semi-detached houses in St. John's wood. With its garden full of lilacs and laburnums, whose blossoms hung over the low brick wall in the spring, temptingly within reach of the predatory butcher-boy, its coach-house and stable, its greenhouse abutting on the studio, and its generally out-of-town appearance, it was as sweet a spot for a young married couple to nestle in as can well be imagined.

There were, however, certain signs of neglect about the outside of the house, which seemed to need repair rather more than its neighbors. The paint had blistered off the green door in the wall, and chalk marks upon it, evidently made by the tradesmen's "young men," showed a want of respect on their part which suggested to the passer-by that they had called for their little accounts pretty frequently without any practical result. On the inside of the gate the garden bespoke the same state of things. Where there had once been a grass plat and carefully kept flower beds, there was now a bare patch of earth with a rudely erected swing upon it, denoting the presence of children; and, with the exception of the full-grown shrubs, the only plants the garden could boast of were a few straggling tags and marigolds, which somehow had managed to survive neglect.

Within the house signs of poverty were to be met with. The oil loth in the entrance was much worn, and the shabby coats and hats upon the pegs did not betoken prosperity. A large room, evidently built for a studio, was shabbily furnished as a sitting-room, for the present proprietor did not earn his living by the brush. Large diamond-paned windows at either end, a lofty ceiling supported by oaken beams, and a carved wooden mantel showed that some previous tenant had been gifted with artistic tastes. Now the room looked bare and dreary, for it lacked the pictures and the works of art for which it had originally been designed.

What had once been a pretty conservatory, no doubt well filled with flowers, was now quite empty, save for a few old flower-pots which remained to testify to its former grandeur. And so on through the house, all the apartments telling the same tale, and bearing evidence of bad luck or want of social success on the part of the present inmates.

Still, notwithstanding this stamp of poverty about the place, it must be owned that it was scrupulously clean, and a woman's neat hands had certainly done their utmost to make it as pleasant and presentable as circumstances would permit.

The shabby curtains in the sitting-room were neatly tied back with pieces of ribbon, a few bunches of lilacs freshly gathered from the garden, and in some old cracked vases, and the furniture, though scanty and rather rickety, was arranged with such taste as to make at any rate the very best of it.

Such was the habitation of George Atwood and his wife. Their household consisted of two small children, one faithful servant, and a little girl who came in the daytime to act as nurse.

George Atwood had begun life with fair prospects. A son of a younger son, he had received a fair college education, and, possessing abilities rather above the average, he ought to have succeeded in almost any branch of life, had it not been for his having inherited that common curse of so many young men—an utter want of stability of purpose.

Leaving Oxford without having taken his degree, and with the reputation of having been mixed up in several discreditable escapades, he decided that he would read for the Bar.

His club, his little outings to Richmond with his old associates, his hansom cabs, his dress, and sundry other items, had become the necessities of life, until, after some four or five years of staving off creditors, George Atwood had brought him self to his present poverty-stricken condition.

Occasionally, by a strenuous effort, he had earned a few pounds by writing some little sketch for a weekly periodical; but this only laid still further "flattering"unction to his soul, and more firmly established the opinion he already entertained, that he really was a gifted mortal and that the publishers were dense fools for not having "umped" at the novels he had written. Never mind; he would make them smart for their impudence some day.

Beyond this, George Atwood was a confirmed gambler. The passion for gaming which possessed him was intense, and when luck was in his way he ceased to trouble himself about trying to write anything.

So, now and then gambling, and, when very much pushed for ready money, writing a little, he had contrived, with the small income which he received from his father's trustees, to eke out an existence and to keep up an appearance, however threadbare, before such society as still acknowledged him.

In a wicker chair, near the open window of the long studio, as it is still called, one fine warm evening in June, sat Mrs. Atwood. A handsome woman, with a sad earnest face, deeply intent upon manufacturing children's clothes out of some of her husband's cast-off garments, Blanche Atwood scarcely looked the age to which she really owned. Her five and twenty years had brought much trouble with them—the last six at any rate—and it was only her buoyant and determined disposition which enabled her to brave her trials and present a happy exterior to the world in general. Now she was alone, and there was no need to wear the mask.

Presently she dropped her work upon her lap, and, raising her eyes wearily, looked at the clock upon the mantle-piece. "A quarter past eight! How late George is to-night!" she murmured. "He said he would be certain to come home at seven! Poor fellow—it is a dull home for him. I wonder if he has been fortunate enough to get his story taken?"

"If you please, 'm'" exclaimed a middle-aged woman, suddenly entering the room, "shaint I better bring up your supper? There it is, all a gettin' spoilt! I can keep master's 'ot for 'im in the oven. Do 'ave a little mouthful of somethin', there's a dear! It ain't good for you a-goin' so long without nothin'."

"No, thank you, Elizabeth," replied Mrs. Atwood, smiling. "It is kind of you to think of me; but really I am not in the least hungry. I would far sooner wait until your master comes home. He won't be long now."

"Very well, 'm'" remarked Elizabeth aloud. Then she added to herself as she went back to the kitchen, "Drat 'im and 'is ways, that's what I say! Always a carryin' on with 'is grand airs and 'is fine friends, and 'er a starvin' of 'erself and workin' of 'er finger-ends off to keep them blessed babes! 'Tis a shame, that's what it is, an' for two pins I'd up and tell 'im so! But no; 'e'd give me my month, I suppose, and to leave 'er as I've known since swaddin' 'er, and 'er cherubs, 'is wot 'Lizbeth 'Awkins could never bring 'er 'er to face."

And Elizabeth 'Awkins, having thus far relieved her mind, sat down with her feet upon the kitchen fender and had a good cry.

When she had given full sway to her emotions she got up and walked into the scullery, and, having rubbed her face severely with the wet corner of a rough towel, she began to feel herself again.

"Now I feel better!" she exclaimed. "There ain't nothing in this world, to my mind, as does one more good when feelin' low and upset than a cry. Not that I'd let 'er see a sign of it on me—not me—bless 'er 'eart, not 'er plenty to try 'er and worrit 'er, without 'Lizbeth 'Awkins a-upsettin' of 'er. A lamb, that's what she is—a blessed lamb; but for 'im—oh, my, if that ain't 'is blessed step, and there 'e comes up the garden path, with 'is 'andsome face and 'is 'eartless inside, just as bold as brass! 'Anso 'cab too to-night—'ansom 'cab; and 'er a stintin' of 'erself of the werry fool she eats! 'Fah, I'd 'ansom 'cab 'im if 'e belonged to me! Yes, sir; supper's quite ready, sir; I'll bring it up in a minute, sir!"

Elizabeth's last remark was in response to a manly voice shouting down the stairs to inquire if there was anything to eat in the house.

It was characteristic of George Atwood that his first thoughts upon his return home were not for his wife who had spent the day in slaving for his household's comfort, nor for his children, as to whether they were well or ailing.

"I wonder what on earth Blanche has got fit to eat," was the sole idea that occurred to him as he opened the front door.

Whether Blanche had anything to eat herself all day was not likely to trouble him much.

Mrs. Atwood had not heard him come in, but when he called out from the top of the stairs to Elizabeth, she sprang up from her chair, with an expression of joy upon her face, and hurried out to welcome him.

"Dear George," she cried, "how tired and hungry you must be!"—and she made a movement as though she would have kissed him.

"Tired!—yes. There, there—that will do, Blanche. Can't you see when a fellow doesn't care about uste so much affection? Get us something to eat, for goodness' sake. Embraces will keep; I am hungry."

"es, dear you must be. I did not mean to annoy you," replied his wife submissively. "ou said you would be home by seven, you know, and I had such a nice little supper ready for you. There is some beef-steak pie, and—"

need not tell you that—my luck's dead out—that's what's the matter with me. The old beggar had the cheek to find fault with it. In a sort of half-hearted way, at last I asked him straight out what was the matter with it? Then he began to mutter something about tautology. I did not quite catch what he did say. Tautology indeed! I'll tautologize him some day, and pay him out jolly well for his impudence."

"Never mind, darling!" said his wife, rising from her chair and raising her hand affectionately upon his shoulder. "We shall have some good fortune soon perhaps."

"Good fortune! Ah, I've been looking out for that many a long day! By-the-bye, Blanche, is there anything to drink in the house?" Captain Sturgis said he would look in to-night."

"Captain Sturgis? I don't like that man, George; I do so wish—"

"Never you mind whether you like him or not. He is my friend, and I desire that you will be civil to him. Not only civil, Blanche, but pleasant—pleasant, do you understand? That is, if you have not yet forgotten the art of how to do so. I asked you if there was anything drinkable in the house. Is there?"

"No, George, I am afraid not—only beer."

"Well, then, just be good enough to send Elizabeth round to the 'King's Head,' and tell her to fetch a bottle of whisky. The best, mind—and—and—fumbling in his waistcoat pocket for the coins he well knew were not there—"tell her to say it is for me—and put it down, d'ye hear?"

"Yes, George!" answered Mrs. Atwood as she left the room.

Then, hurrying up stairs, she felt about in the dark for the pocket of one of her old dresses. Finding it, she took five shillings from a little hoard she had secreted there.

Poor little hoard! She had earned it by painting fans and doing fancy work, and had hidden it away until she should have saved a sufficient sum to purchase some children's clothes. They did want new frocks so badly, she thought, as she took the money from out her slender store. Still if George wanted it more, why of course he had the most right to it.

Then she gave the order and the money to Elizabeth.

How could she send her old servant out upon such an errand, she argued to herself, without the money even wherewith to pay for it?

"Get the best you can, Elizabeth," she whispered; "and—don't say whom it is for."

"No, 'm!" returned Elizabeth. "Tity it isn't a bottle of strikenine," thought that faithful dependant as she wended her way to the public house. "It'd do 'im far more good than whisky; and, for all the use 'e is, it's a wonder 'e don't go and get 'imself gremated or wotever they calls it. No one wouldn't cry their eyes out, not if they took and done it to 'im this 'ere blessed night—leastways not 'Lizbeth 'Awkins."

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Atwood's skilful hands soon made the sitting-room look quite snug for the reception of her husband's friend.

The curtains were drawn, the gas was lighted, and the refreshments placed ready in an adjoining room, and so far as any rate as outward appearances went, the house seemed the abode of domestic bliss.

George Atwood had seated himself in an easy chair at a writing-table, and, having scattered about some manuscripts on the floor, he succeeded in giving quite a literary air to the apartment.

"I wish you would sing something, Blanche," he said presently. The arrival of the whisky and the prospect of a pleasant evening—whereby he meant a game at cards and some drink—had put him into a complacent humor. "Sing 'Masks and Faces'; I rather like that, it's sentimental and touching."

As he lounged back in his chair, pipe in mouth, with a lazy look of contentment upon his handsome face, he looked as if 'Jolly Dogs,' or 'Hop Light, Loo!' would have suited him equally well.

Mrs. Atwood had a full rich soprano voice, and was not only a thoroughly accomplished musician, but sang with that deep feeling which never fails to rouse even the most uncultivated listener to a sense of admiration and delight.

Sitting down, as he desired, to the piano, she had scarcely finished the second verse when Elizabeth announced the arrival of Captain Sturgis.

"Now, pray don't let me disturb you, Mrs. Atwood," remarked in a drawing high-pitched tone. "I really must apologize for looking in upon you at this time of night. It is all Atwood's fault—it really is. He asked me to come up and smoke a pipe."

"Pray do not apologize, Captain Sturgis," returned Mrs. Atwood, somewhat coldly, as she rose from the piano. "Friends of my husband's are welcome at any time."

"I am sure such a scene as this," lisped the Captain, affecting to regard the room and its occupants with the greatest interest, "makes me seriously meditate upon changing my condition—if I could only drop across the lady who would have pity on me. Now just look at Atwood! There he is, hard at work with pen, indistinctly earning his mite towards paying the butcher and the baker."

"And the candlestick-maker," suggested Atwood.

"No, no; you are ridiculing me," said Sturgis. "I really mean what I say. And there is Mrs. Atwood, with evidences of her industry scattered around upon the work tables, soothing his labors with sweet song. Pardon my honor, it is really too delightful! And then to think of my having to go home to my lonely chambers—dreadful!"

"No, er mind, old fellow!" cried George Atwood. "Soothe your perturbed spirit. Make yourself happy while you are here. Have a smoke, a drink, or do something to dissipate your sorrow."

Captain Sturgis seated himself in an easy chair, and sighed, as if the thought of his lonely chambers was too much for him.

"Blanche, my dear, bring us some whisky, there's a good girl!" exclaimed Atwood. "This man's very bad, ever so many 'pegs' to low. Then you can give us a little more music."

Captain Sturgis was what is generally termed a fast man. He had seen some little service in India in a crack cavalry

regiment, but had retired from the army upon inheriting a good income from his father. Without being possessed of any landed property in which to invest himself, and his tastes leaning towards town life, he found himself at the age of five and forty even more wedded to dissipation of every description than he had been at five and twenty.

George Atwood had come across this man several years ago, but had not known him at all in a lately used lately. Sturgis was found of dropping in upon men at their chambers, visiting their little suburban retreats, and spying out their different modes of life. It amused him to do so, and he probably knew more of the inner life of queer characters about London than did most men. It was only a few weeks before this particular evening that he had been asked by Atwood to visit his house to smoke a pipe and have a quiet game, and he had gone away very much impressed with the charms of George Atwood's wife.

Atwood was in Sturgis's debt—Sturgis liked men to be in his debt—not that he lent them small sums of money from any kindly feeling or allowed old gambling scores to stand over because he did not wish to inconvenience his debtors; but he liked to feel the power he had over the men who owed him money.

"Don't bother yourself," he would say; "wait till you are 'flush,' and then you can pay me, you know, old chap. Wait till the ship comes home—I am in no immediate want of it."

Though Captain Sturgis was proclaimed by his debtors to be "a o'ly, good fellow," there was not one of them but hated him in his inmost heart. The glance of his eye, the contemptuous speech, the sneer he knew so well how to employ, were all smart which he daily inflicted upon them; and many a poor wretch longed for a fifty-pound note or so, that he might free himself from this tyrant's clutches, and assert his manly independence with his fists.

Mrs. Atwood played and sang as she was requested, and the two men settled themselves down to a game of poker.

Several times she glanced towards them, and felt sad and heavy at heart as she watched her husband and this man whom she so loathed, both intent upon their cards. What good could come of knowing such a man as this? He was rich, and ostentatious in parading his wealth. Why did he not find his amusements amongst his rich acquaintances? What charm could there be for him in their shabby little house?

She shuddered, as a dreadful thought crossed her mind. Could it be that she herself was the attraction? Then she thought of his over-politeness and the many little fulsome compliments he was in the habit of paying her.

No, surely he could not be so vile as that! Yet, as she regarded his face, with his pale gray eyes, his long fair moustache, and the perpetual sneer, which had become an habitual expression to his features, she felt there was nothing to mean for this man to contemplate.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The "S. S." On a Man's Hand.

In the city cemetery at Muskegon, Michigan, there stands a plain, solid granite monument, sacred to the memory of Capt. Jonathan Walker, who was born in Warwick, Mass., in 1779, and died at Lake Harbor, Muskegon county, Vt., April 29, 1878.

On the shaft there is a relief of a man's hand branded with the letters "S. S."

Beneath that shaft lie the mortal remains of the man whose memory was made immortal by the pen of the good gray poet, John G. Whittier, in his poem entitled "The Branded Hand." Jonathan Walker was known for many years, especially in the advanced circles of the abolition sentiment, as "The Man with the Branded Hand." An ardent anti-slavery man, he embraced many opportunities to assist escaping slaves, and while engaged in the coasting trade on the Atlantic he became the object of the vengeance of the slave owners. In 1844, while on his way from the coast of Florida to the Bahama Islands with several slaves on board, whom he designed to set free at Nassau, his craft was overtaken by the United States steamer Pensacola. He was taken to Florida, tried in the United States court, fined \$300 and the cost of prosecution, placed in the pillory, and with a red hot iron branded on the palm of his right hand with the letters "S. S." (slave states). He was also kept in prison about a year.

After his release he devoted his life to the cause of freedom for the slave, lecturing and assisting the operators of the great American underground railway. In 1843 he came to Michigan and bought a small fruit farm in Muskegon county, where he died in 1878. Later that year his monument was erected, chiefly through the generosity of his friend, Chaplain Phineas Fisk, of the United States navy. Many illustrious men attended the unveiling of this monument, among them being that brave old son of freedom, Parker Pillsbury, who delivered the oration. Whittier and Fred Douglass sent sympathetic greetings, and there beside the grave of the Man with the Branded Hand, for the first time perhaps, was told the story of his life, full of daring deeds and suffering for the lowly ones held in serfdom in the south.

An Unexpected Demand.

"I thank you, fellow citizens," said the pale, scholarly president of the female seminary, who had been called upon to preside at a ratification meeting, "for this unlooked for honor. We have met to express our hearty indorsement of the party candidates presented for our suffrages. And now what is the pleasure of this assembly?"

"What's the matter with Ferguson?" called out a boy in the back seat and the audience, as one man responded vociferously:

"He's all right!"

"If Mr. Heesall Wright is in the audience," said the bewildered chairman, "he will please come forward to the platform."

Where Marriage is a Failure.

Parson—I am astonished to hear a man with three married daughters say "marriage is a failure."

Chit-ee—Well, when you have three families besides your own to support, you will learn that marriage is positive bankruptcy.—Lowell Courier.

