

Cass City Enterprise.

BROWNE BROS., Publishers.
One Dollar Per Year.

CASS CITY, MICH., FRIDAY, MAY, 10 1889.

VOLUME 8.—NO. 17.
Whole No. 432.

CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

Published every Friday morning at Cass City, Tuscola County, Michigan.

BROWNE BROS., EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS.

The subscription price of the Enterprise is One Dollar per year. Terms—Strictly cash in advance, or if not paid until the end of the year it will be collected for at the rate of \$1.25 at the expiration of that time.

One of the best advertising mediums in Tuscola county. Rates made known on application at this office.

Our job department has recently been increased by the addition of a large quantity of new types, making it complete in every respect. We have facilities for doing the most difficult work in this line and solicit the patronage of the public.

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. MCCLINTON,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON and Accoucheur. Graduate of Vic. University 1865. Office first door over Fritz's drug store. Specialty—Diseases of women and nervous debility.

DR. J. H. McLEAN,
Cancers Cured without the knife. Tumors removed in three hours. Piles, fistulas and fissures cured by a new and painless method.

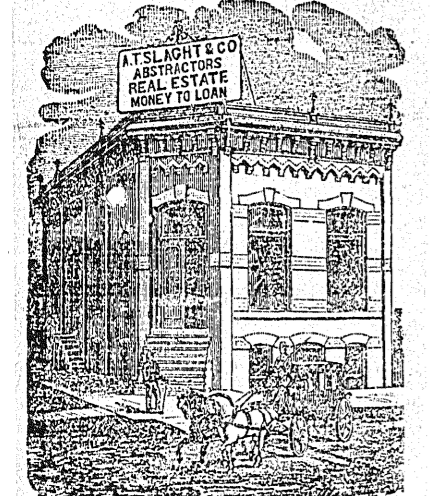
HENRY BUTLER
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Collections and conveying a specialty. Office in the Plimney block. 174

L. ROBINSON,
VETERINARY SURGEON—Office at residence, Cass City.

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

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

To all Lands in Tuscola county.



MONEY

TO LOAN ON
FARM MORTGAGES.

— IN SUMS FROM —

\$50 TO \$5,000!

For long or short time.

Office across from Medler House.

CARO, - MICH.

FOR SALE CHEAP
AND ON EASY TERMS.

Lot 8, W. 1/2 of S. W. 1/4, section 34, town 14, range 11 east, except part lying south of river; also except one acre off southwest corner. Inquire of
A. T. SLAGHT & CO. Caro, Mich.



LIGHT BRAHMA EGGS for hatching three thousand remain. Plover Williams, Duke of York and Aurant Finest poultry in the world, fully mated and bred. \$1.50 for 13 s. SAM. M. GILCHRIST, Cass City.

NEW TIN SHOP

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

SOLD fields are scarce, but those who write to Robinson & Co., Portland, Maine, will receive free, full information about work which they can do, and live at home that will pay them from \$10 to \$25 per day. Some have net over \$20 in a day. Elderly, young or old. Capital required. Tax are started at once. Absolutely sure of long life fortune. All is new.

ABOUT OUR NEIGHBORS.

Crisp and Spicy News Gathered by the Corps of Correspondents of the Enterprise.

Tuscola, Sanilac and Huron Counties All Represented in These Columns.

GAGETOWN.

Hio roiley! Here we are. We are waiting patiently for the gentle rain.

A wee little girl arrived at Jas. Brackenbury's Saturday.

Andrew Armstrong came over from Uby on Sunday.

Miss Otton returns on Wednesday to her home in Ortonville.

Commissioner Blakely commenced work on the streets on Monday.

Dr. Robinson of the city made some professional calls on Monday.

Our suburbs are on fire. The teacher and scholars were nearly smoked out.

John J. Myers entered the employ of Fr. Krebs Monday, as best man generally.

Geo. Clara has extended invitations for help to raise the frame for his new barn.

The fire destroyed several hundred dollars worth of timber for Joseph Gage.

Mr. and Mrs. Gillies, who have resided in Gagetown for three years, are to leave.

The Washington house bar changed hands May 1st. Mr. Gage has taken out a full license.

Angus McVicar, who has been very ill with inflammation of the lungs and bowels, is getting better.

Angus Gillies has gone to Ionia, Mich., on a prospecting trip, he having sold his farm to Henry Whipple.

Rev. Mr. Hill's preached the funeral sermon of Mase Steven's little child at the Canboro school house Saturday.

J. Quinn, the new proprietor of the Gage saw and stangle mill, will give the mill a general overhauling before starting it up.

Jos. Gage is giving the Washington house a thorough overhauling. R. Bolton and Tom Bushaw are doing the painting and papering.

Mr. Pearson of Detroit was up on Monday on business connected with the express office here, on account of a temporary change of agents at the station.

H. C. Laflamboy left here on Wednesday for Oxford to make a short visit with his folks, and then he goes to Holly and Detroit, to be gone indefinitely.

M. McHale concluded he would not leave the Washington house, and on Monday morning we found Mr. Gage, the painter and painter's kit out in the back yard, and the house all nailed up, except the kitchen, which is occupied by the family.

No wonder Reuben Beach was interested in the tariff question. He has the finest flock of sheep in this vicinity. He has well arranged and comfortable quarters, and during the cold season carefully performs the pastoral duties.

Our philosophical friend, the Grant correspondent, tells us about losing equilibrium, etc. Nobody has lost their equilibrium, but we have had a practical demonstration that one side of the body has a tendency to outwork the other.

Our "young gallant" did not get his leg "shot off in the army" neither did he draw a "back pension" but the gastrocnemius muscle of his left leg has almost refused to contract. It is wearily plying the way between Gagetown and Cass City. Joe, go slow.

Wm. J. Williamson ran a sliver into the index finger of the left hand, near the middle joint, and his blood being out of order caused inflammation and blood poisoning to set in and the injured member to swell to three times its normal size. As his health is not very good, it has put him under the weather considerably.

A grand musical, literary and free entertainment was given at the Winton school house on Wednesday evening. The members of the club acquitted themselves nobly. The paper they have in connection with the society, is read at each meeting and creates great amusement. This is the first of a series, a meeting to be held every two weeks.

Gagetown teams with ludicrous events. We thought we had only two ardent young men, but it seems that last Sabbath an amoroso whiled away the sunny hours at the home of his beau ideal. During the course of the day he very frequently proposed a walk, and finally the young lady informed her that it was impossible for him to go for a walk till evening. So at the prescribed time he called for the evening stroll, but the young lady supplemented herself by a young man,

dressed in woman's fixtures. He discoursed in his most charming language, but some of the boys gave it away, and he fled, but she was again introduced to another. Who was not fortunate enough to discover her sex. He bid her good bye, and kissed her good night, and how is Miss Shaw?

Money to Loan on Real Estate.
I will be at Gagetown every Monday afternoon, until further notice. Parties wishing to loan money on good security are invited to call on me.
C. W. MCPHAIL,
Cass City Bank.

ELLINGTON.

Very dry.
Fires are raging.
Rain is badly needed.
Wheat and grass grow very slow.
The most of spring crops, save corn and potatoes, are in the ground.

Mrs. Maud Parker rode to Caro on Saturday with her mother. The first time since her sickness.

This is court week and some will try their luck at that business, according to the number of suits published.

The first school exhibition ever given in district No. 1, publicly, was given last Saturday evening, under the management of the teacher, Preston Cooley, and those who attended seem to be well pleased with it, it being something new. They will be better prepared for the next one.

Last Sunday about ten o'clock in the forenoon a small streak of smoke was seen ascending upward on the west side of Sec. 21, and as the wind began to increase in velocity the smoke began to increase in volume. Soon flames began to make their appearance and the wary watcher knew it was the much dreaded forest fires making their appearance.

The fire sped across Levi Whipple's land into his wood of green timber, burning up a large number of cedar rails, post and house blocks. The fiery monster then leaped from the woods to some land owned by Caleb Card, burning everything in its path, and not satisfied with the damage already done the flames made their way to Amzy Clay's destroying some fences and his barn, and but for the timely assistance of some of the neighbors the dwelling would also have been consumed.

ON MONDAY

the people of this vicinity were again aroused by another fire which had its origin from the same source. This time burning over some land belonging to Eugene Rogers and Mark Hobert, the wind blowing a perfect gale all the time. The flames soon spread into Jas. Dornon's woods and steadily made their way towards Bailey's saw mill. About 1 p. m. an alarm was sent up from the mill, and as the whistle pealed forth its cry for help the farmers dropped everything in the line of work and proceeded to the mill to render what assistance they could. In less time than it takes to write this over sixty people were on the scene. Men, women and children were carrying water and wetting down the mill and the large lumber piles in close proximity to the building. Some back fires were started to keep back the vast volume of flames which were slowly approaching, and by an earnest effort the mill and its surroundings were saved. This is the worst fire we have had since 1881, and our nerves were beginning to weaken when the above occurred. Amzy Clay and H. A. Bailey desire to express their thanks to the neighbors who kindly sacrificed their own interests to save another's property, and their noble and earnest exertions in their behalf.

CREEL.

How do you do.

Wm. McLaughlin took in Bad Axe on Tuesday.

James McKinnon visited Bad Axe on Tuesday.

Pat. Reilly and John Howard took in Sebawaug on Friday.

Samuel Good removed George Dice's household goods from Cass City to this place.

Mrs. L. Aldrich is seriously ill at present. We have not as yet learned the trouble.

Very dry weather, is the cry of the day, and crops are suffering greatly for want of rain.

Professor Robinson of Cass City was in this place on Monday performing his professional duties.

The town board held a meeting at the clerk's office on Monday last, for the transaction of general business.

George M. Cross and wife visited their friends in Caro on Sunday. Miss Helen had charge of the store and office during their absence.

David Coulter is building a neat residence on the old homestead. Wm. Burgess will superintend the farm work. Dave means business.

Jeston McCarty has taken the Matts place for the next five years. The youth receives two-thirds of all crops, which will undoubtedly pay well.

The two Ralphs made a business trip to Elkton, Huron county, on Saturday forenoon, and to Cass City in the afternoon. The boys must have spent most

of the time on the road.

Supervisor Wilson has been going the rounds, during the past week, estimating the wealth of our noble town. Don't forget the dogs, Billy, for they don't all bark on such occasions.

Archie Gillis was promoted on last Tuesday. He is now clerking for D. McGregor, the proprietor of the Patron store at Gagetown. Archie is worthy of the situation as far as education is concerned.

Wm. Moody of Bad Axe, but recently a boot and shoe merchant of Gagetown, passed through here, on a collecting tour, on Tuesday. The old gentleman contemplates returning to the latter place at an early date.

What caused so much fast driving on Saturday night? Is the enquiry of the toll gate keeper. The cause was a little lady, who suddenly made her appearance at the home of Joseph River's. Dr. Lyman of Gagetown reports all doing well. The boys will now smoke a ten center, as this is the first of the feminine gender for Joe.

WEST GREENLEAF.

Seeding is about over.

Mrs. Bardwell is on the sick list.

Miss Mary Waldon is on the sick list.

Mrs. Wilson is moving her old house back of her new one to use as a grainery.

The residence of W. J. M. Jones is now to be painted by Wm. Edwards of Tyre.

A large frame barn was raised on Frank Bardwell's place last week. It is 36x52 feet.

Mrs. Sarah and Miss Margaret Wilson have gone to Pontiac to spend the summer.

Cass City Markets.

Friday Morning, May, 12.

Wheat, No. 1 white. 85 @ 90

do No. 2 red. 78 @ 85

do No. 3 red. 75 @ 80

Oats. 25 @ 30

Beans land-picked. 90 @ 100

do un-picked. 75 @ 85

Rye. 55 @ 60

Barley. 75 @ 80

Clover seed. 550 @ 550

Peas per bushel. 25 @ 25

Buckwheat. 25 @ 25

Butter. 16 @ 16

Eggs. 10 @ 10

Three Cent Column.

All advertisements inserted in this column at Three Cents per line for each insertion.

LOST—I lost a good smoke by not buying my cigars at C. L. Soper's, Kingston.

BLACKSMITH SHOP and dwelling house for sale. Address E. Robertson, Gagetown. 3m20-6wks.

FOR SALE—Some farm and road horses, also a few wagons and buggies. S. R. MARKHAM, 4-12 tf Cass City.

MONEY TO LOAN on real estate. For further particulars, enquire of J. C. LAYNE, 4-12 1y.

FOR SALE—A five year old horse, also a new buggy, Dexter queen spring. DR. McLEAN, 4m5

FARM TO RENT—80 acres, 60 acres cleared, of cheap. Also 3 cows, for sale cheap. Inquire of C. L. SOPER, Kingston.

FOR SALE—An 80 acre farm in Greenleaf, Sanilac county. Inquire of WIDOW WRIGHT, Cass City.

FOR SALE—House and lot Kelland's addition, also business lot on main street, Cass City. Enquire of 4-10 3m B. C. WALKER.

FOR SALE—80 acres of unimproved land, situated in Evergreen township, Sanilac Co. Apply to ALONZO H. AILE, Cass City. tf

LOST—A note made in the month of March, 1889, for 8 months; at 7 per cent interest, given by John Lewis. Wm. MILLER, Kingston.

FOR SALE—140 acres of land, all cleared and stumped, good buildings, well watered. For further particulars, enquire of JOHN BAUCUS, Cass City. 4-10-2-wks

STRAY—Came into enclosure on April 23d, 83 yearling colts. Owner please call, provide prove property, pay charges and take them away. 4-26 4w JAS. RUSSELL, Sec. 5, Elkland.

LOT 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.

FOR SALE—Pair of 5 year old mares, good size and disposition, one will foal about a month. I will sell these mares and good double harness cheap for cash. Wm. McDURMON, Two miles east of Ellington. 2-wks

FOR SALE—A good work horse (gelding) five years old. Also a mare, 5 or 6 tons of timothy hay, and 6 tons of ice. Six months time will be given for good paper at 7 per cent. JOHN A. CHARLTON, 4-12 2w Five miles east of Cass City.

EGGS FOR HATCHING THOROUGHbred POULTRY—Wyandotte, Black Cochins, White Leghorns, Plymouth Rock and Light Brahmas. Sitting of 13 eggs, \$1.00. Two miles north and one mile west of Cass City. 3m15w A. B. DUFFEE.

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN—South-west quarter of south-east quarter section 28, and the north-west quarter of north-east quarter of east half of north-east quarter of section 25, all in the township of Brookfield, Huron county. Forty acres ready to plow, balance good timbered land. If you want the making of a fine farm come and see me. Small payment down balance on long time at 7 per cent. C. W. MCPHAIL, At Cass City Bank, 3m20 3m

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN—South-west quarter of south-east quarter section 28, and the north-west quarter of north-east quarter of east half of north-east quarter of section 25, all in the township of Brookfield, Huron county. Forty acres ready to plow, balance good timbered land. If you want the making of a fine farm come and see me. Small payment down balance on long time at 7 per cent. C. W. MCPHAIL, At Cass City Bank, 3m20 3m

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN—South-west quarter of south-east quarter section 28, and the north-west quarter of north-east quarter of east half of north-east quarter of section 25, all in the township of Brookfield, Huron county. Forty acres ready to plow, balance good timbered land. If you want the making of a fine farm come and see me. Small payment down balance on long time at 7 per cent. C. W. MCPHAIL, At Cass City Bank, 3m20 3m

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN—South-west quarter of south-east quarter section 28, and the north-west quarter of north-east quarter of east half of north-east quarter of section 25, all in the township of Brookfield, Huron county. Forty acres ready to plow, balance good timbered land. If you want the making of a fine farm come and see me. Small payment down balance on long time at 7 per cent. C. W. MCPHAIL, At Cass City Bank, 3m20 3m

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN—South-west quarter of south-east quarter section 28, and the north-west quarter of north-east quarter of east half of north-east quarter of section 25, all in the township of Brookfield, Huron county. Forty acres ready to plow, balance good timbered land. If you want the making of a fine farm come and see me. Small payment down balance on long time at 7 per cent. C. W. MCPHAIL, At Cass City Bank, 3m20 3m

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN—South-west quarter of south-east quarter section 28, and the north-west quarter of north-east quarter of east half of north-east quarter of section 25, all in the township of Brookfield, Huron county. Forty acres ready to plow, balance good timbered land. If you want the making of a fine farm come and see me. Small payment down balance on long time at 7 per cent. C. W. MCPHAIL, At Cass City Bank, 3m20 3m

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN—South-west quarter of south-east quarter section 28, and the north-west quarter of north-east quarter of east half of north-east quarter of section 25, all in the township of Brookfield, Huron county. Forty acres ready to plow, balance good timbered land. If you want the making of a fine farm come and see me. Small payment down balance on long time at 7 per cent. C. W. MCPHAIL, At Cass City Bank, 3m20 3m

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN—South-west quarter of south-east quarter section 28, and the north-west quarter of north-east quarter of east half of north-east quarter of section 25, all in the township of Brookfield, Huron county. Forty acres ready to plow, balance good timbered land. If you want the making of a fine farm come and see me. Small payment down balance on long time at 7 per cent. C. W. MCPHAIL, At Cass City Bank, 3m20 3m

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN—South-west quarter of south-east quarter section 28, and the north-west quarter of north-east quarter of east half of north-east quarter of section 25, all in the township of Brookfield, Huron county. Forty acres ready to plow, balance good timbered land. If you want the making of a fine farm come and see me. Small payment down balance on long time at 7 per cent. C. W. MCPHAIL, At Cass City Bank, 3m20 3m

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN—South-west quarter of south-east quarter section 28, and the north-west quarter of north-east quarter of east half of north-east quarter of section 25, all in the township of Brookfield, Huron county. Forty acres ready to plow, balance good timbered land. If you want the making of a fine farm come and see me. Small payment down balance on long time at 7 per cent. C. W. MCPHAIL, At Cass City Bank, 3m20 3m

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN—South-west quarter of south-east quarter section 28, and the north-west quarter of north-east quarter of east half of north-east quarter of section 25, all in the township of Brookfield, Huron county. Forty acres ready to plow, balance good timbered land. If you want the making of a fine farm come and see me. Small payment down balance on long time at 7 per cent. C. W. MCPHAIL, At Cass City Bank, 3m20 3m

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN—South-west quarter of south-east quarter section 28, and the north-west quarter of north-east quarter of east half of north-east quarter of section 25, all in the township of Brookfield, Huron county. Forty acres ready to plow, balance good timbered land. If you want the making of a fine farm come and see me. Small payment down balance on long time at 7 per cent. C. W. MCPHAIL, At Cass City Bank, 3m20 3m

Eucpepsia.

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, in the hope that they may attain 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 good digestion and oust the demon Dyspepsia, and install instead Eucpepsia. We recommend Electric Bitters for Dyspepsia and all diseases of the Stomach, Liver and Kidneys. Sold at 50 cts and \$1 a bottle, by Fritz Bros., druggists.

Supervisor Wilson has been going the rounds, during the past week, estimating the wealth of our noble town. Don't forget the dogs, Billy, for they don't all bark on such occasions.

Archie Gillis was promoted on last Tuesday. He is now clerking for D. McGregor, the proprietor of the Patron store at Gagetown. Archie is worthy of the situation as far as education is concerned.

Wm. Moody of Bad Axe, but recently a boot and shoe merchant of Gagetown, passed through here, on a collecting tour, on Tuesday. The old gentleman contemplates returning to the latter place at an early date.

What caused so much fast driving on Saturday night? Is the enquiry of the toll gate keeper. The cause was a little lady, who suddenly made her appearance at the home of Joseph River's. Dr. Lyman of Gagetown reports all doing well. The boys will now smoke a ten center, as this is the first of the feminine gender for Joe.

Seeding is about over.

Mrs. Bardwell is on the sick list.

Miss Mary Waldon is on the sick list.

Mrs. Wilson is moving her old house back of her new one to use as a grainery.

The residence of W. J. M. Jones is now to be painted by Wm. Edwards of Tyre.

A large frame barn was raised on Frank Bardwell's place last week. It is 36x52 feet.

Mrs. Sarah and Miss Margaret Wilson have gone to Pontiac to spend the summer.

Cass City Markets.

Friday Morning, May, 12.

Wheat, No. 1 white. 85 @ 90

do No. 2 red. 78 @ 85

do No. 3 red. 75 @ 80

Oats. 25 @ 30

Beans land-picked. 90 @ 100

do un-picked. 75 @ 85

Rye. 55 @ 60

Barley. 75 @ 80

Clover seed. 550 @ 550

Peas per bushel. 25 @ 25

Buckwheat. 25 @ 25

Butter. 16 @ 16

Eggs. 10 @ 10

Three Cent Column.

All advertisements inserted in this column at Three Cents per line for each insertion.

THE MARQUIS MAYEDA.

A Great Japanese Nobleman Who Has Recently Arrived in This Country.

The telegraph announces the arrival at San Francisco of Marquis Mayeda, a Japanese nobleman, delegated by his government to inspect the military and naval systems of western nations. This gentleman is the son of a provincial ruler who previous to the revolution of 1868 held the first place in the list of daimios. He was the feudal lord of Kaga, and the revenue of his territory was equivalent to not less than \$6,000,000 a year and often a great deal more. He was conspicuous for his opposition to the admission of foreigners, and in the convention of nobles gathered to discuss the means of resisting Commodore Perry's approach he declared he would perish by the sword of his ancestors if he could not employ that weapon in the extermination of the hated strangers. Yet he lived to recognize the benefits of internal intercourse, and the magnificent grounds of his great mansion at Tokio, formerly a marvel of oriental splendor and beauty, are now occupied by the Imperial university, founded upon American models for the purpose of disseminating western science. His immediate descendants received a foreign education, and several of them have served their country with distinction in diplomatic capacities. In the final readjustment of the peerage some years ago the house of Mayeda naturally expected to be accorded the highest titular rank, next to the family of the sovereign, and an income not inferior to that of any nobleman; but he was not in alliance with the southern daimios who then controlled the government, and in addition his claims were not skillfully or judiciously presented. But he retains, nevertheless, a superb fortune, and whatever his nominal station may be his social position is equal to that of any member of his Japanese aristocracy. He will be one of the hereditary peers in the first national parliament, to be called together by the emperor two years hence.

Napoleon's Memory.

A gentleman once said, in Wellington's presence, that great memories are generally the sign of great talents, and instantiated Napoleon, who could single out soldiers in reviews and call them by name to step out of the ranks. "This is a great mistake," replied the duke. "I'll tell you how he managed it. One of his generals, Lobau, used to get ready for him a list of soldiers to be called out from each regiment. When Napoleon rode up opposite to a regiment he would call out the name of the soldier to be honored, and the man would step forward—that was all.

"I also doubt the goodness of his memory," continued the duke, "from the looseness and inaccuracy of his statements. In his works—I mean all that he has ever written—you never find a thing related precisely as it happened. He seems to have no clear nor distinct recollection; scarcely once has he ever tripped into truth!"

In another conversation Wellington said that Napoleon's genius made him so pre-eminent that all of his marshals seemed inferior to him. "He suited a French army exactly, and at their head there never was anything like him. I used to say of him that his presence on the field made the difference of forty thousand men."

The Sagaicity of Shepherd Dogs.

A gentleman who has had considerable to do with shepherds and drovers in England and Scotland, speaking of the story published in the Oregonian a day or two since about a dog separating the ewes and wethers of a flock by noticing the earmarks, says there is no doubt but what it is true. He has known dogs to go into a drove of sheep which were marked with several different marks and single out every one bearing his master's mark. He says the shepherds train their dogs by taking them along when puppies under their care as they mark the sheep, and the dog is thus taught to distinguish marks. He says further that at the sheep market in Islington drivers have their sheep marked with red or blue paint, and when the drivers get mixed a dog will go into the band and bring out all his master's sheep, telling them by the color of the marking. Shepherd dogs are the most intelligent species of the canine family, and when they are brought up among herds of sheep and trained to take charge of them it is but reasonable to suppose that they might learn to notice marks of any kind on them.—Portland Oregonian.

Emotional Prodigality.

Something has been wisely said of late about the danger of overpressure in our schools. The time spent in study that ought to be spent in out door play or in exercise in gymnasia is worse than wasted. But the overpressure of intellectual work would not be so bad were it not for the emotional prodigality of many children both at home and at school. Teachers are spurred to strain pupils to the utmost that they may meet the coming tests, for promotion. The healthy spontaneous emotions that make it the delight of childhood to learn are crushed, and factitious emotions of fear and dread are substituted. At home the emotional excitement is often greater than at school. Prizes, the expectations of parents, piano practice, company, parties, dances, potting and reproofs, are the stimuli, culminating often in late hours spent in preparing a half dozen lessons for the next day. The tasks at school, hard as they are, often are less injurious to the children than the emotional dissipation at home.—William H. Burnham, in Scribner's Magazine.

He Never Goes Off.

A smooth talker may be a bore—a smooth bore—and should be plugged at the muzzle.—Ringhamton Republican.

MRS. CLEVELAND.

She Weighs Twenty Pounds Less Than at the Time of Her Marriage.

Every one who has seen Mrs. Cleveland since she has arrived in this city, says the New York World, has remarked upon the great change in her appearance. She is very much thinner, having lost probably since her marriage fully twenty pounds. She is a tall woman, something like 5 feet 7, and weighed when she married Mr. Cleveland nearly 160 pounds, which did not seem at all too much for her height. Now she looks distinctly thin and has lost, too, the brilliant color she had as a girl. The life in Washington has been in some respects a hard one and the climate has never agreed with her very well, she having always been accustomed to a colder and more bracing atmosphere. This change in her appearance has been greatly accentuated by the change in the way of wearing her hair which she has recently made. The Cleveland coiffure, which meant high coils on the head and a few curled love-locks on the forehead, has taken a distinct place among the fashions, of hair-dressing and has grown universally familiar through the photographs of the president's wife. But it is now entirely altered; she brushes her hair straight back from her forehead, without any suggestion of a bang, and pins it in a low, braided coil on the back of her neck. Such a radical change of coiffure makes almost as much difference in a woman's appearance as would the shaving of his beard on the part of the man. It has changed Mrs. Cleveland so much that very few people who are not personally acquainted with her would be able to recognize her. It is said that this is what she had in view when she made the change. She knew that her face had become so familiar to every one that she would not be able even to walk in the streets or to appear in any public place without immediately being pointed out and stared at, and it was to avoid this unpleasantness that she changed her hair-dressing in order that those people who knew her only through photographs should not easily recognize her. She and Mrs. Folsom are already beginning an executive session with the dressmakers, preparing their spring wardrobe, as they probably leave town early in the season and wish to be beforehand in their preparations. Mrs. Cleveland has already made investments in the pretty new gingham and China silks which are being shown in the shop-windows. She has a great fondness for simple, girlish costumes for summer wear, and with her fresh complexion and slender, youthful outlines these are extremely becoming to her. Mrs. Folsom, however dresses very quietly, does not look very much older than her daughter, and, indeed, as far as age is concerned, might easily be an elder sister, being but little over seventeen years her senior.

A Prospective Queen of England.

Prince Albert Victor, profanely nicknamed "Collars and Cuffs" by his irreverent future subjects, is not a very fascinating young man. He has a dull, heavy countenance, and in society is said not to belie his looks. It will not be an easy matter for him to choose a wife. A clause in the royal marriage act of Great Britain forbids the union of the heir to the throne with a Roman Catholic, a fact that greatly narrows the possible field for his selection. The young Orleans princesses, Helene, the daughter of the Count de Paris, and her cousin, the Princess Marguerite de Chantres, and also the Princess Clementine of Belgium, and her cousins, the daughters of the Count de Flanres (brother to the present king and heir to the throne), are all removed from competition on account of their religion. So he may have to choose the future queen of England from among his own cousins. Of these there are several of a suitable age, including the Princess Margaret of Prussia and the Princess Alix of Hesse Darmstadt. Neither of these young ladies is quite 17, and the latter is said to be remarkably pretty. Or, if he decides to postpone his wedding for a few years, he might find a bride in the Grand Duchess Xenia, oldest daughter of the Czar of Russia, who is nearly 14. But in all respects the most suitable match for him would seem to be one with the Princess Victoria of Teck, eldest daughter of the Princess of Cambridge, and acknowledged beauty of the younger generation of the royal family of England. She is his cousin in the third degree only, is an English princess by birth and breeding, and is just of the right age, being 21. Moreover, it is whispered that the prince is very much in love with this charming young lady, and that only the stern opposition of his imperious grandmother, Queen Victoria, prevents their betrothal.—Paris Letter to Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Tale of War.

What could be happier than this childish account of a dog's mole of soothing his mortified vanity when he has had an unsuccessful encounter with a cat? "If there's no trees just round, the dog gets the cat in the corner of a door or two brick walls. Then the cat makes her body twice as big as what is flesh and bone, by standing her hairs up, strite, and she spits and sneezes all over the dog, so he can't see what he's a doing of. The white he's clearin' his eyes a bit, she scatters him in the nose, which you know, of all parts of a dogs flesh, its nose has got the littlest skin over it. You might say as there is no skin, only a bit of meat. The dog feels just as if he was caught with a fishing-hook, and he runs right away a thinking to himself as he thought the cat was a little one, when he see it in the yard."—London Spectator.

Bon and Bis.

When Gen. Ben Butler meets Col. Bismarck then will come a tug of individuality. It is confidently believed that if they were to have their portraits taken together and sent to Samoa the trembling natives would surrender all hope at once.—Baltimore American.

THE HOME OF THE ARYANS.

Conjecture as to Their Being of European Origin.

When it was discovered that most European nations spoke languages of the Aryan (or Indo Persian) stock, the conclusion was at once drawn that these European Aryans must look for their ancestral home in the East. As no one doubted that all the nations of this stock had sprung from one source, it was natural to inquire in what place the primitive Aryan tribe had its original seat. It was natural also to adopt the view that this seat was to be found somewhere in that portion of central Asia to which the traditions embodied, however vaguely, in the earliest compositions of Aryan origin, the Vedas and the Zend Avesta, seemed to point. This region, which comprehends ancient Persia and Bactria, has, from the earliest times of which we have any knowledge, been the home of Aryan communities. The reasons for accepting it as the peculiar seat of the race seemed conclusive to ethnologists until a very recent date. Of late years some of the scholars of high rank, both in Germany and in England, have been led to adopt the suggestion, first made by the late eminent English philologist, Dr. Latham, that the Aryans may have been of European origin. Their arguments were well summed up in the interesting address delivered last year before the Section of Anthropology in the British Association by the president of that section, Professor Sayce. They have since been fully considered and discussed by Professor Max Muller in his recent work, "Biographies of Words, and the Home of the Aryans." His decision is that to which the great majority of ethnologists have long since given their assent, namely, that the preponderant weight of argument points to an Asiatic home for the race. Some of the grounds for this conclusion will presently be shown, but, in the first instance, it becomes necessary to fix the locality of this primitive seat somewhat more definitely than it is placed in Professor Max Muller's essay. He finds that the Aryan home must have been "somewhere in Asia," but declines to say more. This conclusion, it is evident, is too indefinite for science; nor does it seem likely that the learned author, if he had cared to be more precise, would have had any difficulty in drawing a much narrower limit. The "method of elimination" is easily sufficient for this end. From the whole of Asia we strike out at once, by the common consent of ethnologists, its eastern third, comprising China, Japan and Thibet, and along with it, by like consent, the three great southern peninsulas, the Indo Chinese, the Indian, and the Arabian. With Arabia the rest of the ancient Semitic countries, Mesopotamia, Syria and Phoenicia, will be erased from the problem. The immense expanse of Siberia will also disappear; for, though one bold speculator has sought a frigid home for the early Aryans in that region, he has, as might be supposed, gained no adherents to his theory. No one proposes Asia Minor; and Armenia and the Caucasus seem put out of the question by the fact that our earliest historical knowledge of those regions shows them inhabited mainly by non Aryan tribes.—Popular Science Monthly.

One Hundred Glasses, or No Job.

"Talking about beer as an intoxicant," said Lawyer C. M. Hardy in a chat with a party of friends yesterday, "reminds me of a case I had years ago. I am sorry to say I was beaten in it, but I did the best I could and it was not my fault that I lost. A big brewery had engaged a bright young man to drive one of their beer wagons and had discharged him without warning. He retained me to sue for wages and I thought I had a good case. The defense was that he had not lived up to his contract—that he was instructed at headquarters to treat everyone in the places where he delivered beer and that by 10 A. M., after doing as directed, he was beastly drunk. The brewer was asked what he expected of a driver and he said his men should be capable of drinking 100 glasses of beer each per day. Along about 4 P. M. an expert was called by the defense. I had declared it a physical impossibility for a young man to drink 100 glasses of beer and remain sober. Well, the expert was a big six foot Prussian who was a civil engineer. He was asked if he knew anything about beer drinking and he said he had drunk beer since his birth. He was asked then how much he usually drank in a day. Objection was raised, but the judge, who was a good natured old fellow, said he would like to hear of the man's capacity. 'I usually drink eighty glasses of beer a day,' said the Prussian in answer to the question. The old judge adjusted his spectacles, carefully looked the witness over and said: 'Have you drank that much to-day?' The man said he had. 'Do you know you are under oath?' asked the incredulous judge. 'I have had a thorough Christian education,' replied the Prussian, with a sweeping bow. And that's what lost my case. I think beer an intoxicant."—Chicago Herald.

Five Anarchists Dine.

Five Anarchists went into a Paris restaurant and ordered and devoured a fine dinner. When the bill was presented they told the proprietor to look to the rascally capitalists for his pay. He sent for the police and the Anarchists cursed them for having carried out capitalistic boasts, but went along. In the police court the mother of one of them appeared and paid the complainant for the five dinners, but her son shouted out that she was silly, that he and his friends had gone in for free dinners on principle, and would do it again every chance they got. They were thereupon sent to prison for three months and fined.

Accidental Exactness.

It is said that a busy doctor not far away sent in a certificate of death to the health officer and inadvertently placed his name in the space for "cause of death." This is what might be called accidental exactness.—Scranton Truth.

How He Lost His Meat Leg.

Ex-Gov. Pierce of Dakota tells of a member of the legislature of that territory who, when he makes a speech, talks right out in meeting. Not many months ago Gov. Clark sent in the nomination of a one-legged man for a prominent office, and it became the duty of the legislature to consider whether to confirm it or not. The statesman to whom Col. Pierce alludes took the floor and made a brief but effective speech. "Gentlemen of the legislature," said he, "let us look the situation fairly in the face and see if we can stand this sort of a nincompoop in the office to which he has been nominated. He trades mostly, I am told, gentlemen, on his timber leg; but don't be fooled on that. Did he lose 'his meat and bone leg' in the war? Gentlemen, did he lose it in the harvest field? No, sir, I will tell you how he lost his leg. He was riding, gentlemen, over the prairies of this great and growing territory, turning out of their humble cottages the widows and orphans of poor soldiers who were not able to pay rent, in the dead midst of winter, when the good and wise Creator, who shelters and feeds the sparrows and never allows the children of the righteous to go begging bread, froze his—shins off."—Minneapolis Tribune.

As the hair has a shadow, so the slightest disease of the scalp threatens the hair. Put the scalp in healthy condition by the use of Warner's Log Cabin HAIR TONIC. It restores the hair and has no equal.

Music Maddened Her.

A young lady, a lovely woman and a devoted wife, was a slave to the passion of music. She had a beautiful voice, was always singing on available occasions, and was greatly admired for her gift. The man in this case was a tenor. I never credited tenors with a heroic place in the tragedies of life, but in this instance I suppose many men would like him to a hero. A hero of their own class! Under the magic influence of a passionate due from one of those Italian operas one night the passions of these two people met. Had it not been for the music the danger was as far away from the young wife as I am from her at this moment. She went home trembling and shuddering with the burden of her own shame, and throwing herself on her knees before her husband told him all. He—rare fellow that he was—forgave her. Hardly had the blessed words of forgiveness passed his lips, he had barely clasped her in the safety of his arms, when a strange look came into her eyes. She commenced to murmur the melody of that fatal duet. "Then came a loud shrill laugh! She was a raving maniac."

Joe Jefferson is going to write an autobiography for publication in the Century magazine.

Blanche Griffin, Mary Anderson's half sister, denies the rumor that she is going on the stage.

Mrs. James Brown Potter bathes in violet water which costs her the whole of \$1 a quart.

The Authors' club of New York is to have a house of its own, and will either rent or build.

Dakota's Boom.

Dakota is now engaging public attention through her efforts to achieve statehood, as well as by her phenomenal growth and the rapid development of her wonderful agricultural resources, and the advantages she offers to home-seekers and persons desiring safe and profitable investments. A new pamphlet containing recent letters citing the actual experiences of reliable residents, and other valuable information relating to Dakota, will be mailed free upon request by E. P. Wilson, No. 22 Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

The Chicago Inter-Ocean is to build an office to cost \$900,000.

Smoke the Sheriff Sale Segar a straight 10c Havana cigar for 5c.

There are now 2,500,000 total abstainers in the United Kingdom.

"That Miss Jones is a nice looking girl, isn't she?"

"Yes, and she'd be the belle of the town if it were not for one thing."

"What's that?"

"She has catarrh so bad that it is unpleasant to be near her. She has tried a dozen things and nothing helps her. I am sorry for I like her, but that doesn't make it any less disagreeable for one to be around her."

Now if she had used Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, there would have been nothing of the kind said, for it will cure catarrh every time.

Java's supply of lizards is said to be exhausted by the demand for that reptile's hide for purses.

A Babe in the House.

is the source of much sunshine and joy, brightening many a dark cloud and lightening many a heavy load—but joys continual abide only in a healthy body. The Creator with great wisdom has distributed over the earth vegetable remedies for every ill of human kind. This marvelous laboratory reveals its secrets to man only by diligent searching labor. Few men have attained greater success than Dr. R. V. Pierce; nor devised for suffering humanity a greater production than his "Golden Medical Discovery," the unfailing remedy for consumptive states, as well as for chronic nasal catarrh, scrofula, tumors and all blood disorders.

A masculine beauty show is being arranged for Vienna, where the woman will be the judge.

An Extraordinary Phenomenon.

No other term than the above would apply to the woman who could see her youthful beauty fading away without a pang of regret. Many a woman becomes prematurely old and haggard because of functional derangements. What a pity that all such do not know that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will restore their organs to a normal state, and make them youthful and beautiful once more! For the ills to which the daughters of Eve are peculiarly liable the "Prescription" is a sovereign remedy. It is the only medicine sold by druggists under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be returned. See guarantee on bottle wrapper.

Senator Sherman is going to Europe to spend the coming summer.

Food for Consumption.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, is a most marvelous food and strength-giver. It feeds the system, builds the throat and lungs, and gives flesh and strength quicker than any other remedy known. It is very palatable, having none of the disagreeable taste of the crude oil.

Prince Karl Ludwig of Wurtemberg, if a dentist of New Orleans.

Catarrh Can't be Cured.

with LOCAL APPLICATION, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you have to take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surface. Hall's Catarrh Cure is no quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surface. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Prop., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, price 75 cents.

Outlived All of Them.

Visitor (in tone of gentle reproach)—I suppose, auntie, you have never had the opportunity of joining an anti tobacco society? Auntie (aged one hundred and four)—Laws, yes, honey! (Placing live coal on top of pipe.) I've had the chance of jinin' (puff, puff) in my time. Fourteen of 'em have (puff) have died right yere, one after the other, sence I come to the town, about (puff) ninety-three yurs ago (puff, puff).—Chicago Tribune.

Prominent Clergemen, Physicians and all classes of citizens are unanimous in the indorsement of Salvation Oil, the great cure for Rheumatism. Price only 25 cents a bottle. At all Druggists.

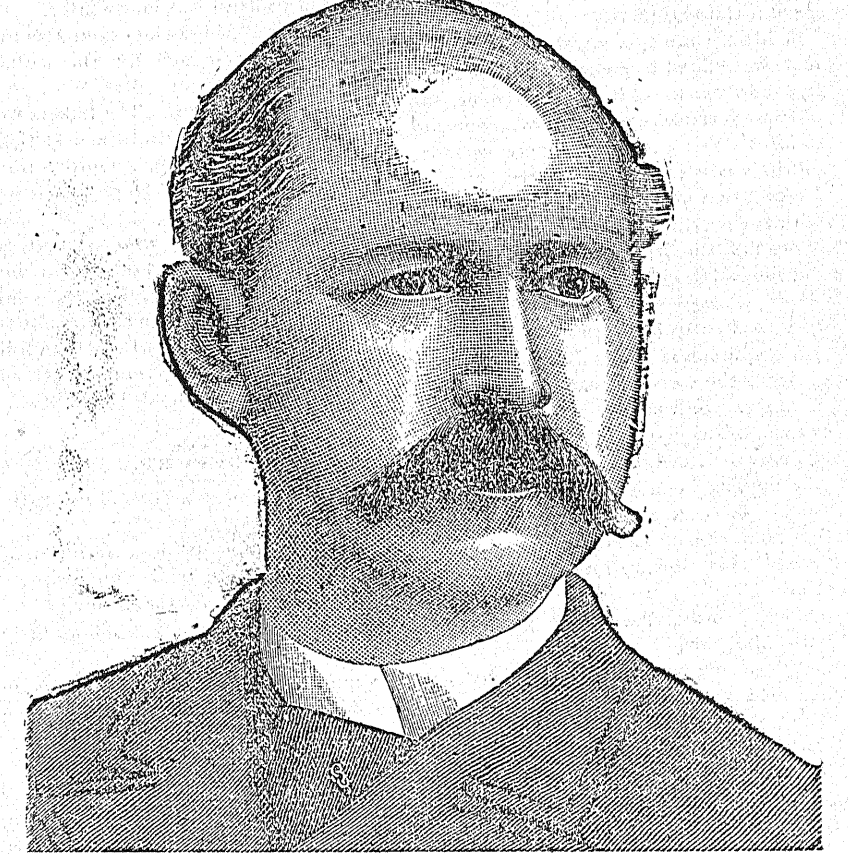
Young ladies, on the eve of marriage, now give "spinsters dinners," at which female friends only are entertained. They are allowed to talk of everything, and never fail to mention the numerous curative benefits of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup that cures all cough, cold, bronchitis, croup, and sore throat.

Onions are selling at one cent a bushel at Canastota, N. Y.

The London World is said to net its owner \$30,000 a year.

CAUTION

W. L. Douglas's name and the price are stamped on the bottom of all shoes advertised by him before leaving his factory; this protects the wearers against high prices and inferior goods. If your dealer offers you shoes without W. L. DOUGLAS' name and price stamped on them, and says they are his shoes, or that as good, do not be deceived thereby. Dealers make more profit on unknown shoes that are not warranted by anybody; therefore do not be induced to buy shoes that have no reputation. Buy only those that have W. L. DOUGLAS' name and the price stamped on the bottom, and you are sure to get full value for your money. Thousands of dollars are saved annually in this country by the wearers of W. L. DOUGLAS' SHOES.



W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

MADE SEAMLESS. WITHOUT TACKS OR NAILS.

The reputation of this Shoe is so well established that it is not necessary to go into details.

\$3.00 GENUINE HAND-SEWED SHOE. A fine dress shoe made of the best stock.

\$4.00 HAND-SEWED WELT SHOE. The best shoe for the price in the market.

\$3.50 POLICE AND FARMERS' SHOE. Made expressly for Policemen, Letter Carriers, Railroad men and Farmers.

\$2.50 EXTRA VALUE CALF SHOE. Made purposely for heavy wear, and should last a year.

\$2.25 WORKINGMAN'S SHOE. Is especially recommended for service and comfort.

\$2.00 GOOD-WEAR SHOE. Look at them and judge for yourself.

\$2.00 and \$1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES. Have been thoroughly tested and give the best satisfaction.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 AND \$2 SHOES FOR LADIES.

ALL MADE IN CONGRESS, BUTTON AND LACE.

When the question was suggested of putting a lady's shoe on the market at a popular price, we at once experimented to get a good serviceable, stylish shoe to sell at \$3.00. After much trouble and expense, we at last succeeded, and can now give you a shoe that is in every way worthy of your consideration, and you will find it equal to those which have been costing you \$4.00 and \$5.00. These shoes are not made of French kid, but of the best kid that can be produced in this country, and we defy any but an expert to distinguish between the two, and venture to say, if the question of service and quality comes up, the decision would be in favor of W. L. DOUGLAS' \$3.00 Shoe for Ladies. Another and excellent recommendation is that they are made without tacks or nails, having a smooth inner sole which relieves one of the annoyance of soiled toes and sore feet.

If your dealer will not get you the kind or style you want, send your order direct to the factory, with the price enclosed, and they will be sent you by return mail, postage free; consequently, no matter where you live, you can always get W. L. DOUGLAS' SHOES. Be sure and state size and width you wear; if not sure, send for an order blank giving full instructions how to get a perfect fit.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.



AFTERNOON TEA.

Said Mrs. G. to Mrs. D. "What's o'er a cup of fine Bohem?" "Our pretty hostess yonder, Has gained in looks surprisingly; She seems as well as well can be! What is the cause, I wonder?"

Said Mrs. C. to Mrs. G. "She's changed indeed, but then, you see, She put aside objection, And tried that famous remedy, Which did so much for you and me—Pierce's Favorite Prescription."

For "run-down," debilitated and overworked women, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics. It is a potent Specific for all those Chronic Weaknesses and Diseases peculiar to Women; a powerful tonic and nerve, it imparts vigor and strength to the whole system. It promptly cures weakness of stomach, nausea, indigestion, bloating, weak back, nervous prostration, debility and sleeplessness. It is carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. Purely vegetable and perfectly harmless in any condition of the system. "Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee of satisfaction in every case, or price (\$1.00) refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrappers, and faithfully carried out for many years.

Copyrighted, 1888, by WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Proprietors.

Pierce's Pleasant Urinary Pellets

THE ORIGINAL LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Purely Vegetable and Perfectly Harmless.

Unequaled as a Liver Pill. Smallest, cheapest, easiest to take. One tiny, Sugar-coated Pellet a Dose. Cures Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels. 25 cents, by druggists.

Cyclopedic Terrors.

Those terrible persons who are thoughtfully up in etiquette and pronunciation are not least among the horrors of a civilized life.

Even then the general failed to be impressed by this amiable domestic discipline, for he still made no answer. He had had something else to think of in his life than three pronged oyster forks.

A Pessimist on Pessimism.

A pessimist is one who believes that all is for the worst instead of for the best. Mr. Edgar Saltus is a handsome, prosperous, healthy young gentleman about 30 years old.

Consequently, the world going well with him, Mr. Edgar Saltus is a very proper person to amuse himself by talking cold and diabolical views of life.

In the April Lippincott Mr. Saltus utters his views. He declares a suicide is an optimist, because he tries to abolish his miseries.

The pessimist, on the contrary, is the most contented of men, because he is glad things cannot get any worse, being as bad as they can be now.

Manifest Destiny.

It was the dream of some of the revolutionary fathers that this republic should become the protector of the weak, the refuge for the oppressed of all nations.

America will eventually become leader of the Anglo-Saxon race, and will displace England from the position she now holds.

The ancient superstition of sailors about unlucky ships seems almost to have some foundation in case of the lost Dominican filibuster steamer Conserva.

The two and three column editorial of the British newspaper on the subject of the iniquity of speculation is in order again since the copper syndicate's failure.

It is said to be a triumph of the sentimentalists that the murderer, Mrs. Whitling, in Philadelphia, has been reprieved till April 20.

GRANT.

Allan McDermott is the teacher in district No. 4.

No rain wanted, heat is what is wanted, as the ground is very cold as yet.

Jan. Russell of Elkland was over to Grant on Sunday, visiting his daughter Mrs. Jos. Doerr.

The leading pastime of the juveniles of these parts is what they call Pedro, but not Don Pedro, of course.

Supervisor Hallack has been around again. A keen eye has been kept on all the settlers for their annual rents, called taver.

John Doerr has a substantial straight fence built nearly the whole length of Mrs. R. E. Gamble's 80 acres.

Someone informed us that there is spirit rapping going on in the aforesaid schoolhouse, but we cannot vouch for the truth of the statement.

Angus McVicar is on the sick list. Inflammation of the lungs is the cause, and a very severe attack of it he has. He is in a fair way to recover.

Wm. Adair is drawing lumber to Kilmanagh for his father-in-law. But let it be understood that it is not Kilmanagh, Ireland, but in Huron county.

The woods north of here are red hot with fire, and several parties have lost quite a lot of sawn stove wood that they had neglected to draw out last winter.

The Ladies' Aid society sold 100 tickets at 10 cents each for the outside patchwork of a quilt.

Caution—to those who attend the meetings at the school house as to how you let your tongues fly.

DEFORD.

Joe. Bryne has gone to act as station agent at Dryden.

We smoke the pipe in a damp place with fear of fire written on our brow.

F. M. quarterly on the evening of Friday, the 17th, at the Leek school house in Kingston.

School district No. 4, Kingston, has disgorged some wealth to No. 6.

The difference of opinion in regard to money matters seems to be in a fair way of settlement between districts No. 4 and 6 of Kingston.

Ben Sharp and John McCracken, down on the town line, walk turkey fashion.

The Caro Democrat, that knows as much about railroading as a bull knows about a ruffled shirt, slurs the P. O. & P. A., by stating that "whoever buys it will pay something for nothing."

The new store moves along speedily with Frank D. Curtis and Elmer Lewis as boss mechanics and James Valentine, the noted building artist, that can split a hair line with chisel, edge or saw.

Daugherty & Lockwood set the 4th for a lumber hauling bee to this point, but as the fires broke out again on that day, battling with the flames was the order of the day, while the bee was a failure.

Supervisor Wilson is tearing through Novesta with pencil and paper in hand causing the people to dissemble in regard to what they control of this world's goods, and can we say they are not justified, to some extent at least, in dodging so as to keep pace with their fellow man.

Will we have a cemetery or not? is the question. It is everybody's duty in this locality to take part in it.

A Prophecy Fulfilled. If Carlyle predicted as far back as 1800 the greatness of Bismarck, his wife is to be credited with prophetic instinct in forecasting the baseness and ignominy of Pigott.

The ancient superstition of sailors about unlucky ships seems almost to have some foundation in case of the lost Dominican filibuster steamer Conserva.

He Was Running the Train. A good story is told about one of the Maine Central engineers, says The Bangor Commercial.

A good story is told about one of the Maine Central engineers, says The Bangor Commercial. Last summer when the Vanderbilt car was at Bar Harbor an engine down there to take the car to Portland.

308 Sewing-Machine FREE. Trade in all parts by pricing our machines. We will send you a complete set of tools...

THE IMPORTED STALLION BLACKBURN!

Will make the season of 1889 at his own stable in Cass City.

The following is BLACKBURN'S pedigree, as registered on the faith of the particulars furnished to the society being correct: Foaled April 8th, 1887; color, bay; four white feet and spot on face;

Farmers and breeders should call and see the most handsome horse in the county. Wm. OSTRANDER, Owner and Manager.

Port Huron MARBLE WORKS. PHILLO TRUESDELL, Prop. Granite and Marble MONUMENTS and HEADSTONES.

I carry the largest stock of monuments in eastern Michigan, and I can furnish the best goods for the least money of any dealer in Michigan. Correspondence solicited.

WORKS; 401, 403 & 405 Butler Street, PORT HURON, MICH.

MORTGAGE SALE—Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage made James P. Hern and Rhoda, his wife, to Mary McPhail, dated November 1, A. D. 1884, and recorded in the office of the register of deeds for the county of Tuscola and state of Michigan, on the 5th day of November, A. D. 1884.

Dated March 8th, 1889. MARY McPHAIL, Mortgagee. JAMES D. BROOKER, Atty for Mortgagee.

MORTGAGE SALE—Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage whereby the power of sale therein contained has become operative, executed by Byron L. Hurford, then a single man of Caro, Tuscola county, Michigan, to George Peck of Detroit, Wayne county, Michigan, dated March 26, A. D. 1881, and upon April 2, A. D. 1881, duly recorded in the office of the register of deeds for Tuscola county, Michigan, in liber 50 of mortgages on page 449, said mortgage containing a provision that in case of non-payment of any interest at the time it becomes due, the mortgagee should have the option of electing to declare the whole sum to be due and payable, and claims thereon as thereby due and payable at the date of this notice the sum of one thousand one hundred and thirty-seven and sixty-one hundredths dollars (\$1,137.61) and no suit or proceedings at law or in equity having been instituted to recover the same or any part thereof, notice is therefore hereby given that on July 1, A. D. 1889, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, at the northwesterly front corner of the court house in the village of Caro, Michigan, that being the building wherein the circuit court for the county of Tuscola is held, there will be sold at auction, to the highest bidder, the premises being described as follows: to-wit: the southwest quarter of section ten, township twelve north range nine east, Michigan, and lot number four block number five of Charles Montague's subdivision of part of the southeast quarter of section three, in said township twelve north range nine east, Michigan.

Dated March 26, A. D. 1889. GEORGE PECK, Mortgagee. F. S. WHEAT, Attorney for Mortgagee.

S. Channion wishes to announce to the public that he sends laundry to Bay City every three weeks, until further notice, and that his next shipment will be made May 6th. Ladies' laundry a specialty. Give him a trial.

To the Farmers! I HAVE A COMPLETE STOCK OF AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS CONSISTING OF 1. Spring Tooth Harrows. 2. The Enterprise Wind-mill. 3. Force and Suction Pumps. 4. The famous Scott Road Carts. 5. Whips from 25 cents to \$3.00. 6. Farm and Garden Seed Drills. 7. Buggies and Buckboards of all kinds. 8. Buckeye riding and walking Corn Cultivators. 9. Three Feed Cutters, 1 power and two hand machines which I will sell cheap for cash.

Hereafter I will make special sales at Rock Bottom Prices on EVERY SATURDAY J. H. STRIFFLER.

NEW SPRING STOCK!

We are now ready with our large and complete stock of HARDWARE, CONSISTING OF—

Stoves, Machine Repairs, Iron Pumps, Gas Fittings, Paints, Oils, Glass, Putty, Nails, Etc.

Another specialty is our STOCK OF SCREEN DOORS.

The "LANDSCAPE" being a beauty and is our best seller. A large line of OIL STOVES from \$1 to \$15 in price.

DRY GOODS, BOOTS AND SHOES.

We have a fine line of the above. Parties intending to buy should call on us before purchasing elsewhere.

J. L. HITCHCOCK

SPRING OPENING

NEW STOCK,

NEW STYLES,

NEW PRICES

AT J. C. LAING'S.

WALL PAPER!

New spring stock of Wall Paper just received, consisting of all the latest patterns and designs. All Styles and Prices. Curtains—Both plain and figured in all the latest styles.

SCHOOL BOOKS!

BLANK BOOKS!

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

CITY DRUG STORE. Residence over store.

CARO Marble Work.

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.

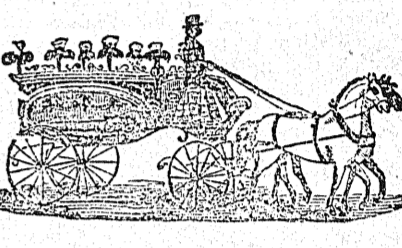
COME AND SEE

The works for yourselves. Located op. Caro Exchange Bank

Owned and operated by W. L. PARKER.

A. A. McKenzie,

UNDERTAKER



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.

Undertaking Rooms in Mrs. Gamble's Building on Main Street. Give me a call.

CASS CITY.

FREE \$50 Solid Gold Watch. Best \$50 watch in the world. Perfect timekeeper. War. 1st gold watch. Hunting Case. Both ladies and gents' sizes, with work and cases of equal value. One person in each locality can secure one free. Free, and after you have kept together with our large and valuable line of Household Samples, these samples, as well as the watch, we send them in your home for 3 months and shown them to those who may have called, they become your own property. Those who write at once can be sure of receiving the Watch and Samples. We pay all express, freight, etc. Address Wilson & Co., Box 512, Portland, Maine.

FOR SALE

The North half of the North-East quarter of Sec. 23 in the township of Evergreen, Sanilac Co. This land is A. No. 1—All tillable; Good neighborhood; 40 acres good mule, cherry, basswood, hemlock and other trees. The timber is worth \$800. Title perfect, price \$1100. Terms easy, address ROLL E. KELSEY, Coranna, Mich. 3m154wk's.

New Bakery.

Having got my shop in a first-class shape I am now prepared to attend to the wants of the public in a satisfactory manner.

GIVE ME A CALL

And be convinced. I give bread in exchange for Flour. I have a Splendid line of Cigars, Etc.

GOOD LUNCH ROOM IN CONNECTION. JOS. REUTER, CASS CITY, MICH.

FOR SALE!

House and Lot on Reasonable Terms.

I will sell my house and 1/2 acres of ground in village of Cass City, on reasonable terms. Good house, good barn excellent well and cistern, fruit, etc. NICHOLAS GADEL.

CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

BROWNE BROS.

FRIDAY, MAY 10, 1889.

I. O. O. F.

Cass City Lodge, No. 208, meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30. Visiting brethren cordially invited.

H. C. WALES, N. G.
J. D. BROOKER, Secretary.

G. A. R.

Milo Warner Post, No. 232, Cass City, meets in thesecond and fourth Tuesday evenings of each month. Visiting comrades cordially invited.

Le. A. DEWITT, Commander.
ROBT. S. TOLAND, Adjutant.
JAS. OUTWATER, COMMANDER

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.

W. D. SCHOLEY, RECORD KEEPER.
JAS. OUTWATER, COMMANDER

Established April 18, 1882. C. W. McPHAIL, Prop.

THE CASS CITY BANK

Do you wish to send money to any part of the United States or Canada?

Do you wish to deposit money where it will be safe and payable to you on demand?

Do you wish to deposit money, due 2, 4 or 6 months, so that it will draw interest?

Have you sold your farm, and do you wish the papers drawn and business done correctly?

Have you bargained for a piece of land, and do you want the title examined?

Do you want notes collected?

Do you want to loan money on endorsed notes?

Do you want to loan money on chattel security?

Do you want to loan money on village property?

Do you want to loan money on farming lands?

Do you own township or county orders and wish to sell the same?

Have you had a sale and do you wish your sale notes collected and a liberal advance made on them?

If you have any business above mentioned to transact come to the Cass City Bank,

C. W. McPHAIL, Banker.

CITY NEWS.

Good bye, Latimer!

The weather is very warm and dry.

L. M. Howey and wife Sundayed with friends in Caro.

J. D. Crosby has had the ceiling of his store repainted.

J. P. Hern has a very neat sign adorning his machine shop.

The creamery wagons are now on the road gathering cream.

J. M. Smith formerly a resident, here was in the city on Tuesday.

A new sign has been placed in position on Howe and Bigelow's store.

Jno. Leonard of Bad Axe was at the Tennant house on Tuesday and Wednesday.

Miss Flora Walker of Oakwood, Oakland county, is visiting friends in the city.

Presiding Elder Reed conducted quarterly meeting at the M. E. Church on Sunday last.

Miss Carrie Hitchcock left for Deford on Monday morning to take charge of her school there.

Wanted—A good smart boy to learn the printing business. For further information inquire at this office.

Miss Jennie McIntyre has been seriously ill during the past week, but at this writing she is reported as recovering.

Miss Josie McClinton was taken with a severe attack of malaria fever the latter part of last week, but is now able to leave the house.

Edward Doying has sold out his property in this vicinity and moved to Waltham to take entire charge of Wm. A. Hart's mammoth farm.

Advertising pays every time, and no one knows this better than the firm of 2 Macks 2, as will be seen by their announcement in another column.

J. D. Crosby and Ed. St. Mary becoming inspired with the beautiful weather, went to Caseyville Monday on a fishing expedition. They didn't catch more than a barrel.

The little burg of Ellington had a close call from being wiped out by fire on Sunday and Monday last, as will be seen by an account from our correspondent on another page.

Jas. Brooker returned from Washington Territory on Saturday evening last. He speaks very highly of that country, but concludes that Michigan is good enough for him.

We are requested to state that union prayer meetings will be held at the residence of John Sherwood's every Saturday evening and at Elder Deming's every Tuesday evening.

Clifford was visited by a very severe fire on Saturday night. The Case house and three stores were totally destroyed, which almost leaves South Clifford without any business places.

Geo. A. Doying and Adelia Butler were united in the holy bonds of matrimony one day last week, and are occupying the house of Mr. Doying's on Main street. Congratulations, friends.

Lost.—In the Sheridan house, on Saturday last, a shawl belonging to Mrs. Ralph Ballagh of Creel. It was probably taken by mistake. Finder please leave the same at this office.

An epidemic, which is very contagious has been going the rounds in this place for the last week. The physicians do not ascribe any particular name for it, but it is similar to scarlet rash.

Mesdames J. H. Winegar, R. E. Gamble, P. R. Weydermeyer and Wm. J. Withey attended the annual county convention of the W. C. T. U., which was held at Mayville on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week.

White Caps near Kingston met with a rebuke one day last week. All the principals were brought before the justice, and fined accordingly. They were getting a little too bold in that vicinity.

Bernard Miller of Lexington was in the city on Monday taking orders for suits of clothing. He secured a number from the boys and left for home on the morning train Tuesday. He will, no doubt, give the boys fits.

It is not too early to begin to think about the 4th of July, and what is to be done in Cass City on that day. Let us begin early to make preparations to celebrate, so that it can be thoroughly known before the last moment.

John Marshal of Elkland has sold to Thomas Wakefield of Colfax, Huron Co. the young shorthorn bull, Blake, A. H. B., Vol. 34, by Sir John, 89,489, he by Lord of the Manor, 87,726, tracing to imported Victoria by Swiss Boy, 12,164.

The comrades of Milo Warner post, No. 232, are requested to meet at their hall on Tuesday evening, May 21st, for the purpose of perfecting arrangements for the observance of Decoration day. All are earnestly requested to be present.

N. B. Sponenburg of Gageton has set about to sell his drug store, stock and lot in a novel way. He proposes to sell 1,000 tickets at \$2 each. Circulars are out announcing the plan of operation, and anyone wishing to secure one of these tickets can write Mr. Sponenburg.

Irving Latimer, the Jackson murderer, has met his fate. After a trial of only nineteen days the jury brought in a verdict of murder in the first degree. It was a remarkable case, and shows that Michigan juries are waking up to the necessity of swift and speedy justice in all cases like this.

The young people's society of Christian Endeavor of the Presbyterian church made its debut in the social line on Friday evening last, and did it very creditably. Quite a number were present and partook of ice cream and cake, and all were hospitably taken care of by the members of the society.

The Washington house at Gageton is soon to be opened up to the public. Jos. Gage, who owns the building, has recently fitted it up in splendid style and it will undoubtedly be a first-class hotel. Chas. Maynard is to be the manager of the house, and we can safely say that Charlie will run it in good shape.

Landon & Eno are removing the boiler and engine from the Tennant mill to their plant near the station. Material for the erection of their new planing-mill is now on the way here, and the new machinery has been ordered from Buffalo. They will have a finely equipped mill when completed.

Is Michigan to have capital punishment? A bill has passed both houses of the legislature making the penalty of murder, death on the gallows, and all it lacks to make it become a law is the signature of the governor. The bill states that any person sentenced to be hanged for a crime shall be hanged within the county where the crime was committed.

From the Detroit Evening News of the 7th inst. we clipped the following: "Another victim of the recent disaster at Hamilton, Ont., has been identified. The body is that of George Conlen of Cass City, Mich." We have made considerable inquiry in regard to Mr. Conlen, but have failed to find that such a man ever resided here, and conclude that it is probably a mistake.

The law mill was grinding on Wednesday in Justice Winegar's court. The principals being Dick Clark as complainant and John Sinclair as defendant. The suit originated over a dispute of an account which Sinclair owed Clark. After a war of words between J. D. Brooker and H. Butler, attorneys for plaintiff and defendant respectively, the justice decided the suit in favor of the former.

Forest fires have been raging in this part of the county for the past week and some severe losses of valuable timber are reported. Several farmers have lost fences etc., but the damage has not been very extensive as yet, although considerable loss may be looked for unless we get rain very soon. The huckleberry bush, just north of this place, was wiped out by the fires the fore part of the week.

Davis Leslie, living in Evergreen township, had the misfortune to lose his barn and contents by fire on Sunday last. The fire originated from some burning brush situated near the barn. The loss falls very heavy upon Mr. Leslie as the building contained several hundred bushels of grain. One of his boys had his foot severely burned in attempting to save the structure, and the neighbors in that vicinity were out fighting fire most of the day. Loss, \$1,500.

C. W. McPhail has received from one of his friends in Washington Territory a large view of Bellingham Bay and its surroundings. As several former residents of this place are located in that vicinity, a brief description of that section may be of some interest to our readers. Bordering on the above bay are the towns of Sehome and Whatcom, which are very picturesquely displayed on the view and which are intersected by the railroads that lead into the coal mines beyond the towns. Accompanying the view was a descriptive chart giving the exact distances and locations of the different enterprises of these thriving towns. Anyone wishing to see the above can do so by calling on Mr. McPhail.

At a meeting of the school board on Monday evening a few changes were made in the several departments of instruction in our public school for the ensuing year. Mrs. Benkelman, who has been a teacher in the school for the past five years, will retire from a teacher's position as will also Walt Gamble. Misses Maggie McDougall and Lizzie Ale were engaged for the coming year, also Prof. Benkelman, leaving one vacancy yet to be filled. As Mrs. Benkelman has been the instructor in the primary department she will be greatly missed by the little ones, as her mode of conducting the department has been of the best.

Arrested the Second Time.

A few weeks ago, as given in the ENTERPRISE, Sheriff Phelps of West Branch came to this village and arrested Wm. Wright, a farmer living east of here, on a charge of having stolen a vehicle belonging to a man living near West Branch. On arriving at Vassar with his prisoner, the sheriff, who did not take any too much precaution, proceeded to take a nap, but when he awoke he found his bird had flown. He at once telegraphed to Constable Chas. Striffler of this place to re-arrest Wright on sight. On Thursday last Mr. Striffler proceeded to perform his duty in that line as he noticed that Wright was in town. The latter gentleman on learning that he was wanted by the constable, endeavored to elude him by making for the woods, but Mr. Striffler succeeded in overtaking his man before he could make his exit. He was taken to Vassar by the above constable on Friday last, and was met there by Sheriff Phelps of West Branch, who took the prisoner to that place.

Later.—Since writing the above we have learned that the matter has been settled by Wright paying quite a sum of money. Mr. Wright is a man who was always held in the estimation of his neighbors as a man of honesty, but his actions in this case have been severely criticised.

Not Quite So Fast, Please.

The old time railroad scheme of an extension of the P. O. & P. A. to Bay City, from some point in the northern part of the county, is again being agitated. No one has ever been able to learn just why this line of road was ever built, and it takes one acquainted with the route but a few moments to fall into the same quandary. It virtually extends from Pontiac to nowhere; gives shipping facilities from a few small towns to Pontiac; affords the traveling public an opportunity to travel where but few are called and if extended to Bay City would act as a feeder—that it would make Pontiac about 75 miles further from Bay City than at present. The P. O. & P. A. Ry. will never be a benefit to the towns or farmers of northern Tuscola county—it would be well to pin that last sentence in your hats ye enthusiasts.—Caro Democrat.

Our esteemed contemporary is wasting a good deal of unnecessary wind in its epistle relative to the P. O. & P. A. Ry. The farmers and business men of this vicinity are waking up to the necessity of another railroad through this part of Tuscola county, and if they can secure a new road to Bay City or an extension of the P. O. & P. A. to that city, they are going to do it, regardless whether it would benefit our neighboring town, (Caro,) or not. In respect to its "affording the traveling public an opportunity to travel but where few are called," we would inform our worthy friend that all its facilities in that line are greater than the extensive broad gauge of Caro, 16 miles in length,—what an accommodation for the traveling public! The officials of the above road are not selfish, and by an extension of the P. O. & P. A. they do not seek to benefit Pontiac, but to give better facilities for shipping. If Caro was in a position to boom this scheme, we think she would do so, but unfortunately she does not, hence the "dog in the manger" spirit of the Democrat, yet we trust the good work will go on regardless of the sarcastic and self-inspired words from the dripping pen of the above editorial writer. The road is seeking for such an outlet, and will undoubtedly before a great while find it, much to the joy of the inhabitants of eastern Tuscola county.

Notice.

All persons owing me are requested to call and settle immediately either by cash or note. E. F. MAHR.

Fritz Bros. still have the finest line of Gilt Window shades and Wall Paper, also patent medicines, of all kinds.

Land plaster, \$7 per ton, at Berney's elevator.

Kickapoo Indian medicines of all kinds can be found at the City Drug store.

A. W. Seed is agent for Kickapoo Indian medicines.

Use Kickapoo Indian Sagwa, for sale by A. W. Seed.

The choicest line of Curtains in the city for sale by A. W. Seed.

Wall paper in all the latest Patterns, for sale by A. W. Seed.

Use Indian Worm Killer, for sale by A. W. Seed.

For job work come to the ENTERPRISE

JAPANESE BUCKWHEAT!

Last June I purchased of A. I. Root, Medina, O., 1/2 bu. of Japanese Buckwheat at \$4 per bu. and sowed it on an acre of ground, in my orchard, on the 15th of June; 1/2 of the acre was clay and it came up very uneven on account of the dry weather. Pigs and poultry destroyed fully 5 bu., but in spite of all this I harvested 42 bu. of nice clean buckwheat. I have a few bu. yet to spare at \$2 per bush. Farmers, try it and you will never sow any more of the common kind. M. MARTIN.

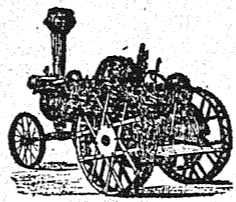
Farm Lands

FOR SALE!

500 To 1,000 Acres,
AT \$5 to \$10 per ACRE.
No Payment Down Required.
A. T. SLAUGHT & CO.,
Caro, Mich.

NEW MACHINE

SHOP.



All kinds of Machines Re-paired. Work on

Engines and Boilers

A specialty. Also
GOOD CIDER MILL
In Connection with the same. Shop opposite the Cass City Foundry.

JAS. P. HERN, Prop.

Something New.

Having remodeled my shop and put in an old-fashioned Dutch Oven I am now prepared to furnish the public with

BREAD

And All PASTRY GOODS.

I will also have a first-class
LUNCH ROOM
In Connection. Hot Tea and Coffee at all hours.

I will sell a 2 pound loaf of Bread for Six Cents. Old-fashioned farmer's bread kept on hand.

J. N. La RUE.
West of Cass City House.

GRAND DISPLAY

OF

MILLINERY.

I have just returned from Detroit with a large and new stock of Millinery Goods, which can be seen at my new quarters in the Pinney block, recently vacated by Fritz Bros. A large Stock of Fancy Goods kept on hand. Hats from 25 cents up. Stamping done to order. Also hats repaired and trimmed in all the latest styles. Come and see my elegant assortment and you will see that it is the finest line ever brought into the city.

MRS. HENRY WICKWARE,
CASS CITY.

JEWELRY.

THE PERSON WHO READS THIS

Knows that at all times the best is the cheapest, and that the buyer feels better satisfied with an article guaranteed by a tried and responsible dealer.

FRANK HENDRICK,

—THE—

Cass City Jeweler,

CARRIES A

FINE AND COMPLETE LINE

OF

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Spectacles, Sewing Machine Needles and Supplies of all kinds.

GOODS MARKED DOWN

As low as by any dealer in the state and everything guaranteed. Repairing neatly done at the lowest possible prices for first-class work.

For Sale.

Eighty-acre farm, 53 acres cleared, 8 miles from Cass City, new house, 70-foot frame barn. Price, \$2,600, on easy terms. A snap bargain for speculation or for one who wishes a choice farm. Apply to George Young, 1 mile east and 7 miles north of Cass City.

J. W. YOUNG.

Novesta Land for Sale.

The northwest 1-4 of northwest 1-4 of Sec. 23, Novesta, is offered for sale by the subscriber. For particulars, address,

FED. HALL, Otter Lake, Mich.

2-14-5M.

PARASOLS

We have opened an elegant line of Parasols, and Gold and Silver Tipped UMBRELLAS.

DRESS GOODS

We have a Complete line of Colors in Henrietas and Broadheads.

BOOTS & SHOES.

500 pairs of Samples, which we are selling VERY CHEAP.

Carpets and Lace Curtains

At Rock Bottom Prices.
2 MACKS 2

SPRING IS HERE!

AND

FRITZ BROS.

Have had the POST OFFICE BUILDING Papered and fitted up in the Latest Style to show their large and NEW STOCK of

WALL PAPER, WINDOW SHADES,

FIXTURES, ETC.

ALABASTINE,

The Best Wall finish, both plain and tinted.

DRUGS and MEDICINES.

Filling of Prescriptions a Specialty.

FRITZ BROS., CENTRAL DRUG STORE.

NEW SPRING STYLES

In Fancy and Staple

DRY GOODS!

::: AT :::

Frost & Hebblewhite's,

Also a large assortment of Straw Hats, Cottonade Pants, Overalls, Crockery, Glassware, etc., and a large stock of

GROCERIES & PROVISIONS.

Highest market price paid for Butter and Eggs.

Plows! Plows!

I have on hand a large stock of PLOWS of my own manufacture. Also

Plow Repairs for all the Latest Plows.

LAND ROLLERS OF NEW STYLES AND PATTERNS.

I have large stock of Agricultural Implements, including

TIGER MOWERS and HORSE RAKES,

—AND—

SPRING TOOTH HARROWS.

Castings of all kinds made to order. Pattern Making a specialty.

MARTIN DEW, Cass City Foundry.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Raising Seedling Strawberries.

New varieties of the strawberry are more easily raised than of any other fruit, because every berry of all the pistillate sorts (so called) is necessarily a cross in its seeds. To work intelligently therefore, the operator must decide what staminate are selected for operating on them. As an example we mention the mode adopted by Amos Miller of Carlisle, Pa., in originating the Cumberland, one of the most valuable and popular sorts. More than a fourth of a mile from any other wild or cultivated sort he set a plant of the Green Prolific, a pistillate, which was surrounded with a circle of Juncunda. The seeds of all the berries of this Green Prolific were consequently crosses of the two sorts. A large number of these crosses were raised, the best one of which was the Cumberland.

An interesting paper on the subject of raising new varieties was read by F. W. London, before the Wisconsin Horticultural Society, in which he gives his experience for the past thirty years. After briefly alluding to the successful achievements of C. M. Hovey of Boston, Wilson of Albany, Longworth of Cincinnati, Dower of Kentucky, Boyden and Durand of New Jersey, Parmelee of Connecticut, Crawford of Ohio, Sharpless of Pennsylvania, and others, who have given us the Hovey, McAvoy's Superior, Wilson, Downing, Crescent and other sorts, he states that he began his experiments with the seeds from two quarts of berries, and at the end of five years had 100,000 seedling plants in bearing. He was astonished at the endless variety in character which they exhibited, no two plants being alike. Very large berries had few on a plant; profuse bearers gave small berries. The result on the whole was not satisfactory, and he found that he had not made much progress. Since then he has used the seeds from the various large new sorts, and has succeeded better. He has bought every new sort offered for sale at high prices, conscious at the time that nine of them out of the ten would prove a failure. He says: "I confess to a weakness in this respect—I rather like to be humbugged." He wanted them to raise new sorts from them, and to avoid "breeding in-and-in."

Afterward he changed his method, and adopted one which he says was more scientific. To propagate from a staminate which possessed the most desirable qualities, he cut out stamens with a pair of small pointed scissors, and selecting one with an unlike berry that had other desirable qualities, collected the pollen on a camel's hair brush from the anthers, applied it to the stigmas at the summit of the pistils. The flowers were then covered to prevent the bees from interfering.

More recently he has adopted still another mode, attended with less trouble and better success. He selects the sorts to be propagated from, and root plants in small pots from runners by the usual way. These are afterward changed to eight-inch pots, kept in the cellar during winter, and early in spring placed in a hot bed. They bloom two or three weeks before outdoor plants, and escape their pollen. When half grown the berries are thinned to three of the best on each plant. They are allowed to ripen to decay, to insure good seed. These are kept till the following spring, sown in eight-inch pots in sharp, clear sand, the seed being pressed when sown with the bottom of another pot, and watered with a very fine rose. The pots are then set in a frame, covered with sash and shaded with lath. The sand is kept damp. In twelve days the new plants appear like green specks the size of pin heads. When the leaves are as large as one's thumb nail, they are set in open ground. Mr. London says he "never puts his seedlings."

The soil is stirred once a week, and only one runner allowed to each. They are covered with straw in winter. As the new plants ripen their berries, going through the rows and examining them is attended with charm and fascination. A quantity of sharp pointed sticks are carried in one hand, on which the result is written and placed at each selected plant. When the fruiting season is over about eight per cent are found thus reserved, and all the rest are cut up—which Mr. L. regards as a cruel operation, many of these rejected ones being superior to the hundreds he has bought of others and paid two or three dollars a dozen for. He believes the blood in the varieties which he has originated is entirely free from the taint of rust. The selected plants are fertilized with manure, well cultivated, and ten to twenty raised of each variety, for further examination.

Those who raise new varieties, and those who purchase new ones, with high prices and laudatory names, should bear in mind that the high culture of costly plants usually gives much finer berries than the same kind after they become cheap and common. Hence the reason that a new sort surviving more than five, or at most ten years, is a rare exception. The last edition of the American Fruit Culturist gives a list of more than fifty varieties which were famous thirty years ago, which are now almost entirely forgotten. But the hundreds of cultivators who are now raising new ones may find some really valuable and durable sorts out of the hundreds of thousand which are annually produced.—Practical Farmer.

Corns in Horses' Feet.

A correspondent of the Practical Farmer writes: Horses with flat feet and low heels are liable to have corns. A corn mostly forms in the inner angle of the heel between the wall and the bars, and in some few instances corns form in the same situation at the outside heel. A corn may be described as a bruise, which is produced on that part of the heel situated between the bar and the wall or crust. The bruise is caused by the pressure of the shoe at this part, and is especially liable to occur when the heels have been cut down too much and the sole about the heels too extensively pared away. By doing as described the horse's weight is thrown more on his heels than it

ought to be and they are less able to resist pressure on account of the excessive removal of horn. Uneven setting of the shoe is also a cause of corns, and this may act as a cause where the horn has also been excessively cut away. The shoe, by pressing on the sole, bruises the sensitive tissues above, some small blood vessels are ruptured and there is consequently extravasation of blood, which penetrates the horn beneath, producing a red spot at the heel. This condition is usually accompanied by lameness and by the horse while standing frequently putting the foot out in front of him. When it is ascertained that a horse is lame from a corn, the shoe having been removed and the horn thinned somewhat over the seat of the corn, the horse's foot should be poulticed for a few days and then he should stand without shoes until he is free from lameness. If there is acute pain in foot the corn should be pared to the quick, as matter may have collected. It is necessary to apply a bar shoe for a month or two when the heel has been much cut away, but this kind of shoe may be dispensed with when by growth of horn the foot has become strong. Stallions and mares with low heels and flat feet should not be used for breeding, as such feet are very apt to become affected with corns.

Farm Notes.

The brood-mare that is expected to foal this season should not be spared from work. If given moderate exercise she will be benefited. It is unwise to keep a brood-mare in her stall and overfed her.

Take good care of the ewes from now on if you would have a good flock of lambs. Do not keep them too fat, but give sufficient nutritive food. Feed roots moderately but regularly.

The lambs coming in this month will not be early, but they can be rapidly pushed in growth and made to overtake the February lambs by giving them plenty of food and warm quarters. An important point is to keep up the flow of milk from the ewes, and to do this their food should be raised, cooked turnips being an excellent addition.

A correspondent of the Country Gentleman recommends aconite, in doses of three-fourths of an ounce of the tincture, as a specific for milk fever. The first dose is the quantity named above; the second, given six hours later, was half as much as the first, and the third, half as much as the second. She was then well enough to eat a little hay, and in three or four days was turned out with the other cattle cured.

The Household.

LEMON PUDDING.—Six ounces of melted butter; pour it over the same quantity of sugar; stir it well until cold. Grate the rind of a large lemon and add to it eight eggs well beaten and the juice of two large lemons; stir all together and bake with puff paste around the edges of the dish.

POTATO SALAD.—Peel six large potatoes and boil until tender; when cold cut up in small pieces; make a dressing of the yolks of four hard boiled eggs, a small quantity of salad oil, mustard, salt, pepper and celery; cut up fine; add vinegar enough to make of the consistency of any salad dressing; pour over potatoes and let stand a few hours. Cut the whites of the eggs very fine and put on top.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—One pound of sugar, six eggs, one pound of flour, one-half pound of butter, one cup of milk, one teaspoon of baking powder; bake in layers. For the dressing take one-half pound chocolate, two pounds of sugar, one cup milk or cream, one-half cup butter; cook until thick and spread between the layers.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.—Line the sides and bottom of two oval tin pans with lady fingers or sliced sponge cake; soak an ounce of gelatine in a pint of milk for one hour; put in a saucepan over some hot coals; stir until dissolved; strain in an open dish; make very sweet and flavor with vanilla or lemon; to suit taste. To one quart of rich cream add the beaten whites of six eggs; when the gelatine has become cold, but not stiff, add to the cream and eggs and beat all together.

Clarinda Takes the Air.

Oh wot ye how fair Mistress Prue
Doth pursue her lips and frown,
To see one feet along the street
All in a trim new gown!
Sing louder, robin, pipe, O wren,
And, thrush, your quavers dare;
Let every throat be vocal when
Clarinda "takes the air."
She hath a smile that would beguile
A monk in robe and cowl,
And yet her eyes can look as wise
As grave Minerva's owl.
Lo when she speaks, across her cheeks
The chasing dimples fare,
Oh, young again I would be when
Clarinda takes the air.

Nor left nor right her glances light;
Demurely on she goes;
In all the wide, wide country-side
There's not so sweet a rose.
And ye, my gallant gentlemen—
'Tut! tut! ye should not stare;
And yet how may ye help it when
Clarinda takes the air!"
—Clinton Scollard, Harper's Magazine.

He Didn't.

There were a dozen men on the car
who saw Mr. Blank waiting on the
crossing ahead, and one of them re-
marked:

"Now you see if he doesn't lead
right off by saying what an open winter
this is."

Blank stopped aboard, entered and
greeted half a dozen people, and,
while all were holding their breaths,
he said:

"Gentlemen, what a cool summer we
had last year!"—Detroit Free Press.

Ages of Animals.

A whale lives 300 years.
A sheep lives ten years.
A cat lives fifteen years.
A tortoise lives 100 years.
A lion lives twenty years.
A camel lives forty years.
A bear lives twenty years.
A dog lives fourteen years.
A squirrel lives eight years.
An elephant lives 400 years.
An ox lives twenty-five years.
A guinea pig lives seven years.
A horse lives twenty-five years.

A DEAD MILLIONAIRE.

Peculiarities in the Disposition and Conduct of the Late Isaiah V. Williamson.

The death of Isaiah V. Williamson, says the Philadelphia Times, recalls many instances of his peculiarities and his frugality. While he was giving largely to charity he was practicing an economy that in most men would have been said to have approached meanness.

He never married and his friends said that he did not wish to incur the expense of a household. He always boarded, moving as often as he could get a desirable location at a cheaper price.

It is related of him that a few years ago he had a room in an upper story of a house on Chestnut street, above Nineteenth. He discovered that others were paying less money for similar privileges. He said nothing, but he packed his trunk and, like Longfellow's Arab, stole silently away.

He afterward indulged in the luxury of summer boarding at Bryn Mawr. A coach plied between the railroad station and the hotel. Mr. Williamson used it for a week. Then a bill was presented to him for coach fare at the rate of 10 cents a ride. The old man glanced at the bill in mild surprise. He paid it without a word of expostulation. The next day the driver of the coach bowed obsequiously and flung open his door as soon as the bent form of his millionaire customer alighted from the train. It was raining at the time. Mr. Williamson raised his blue cotton umbrella, from which he was never separated, and without even a glance of recognition at the astonished coachman trudged on up the muddy road to the hotel. Each week while at the hotel he carried his soiled clothes to Philadelphia done up in a newspaper, placing the bundle under his arm. He was enabled by this arrangement to save 25 cents, the difference in the rates of the hotel laundry and that of an unpretentious concern in the city.

Mr. Williamson was a tobacco-chewer all his life—his favorite being the hard kind. He was curious to watch him take "a chew." He kept the tobacco in three envelopes and while biting off a piece would hold the second envelope open to catch any pieces that might fall from his mouth, his hand being unsteady. In the third envelope he would deposit the discarded cud to be subsequently "worked over." Mr. Williamson never permitted his tobacco bill to exceed 5 cents a week. Another peculiarity of his was that he would never give money to a beggar.

In the memory of the oldest inhabitant Mr. Williamson never appeared in a new suit of clothes. Generations of bankers on Third street were accustomed to see a little, thin, bent, shabby dressed figure making its way painfully along the financial thoroughfare with eyes seeking the ground and hands behind the back clutching the invertebrate blue cotton umbrella. A second-class tailor, who had a shop on one of the alleys bisecting Third street, repaired and cleaned Mr. Williamson's suit of clothes. With him the director of a dozen powerful institutions and the possessor of millions of securities would haggle for a quarter of an hour over the charge of repairing a coat lining.

In his later years Mr. Williamson suffered so much from corns that he found himself compelled either to give up pedal locomotion or to submit to an operation at the hands of a chiropodist. On the recommendation of the officers of the Girard bank he called upon Chiropodist Goldberg, who had an office on Chestnut street, and submitted to the excision. When Goldberg presented his bill Mr. Williamson paid it willingly and remarked: "You are the only man who ever gave me the worth of my money."

One of Mr. Williamson's peculiarities was the methodical way in which he made his gifts to charity. He never gave money without deliberation. He always wanted to know just what it would be used for. His rule never do on one day what could be put off until the next week was applied to his philanthropic as well as his financial work, and it proved uniformly successful in both. Only a few months previous to his death Mr. Williamson requested a representative of the Times to publish an announcement as coming from him to the effect that he was greatly troubled with letters requesting contributions for various benevolent objects and with personal applications in the same direction, and that he had no money to give away. It was only a few days after that request that Mr. Williamson unfolded his plans for the creation of a free school of trades for poor boys.

Mr. Williamson never missed a day at his office, which was for many years located at 30 Bank street. He went there rain or shine, in summer and winter. Early in last year, when his infirmities began to tell upon him, he was reluctantly compelled to provide himself with a horse and carriage and a coachman. He bought a plain one-horse carriage and a very tame horse, and surprised his acquaintances by placing upon the panels of the carriage "I. V. Williamson, private."

For the past twenty years the millionaire had employed a private secretary. Clifton Trout, now a book-keeper in the Girard bank, was his first secretary and for the past six years Alfred Hembold, Jr., has occupied that position. Mr. Williamson always insisted upon opening his own mail, no matter how large or how small it might be.

For years and years he was shaved in Blank's barber-shop on Elbow lane. Barber Blank, in speaking of his millionaire customer, said:

"He was generally the last customer of the day to come in," said he, "and no matter how hot the day might be he would insist upon having all the doors and windows shut tight. I believe he would have even stopped up the key-hole, so great was his dislike and fear of a draft. Entering the shop he would nod, and then slowly divest himself of his coat and vest, collar and neck-tie, and hang them up on a peg! He required no assistance in this. He was exceedingly neglectful of his personal appearance. He wore an old-fashioned

stock until it became greasy and tattered. I believe he would cling to a neck-tie for a year. His collar I would be ashamed to wear. While being shaved Mr. Williamson never talked nor did he encourage it in his barber. He was never guilty, during the eight years that he patronized my shop, of a hair-cut. His niece, he told me, always cut his hair. I was always sure of my 10 cents for my shave, but no more. And he never remembered me at Christmas, but I suppose he never thought of it. One evening about 7 o'clock he came into the shop and was more feeble than usual. I had to hang his coat and vest up for him. As I placed the vest on the peg I saw a flat wad of greenbacks sticking out of the upper pocket and there staring me in the face was a \$1,000 bill. He must have had a very large sum of money on him that day. When he left and went into Elbow lane it was pitch dark and I thought how easy it would have been for even a boy to have robbed him then."

About noon it was Mr. Williamson's custom to go to a saloon and call for a glass of beer. He would get near the free-lunch and eat a good many crackers and some cheese. He never drank up the beer, and it was the supposition that he frequented the saloon for the lunch he got. After his cracker and cheese dinner he would frequently go back to his office and fill out a check for some charity. When he became so feeble that he was obliged to set up a carriage he ceased drinking beer and took to spirits, always sending his coachman into the saloon for a lunch about noon.

For many years Mr. Williamson went to Mrs. Conant's little shop, at the corner of Exchange place and Carter's alley, to have his clothing repaired, his socks darned, and his underclothing patched. Mrs. Conant has a good many customers, but none, she says, like the old millionaire. "When he would bring his clothes to be overhauled," she says, "they were ready to drop off of him and just hung together. It was an awful job to fix them up. His underclothes he wore until there was no more wear in them and they could be mended no further. When he would bring me his socks to be darned he would always bring along the yarn to do it with, and would want that counted in the bill."

Mrs. Conant says he always haggled over the bills.

Mr. Williamson's charities were numerous. What they amounted to nobody will ever know. Much of his private contributions cannot be traced. The first institution known to have received his bounty was the Lincoln Institution for Soldiers' Orphans. That was soon after the war.

In 1873 he made a donation to the Mercantile library of ground rents to the value of \$12,468.66 and 1,600 acres of timber lands in Clinton county, Pennsylvania. His gifts in 1875 were two large stores, Nos. 725 and 727 Chestnut street, each being valued at \$100,000. No. 727 was given in equal parts to the Presbyterian hospital, Children's hospital, and Swarthmore college. No. 725 went entirely to the Merchants' fund. The Jewish hospital received ground rents to the value of \$10,000, as did the Education home. The University of Pennsylvania received a gift of fourteen acres of city property, valued at \$200,000, and the Episcopal hospital ten acres, valued at \$75,000. The Woman's hospital and college authorities last year received thirty-eight acres of land in the southern section of the city, valued at over \$100,000. In 1877 Swarthmore college was again remembered with a gift of ground rents valued at \$10,000, and in 1888 he gave \$80,000 additional to found the "I. V. Williamson professorship of civil and mechanical engineering." In 1880 he made a subscription of \$105,000 for the new House of Refuge.

The Philadelphia home for incurables got \$5,000 in cash; the Episcopal hospital, the building 409 Arch street, valued at \$17,000; St. Luke's hospital, Bethlehem, \$10,000. Among the other institutions that received substantial donations were the Pennsylvania Asylum for Indigent Widows, German hospital, Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, St. Mark's Workingmen's home, Pennsylvania Home for the Blind Men, Philadelphia Orthopedic hospital, Protestant Episcopal City Mission, Old Men's Home, Industrial Home, for Blind Women, Foster Home, Newsboy's Home, and Church Home for Children. The most of the above were \$5,000 subscriptions. Haverford and Jefferson colleges were also the recipients of large gifts, that of the latter being \$50,000.

His last and greatest gift was for the formation of the Williamson Free School of Mechanical Trades, for which he set aside securities now valued at \$2,000,000. It is estimated that his private charities, beyond the Industrial school project, have amounted to at least \$1,500,000. He leaves an estate variously estimated at from \$9,000,000 to \$12,000,000.

Victoria's First Hoop-Skirt.

The following anecdote is told to illustrate the readiness with which Parisian fashions are adopted, even by the most rigidly patriotic of Princesses. At the epoch of the arrival of Queen Victoria in Paris in 1856, on a visit to the Emperor and Empress, the latter had just brought hooped skirts into vogue. The Queen forthwith sent her messenger to purchase one for her, and on her next approach before her Imperial host and hostess her skirts were expanded into the new and fashionable amplitude. But her Majesty had not comprehended the necessary methods of tying the tapes that held the hoops in place, and her crinoline presented an extraordinary and shapeless aspect. It was the Emperor himself who, with his own imperial hands, set the rebellious petticoats to rights, and gave his royal guest a lesson as to the proper method of donning the new-fashioned adjunct of feminine costume.

Graphically Descriptive.

Winks (discussing Mrs. W., who has a temper)—She is a woman of the most ardent temperament, I assure you, dear boy. Why, last summer, down at Quogue, she sat down for ten minutes on a pile of new-down grass, and when she got up it was hay!—New York Herald Express.

A CHINESE BRIDE.

One Who Was Born, Reared and Wed on American Soil.

Two square chests, neatly covered with bright new canvas which was fastened at regular intervals with little brass, oblong buttons, were noticed a week ago, one on the other, all stamped and sealed ready for shipment to San Francisco, in the office of the Northern Pacific Express company away up here in Seattle, W. T., writes a correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"Those trunks belong to Gee Hee's daughter," volunteered the obliging agent, "and she is going down to San Francisco to be married."

"Indeed! And who and where is Gee Hee?"

"O, he is a wealthy merchant. You can find him over on Third street, in Chinatown."

After the lapse of a few days, when Gee Hee had about time to hear of his daughter's safe arrival in San Francisco, I called upon him and enjoyed a very pleasant talk, which was ended with the courtesy that the Chinaman, especially the wealthy Chinaman, never forgets—the presentation of a fine cigar. This merchant from China has been in Seattle for more than twenty years. His firm, Wa Chong & Co., built the first, or, at least the second, brick structure in the city. He talks very fair English and is a shrewd financier. He talked without reserve about his family relations, and always answered questions about his daughter with a happy and beaming face.

Little Fong Sen was born here in Seattle in 1871, and when she was a little over one year of age her parents went back to China. The mother was going to join wife "No. 1," because when Gee Hee returned he brought wife "No. 3" with him, and she still resides over his home in this city. The other two wives still live in China, with two or more children each, all of whom are being carefully provided for by the husband and father, who tries to visit them at least once in every two years.

Baby Fong Sen did not go to China with her parents. She was taken as far as Victoria, B. C., and there she was placed in the keeping of trusted friends, who continued to care for her for ten years. Then the father, on returning from some of his voyages to his old home, called for her and brought her to his home. He brought with her a little servant girl who was only two years older, and the two little China girls became inseparable.

The daughter was now eleven years of age, and had come to that period in her life when, in the belief of her people every virtuous girl must shut herself away from the gaze of all human beings except those of the immediate household. So for five years she did not leave the few rooms over the merchant's store which constituted her father's home. Pale and delicate Fong Sen grew, and was contented with her life. She knew no other. But one morning there came a sudden change. Her little servant companion announced that she was going to be married to the merchant's trusted agent, but she would not leave Fong Sen; she would stay right along as though nothing had happened, only she was to be married. Fong Sen went to her father and told him she wanted to be married, too. Her father, nothing loath, consented, and immediately began seeking a husband for her. He soon found one who met his approval, and the daughter was informed that her husband was found, and preparations for the great occasion began without delay. Costly garments, made of the best of silk, were carefully and richly embroidered; valuable presents of gold and precious stones were selected, and it seemed that the idea of expense did not enter the father's mind.

The only white persons allowed into the presence of Fong Sen during the five years of her maidenhood were two missionary ladies—Mrs. Thomas and Mrs. Parkhurst. These ladies had spent much time and patience in teaching Gee Hee and other Chinamen the mysteries of the English nouns and adjectives and he did not forget. When all was arranged for his daughter's departure he procured a closed carriage and drove with his daughter out to the homes of these ladies that she might pay them the courtesy of a farewell visit. The father then managed in some way to smuggle his daughter into her state-room on the steamer. No one is known to have caught a glimpse of her.

Fong Sen's husband is Jee Chong Tun. He is wealthy, and talks and writes very good English. He is an agent of the Ding Yung Company, one of those influential, famous and extremely wealthy concerns grouped under the name of "The Six Companies."

Fong Sen, while he was reared in about the same way that all good and virtuous Chinese girls are reared, was fortunate in two things. She was not born in China, and she had an elder sister. These prevented her from being named by having her feet wrapped tightly in fine cloth while in infancy, and kept so confined in order that she might be the fashionable daughter of rich parents, and all the world would know it by her small feet.

Gee Hee's eldest daughter is in China with one of his wives. She is eighteen years of age, and has waited two years for her father to come home to her so that she could be married. Next spring, if his business cares will not allow him to go back to China on a visit, he will write his daughter a letter and she will be married, because when a Chinese maiden has passed the age of eighteen she is not wanted as a bride, or, in the language of Gee Hee himself, "Girl no married eighteen, she no good." The eldest daughter is a typical Chinese belle. She has very small and almost useless feet and a very wealthy father.

A Gentle Hint.

Mary—George, I hear you spoken of frequently as a successful business man.

"I am that. Why?"

"Well, considering the fact that you have been visiting me for three years I think you should maintain your reputation and talk business."

He maintained his reputation.—Terre Haute Express.

WHERE WOMEN VOTE.

The Countries Which Have Given Partial Suffrage.

The large province of Ontario touches the whole northern bounds of New York and Michigan, part of those of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Wisconsin and Minnesota, and reaches to Hudson bay. This great region, throughout which women vote (unless married) on like terms with their brothers for all elective offices save two, has 102,000 square miles. It is more than twice the size of New York; it nearly equals New York and Michigan together; it equals Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey and Maryland.

In Wyoming women vote for every office for which their brothers do and on the same terms. This great Territory has 98,000 square miles. It is half as large again as all New England; nearly as large as New England and New York; about equals New York, New Jersey and Virginia; is more than twice the size of Pennsylvania and Delaware; larger than North and South Carolina, than South Carolina and Florida.

Kansas, the state where municipal woman suffrage exists, contains 82,000 square miles. It is greater than the joint extent of New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia and Rhode Island—of nine states of the union combined—and greater than any of the original thirteen, than a majority of the thirteen together, and than either of thirty-two of the to-day forty-two.

But there is a greater region where women exercise suffrage, though not at the polls. Many will be surprised to learn that this is—Texas! In that state the school officers are chosen by petitions to the county judge for their appointment, and he, of course, appoints those whose petitions are most largely signed. These petitions women, on the same terms with their brothers, can sign, and thus practically vote without leaving home. Texas has 265,000 square miles, and is larger than California and Oregon; nearly equal to all the Atlantic states but three; to all the other states on the Gulf.

In England, Scotland and Wales women (unless married) vote for all elective offices save one (Member of Parliament), on like terms with their brothers. In Ireland women vote everywhere for Poor-law Guardians; in Dundalk and other seaports for harbor boards, and in Belfast for all municipal officers. In Sweden their suffrage is about the same as in Britain, and they vote, too, indirectly for members of the House of Lords. In Russia, women, heads of households, vote for all elective officers and on all local questions. In Austria-Hungary they vote (by proxy) at all elections, including members of Provincial and imperial Parliaments. In Italy widows vote for members of Parliament. In Finland women vote for elective officers. In British Burmah women taxpayers vote in the rural tracts. In Madras Presidency (Hindustan) they can vote in all municipalities. In Bombay Presidency they likewise can. In all countries of Russian Asia they can do so wherever a Russian colony settles. The Russians are colonizing the whole of their vast Asian possessions, and they carry with them everywhere the "mum" or self-governing village, wherein women, heads of households, vote. Municipal suffrage now exists in New Zealand, and the legislature has resolved that women shall vote for members of Parliament. It also exists in Victoria, New South Wales, Queensland and South Australia. The latter's Parliament has declared for women's voting at Parliamentary elections, too.—New York Graphic.

Distinctively a Painter.

Of all our artists William Chase is the most distinctively and emphatically a painter, marked for such both by his powers and by his limitations. His is not so much the art of the brain that thinks or of the imagination that conceives as of the eye that sees and the hand that records. He cares little for abstract form, less for composition, and hardly at all for thought or story; but the iridescence of a fish's back or the creamy softness of a woman's shoulder, the tender blue of a morning sky or the vivid crimson of a silken scarf—yes, or the red glow of a copper kettle or the variegated patches of clothes hung out to dry—these things he seizes upon and delights in, and renders with wonderful deftness and precision. He is, as it were, a wonderful human camera—a seeing machine—walking up and down in the world, and in the humblest things as in the finest discovering and fixing for us beauties we had else not thought of. Place him before a palace or a market stall in Haarlem, Holland, or in Harlem, New York, and he will show us that light is everywhere, and that nature is always infinitely interesting. His art is objective and external, but all that he sees he can render, and he sees everything that has positive and independent existence. He is a technician of the breed of Hals and Velasquez; a painter, in a word. We have more imaginative artists, better draughtsmen, men of a subtler or more personal talent, but we have no such painter as Mr. Chase, and the world has to day few better.—Harper's Magazine.

Motherly Solicitude.

"What a fine little fellow," said the patronizing old gentleman who had been elected representative for four successive times from his congressional district. His remark was addressed to a kind faced lady who held in her arms a little fellow who blinked gravely at all that was going on.

"Yes, replied the lady. "His father and I set a good deal of store by him."

"Well, he's a bright looking little fellow. Maybe he'll be a congressman some day."

"Maybe he will," said the mother.

"But," she added, earnestly, "I'm going to do my best to raise him right!"

—Merchant Trav' r.

"SMALL SHAKES."

An Episode of Bitter Root Bar.

BY WILLIAM G. PATTEN.

A strange name, indeed, but that was what they called him in Bitter Root Bar. He was a small, insignificant-looking fellow, with sloping shoulders, and hands and feet as small as a woman's. His skin was nut-brown and his hair short and curling. His face was rather pretty for a boy's despite the fact that it always seemed dirty. But dirt didn't count in Bitter Root Bar. It took sand there to win anything like respect, and the trembling boy was sadly deficient in that respect, for he appeared to be a veritable coward.

It was Crook-Nosed Tobe who first called the little fellow Small Shakes, and as the boy gave no name, he was known by the appellation given him by the acknowledged chief of the camp. The boy had suddenly appeared in Bitter Root, coming from some place where he stopped at the hotel, and seemed to have enough money to provide for his immediate needs. It was the universal opinion that he was some runaway lad who had come west to see the sights, and possibly with the idea of becoming a cowboy or, perhaps, an Indian fighter.

He frequented the saloons of the camp, and his sharp blue eyes seem to search the face of every one with a keen, inquiring look. But he was afraid of a row, and would cower and tremble before a revolver. To the rough men of Bitter Root, that showed what he was. Following Crook-Nosed Tobe's lead, they soon learned to take delight in teasing and terrifying the little fellow. It was touching sometimes, to hear his pleading words, but the rough fellows seemed to consider it a huge joke. They had no idea in hurting the boy, and, therefore, could see no harm in terrifying him a little.

Crook-Nosed Tobe and his gang had for some time managed—or mismanaged—things in Bitter Root to suit themselves. There were citizens in the camp who cordially detested the big tough and his followers, yet they lacked the courage to make an organized attempt to run them out of the camp. The entire gang lived without work, and it is said that they perpetrated nine out of ten of the frequent robberies which occurred in Bitter Root. The law-abiding citizens were ready to rise up and call him blessed who would wade in and "wipe out" the gang.

Small Shakes had not been in camp long before Crook-Nosed Tobe attempted to force the boy to drink a glass of liquor. Tobe expected an easy job, and fully intended to fill the lad up with vile liquor, until he became drunk. But he failed.

For a time, Small Shakes begged piteously, but at the muzzle of a cocked revolver, Tobe marched the boy up to the bar.

"Whisky straight, barkeep," ordered the tough.

The servile liquor slinger smiled appeasingly, and hastened to set out the miserable stuff.

"Hyar, yo tremblin' little rat," roared Tobe, as he held the glass toward the boy; "get out-side o' that to onct!"

"O, sir, I can't! I can't!" sobbed the little fellow, clasping his hands pleadingly.

"You will!" thundered the tough, with an oath. "Ef ye don't drink it, I'll turn it down yer throat!"

The boy took the liquor, and the next moment it was dashed, glass and all in Tobe's face. By the time Tobe could wipe the liquor out of his eyes, Small Shakes was disappearing through the door. The baffled and infuriated ruffian took a snap shot at the vanishing form, but made a clean miss.

Then how the tough tore round and swore to have Small Shakes blood or make him drink a gallon of whisky! But for some time after that the boy avoided the chief of the camp.

One night, Small Shakes entered a saloon just in time to see one man with his back to the wall doing battle with Crook-Nosed Tobe, and nearly his entire gang. Just one look did the boy take at the stranger's face, then he uttered a wild cry, and sprang forward.

Seizing a chair, Small Shakes plunged into the thickest of the melee. In an instant, Tobe was knocked down, and seizing his revolver, the boy opened on the gang. The man against the wall at once assumed the offensive, and one of the most desperate battles in the history of the camp ensued. Three times was the boy knocked down, but every time he came up again. Crook-Nosed Tobe had recovered from the blow with the chair, and now urged on his satellites. But a bullet from the man's revolver finally stretched the ruffian on the floor, and that ended the battle.

When the victory was a decided thing, the boy sank to the floor, faintly gasping:

"O, Hugh! don't you know me?"

The man uttered a cry of amazement as he quickly knelt beside Small Shakes, whose voice in that one faint cry had revealed that she was a woman.

"Great heavens! Dora, my wife, is this you?"

"Yes, Hugh," was the reply, as he lifted her in his arms. "I have been hunting everywhere for you and have found you at last. I lost track of you

at Jaspa City, but I felt sure you were coming here and that I should find you."

"But what does this mean? Why are you dressed like this? and how came you here?"

"Ah, Hugh!" she murmured, joyously. "We are rich at last, and you need no longer search for the fortune which you swore you would obtain ere you returned. My Aunt Dora, for whom I was named, is dead, and has left me all her property."

"The first generous act she ever did," he muttered. "But you have not told me why you are dressed like this."

"So that I might have as little trouble as possible in these rough camps. Now I have a question for you. Why have you not written during the last six months?"

"I have written repeatedly, but received no answer," he declared.

"Then your letters never came," she sighed. "But, Hugh, I am happy now that I have found you."

He was uninjured, and lifting her in his strong arms, he bore her from the place.

That night, Crook-Nosed Tobe breathed his last, and on the following day, the law-respecting citizens ran what was left of his gang out of camp.

For a week Dora Morrison was very sick, but she finally escaped a protracted illness. While she lay on her couch, her husband watched patiently by her side, and the loving tie which bound them together was made stronger by renewed pledges of undying affection.

One day, a great crowd gathered in front of the hotel to witness their departure. They came out through the door, arm in arm, and the men of Bitter Root Bar uttered a gasp of amazement as they saw the pale, sweet face of the woman, now free from the brown stain which had been a part of her disguise. They all lifted their hats respectfully, and she smiled sweetly upon them. There was not a man in that entire crowd who afterwards was not willing to swear that that smile was bestowed on him in particular.

An excited whisper went round:

"It war them two as cleaned out Crook-Nose Tobe an' his gang!"

As the man assisted her into the stage, one big fellow proposed three cheers, and they all threw up their hats and yelled as if they would split their throats.

Then the driver cracked his whip, away went the stage in a cloud of dust, and Bitter Root Bar had seen the last of Small Shakes.—Yankee Blade.

To the Sea.

O softly murmuring sea;
O shimmering, silvery sea;
What a spell thou dost cast o'er me
As I view thee spread before me,
Though so gently thou dost woo me,
With persistence thou dost sue me,
Firmly wave on wave advancing,
With music soft my soul entrancing,
Till with cadence low and sweet,
Thou break'st in ripples at my feet

O glorious, sunlit sea;
O changing, marvellous sea;
Thou art full of strange surprises,
When the mighty day-god rises
All thy rosy waves are beaming,
On thy bosom gems are gleaming,
And thy crested, foamy billows
Seem inviting, downy pillows

But thy gently heaving breast
Is a dangerous place of rest.
O soft, beseeching sea;
O wildly passionate sea;
All my soul goes forth to meet thee,
Eagerly I turn to greet thee,
Thou sing'st to me of glad tomorrows,
Wilt thou, then, give joy for sorrows?
Banish pain and sore distresses?
Soothe me with thy soft caresses!

If thou'lt pledge but this to me,
Gladly will I come to thee.
O bold, commanding sea;
O strong, o'er-mastering sea;
Like a slave I kneel before thee,
With my conquered heart adore thee,
Thou com'st to me with banners flying,
Slaying those thy right denying,
All thy prowess my brave lover
Unto me thou dost discover,
Boldly thou dost come to me,
Like a conqueror, proud sea.

O deep, mysterious sea;
O cruel, treacherous sea;
Why do I still linger near thee?
Though I love thee, still I fear thee,
Fear thy wild, weird incantations,
Fear thy wondrous fascinations,
Thou wilt fill my soul with sadness,
Fire my restless brain with madness,
Till, o'ercome with wild alarms
I leap for refuge to thy arms.

—Helen Mar Bean, Boston Transcript.

Some Curious Misnomers.

Arabic figures were invented by the Indians, not by the Arabs.

Dutch clocks are not of Dutch, but German (deutsch) manufacture.

Irish stew is a dish unknown in Ireland.

Baffins Bay is no bay at all.

Ca'tug is the gut of sheep, not of cats.

Down is used instead of a-down and utterly perverts its meaning. The Saxon *dun* is a hill, and *a-dun* is its opposite, a descent. Going down stairs really means going up stairs. We ought properly to say "going a-down."—Detroit Free Press.

Gave Him a Pointer.

Mr. and Mrs. Smithkins at the photographer's.

Mr. S. (taking photographer aside and whispering)—Say, my wife wants her picture taken, but I want to give you a pointer on her.

"Don't tell her to 'look pleasant.' It won't do in her case. I've tried it and it always makes her madder 'n ever."—Chicago Herald.

CHINESE SYSTEM OF ASTRONOMY.

Some Facts About Naming the Stars and Constellations.

There has always been more or less wonder expressed about the way the various constellations obtained their names, and even the most plausible explanations are generally accepted with the mental reservation to the effect that the sponsors must have brought the most vivid imagination to bear on the subject, says the New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Chinese have adopted a system differing considerably from our own, as their conception of animals, birds, and forms always does. They had two great periods of star-naming in ancient China, the first between 2,000 and 3,000 years before Christ and the second about a dozen centuries later. At this early period the Chinese astronomers divided the heavens into quarters, containing twenty-eight groups of stars. The quarters are distinguished by the Green Dragon, representing spring and comprising the seven eastern constellations; the Red Bird, or summer, the seven southern constellations; the White Tiger, standing for autumn, the seven western; and the Dark Warriors, the seven northern. This name is also known as the Serpent and sometimes as the Tortoise, and it represents winter.

About 1100 B. C. the following points were first brought into prominence in astronomy: The cycle of twelve years, dependent on a revolution of Jupiter; the twelve hours into which the horizon is divided by the pointing of the Bear; the cycle of ten days; the cycle of twenty-eight constellations; the four seasons; the sun, moon, and planets. Astrology was most implicitly believed in and was the main object of all Chinese astronomy, as inferences for good or evil were drawn from all astronomical phenomena. The good or evil fortune for the empire was controlled by the conjunction of the sun and moon. Each province had its presiding star, which foretold its fortunes and was invoked whenever any particular thing required.

The naming of stars after individuals can, in many instances, be traced to this period of Chinese astronomy. Charioteers who were favorites with the emperors of the people have had their names perpetuated by having them bestowed on groups or on single stars. The name given during the Chow dynasty are generally of an imperial origin instead of the more popular origin characterizing earlier centuries. "The chief ruler of heaven" is the name given to the ancient pole, the star Tai-yi 22 degrees from our present pole. The seven stars of the Great Bear are the government rulers of the sun, moon, and five planets. The palace of the heavenly emperor is bounded by the oval formed of the fifteen stars of Draco, among which is Tai-yi. The group containing Antares is Ming-fang, the council hall of the emperor where he gives laws to his subjects. The adjoining stars are the sons of the emperor. The palace of the emperor is Arcturus, toward which the handle of the Dipper almost points, and the two large stars in Centaur, to the south of Sagittarius mark the portals of the south gate of his dominions.

In Cancer and Leo lies the residence of the southern emperor, surrounded by a guard of twelve feudal barons. Between Procyon and Regulus, and between the ecliptic and equator, there is a group called the Willow Branch, which rules over planets and forms the beak of the Red Bird. The constellations of the seven stars adjoin this, forming the neck of the Red Bird; its crop is very appropriately taken to represent the kitchen of the palace; Hydra forms the wings; Yi is the imperial hotel, where visitors at the palace are accommodated; the constellation Corvus finishes the shape of the Red Bird, and is the last in the zodiac.

The seven western constellations are "the lake of fullness," the five reservoirs of heaven, "the home of five emperors," while Hyades is the announcer of invasion on the border."

The whole history of Chinese astronomy is full of similar comparisons between the state of the kingdoms of the earth and the heavenly bodies; as an example the pole star is said to be the abode of the supreme ruler and the circumpolar stars his court. Colors are ascribed to the different emperors, the white being for west, red for the southern emperor, north for black emperor, and blue for the eastern, and the central inclosure is the court of the yellow emperor, whose essence is called Hau-shu-nien. Within the brilliant circle of the serpent is a star the "Court of the western heaven," the twenty-two stars in the serpent being named after the states into which China was formerly divided. From these facts one is induced to believe that the names were very often first given to constellations and the outlines of the object were afterward traced as far as they possibly could be, the rest being left very much to the strong imagination of the people, whose credulity was played upon by the astrologers of that period to a very considerable degree.

A New Heat Generator.

It is very unsafe in this age to apply the term impossible to anything in the nature of alleged improvements, no matter by whom presented or what it is claimed they may do. So rapid is scientific advance that developments are made and accepted which, a half century ago, would have been disre-

garded, or else looked on as supernatural; and men, like Edison and Ericsson, are now honored by the world, who not long since would have been burned as professors of the black art.

So careful has society become in the condemnation of new and improbable discoveries, that there are many who hesitate even yet to finally conclude that the Keely motor is a humbug. So great are the possibilities of scientific invention that there are plenty of men who would wait for a practical demonstration before denying that some inventor had secured perpetual motion.

The late alleged discovery of a new heat generator which is capable of producing a temperature of five or ten thousand degrees, without fuel, although on its face an exact counterpart of the Keely motor, may for the present be received as a possibility. There is not in its composition a single element that permits the conclusion that it will produce heat without fuel; and yet, he is a venturesome man who dares to announce that it is another humbug, or a mechanical trick.

All that sensible people may be allowed to say is that the scheme does not look reasonable; that it has the flavor of a "sell," or a trick to catch customers with more cash than judgment. It is, however, most sincerely to be wished that the discovery is all that it is claimed to be, for then many of the coal-miners would drop to the level of the alms house, to which they have sent so many of their workmen. For a time, the public would be benefited, until the inevitable trust would be formed and this heat, which costs nothing, gathered, confined, metered, and distributed to the public at dividend-paying figures.—Chicago Herald.

Good Enough to Be True.

When John Hickman, who was in his time one of Pennsylvania's ablest men in congress, was on his death bed, a friend asked him what he thought of "eleventh-hour conversions." The dying man raised himself on his elbow and replied: "They had better be ready by half-past ten."

The parson of a certain church asked all those who loved the Lord to please stand. Everybody in the house stood except a drunken Irishman, who was asleep. The minister's eye caught the unlucky man. "Now," he thundered, "I want those who don't love the Lord to stand up." The Irishman had partly come to his senses, and not fully grasping the situation, sprung to his feet, thinking the others in the congregation would follow. But staring about him and seeing every man and woman seated but himself, he looked at the minister and exclaimed: "Parson, (hic) you an' me are in a (hic) small minority, ain't we?"

Gen. Thomas Ewing in his address before the Typothetae association, of New York, told of a trip he made with companions, when a boy in Ohio, to the Hocking hills to get some famous clingstone peaches for his mother: "We passed a paper mill at the foot of a very steep and rocky hill, and our wagon made such a racket that all the windows in the mill were thrown up and twenty or thirty girls stuck out their heads and stared at us. I asked the driver what all those girls were doing in the mill. 'Well, Tommy,' said he, 'you see, they make paper of rags and they keep their girls to chew the rags!' I confess that the state of the art of paper making was not quite that bad forty-five years ago—but pretty near it."

The Law and the Lady.

Patient Man—"Suppose a woman makes it so hot for her husband that he can't live with her, and he leaves her, what can she do?"

Lawyer—"Sue him for support."

Patient Man—"Suppose she has run him so heavily into debt that he can't support her, because his creditors grab every dollar as quick as he gets it, besides ruining his business with their suits?"

Lawyer—"If for any reason whatever he fails to pay her the amount ordered, he will be sent to jail for contempt of court."

Patient Man—"Suppose she drives him out of the house with a flat-iron, and he's afraid to go back?"

Lawyer—"She can arrest him for desertion."

Patient Man—"Well, I don't see anything for me to do but go hang myself."

Lawyer—"It's against the law to commit suicide, and if you get caught attempting it you'll be fined and imprisoned. Ten dollars, please. Good-day."—New York Weekly.

Why Do You Do So?

What's that, my son? "You bet every dollar you had in this world on Cleveland?" Well, that was every dollar you had anywhere, because I know you had no money in the other world to bet. "And you lost every cent of it?" I'm mighty glad of it. I wish you had lost more. I would have been just as glad, so far as you are concerned, if you had lost it on Fisk or Harrison. Bet all your money on Cleveland, did you? Oh donkey of the waving ears, did Cleveland ever bet any money on you? Did Blaine back you up at long odds when you run for school trustee? Bet all your money on men who never risked a cent on you! I see you have no overcoat; that's good. If there's any virtue in frost my boy, you'll have some sense by spring; enough, let us hope, to last you four years.—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

An Old Time Partisan.

It is easy to recall to mind his familiar figure as he sits, during the winter evenings, in his favorite corner.

In his easy chair, with pipe in hand and his silver-rimmed "specs" pushed back until they find a soft resting place on his beloved snow-white head, with eyes sparkling and face beaming with pleasure as he tells back old memories of days long gone by, he is likely to talk something after this fashion:

"It's a long time since I was a boy. Ah, but that was many years ago. Sixty long years have gone and the good Lord knows they were short enough. I was then as spruce and pert as any chap thereabouts. "Oh, but we boys were boys! Things have changed a heap since those days. Boys then didn't take much stock in stylish clothes and they didn't carry canes like they do now. Clothes and canes didn't cut much paper then, but it was good hard sense and work."

"The boy who could do the biggest day's work—could cut the most wood, split the most rails, plow the most corn, was the most envied, for he was sure to have the sweetest and best looking gal at the 'singin'-in-school' or 'apple pealin'."

"I tell you those were good old times! 'I didn't think anything of going thirty miles or more to see your grandmother, and we didn't have very good roads either, but generally had to follow some old Indian trail."

"Talkin' about sickness then, there was no sickness like now. If we had a cold, a pain, or anything, there was the best medicine in the world found in any log cabin home you came across. Why, I remember that my old grandmother, God bless her soul, she's been dead these fifty years or more, could make the best home made medicine for miles around. Her 'sarsaparilla' couldn't be beat. Consistent I just read in no paper about somebody who is making this same old log cabin medicine, under the name of 'Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla.'"

"It does seem splendid to think that you can buy those good old home cures at the drug stores nowadays. 'Mobbe you think people were not healthy in those days, but I tell you that it was mighty seldom anybody was sick long when they had such good old grandmama medicine so handy."

"People used to be stronger, healthier and they lived longer, when I was a boy."

Sherman on the Run.

"As being appropriate to the occasion," remarked the chairman, "and as a deserved compliment to the distinguished veteran to whose speech we have just listened, the band will now play a selection."

"That's my hat!" exclaimed General Sherman excitedly. "And the grizzled old war-horse escaped by a door in the rear as the opening strains of 'Marching Through Georgia' snote on his ear."—Chicago Tribune.

He Wants Peace.

An old farmer strode into a Cornhill book store the other day, and accosting the dealer said: "Neighbor, my gals have been botherin' me all spring for 'Robert Elsmere'; have you got the critter?" As he went out with Mrs. Ward's book clenched in his bony hand, he muttered: "Now, darn it, hope I will have a little peace o' mind till arter I through plowin'."

—Boston Globe.

There are 16 female doctors in the city of Paris. Only 40 per cent of Toledo's voters are taxpayers. Peanuts are recommended as a sure cure for insomnia.

Card of Thanks. If the proprietor of Kemp's Balsam should publish a card of thanks, containing expressions of gratitude which come to him daily from those who have been cured of severe throat and lung troubles by the use of Kemp's Balsam, it would fill a fair-sized book. How much better to invite all to call on any drugist and get a free sample bottle, than to make any test of yourself its power. Large bottles 50c and \$1.00.

Florida has supplied California with 20,000,000 young orange trees since last September.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

When she had Grandchildren, she gave them Castoria,

When she had Great-Grandchildren, she gave them Castoria,

When she had Great-Great-Grandchildren, she gave them Castoria,

When she had Great-Great-Great-Grandchildren, she gave them Castoria,

When she had Great-Great-Great-Great-Grandchildren, she gave them Castoria,

When she had Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Grandchildren, she gave them Castoria,

When she had Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Grandchildren, she gave them Castoria,

When she had Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Grandchildren, she gave them Castoria,

When she had Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Grandchildren, she gave them Castoria,

When she had Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Grandchildren, she gave them Castoria,

When she had Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Grandchildren, she gave them Castoria,

When she had Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Grandchildren, she gave them Castoria,

When she had Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Grandchildren, she gave them Castoria,

When she had Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Grandchildren, she gave them Castoria,

When she had Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Grandchildren, she gave them Castoria,

When she had Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Grandchildren, she gave them Castoria,

When she had Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Grandchildren, she gave them Castoria,

When she had Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Grandchildren, she gave them Castoria,

When she had Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Grandchildren, she gave them Castoria,

When she had Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Grandchildren, she gave them Castoria,

When she had Great-Grandchildren, she gave them Castoria,

When she had Great-Grandchildren, she gave them Castoria,

When she had Great-Grandchildren, she gave them Castoria,

When she had Great-Grandchildren, she gave them Castoria,

When she had Great-Grandchildren, she gave them Castoria,

When she had Great-Grandchildren, she gave them Castoria,

There can be no death without cause. Warner's Log Cabin COUGH AND CONSUMPTION REMEDY will prevent and cure the many disorders called Consumption.

Where His Love Was. One night, when one of Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's sons was about five years old, he fell asleep in his mother's arms. When she put him into his bed she kissed him again and again and called him pet names. He was so sleepy that he could not kiss her in return, but he murmured dreamily, as if to comfort her for his seeming indifference: "Mamma—my heart—is listening—to you."—Homo Maker.

Consumption Surely Cured. To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for Consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they wish to send their express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. Slocum, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

Queen Victoria and the emperor of China have encased their palaces with American incandescent electric lights. The only novelty about the White house at Washington is the odor of pepper used in testing the sanitary condition of its plumbing.

EMERALD CASE. For two years I had rheumatism so bad that it disabled me for work and confined me to my bed for a whole year, during which time I could not even raise my hands to my head, and for some months could not move myself in bed, was 102 to 88 lbs. Was treated by best physicians, only to grow weaker. Finally I took Swift's Specific, and soon began to improve. After a while was at my work, and for the past five months have been as well as I ever was—all from the effects of Swift's Specific. JOHN RAY, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Books on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

SICK HEADACHE
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.
Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

I prescribe and fully endorse Big G as the only specific for certain cases of this disease. G. H. INGRAHAM, M. D., 170 N. 2nd St., Philadelphia.

We have sold Big G for many years, and it has given the best of results. D. R. DYCKE & CO., 111 E. 1st St., St. Louis, Mo.

Only \$1.00. Sold by druggists.

I CURE FITS!

I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return. I mean to cure them forever. KEMP'S BALSAM FOR THE THROAT AND LUNGS.

Florida has supplied California with 20,000,000 young orange trees since last September.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

When she had Grandchildren, she gave them Castoria,

When she had Great-Grandchildren, she gave them Castoria,

When she had Great-Great-Grandchildren, she gave them Castoria,

When she had Great-Great-Great-Grandchildren, she gave them Castoria,

When she had Great-Great-Great-Great-Grandchildren, she gave them Castoria,

When she had Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Grandchildren, she gave them Castoria,

When she had Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Grandchildren, she gave them Castoria,

When she had Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great-Great

