

Cass City Enterprise.

BROWNE BROS., Publishers.
One Dollar Per Year.

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CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

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

BROWNE BROS.,
EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS.

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

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

HENRY C. WALES,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. Insurance Agent, Etc., Office over Hunt's store, Cass City, Mich.

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 Vio. University 1868. Office next door over Dritz's drug store. Specialties—Diseases of women and nervous debility.

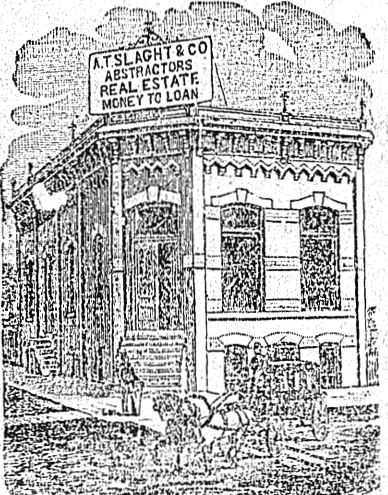
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DANCERS Cared without the knife. Tape-worms removed in three hours. Files, fistulas and fissures cured by a new and painless method.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW. Collections and conveying a specialty. Office in the Pinney block.

DENTISTRY.
I. A. FRITZ, Resident Dentist. Teeth cleaned and filled. Old roots and aching teeth extracted. New teeth inserted. All work guaranteed satisfactory. Prices reasonable. Office over postoffice, Cass City.

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.

W. D. SCHOOLLEY

claims for his
HARNESSES,
The best workmanship, perfect fit, elegant appearance. No 1 oak tanned leather and latest styles in trimmings.

COLLARS.

We make a specialty of heavy draught collars, and we warrant all of our work.

A nice lot of Lap Dusters and Fly Nets at prices extremely low.

WHIPS

In great variety, 10 cents to \$4.00. From a Cart Whip 4 feet long to a Binder Whip 11 feet long.

**CURRY COMBS
BRUSHES, SNAPS,
HARNESSES AND AXLE
OIL AND CARRIAGE
TOP ENAMEL.**

Call and see our \$12.00 Single Harness all hand made from oak stock. The best harness in the county for the money.
Repairing neatly done.

ABOUT OUR NEIGHBORS.

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

GAGETOWN.

Very warm and rain is still needed. No services in the Methodist church Sunday last.

Chas. Maynard went to Caro on business Tuesday.

Edward Blakely and James Hume spent Sunday in Bay Port.

Miss Lizzie Proudfoot of Grant spent Sunday in town with friends.

Mrs. Sponenburg has returned from Yale where she has been visiting for some time.

Miss Jennie Nelson and Ned Johnson returned home on Saturday evening from Petoskey.

A number of our Maccabees will attend the picnic at Sebawaing on Friday of this week.

Quite a number of the G. A. R. post from this place attended the reunion at Pontiac this week.

There seems to be quite an attraction of late for a number of our young ladies at one of the business houses on main street.

We wish to correct the item in last week's issue in regard to the date of our picnic, it will be held on the 27th instead of the 28th, as was stated.

The party held in Echo hall Friday evening last was largely attended, there being over 100 numbers out. Supper was served at O. D. Hopkins'.

I have just opened up a first-class barber shop. One trial is all I ask, also ladies' hair dressing and razor honing a specialty. All work guaranteed. O. D. Hopkins, Gageton, Mich.

When in need of drugs do not forget to call on Jas. Hume, the manager of Maynard's drug store. The goods are all fresh and pure. Night calls promptly answered at the store.

BERNE.

Our wheat crop is a grand success. "The Oak Bluff Lament" is sung by the Berne glee club.

The Patrons of Industry met on Saturday evening to transact business.

The Leipprandt Bros. are engaged to run the Patron of Industry's store and are giving satisfactory results.

Miss Maggie Quinn, Jas. Quinn and D. Walsh of Gageton were visiting their brother and sister, Pat. Quinn and wife of the Washington house, Sunday last.

Herman Kleinschmidt, proprietor of the "Railroad Exchange," has sold out to a Canadian party, who will move in to the hotel at once. Mr. Kleinschmidt is going to build a grain elevator on the S. T. & H. R. R., which will be commenced early next week.

M. A. VanDusen, the photographer, has just arrived here from Caseville, and intends to remain here one week. This gentleman has given general satisfaction wherever he has been located, and we earnestly hope that the public will patronize him, as he deserves it.

The Junction people are looking forward to the dedication of the R. C. church to be one of the greatest events in the history of their village and we earnestly hope that their joyful anticipations will be fully gratified, as the perseverance and energy of those people in starting this enterprise and accomplishing it so successfully is worthy of credit.

Henry Muentner, who had been confined to his home for two weeks, died on Saturday last of inflammation of the lungs. Deceased was 55 years of age and had a large family of grown up children all of whom are married and in comfortable circumstances. A large number of friends and relatives attended his funeral, which occurred on Tuesday the 19th, from the German M. E. church.

"Where, where is the tent that I purchased last June? when the lively mosquito sang out his wierd tune, and the pestilent sand fly had scarcely yet gone all the mercury stood, in the shade, 91. Oh, my dear little tent let us hasten away to that cozy resort on shores of the bay, where of rest and enjoyment we will soon have enough, midst the oak, spruce and balsam, that grow on Oak Bluff."

There are a few old maxims that have a deal more poetry than sense in them, for instance: "Music hath charms to sooth the savage beast." Now, during the time our "cornet band" was practicing on last Friday night, we witnessed two dog fights right under the band hall. Then again, "It's a long lane that has no turning." Well, we hope so, for poor Albert Klineschmidt's sake, as we are informed that he has already "popped the question" twice without success, so he is still looking for the bend. Lastly we have "Money makes the Mare go."

Well now if there is one man in Michigan that knows what it takes to make some (balky) mares go it's Jake Becker; but as Jake has made a profitable trade with the beast we are "mum" on the matter.

CREEL.

Mr. Dobson and wife of Grant Centre visited D. Ferson Sunday.

A wedding is rumored at an early date. Get out your horns boys.

Commissioner Burress made an official trip to Killmanagh on Monday.

C. Link of Killkenney was here on Saturday trying to purchase a horse.

Mr. Lishness and wife of Bad Axe visited Hector Crawford's folks Sunday.

Peter Gage of Elkland is threshing for the farmers in this vicinity at present.

Robert McKee of the county line wears a very broad smile these days. A little girl at our house.

Christ. Nelson lost his oldest girl on Friday last by typhoid fever. She was buried on Saturday.

The recent dry weather is giving the farmers in these parts a general hoist most of which will be completed by another week.

The frame of John McKinnon's new house illuminates on the section line this week. E. Owens, the builder is pushing the completion of the same with rapidity.

Rev. Hillas' appointment in the Methodist church Sunday last was not filled as usual, occasioned by the former gentleman, together with Rev. A. Ross, attending a quarterly meeting at Fairgrove.

The homes of Johnnie Campbell and Simeon Lobsinger of this place were made happy by the sudden appearance of two little lady strangers on Thursday of last week. Dr. Morris reports the little folks doing well.

ELLINGTON.

Very dry. Rain is badly needed.

Buckwheat is suffering badly. Corn cannot fill this dry weather conditions.

News is scarce this week and have but little to write.

H. A. Bailey & Son started up their mill Monday, sawing lumber.

Threshing continues and the steam whistles may be heard in many directions.

Being short of hands at the mill this week A. E. Benson is lending a helping hand.

Last week H. A. Bailey & Son shipped a car load of S4 1/2 M shingles to Ann Arbor for Jas. Tolbert.

A large part of the pea crop is harvested, and some have threshed them in the lot. They turn out well, generally.

Oats are about all cut and the most of them are taken care of, but some pieces are still standing in the shock.

Old Mr. Babcock, who has been living at his son's, south of White Creek, died Sunday night. We did not learn the cause.

A. E. Benson of Chesaning came out to Ellington last week. His wife has been visiting here for some time at her parents, O. Hutchinson and wife.

Tuesday. It is very dry and windy. The wind from the southwest and the dust flies in clouds at times. A good rain would be of great benefit.

Miss Lyoia Stull was given up by Dr. Watson on Monday, who said she could not live to exceed an hour. I learn he took away all of her medicine, and notwithstanding this the girl continues to live, (Tuesday, 10 a. m.) and seems to be a little better, and may get well. Another doctor has been summoned.

Uncle Sam's Exhibit.

The important announcement is made officially that the United States government will make a grand special exhibition, through the new department of agriculture, at the Detroit international exposition, of fruits, vegetables, etc.

The department was created only about a year ago and this will be its first exhibition. For its supply the government can draw, not only from over all this continent, but from all the countries in the world. It can, therefore, make such an exhibition that no private enterprise can emulate, and that, for variety, value, interest and novelty can be equalled nowhere else in the world.

Beside this great attraction the secretary of the state horticultural society which has charge of this department of the exposition, has received assurances of splendid special exhibits from Idaho, Colorado, Iowa, Nebraska, Ohio, Virginia, and West Virginia, New Jersey, New York and Florida, and more are coming by every mail.—Detroit Tribune, Aug. 8.

Merit Wins.

We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Dr. King's New Life pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits Fritz Bros. Druggists.

Cass City Markets.

Friday Morning, August 23.
Wheat, o. 1 white..... 79
Wheat, No. 2. white..... 70
do o. 2 red..... 68
do No. 3 red..... 63
Oats..... 18 @ 20
Beans hand-picked..... 100 @ 150
do unpicked..... 90 @ 125
Rye..... 35 @ 40
Barley..... 90 @ 100
Clover seed..... 300 @ 350
Peas per bushel..... 25 @ 30
Buckwheat..... 25
Butter..... 10
Eggs..... 26 @ 32
Wool..... 26 @ 32

Three Cent Column.

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

MONEY TO LOAN on real estate. For further information address J. C. LAING, 4-12 1y Cass City, Mich.

LOST—On Thursday, Aug 1, near White creek school house a black plush wrap. Any one finding same will please leave it at Kingston postoffice. ANNE BAILEY.

FARM TO RENT—120 acres, 3 miles south of Cass City, 100 acres improved, bank barn, frame house and good orchard. Inquire of F. C. LEE, 7-10-2 wks.

FOR SALE—Or will trade for village property in Cass City, 100 acres of land in Oscoda county. Good buildings. Thirty acres improved. Clear title. O. D. HOPKINS, Gageton, Mich. 4w 6m 1m

WANTED—Four carpenters, four common laborers and four men to work on railroad, immediately. For further information inquire at this office. J. G. OWEN, 6-26-2w Owendale, Mich.

FARM TO RENT—Composed of two 80 acre farms, one mile apart. On one is a good barn on the other a bank barn, both well watered. Will rent both or either. Good change to put in fall wheat. Situated in Cumber-land county. A. A. McCRAE, 7-3-2 wks. Cass City, Mich.

DR. ELMSLIE & CO.
NORTH WASHINGTON AVENUE,
Corner of Genesee Ave, East Saginaw, Mich. Dr. Elmslie & Co. are a company of regular graduated physicians who have devoted many years to the study of Chronic, Nervous and Special Diseases. The physician in charge of this office is a graduate of one of the best colleges in the United States, and is registered in both hemispheres as an M. D. This enables them to treat all private troubles with excellent results. All sufferers applying to them will receive their honest opinion of their complaint. No experimenting; no mercury used. They will guarantee a positive cure in every case they undertake, or forfeit the sum of \$500; their reason for so doing is this—where there is no organic disease, and nothing but an morbid condition, or, in other words, a conglomeration of symptoms producing certain results, there is no reason why it cannot be removed if the proper remedies are applied, therefore they guarantee. They wish it distinctly understood that they do not claim to perform impossibilities, or to have miraculous powers; they only claim to be skilled and successful physicians, thoroughly informed in their specialty—Chronic and Special Diseases of men and women. People at a distance can, by explaining their trouble in detail, obtain a correct diagnosis. The fee in detail of treatment will not, in any way, interfere with their business. Absolute secrecy in all cases. Charges moderate. Address, Dr. Elmslie & Co., Michigan Central Railroad block, corner Washington and Genesee Avenues, East Saginaw, Mich. Office hours 10 to 12, a. m., 2 to 4 and 7 to 8, p. m., week days only. Rooms 1, 2 and 3.

LONDON, ENO & KEATING,
Manufacturers of
**SASH, DOORS,
FLOORING,
BLINDS,
SIDING
and
MOULDING.**
Window and Door frames to order on short notice.
New mill near the P. O. P. A. Railroad Depot.

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

E. H. PINNEY, Proprietor. ALONZO H. ALE, Cashier.

THE EXCHANGE BANK,

CASS CITY, - - MICH

Transacts a General Banking Business.

Accounts of business houses and individuals solicited.
Drafts available anywhere in the United States or Canada bought and sold.
Collections a specialty.

FAIR DEALING.

All parties intending ordering nursery stock I beg leave to ask not to order until I call on you I am prepared to give you a fair deal and I warrant good stock. As I have made deliveries of stock in the past, my customers are my references.

The stock will be furnished by Moulson & Son, Rochester N. Y.

H. W. ROBINSON,
CASS CITY.

Port Huron MARBLE WORKS,

PHILO TRUESDELL, Prop.

**Granite and Marble
MONUMENTS
and
HEADSTONES.**

MANTLES, GRATES and CUT BUILDING STONE.

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.

NEW MACHINE SHOP.

All kinds of Machines Repaired. 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.

DO NOT LOOK AT THIS!

FOR IF YOU DO YOU WILL SEE THAT

HOLMES BROS.

ARE SELLING GOODS

FOR CASH & READY PAY,

And they will sell you more Crockery and Glassware, more Groceries and Provisions for ONE DOLLAR than any other place in the City.

Cash Paid for Eggs, also Produce Wanted at
HOLMES BROS. CASH STORE.

Books, Books.

We have just received a new supply of Books by the most noted Authors, consisting of

**FICTION,
POEMS,
TRAVELS,
ADVENTURES,**

Which for the next 30 DAYS

WE WILL SELL LESS THAN

1-4 OFF 1-4

Of regular price. All 50c Books for 35 cents. Ladies and gentlemen supply yourselves with reading matter while it may be obtained at a low price.

ALSO A VARIETY OF HAMMOCKS!

For the summer season. Remember we are always supplied with pure Drugs and Patent Medicines.

FRITZ BROS., Druggists.

F. & P. M. R. R.

Time Table taking effect June 16, 1889.

PORT HURON DIVISION.					
WEST.		STATIONS.		EAST.	
Express and Mail.	Mail.			Express and Mail.	Mail.
p. m.	a. m.			p. m.	a. m.
6 45	9 30	Port Huron	Ar	10 45	9 45
6 52	9 30	Zion		10 10	9 12
6 48	10 00	Yale		9 38	8 45
7 14	10 23	Brown City		9 10	8 17
7 33	10 42	The Market		8 47	7 57
7 45	10 52	Clifford		8 37	7 45
8 02	11 10	Mayville		8 16	7 25
8 14	11 22	Junata		8 02	7 12
8 25	11 33	Yassar		7 49	6 59
8 28	11 37	Vassar Bridge		7 45	6 55
8 47	11 58	Frankenmuth		7 27	6 36
9 15	12 24	East Saginaw	Lv	7 00	6 07
p. m.	p. m.	Flag Station	a. m.	p. m.	

SAND BEACH and PORT AUSTIN DIVISION.

NORTH.						SOUTH.					
Express.		Mail and Express.		STATIONS.		Express.		Mail and Express.			
a. m.	p. m.					a. m.	p. m.				
7 45	9 30	Port Huron	Ar	10 5	6 55						
8 21	4 05	Zion		9 30	6 22						
8 55	4 39	Crosswell		8 55	5 51						
9 32	5 15	Carsenville		8 23	5 15						
10 04	5 45	Deckerville		7 55	4 43						
10 30	6 18	Palms		7 30	4 15						
10 02	6 33	Tyre		7 02	3 50						
11 46	7 05	Bad Axe		6 23	3 15						
1 00	7 50	Port Austin	Lv	5 20	2 25						
10 41	6 20	Minden		7 20	4 04						
11 20	6 55	Sand Beach	Lv	6 45	3 30						
p. m.		Flag Station	a. m.	p. m.							

CONNECTIONS.

Port Huron (Union Depot), with the G. T. R. Co. and from all points in Canada.
With the C. & G. T. R. for Imlay City, Lapeer, Flint, Battle Creek and Chicago.
Clifford (Union Depot) with the P. O. & P. A. for North Branch, Imlay City, Kingston, Cass City, Berne and Caseville.
Yassar with the M. C. R. for Caro, Bay City, Alpena, Mackinac, Etc.
East Saginaw (Transfer) with the S. V. & L. R. for St. Louis, Alma, Grand Rapids, Etc.
Bad Axe (Union Depot) with the S. T. & H. R. for Bayport, Sebawaing, Unionville, East Saginaw, Etc.
SANFORD KEELER, Superintendent.

B. F. BROWNE,

NOTARY PUBLIC.

CASS CITY, MICH.

AN ANGEL IN RED.

CHAPTER I.

From a human point of view there were very few attributes of the ideal Arcadian season in the April of 1815. Nature had worked loyally up to old tradition, and even the ugly part of East Anglia, where our story opens, looked attractive under her care, for the birds were arriving fast from their winter quarters, the voice of the cuckoo was frequent, lilacs were budding, orchards were beginning to bloom, and gardens were gay with primroses, violets, hyacinths and lilies of the valley.

But man refused to obey the summons to rejoice, to be at peace, and to be glad. Every village inn was a political club; squire and yeoman, farmer and tradesman, plow-boy and apprentice had but one topic of conversation—the last movement of the "Corsican Ogre," and the chance of Britain being dragged into another war. Fair lips were fluent with words and phrases which were usually associated with messrooms and barrack-yards; the parson's lady and the village granddame found more stirring food for talk than the linen press and the jam cupboard; and the very urchins in the street played at French and English.

Cuton village, a couple of miles from Elmford market town, caught the infection, mildly, perhaps, from a comparative point of view, but badly enough to render it as unlike the quiet sleepy little hamlet of ordinary times as could be.

The girls hated it all, and with reason; for if their sweethearts did not desert them for the recruiting sergeant, their time was fully occupied with talking, and arguing, and drinking toasts. And none hated it all more than did Mehitable Buttrick, daughter of the head-keeper at Cuton Hall, and betrothed to young Abner Harrington.

Mehitable was not a beauty. She was a strong, sturdy girl of 20, with a round, good-humored face, much freckled by wind and sun; a pair of red arms; and a foot, beneath which daisies and buttercups crouched never to rise again. But she was a kind and tender-hearted lass, and out of that great, ruddy-lipped mouth came the softest and sweetest of voices, which had never uttered a harsh or hasty word.

During this latter part of the month of April, Abner Harrington had treated her as other youths treated their lasses. He rarely saw her, was always in a hurry, and worst of all, he was a great deal too often flushed of face and thick of speech.

Mehitable took it sadly to heart, and moped and sighed about it in a manner very unusual with one whose very name was synonymous, in the local mouth, with untiring energy and ceaseless activity.

One morning she met Abner—a good-looking, strapping young savior of 23. He was in the neighborhood of the "Red Lion," and although he was far from being absolutely drunk, he had evidently taken more than young fellows usually do before 11 o'clock in the morning.

He stopped her. "Hear the news, 'Hitable'?" he said at once without any greeting. "The king of France has fled to Lille. Boney is in Paris, and in the Royal palace, and the grand folk in Vienna have pronounced Boney an outlaw; and the duke of Wellington has been in council at the war office, and there's going to be a rare do."

"Oh, Abner, Abner, how I wished you cared nothing about all this," said the girl; I take it wonderful sadly, I do. What do it matter to you what Boney and all them others are about? You ain't a soldier, and you're betrothed to me."

"Nonsense, 'Hitable,'" said the young fellow, with a laugh. "If an Englishman didn't take an interest in these matters, which are occupying the attention of the senators of the world, he is not worthy the name of Englishman."

Mehitable stared at the fluent production of such phrases by one who spoke usually the plainest East Anglian Doric; but she knew that clap-trappers abounded at the bars of village inns, and that many a young fellow owed his first step to ruin to the seduction of their rapid sophisms.

"And, Abner, it makes you associate with men you know nothing of, and it leads you to drink—"

Here poor Mehitable was lacking in womanly tact—or rather he said, in the knowledge of men—or she would have guessed that the very worst way to gain her end was to hint to a man who was getting drunk that he was drunk.

"You mean to say I'm drunk?" exclaimed Abner. "Then I'm not fit to be talking to you; much less to be your sweetheart. Mind your own business, and I'll mind mine."

And he swaggered off, leaving the girl looking after him with eyes which betrayed by their tears the terrible blow dealt at her heart.

A week passed. During this time war had been declared against France, and the duke of Wellington was assembling a British army to lead into Belgium. The first battalion of the East Anglian regiment had, passed through Cuton village and was now at Elmford, on its way to the coast, recruiting. Cuton was like a deserted village; the shops were shut—for the apprentices would not work—the farm yards were silent, the fields were abandoned to the crows. All the young fellows were at Elmford, gazing at the redcoats, listening to the martial music, and, worst of all, every evening fewer lads returned to their homes in Cuton village.

Still Abner Harrington came home, and Mehitable was easy in her mind. He was a high spirited, impulsive and easily led away young fellow; but he was betrothed to her, and Mehitable valued him too highly to believe that there was anything serious in the cruel words he had spoken to her.

On May 30 the battalion was to march from Elmford. Its numbers were by no means complete, and the recruiting officers were employing every means to get young fellows to join the colors.

On the night of the 19th Elmford presented an appearance it had probably never presented before during the long centuries of its uneventful existence. Usually by 9 o'clock the streets were empty, dark and silent; but on this night Elmford had to borrow the expression used by old Paddle who drove last up coach, "was almost like London itself." Soldiers were everywhere—rolling about the streets to the strains of popular choruses, gathered about the doors of the three principal inns, crowding the tapings of the ale houses, laughing, shouting, singing and cheering. The shops were open, the private houses illuminated, and to the mass of townspeople who were abroad were added swarms of visitors from all the villages around.

All that day Mehitable Buttrick had been miserable. She had not even seen Abner for two days. She walked into Elmford, her heart full of dread; but to look for one young man in that swarming hive of excited humanity was to look for the proverbial needle in a bale of hay. She returned un-

able to settle any work; putting her hand to a job and lying it down the next minute; continually in and out of the cottage, and alert to the sound of every footstep. Her father and mother endeavored to reassure her, but she refused to be comforted, and long after they had gone to bed sat at the window which commanded a view of the moonlit village street, so that Abner, who had to pass the cottage on his way home, might not escape her notice.

At midnight, at which hour the pickets had managed to clear the streets of Elmford with fair success, a young fellow, in a bright new uniform, was seated on the respectable step of one of the most respectable private residences. He was very drunk; his shako was lying on the pavement and his head was bent over his doubled-up knees.

To him came the pickets. They aroused him after the usual gentle fashion of pickets, and tried to extract from him the street and house where he was billeted. He could tell them nothing.

"Where shall we shove him, sergeant?" asked one of the men.

"Anywhere; there, into that outhouse," was the reply.

"Look here, young chap," roared the sergeant in the ear of the young man, who had been partly brought to his senses by the tumble into the straw, "the royally goes at four to-morrow morning. There's your musket and your traps. You've got four hours to sleep off your drunk, and mind, if you don't answer your name at roll-call, you'll be put in the goal as a deserter. If you don't believe, read that there notice."

And he directed Abner's glazed eyes to a bill affixed to the wall, headed G. R., on either side of a big crown, and threatening dire penalties to all who, having taken G. R.'s shillings, should get away without giving G. R. an equivalent for them.

Then his coat, trousers and boots were taken off, and he was left. At 4 o'clock the next morning Elmford was roused from its brief slumbers by the rattle of a dozen drums in the market place. At 5 o'clock the roll was called. At 6 o'clock the men were dismissed to breakfast, and at 7 o'clock, under a clear blue sky and a smiling sun, the battalion marched out of the town, colors flying, band playing, to the accompaniment of cheers, and God-speeds, and cries, and sobbings from the vast crowd which marched along with it until it was well on the London road.

At 10 o'clock Abner Harrington awoke. He sat up and looked around him with the air of a man just returned from a long visit in a far country, pressed his hands to his aching head and tried to collect his wits.

"Why, hang it! There's something wrong. I'll swear I was a soldier yesterday. I had a red coat, and a tall leather hat, and a gun, and a knapsack, and—why, what could have happened?"

He stood up and looked round the shed. He must either have been dreaming, he thought, or very drunk, for in the place of his military outfit there were his own clothes.

There was a pump outside. He gave himself a good sluicing and felt a trifle better, although his head seemed as if it did not belong to him. Then he dressed himself and went out. The first thing that attracted his notice was G. R.'s proclamation. He read it through more than once, and at the end came to the conclusion that nothing but keeping himself studiously out of sight could prevent him from being arrested and punished as a deserter.

He peeped into the market-place. All was quiet and sunny; and but for the presence of workhouse men sweeping away the refuse of the last week's excitement, it would have been hard to realize that this scene of Bœotian calm and stillness had ever been otherwise.

"Well," he said to himself, "as I am a deserter I'd best not be seen. Poor 'Hitable! How glad she will be to see me! and how I will repay her for having behaved myself like a brute!"

He slunk out of Elmford by back streets and by-lanes until he reached the main road a quarter of a mile out of town. Half an hour's further walking brought him into Cuton. Some young fellows were talking in a group outside the "Red Lion," and before he could get out of the way, had observed him.

"Why, Abner, man!" said one, "we thought as how you'd gone and 'listed. Leastways, Jack Wright says he saw you in the king's livery a-marchin' along like the dook hisself."

"Yes, and poor Mehitable Buttrick went well nigh distracted," said a second. "She's been asking about you, and crying, and going on ter'ble to see. Come in, man and have a mug."

But Abner had no time to give heed to last him for some time, and with an excuse, he proceeded on to the Buttrick cottage.

Mrs. Buttrick met him at the door. She possessed Mehitable's physique without the girl's tenderness of character, and her face warned the penitent that a storm was in readiness for him.

"Shame on you, Abner Harrington!" said Buttrick, "shame on you for a murderer!"

"A murderer?"

"Yes, a cowardly murderer!" repeated Mrs. Buttrick. "You've driven away our 'Hitable, with them harum-scarum tricks of yours. When she heard you'd 'listed she went away, and nobody hasn't set eyes on her since; and heaven above only sees where she is."

Abner stood shame-stricken, and heard in silence the torrent of abuse showered on him by Mrs. Buttrick, until the poor woman sank down on a seat in the porch and sobbed bitterly. He did not attempt to console her, for in truth, his thoughts were with Mehitable; and, if ever man stood self-convicted of unmanly, dishonorable conduct, it was Abner Harrington.

He walked away rapidly. All that morning, all that afternoon, he sought Mehitable. The penalties for desertion had no fears for him now, and he walked boldly into Elmford. Every one in Elmford knew Mehitable Buttrick. No one had seen her since the previous morning, when she had come in and inquired for Abner.

All sort of terrible thoughts crossed the mind of the unhappy young man. He had heard and read of disappointed girls making away with themselves. But Mehitable, much as she loved him, sensitive and tender as was her heart, was not the sort of a girl to kill herself because her lover had chosen to serve his king and country.

Then the old fear took possession of him, and he crept out of the market place brand, not only as a deserter, but as a murderer.

He wandered away down to the river-side—that riverside linked in his memory with so many recollections of quiet Sunday walks and evening talks with Mehitable.

There was a group of boys and men gathered round something by the old bridge. He approached with a heart full of sickening fears, and almost expected to see poor Mehitable's still dead figure

stretched on the long grass. The group was so absorbed that it did not notice his approach. He peered over the shoulder of a man and saw, not poor, dead Mehitable herself, but her clothes; the brown stuff dress, the print apron, the coarse straw hat—everything.

With the finger of detection pointed at him in every twig which shot across his path, with the word "murderer" ringing in each joyous bird-trill, he sped away—whether he knew not, but until the evening was far advanced he wandered over the flat stretch of meadow, until, utterly exhausted in mind and body, he crept homeward, and unseen, unheard, shut himself up in his room. There was no fear of interruption, for his father was in Colchester on business, and his mother had grown so accustomed to her son's absence that she now took no note of his outings or incomings.

All the next day he remained there, eating nothing nor sleeping—simply lying on his bed with dead Mehitable's reproachful face ever before him. Early the next morning he was aroused by the distant crash of martial music. He sprang up from the bed, threw open the window and looked out. Above a cloud of dust he could see the glint of sunshine on steel. Louder and louder grew the music and the tramp of feet and nearer came the soldiers.

Then a sudden idea struck him. What was life to him now? The noise of the executioner seemed to dangle over his head already, and any death was welcome to him but that! He hastily huddled on his clothes, went out into the fresh, sweet scented air and crept rapidly along by the river path and the fields into Elmford.

When the second battalion of the East Anglian regiment marched out of Elmford town a few weeks later there went with it among the many recruits in its ranks Abner Harrington, of Cuton.

CHAPTER II.

At 5 o'clock in the evening of June 18, 1815, the two battalions of the East Anglian regiment formed one of the thirteen squares which for three hours had been rolling back and destroying the cuirassiers of Millnau on the Plateau of Mont Saint Jean. Squares, did he say, rather shreds of squares.

During these long Sabbath hours these fresh-faced young heroes had more than kept at bay the finest cavalry in the world, and still at 4 o'clock, shattered and torn, with three quarters of their officers killed, with flags hanging in shreds, faint with fatigue and thirst, running short of cartridges they were defiant.

Abner Harrington was there. Of what he had gone through during these hours he had but a confused idea, but he knew that he had never killed a living creature willfully in his life had struck and thrust and parried, had cheered with delirious joy as some colossal horseman reared in his saddle and fell head downward, shot through the head or pierced by a bayonet thrust; had laughed in death's face, and had been in the midst of the sickening slaughter and maiming and wounding without one single impulse to turn away. Not a man who had stood near him when the battle opened was by him now, his face was begrimed, with powder and dust, his white epaulets, his cross-belts and his hands were stained with blood; his shako had been slashed away, there was a stinging sensation in one shoulder and a long bloody rent in one leg.

He had caught the terrible infection of war: the ceaseless commands, "Close up the ranks!" or "Open the ranks!" or "Step up there!" was as music, and no power on earth but death would have moved him from his position from behind that ghastly barricade of dead men.

Suddenly a great wall of horses and steel-clad men rose up before him out of the smoke-drifts; there was a sharp-bright straight flash in the air; a red body seemed to cut across the flash for a moment, a deluge of warm blood spurted over him, and he knew no more.

When he came to himself again he was sensible of chilliness, and of a rough, jolting movement.

"Where am I?" he murmured.

"Going to Brussels in a cart," was the reply of his neighbor.

"What's been going on?" he asked.

"Going on! Who, we've whopped Boney properly. That's what's been going on," was the answer.

Abner tried to raise himself, but a pang of fearful pain extorted a cry from his lips, and he swooned off again.

All through that terrible night he jolted on. Early in the morning he recovered consciousness again. They had left the forest behind them, and were passing through open country dotted with houses. Presently they rattled under an imposing gateway, and by the broad streets and the crowds of people Abner knew it was Brussels.

He raised himself with a painful effort, and saw that the cart in which he was contained a dozen other poor fellows from every regiment engaged, all in various stages of suffering, and that before and behind, as far as the eye could reach, stretched a line of carts similarly laden.

Presently they halted in front of a church, and were lifted out, and Abner Harrington found himself for the first time in that terrible world, a military hospital in war time. It was very dark, so dark that, although it was midday, the lamps were lit, and Abner could only make out multi-colored heaps strewn about the floor in all directions; among which moved men with their shirt sleeves rolled up, the dark, veined forms of Sisters of Mercy and red-coated soldiers, while the sickening smell, and the chorus of agony which rolled from end to end of the building, the cries of delirium, the entreaties for water, completed a scene which made a far deeper impression on him than had the battle itself.

His mattress was in one of the darkest corners of the dark church, in an alcove behind the high altar. Here he lay for some hours, awaiting his turn with the surgeons.

The wound which had incapacitated him was a bad one, for the edge of a sabre had cut clean through his shoulder to the collar bone. "And," remarked the surgeon, "if that brave comrade of yours hadn't taken the worst part of the blow to himself you would have been still lying on Mont Saint Jean."

For a fortnight Abner remained in the church of the Augustines. During all this time he was waited on by one of the convalescent soldiers who helped the staff of regular nurses in their overwhelming task—a man who had lost his right arm and the lower part of whose face was hidden in bandages.

Never had sufferer more gentle or patient nurse, or one who, deprived of the power of speech, could more readily interpret signs and anticipate wants. He had, however, half a dozen other sufferers to attend to, each of whom seemed to regard him, as did Abner, with genuine affection; and Abner, who was longing to seize the first

opportunity of opening his heart to some one, could not see enough of him. By fits and starts, however, he did manage to pour out his trouble and tell the story of his life, and often during the course of the narration felt a sympathetic pressure of the hand laid on his, which spoke all that the sealed lips of the listener would have said.

Still, with even the light of this kind nurse breaking through the gloom, it was a terrible fortnight. Happily Abner's position behind the high altar hid from him the heartrending scenes which were hourly being enacted in the body of the church, but he could hear the cries and groans, and he even learned the meaning of a certain measured tramp of heavy feet along the stone floor, for they had more than once visited his neighborhood, and each time they had borne away a rigid, silent figure wrapped up in a military cloak.

The hospital accommodation was utterly inadequate to the enormous demands made on it, so that patients were discharged as it was possible to remove them without risk. And their places were immediately filled up. The cartloads of wounded who had come into Brussels with Abner represented but a fraction of those who had been torn and maimed in the battle, and every day exploring parties brought in men who had wandered away to the woods or to farms and cottages, while the number of those who were yet undiscovered could never be estimated.

So Abner received his discharge long before he felt that he could move without help. His last duty before leaving was to bid his kindly nurse good-by, and to thank him.

"I can never forget your kindness," said the young man, "and I don't deserve any, for I have told you the story of my life. But I have been spared through all this danger, and I have learned to know that bad as I was before, I was still worse when I sought death. I don't return home; but I'm main sure that I shall find myself there some time or other, if it only be to find out if my poor Mehitable was ever discovered, and to see where they've laid her."

Then he pressed the nurse's hand, and limped out.

For six weeks longer he remained in the convalescent hospital established in a Benedictine monastery situated in the outskirts of the city. Perfect rest and kind treatment at the hands of the brothers restored him sufficiently to health to be able to leave Brussels with his battalion for Amiens, where it was to be quartered during the occupation of France by the allied armies.

He paid a last visit to the Augustines' church before leaving, in order to see his soldier-nurse once again, but was told that he had left for England with his battalion.

Almost exactly on the anniversary of the day when Abner Harrington had parted from Mehitable Buttrick with an angry speech on his lips, the London "Royal Blue" coach set him down at the door of the "Black Boy" in Elmford. He passed along the front of the inn to a back lane unrecognized, and proceeded to the river.

He paused for a few moments by the bridge where Mehitable's clothes had been found, and then pushed on with slow, uncertain steps toward Cuton. Only a year had passed since he had last trod this path, yet so much had happened during that brief span that he seemed surprised to find his surroundings so little altered.

It was Saturday and Abner could already see the boys flocking off to the cricket field by Summerfield church, and more than one pair of lovers strolling over the distant fields.

With something of the old dread over him, he wanted to avoid meeting any one, and so turned off to the woodland, away from the towing-path. About the copses and thickets, under the fresh, bright lattice work of young leaves, he wandered until the sun sat amid a royal profusion of many-tinted clouds, which gradually drifted away and left a pure unbroken expanse of blue, dotted here and there with an early star.

Then he quitted the woodland shades and retraced his steps toward the river, and pursued his way more boldly in the direction of Cuton. He would make himself known as little as possible for he simply wanted to hear about poor Mehitable, and then he would turn his back on his native village forever.

It was dark when he reached the first houses in Cuton village; but there was the "Red Lion," and in it there would certainly be some who would at once recognize him, altered in appearance as he was after his year's absence.

So feeling very much as he felt on the night of his discovery that Mehitable had disappeared, he crept along on the opposite side of the street under the shadow of the cottage eaves, and only breathed freely when he arrived within sight of John Buttrick's cottage.

Strange, he thought, that a man who had faced Napoleon's cavalry and the dangers and horrors of a military hospital should be afraid to face the companions of his boyhood, the inhabitants of an obscure little English village.

There was a carriage and pair at the keeper's lodge-gate—a most unusual occurrence—a reason for which Abner was at a loss to find. He waited until he saw a tall man in a long cloak, accompanied by a lady, enter it and drive away; then he crossed the road on tip-toe, pushed open the little wicker gate, crossed the patch of garden and peered in through the window.

There!—seated in the big arm chair at the table, just as he had seen her a hundred times, was Mehitable Buttrick! She was closely wrapped in a woolen shawl, and was examining closely something in a case—a portrait, brooch or something.

He drew back, trembling all over. The joy was so great that it had almost stunned him. Had he been dreaming? Had he really ever left Cuton and gone for a soldier, with the brand of Cain searing his forehead?

It was some time before he could collect himself sufficiently to make a move toward the door, open it and announce himself. He crept away to the porch seat and tried to grasp the infinity of his happiness. Mehitable would probably spurn him and refuse to speak to him, but she was alive, and he was cleared of one foul crime. Perhaps she had given her heart to some one else, for plain looking as she was, her sterling qualities marked her out as an excellent helpmate in life to many a young fellow in the neighborhood. At any rate he could ask her forgiveness, tell her what he had gone through and how he had tried to wipe off some of the stain on his name by serving his country.

So he opened the door. Mehitable hastily put out of sight the object at which she had been looking, and said:

"Why, Abner, I am glad to see you!"

"Are you really?" gasped the young man, "are you really glad to see me after all that I have done! Oh, 'Hitable, it's a new life to me. I thought as how you was dead, that you'd drowned yourself accuse of me."

I didn't expect it and I don't deserve it, but I be so thankful."

She was standing gazing at him, a smile of real pleasure on her face, which seemed to have grown broader, more good-humored and more freckled than ever during the past year. Still she was there in the sturdy flesh, and that was all he cared. Even if she were to tell him with her next breath that she had transferred her affections or that she could never forgive him, he could have borne it, so great was his joy at seeing her alive.

Here John Buttrick, her father, came in. He greeted Abner with a tremendous grip of the hand and a hearty "Glad to see you again, Muster Abner." Then Mrs. Buttrick came in, and she too, smiled and welcomed him. But none of them showed any amazement at his arrival, and he noted it, thinking that evidently no one in Cuton knew even that he had enlisted.

"You look wonderfully sadly, Muster Abner," said the keeper.

"I wonder I'm here at all," said Abner. "I've been at death's door a score of times."

"Oh!" was the only reply to this.

"Really, now, have ye? What ye been arter? Sodgering?"

Abner nodded. This was not the hero-worship which he had been accustomed to see bestowed on returned soldiers. He could not understand it, still less when he thought he saw the keeper evidently trying to suppress a laugh.

"D'ye hear that, 'Hitable? Muster Abner's been a sodgering," said the keeper, nudging his daughter.

"Well, 'Hitable, and now tell me about yourself," said Abner, feeling just a trifle annoyed, although without reason, as he knew. "You seem to fare good tidily."

"No I want to hear about you," said the girl.

So Abner related all that had happened from the moment he enlisted for the first time until he arrived at the hospital in Brussels.

Here he paused. During his narration he had kept his eyes riveted on Mehitable, and he noticed that not only did she keep on the woolen shawl, although the night was warm, but that she used only her left hand.

"'Hitable," he said, "what is the matter with your right hand?"

"I've—I've lost the use of it," stammered the girl, "from an accident. Please go on. You got to the hospital—yes?"

The keeper was shaking with suppressed laughter. There was even a bright light in Mrs. Buttrick's eyes. Abner could not for the life of him make it out, for assuredly never was a story more devoted to a coming element than that which he had been telling.

So he rose and quietly lifted the shawl off Mehitable's shoulders.

"The right arm was gone from the shoulder."

"Mehitable!" cried Abner, "what does this mean? How did you have this done? Was it the cause of it?"

"You wur! You wur!" roared the keeper, unable any longer to suppress his feelings. "If it hadn't been for you, her arm would have been as fast as yours."

Abner looked at him, then at Mrs. Buttrick, then at Mehitable.

"It ain't of no use," continued the keeper. "I'm a real bad 'un to keep a secret. 'I'm, but—"

"Stop, father—stop!" said the girl. "Let me tell it. Abner, do you mind the night the sodgers went away—the first lot, I mean, you got drunk, very drunk?"

"Yes, I do. Well!"

"Well, I had been looking for you fur two days, fur I had an idea you had gone and 'listed; and I was giving it up as a bad job when all of a sudden I seed you lying down in Simpson's outhouse. I'd read the notices all about deserting. I know you couldn't be up in time to answer your name, and that they'd find you. Well, so I took your things and I answered your name, after I'd put my own duds away under the bridge."

"You went for a sodger, and you was at Waterloo!" exclaimed Abner, in utter amazement.

"Yes, she wur! that she wur!" exclaimed the keeper in a voice of triumph. And where's that thing the colonel brought ye just now?"

"Never mind that, father," said the girl.

"Yes, I was at Waterloo, Abner, and I lost my arm there; and I was in the church—"

Abner sprang to his feet.

"And you wore that kind, good nurse who couldn't speak!" he cried. "Oh, 'Hitable! 'Hitable! why didn't you tell me?"

"But she ain't 'told the best part, Muster Abner," said the keeper. "She wouldn't ha' told us, but the colonel, who's staying up at the hall, he told us how she'd saved your life, an' lost her arm in doing it; and this very evening he browt her a silver medal bigger than a crown piece."

This was too much for Abner. He dropped his head on his arms and cried bitterly. Mehitable raised her face to his, and said:

"Abner, I did my duty, that was all."

"No, 'Hitable, it wasn't your duty to do all this for a worthless vagabond like me," said the young man. "But how did you get on with the fighting?"

"I didn't fight, Abner," replied the girl. "They saw I knew nothing about muskets or drill, so they told me off to help the surgeons."

"Yes, and you should hear what the colonel has to say about her," said John Buttrick; "that she didn't care no more for bullets, and swords, and them things than I does for flies."

"But I've always loved you, dear," said Abner. "And when I came into the village and no one could tell where you were, and I saw your clothes lying under Elmford bridge, I said I'd just go and look for death, as I made sure I'd as good as murdered you. And may I love you still, 'Hitable?"

"Yes, Abner, I am happy now," answered the girl.

So, in a few weeks Abner Harrington and Mehitable Buttrick were married at Cuton church, and the colonel of the regiment not only attended the ceremony in full uniform, but made the bridal pair a handsome present, on the condition that both should wear their medals in the church. They did and old Oily Turner, who died the other day at Cuton, used often to describe the unique ceremony of marriage between young Abner Harrington and the girl he loved, who had but one arm and wore the Waterloo medal on her wedding dress, adding that he "minded it wur a rainy April mornin, but as the wedding party came out of John Buttrick's cottage the sun came out and stopped out all day."—All the Year Round.

Great Cry and Little Wool.

A boy in Meriden, Conn., broke the handle off a teacup, belonging to a neighbor, and the trifle has not only made enemies of a dozen people but led to several assault and battery cases and three lawsuits.

SUPERFICIAL SURVEY.

The Russian crop outlook is bad. The Pennsylvania railroad employs 90,000 people.

The Egyptian cotton crop is in a healthy condition.

Hail has done much damage along the Hudson river.

Destructive floods have occurred in southern Indiana.

Peach stones are used in the place of coal in California.

The New York Grant monument fund now amounts to \$130,000.

The grape crop in the Lake Erie district promises to be a large one.

A BRIEF SORROW.

CHAPTER V.

THREE weeks later came Sir Nestor Goldeney's Christmas ball—on which occasion Captain Tregelles, with his left arm in a sling, was the hero of the evening. The Captain was tall, with a lithe active figure like Tom's, but a decided Berkeley face, fair, with gray eyes and rather large features and a yellow moustache—a great deal more like his uncle Berkeley than either of that uncle's two sons—a gray, good looking soldierly fellow, with none of his sister's gentle reserve about him, but a certain hardness almost amounting to recklessness, which would be sure to commend itself to romantic girls and hot-headed ardent boys like Tom. He was Tom's hero; and no devotee ever worshipped more devoutly than did Tom at the shrine of his cousin Waring.

Captain Tregelles did not dance—he was not fit for that yet; but the prettiest and the best-dressed girls seemed quite willing to sit out a dance with him in a quiet corner instead of showing off their new toilettes amid the whirl of the dancers.

Miss Derwent sat out a dance with the wounded soldier, Tom having introduced his cousin to her; and after that it was Tom's turn to claim her. It was getting towards supper-time, and Sir Nestor Goldeney had not yet come to inscribe his name on her card. She could not consider it a slight, inasmuch as he had everyone to ask and he could not dance with more than one at a time; but still, he might have come to her before now if he had chosen. He had opened the ball with Mary Tregelles, and Tom had told Nina that, "if the person had been there, he'd have wanted to punch his head."

In spite of the artistic effect of her most careful toilet, her smiling lips, and the wicked look in her bright eyes, which had proved so alluring in some cases—in spite of these and the lovely silken dress that eclipsed all the others in the room—Miss Derwent was not proving a great attraction at the chief event of the season. Tom was devoted, of course, and his cousin, the captain, was very gallant, and the boys and young men stared at her and her beautiful strange dress; but they seemed to hang back, and had not Tom introduced Captain Tregelles at a most opportune moment, she would have had to play "wall-flower" through a long and dreary valse, even Tom being engaged for it, as she had told him at the commencement of the evening that she did not suppose she would be able to dance with him more than twice, if as often as that. She had been spared the agony of sitting out the valse alone, and she was very gracious to Tom as she stood up with him for a polka-mazurka.

Agnes was not at the ball. She had been included in the invitation, and the captain had pleaded hard for his pretty cousin; but in vain—her step-mother, who set high value on her good looks and had ambitious plans for her future—though she did not allow her to guess at any of this—did not consider that her time was come yet, and hinted that if small gatherings and little dances such as she had allowed her to appear at rendered her discontented, she must stay in the school-room altogether, which had a marvellously quieting effect upon the stream of Agnes's eloquence.

"Well, what do you think of Waring?" said Tom to Nina.

"Oh, I like him very much," she returned. "He is so—so unlike those countrymen"—pointing and looking about her disdainfully—"more like the men I have always been used to meeting, in fact."

"Do you include me under the head of 'those countrymen'?" inquired the boy, half reproachfully.

"You? Of course not. You stand alone—you are unique!"—laughingly. "Hav'n't I told you more than once, Tom, that you are not like anybody else that I ever saw?"

But he looked grave in spite of her gay assurances, until they had taken a few turns together, when she said—"Oh, Tom dear, how nicely you dance! It is a treat, after some of them!"

"It was you who taught me," he answered, flushing to the temples with pleasure.

"I didn't teach you this I am sure." "Perhaps not; but you taught me a great deal about dancing and other things too; you gave me many new ideas; and, if I am at all different from 'those countrymen,' as you call them, it is all owing to you, remember."

"You silly boy!" she said, shaking her head at him in arch reproach. "How you do remember things!"

"I cannot forget anything that you say," he returned.

"Well, you must forget that unfortunate remark of mine, since it contained nothing intended for you and yours. Why, you are all out of the common—any one can see that—and that lovely sister of yours will make a professional beauty some day."

"I hope not," declared Tom.

"Ah, you don't understand!"—wisely.

"You are always telling me that; but,"—with a fond glance at the little head that scarcely reached his shoulder—"I understand all I want—at present."

"At any time. You are best as you are—I wouldn't have you altered."

"You'll make me vain," he returned in very good spirits again.

"No fear of that," smiling up into his delicate yet strongly marked face.

that seemed to appeal to every one; the harsh words that his conduct had merited died on the lips at a glance from his eyes; it was only in his absence that most people could find it in their hearts to express their real opinion of him.

"Dance the next with me," he urged, when the polka-mazurka was over, "if you are not engaged for it."

"I am not engaged to dance," she replied rather hesitatingly; "but Captain Tregelles—"

"Why, it's a valse!" he broke in. "It would be a shame to sit out another valse! Tell him you'll sit out the next with him instead."

"But I—I didn't quite promise—"

"Oh, well, then, he won't expect it when he finds it's a valse! He has got mother with him still," looking round. "Oh, of course, I don't mean that that's the same thing at all," responding in a moment to the smile that parted her lips; "but he won't be lonely, at all events. Come."

But still she hesitated.

"I was going to ask you to dance it with Phyllis or Betty," she said. "You have been there so much lately—"

"Since you have been there," "And it would look well for you to pay them a little attention. They don't get many partners, poor things!"

"I thought of that before, and I have danced with Betty and been refused by Louisa. If you valse with me now, I will go to Phyllis next, and ask the other two over again as well."

"Why, Tom, how thoughtful you are growing!"—in smiling surprise.

"I've such a good teacher! Well, shall I go and tell Waring that you are going to dance this with me, and will sit out the quadrille with him afterwards instead?"

"Oh, no—there's no occasion for that," putting a detaining hand upon his sleeve. "He will understand when he sees us; besides, I told you I didn't promise; and, since you so much wish it—"

She waited a moment; but Tom did not yield on this occasion, thinking it probably the last dance he should have with his beloved that night; and so they waltzed to the strains of the "Manolo" for the following ten minutes, stopping at last just opposite Captain Tregelles and Mrs. Berkeley.

"Here, Waring," said Tom abruptly. "I hope you did not mind; it was I who kept Miss Derwent away from you to dance with me, because it seemed such a pity to miss another valse; but she's going to sit out the next with you now."

"Oh, thank you!" replied Captain Tregelles, seeming rather surprised. "It is really very kind of you, Miss Derwent, but I must not trespass thus upon your good nature."

Tom stared in amazement.

"I thought you expected her," he exclaimed. "She said—"

"No, no, Tom," interposed Miss Derwent, with smiling impatience and a slightly clouded brow—"you are making a mistake! I said that—"

"It is very good of you not to have forgotten," interrupted Captain Tregelles, quietly after a quick glance at her.

Nina sat down, Mrs. Berkeley maintaining her position on her nephew's other hand, whence she had been a silent observer of the little scene. When the dance was over, Sir Nestor Goldeney at last made his appearance before Miss Derwent, and asked the favor of her hand for the next dance. Mrs. Berkeley waited until Nina had gone away with the Baronet, and then turned to her step-nephew and said solemnly—

"Waring, that girl—no, that woman—is ruining Tom! I daren't think of what is to become of him after this. Now I warn you against her—as I would have warned him, if it would have been of the slightest use."

"My dear aunt," protested the Captain, laughing. "I assure you there is no occasion to look so grave. I am not in danger."

"Very well, I hope you are not—at any rate, I have warned you. Tom is a different creature since he met her."

"And a very much pleasanter and more companionable creature!" declared Waring. "He is so altered that I should not have known him. If it is she who has worked the change in him there ought not to be any harm in her. Why shouldn't he marry her in two or three years? and then she could continue the taming process under happier auspices."

"Marry her! Don't you ever suggest such a thing to him, Waring—though I dare say he has thought of it himself before now. If she were a dove instead of a serpent, look at their ages—he eighteen, she, I have always declared and firmly believe, thirty, if she's a day."

"Oh, not so much as that!"—deprecatingly, with all a young and naturally gallant man's tenderness in dealing with the delicate subject of a woman's age—he had only seen Miss Derwent by glances as yet.

"Thirty, if she's a day!" declared Mrs. Berkeley, bearing down opposition imperatively. "And, if Tom were ten years younger, it would not be any better for Tom. Waring she's been after every marriageable man in the place, and falls back upon Tom because he's the only one who will have anything to do with her—she has frightened away all the rest with her boldness. Poor Mrs. Stephenson is at her wit's end to get rid of her; and I am sure I pity her, poor thing! Not that I have been very intimate with her, or have allowed Agnes to go there often—her girls are not the companions I should choose for mine;

a fix, and her visitor doing her best to get Mr. Rowland away from Louisa and making herself the talk of the place, one cannot but pity her. She feared being left out of this"—glancing about her—"on her account, and then she would have been simply nowhere!"

"Why, what has our little host of the guinea-colored face to do with the behavior of Mrs. Stephenson's guest?" inquired Captain Tregelles, in a tone of incredulous amusement.

"Nothing—except that she has run after him so that he has not known where to put himself to get out of her reach. And the Vicar—even he has not been spared."

"Why, he spoke to me about Mary last night," opposed the Captain, laughing comfortably.

"Oh, he did, did he?"—and Mrs. Berkeley looked very pleased and important.

"Said he had only been waiting until my return. Surely he has not been led astray by this little witch whose power you seem to fear so much?"

"Of course not! But she endeavored to attract him, though in vain. Mr. Freke never had eyes for any woman until Mary came, and it was not at all likely that he would be attracted by that forward creature!"

"Why, aunt, you are very hard upon her!" remonstrated Captain Tregelles, still laughingly, but seeking with no unkind glance the fairy-like form now whirling round on the little Baronet's clasp.

"You see," continued Mrs. Berkeley, "I know something of her—all that she will allow to be known of herself, and possibly a little more. She was a governess at Louisa Stephenson's school, and was sent away for trying to get up an affair first with one master and then with another—so Louisa now says; she never told anyone at the time, not even her mother lest she should object to having her here to stay; for she thought a great deal of her then, not having a lover of her own to be enticed away. Miss Derwent went to her aunt's on leaving—her only relative, it seems, married recently to a very shady man on the Stock Exchange—and from her talk, and the letters she wrote to Louisa after leaving the school, they seem to have gone out a great deal in such society as they could command; but, if the object was to find her a husband, they did not succeed, and it is now supposed here that the aunt found her a burden, and that she came to try her chance in the country."

"So Louisa—is that Mrs. Stephenson's engaged daughter?"—has turned informer, has she?" commented the young man, considerably amused.

"She has reason to do so," answered Mrs. Berkeley wearily. "And—yes there goes Mr. Rowland to ask Miss Derwent to dance!"

"He of the dark hair and whiskers? Why he has hardly left the side of that young lady with the gracefully-drooping head—who I presume is Miss Louisa—whose mamma keeps such a watchful eye upon them both, ever since he came. He deserves a holiday."

"Mrs. Stephenson has to be careful," replied Mrs. Berkeley, not noticing her nephew's flippancy. "It required a good deal of management to get Louisa disposed of at all," placidly, "and now to have it all spoilt must be very vexing."

"It must," agreed the Captain, regarding the mother and daughter with interest. "I should imagine myself that the fair Louisa would prove heavy on hand."

"Oh, nobody knew that better than her mother. But she managed things cleverly, until this visitor of hers came and proved herself more than a match for her. Miss Turle told Mrs. Carleton that Mrs. Stephenson was in real trouble about it."

The next dance was the supper-dance, and, from the point of vantage which Mrs. Berkeley secured near the top of one of the long tables, she saw Captain Tregelles enter presently with Miss Derwent and sit down; and after them pressed Tom, happy and eager looking, with a faint flush upon his face. Betty Stephenson was with him; he sat between her and Nina, and all his devotion to the latter did not lead him to forget to pay kind and careful attention to the wants of his partner.

The Captain and Nina talked so much to one another during supper that Tom could hardly get a word in though, when he had taken pains to get a seat next to her, he thought it would be nearly as good as though he had taken her in to supper. Mrs. Berkeley left the table before they did, and the last glance she directed towards them as she went out at the curtained doorway revealed Captain Tregelles' fair head and yellow moustache dangerously close to Miss Derwent, who was looking up into his face with a most bewitching smile, disclosing her pretty teeth as she chatted to him, while Tom waited as patiently as he might for his turn for a word or glance from her.

Mrs. Berkeley gave up hope and went and sat down dejectedly in a corner.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A Boarding-House Surprise.

Dashley—"Queer things people discover when they are living at boarding-houses. At dinner at my boarding-house yesterday I stuck my fork into a piece of pie and brought up a collar button that I lost a week ago."

Snaggs—"That's nothing. I lifted off the top of my strawberry shortcake at my boarding-house yesterday, and what do you suppose there was in it?"

Dashley—"I give it up. A silk umbrella, perhaps."

Snaggs—"No sir, strawberries."

Dashley (incredulously)—"Aw, what a queer thing!"

THE TELL-TALE

"Papa, you don't want me to be a tell-tale, do you? Tell-tales are despicable."

"That depends on circumstances, my child. Sometimes to tell a tale is mean; but, also, sometimes it is very heroic, very honorable in the highest degree."

This led to explanations, you may be sure. The motive is everything. The meanness of the mere informer, the Peeping Tom who pilfers information through a keyhole and tattles it, the cowardly telling for the sake of shielding one's self, or for revenge, or to get a friend punished; this is one thing. The schoolboy who likes to "tell on" the other fellows, and is at it all the while, playing spy, who does it with a pseudo-pious air before his teacher, that he may be reckoned a little saint, and who is more anxious to catch others in a wrong than himself to do a positive right—that is one thing.

The gossip who smacks her—pardon me, *his*—lips and gets off a damaging story with a gusto that shows he would infinitely rather report a sin than a virtue; a low-browed spirit that is never heard to speak well of any one, and pockets all the good he hears of others, while he proclaims from the house-top all the evil—that is the despicable character. The motives in these cases are all selfish.

But there is an informant who is even noble in his story. My child was asked by me to relate what she knew of a supposed wrong done by her brother. Her brother was present to hear the witness, there was no covert stabbing him behind his back, and he was to have his turn at refutation. I asked it—I, the head of the family and lawful ruler, whose motive was only justice, a motive bound up in love for them both. My right as ruler was above all other rights. It included the right to punish, and both of the children knew and confessed these rights vested in me. I am human, and hence limited in knowledge. I did not see the dear boy do the wrong; I only suspected it. Possibly he did not commit the deed, and facts would vindicate him. At all events, I must have evidence, must ask some one, and in the interest of simple justice. To state the facts under such circumstances would not make the hesitating little witness a "tell-tale." God himself could not see an evil motive in her precious heart. She even pitied Charlie; her eyes were all tears.

It is not easy, unless parents and others take pains, to teach these distinctions. Boys "won't tell," through a sense of honor that is more often false than true. Ask such a boy what he thinks of the ends of justice sought in his country's court-rooms; by a process as dignified as judge and jury can make it the witness tells what he knows. If men declined to testify because "it's mean to tell," how would the thief ever be convicted, the traitor known and hung, or the murderer? Not to tell what you know of an evil deed will often, boys, rob you of the chivalric power to defend the innocent or rescue the imperiled. Not to tell a crime within your knowledge makes you yourself, in the eyes of common law, a criminal by participation. It is itself a crime to know of a crime, uninforming. Take counterfeiting for instance. If you know and hide the fact that any gang or person is engaged in this, you are helping; for concealment is absolutely necessary to success, and, while the other fellows contribute plates, printing, and paper, you contribute concealment. Boys, if they protest, "it's mean to tell," need to be taught that a majestic system of eroded dignity and power, from the Chief-Justice at Washington to the police judge would soon shake such nonsense out of them. On the contrary it is right to tell, to tell unasked too, if you know any lawless deed. The great God will make us all tell at his judgement seat.

The nursing of another man's or boy's guilty secret is like taking fire, or perhaps vitriol is a better illustration, into your jacket-pocket. No man has any right to impose such a burden on me. "I'll tell you something," says the whisperer, "if you will not tell it." All right. That implies that it is a harmless and an honorable confidence. But suppose he begins to secretly inform me of high treason, or any other wicked thing; I am not bound; on the contrary, I am insulted by his confidence. I am asked to help him cage his rattle snake. No, sir! Let him keep his reptile to himself. I am not in that sort of business. No oath to keep a wrong is binding. That would be making me promise to criminate myself. Can any other man make it right to compel me to do a wrong? To shield the guilty is always a wrong. To be merciful to the penitent is one thing, to defend the guilty from the just due of his deeds is quite another thing, and no mortal on earth can make it a right.

To turn over and over in a boyish heart the guilty knowledge of another's wrong, is poisonous in the extreme. It familiarizes the pure heart with vice. It is a heavy load that drives out sleep, that kills laughter. It accustoms one to concealment by a schooling that tempts a little chap. "I know how I kept Tom's secret. Now, if I want to steal on my own account I know how to hide it." It is an exceedingly immoral schooling.

Parents can do their children no more essential service than to assist them in untangling this tissue of delusion. Your boy wishes to be manly; he values the respect and good will of his playmates; hates to be called a sneaking tell-tale. But, on the other hand, your first duty is to prevent little scamps from debauching the pure-heartedness of your son by making him the depository of their own meanness.

It is best on the play-ground, then and there, to speak out, to protest in manly frankness, "Boys this is wrong." Failing that, if the offense is worth noticing, and not a mere trifle, go tell the wrong-doer, "You can pound the life out of me—if you are able. But your crime I shall not hide." It may be often possible not to know. A genuine, generous, upright boy, as a rule, will be left out when a mean thing is proposed. Trifling faults are trifling. One may say, "I'll help you to bear the punishment, but I cannot decline to answer." Unselfish, affectionate, manly motives are never misunderstood long, except by the wicked in heart; their contempt is a good man's honor.—Harkley Harker in New York Weekly.

The Fattest Fee on Record.

Speaking of thrifty lawyers and fat fees, the achievement of Judge Hilton, of New York, in this line, places him several laps ahead of the whole legal procession. He had the good fortune to win the confidence of Alexander T. Stewart, the "merchant prince," who, partly as an act of friendship and partly as compensation for professional services, bequeathed him \$1,000,000. Four days after Mr. Stewart's death, in consideration of that legacy, Judge Hilton acquired from Mrs. Stewart a transfer to himself of Stewart's interest—about 90 per cent—in the business of A. T. Stewart & Co. This was in 1876. In the next nine years he acquired the Stewart building, various bank stocks, and other property that had been Mrs. Stewart's, and at her death the accounts he kept for her showed her in his debt about \$1,100,000. The net result was that Judge Hilton passed from an ordinary successful attorney in 1876 to the possession of from \$11,000,000 to \$16,000,000—with no allowance for increase by investment or otherwise—by 1886, when Mrs. Stewart died. The magnificent estate which it took the most successful merchant of his generation forty years of hard labor and the shrewdest kind of business management to acquire, an ordinary lawyer acquired in nine years apparently without any labor at all. The only pretense of an equivalent is alleged "professional services as Mrs. Stewart's legal adviser." For ways that are as yet dark, and tricks that beat Chinese cheap labor out of sight, the legal adviser is peculiar.—Cincinnati Times.

A Brave Nebraska Girl.

Miss Mabel Peak, a farmer's daughter, 18 years of age, is the Kate Shelley of Nebraska. She lives near Blair, and the railroad passes the Peak home. During a rain-storm on a recent evening the brave girl discovered that a washout 100 feet long had been made. She knew that a freight train must approach soon. Losing no time she threw her father's coat about her shoulders and went through the water to a place beyond the washed-out track. She gave the only signal within her power by standing on the track and waving the coat. But she was seen, the freight train was stopped, and nobody was hurt.

Their Wealth Exaggerated.

If one is to judge from the wide discrepancies between the estimated wealth of rich men, and the actual value of their estates when closed by the administrators, frequently made known, there is no subject the popular estimate of which is so far wrong as this of the size of individual fortunes. It comes out now that the late Allen Thorndike Rice, whose wealth at his death was said to amount to fully \$10,000,000, left an estate worth not above \$400,000. This is enough, it is true, but it gives one a shock to jump from the estimate down to the actual figures. When a man once accumulates property to the amount of \$500,000, the public will begin to pay queer pranks with the estimates. The man will be rated to be worth anywhere from \$1,000,000 to \$10,000,000. And when he actually does reach the \$10,000,000 standard—as a few men in this country have—he will be credited with having enough to pay off the national debt.

It is only a few weeks ago that an item went the rounds of the press that John T. Rockefeller, of Standard Oil fame, had an annual income of \$20,000,000, little less than \$60,000 a day. This, of course, was unreasonable, but not more so than many of the other estimates made.—Evening Wisconsin.

A Railroad Decision.

The Court of Errors and Appeals of New Jersey decided a novel case. It was the suit of John Burns against the Erie railroad. The question was whether Burns, as an employe of the road, who was by contract paid a salary and passage to and from work, could be ejected from a train by a conductor when he refused to give up his seat in a smoking-car to a passenger who paid his fare. It was held that Burns could not be compelled to give up his seat and had a perfect right in the car.

The Truth Out at Last.

The idea is more or less prevalent on the other side of the sea that the United States amounts to something as a fighting nation, that it is one of the respectable powers of the earth, capable of taking care of itself and likely to give the stoutest enemy rough treatment. This impression has got abroad because of the fact that we are a prosperous people, with unlimited resources, and supposed to be loyal to the Federal union. True, there is a diversity of race and of civilization here which our European friends have not fully understood and have therefore failed to estimate, with due accuracy and soberness, as points of weakness. This condition and other matters of equal gravity, which we did not wish the world to know, are "given away" by a writer in the St. James Gazette, who "has passed a good many years in the United States." Starting with the assertion that the strength of this Republic has been vastly over-rated, he proceeds to prove it. In the event of war with a foreign power, says this wise Britisher to his countrymen, "the great labor associations of America might probably take the opportunity to put themselves aggressively in evidence" against the government. A fresher bit of news has not been seen for many a day, and it is particularly sensational in view of the wide spread notion that among no class of citizens is the spirit of patriotism more a living fire than in the ranks of labor. Moreover, the Indians "would be very likely—they are very well armed with repeating weapons—to take to the war-path," sweeping through the north-west, no doubt, and laying siege to Chicago. "Some people maintain," the sapient writer adds, "that the cowboys would hold the Indians in check, but this is questionable," for "the interests both of cowboys and Indians are identical, as are their pursuits." Even more serious is the possibility that the "cattle owners" would unite with the "red men and cowboys" to kill off the "grangers." Who can not readily see that the Britisher has a clear knowledge of the desperate situation into which a foreign war would plunge our government? If there is need of further evidence, it is furnished in the statement that such a war "would be an excellent opportunity for malcontent states to 'get loose' from one another," and he thinks the south would jump at the chance. Worse than that, the whole agricultural population of the country, "two-thirds of whom are foreigners," would refuse to be "conscripted," and finally, "it is all but certain the Republic might disappear." This intelligent survey of the state of things existing here will correct the errors which have long obtained in the English mind regarding the strength of America. It would hardly be necessary for a foreign foe to fire a gun. We would go all to pieces if a paper bag were exploded a league beyond the three-mile limit. The truth has been disclosed at last, and it is humiliating. Herr Bismarck, who yielded to the American commissioners in that Samoan business will now feel like going out somewhere in the suburbs of Berlin and repeating the names of mythological deities with a cannonade accompaniment.—Cincinnati Times.

Ice Water Shortens Life.

Water for drinking purposes should never be below fifty degrees. We can almost always get it even in the hottest weather as cool as this by letting it run a minute or two from any household faucet, or drawing it from any country well. If not, there is no objection to cooling it to the point mentioned. The East India "monkey" which can now be had almost anywhere in this country, and by means of which the contained water is cooled by its own evaporation, answers the purpose admirably. I am quite sure that, if ice water should be generally discarded as a drink, the average duration of life would be lengthened and existence rendered more tolerable.—Dr. Wm. A. Hammond.

New French War Vessels.

A steel cruiser named the Lalande has just been launched from the Chantiers de la Gironde, at Bordeaux. The Lalande is 316 feet 8 inches long by 31 feet 8 inches beam. Her displacement is 1,877 tons, and her average draught of water is 16 feet 8 inches. Her engines, which were furnished by the Creusot Works, will work up to 6,000 horse power with forced draught, and when the engines are making 140 revolutions per minute it is expected that the ship will attain a speed of 19½ knots per hour. The Lalande will carry nine guns, of which three will be quick-firing and four revolvers. A torpedo cruiser named the Vantour has been launched at Toulon. Her hull, which is of steel, measures 226 feet 8 inches between perpendiculars. Her engines are to work up to 3,200 horse power, and she is expected to attain a speed of 20 knots. The Vantour will be fitted with four lance torpedo tubes and two Hotchkiss guns of long range. The Forbin cruises has just made her trial trip. The average speed on the measured mile was 19½ miles per hour.

Knocked Down a Horse.

A telegraph lineman fell from the cross-bar of a pole at New Haven, and, after descending twenty-five feet, struck astride a horse that stood below. The horse was knocked down, but the man escaped with slight injuries.

AROUND THE STATE.

A. A. Pangborn's saw mill near Mecosta was burned Tuesday morning. It was a total loss.

William Bellhage of Flint mourns the loss of \$40, a \$50 gold watch and some clothing. Burglars.

A little daughter of Wm. Hess of Clarendon was killed by a runaway accident at Homer Monday.

Ionia incendiaries are getting in their work on cheap tenements and unoccupied houses and barns.

Fire destroyed the barn of H. R. Morse at Alpena Sunday. Two horses and several hogs were burned.

Burglars entered the store of W. H. Cobbat Clarkston Saturday night. They secured a small amount of goods.

Walter Morse of Butler, Ind., freight conductor on the Wabash, was thrown from his train and killed at Seneca Sunday.

The powder mill between Norway and Iron Mountain was blown up Saturday night. Fortunately no one was in or near the building so far as is known. The loss is not exactly known, but will amount to several thousand dollars.

Dan Shonaghan, head-sawyer at the Cheboygan lumber Company's mill, had three fingers of his right hand cut off Saturday evening while adjusting the circular. The same hand was badly cut in a similar manner two years ago.

Albert Paul, 25 years old, was gored to death by an infuriated bull Monday while attempting to untie him at the farm of George Rodman in the township of Locke, Ingham county. His body was taken to his home in Lexington, Ind., for interment.

W. H. Nickless of Bay City had lumber valued at \$5,000 piled near the crossing of the Michigan Central and Flint & Pere Marquette tracks in that city. Monday it burned. No insurance. Spark from an engine supposed to have set it afire. Nickless' planing mill was but recently burned.

City Marshal Bates Sunday morning captured Ethan Johnson, and insane man, who escaped from the asylum at Traverse City about six weeks ago. The fellow has wandered all over the state, begging his food, and lodging in stables and straw stacks. His insanity is not of a violent nature. He was returned to Traverse City on Monday.

Charles Crosby and Charles Nordman were arrested at Jackson on Monday charged with building a fire under a horse. They were driving a team hitched to a very heavy load. One of the horses refused to pull, and the men, it is charged, took an armful of hay which they put under the animal and touched a match to it. The horse was quite seriously burned.

Mrs. Elizabeth Huff of three Rivers committed suicide Monday morning at the Michigan Insane asylum. She was brought to Kalamazoo a month ago, soon after her husband died. His death was supposed to have been caused by an overdose of morphine given him by Mrs. Huff while deranged. Since then she has been a raving maniac. She hung herself in her room with a strip of bed clothing.

Friday night two boys, Amos Jones, colored, and George Keeler, white, went to the barn of Frederick Hague, near Vandercook's lake, and took a horse and cart and drove away. Sunday they were captured while driving the horse, and lodged in jail. They said they had been to Battle Creek. They had a suit of clothing, a silver watch and other articles in the buggy which had been stolen.

Clarence Myers, who lives six miles south of Saranac, sent his 10-year-old son into the woods after the cows Saturday. As the boy was walking along some one who was lying on the ground shot at him, the ball passing so close to his eyes as to burn off his eye-lashes and raise a large blister on his nose. Who it was that fired and what the object was no one knows, as the boy did not stop to investigate.

A Safe Investment.

Is one which is guaranteed to bring you satisfactory results, or in case of failure a return of purchase price. On this safe plan you can buy from our advertised Drugist a bottle of Dr. King's new discovery for Consumption. It is guaranteed to bring relief in ever case, when used for any affection of Throat, Lungs or Chest, such as Consumption, Inflammation of the Lungs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Whooping Cough, croup, etc., etc. It is pleasant and agreeable to taste, perfectly safe, and can always be depended upon. Trial bottles free at Fritz Bros' Drug store.

CITATION FOR NON-RESIDENT OWNERS.

State of Michigan, County of Tuscola, ss: At a session of the Probate court for the county of Tuscola, holden at the Probate Office in the village of Caro, on Saturday, the tenth day of August, A. D. one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine.

Present, Hon. James M. VanTassel, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the application of the drain commissioner of the county of Tuscola, for the appointment of three special commissioners to determine the necessity for a drain through certain lands in said county, and for the taking of private property for the use and benefit of the public for the purpose thereof, and the just compensation to be made therefor.

And WHEREAS, On the tenth day of August, A. D. one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine, an application in writing was made to this court by the drain commissioner of the county of Tuscola, for the appointment of three special commissioners to determine the necessity for a drain through certain lands in said county, and described in said application, and for the taking of private property for the use and benefit of the public for the purpose thereof, and the just compensation to be made therefor.

AND WHEREAS, this court did on the tenth day of August, A. D. one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine, upon a due examination of such application and of all the proceedings therefor taken in the premises, and the same to be in accordance with the statute in such cases made and provided, and did thereupon by an order entered therein, appoint Wednesday, the 11th day of September, A. D. one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of that day, as the said time, and the office of the Judge of Probate in the village of Caro in said county, as the place when and where a hearing upon such application would be had, and did thereupon direct that each of the lands to be traversed by such drain, or who would be liable to assessment for benefits in the construction thereof, and who had not released right of way, or who had not released right of way, or who had not released right of way, to appear at the time and place designated and show cause, if any there be, why said application should not be granted.

AND WHEREAS, there is now on file with this court a description and survey of such drain, from which description and survey it appears that the commencement, general course, and terminus of such drain are as follows: Commencing at a point 16 chains east and 2 chains north of the west quarter post of section 30, and running in a southeasterly direction through sections 27, 35 and 36, town 13 N of R 11 E, and sections 1 and 12, town 12 N of R 11 E, and terminating at a point 16 20 chains east and 12 links west of the NW corner of the NE 1/4 of section 12, town 12 N of R 11 E, and it appearing that the following described non-resident lands will be crossed by such drain, or will be subject to an assessment for its construction.

THEREFORE, the owners of said described lands, to-wit: SW 1/4 of NW 1/4 and NE 1/4 of SW 1/4, section 30, NE 1/4 of NW 1/4 and SE 1/4 of NW 1/4, town 13 N of R 11 E, and each of them are hereby cited to be and appear before this court, at the time and place last above set forth, and show cause, if any there be, why the said application for the appointment of three special commissioners as aforesaid should not be granted.

JAMES M. VAN TASSEL, Judge of Probate. A true copy.

CITATION FOR NON-RESIDENT OWNERS.

State of Michigan, County of Tuscola, ss: At a session of the Probate court for the county of Tuscola, holden at the Probate office in the village of Caro, on Saturday, the tenth day of August, A. D. one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine.

Present, Hon. James M. VanTassel, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the application of the drain commissioner of the county of Tuscola, for the appointment of three special commissioners to determine the necessity for a drain through certain lands in said county, and for the taking of private property for the use and benefit of the public for the purpose thereof, and the just compensation to be made therefor.

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AND WHEREAS, this court did on the tenth day of August, A. D. one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine upon a due examination of such application and of all the proceedings therefor taken in the premises, and the same to be in accordance with the statute in such cases made and provided, and did thereupon by an order entered therein, appoint Wednesday, the eleventh day of September, A. D. one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, as the said time, and the office of the Judge of Probate in the village of Caro in said county, as the place when and where a hearing upon such application would be had, and did then order that all persons whose lands were to be traversed by such drain, or who would be liable to assessment for benefits in the construction thereof, and who had not released right of way, and all damages on account thereof, to appear at the time and place designated and show cause, if any there be, why said application should not be granted.

AND WHEREAS, there is now on file with this court a description and survey of such drain, from which description and survey it appears that the commencement, general course, and terminus of such drain are as follows: Commencing at a point N 79° E, 12 63 chains from the west quarter post of section 27, and running in a southeasterly direction through sections 27, 35 and 36, town 13 N of R 11 E, and sections 1 and 12, town 12 N of R 11 E, and terminating at a point 16 20 chains east and 12 links west of the NW corner of the NE 1/4 of section 12, town 12 N of R 11 E, and it appearing that the following described non-resident lands will be crossed by such drain, or will be subject to an assessment for its construction.

THEREFORE, The owners of the said described lands to-wit: The NW 1/4 of SE 1/4 of SE 1/4 and SE 1/4 of SE 1/4, section 27, the SW 1/4 of SW 1/4 of section 26, the NW 1/4 of NW 1/4, NE 1/4 of NW 1/4, NW 1/4 of NE 1/4 and NE 1/4 of NE 1/4, section 35, S 1/2 of SW 1/4 of section 36, S 1/2 of NW 1/4 of section 36, S 1/2 of SE 1/4 of NW 1/4, S 1/2 of SE 1/4 of NW 1/4, of NW 1/4 of NE 1/4, section 35, town 13 N of R 11 E, and each of them are hereby cited to appear before this court, at the time and place last above set forth, and show cause, if any there be, why the said application for the appointment of three special commissioners as aforesaid should not be granted.

JAMES M. VAN TASSEL, Judge of Probate. A true copy.

CHANCERY ORDER.

State of Michigan. Twenty-fourth judicial circuit in chancery. Suit pending in the circuit court for the county of Tuscola, in chancery at Caro, on the 22d day of July, 1889.

Francis L. Smith vs. Thomas O. Smith. It satisfactorily appearing from the affidavit of Francis L. Smith, complainant, on file in this cause, that the defendant, Thomas O. Smith, is not a resident of this state, but is a resident of the state of Wisconsin, and therefore, on motion of D. B. Richardson, solicitor for said complainant, it is ordered that said defendant, Thomas O. Smith, cause his appearance to be entered in this cause, within forty days from the date of this order and that in case of his appearance he cause a copy of his answer to complainant's bill of complaint to be filed herein and a copy thereof to be served upon said complainant's solicitor, within twenty days after service of a copy of said bill and notice of this order and in default thereof that said bill be taken as confessed by said defendant, and he be further ordered that within twenty days from the date of this order that the said complainant cause a notice of this order to be published in the Cass City Enterprise, and thereafter at least once in each week for six weeks in succession, or that he cause a copy of this order to be served personally on said defendant, Thomas O. Smith, at least before the time herein prescribed for his appearance. Dated July 22d, 1889.

WATSON BEACH, Circuit Judge. D. B. RICHARDSON, Complainant's Solicitor.

Central Meat MARKET.

SCHWADERER BROS., Prop'r. Everything Fresh, Wholesome and Inviting. Cattle, Hogs and Sheep brought for Eastern Market. CASH PAID FOR HIDES.

Notice to the Farmers.

Farmers, don't be deceived by traveling agents and dealers representing inferior articles. Look well to your own interests. Deal where you can be supplied with repairs at any time, and from year to year. For your benefits and my small profits I will supply you with Standard Machines. The Champion chain drive Binder, Champion Standard Binder, the Wm. N. Whiteley Binder, the Champion New Mower, (front cut), Champion Steel Mower (front cut), champion rear cut Mower. Having already disposed of one car-load and ordered a second carload, I will be able to supply you at once with machines that "get there" every time.

My buggy trade has so increased that I am forced to keep a variety in stock in order to suit the trade. I have now in stock the Waterloo Buggy, the Grand Rapids Spiral Spring, the Portland Buggy, and many other varieties. We also have in connection Platform Wagons, Plows, Horse Rakes, Cultivators, Spring Tooth Harrows, Seeders, in fact, anything and everything that a farmer needs. While in the City on July 4th call and see me.

J. H. STRIFFLER, CASS CITY. AGENTS, C. D. STRIFFLER, JAS. B. MCGILVARY.

SPRING -:- OPENING!

NEW STOCK, NEW STYLES, NEW PRICES

J. C. LAING'S.

Our Annual ANNOUNCEMENT. A. A. McKenzie, UNDERTAKER. WOOL wanted at the Cass City woolen mills. CUSTOM work in all its branches promptly attended to. PARTIES sending wool by rail are requested to write plain their address and instructions, to avoid delay in returning. CASH paid for goods exchanged for wool. WEAVING and custom carding specialties. R. A. ROBINSON & CO. NEW TIN SHOP. I have opened a new Tin Shop in the Dilman building, and am now prepared to do all work in the line of tinning. Satisfaction guaranteed. Give me a call. L. M. HOWE Formerly with J. P. Howe. CASS CITY.

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!

A full line of of Harpers' books always on hand.

BLANK BOOKS!

We have a large stock of these goods with prices as low as can be found. A choice line of Perfumes, Toilet Soaps, Hair and Tooth Brushes.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES

I have now a complete stock of this line of goods. Pure Wines and Liquors for medical purpose. Call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere. Prices as low as the lowest. Prescriptions carefully compounded.

CITY DRUG STORE

Residence over store.

Hardware Offered at prices Whips Eclipse All former quotations. Nobody Discounts the Bargains we offer In all Goods of our Line, Embracing Leads, Paints and Oils of the Finest Brands. We call Special Attention to our Stock of Haying tools.

This Space Belongs to J. L. HITCHCOCK

Watch It Next Week.

NEW SPRING STYLES

In Fancy and Staple DRY GOODS!

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.

CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

BROWNE BROS.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 23, 1889.

I. O. O. F.

CASS CITY LODGE, No. 203, meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30. Visiting brethren cordially invited.

J. L. FITCHCOCK, N. G.
I. A. FRITZ, Secretary.

G. A. R.

MILWAUKEE POST, No. 232, Cass City, meets in the second and fourth Tuesday evenings of each month. Visiting comrades cordially invited.

A. N. HATCH, Commander.
C. WOOD, Adjutant.

M. C. 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. SCHOOLEY, Record Keeper.
JAS. OUTWATER, Commander

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

BARGAINS!

Choice of two 40 acre lots on Sec. 3, Novesta, three miles from Cass City, \$200.

Forty acres on Sec. 22, Novesta, 5 1/2 miles from Cass City, \$250.

Forty acres on Sec. 28, Novesta, one-half mile from Deford, \$275.

Forty acres on Sec. 23, Elmwood, 7 miles from Cass City, \$350.

Your choice of four improved farms on Sec. 34, Greenleaf, \$800.

The above land will be sold on cash payment of \$50. Your own time an balance. Title perfect. Apply to owner.

C. W. McPHAIL,
Cass City.

CITY NEWS.

H. Rutler visited the county capital on Monday.

J. Axtell of Jackson is the guest of Mrs. R. E. Gamble.

A new sign now adorns the store of J. L. Hitchcock.

Miss Resnor of Bad Axe is a guest at John Leonard's.

Several cases of whooping cough are reported in town.

E. Belmer of Caro passed through this place on Tuesday.

Rev. N. B. Andrews will preach at Marine City next Sunday.

Miss Josie McClinton is visiting with friends in East Saginaw.

The Patrons of Toil held a secret convention here on Monday.

Dnn. Dickson is attending the teacher's institute at Caro this week.

Several soldiers from here attended the reunion at Pontiac yesterday.

The hot weather during the past week has made us long for the bay.

Chas. Maynard of Gageton visited this place on business Monday.

Jas. McArthur and wife returned from their summer trip on Tuesday.

Mrs. J. P. Hern visited relatives in Wilmot the fore part of the week.

Mrs. Dr. Deming was a resorter at the Bluff on Saturday and Sunday last.

There will be no services at the Presbyterian church next Sunday evening.

Mrs. Jas. Leonard of Caseville was in town calling on friends on Wednesday.

Those who attended the Maccabee jubilee at Muskegon last week report a good time.

Mrs. Leonard and son Frank of Chicago were visiting relatives in town this week.

Miss Effie Tuckey has been visiting her sister and many friends in Caro during the week.

Mrs. J. P. Bloomfield of Detroit is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. John McVicar of Grant.

The managers of the Detroit exposition have our thanks for several complimentary tickets.

Rev. J. V. N. Hartness of Marine City will preach in the Presbyterian church next Sunday morning.

Dr. McClinton was called to Gageton on Saturday to hold a consultation with Dr. Lyman of that place.

Miss Vinda Predmore, formerly of this place, but now of Lansing, is visiting friends and relatives in town.

Fred. Locke's new double juvenile circus is advertised to appear in Cass City soon. It comes highly spoken of.

S. S. Sells of Wilmot has moved to Cass City, and will make his home here in the future. We welcome him in our midst.

Frank Boyd, chief clerk in the P. O. & P. A. auditor's office at Pontiac, spent Sunday and Monday with his many friends here.

We take pleasure in recording this week an addition to our subscription list of 20 new subscribers. Still, they keep coming.

Job work from six different towns has been turned out from the ENTERPRISE job rooms this week. Such is our reputation for doing work.

We are pleased to inform the many friends of Mrs. G. S. Farrar that she is convalescing from the long illness which she has been subjected to.

The fifth annual festival, under the auspices of the Scotch settlers of Sheridan township will be held in the Sheridan hall on Wednesday, Sept. 4th. Great preparations are being made by the committee in charge of the arrangements, and good

time may be looked for by those who attend.

J. D. Crosby and family returned on Monday from the Bluff.

J. F. Hendrick and wife are visiting their many friends in East Saginaw and Grand Rapids. They expect to be gone about two weeks.

The annual M. E. conference will be held at Bay City Sept. 4th. Rev. Gilchrist will leave to attend the conference on Tuesday, September 3d.

Prof. W. F. Benkelman and wife returned to Cass City on Monday. They expect to leave for their new home in Grayling on Tuesday next.

C. W. McPhail is in Detroit this week attending the annual meeting and banquet of the Michigan Banker's association, which convened in that city.

The last quarterly meeting of this conference year will be held at the M. E. church at 9 a. m., love feast at 10:30, which will be followed by preaching.

We stated erroneously last week, that the annual Catholic festival would be held on the 28th inst., when it should have read the 27th. Remember the day.

Henry Profit of Honeoye Falls, New York, was in the city the fore part of the week. He was attending to the disposal of some land which he owns in Novesta township.

Jas. McLellan, living one mile north and one-half mile west of Gageton, will have a sale of stock and implements on Monday, Sept. 9th, at 1 o'clock p. m. Don't forget the date.

One of the linemen of the Michigan Bell Telephone Co. was in town on Monday repairing the line running into the drug store, which broke loose from its fastenings on Saturday last.

C. W. McPhail and family returned from the Bluff on Monday evening. They intended to stay until the 1st of September at the above resort, but it was becoming somewhat too cool.

It looks as if Gen. Alger would be the next commander-in-chief of the G. A. R. by unanimous consent. In reply to a question asked on numerous occasions we rise to remark: "He's all right!"

The sailor should live on currents, the jeweler on karats, the historian on dates, base ball catchers on fowls, the base ball fielders on flies, weather prophets on lies and married women on can'telopes.

From the last crop report we find that the number of acres of wheat in the state in May, this year, was 1,455,556. It is estimated that 22,089,052 bushels will be the total yield in the state.

Jos. Cross, living four miles north and one mile east of Gageton will have a sale of stock and implements on Wednesday next, Aug. 20th, at 10 o'clock a. m. J. H. Striffler is the auctioneer.

Three trains arrived here at about the same time on Friday evening last—a excursion train, an express and a freight train were to be seen, and around the station it was as lively as a city depot.

McDougall & Co., the leading clothiers of Cass City, have something to say this week. Read their ad. carefully on this page. To those who wish to buy clothing we would say that this is the place to go.

Should you need note heads, bill heads, statements, envelopes, dodgers, or any kind of job printing, give us a call before placing your order elsewhere. We have facilities for doing first-class work cheaper than the cheapest.

T. B. Meyers' post, G. A. R., of Gageton will hold a picnic and camp fire at Finkle's grove on Thursday, Sept. 12th. Meals and other refreshments will be served and all are invited to attend. Comrades, please take notice.

We are in receipt of the calendar of the Michigan Mining school, located at Houghton. This school opens Thursday, Sept. 19th, and closes June 27th. The school had 40 students last year and hopes to open with an increase over last year.

John A. Charlton returned home on Monday, having made his many friends in Saginaw and Bay City a very pleasant visit. He had the pleasure of riding on the first broad gauge passenger train out of East Saginaw over the F. & P. M. railroad on his way home.

Johnnie Grinnell of Yale, formerly of the musical staff at the Oak Bluff summer resort was in town on Monday negotiating with Dr. Etherinton's Medicine Co. We are informed that he is to be leader of the band and orchestra which accompany that combination.

Mac. Wood, who for the past year has been a clerk in J. C. Laing's store, leaves for other fields on Monday next. During his residence in Cass City he has made a host of warm friends who look toward his departure with sincere regret. We understand that R. G. McLaughlan of Dryden is to fill the vacancy occasioned by the departure of Mr. Wood.

The cool breezes of last week had the effect to encourage an exodus of resorters at Oak Bluff and accordingly on Thursday a large number of campers from this place returned to their homes here, among whom were: W. D. Schooley and family, H. S. Wickware and family, J. C. Laing and family, H. Stewart and family, and the family of Dr. McClinton.

The story of the unique and practical adding machine invented by J. L. Richardson, of this county, and now being pushed in Detroit by D. B. Richardson of Millington, is no exception to the usual history of an inventor's senseless efforts. In the course of his municipal career in Tuscola Mr. Richardson was called upon to foot up long columns of figures; and finding the matter one of great tediousness, he conceived the idea of a practical adding machine. The aspiring inventor, after trying several methods to carry out his plans and ideas, has at last struck something that has perfected all his schemes.

An editor discarded the business of moulding public opinion and embarked in the barber profession, in which there was more head work, but less brain labor, showed the "ruling passion" when he absent-mindedly wrote his advertisement as follows: "hair cutting, 15 cents a line; shaving, 10 cents an inch, or three inches for 25 cents; shampooing at liberal rates by the column.

The state game warden admonishes all persons that woodchuck, partridge, ruffed grouse, wild water fowl or snipe cannot be lawfully killed at any season except from Sept. 1st to Jan. 1st, and that a penalty of \$50 or 30 days imprisonment is attached to the violation of the statute. He furthermore instructs deputy wardens to see that the law is enforced, and they can do well to keep a sharp lookout in several localities near here.

A farmer who knows what he is talking about, hits the nail on the head when he says that nothing pays better than good roads. It costs something to secure them, but they are arteries that connect city and country, along which the life currents of comfort perpetually flow. Bad roads, full of chuck holes, kill time, team and temper. Be sure then that the money thus intelligently expended is wisely invested, and sure to realize future results.—Ex

A western contemporary says that cigarette smoking is on the wane. The report of the commissioner of internal revenue, on the other hand states that for the fiscal year ending June 30, the total consumption of cigarettes on which the tax was paid was 2,151,575,360, an increase over the preceding year of 288,789,260. The cost to the consumers would be about \$10,000,000. This does not look much like an abandonment of the pernicious habit of cigarette smoking.

Why wouldn't it be a benevolent act on the part of our village council to appropriate a sum for the purchase of street lamps. A great many towns not half as large as Cass City have these public improvements and without any doubt "bright and shining lights" are very much needed on several of our streets. One light on every four corners throughout the town would certainly not bankrupt the village treasury, but would be one of the most needful appropriations that could be made. To a stranger driving in town on a dark night the streets present a dismal appearance.

To those who may have occasion to insure their property, we give the following from H. S. Rayman, commissioner of insurance of Michigan: "No person, unless he is the authorized agent of an insurance company, can bind the company. A solicitor engaged by an agent to solicit business is not the duly authorized agent of a company. All agents of fire insurance companies must have a certified copy of the certificate of authority issued to the company, which they represent by the insurance bureau, in addition to their appointment by the company."

The Cass City people, including farmers and business men, are in earnest about the organization of their district fair to be held at that place. Several preliminary meetings have already been held, and the committee appointed for the purpose are negotiating for the grounds, several desirable sites having been offered. It is the intention to hold an exhibition there this fall, but it will be another year before the grounds can be put in proper shape, buildings erected, etc. With the large tract of territory in the northeastern part of this county and also in Huron and Sanilac counties contributory, there should be no reason why a successful fair organization cannot be maintained in Cass City.—Vassar Pioneer.

Dr. Etherinton's Medicine Co., have been resting on their oars for the past week, awaiting the arrival of several artists to join the company this week. Dr. Hunter has secured the services of eight new people in addition to those he already had, and when the company has all arrived it will present an array of eleven performers on the stage. Five of the eight have made their appearance up to the time of going to press, two of them coming from Cedar Rapids, Iowa. The brass band of eight pieces will be one of the chief features of their entertainment. The company will leave Cass City on Monday next to fill their season's engagements. Dr. Hunter claims to have the best talent of any medicine company in the state.

While Rey. N. B. Andrews and wife were out for a drive on Friday evening last the horse became frightened when near the railroad track on Main street, and ran away, precipitating the occupants of the rig to the ground. Mrs. Andrews was comparatively uninjured, but her husband did not fare so well, as he sustained injuries which necessitated his absence from the pulpit on Sunday, but he is now able to be around again. The horse was stopped after he ran a short distance. Elder Deming occupied the pulpit in the Presbyterian church on Sunday morning in the absence of Mr. Andrews. The same evening that the above accident occurred a team belonging to Mr. Randall also ran away, wrecking the wagon to which they were attached, but fortunately no one was hurt.

THE WHEAT QUESTION.

CASS CITY, August 21, 1889.

EDITORS ENTERPRISE:

Your Grant correspondent in last week's issue says that it is hard for any one man to control the grain market and implies a threat that the Cass City market is to be boycotted because one party has the handling of both elevators. There has been considerable of such talk from other quarters as well. Now why there should be any kicking when the condition of affairs here now is the direct result of action taken by the farmers one year ago. You will perhaps remember that last season there was an arrangement entered into between the proprietor of the wheat elevators and a society of farmers, comprising a large portion of the grain growers in the vicinity of Cass City by which all the grain was to be handled by that elevator, thereby destroying all competition. If the scheme had worked as was intended, I would have been obliged to shut up and seek employment elsewhere. I had very serious objections to the success of that scheme, and the present condition of affairs is the result. Now, as to the boycott. That is working just as satisfactorily as the other scheme. Up to last night I have taken in just one thousand bushels more than twice as much as was taken by both elevators to the same date last year, and new wheat began to move just two days later than last year.

I can, and do pay closer to Detroit market than if both elevators were running because double the amount of grain can be handled at half the expense.

Yours truly,
A. G. BERNEY.

THE FAIR.

It was decided by the committee that was appointed to solicit subscriptions for the purpose of instituting a fair at Cass City, that the better way would be to form a stock company to purchase grounds, build buildings, etc., then rent the same to the agricultural society, and in accordance they solicited with the understanding that there was to be a stock company formed with a capital stock of \$2,000. The stock to be divided into 80 shares of \$25 each. Each share representing one vote at all meetings of the stock holders. This method of raising money is regarded as the surest way of securing a sufficient amount to purchase grounds and build the necessary buildings. For example, the first business man the fair committee called upon offered to donate \$10, but when the stock company was laid before him he at once subscribed \$100, representing four shares of stock. By the stock company plan a man that holds stock owns that much real estate, which is assignable and can be sold at his pleasure, the same as any other real estate owned by him, and if he holds it he will be entitled to the dividends, which will be an amount equivalent to the legal rate of interest, viz: six per cent. It will be the object of the stock company to make the fair grounds and track pay a sufficient amount to make each share of stock a fair investment for the holder, and at the same time secure to the agricultural society a permanent fair ground, which the agricultural society can purchase at their pleasure for the actual cash value thereof.

The committee reported at the meeting held on the 13th, at the council rooms that they had sold 52 shares of stock, amounting to \$1,300. There has, at this date, been sold by the committee \$1,500 worth of stock.

The following are the names of the stockholders, with the number of shares taken by each: J. C. Tring-4, E. H. Finney 4, C. W. McPhail-4, M. Sheridan-4, A. G. Berney-4, J. D. Crosby 2, Frost & Hebblewhite 2, J. L. Howe-1, 2 Macks 2, E. F. Marr-1, S. Ale 1, Frayr Karr 1, P. R. Weydeneyer 1, T. H. Hunt 1, J. D. Brooker 1, Jno. Murphy 2, R. Clark 1, Jno. Gordon 1, W. D. Schooley 1, Browne Bros. 1, A. Walmsley 1, Schwaderer Bros. 1, F. R. DeLisle 1, Dr. J. H. McLean 1, G. A. Stevenson 1, Jas. McArthur & Son 1, Jos. Brown 1, Lenzer Bros. 1, J. H. Striffler 1, Thos. Dunn 1, J. McNeil 1, H. S. Wickware 1, A. A. McKenzie 1, Edwin A. Weaver 1, J. F. Hendrick 1, Jno. Striffler 1, J. H. Winegar 1, J. Maier 1, E. B. Landon 1, J. F. Emmons 1, Solomon Striffler 1, W. J. Wright 1, and E. McKim 1.

Licensed to Wed.

The following are the marriage licenses furnished us by the county clerk for the week ending August 20:

George Miller, Caro.....21
Sarah Mall, Wilmot.....17
Robert S. Mitchell, Clifford.....24
Nettie A. Winegar, Cass City.....24
Ransona S. Clark, Caro.....24
Edith Churchill, Wells.....21
W. C. Wright, Unionville.....30
James W. Shemmerhorn, Mayville.....23
Teresa Martindale, Mayville.....19

Notice.

All parties owing me on account can settle the same by calling on John McDougall, as I have left all accounts in his hands for collection. Ed. ST. MARY.

Notice.

All parties owing the undersigned are requested to call and settle the same, as money we must have. HOLMES BROS.

All parties indebted to me by note or book account are requested to call and settle the same at once without further notice. Dr. McCLINTON, Cass City.

Firms and houses to rent Enquire of J. L. HITCHCOCK, Cass City.

McDOUGALL & CO.,

We have the Largest and Most Complete stock of New Goods in Cass City, and propose to go through the fall and winter months with every line full, no breaks, no disappointments, but a thorough line of Good Salable Goods of the best class of make and of a reputation second to none, which we will sell at greatly reduced prices. We Cordially invite inspection of our many Novelties, comprising a complete line of MEN'S AND BOY'S CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS AND FURNISHING GOODS.

—THE—

LEADING CLOTHIERS OF CASS CITY,

WATCH FOR IT!

WAIT FOR IT!

Do yourself good by taking advantage of it!

— 2 MACKS 2 —

WILL BEGIN THEIR

—SEMI-ANNUAL—

CLEARING SALE!

AUGUST 20th

AND ENDING ON AUGUST 31.

GREATEST BARGAINS ON EARTH IN

DRY GOODS, STRAW HATS,
BOOTS & SHOES, LAWNS,
CLOTHING, PARASOLS,
CARPETS, ETC., DRESS GOODS
And Many Other Goods at
HALF PRICE

Call And See Our One-Half Price Counter.

2 MACKS 2

WHO

Sells you your Boots,
Shoes and Slippers?

ARE

You satisfied you are getting the
best value for your money,
if not,

YOU

Will do well to examine our Mammoth
Stock of Boots, Shoes and Slippers.

WE ARE

This season showing the largest line of fine Shoes and Slippers in the county, at BED ROCK PRICES.
Ladies' toe slippers, 75 cents and upwards; Ladies' fine Kid Button shoes, \$1.50 and upwards; Men's fine shoes, congress and bals., \$1.50 and upwards; Men's Plow and 2 buckle shoes \$1.00 and upwards. Wigwam Slippers in Russett and Dregs of Wine Colors.

CROSBY'S Boot and Shoe House,
CASS CITY, MICH.



Zachary T. Sweeney.

consul-general to Turkey, was born in Liberty county, Ky., in 1849, and is the younger of four brothers, all of whom are engaged in teaching the gospel, in connection with the Christian church in which his father and grandfather were preachers. When the boy was six years old his father moved to Macoupin county, Ill. Here he attended the public schools until the age of 15 when he entered a seminary at Scottsville, Ill.; where he laid the foundation for a collegiate education, earning the money necessary for his living by teaching. In 1868 he became a student at Asbury university, Illinois, pursuing his studies there for three years, serving at the same time as pastor of the church in Paris, Ill. In October, 1871 he was called to the pastorate of a church in Columbus, Indiana, where he is still working in the spiritual field, although he has in the meantime twice held a pastorate in Augusta, Ga. Recently Butler university, of which he is L. L. D., made him chancellor.

Lord Salisbury regards the vast preparations that have been made by different powers, as a great security for peace. So tremendous would be the issues involved in a war among the European powers that no one is willing to take the responsibility of hastening a conflict which all seem to regard as inevitable. Prince Bismarck's recent observation that he could not tell whether the German parliament would have any time next year to attend to legislation in the interests of labor reveals what the great statesman apprehends concerning the near future. For the present the Paris exposition serves as a truce. The representatives of science and art, industry and labor are pouring into the French capital from all portions of the civilized world, and in witnessing the mighty achievements of peace the minds of many are turned away from thoughts of war. As the exposition will continue till the close of the year there is no danger of a conflict before the spring of 1890. In the meantime England, France and Russia are increasing their armaments and poverty-stricken but ambitious Italy, is struggling to keep up with the war-like procession.

The treasury department has finally decided to interpret the alien contract labor law with considerable latitude. Experience in the past few months in the endeavor to enforce it to the letter has shown it to be very imperfect in many respects. Besides causing vexation to many people the law, if strictly enforced, is very liable to strain our friendly relations with both Canada and Mexico, against which countries it can be made to operate severely. Until congress shall have defined its powers more definitely, cases brought before the treasury department will be at once dismissed unless the evidence is sufficiently strong to support them, when the complaint will be heard. This is a sensible rule, and will relieve the treasury officials of much annoyance and embarrassment.

The doctors of Bellevue Hospital, New York, say that more criminals were received from the three state prisons to be treated for insanity during the one year of enforced idleness among convicts than in any three years before. If the theory could but be impressed upon the people that idleness produces insanity, there would be less grumbling about hard work.

The dominion of Canada now has a public debt of two hundred and eighty five million dollars, and annexation to the United States means the assumption of this debt by us. The supporters of the annexation scheme will, perhaps, pause in their ambition on learning this fact.

Alfred Tennyson, the "good gray poet," rounded out his eightieth year on the 6th inst. American records her-

THE TOP OF HER BENT.

Spiritual Manifestations and Strange Apparitions.

A Specter Which Seemed to Gaze Out of Eyeless Sockets

Became a Denizen of the Palace and Disported as Freely as the Royal Mistress.

Once upon a time there was a Princess who believed so ardently in the supernatural that at last she thought and talked of nothing else, and occupied herself solely discussing dreams and spiritual manifestations, and she surrounded herself with people only who had seen visions and whose strange dreams had (or had not) come true, and who had received spiritual manifestations and seen apparitions—or at least whose second cousins and great aunts had witnessed the extraordinary.

Now the Princess dwelt in a palace which had once been a place of luxury and delight, where people could move about fearlessly during all the twenty-four hours of every day and night. But now that this Princess reigned in it, it was haunted by spirits, and, go where one might, some intangible presence or some eerie appearance filled every nook and corner of it. One day the Lord Chamberlain met a Shadowy lady in blue on the staircase, who seemed to gaze at him out of eyeless sockets. The Lord Chamberlain did not fail to relate his adventure, and the next day the first maid of honor encountered the same lady in the picture gallery. Then she was seen by the chief page; then by the mistress of the robes. Soon she had been seen by the whole household, including the Princess herself, and thenceforth the eyeless blue lady became a denizen of the palace and walked there as freely as its royal mistress. Next, a phantom coach was heard at midnight to drive up to the palace portals and a phantom hand rang furiously at the great bell! No eye saw this vision. The curiosity of those who peeped remained ungratified. But the sounds were heard by many, and those who heard shuddered and clung to each other in dismay.

Soon unusual things happened in the palace with regularity and frequency. Nightly a cold and terrible hand was laid upon the cheek of the Lord Chief Justice after he had extinguished his light. Nightly also a rustling silk gown passed through the chamber of the Generalissimo of the Army. On Sundays, at 2 in the early morning, a hysterical laugh was laughed at the bedside of the Princess herself, and at an hour before cock-crow every month when the moon began to wane, feet scuffled, a heavy body fell, and a deep and dreadful groan was uttered in the apartment of the poet laureate. An intangible monk seemed to inhabit the library; an invisible but bloody presence was felt to invade the ball room. Men shunned the smoking room at the going down of the sun, because at the apartment was permeated by the faint and exquisite aroma of a tobacco no mortal had ever inhaled. The grand piano in the drawing room was constantly played upon, and when the Princess and her suite entered in haste—although but that instant the room had been ringing with melody—the piano would be found closed and the apartment void. Children scampered up and down the wide staircases, when there were no children within a mile of the palace. Dogs whined at closed doors, and, lo! when one rose to admit the creature, no dog was to be found. In short there was no end to the extraordinary occurrences which took place in the Princess's palace daily. The Princess grew thin and haggard, and her large and luminous eyes looked as if they would fall out of her head. And her whole court grew meager and pallid also, and none spoke above his breath, and the women clustered together in twos and threes, and when any one entered a room, the occupants would ask at once, "What have you seen? What have you experienced? What did you dream last night?"

Then some who had formerly held high offices at the court, but who had been displaced because they were incredulous of the Princess's second sight, and because they had declared that he only who desired to see ghosts saw them, for that ghosts *per se* existed not, drew together in consultation and agreed that something must be done. "Let us prevail upon the Princess to marry. Marriage is a healthy state," said one.

This proposition was received with unanimity, and an audience of the Princess being obtained, two gentlemen, who had once been respectively Prime Minister and Chief Court Physician, were admitted into her Royal Highness's august presence. They found their royal mistress—who was herself as slender as a lily and very wan—surrounded by her maids of honor, lean and terrified damsels, and by her Ministers of State—cadaverous and melancholy personages. The whole assembly looked as if it were smitten by some painful nervous sickness; each one glanced hither and thither, as though devoured by some dread expectancy—all started at every sound, and their breasts heaved with inexplicable emotions and their bony hands were clenched convulsively.

For very pity the ex-chief physician could have wept. But he restrained himself, while the ex-Prime Minister explained his errand, begging respectfully to inform the Princess that, while she was striving to grasp the supernatural, the natural was falling into decay—that the army and navy were becoming disorganized, foreign Powers were growing aggressive, literature was neglected and art and science forgotten, social evils were unremedied, and the whole realm was becoming disaffected. Then the Princess said, sighing, "What would you have me do?"

Then the ex-Prime Minister replied with caution, "Madam, we would have your Royal Highness bend your mind from the immaterial to the material. To one so widely read as your Royal Highness we need not to quote the wise man's words: 'Our business is not to know all things, but those which con-

cern our well-being.' "Madam, truth will reveal itself in its own good time," rejoined the ex-Prime Minister. "Not so," said the Princess. "Does not the pearl remain hid until the diver plunges into the sea? I have deeply explored spiritual phenomena, and there have been vouchsafed to me visions so translucent that they were indiscernible to any but the most highly spiritualized, and many other wondrous experiences have been accorded to me, the serviceableness of which will doubtless be revealed in days to come."

"Madam," interrupted the ex-chief physician, "does not your Royal Highness know that the senses respond to impressions from within as well as to impressions from without?" "Sir, what did you mean by that?" inquired the Princess, frowning. "Madam," said the ex-chief physician, boldly, "I mean that in the brain messages may be transmitted from the ideational centers to the sensory ganglia, and that these messages from within produce a similar effect to the impressions caused by external stimuli; hence, at the suggestion of the ideational centers, sights may be seen and sounds heard, nay, even tastes, odors and tactual impressions perceived which are not objective at all, but purely imaginary."

"Do you mean, sir," cried the Princess, "that you think I invent the spiritual manifestations in which I rejoice?" "That which your Royal Highness so aptly suggests is what your Royal Highness's humble servant is fain to think," said the ex-chief physician with a low bow.

"If my chief executioner were not confined to his bed, and very ill from the effects of an awful vision which was given to him last night, in which he saw all the executioners of all time waging war against all the executed, and the executed, forming a mighty army, with their heads beneath their arms, subduing them, I would have you beheaded," said the Princess. The ex-chief physician bowed again, and the ex-Prime Minister hastened to say that, putting aside all explanations that might be offered as to the objectivity or subjectivity of spiritual manifestations, he would come to the point of declaring that he and all the rest of her Royal Highness's faithful subjects earnestly desired that the Princess might show herself more gracious towards them, and to this end, trusting that the indulgence of pure and healthy domestic joys would render her more mindful of the mundane needs of her people, they humbly entreated their royal mistress to enter forthwith into the holy bonds of wedlock.

At this the Princess blushed, for she was but a woman, notwithstanding her predilection for the supernatural.

"But I do not wish to marry," she said.

"Nevertheless, we venture to implore your Royal Highness to reconsider the matter," said the ex-Prime Minister.

"But whom should I marry? Who can I marry?" said the Princess.

"Madam," began the ex-Prime Minister, "there is the Prince of—"

But the Princess cut him short.

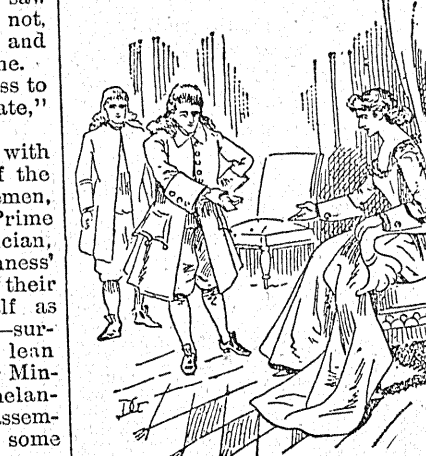
"A Prince is nought to me," she said.

"What have I in common with ordinary mortals who have no cognizance with the spirit-world, who are too gross and carnal to discern the invisible or to apprehend the impalpable, and whose organizations are too coarse to receive incorporeal manifestations? Nay, my lord, if you would have me wed, you must find for me a husband so completely *en rapport* with the spirit world that he shall pass through the crucial test, wherever I shall try him, and retain not only my esteem and confidence but my adoring reverence."

At these words the ex-Prime Minister and the ex-chief physician drooped their heads dejectedly, while a faint murmur of applause arose from the thin lips of the courtiers. But a child, who was seated on a stool at the Princess's knee, the orphan son of her dearest friend, asked, "Godmother, what is the test?"

All listened for the answer. But the Princess was moody and would not explain.

"When the time comes you will know," she said.



"WHAT IS YOUR TITLE TO SEEK MY HAND?"

Then the two ex-officers retired, sad and desponding, and the Princess withdrew into a dim chamber, where daily at that hour was heard the music of unseen violins, played high in the air by phantom fiddlers. The ex-Ministers rubbed their heads, and thought, "What was this crucial test wherewith the Princess should try her would-be husband? And who would be found to submit himself to the ordeal? The two good gentlemen were sorely perplexed. But a rich princess need not remain single long, and, as in the legends of fairyland suitors quickly presented themselves, each one confident that the test, however hard it might be, was no harder a nut than he could conveniently crack. Upon each suitor who was brought before her the Princess turned her eyes languidly.

"What is your title to seek my hand?" she said then. And one offered her a pack of cards and bade her name the card that should spring from among its fellows. And

lain's hat. And another caused his limbs to be tied with cords in many knots and had himself shut up within a small space with a cigarette paper laid upon his knees, and, lo, in a moment the curtain was withdrawn and the cigarette was rolled and between the lips of him who still sat there bound with knotted chords. But the Princess only smiled and said, "That is more sleight of hand and any juggler can do as much."

Then others came, relating how in the stillest hours of night, in locked chambers, friends who were at a great distance appeared to them, and how they had learnt afterward that at that moment the friend had died, and telling of warning voices which had kept them from starting on some fateful journey, and of prophetic dreams which had been realized, and of strange coincidences and marvelous presentiments and eccentric exhibitions of psychic phenomena. But the Princess still smiled and said, "These are only the normal displays of spiritual force and lowest servants in my scullery have had manifestations as marked and as unusual."

And some of the suitors went away crestfallen. But some pleaded to be allowed to undergo the test, and to these the Princess said, "Tell me of what I am thinking. This is not the test, but if you can tell me that, you will have accomplished something."

Then each strove to read the royal lady's thought and one guessed one thing and one another. But none could divine, for the Princess was always thinking that each of her suitors was more tedious and unacceptable than the one that came before.

At last there arrived a young and handsome professor of mental physiology. "Madam," said he, "there is no need that I should try your patience by exhibiting tricks of legerdemain. All juggleries can I perform. But they are nothing to me, since I can set the Thames on fire, draw blood from a stone, run the gauntlet of criticism, pick a quarrel, nurse revenge, put a rod in pickle, break my mother's heart, teach my grandmother to suck eggs, catch a weazel asleep, get out of bed on the wrong side, raise the wind, play with fire, kill two birds with one stone, keep myself close, laugh on the wrong side of my mouth, save my breath to cool my porridge, keep a secret, steal a kiss, hug the shore, lurch a plot, drive a bargain, swallow an indignity, make a mountain out of a molehill, reduce an argument to an absurdity, double my pace, make money fly, find a verdict, preserve my temper, mince matters, create confusion, magnify my own importance, rivet your attention, take the bull by the horns, and lose myself in a crowd. I can also play upon the imagination and fool a woman to the top of her bent. Madam, your Royal Highness doubtless perceives that my relation, with the unseen powers are extraordinary. May it be that to your Royal Highness's most humble servant shall be vouchsafed to pass the crucial tests which shall be the key to so great ecstasies?"

Then the Princess regarded him with favor, and she said, "Sir, how did you obtain this *recueillement* with the Supernatural?" And the Professor made answer, "Madam, I have obtained it by the most careful and incessant cultivation of a certain part of the brain, within which lies the power of being in touch with the unapproached and the unapproachable. In most human brains these supra-normal ganglia are merely rudimentary, and to few is it given so to develop these high convolutions that their mystic powers are declared. But before these few are spread the marvelous mysteries of the other world, of which grosser creatures know nought, and which they—in their ignorant and undeveloped state—desire."

"Professor," said the Princess, earnestly, "how can I attain this supra-normal development?" "Madam," said the Professor, "by perpetually dwelling upon the supra-normal idea, the supra-normal nerves are set in motion and the supra-normal grooves become fixed, and presently the supra-normal ganglia dominate the whole existence. The rest of the mind may be dormant. The senses may be dulled and the intellect atrophied. But the supra-normal groove will deepen and the supra-normal nerves will work with more and more activity, till the highest state shall be achieved—even constant communion with the unperceived and the imperceptible. But if I mistake not madam, your Royal Highness has already reached this ultimate state."

"I have thought of the Supernatural and of nothing else for many years," said the Princess.

"And you have perceived?" said he, tentatively.

"Many wonderful things have been manifested to me," said she. "Only this morning the Idea of a Strangled Abbott accompanied me from the moment of waking until noon. I did not see it, neither did I hear its last gurgling breath, nor yet did I feel it. But it was given me to apprehend that it was there by a subtle and indescribable sense, which is vague and mystic, and yet sharp and powerful as a Damascus blade."

"The supra-normal ever wonderful," murmured the Professor.

"Yet there are some who call my delicate perceptions abnormal, who attribute my visions to a diseased and morbid fancy, who impress upon me the manifestations I have received are entirely subjective," said the Princess. "Those are the coarse and groveling natures which can not soar to the cultivation of the supra-normal faculties," said the Professor with warmth. "The supra-normal faculties of such are more rudimentary than those of the brutes, for even dogs bark at we know not what, and howl dismally when death draws near."

"Then you do not think that my delight in spiritual communion evidences an unsound mind?" said the Princess.

"A thousand times, no!" cried the Professor, with much energy. "I believe that it indicates the evolution of a sixth sense, which shall substantiate to the fourth dimension, discover the chemical properties of spirit, and be-

side which the functions of the normal brain shall seem like sight and hearing and intelligence in a month old babe. To your Royal Highness is it permitted to be one of the pioneers of this new, splendid and unimaginable development?"

The Princess who had indefinitely prolonged this conversation, for even to a lady whose supra-normal faculties are acute it is not altogether disagreeable to be *en rapport* with a handsome young man. But at this juncture the Prime Minister came forward and begged respectfully to inquire whether the Princess would graciously deign to inform him if she intended to apply the crucial test to the last arrived suitor.

"TELL ME OF WHAT I AM THINKING?" Then the Princess, turning her large and speaking eyes upon the Professor, said, "Tell me of what I am thinking. This is not the test, but if you can tell that, you will have accomplished something."

"Madam," said the Professor bold, "it becomes not me to read your Royal Highness's thoughts aloud. But should an oracle reply to your Royal Highness's command, would it not say, 'Sweet is the rapture of mutual understanding and the lasting companionship of equal minds is beyond praise?'"

Then the Princess's pale cheeks flushed red, for she had indeed been thinking that if she could bestow her hand upon any, it would be upon this handsome and sympathetic professor, who seemed to be a counterpart of her own. So she said with confusion, "That will pass, Professor. My thoughts were possibly of some seductive theme."

"Then may I hope that your Royal Highness will impart to me what is the crucial test?" said he.

"It is a hard thing," returned she, sighing, for she was reluctant to risk losing the Professor's society.

"Nevertheless, I will overcome it," said he.

Then the Princess groaned within herself, not daring to believe that the Professor should succeed. But at last she said, "Professor, if upon a certain day, in my sight and in the sight of all, my court, you, by your own volition, be snatched away wholly and taken utterly out of our fleshy cognizance; utterly out of our fleshy cognizance; and if, returning to us, you be etherealized as no mortal man has ever been, and if you have had discernments such and as no human senses have ever opened, then shall I know that our relations with the Supernatural are absolute, and then shall I trust in you completely and adore you with the utmost reverence. This is the test."

Then all gazed at the Professor, expecting that he should be daunted. But he said, "Madam, be it as your Royal Highness desires. In eight days will I be ready to undergo the test, and then will I—in your Royal Highness's sight, and in the sight of all the court—vanish wholly from your fleshy cognizance; and returning after a space, I will be fair and spiritualized beyond thought, and my knowledge shall transcend all human discrimination. Now retire we all and let us spend our days fasting and in contemplation, so that our grosser parts may be deadened and our supra-normal faculties intensified to the uttermost. And beware, madam, lest by the indulgence of the smallest normal thought your Royal Highness's supra-normal thought your Royal Highness's supra-normal faculties be but for an instant diminished, for if your Royal Highness's supra-normal faculties should abate only for the twinkling of an eye, it is most sure that some portion of the mystic drama will escape your Royal Highness's apprehension, and in this case, should the veil of the universe be rent asunder and the spirit-chorus come to meet you, your Royal Highness will be deaf and blind to these inconceivable glories. And I, madam, he added, in a voice audible to the Princess alone, "I should be cruelly disappointed. For I think that your Royal Highness has developed a mental possibility and a cerebral convolution hitherto unknown among mortals. If I find that I am mistaken, if I am compelled to own that your Royal Highness's faculties are but normal and undeveloped—truly, madam, if I find this to be so, my fate will be indeed bitter, and I shall be of all men the most wretched. I shall have passed through the crucial test and I shall be etherealized beyond compare. But if my royal mistress stand without, of what avail will it be that my supra-normal powers are unimpeachable? For without you, madam, your Royal Highness's faithful servant ceases to exist."

Then all withdrew, and upon the eighth day, when the sun was low, the court reassembled, and the Professor stood in the midst, clothed in a strange garment, whose texture might not be discovered nor its hues named, and an ineffable smile was upon his lips. And the courtiers were lean and pale and heavy-eyed, for they had fasted greatly and endured much contemplation, and the pallor and emaciation of the Princess was more than all of theirs. But the Princess's godson was comely and well nourished.

Then the Professor, standing in the sight of the Princess and of all the court, raised his hands and cried with a loud voice, and immediately they saw him not, neither did their eyes behold him during the time that one might have counted two scores. Then a voice said, "Welcome, O my Princess!" and again they saw the Professor standing in their midst. And he said, "Madam, did I not see that time hath laid no hand upon your Royal Highness's countenance, I should say that my absence had endured for centuries."

As we got down in the neighborhood of Cape Hatteras, says a writer in the New York Sun, it came on to blow great gusts and the seas were tremendous. The steamer pitched and tossed and rolled in a way to frighten everybody, and about mid-afternoon a sleek-looking young man pitched across the cabin to the sofa on which I was sitting and asked:

"Do you think we can pull through?" "It is doubtful."

"Good chance of going down, eh?" "Best in the world."

"Well, I have a few dollars in counterfit money with me—and I guess I'll throw it overboard."

He pitched across to his state-room and probably got rid of it. In about half an hour he came for me again and asked:

"What do you think of it now?" "She seems to be laboring heavily, and I am expecting to hear that she has sprung a leak."

"Is that so; I have two or three packs of cards in my valise. That might count against me in the other world, and I guess I'll leave 'em out."

He was gone about a quarter of an hour this time, and as he staggered up to the sofa again the steamer almost stood on end.

"It's growing worse, isn't it?" he inquired. "Much worse."

"And we ought to prepare for death?" "We had."

"I believe I have two or three bogus bonds with me belonging to a friend who sometimes works a confidence game. I guess they'll have to go, too."

When he was gone I shifted my position and it was half an hour before he found me again. The steamer was rolling and pitching and he was very white as he inquired:

"What are the chances now?" "One in a million."

I did not see him again until we were nearing Wilmington. Then I caught him trying to work the three-card rackets on a South Carolina planter, and I called him aside:

"You seem to have recovered all your cheek, my friend?" "I have—yes."

"While you thought there was danger of our going down you were very penitent?" "Just so."

"I thought you threw overboard everything belonging to your profession."

"Not quite. I was going to, but when you said we had one chance in a million I took it and saved monte, and if you'll let me alone I'll pull \$50 out of that old cottonseed before we make the wharf."

can utter has been revealed to me, and the unspeakable and indescribable has been shown to me, and the knowledge of the supernatural has transfused me and etherealized me as no mortal man hath ever been heretofore; and this your Royal Highness's intensified supra-normal faculties can well perceive."

And the Princess gave her hand to the Professor, and promised to rely upon him for evermore and to adore him with reverence.

But the Princess's godson said, "The Professor never disappeared at all. He stood there the whole time, and I saw him snap his fingers and wink."

Then the Professor said mildly: "Doubtless, my child, you thought you saw me standing there. But you looked with the eyes of your body, and so brief was my absence that it seemed to you I had never gone—as, when you spin a top with a red spot, so rapid is the movement of the top that the red spot seems ever in sight."

And the Professor took the Princess's hand and led her away to the banquet hall, and the next day the nuptials were celebrated with great pomp, and the Professor ruled the Princess and her dominions from that time, and there was prosperity in that land.

But the Princess caused her godson to be whipped, and commanded that he should be sent to a haunted school.

One in a Million. As we got down in the neighborhood of Cape Hatteras, says a writer in the New York Sun, it came on to blow great gusts and the seas were tremendous. The steamer pitched and tossed and rolled in a way to frighten everybody, and about mid-afternoon a sleek-looking young man pitched across the cabin to the sofa on which I was sitting and asked:

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Found a Corpse Through a Dream. Belief in dreams has received new adherents in Lincoln county, owing to some strange circumstances attending the finding of the body of Elbridge Call. For three or four days three or four hundred people have been diligently scouring the woods and examining the ponds in that vicinity, when a brother-in-law of the missing man, in whose care Call's motherless child had been left, dreamed that he had found the body of Call drowned under a bridge. After telling his wife and others of his dream he started to follow down a creek not far from his farm, over which his dream had located a bridge. Upon arriving in Dresden he sought his intimate friend and brother-in-law, Bowman Myers, and they both made their way to the little stream from a directly contrary direction from Call's home, and under the old country road, stone bridge, so old that old people say it was built before their time, they found the body.—Bath Times.

A Peculiar Thief. A young man acting as scullion in a cigarito establishment (according to a Parisian correspondent) has just been arrested for theft under very peculiar circumstances. He was led astray by his mania for gorgeous costumes, with which he arrayed himself in the seclusion of the garret wherein he reposed after the labors of the day. In order to satisfy his taste for sumptuous apparel he was in the habit of—as opportunity offered—of taking money from the treasurer's room, and when the discovery was made it was ascertained that upward of \$1,000 had been spent on "fine feathers." Among the articles which, for security he had stowed away in a box in a coal hole, were a costume of red velvet, richly brocaded, a large ring, a crozier, and some photographs in which the scullion was depicted in papal attire, his head surmounted by a tiara.

Judging from the number of "cordial" receptions given to the Shah of Persia, it is no wonder that he is reported to be always full of good spirits.—Baltimore

LINK BY LINK.

A THRILLING STORY OF THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.

BY MAURICE LEGRAND.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN THE LION'S MOUTH.

Most women's weak resolves, like reeds, will fly, Shake with each breath, and bend with every sigh; Mine, like an oak whose firm roots deep descend, Nor breath of love can shake, nor sigh can bend.

GAY: DIONE.

SIX days passed. With the seventh her tormentor sought her again. His long absence had relieved her. She thought he would neither seek nor molest her more.

Had she known more of life, she would have known also, that stronger than the sweetness and endurance of love returned, is the pitiless pursuit of a love scorned.

She had besought and prayed her father to leave this place, but he sternly refused. She withheld herself from his nightly assemblies, and kept strictly to her own small dreary room, but she could not escape her foe when he chose that she should again see him. It was noon when he called, and her father summoned her to his presence. Then, ere she could leave the room, or utter remonstrance, he locked the door, and she found herself trapped and snared ere she was aware of it. Like an enraged lioness she turned on the man before her.

"Is it at your bidding I am treated thus?" she asked, in a voice that rang clear and cold as the blows of steel on iron.

He smiled—a cruel mocking smile that lashed her rage to threefold fury. "It is; you will not hear me by fair means."

"And so you use force—a manly action! but after the chivalry displayed in warfare by your countrymen, it does not surprise me that you have none left for women."

"You shall not anger me to-day," he said coolly. "Be as scornful as you please. The lion's claw is preferable to the patte de velours sometimes."

"What do you want with me?" she asked abruptly.

"Much; but I would have you listen to reason in the first place. I fear I offended you on the last occasion we met. I have come to entreat your forgiveness."

"You are welcome to entreat it as long as you please."

"Without your granting it?"

"Yes."

"You are very truthful, at all events," he said, biting his lip angrily. "That may be. I have not been educated in cities."

"But you must be friends with me," he pleaded. "Listen, and you will see how foolish you are to brave and defy my power. Do you know I could yield your father up to the government of his own country at any moment, and give him the fate of a deserter and a traitor? On your head would his blood be."

"To do so would be but in keeping with your conduct and character," she answered, calmly as ever, though every vestige of color fled from her face at the terrible threat.

"And more," he said, slowly and sternly, with his ruthless eyes taking in every sign of emotion in the young face before him. "I will have your husband treated like a dog, till he dies a dog's death, and with his last breath curses your name as the giver of his tortures! Do you know what he believes you to be?"

The gray shadows of desperation fell over her, changing all her beauty into the chill, colorless repose of marble.

"What villainess have you told him?" she demanded. He laughed aloud.

"Oh, I have touched you at last! Well, he thinks you what I have made you—the sharer of my wealth—the mistress of my heart."

A cry of agony thrilled from her very soul as she heard those horrible words. "You have told him that," she wailed. "Oh, Heaven! are you a man or a fiend?"

"I am what my love for you has made me."

She threw herself at his feet in a sudden paroxysm of weeping that shook her as a storm-blast shakes a sapling. "Oh, for God's sake have mercy," she cried. "What have I done that you should try me thus? But a few short months ago, I was a glad hearted, innocent girl, and now—oh, now—tears of blood could not wash away the memory of my sufferings! and with all I am innocent still. I have not done one wrong or shameful thing! and here you have made me in his eyes so vile, so infamous, that never again will his heart hold me one tender memory, one gentle thought. You are a man—you had a mother once—can her memory not plead for me? What use would it be if I made myself the thing you wish—if for your wealth's sake I bartered my own sole possession? If you bought me as a slave who hates her owner and despises her slavery? For I loved once—but my love is all gone and given for all time, and never through the furthest stretch of years I live, can I give it again. Oh, let me be, and spare him. Can you not sell your pity at my pleadings?"

"You will not sell your beauty at mine."

"Oh, God, I cannot!"

"Even to spare his life? Even to buy his release? At a word from you I will set him free. He may return to his own country in safety. So much I can do for him, at least. Will you not say the word, Ninette?"

"If you would only kill me," she moaned.

"Nay, that would be foolish, indeed," he said, with the cold, cruel smile she

hated. "You are young and beautiful, you have youth and passion, and even your strength will not be always strong. No, I can afford to wait, Ninette."

She rose and faced him with a despairing cry. "I have told you I cannot love. What more do you seek?"

"To tame you, ma belle. You are wild now as a young fettered falcon. Well, like the falcon, I would have you tremble, and grow meek, and love the hand that has captured you unwillingly. You are reckless, proud, defiant—all these qualities charm me. I would not have them changed for worlds. You are foolish and unreasonable—otherwise you would not be a woman. Well, be it so. I am not angered, but I am resolved. Do what I wish, or you sacrifice both father and husband (you see I have learnt your secret) to your obstinate folly."

She looked at him silently, with a loathing and contempt that was eloquent, though wordless, and for once made his face flush and his eyes sink before the haughty challenge of her own.

"I wonder if God made men," she said quietly. "I think it must have been the devil."

He laughed aloud. "Men have thought the same of women, my dear, many a time."

"I doubt not, when such men as you exist."

"You are not very complimentary, ma belle. Be wise, Ninette, and yield ere it is too late. You cannot hold out—it is impossible—strong as you think yourself. You are a heroine, foolish, mad, just now. If your husband loved you I would not wonder at your obstinacy—but he does not—he hates and despises you."

"Oh, cease!" she wailed.

"It hurts you to hear it? Of course. No woman likes to think she loves in vain," pursued the mocking voice of her tormentor. "Well, you are innocent, and you suffer all the shame and ignominy of guilt. What do you gain from constancy. This man believes you fled from the security of your home with a lover; that wretched of that lover you have now come to me! You see you gain nothing by your refusal. He will never believe your life guiltless though you swear it by every oath that ever bound lips to the truth. Surely you see your folly?"

"I see your folly. If my hatred could deepen, your words would sound its lowest depths."

"So be it," he said calmly, in no way shamed by her scorn. "I will give you six days to consider your decision. With the seventh I am here again. But remember each day adds new tortures to your husband's life; his health is weak; his privation's great. You condemn him to a hard fate, and for what? The chimera of a virtue that none believe in—least of all. What do you say?"

"What do I say?" she replied slowly as she turned her heavy piteous eyes on his hard and scoffing face. "I say this. I wonder no longer that women ere now have found strength and will for murder!" and she turned away as if indeed the deed she spoke of had already breathed its tempting to her soul.

He gave the preconcerted signal agreed on between Leon Monprat and himself, and the door opened to allow of her egress. Like a bird freed from its prison, she flew from the room and from the hateful presence of the man who had stolen from her life its last hope. But in her heart her choice was made.

"I wronged him once," she said, "but never again—never again." And threats and persuasions were alike of no avail, because of her great love.

CHAPTER XIV. "CHARITY."

"Tis the first sanction nature gave to man, Each other to assist in what they can." —Sir J. Denham.

AT noon the next day, when Leon Monprat sought his daughter, she was nowhere to be found. In the darkness of the night she had fled, leaving for him only these words of farewell:

"You have betrayed me. Our bond is broken."

Startled and bewildered he stood there—the winter sunlight on his face—a fear he could not master stealing over his heart. "Gone—fled!" he muttered. "Heaven! what shall I do? He is so merciless, and I am utterly in his power." Even while he stood there a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder, a harsh voice sounded in his ears.

"Is this your care? You have let her escape thus easily!" The Frenchman shook with a coward's fear in the grasp of his pitiless foe.

"I could not know," he murmured extenuatingly. "She said no word—gave no sign."

He laughed aloud. "You fool! as if she would. Your pliant reed was stronger than you deemed, my friend. And now what are you going to do?"

Leon looked at the persecutor in helpless bewilderment. "Do?" he said. "What can I do?"

"Find her, of course. She cannot be hard to trace. She has not a friend here, her knowledge of the language is but slight. Gold will buy any secret—it has a thousand eyes. Ere tomorrow's sun has set I will bring you home information, or I am much mistaken."

The Frenchman gazed at him as if fascinated. "Your power is wonderful," he said.

The Prussian laughed aloud. "Take you heed how you thwart it, my friend. If it had not been for your confounded folly this would not have happened. Never try and slip your head out of the noose as your fair daughter has done, otherwise it will be worse for you a thousand times than for her."

TO BE CONTINUED.

How Rockets are Made.

Rockets are made for three purposes; for signalling; for decorations or celebrations, or as projectiles in war. For signals, the charge consists of 12 parts of niter, 2 of sulphur, and 3 of charcoal. The ornamental, or decorative, rocket is the one we see used on the Fourth of July, and the composition of which it is made comprises 122 parts of meal or finely pulverised powder, 80 of niter, 40 of sulphur, and 50 of cast-iron filings.

The main part of the rocket is a case, made by rolling stout paper, covered on one side with paste, around a wooden form, at the same time applying considerable pressure. The end is then "choked," or brought tightly together, with twine.

The paper case thus made is next placed in a copper mold, so that a conical copper spindle will pass up through the choke, and the composition is then poured in and packed by blows of a mallet on a copper drift or packing-tool made to fit over the spindle. The top of the case is now closed with a layer of moist plaster-of-paris one inch thick, perforated with a small hole for the passage of the flame to the upper part, or "pot." The pot is formed of another paper cylinder slipped over and pasted to the top of the case and surmounted by a paper cone filled with tow. The "decorations" are placed in the pot and are scattered through the air when the flame, having passed through the aperture of the plaster, reaches a small charge of meal powder, placed in the pot. The stick is a piece of pine wood, tapering, and about nine times the length of the rocket. It is to guide the rocket in its flight. The decorations in the pot may be "stars," "serpents," "marrons," "gold-rain," and so on. "Marrons" are small paper shells filled with ground powder and pinned with quick-match. Serpents are small cases about 1/2 inches in diameter in which is a composition of 3 parts niter, 3 sulphur, 16 meal powder, 3 charcoal. This composition is driven in the case, the top of which is closed by plaster-of-paris, having a small aperture through which passes a piece of quick-match.

Lieut. W. R. Hamilton, U. S. A., in St. Nicholas.

Less goods than common is used this year in the manufacture of bathing-suits, remarks a fashion paper.

Official and estimated returns from every county in the state of Pennsylvania show that the prohibition amendment was defeated by 188,449 majority.

It is reported that very stringent orders have been issued to the Canadian fishery protection fleet, and violations of the law by American vessels will subject them to prompt seizure.

Information received by the Canadian government states that mackerel have struck into North Bay in large numbers. The mackerel are said to be large, and are fetching good prices in the local markets.

For the first time in twelve years dark hair is said to prevail in Vassar's graduating class. Every day seems to bring some new trial to the "favor-losing blondes," as a southern periodical pathetically characterizes them.

Reports from all but twelve counties in Pennsylvania show a majority of 146,994 against the amendment providing for the repeal of the fifty-cent poll-tax qualification. The majority against it will be still further increased.

A resident of Seattle offers to give \$20,000 towards a new town hall if they will renounce the place. He suggests Edinburg, but is not particular if they call it Smith City. Anything but Seattle, which is the Indian name for dry bones.

A Connecticut woman is suing her neighbor for damages for putting up fly screens. She claims that the flies which cannot get into the neighbor's house on this account will come to her, and she will thereby have double the usual number.

A case, which is believed to be yellow fever, is reported at Brooklyn, N. Y. The sick man is Dr. Duncan, surgeon of the Pacific Mail steamship Colon, who was stricken with illness when five days out from Aspinwall on the last voyage.

Three hundred delegates to the World Sunday School Convention, which will be held in London on July 2, 3, 4 and 5, have sailed from New York for the Bohemia. The delegates are from every state in the Union, and many of them came from different parts of Canada.

The bill classifying the clerks in first and second class postoffices has placed the officials of the department in a dilemma. Its enforcement will reduce some salaries in the New York office from \$2,000 to \$1,400, and threatens to demoralize the service in that and other large offices.

It is reported that Frank J. Kastner's brewery at Newark, N. J., with an output of seventy thousand barrels a year, has been sold to a syndicate for \$300,000. P. Ballantine & Sons have published a card denying that they have sold, or have any idea of selling, their large brewery interest in Newark.

Upon the recommendation of the civil service commission the president has amended rule 10 of the civil service rules, so as to do away with the limitation of one year within which reinstatement may legally be made to officers within the classified service, so far as it affects ex-Union soldiers and sailors.

Between 200 and 200 persons were standing on a frame structure, forty feet high, in Philadelphia the other evening, obtaining a free view of the "Fall of Babylon," when the roof collapsed, hurling nearly half of them to the ground. A large number were injured. Three received broken bones and were otherwise seriously hurt.

Governor Hill of New York has vetoed the compulsory education bill, because it is "unnecessarily offensive in its invasions of the liberty of the citizen and in its interference with the control of parents over their children," and because it exempts no emergency of sickness from the compulsory requirement. He claims that the bill is loosely drawn and that the proposed truants' home would be a costly experiment.

The barrel-boat in which Professor C. D. Graham, the whirlpool rapids navigator, intends to go over Niagara Falls early in July, is buoy-shaped, 13 feet long, 3 1/2 feet across the center and two feet across the ends. It has 24 iron hoops encircling it and five running lengthwise. The boat is divided into three compartments and in the ends are air chambers. The foohardly navigator intends to place himself in the center. There is a manhole on top which the occupant closes after he gets into the boat.

Among the most interesting fetes during the French exhibition will be the international gymnastic feast at Vincennes. It will be a monster athletic demonstration, no fewer than 13,000 gymnasts, French and foreign, taking part in it. They will be lodged in tents extending from the chateau to the Polygone. France will be represented by 450 societies, Belgium by fifty-two, and Switzerland by forty, while Italy, Denmark, Holland, Sweden and Norway, Luxembourg, and other nations will send their crack bands.

Played a Joke on the Sheriff. Sheriff Barry of Missaukee county had two wags of prisoners in his jail. While he was attending a plug horse race the other day these two chaps succeeded in getting out of a long and tight cell. On the end of the wire they made a hook, and after working about an hour succeeding in fishing up both the keys to the cell and the jail. They then let themselves out, starting at once for the race course. The gatekeeper demanded pay from the men, but, of course, they were unable to put up the colonial. Not to be dismayed by so small a thing as that, they went to the other side of the grounds and sneaked in. The sheriff was completely dumfounded when they presented themselves to him and requested that they be taken back to jail and locked up. After the races all three returned, affording much amusement to everybody in Lake City.

A Lucky Finn. Duluth (Minn.) Tribune July 16.

William Dalquist is the name of a lucky Finlander who at present is a day laborer in R. A. Gray's saw mill at the West End. The fact is, William, who has been in this country some six years or more and who has been a hard worker all his life, is one of the lucky persons who drew a "plum," at the drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery held on June 18 last, he holding one-fourth of ticket "41,695," which drew the capital prize of \$600,000. When Mr. Dalquist was made aware of his good fortune by a statement in the Tribune that that number was the lucky one, he was overjoyed beyond measure and was the recipient of many congratulations from his numerous friends and at the same time a few were envious of his good fortune. Mr. W. A. Foote immediately offered Dalquist \$14,800 for his little slip of paper, but William thought he would do his own cashing and thus save the \$300, which he has done. As soon as he came to the city he was met by a crowd of admirers, and he will at once proceed to Finland, where his father and mother, who are poor people, live. The \$15,000, Mr. Dalquist says, will be more than enough to keep his parents, himself and one of Finland's fairest daughters, who he has just married, from slight distortion of his facial muscles, tending to a smile) for the rest of their days.

What wrought the change? This woman's face

Is ruddy with a rose's grace.
Her eye is bright,
Her heart is light,
Ah, truly, 'tis a goodly sight.

A few brief months ago her cheek
Was pallid and her step was weak.
"The end is near"
For her, I fear,
Sighed many a friend who held her dear.

I can tell you what wrought the change
In her, who suffered untold misery from a complication of female troubles, that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription would certainly cure her. This friend "knew whereof she spoke," for she had been cured by the remedy she advised her friend to use. She is enthusiastic in its praise, and tells her friends that Dr. Pierce deserves the universal gratitude of womankind for having given it this infallible remedy for its peculiar ailments. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction in every case or money refunded.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, one a dose. Cure headache, constipation and indigestion.

A German photographer, Anshuetz of Lissa, after some years' experimenting in photographing the flight of cannon balls, has at last succeeded in obtaining photographs of the trajectory of balls moving at a velocity of 1,300 feet per second, and an exposure of only the ten-thousandth part of second.

August 6th and 20th, Sept. 10th and 24th, and Oct. 6th the Fremont, Elkhorn & Missouri Valley Railroad Co. "The North-Western Line," will run a series of Harvest Excursions to points on that line in Nebraska, The Black Hills and Central Wyoming at one half regular rates, and if you desire some further information communicate with J. R. Buchanan, Gen. Pass. Agent at Omaha, Nebraska, who will fully advise you.

Have you tried "Tanhill's Punch" Cigars.
In Edison's laboratory are samples of almost every known substance. During the progress of the experiments with the incandescent electric light, in a manner which was used for the carbon filament. Finally the shreds of one particular variety of bamboo was found to be the best. Edison owes his success to the patient investigation of substances suited to the strain to be put upon them.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

The streets of Pekin, China, are described by a traveler as composed of dust a foot or more deep when the weather is dry, and mud from one to three feet deep when the weather is wet. The sewage of the city is dumped in the streets, which are higher in the middle than on the sides. Between the mud, the dust and the indescribable stench, the place is obnoxious to anyone with any refinement at all.

If Dobbin's Electric Soap is what so many people insist that it is, you cannot afford to go without it. Your grocer has it, or can get it, and you can decide for yourself very soon. Don't let another Monday pass without trying it.

Jeffrey Hudson was only 18 inches tall when he made his first appearance before the king of England, served up, it is said in a cold pie.

Interested People.
Advertising a patent medicine in the peculiar way in which the proprietor of Kemp's Balsam, for coughs and colds, does it is indeed wonderful. He authorizes all druggists to give those who call for it a sample bottle free, that they may try it before purchasing. The large bottles are 50c each. We certainly would advise a trial. It may save you from consumption.

John de Estrix of Mechlin, who lived in 1592, at 35 years of age had a long beard, and was but three feet in height.

Grand Harvest Excursions
Will run via the Wabash line to points in Kansas, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Dakota, Colorado, and all parts of the west, on August 20, September 10 and 24 and October 10. Rate one fare for round trip. For particulars apply to nearest Wabash ticket agent.

The remarkable Chinese dwarf Chemah is now 50 years old, while his height is just 25 inches.

Excelsior Springs, Mo.
Unequaled as a health and pleasure resort. Finest Watering Place hotel in the west. The waters will positively cure all kidney and liver diseases, dyspepsia, diabetes, female complaints, skin and blood diseases, etc.

For handsomely illustrated descriptive pamphlet, apply to F. Chandler, G. P. & T. A. "Wabash Line," St. Louis, Mo.

The Post-Mortem Would Settle It.
A Scotchman was so seriously ill that a consultation of physicians was called, but even the combined skill and knowledge of 40 M. D.'s seemed baffled in determining for a certainty the sick man's ailment. At last the physicians had left the patient turned to his attendant, a fellow countryman, and asked:

"Sandy, dinna they say what was the matter wi' me?"

"Naw, mon, they dinna ken yet," was the reply, "but the post-mortem will settle it."

Leprosy in the East.
The discussion consequent upon the increase of leprosy in the east tends to serious conflicts of opinion regarding its cause. One authority declares it to be a question the result of a hot and damp climate; another says that it comes from bathing when in a state of perspiration; a third from sitting in a draught; a fourth says that it is hereditary; a fifth that it is contagious, and so is caught like scarlet fever; and another accepts the sentiment of the ancient Jews, and asserts a belief in its being a punishment for sin.

The Old Was Better.
There is something exquisitely touching in the experience of an aged and eminent lawyer who had built himself an elegant house in the fashionable suburb of Reading, Pa., and moved into it a fortnight ago, only to move back again last week.

The new house was magnificent, but it was not home. The old was better, and the whole family longed for its plain comforts. With rare courage, they dared the ridicule of their neighbors, confessed their love of home, turned their backs on novel splendors, and sought their old homestead and are happy. Many there are who have the experience that impelled this family to turn their backs on the novelties of wealth, but few there are who have the courage to act on their convictions and exchange the shadow for the substance.

He "Jined from the Mark."
An old fellow was notorious for sheating in horse trading, and would have yearned to the bone in purchasing a note. The old fellow was finally overtaken with a pious streak and joined the church. At a prayer meeting he spoke of the happiness he felt since he had been enrolled in the mantle of the church, and declared that he had seen the errors of his ways and was making a studious effort to reform.

One of the brethren who was at the meeting had been cheated badly in a "hoss" trade, and when he heard the word "reform" coming from the lips of the brother who had cheated him, with a Yankee twang he said: "How about restitution?" This was a puzzler to the converted reformer, but he met the emergency by replying: "I jine from the mark; not a minute backwards."

J. A. Johnson, Medina, N. Y., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me." Sold by druggists, 75c.

One Way to Make Ground Glass.
A writer on this subject says: "I desired to have several pieces of ground glass for some purpose. I first bought five cents' worth of emery and two plates of glass of the size required. Spoiled negatives will answer, if they are cleaned, which can be done with a strong solution of lye. I placed one of the glasses on a flat board, and sprinkled a small quantity of emery on it, which I wetted with water. Placing the other glass on that, I ground them together, renewing the emery and water whenever necessary. In about one hour I had two of the finest quality of ground glasses, fully as good as those I would have to pay 75 cents for, \$x10 size."

A Fairy Tale.
A famous woodsman once boasted that he could find his way through a wilderness and return by the same path. Being tested, he carried with him a slender thread, which should serve as a guide for the return trip. Reaching the end of his journey, he lay down to rest. While he rested came the genius of industry and breathed upon his thread and changed it into two shining ribbons of steel. It was a railroad. Throngs of people whirled past him in luxurious cars, and he read upon the train the mystic legend: "Wisconsin Central!"

Mrs. Louisa Shepherd at the time of her death was 81 inches high and weighed 39 pounds.

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.

Sato Yukichi is said to be over 50 years of age, and only one foot three inches tall.

TRADE MARK
JACOBS OIL
THE GREAT
REMEDY FOR PAIN
IT CONQUERS PAIN.
Relieves and cures HEADACHE,
RHEUMATISM, Toothache, Sprains,
NEURALGIA, BRUISES,
Sciatica, Lumbago, Burns and Scalds.
At Druggists and Dealers.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

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

THE "OHIO"
TUBULAR WELL AND
PROSPECTING MACHINE
Famous for excavating where
others have failed.
SELF-CLEANING.
Drill drops 60 to 90 times
a minute.
CATALOGUE FREE.
LOOMIS & NYMAN,
TIFFIN, OHIO.

DUTCHER'S
FLY KILLER
Makes a clean sweep. Every
sheet will kill a quart of flies.
Stops buzzing around ears.
Keeps flies from swarming
about the face. Kills house
flies, mosquitoes, and all
other annoying insects.
D. R. DUTCHER, St. Albans, Vt.

IRRIGATED LANDS IN Rio Pecos Valley,
New Mexico. In Southern New
Mexico, there are 250,000 acres
of stone soil, abundance of pure water, a delightful
climate all the year; almost continuous sun-
shining, little or no frost, and the best of the
U. S., no consumption, no malaria. 200 acres
will yield 100 bushels of wheat. For full
information, send 25 cents for 2 sheets to
Investment Co., 84 Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

Pain's Remedy for Catarrh is the
Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Sold by druggists or sent by mail.
E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

\$75.00 to \$250.00 A MONTH can be
made working for us.
Agents preferred who can furnish a horse and give
their whole time to the business. Start your own
business profitably and easily. A few vacancies in towns
and cities. B. F. JOHNSON, President, 1000
Holland, Va. N. B.—Please state age and business ex-
perience. Never mind about sending stamp for
reply. B. F. & Co.

PENSION JOHN W. MOHR'S,
Practical Conveyancer,
U. S. Pension Bureau, Atty
at Law, Washington,
D. C. Thousands of
original, increase, re-reading, widows' and children's
and dependent relatives'. Experience 3 yrs. in last
year, 15 yrs. in Pension Bureau and attorney since.

DETECTIVES
Wanted in every county. Shrewd men to act under instruction,
in our Secret Service. Experience not necessary. Send 25 cents
to Grand Detective Bureau Co., 44 Arcade, Cincinnati, O.

BASE BALL
Chatwick's Manual
112 x 5 in. 70 pages.
SENT FREE on application enclosing one cent.
Holland, N. O. Box 150, Philadelphia, Pa.

OPIUM
Habit. The only certain
cure. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

PENSIONS
Write J. L. STANLEY, President,
Blanks, Vetted and Rejected
Claims a Specialty. Mention this paper.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES
A sure ASTHMA
cure. Sold by all
Druggists and Dealers.
J. L. Kidder, Lowell, Mass.

\$5 to \$8 a day. Samples worth \$2.15 FREE.
Lines not used in the U. S. or Canada.
Star Safety-Ray Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

W. N. U., D.—VII—33.
When writing to Advertisers please say
you saw the advertisement in this paper.

JOSEPH H. HUNTER
Attorney, Washington, D. C.
WILL GET UP REVISION
without delay.

KINGSTON.

It is awful dry. Oh, just a little rain. Bring in your wheat. Business is dull this week. Dust! more dust!! most dust!!! News is a scarce article this week.

Mrs. O. A. Briggs was in Cass City Monday and Tuesday. The place to sell your wheat is at the grist mill or elevator. Sheriff Randall of Caro was in town on Monday on official business.

Mrs. P. H. Clark of Illinois is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. McGinnis. Johnnie Matthews is on the sick list, but at this writing is considerable better.

Dr. Wilson of Ann Arbor is here assisting Dr. Simenton in his large practice.

Boydell Bros' agent of Detroit was in town on Monday in the interest of this firm.

Mrs. Stephenson, who was reported dangerously ill in our last issue is improving.

Mrs. and Mrs. O. A. Briggs were in Pontiac on Wednesday attending the soldier's reunion.

J. D. and A. McArthur of Novesta were down to the Kingston roller mill with grists this week.

Born to Mrs. Sarah E. Warner on Wednesday last, a girl. Both mother and babe are doing well.

Nathan Matthews is running the engine in the grist mill during the absence of his brother, Johnnie.

Mr. McCarrick of York State, the father of Mrs. Stephenson is here. He will remain until his daughter is well.

A. B. Jackson and family of Marlette were visiting their many friends in this place on Friday and Saturday of last week.

Mrs. J. M. Torrey and daughter Ina returned home from Bay View Thursday night. Miss Ina is improving very rapidly.

Postmaster Torrey is having the rooms in his new building, which he will use for living purposes, pushed to completion.

Mrs. J. H. Winegar and Mrs. T. H. Fritz of Cass City were the guests of Elder Beach and wife over Sunday. They returned home Monday.

A supper was given by the Baptist society in the Jarvis building last Friday evening, which proved an enjoyable affair. The proceeds netted \$13.75.

H. S. Youngs, Martin Gage, Wallace King, John Pool, H. C. Pelton, A. D. Moyer and H. H. Miller attended the soldier's reunion at Pontiac on Wednesday and Thursday.

E. E. Pulling and wife returned home from Caradoc, Ont., last Wednesday. They were accompanied by Miss Ethel Riley, who will visit her sister, Mrs. H. A. Pulling, for a few weeks.

It must make a young man feel cheap to drive into town with a young lady and, after assisting her out of the vehicle, and excusing himself while he hitches his horse, to see her immediately get into another rig with another young man and drive away. But, girls will do it, you know.

A sad accident occurred in Almer last Friday. As Mr. Spears was in a hay loft throwing down some hay for the horses he missed his footing and fell to the floor, and in descending he struck his head on a ladder, crushing his head. The poor man lived until Sunday. He was buried on Tuesday.

FORECLOSURE SALE—Notice is hereby given that a mortgage dated the twenty-first day of March, 1882, by executed by Dan. D. Mc-Mongle and Belle C. Mc-Mongle to George Perry in and recorded in the register of deeds in Tuscola county, and state of Michigan in liber 66 of mortgages on page 304, on the 22d day of March, 1882, and which said mortgage was assigned by the said George Perry to A. T. Slaght by an assignment dated the 28th day of May, 1889, and recorded in the register of deeds in Tuscola county in liber 66 of mortgages on page 304, on the 29th day of May, 1889, that default has been made in the condition of said mortgage, and there is claimed to be due on said mortgage the sum of one hundred and thirty dollars and twelve cents, and under the power of sale in said mortgage that under the power of sale in said mortgage a sale of the mortgaged premises, at public vendue, to the highest bidder on Monday, the 21st day of October, 1889, at ten o'clock in the forenoon at the front door of the court house in the town of Caro, in said Tuscola county, and village of Caro, in said Tuscola county, and that said premises are described as: All that certain piece or parcel of land situated in the township of Koyiton, in the county of Tuscola and state of Michigan described as follows to wit: The north half of the southeast quarter of section north half of town eleven (11) north of range eleven (11) east, containing eighty acres of land or the same more or less, and will be sold as aforesaid to satisfy the amount due on said mortgage with the interest that may accrue thereon after this date and the costs of foreclosure.

Dated July 25th, 1889.

A. T. SLAGHT, Assignee of Mortgage.

WIXSON & QUINN, Attorneys for Assignee.

M'GINNIS HOTEL

Good Sample Rooms. Livery in connection. Rates, \$1.00 per day.

JAMES M'GINNIS, Proprietor.

KINGSTON MICHIGAN.

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.

\$65.00 WITH LESSONS FREE.

No shoddy Organ with weak tone, but a solid black walnut one with 122 reeds. Warranted 7 years.

Organ, Stool, Book & Term of Lessons \$65.00. C. M. MORRIS, 314 Gen. Ave. S. Saginaw

CARO Marble Works

Invites you to call and stock and prices before purchasing.

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

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

COME AND SEE

The works for yourselves.

Located opposite Exchange Bank

Owned and operated by W. L. PARKER.

FARMERS!

I want all of your wheat.

I want to buy all the wheat raised in this country, and

I will pay the HIGHEST PRICES for the same.

N. SMITH KINGSTON.

FOR SALE CHEAP AND ON EASY TERMS.

See S. W. 1/4 of S. W. 1/4, section 34, town 14, north, range 11 east, except part lying south of the river; also, except one acre of southeast corner. Inquire of

A. T. SLAGHT & CO., Caro, Mich.

Home References!

J. ETHERINTON'S LIVER SYRUP.

For the radical cure of all Liver, Stomach, Bowels, Kidney and Blood Disorders. Constipation, which in its varied forms, sees the death of more persons annually than all other diseases combined is easily overcome by this meritorious remedy, which cures easily, rapidly and effectually.

This preparation is invaluable as a curative for Billiousness, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Liver complaint, Heart Trouble, Kidney Disease, Jaundice Piles, Scrofula, Blood Diseases, Female Diseases, Blood Disorders, Etc. Price, \$1 per Bottle.

GRANT, May 2, 1889. Mr. John Etherinton. Dear Sir—I have used your Liver Syrup for lame back and it has given immediate relief. I can recommend it to the afflicted as a genuine medicine.

DUNCAN McPHAIL. GRANT, May 21st, 1889. Mr. John Etherinton. Sir—After having doctored for fifteen years with three good physicians, Dr. Anderson, Smith's Falls, Ont.; Dr. Parker, Toledo, Ont. Dr. Burritt, Smith's Falls, Ont. I received no benefit from their medicine, but after having taken about six bottles of your Liver Syrup I feel entirely cured, and cheerfully recommend it to all afflicted with Liver complaint.

Mrs. MARY A. WALLACE. BROOKFIELD, May 21st, 1889. Mr. John Etherinton. Sir—I feel it my duty to say a few words for the benefit of the sick. I heartily recommend your Liver Syrup. I have been troubled over one year with my kidneys. I have taken one-half a bottle of your Liver Syrup and it is helping me right along.

Yours with respect. JOSEPH MOSHER. GRANT, May 21st, 1889. Gentlemen—I feel it my duty to inform you of the benefit which I received from Mr. Etherinton's Liver Syrup. I was troubled with Dyspepsia for four years. I tried mostly all the patent medicine that I could hear of on record, and didn't receive but very little benefit until I tried Mr. Etherinton's medicine, which done me more good than any other medicine. I could not keep anything on my stomach, but I would vomit shortly after eating, and two bottles of this Syrup has cured me so I can eat and work without any trouble. I would recommend it to all afflicted with this disease.

Yours truly. JOHN McKAY. GRANT, May 16th, 1889. Mr. John Etherinton. Sir—We have used your Liver Syrup in our family for several years and find it to be first-class, and would not be without it for twice its cost, and I feel it my duty to recommend it to the public, for when they once use it they will never be without it.

Yours with respect. OLIVER MARCH. GRANT, May 17th, 1889. Mr. John Etherinton. Sir—We have used your Liver Syrup in our family for several years, and we have found it to be one of the best that can be found for family use, and we heartily recommend it to every body.

Yours respectfully. JOHN ASHMORE. GRANT, May 16th, 1889. Mr. John Etherinton. Sir—We have used your Liver Syrup for the past eight years, and find it to be first-class in all respects, and cannot be too highly recommended. I would not be without it for twice its cost, and I can fully recommend it to the public as a first-class medicine.

Yours very respectfully. JOHN MARCH. GRANT, May 20th 1889. Mr. John Etherinton. Sir—I have been troubled with Kidney complaint for the last eight years and have been doctoring all the time. I got a bottle of your Liver Syrup, and have been taking it for about three weeks, and it has helped me more than all the medicine I have taken. I would recommend your Liver Syrup to all troubled with the Kidneys.

Yours truly. RUFUS HALLACK. GRANT, May 18th, 1889. Mr. John Etherinton. Sir—I feel it my duty to say a few words to the sick. I heartily recommend your Liver Syrup to all afflicted. I know it is good. I used it for headache and I never used anything better, and I can feel it my duty to recommend it to the public.

Yours with respect. JOHN McVICAR. J. ETHERINTON'S PAIN KILLER.

Conquers all pain and cures Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Cramps, Colic, Etc. Price, 50 cents per bottle.

J. ETHERINTON'S COUGH CURE.

A perfectly reliable Remedy for Colds, Coughs, Hoarseness, Pneumonia and all Lung Troubles, including Pulmonary Consumption. Secure a bottle at once. Price, 50 cts.

J. ETHERINTON'S Celebrated EYE WATER.

Cures all Sore Eyes, Inflammation, Granulation of the Eye-Lids, Etc. All Communications Should Be Addressed To

JOHN ETHERINTON, CASS CITY, MICH.

H. A. PULLING

Will sell Hats AT COST

for the next thirty days.

We have a full line of

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,

BOOTS AND SHOES ETC.

My prices defy competition.

Highest prices paid for PRODUCE.

H. A. PULLING

TO THE FARMERS!

I desire to announce, as new wheat is now ready for flouring,

that I am doing all kinds of custom work, and as I keep a stock of flour on hand I am prepared to exchange the same for grists, and thus save you time.

My mill will be open day and night (for accommodation) and you are invited to bring wheat to the

Kingston Mill,

and get 39 POUNDS of No. 1 FLOUR for a bushel of No. 1 wheat. My prices are as low as the lowest.

Aug. 1. **O. A. BRIGGS.**

GO TO THE

ENTERPRISE JOB ROOMS

For Artistic Printing.

TO FARMERS: YOU dictate to our customers, the Threshermen, we'll talk to you, too.

You will save ("save" of course) grain, gain income 1 to 2 cents; save fuel and water, save time, avoid danger from fire!! And avoid long delays from "break downs" by having an UPTON RIG do your threshing.

WHY? (Always ask a Threshing Machine Agent) because "Upton's 1880 Combination" (name of our separator) with reasonable handling will waste less of your grain (measures!!). Actually all the way from 8 to 20 square feet more separation than in other machines, because nine times out of ten your grain will come from it in a better marketable condition. Our mill SCREENS the grain! Examine your grain; no matter how nice a job you have done you will find straw joints, at least, unless the work is done by a "COMBINATION," and it threshes fast as any.

Why is it to your interest to have an "UPTON" Engine run a machine which does your threshing? Because we use the "SOUTH BEND" Spark Arrestor, the only perfectly safe Thresher Smoke Stack yet invented. Double that of other makers do not use it—its cost is double that of a common stack. Because the "UPTON" Engines, on account of their construction, actually use anywhere from 15 to 50 per cent less fuel than others.

Accidents will happen. Our works are a great deal nearer your place than any other factory of the kind. Less annoyance and expense might be caused by delay than if it repairs had to be sent from a long distance.

Patronize Home Industries. Why should you employ a thresherman who has an "UPTON" outfit, other things being equal? Because you will be patronizing and helping to build up in this part of splendid Old Michigan a valuable home industry. Kindly give us such support as you can, and such as you may decide we deserve.

UPTON M'FG. Co., PORT HURON, MICH.

P. O. UPTON WORKS, (2 mill west) ST. CLAIR CO., MICH.

DR. GEO. SIMENTON, PHYSICIAN and Surgeon. Office in drug store, Kingston Mich.

Pontiac, Oxford & Port Austin Railroad. TIME TABLE NO. 16.

GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.	Freight		Pass.
	A. M.	P. M.	
Pontiac.....	9:30	6:00	A. M. 8:00
Oxford.....	11:15	7:00	8:45
Dryden.....	12:32	7:50	9:26
Inlay City.....	1:08	8:10	9:45
North Branch.....	2:50	9:02	10:32
Clifford.....	3:20	9:22	10:52
Kingston.....	3:58	9:45	11:12
Wilmetts.....	4:18	9:58	11:22
DePout.....	4:35	10:07	11:31
Cass City.....	5:10	10:25	11:49
Gagetown.....	5:45	10:55	12:10
Owendale.....	6:10	11:00	12:20
Berrie.....	7:00	11:42	12:42
Caseville.....	7:30	12:00	1:00

GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.	Pass.		Freight
	P. M.	A. M.	
Caseville.....	4:00	A. M. 5:00	5:00
Berrie.....	4:19	5:30	5:30
Owendale.....	4:42	5:45	5:45
Gagetown.....	4:55	5:30	6:05
Cass City.....	5:10	5:30	6:30
DePout.....	5:26	5:48	6:35
Wilmetts.....	5:34	5:58	6:50
Kingston.....	5:44	6:15	7:15
Clifford.....	6:03	6:40	7:35
North Branch.....	6:18	7:05	7:50
Inlay City.....	6:58	7:55	8:15
Dryden.....	7:13	8:20	8:45
Oxford.....	7:52	9:30	9:26
Pontiac.....	8:30	10:30	2:00

Saginaw, Tuscola & Huron R. R.

TIME TABLE. Trains going North.

STATIONS.	A. M. P. M. A. M.	
	No. 2 No. 4 No. 5	No. 1 No. 3 No. 5
East Saginaw.....	Depart. 8:30	4:50 11:13
Pair Grove.....	8:50	5:10 11:22
Unionville.....	9:10	5:31 11:45
Sebewaing.....	9:40	6:00 12:10
Bayport Junction.....	9:46	6:00 12:10
Bayport Junction.....	Depart. 9:53	6:12 12:18
P. O. & P. A. R. Crossing.....	10:00	6:20 12:20
Robinsons.....	10:25	6:45 12:40
Bad Axe.....	10:43	7:00 12:50

Trains going South.

STATIONS.	A. M. P. M. A. M.	
	No. 1 No. 3 No. 5	No. 2 No. 4 No. 5
Bad Axe.....	Depart. 6:40	3:20 7:20
Robinsons.....	6:55	3:35 7:30
Elkton.....	7:06	3:42 7:37
Bayport Junction.....	Depart. 7:26	4:03 7:53
Bayport Junction.....	7:32	4:09 10:03
Sebewaing.....	7:37	4:13 10:13
Unionville.....	8:02	4:44 11:20
Pair Grove.....	8:24	5:10 11:22
East Saginaw.....	8:49	5:31 11:46
Reese.....	9:20	6:00 12:25

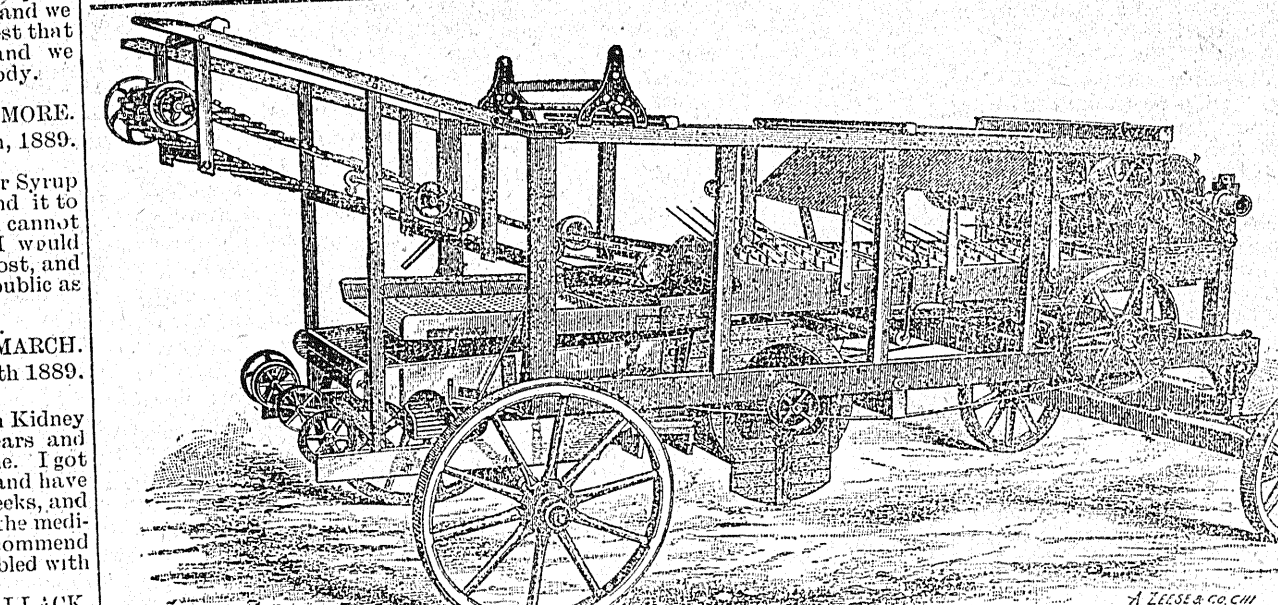
This is the only direct route from the Saginaw Valley to Caseville, Port Austin, Sand Beach, and other towns in the "Thumb."

CONNECTIONS. East Saginaw—With F. & P. M. Ry for Detroit Toledo and the Northwest. With the S. & St. L. Ry. for St. Louis, etc. With P. H. & N. W. for Yassar, Marlette, etc. With Michigan Central Ry. for points on Jackson, Lansing and Saginaw and Detroit, Saginaw & Bay City divisions.

Berrie Junction—With P. O. & P. A. Ry. for Caseville Cass City and Pontiac. Bad Axe—With P. H. & N. W. Ry. for Port Austin, Sand Beach & Sand Beach, etc. ROBERT LAUGHLIN, Sup.

BUCKLER'S ARNIC SALVE.

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



1st.—One of the best Cylinders. 2d.—The best! grain saver—more square feet of separation. 3d.—The best! cleaner. 4th.—The best! not only in wheat and in oats (wet or dry) but in every grain possible to thresh!! See how little chance there is for winnowing. 5th.—As fast as any. 6th.—Requires as little if not less power. 7th.—Well built from good material—strong and durable as any. 8th.—Is lower, looks smaller and weighs as little as the lightest. Above is the verdict of hundreds of men who have used the "Combination" and is as strong and well built as possible. The 1880 "Combination" is something of an improvement on former years and is as strong and well built as possible.

Send for 1889 Printed Matter. Come to our Works, and see our Machines, and talk with the Company (beats buying from pictures of a State Agent?) And if you can honestly say we have misrepresented we will pay your expenses and do so while here we will pay your expenses—pay all your expenses if we fill your order, that's right!!

"Seeing is believing." You are sure to miss it by buying elsewhere before at least examining here.

Eight trains a day stop at four Works when flagged.

UPTON M'FG. Co., PORT HURON, MICH.

P. O. UPTON WORKS, (2 mill west) ST. CLAIR CO., MICH.