

Cass City Enterprise.

BROWNE BROS., Publishers.
One Dollar Per Year.

CASS CITY, MICH., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1889.

VOLUME 8.—NO. 35.
Whole No. 449.

B. F. BROWNE. A. H. BROWNE.
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
at the expiration of that time.

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

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

I. O. O. F.
CASS CITY LODGE, No. 203, meets every Wed-
nesday evening at 7:30. Visiting brethren cor-
dially invited.
J. L. HITCHCOCK, N.G.
I. A. FRITZ, Secretary.

G. A. R.
MILO WARNER POST, No. 74, Cass City, meets
the second and fourth Tuesday evenings of each
month. Visiting comrades cordially invited.
A. N. HATCH, Commander.
C. WOOD, Adjutant.

K. O. T. M.
Cass City Tent, No. 74, meets the first Friday
evening of each month, at 7:30. Visiting Sir
Knights cordially invited.
W. D. SCHOOLESY, RECORD KEEPER.
JAS. OUTWATER, COMMANDER

Cass City Bank!

ESTABLISHED APRIL 18, 1882

We solicit business from small deposi-
tors. We will pay you a liberal rate of
interest for your money. We have special
facilities for investing saving deposits and
intend to make this a special feature of
our business.

Parties who have Real Estate Loans
maturing this fall will do well to call on
us. We are making very low rates on
Mortgage Loans. It is much more con-
venient for people residing in this section
to pay their interest at their home bank
than to be obliged to send it to Caro,
Bad Axe, or elsewhere.

School districts intending to issue
Bonds to retire present issue, or to build
new buildings, we invite you to call and
see us. We have funds to invest on this
class of security at VERY LOW RATES.

We have recently purchased a modern
Burglar Proof Safe and are now building
a Fire Proof Vault to receive the same.
When completed, we invite our friends
and customers to call and inspect the
finest "lock-up" in this county.

C. W. McPHAIL, Proprietor. O. K. JAMES, Cashier.

CITY NEWS.
It takes
Only 25 cents
For the ENTERPRISE
From now until Jan. 1st.
Subscribe for your home paper.
Additional local on 5th page.
O. K. James visited Detroit on Friday
last.
W. L. Parker of Caro, was in town
yesterday.
J. L. Hitchcock has a change of ad.
this week.
J. B. Howell of Caro was in the city
on Monday.
Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Hitchcock are in
Detroit this week.
Lawyer Butler visited Sandusky on
business Tuesday.
D. A. Horner of Caro was in the city
on Saturday last.
All kinds of job work done on short
notice at this office.
Miss Kirky, of Canada, visited at Jas.
Brooker's this week.
J. D. Owen, of Owendale, was in town
Tuesday on business.
Jas. Brooker and Miss Mammie Bader
were in Caro on Tuesday.
Mrs. D. Clark has been visiting her
parents in Caro for a few days.
C. Gale and W. I. Dell, of Caseville, so-
journing in town on Tuesday.
Mrs. A. A. McKenzie, who has been
quite ill, is slowly recovering.
J. O. Oakley of Unionville was a caller
at our office on Thursday last.
A. Randall's stallion, Forest King, Jr.,
took first prize at the Caro fair.
L. McLachlan of Argyle was a visitor
at the Tennant house on Sunday.
Quite a number of non-resident pupils
are attending school here this year.
Look out for a rush of drummers next
week, as the exposition closes to-day.
Don't forget, delinquents, that our col-
lector will call on you within 30 days.
A wedding party from Gageton spent
Tuesday evening at the Tennant House.
J. P. Herr and wife are confined to
their home with a severe attack of fever.
Miss Mary Peters of Freiburgers was
the guest of Mrs. Jno. Gordon on Sunday
last.
B. F. Browne of the ENTERPRISE visited
at the parental home in Lexington this
week.
Mrs. Alex. Brown of St. Ignace was the
guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Marr last
week.
According to all reports, the Caro fair
was not a shining success this year, owing
to the inclemency of the weather. Many
farmers who had intended to make an
exhibit there were compelled to can-

cel the same on account of the weather
which prevailed.

Henry Rogers, of Millington, was call-
ing on old acquaintances here Wednes-
day.

Don't forget that you can get the EN-
TERPRISE from now until Jan. 1st, for
25 cents.

Jas. Brackenbury, of Gageton, was
in the city for a short time on Tuesday
evening last.

Bring your auction bills to the EN-
TERPRISE office and get a notice in the paper
free of charge.

H. W. Robinson in his ad. this week
states that now is the time to do busi-
ness. Read it.

J. F. Hendrick this week calls atten-
tion to his new line of goods. Read
his ad. elsewhere.

Geo. Steel of Teeswater, Ontario, was
the guest of his cousins, the Misses Reid,
several days last week.

Mac. Wood left on Wednesday morn-
ing for Detroit, to seek employment in
some dry goods store.

W. D. Mauk of Mt. Morris, Mich., was
in town this week looking after the farm-
er's hay in this vicinity.

H. S. Stewart was manager of E. F.
Marr's clothing store, during the latter's
absence in Detroit this week.

A young lady arrived at the domicile
of Wm. Schwaderer last week with the
intention of making an extended stay.

A. D. Gillies was selling clothing for
McDougall & Co. on Wednesday as John
was doing up Detroit and the exposition.

Dr. McLean was in Gageton last
Friday attending to Dr. Lyman's
patients, while the latter was at the ex-
position.

Pension Agent Thomas of East Sagi-
naw was in town for a few days last week,
looking into some matters regarding
fraudulent pensions.

It is asserted upon good authority
that the Saginaw, Tuscola & Huron rail-
road will be transformed into a standard
gauge early next spring.

The beautiful autumn season opened
out its attractiveness and grandeur on
Monday, making a striking comparison
with the weather of last week.

Mrs. E. L. Robinson visited friends
and relatives in Detroit and vicinity for
several days this week. In consequence,
Dr. has been rather lonesome.

The rainy weather of last week had a
bad effect on the fairs which were held
during that period. Ugly, Marlette and
Caro were all pretty nearly knocked out.

A job that holds good twelve months
in the year is not to be found every day.
Such a position is offered in the "ad."
"MEN! MEN! MEN!" Salary and expenses
paid.

Miss Agar, who has occupied the
rooms in the rear of J. L. Hitchcock's
block for dressmaking moved into the
front rooms of the second story this
week.

Dr. W. C. Meredith of Tyre, Sanilac
county, will have an auction sale of
stock and household goods on Saturday,
Sept. 28th, at two o'clock in the after-
noon.

C. L. Willets of Wayne, Mich., was in
town this week, endeavoring to organize
a lodge of the order of the Red Cross,
but with what success we have been un-
able to learn.

Married at the residence of the bride's
father, in Elmwood township, on the
18th inst., by Rev. N. B. Andrews, Miss
Lillian Gage of Elmwood and Joseph
Cole of Detroit.

C. D. Peterhans, secretary of the
Farmers Mutual Fire Insurance Co., of
this county was in this place on Tues-
day looking after the business interests
of his company.

The Misses Proudfoot of Grant spent
Saturday evening in town, they hav-
ing returned that evening from the De-
troite exposition. They departed for their
home on Sunday.

J. E. McCabb, who has been spending
his vacation recreating in this vicinity,
departed for Detroit on Wednesday, in
search of a situation. Joe's friends will
miss his presence here.

Remember, if you get your auction bills
printed at the ENTERPRISE job rooms
it secures you a notice in the paper free
of charge, which alone is worth almost
as much to you as the bills.

As will be seen by their ad. elsewhere
2 Macks 2 call the attention of the pub-
lic to their large fall stock. Their large
stock of cloaks will arrive this week.
They invite all to call and get prices.

Elders Hugh McCall of Strathroy,
Ont., and A. M. Johnson of Minden City,
will preach morning and evening at the
Winton school house, one week from
next Sunday, Oct. 6th. All interested
in the cause are invited to attend.

A temperance meeting under the aus-
pices of the W. C. T. U., will be held in
the Presbyterian church next Tuesday
evening. Mrs. Moots, state W. C. T. U.
evangelist, will be present and address

the meeting. Suitable music will be
provided for the occasion, and everybody is
invited to attend and show their interest
in the great moral reform.

Married, on Sept. 19th, by Rev. Jas.
McArthur, at his residence, Mark E.
Wright of Elkland and Miss Luella J.
Simkins of Greenleaf. Their many
friends wish them success and happi-
ness.

Owing to a rush of work which has pre-
vailed in the ENTERPRISE office for the
past month or two, we have been com-
pelled to secure extra help, and Wallace
Smith of Port Huron is now a typo in
this office.

The Marlette Leader reached the age
of 12 years last week. Since its present
editor, D. E. Hubbell, has assumed man-
agement of the paper it has rapidly im-
proved, and is as clean a sheet as can be
found anywhere.

A gentleman of this village is gifted
with strong mesmeric qualities, and
gave an evidence of his power on Tues-
day evening, but his subject was of an
excitable nature and made it exceed-
ingly interesting for some of his audience.

Jas. Tucky and Arthur Randall, who
have been sojourning in Dakota for the
past year, returned from that region on
Friday last. They speak in glorious
terms of Dakota, but say that the dry
weather of this season has seriously in-
terfered with the crops.

J. F. Emmons has postponed his
auction sale until Tuesday next, Oct. 1.
Don't forget the date and the place, one
mile north and one-half mile east of
Cass City. This is a great chance to get
articles cheap, as Mr. Emmons informs
us that he must sell out, as he wishes to
get into his hotel as soon as possible.

Among those who have attended the
great fair and exposition at Detroit this
week, are Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Marr, Mr.
and Mrs. J. C. Laing and daughter, Min-
nie, Jno. McDougall, C. W. McPhail and
wife, J. H. Winegar, Mrs. Bader and
daughter Mammie, and many others,
whose names we have been unable to se-
cure.

Wednesday, Sept. 25th, a party of
about a dozen people gathered at the
residence of Mr. E. Fancher to witness
the marriage ceremony of their daughter
Vera and Mr. Millard Burgess of Detroit.
The guests, after the ceremony did
ample justice to a repast fit to grace the
tables of a Detroit hotel. Rev. N. B.
Andrews officiated. The presents were
numerous and costly.

The excursion to Detroit from this
place was largely attended on Wednes-
day last. About 80 persons availed
themselves of the opportunity of seeing
the great Detroit exposition. The P. O.
& P. A. reduced the fare less than one-
half, which made it practicable for all
who desired to go. Such generosity on
the part of the railroad has seldom
been equaled in the state.

The Caro Advertiser, with its usual
enterprise and excellent publishing facili-
ties issued a fair daily during the pro-
gress of the fair at that place last week.
It was equal to a city production, and
required considerable hustling on the
part of its editor to secure the necessary
news of each issue. Brother Slocum was
equal to the task, however, as was evi-
denced by each publication.

We have received a request from the
manager of the Port Huron fair and ex-
position to publish an article in the in-
terest of the great show to be held there
next week, but, inasmuch as it interferes
with the interest of our own county, and
the welfare of the farmers in this section
we have modestly declined to insert in
our paper that which tends to decrease
the prosperity of Tuscola county.

On Tuesday evening, Oct. 15th, will
occur the installation service of N. B.
Andrews as pastor of the Presbyterian
church of this place. Rev. Woodhull,
D. D. of Marlette will preside. Rev.
Dunsin of Vassar will preach the ser-
mon and Rev. L. B. Bissell of Caro will
deliver the charge to the pastor, while
Rev. Woodhull will charge the people.
The service promises to be a very im-
pressive one, and all are invited to at-
tend.

The "Only Great" Dr. Hunter and wife
departed from Cass City last week, the
Dr. having become convinced that the
climate was not congenial to his pocket-
book. To say that the above gentleman
was an impositor and a fraud would be
expressing it in mild terms, and Mr.
Etherinton did what was right and
proper in bouncing him from his employ.
The great English medicines are still sold
by Mr. Etherinton and their merits are
highly spoken of.

Surveyor J. W. Galbraith of Sanilac
county completed his survey of Greenleaf
township last week. While pursuing the
task he found a piece of hemlock wood
of slab shape, and about two and one-
half feet in length. The wood bore an
inscription made by Noah Brookfield, a
surveyor of the U. S. Government, on the
13th day of January, 1835, when Michi-
gan was a territory. Although it is over

54 years ago the lines are perfect and
distinct. The slab was undoubtedly cut
from a quarter post as the markings "1/4
S. B. E." indicates.

On another page in this issue will
be found a large advertisement from A.
Frutchey of Deford. Mr. Frutchey has
disposed of his property to a couple of
gentlemen from Otter Lake, and offers
his stock at a great reduction for the next
30 days. His stock consists of dry goods,
boots and shoes, groceries, hardware,
etc. Anyone wishing to secure goods at
reduced prices should call on Mr. Frutchey
during his last 30 days in Deford. We
have not learned as to the future pros-
pects of the above gentleman, but trust he
will remain a resident of Tuscola county.

We noticed in Wednesday's Detroit
Tribune of last week, that the Cass City
band was expected to be present and
compete for the prizes in the band tour-
nament at the exposition. The above
probably originated in the brain of some
musical chap of this place, as the exposi-
tion offered to send music to any band
which decided to compete. It is needless
to say that the above great would-be
musical organization did not attend,
neither did it secure the music. It takes
more than one head to deceive such men
as the managers of the Detroit exposi-
tion.

Perhaps not many towns in the state
have within their limits such a musical
genius, both in the playing and mechan-
ical line as Oscar Lenzer, Sr., of this
place. A visit to his place of work will
bring to view many unique and elegant
musical instruments of that gentleman's
own manufacture, from the smallest
kind of a banjo to the sweet toned zither,
all of elegant finish and design. Mr. Len-
zer as a composer and musician finds
few able to compete with him in the
knowledge of that art, and especially on
the guitar is he adept. He invites all,
who desire to visit his musical institution,
to call at his place of residence.

Wheat is coming in rather slowly this
year, but the yield, which has been noth-
ing great, is exceedingly good in this lo-
cality. In some cases the kernel is
shrunken, but taken on an average the
crop has been exceedingly bountiful, but
not as good as was expected before the
harvest season commenced. Farmers
do not seem to be in a hurry to get their
grain to market and while waiting, can
put their time in to no better advan-
tage than getting it in shape for market.
Buyers are more particular than former-
ly. There is a disposition among ele-
vator men everywhere to grade grain
more closely. This offers a premium to
the farmer with a load of bright, dry,
clean, plump, well-scrubbed grain, which
comes out of the man whose wheat is
musty, smutty, discolored, shrunken or
mixed with chaff and chaff. Farmers
will find that a little work on this line
will pay well.

Bears are not all exterminated in this
part of Michigan as yet, and occasion-
ally we hear of encounters with these
ferocious beasts around here, but when
such incidents occur within about three
miles of us, it reminds one of the exploits
of the early settlers. One day last week
a large bear was reported to have been
seen on the farm of Marion Williams,
about three and one-half miles from
here, and Mr. Williams and L. G. Matt
stationed themselves in the corn field to
watch for Mr. Bruin. They were only
held in suspense for about five minutes,
when his majesty was seen leisurely strol-
ling through the field. The men immedi-
ately opened fire and put two shots into
his body, but that was just enough to
excite the wrath of the brute and he
backed up against a tree to prepare for
a fight. Two more shots were fired,
which put a quietus on his ferocity,
and he surrendered. He was a large fel-
low, weighing 350 pounds when dressed,
and the skin measured 6 feet 3 inches in
length.

Owing to the large number who are in-
debted to us on subscription, and who
seem to think that a "dun" from us is
merely a notification of the expiration
of their subscription and not intended to
urge the immediate payment of the same,
we have decided to call on our delinquents
in person and B. F. Browne of this firm
will visit you within the next thirty days.
So farmers, and others, who are in arrears,
get your dollars ready and be prepared
for this annual collecting tour. It is need-
less for us to state that it is impera-
tive that our subscribers should pay up
before the next month shall have ex-
pired, as has often been stated in these
columns, it is impossible for a publisher
to run a paper for a whole year and not
receive any compensation for his labor
until the end of that period. If every
merchant would conduct his business on
that plan how long could he hold up un-
der the heavy strain which would event-
ually follow. We have been lenient with
a large number of our subscribers and
have been patient, trusting that after
harvest some attention would be paid
the printer, but patience has ceased to
be a virtue in our case, making it neces-
sary to have a collector on the road.

THE NATIONAL FLAG!

It Will Wave Over Our Public School
in Another Week.

Within the past two weeks the ques-
tion of having the national flag placed
on our public schools throughout the
state has been agitated with consid-
erable earnestness. Many a patriotic
heart has responded, and the press has
lent its voice to aid in the promulgation
of this commendable project. The De-
troit Tribune was the first paper to
bring before the public mind the prop-
erty of having the good old flag plac-
ed at the head of all our institutions of
learning. The director, principal and
pupils of our village school, together
with the editors of the ENTERPRISE,
have become endowed with the patri-
otic spirit and will do homage to the
emblem that is dear to every American
by placing it on the Cass City school.
The plan of raising the fund neces-
sary to purchase the flag is that every
pupil in the school shall contribute
something, whether the amount be
large or small. The flag will be 18x10
feet in dimensions and will cost \$10.50.
A large number of students have al-
ready handed in their donations and
below we give a partial list of the pu-
pils who have generously contributed
to the flag fund. Owing to lack of
space a large number of names has been
omitted this week, but the complete
list of contributors will be published in
our next issue:

HIGH SCHOOL.
Bell Walsley, Cora Farrar,
Nancy McArthur, Samuel Bigelow,
Wm. Brown, Ida Wright,
Andrew Wood, Hettie McIntyre,
Eleanor Wright, Homer Frost,
Chas. Stevenson, Chas. Robinson,
Alice Mahoney, Charlie Seed,
Ella McArthur, Malinda Wright,
Lillie Schenck, Edith Farrar,
Eva Wickware, Jud Brown,
Alma Botsford, Minnie Burg,
Irene Pinney, Bell Munroe,
Mattie Spurgeon, Ella Bader,
Nellie Landrigan, Nell McKenzie,
Hattie Wood, Nelson McClinton,
Robert Walsley, Maggie Blair,
Harry Weydemeyer.

GRAMMAR DEPARTMENT.
Chas. Schenck, Stewart Patterson,
Bert Smithson, Dick Landon,
Mina McIntyre, Hattie Deming,
Colin Monroe, Charlie Duggan,
Win Hennessy, Milla Ostrander,
Kessie Moore, Jane Patterson,
Rena Meiser, Kittie Higgins,
Frank Sheffer, Fennie Higgins,
Pearly Schenck, Eli Travis,
Willie Lyman, Clark McKenzie,
Gertie Duggan, Harry Outwater,
Frank Pettit, Jennie Farrar,
Cashie Wood, Ralph Fletcher,
Edgar Butler, Jessie Crosby,
John Herr, Rettie Sheffer,
Geo. Hefelbower, Fred Smithson,
Bessie Nixon.

INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT.
Claude Leonard, Lucy Hatton,
Nellie Stewart, Jessie Love,
Winnie McClinton, Dugald Monroe,
Spencer Hunt, Trudie Stewart,
Newman Frost, Nellie Bigelow,
Alec Graham, Andrew Cross,
Morse Work, Myrtle Brooker,
Eddie Pinney, Burt Hunt,
Ora Wickware, John Schwaderer,
Iris Hitchcock, Florence Clark,
Herbie Lenzer, Mary Sheffer,
Gertie Schooley, Pearl Hill,
Katie Mahoney, May Macomber,
Edith Hill, Fred Bigelow,
Poral Wright, Ida Striffler,
Herman McPhail, Willie Schwaderer,
Pearl Howell, Mable Schwaderer,
Eugene Andrews, Ethel Howell,
Johnny Ball, Roy Crosby,
Letha Webster, Glen Webster,
John Graham.

Last Call!
All accounts due me must be settled
by Oct. 1st. Do not neglect to heed this
notice, as I mean business this time.
J. H. STRIFFLER.

Boys going to the woods, E. F. Marr,
Cass City, can save you money on your
underwear and heavy goods. Give him
a chance.

Overalls for 25 cents, a good working
shirt for 25 cents, a child's wool hat for
25 cents, men's stiff hats for 25 cents,
men's suits for \$3.00, is the way goods
are selling at E. F. Marr's Cass City.

When visiting town please call and
shake hands with E. F. Marr, the hus-
tling Cass City clothier, Cass City, Mich.

Call in and see if I lie when I say that I
have the largest and most complete
stock in the county, and prices, yum!
yum! so low.
E. F. MARR.

Those Pulsh cloaks at E. F. Marr's
are the nicest I ever saw, and oh, how
cheap.

To the Ladies.
I would say that I will be only too
pleased to have you call and examine my
stock of cloaks. Yours Respectfully,
E. F. MARR.

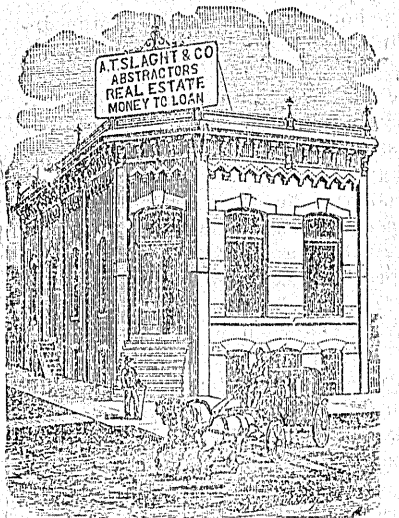
Eupespy.
This is what you ought to have, in fact,
you must have it, to fully enjoy life.
Thousands are searching for it daily, and
mourning because they find it not.
Thousands upon thousands of dollars
are spent annually by our people in the
hope that they may attain this boon,
and yet it may be had by all. We guar-
antee that Electric Bitters, if used accord-
ing to directions and the use persisted in,
will bring you Good Digestion out of the
worst cases, and install instead
firmness of the system and all diseases of Liver,
Stomach and Kidneys. Sold at 50c,
and \$1.00 per bottle by Fritz Bros,
Druggist.

EXCHANGE BANK

REMOVED.

The Exchange Bank is now in the new
and Modern Iron Front Pinney Block,
Main street, Cass City, where we hope
to meet all customers of the past, and
make as many new congenial acquaint-
ances, as we are now prepared to trans-
act business with all who may favor
us with their banking patronage. Inter-
est paid on time certificates of de-
posit, either large or small, the small
deposits receiving equal courtesy. Our
business relations with the people of
this section have been so eminently
satisfactory to us, and judging by your
liberal patronage, we deem it unneces-
sary to further assure you that it shall
always be our aim to regard our custo-
mers' interests equal with our own.
E. H. PINNEY, ALONZO H. ALE,
Proprietor. Cashier

Abstracts of Title.
To all Lands in Tuscola county.
A. T. SLAGHT & CO.,



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.

CARO
Marble Works

invites you to call and see stock and
prices before purchasing.

JUST RECEIVED!
25

NEW MONUMENTS

Of the Latest
Designs.

A full line of all colors and shades con-
sistently on hand at the works.

COME AND SEE
The works for yourselves.

located on Caro Exchange Bank

Owned and operated by
W. L. PARKER.

B. F. BROWNE,
NOTARY

PUBLIC.

CASS CITY, MICH.

JULIE M. LIPPMANN.

Come, comrades, since the way is long
Let's live it by tune and song,
And greeting give to all we pass;
To white-of-head, to light-of-head,
To matron grave and laughing lass.

Hurrah for lane and by-way,
For distant path and high way,
For friends we greet, for foes we meet,
Along the world's broad highway!

'Tis morning-break: lithe limbs are strong;
Who dreads of crime and guilt and wrong?
You youngling and his violet eyes!
Nay, light-of-mind and love-so blind
Are wisdom-proof and folly-wise.

Hurrah for lane and by-way,
For distant path and high way,
For friends we greet, for foes we meet,
Along the world's broad highway!

'Tis noontide: let us spend an hour
Dream drinking care we lose the power,
And all our pleasure disappears.
Since slight-of-heart and blight-of-heart
Have sworn the goblet smacks of tears.

Hurrah for lane and by-way,
For distant path and high way,
For friends we greet, for foes we meet,
Along the world's broad highway!

'Tis night and low; foul thieves have
mobb'd
The weak ones here and left them robbed
Of hope, and faith, and love and rest;
But sure-of-soul and pure-of-soul
Still fold their treasures to their breast.

Hurrah for lane and by-way,
For distant path and high way,
For every one whose journey's done,
Who's gained the distant sky-way!

Uncle Archie's Wife.

CHAPTER I.

"You will come to Mrs. Marshall's this afternoon, mother? Oh, yes, it will do you good to make the little effort! You have grown quite pale through shutting yourself in the house so long."

My mother shook her head at this appeal, as she had shaken it at so many similar appeals of mine within the past few days; but this time I thought I saw signs of yielding. Certainly she looked longingly over our pretty front garden and on to the sunny high-road.

"I suppose you are right, and I ought to make the effort, Irene, my dear," she said, with a disconsolate sigh; "but I would rather hide myself away till I have somewhat recovered from this cruel shock. However, though your uncle Archie has not used us well, I have no wish to be unkind to him or Mrs. Gerrard; and, if we shut ourselves up, people, I suppose, would talk."

"They will do that in any case, mother. I do not suppose the Ludleigh folks have discussed anything for the past ten days but the Squire's extraordinary marriage; but of course it rests with us to give the gossip a good or ill natured turn."

"Then we will direct it into the right channel at once," answered mother, with a quick flush, and I am sure the consciousness of acting magnanimously more than half consoled her for the effort she was making and the disappointment she had endured.

Poor mother, she needed some consolation badly; for, though she had as a matter of fact, no real reason to complain of actual injustice, she had been startled out of a pleasant sense of security lately, and, as she observed, made to look "downright ridiculous in the eyes of all her friends." Uncle Archie—or Archibald Gerrard, Esq. of Ludleigh Hall to give him his more dignified title—was my father's eldest brother, and had been looked upon as a confirmed old bachelor—so my mother pathetically informed me—before I was born. When I had reached the mature age of nineteen he was a bachelor still, with apparently as little idea of entering the holy estate of matrimony as I had of entering a convent—which I was not very likely to do, for I became engaged to Dick Martineau just then.

Uncle Archie brought us to Ludleigh after my father's death, and established us, not, as mother rather expected he would, at the Hall, but at the pretty, old red-brick Queen Ann house in the High street, that had been tenanted by unmarried and widowed Gerrards for many generations.

"You will be more comfortable than at the Hall, Gertrude," he said, in the grave, kind, courteous way that was natural to the stately old gentleman; "and we can see as much of one another as we please. I should like to have Walter's little girl brought up under my own eyes; and yet I am too much of an old bachelor and absentee to have the Hall arranged for ladies' occupation now."

I was eight years old then, but I remember that scene of our home coming so well—how I perched on my uncle's knee and asked, with all the pert boldness of a spoilt child—

"Why don't you like ladies at the Hall, Uncle Archie? Aren't there any pretty things for them to see there?"

"Very pretty things, Irene."

"And must not I see them some day soon?" I asked anxiously, and Uncle Archie smiled and patted my head.

"Assuredly you shall, little girl, as soon as your mother likes to bring you. No one has so much right to see them—no one shall take so much interest in the pretty things at Ludleigh Hall as you."

The last words were spoken more gravely, and, I fancy now, more to myself than to me; but naturally I only understood the superficial meaning of words then, and my juvenile curiosity was aroused.

"Why?" I asked earnestly—"because I am a good little girl, Uncle Archie?"

"Because you are my niece and the last of the Gerrards," he answered, with such a heavy sigh that mother, who had been sitting in the comfortable chimney-corner warming her slim white hands and listening to our conversation with an expression of infinite content on her face, suddenly interfered, and, calling me to her, told

me, with unusual sharpness, not to tease my uncle any more.

"She does not tease me, Gertrude; and she may as well grow up to understand her responsibilities," said Uncle Archie simply. "As I told poor Walter, I wish he had left a son to succeed us both; but, as it is, I suppose some day little Irene will be the lady of the Hall."

My mother wiped away the tears that had risen in her eyes at the mention of her dead husband's name, and essayed a polite and plaintive protest against this speech.

"You may marry one day yourself, dear Archibald, and leave sons of your own to succeed you," she said.

But Uncle Archie waved the protest sternly aside; and, for the first and last time in my remembrance, answered my pretty, gentle, and conciliatory mother with harsh abruptness.

"I shall never marry, Gertrude! Do not make such a suggestion again!" he exclaimed angrily; whereupon mother apologized with tears in her eyes, and promised never to repeat the offence.

From that time forward it came to be understood, not only between mother and me, but among all our Ludleigh friends, that I was my uncle's recognized heiress—a much more important individual than the Reverend Walter Gerrard's orphan daughter would otherwise have been. Our establishment was conducted on a modest scale; but no expense was spared on my education, or indeed on any of my needs; and, as the years rolled on and I reached the threshold of young womanhood, I began to be aware of my own consequence in the place.

About the same time too I began to wonder about Uncle Archie, thinking that, with all the advantages fate had started him with, his had been rather a wasted and melancholy life. We did not see much of him at Ludleigh. The Hall was shut up for at least two-thirds of the year, while he wandered over the continent in a restless, aimless way that could have brought him but little enjoyment. Perhaps the very fact of my only catching stray glimpses of the man to whom I owed everything gave him more interest in my eyes, made me speculate and theorize about him as I should hardly have been inclined to do about a commonplace uncle seen every day. I never passed through the great Hall or wandered through the deserted park without thinking wistfully of the absent owner, who took so little pride in his present possession and would leave no son to succeed him when he died.

I imparted my thoughts on the subject to mother one day; but she did not sympathize with me at all—answered indeed quite crossly and impatiently.

"You are talking sentimental nonsense, Irene! If your dear uncle is satisfied with things as they are—and we may assume he is, seeing how soon he could alter them if he chose—if he is satisfied I am sure we may be."

"Yes, we may be," I answered rather angrily. Poor mother's worldliness was of the most innocent and childlike description; but somehow it jarred upon me just then. "Surely he would have been a happier man if he had married some years ago!"

"I cannot say, my dear—I was too happy a wife while your dear father lived to have one word to say against married life; but old maids and old bachelors have their own consolations, and I don't fancy they feel their loneliness so much as we think. Besides, everyone knows why your uncle did not marry."

"Indeed—I do not for one!" I cried, flushing with excitement. "Please tell me, mother. I knew there was some romantic reason."

"It is not very romantic, child, and I am sure you must have heard the story—or I thought you had, at any rate, but you were such a child when your father died—"

"But I am not a child now. Do tell me, mother, please."

"Well, when he was quite a young man, Archibald Gerrard was engaged to a very beautiful and fascinating girl—the orphan daughter of a Colonel Maxwell, an old friend of his father's. Your father was quite a lad at the time; but he has often told me that he never saw a man so fractionally in love as Archie was. None of his people approved of the match; for the Maxwells were as poor as church mice, and Violet had little besides her beauty to recommend her; but that seems to have been something superlative, and of course Archie had only himself to please."

"Did papa like Miss Maxwell?" I asked, as mother paused with a reflective air, as though she were gathering the loose threads of her narrative together.

She shook her head.

"Not much, though he admired her beauty as everyone did; but, if he had no great love for her, he absolutely hated her mother, a cunning old Frenchwoman, whom he suspected from the first of making up and forcing her daughter into the marriage. 'Lookers-on see most of the game,' we are told, Irene; and your father's eyes were very shrewd and clear-sighted then. He said Violet's indifference to her adoring lover was so patent, despite all her efforts to conceal it, that he often longed, at all risks of offending him, to take his brother aside and beg him to see things as they really were before plunging into what bade fair to be a fatal marriage."

"But he never did?"

Mother shook her head.

"No, he never did of course. What man in his place would have found courage to speak out such unpalatable truths? What man in Archie's would have listened to them? Your father just watched and waited for the coming of the day fixed for the wedding—waited with a sick and sore foreboding at his heart, for the two brothers loved each other dearly. It came at

last; and then—"

"And then?" I cried eagerly, as mother paused, enjoying my wild curiosity and her own dramatic points.

"What happened then?"

"A catastrophe—a bit of melodrama—that set the county, and even people out of the county, talking for months. On the wedding morning, Archibald received a frantic note from Mrs. Maxwell entreating him to come over to the cottage in which she was then living. Your father went with him, feeling sure that the trial he had foreseen was at hand. It was well he did go; for when they reached the cottage they found the old woman in hysterics. Violet had fled!"

"You mean she had run away with some one, mother?"

"With some one—yes. She had effected a most romantic escape through her bed-room window; for it seems that the wicked old woman, who had all the time been aware of her daughter's feelings, and kept her under lock and key upon her bridal eve, fearing, I suppose, what really happened, that the girl's courage would break down at the last."

"But she left some letter—she let them know where and with whom she had gone?" I asked, more interested in the runaway bride than in her mother's baffled scheming.

"Yes. Your father said he pined her almost as much as he did his wronged brother when he read that scrawled and blotted little note. He had thought her incapable of any strong feeling; but both pathos and passion were in the wild pleading words that seemed rung from a proud nature driven frantic by excess of misery. In brief it told your uncle that she had fled with a man to whom she had been engaged before she ever came to Ludleigh—an officer in her father's regiment, and the only man she could ever love. 'You are rich and generous and good, and Frank has nothing; but I love him with my whole heart and soul!' she wrote. And your father said the old woman stamped her foot in impotent rage, and, with a wild, screaming laugh, cried—"

"She loves him, and that is worth all! The fool, the imbecile, the ingrate—to think that she should be a daughter of mine! It will make her so happy—it will last so long, this love for which she has cast away all—the love of a vaourien, of a beggar, of a gambler—yes, a gambler! Oh, I am almost consoled for the trick she has played on me when I think that her future is in Frank Egerton's hands! The life he will lead her—the way he will break her heart and humble her proud spirit!"

"There was something inhuman," continued mother—"something diabolical in the way the wicked old woman gloated over the suffering in store for her own child." Archibald turned away and walked into the garden. Your father stayed behind for a few moments, feeling, as he afterwards told me, that he could not go without speaking his mind.

"Be silent, for decency's sake, if for no other reason," he said sternly. "If he can bear in silence his pain and the cruel wrong that has been done him, surely shame should set a seal upon your lips!"

"She stared at him as only an infuriated French woman can stare, with an insolent defiance as insulting as a blow; then quite suddenly she walked to the door, looked out at Archie, standing motionless as a statue by the gate, and broke into a harsh scolding laugh."

"His loss? What is his loss to mine? I mock myself of it! she cried, rapidly dropping more and more into her native idiom as her rage increased. "He is young and rich; I am old and poor. He has lost a girl whom he thinks pretty and adorable. Bah—he may console himself to-morrow—the world is full of pretty and adorable girls! But for me—where is the fine line I hoped to live in—where the fine fortune I hoped to share? Gone—out of the window with the imbecile who—"

"Your father walked out of the room, ashamed and afraid to listen any longer to such unnatural words; it was a relief even to join his brother though Archie in his agony could have been no pleasant companion just then."

"Poor Uncle Archie," I cried indignantly, as mother paused with a sigh; "I wonder the blow did not kill him!"

"Men do not die so easily as that, Irene."

"Then I wonder he did not kill Mr. Frank Egerton, or horsewhip or—do anything rather than sit down quietly under such an intolerable wrong," I persisted, with an inconsequent vehemence that made my mother smile.

"He did nothing, my dear—in the circumstances the wisest course to pursue, though I am afraid we cannot give poor Archie much credit for dignified self-restraint. He was very ill for some weeks; and then he went abroad, and even your father did not see him for many years—not till you were born indeed—then he appeared suddenly at the Paragon one day, such an old, gray-headed, sober-looking man. I could hardly believe that he and Walter were brothers. He was very nice though, and my heart quite warmed to him when he took you in his arms and kissed you; I could not help thinking that, had things been different, he might have had children of his own here then; and I suppose a similar thought was in his own mind, for he turned to your father and said—"

"Your little ones must keep up the Gerrard name, Walter—you understand that, I hope."

"Your father began to make a hurried broken protest, which Archie quietly silenced; and it was after that, in answer to my puzzled questions, that I heard the story I have told you to-day." TO BE CONTINUED.

NEAT JAPANESE TRICK.

A Well Made-up and Mounted Skeleton of a Mermaid—Surgeons and Scientists Duped.

A European officer employed in the military service of the Japanese government happened to visit a little shop kept by a native of Japanese in a small village in the northern part of the empire. In rummaging among the curious articles filling the shelves of this out-of-the-way museum, he observed a box seemingly an old resident in the shop, as it was covered with cobwebs and dust and occupied a dark corner, placed away from the view of the ordinary customer.

Opening the box the foreigner beheld something which brought vividly before his mental vision the weird stories told to him when a child in his native land. Here in this little box was the evidence that the legends, which in nights past and gone had disturbed his boyhood slumbers, were not all the creatures of imagination, as the dust-covered receptacle found stowed away in this little shop contained the bony remains of the oft-told "Mermaid" sailor story. The box held the skeleton of a "fish like looking something," two feet seven inches long and about ten inches high. The body from the neck back was like that of a German carp with all its bones, fins and tail complete, from the breast protruded two web-like feet, raising the forward portion of the body about four inches from the piece of wood upon which it stood. The head of this wonderful something seemed to be a human skull about five inches in diameter and connected to the fish-like body by cervical vertebrae as in the human frame. To the eye of the astonished foreigner it looked as the miniature copy of a mermaid ought to have looked, if one ever existed. Diligent investigation failed to trace the arrival of this bony monstrosity into the shop, the proprietor not being able to say where and whence it had come, as the box had been in the shop when he took possession, over thirty years previous. He had never opened the box, supposing it to be empty.

For a few itzeboos (33 cents) the foreigner became the possessor of box and contents, and the what-you-may-call-it was nicely scraped and polished; the dexterous finger of a Japanese artist, placed upon a walnut stand and being enclosed by glass occupied a prominent position upon the center table of the foreigner's drawing room. During the cleaning process the Japanese expert had been interrogated and pointed out to the foreigner indications, only perceptible to eyes thoroughly conversant with Japanese handiwork; that the skull and feet of the fishy curiosity had been once in the possession of a monkey; and were dovetailed into the bones of a rather uncommon specimen of fish found in the inland lakes of Northern Japan. The connection had been made with such consummate skill that only the closest investigation, aided by a microscope in the hands of an expert, would disclose the delusive transaction.

For a couple of years the curio maintained its place in the home of the foreigner, and often drew to it the wondering eye of native visitors, but as the residence was in the interior of Japan, where the presence of foreigners was, if not unallowed, yet undesired; by the government, the knowledge of the mermaid's existence did not become known to men of another race.

At a visit to Yokohama the foreigner met the officers of an American man-of-war, and among them a surgeon who in the dark days of the American war had attended the foreigner when wounded by the bullet of a Southern soldier. Mutual recognition took place, and an invitation to visit the home of the European in Japanese service was given and accepted. A few weeks afterwards the lonely abode of the soldier was honored by the presence of a sextette of American naval officers, who guided by an escort of Japanese soldiers, had penetrated to a neighborhood seldom seen by foreign eyes. Within a few hours after their arrival they were gathered around the table upon which the skeleton "Mermaid" rested in all its mystical glory, and it was soon observable that the old surgeon did not discover the dove-tailing done by the constructor of this bony curiosity but was deeply impressed with the view of this phenomenon heretofore heard of but never actually seen in piscatorial science. A delicate hint being conveyed to the other navy boys by the host, the curiosity and thirst of possession of the surgeon were skillfully brought to such a height, that all the solid and liquid hospitality extended, were insufficient to draw his thoughts from the curiosity found in the establishment and the disciple of Galen went to his couch with the determination to possess the wonderful phenomenon if possible.

At the departure of the visitors the baggage of the medico was enlarged by a jealously-guarded box received with strong expressions of thankfulness from the hands of the European officer, and the promise that due acknowledgment of the gift would be forwarded at some future time.

Over one year passed and the soldier in Japan had somewhat forgotten the "Mermaid" and her possessor, when he received in the mails from America a pamphlet containing the proceedings of a semi-annual meeting of the members of a celebrated American College of Physicians and Surgeons. The little

book contained a paper, read before this august body of professional solons by the navy surgeon on the discovery of the skeleton remains of a fish found in the inner lakes of northern Japan. In scientific language too learned for reproduction here, the theory was advanced and seemingly substantiated by the remains then before the learned society, that the mermaid of sailors' tradition was not a creature of vivid imaginations, but had been actually in existence. The reading of this paper had supplemented by the presentation to the society of the skeleton in question and a vote of thanks to the giver was duly recorded in the minutes. The whole transaction was such a perfect sell as to make angels weep over the gullibility of learned men; and yet the soldier in Japan kind of rejoiced in settling in an indirect way a long disputed point in piscatorial science.—Albert de Lour, in Milwaukee Wisconsin.

The Swarming of Bees.

"Do bees select their home before swarming?" is a question that is of at least some importance to the whole bee-keeping fraternity. The loss of a great many swarms is vested here. I do not know whether all swarms send out spies or not, but even inasmuch as one swarm does, we will take it for granted that all that swarm under a normal condition will do the same, though, in my opinion, they do not all succeed before swarming.

For five successive years I placed in a certain oak tree a box or nail keg, and every year except one there came a swarm into these kegs and boxes. As I was plowing corn or making hay each season near this tree, I could see quite easily just about what was going on during nearly all the swarming season. At first I would see perhaps one bee, after that the number would increase, and one not posted would be very apt to think that there was a swarm in the keg. They would usually protect and clean this keg from one to three days before they would take full possession; at other times they would come in great numbers, and in due season disappear, in which case they had been captured, or found more suitable quarters.

Placed a keg in each of two trees forty rods apart, and the same swarm will hunt through both of them, and make their choice. I do not think that there were any chemical changes taking place in these kegs, as Mr. Demaree mentions, on page 456 of the Bee Journal for 1888. Nature does not intend to send the busy bee wandering from place to place, just happening to come across a hollow tree or log. Let any who doubts this do as I have done, and they will be sooner or later convinced.

Swarms that have chosen a new home close by are very apt, when swarming, to rise high up in the air, and go quickly, never stopping to cluster, as they have a string or trail of bees all the way from the hive, or swarm, to the new home; the less the distance, the more bees on the trail, or the thicker they fly; the farther away, the better are the chances for them to cluster, for these bees flying back and forth have quite an influence on the swarm. It was such cases as these that so strangely induced me to adopt the method of clipping all my queens' wings; for there is no one thing pertaining to bee-keeping that puts me more out of patience than to have a portion of my swarms leave me; for in so doing, there goes the profit.—Cor. Bee Journal.

Electrical Execution.

They placed the form of the murderer Upon the electric track, And fired 1,700 volts Into his naked back.

He quivered an awful moment, Then quietly raised his head, And asked that his friends might take The corpse of the dead.

But the cruel executioner Again discharged the bolts— At least a score or two of ohms And full 3,000 volts.

"Now this is simply shocking," The murderer did say; "Go get a rope and let me die In the good old-fashioned way."—Ironton Register.

Care of the Eyes.

In consequence of the increase of affections of the eye a specialist has recently formulated the following rules to be observed in the care of the eyes for school work: A comfortable temperature, dry and warm feet, good ventilation, clothing at the neck and on other parts of the body loose; posture erect, and never read lying down or stooping. Little study before breakfast or after a heavy meal; none at all at twilight or late at night; use great caution about study after recovery from fevers; have light abundant but not dazzling, not allowing the sun to shine on desks or on objects in front of the scholars, and letting the light come from the left hand or left rear; hold book at right angles to the line of sight or nearly so; give eyes frequent rest by looking up. The distance of the book from the eye should be about fifteen inches. The usual indication of strain is redness of the rim of the eyelid, betokening a congested state of the inner surface, which may be accompanied by some pain. When the eyes tire easily rest is not the proper remedy, but the use of glasses of sufficient power to aid in accommodating the eye to vision.

Taking the Census.

There is no branch of the government that so accurately reflects the mind of its head as does the census office, says the Washington Post, and seldom has a work of a tenth of its magnitude been undertaken with so little restriction in discretionary power as that devolving upon the superintendent of the census. He is absolutely free in the selection of his assistants, whom he chooses with respect to their qualifications for the duties they are to perform, and his great work ends only when he shall say it is complete, and will involve an expenditure of not more than \$6,400,000, exclusive of the cost of printing, engraving, and binding, whereas the cost of the tenth census was restricted to \$3,000,000. The army of 40,000 employees will be in the field in June, 1890, every member doing exactly the same work at the same time, the active labor of enumeration being embraced within a few weeks. There is no other country that has ever undertaken so massive a census work, and the United States may easily be placed at the head of the nations of the world in the perfectness of its elaboration of this important function of the government. It is no exaggeration to state that the schedules of inquiries of any one of the fifty subjects of investigation embrace a number of inquiries of the schedules of most other countries, and especially does this comparison hold in the case of Great Britain.

The fact that the census of England is taken in a night has often been the subject of newspaper comment in this country, but when the character of this work is known it will be seen that there is nothing remarkable in the feat and that the results are in keeping with the time employed. The census of England involves merely a household schedule that can be answered in an evening by the head of a family and is left at the places of residence by police officers, who are employed to do this work by the British government, and who call for the lists the following morning. In this manner the census is, technically speaking, taken in a night. It would be folly to leave the schedule containing all the items of information required by the United States at the homes of the people to be answered, as in hardly one case in ten would even an attempt be made to answer it. Then the police forces of this country could not be called upon for this work, as their maintenance is here borne by the various cities, villages, and counties, whereas in England the general government pays half the expenses of all the police forces and controls them completely.

The house-to-house count of the inhabitants which will be pursued by the 40,000 enumerators on the first Monday of next June will be attended by an inquiry of the age, sex, nativity, race, physical condition, and all the facts relating to the people. For this purpose the country has been distributed into 175 census districts, for each of which there will be appointed a supervisor by the president next spring, whose duty it will be to subdivide his districts into what are called enumerators' districts. The salary paid the supervisors will be \$125 per month and in addition thereto \$1 for every 1,000 of the population of thickly settled districts and \$1.40 for sparsely settled districts.

These supervisors cannot be paid less than \$500, their average earnings probably amounting to about \$850, which includes an allowance for clerical services. The enumerators will be paid 2 cents for every inhabitant, the same for each birth and death reported, 20 cents for each farm, and 30 cents for establishments of productive industry recorded by them, to which is added 5 cents for every veteran of the late war whose name goes on their lists.

The law permits the superintendent, with the approval of the secretary of the interior, to withdraw certain schedules relating to special matters from the enumerators and commit the same to the charge of special agents employed by the superintendent for this purpose. These special agents are paid per diem and will be employed in 1890 as in 1880 collecting statistics of manufactures in all cities with a population exceeding 5,000 inhabitants throughout the country. In this manner the enumerators are relieved of some of the more important schedules of the lists and the vital work of the census facilitated.

Having subdivided his district the supervisor's duty is to nominate suitable persons for enumerators, whose appointment is made by the superintendent. These enumerators are allowed fifteen days in which to complete their work, when it is confined to cities and towns, and thirty days when it extends into rural districts. The schedules, when they are answered, are returned to the supervisor, who examines them, and makes up the count in his district, then forwarding the same to Washington.

In 1880 the first schedules to be returned to this city were from Philadelphia, they being followed by the papers from Brooklyn.

Upon the receipt of these schedules the great work of tabulation begins, separate lists being made of all the branches of information which the census will show, such as race, nativity, etc.

The potato is said to be deteriorating, but it made many a mash in its better days.—Terre Haute Express.

THE GAME OF BILLIARDS.

Mr. George F. Slosson Tells How to Play It.

GIVEN A NATURAL GIFT A MAN

Must Begin to Play Early in Life and Never Stop—Americans the Best Natural Players But Frenchmen Average Better in Results.

So high is billiards held in the estimation of almost all men and many women that I do not need to call more than general attention to it as a polite pastime. It certainly ranks as one of the necessary accomplishments of a thorough gentleman, and as a sport it should, in my mind, be placed at the head of all; for chance enters into it in the very least degree; it requires head work of the most exacting kind, firm muscles and good bodily health, and skill that is developed only by long and



GEORGE SLOSSON.

careful training. It is a game that cultivates the gentlemanly qualities—courtesy, fairness, even generosity. So seldom is a dispute, much less a quarrel, generated at the table, that when, on rare occasions, high words are heard over a game, everybody concludes that the disputants have no business with the cue.

In the course of many years' experience as a billiard player, various questions have been put to me about the game. I shall try to give an answer to all of them at this time and to anticipate some other questions which might naturally be asked. In respect to learning the game so as to be able to play it well, billiards is much like the piano and other musical instruments. The first lesson must be taken early in life and practice must be unintermittent as long as a man is in the field. Few men can become good performers on the piano or violin, as I understand it, if they begin to play after arriving at mature years. By that time the fingers have become comparatively rigid and incapable of acquiring not rapid action, but delicacy of touch, without which a performance on the piano can never rank high. It is certainly the case in billiards. Delicacy and precision count for more than force, and delicacy can be acquired only by beginning early. I should say as a general rule that one who desires to become a good billiard player, should begin at the age of 14 or 15. All the muscles are supple at this time and the preceptive faculties alert. It is essentially the teachable age. One who begins earlier, that is at 7 or 8, as is the case with musicians, is liable to learn more by rote, and thus acquire a certain mechanical proficiency which will be of little value until by the exercise of preception and judgement the player knows how to treat a novel or difficult position on his own responsibility.

Few boys probably have any distinct idea at 15 of making great experts of themselves, and fewer parents would choose such a career for their children. Not that the calling of billiards is low in any sense, but that the opportunities for good income from it are not generally recognized. It is looked upon properly enough as a pastime, and yet combining so much mental and physical science as it does, it is eminently worthy of the study required to develop its possibilities on the part of those naturally qualified for the work. This brings up an important point: not everybody, even by the most patient discipline, can become what I call a good player. There are certain natural qualifications that must be possess-



THE AMATEUR.

ed by a billiard player, just as there are special talents for commerce, literature, the law or the art. Without them a man had better content himself with the fun of the game moderately played, and in this he will find plenty of recreation, genuine pleasure, and by choosing his antagonists properly, a great deal of that emulation which is the life of all games and pursuits. It is a fact that beyond a certain point no player can improve. This point varies with each individual, but in each individual it is absolutely fixed. It is not always reached by players, because not everybody knows how to develop his natural qualifications to their utmost; but when that has been done the most persistent practice will add nothing to his effectiveness.

The natural qualifications for billiards may be set down as (1) a good eye, (2) steady hand, (3) quick and ac-

curate perception of angles, (4) grace of movement. To these should be added that element of success in all undertakings, persistence. Without all these a boy had better take to some other game or business, for he can never develop into anything better than a very moderate player. Anyone may learn the game so thoroughly that he can appreciate the finest play, and even see how a shot must be made; but it is quite a different thing to take a cue in hand and execute the shot. A mathematician might tell an expert player a volume of facts about the angles of play, the direction a ball will take after hitting a cushion at a given angle, the amount and kind of force required to send a ball from a given point to another and make a given carom successfully; but it is a thousand to one that the expert would execute all the shots discussed while the scientist would fail on a simple carom.

Suppose, however, that a young man has all the natural qualifications for playing, then he must without fail keep his hand in after once beginning. A good eye and a steady hand must be trained, and an accurate idea of angles must be developed until it becomes second nature to select at once the right spot on a cushion at what a ball must strike after a carom. Grace of motion is all important because no man can play accurately who plays awkwardly. The arm must swing freely and naturally. It never does to grasp the cue in such a style that you are conscious of the least tension of the muscles.

Amateurs who play pretty steadily for several years without apparent improvement are probably ignorant of many details in the game. They may not realize just how certain of recurring positions may be best utilized. In such cases a great improvement may be effected by taking a few lessons from a professional. A professional, it should be understood, is not one who merely plays the game for stakes, but who makes his living out of the game. That is, one who devotes his entire attention to it. There are no first-class amateurs in America. Mr. Orville Oddie of Brooklyn, the amateur champion, is the nearest approach to it. This may seem a startling statement to the many who play every day, and who have among their personal friends men who run more than 100 in rail play, but professionals generally will admit that it is true. The reason probably lies in the fact that few Americans devote enough of persistent attention to the game, but it is also a fact that Americans are naturally the best players in the world, with Frenchmen second. Yet the French have many first-class amateurs. The difference lies in the fact that while Americans learn more quickly, the French devote themselves more assiduously to practice.

Mr. Oddie is the nearest approach to it. This may seem a startling statement to the many who play every day, and who have among their personal friends men who run more than 100 in rail play, but professionals generally will admit that it is true. The reason probably lies in the fact that few Americans devote enough of persistent attention to the game, but it is also a fact that Americans are naturally the best players in the world, with Frenchmen second. Yet the French have many first-class amateurs. The difference lies in the fact that while Americans learn more quickly, the French devote themselves more assiduously to practice.



A FAIR ENTHUSIAST.

To those who would play good billiards, I would say avoid pool. The nature of the stroke in the two is so different that no one can cultivate both kinds at once to the advantage of either game. In pool the stab stroke is most employed, while in billiards there must be a long, swinging, graceful motion.

The question of a comparison between billiards and chess has been suggested to me. I think no one will accuse me of underrating chess when I say that billiards is the superior game. Strategic play is the controlling principal of chess, and it exercises a man's mind to the utmost; but every good billiard player knows that strategy also enters to a large degree in his game, when he seeks to play in such a way that if he fails to score, the balls will lie so that his opponent will have the greatest possible difficulty in making a shot. No game of billiards was ever played without the most concentrated attention on the part of the player at every shot. It will be noted that in billiards there are more shots in a game than moves in chess; and in addition to all the mental work employed, there is the necessity of perfect physical execution. The question doubtless comes down to the individual tastes of men, but it seems to me that a candid consideration of all the elements that make up the games would place billiards at the head.

A Remedy for Mosquitoes.

I haven't a mosquito bar nor a screen door about my house, and yet there are seldom any flies and never any mosquitoes about it. I learned the secret of a successful warfare against these pests when living in the swamps of Louisiana, where summer or winter, mosquitoes swarm. For some years life was unendurable, and no meal could be eaten in peace. But all at once there was a change for the better; bars and screens were often out of place, but there was almost an immunity from insects. I was bathing at the time, and had just changed my colored boy. The new comer explained to me how to keep the "critters" away. He burnt small pieces of gum camphor on the cook stove and used a secret preparation he called "sudeillo." When I got married and came to Missouri I imparted the secret to my wife, and as there is no patent on it that I know of I would advise all fellow-sufferers to go and do likewise. The gum camphor alone is ample for the purpose, and need only to be used two or three times a day.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

There is nothing but the price to indicate that the peach crop is, as usual, short this season.—New York Herald.

BARBAROUS MOURNING CUSTOMS.

Some Suggestions in the Line of Reform as Regards Dress, Etc.

All that is objectionable in mourning reaches its climax when it comes to the dress of a widow, says the Woman's World. In all cases the nearer the relative the more cumbersome the dress of the female mourner; but the widow's dress positively amounts to a mild form of suttee, and would seem to hint that the idea underlying various heathen rites as to the conduct of women is not absolutely extinct among us.

There would still seem to be a lurking feeling that if a man dies it is desirable that some sort of punishment should fall on the wife, or at least she should be sacrificed in some way, so far as it is possible without being too much out of keeping with the theoretical liberty of the age. It is, in actual fact, a survival of the outward expression of the inferiority of women, for, as will be further pointed out later on, the inferior always expresses grief for the superior. The superior does not notice the death of the inferior in this manner. The dress of a widow may be said to possess every bad and unhygienic quality of woman's dress (and these truly are neither few nor important) intensified four-fold.

It is always made both extra long and clinging, so that exercise is even more impossible than ever. It is usually very heavy, and it is surmounted by a species of head-dress furnished with one or two (according to taste) long streamers hanging aimlessly down behind. These streamers make it difficult to turn the head, partly because they are comparatively heavy, but more particularly because they are rough; and the dress alone being crumpled or some material, they catch to it, and have to be continually pushed at with the hands to prevent the cap being pulled off. Streamers of the same sort are also carefully fixed to the bonnet so as to insure the walking-dress being as wretchedly uncomfortable as that worn in the house.

Now, if it be taken for granted that most women are sorry when their husband dies—and I think, for the credit of humanity, we may accept this hypothesis—there could not very well be any less desirable form of dress.

At any time it would be depressing, but for one already low in spirits it is simply barbarous, and its utter needlessness is thrown into strong relief by the fact that there is no special dress for a widower. As a wife can be considered to be a nearer relation to her husband than a husband is to his wife, if a distinctive dress is unnecessary in one case it is also unnecessary in the other.

The only reason ever brought forward in support of a special dress is quite inadequate, for it is to the effect that a widow might meet some one who might allude to the late husband, not knowing of his death.

Such a contingency is highly improbable in these days of newspaper and universal gossip; and, even should such a thing occur, its effect would be less injurious than the daily and hourly wear of the worst form of dress that human ingenuity can invent.

Another custom which is entirely sustained from the above cause is that of drawing down all the window-blinds of the houses, both of the immediate family and of the near relatives, from the day of the death until after the funeral is over. That this is only done to comply with an empty form is sufficiently shown by its beginning, observed only in the case of windows that can be seen from without. It is perfectly well known and admitted that living all those days in a shut-up and darkened house is most injurious, depressing as it is to both health and spirits, yet people go on doing it, merely because they can not bring themselves to act on their own true convictions for fear of the thoughtless remarks of strangers.

There seems also good reason to fear that the fashion of surrounding the coffin with flowers will presently be carried to such an extreme as to become a serious inconvenience. This danger already appears to have struck some persons, as arbitrary notices in the papers are occasionally followed by the words: "No flowers."

There are many people who, while thoroughly disapproving of mourning (as the term is now understood), would still wish to have some mark to show they have lost a relative, and for this purpose nothing could be better than the small black band worn around one arm. For the widowers and widows alike it might be made with a narrow edge of white or gray; for other relatives it might be either all black or have an edge of red or blue.

This would have the effect of making it more easily visible on dark clothing and get over the difficulty—if difficulty it be—of any chance allusions. The expression here of dark clothing need not be held to contradict the preceding recommendation of making no change in the every-day dress, for in this country most people, both men and women, habitually wear dark clothing.

Even women have usually three dark dresses in their wardrobe of one light one, and an obtrusively gayer-colored dress is rarely worn, except for special occasions. These brands should only be worn for quite near relatives, else they would become as meaningless as is the present farce of complimentary mourning.

The Greatest Man.

A man riding along a road came upon an old fellow who, loud in voice and violent in action, was endeavoring to start a balky team. The horse-back traveler, amused at the old fellow's productive resource of strong adjectives stopped, threw one leg over the horn of his saddle and without saying anything sat watching the performance. The covered wagon to which the team was attached was the "mover's" typical vehicle, with two chairs tied behind. A woman, three children, a mule colt and a dog belonged to the outfit.

"If I just had enough money to take you fifty miles I'd cut your infernal throats," the old fellow shouted as he leaned for a moment's rest on a piece of rail with which he had been belaboring the horses. "You can pull out of here easy enough, you infernal scoundrels. Why, a jack rabbit and a sick cat

hitched up together could pull out of here."

"Anderson," said the woman, "why don't you hold some fodder before them?"

"Confound it, didn't you see me do that just awhile ago?"

"Well, why don't you stick a pin in their flanks?"

"Haven't you got any sense at all? Didn't you see me stick 'em with a darnin' needle just now? You better go off some where an' run with the sucklin' calves."

"That's one thing I know you ain't tried."

"What's that?"

"Twistin' their under jaws."

"I'll twist your under jaw if you don't hush."

The old fellow, turning about, addressed the man on horse-back. "How long have you been here watchin' me?" he asked.

"Don't know exactly."

"Putty good while?"

"Yes."

"Servin' your second term, ain't you?"

"Second term at what?"

"Bein' governor of this state."

"I'm not the governor."

"No! Well you must be secretary of state."

"I am not, however!"

"But you must be a great man of some sort."

"No, I am simply a country merchant."

"It's mighty strange, then."

"How strange? 'I don't in the least understand you. Why do you take me to be a great man?"

"Because a fellow that can set an' watch a balked team and—in fact, you are the first man of that sort I ever did see. You deserve greatness anyhow, I'll tell you that, and I feel it my duty to do somethin' for you. I've got a fine rifle and a good dog and they are yours if you'll take them."

"No, I thank you."

"Here's a five dollar bill, all the money I've got, but you may have it."

"I won't take it."

"Well, I feel like givin' you somethin'. Say, you wouldn't mind me namin' a boy after you, would you?"

"No."

"All right, what's your name?"

"Worthington P. Billingsham."

"Good enough, Becky!" he called.

"Yes," a woman answered.

"Where's the baby?"

"In the wagon asleep."

"Wall, wake him up an' name him after this man. Good day if you are gone, mister. Don't care if you don't hold no office, you are the greatest man I ever saw."—Arkansas Traveler.

Germany and England.

The late visit of the Emperor of Germany to England has suggested articles in the official and semi-official journals of the German Empire as to what a good thing an alliance offensive and defensive would be between these two great nations. They say England is invincible on the sea and Germany is invincible on the land. Combine the two and they would make a perfect whole. Though they could not conquer the world, they could utterly destroy any nation which might make an attack upon them. This is the general outline of the views of the German politicians and German statesmen.

The English people do not covet this alliance, because they really do not need it. Germany needs it the most, because she fears a coalition of France and Russia against herself, and Bismarck is preparing to make everything as strong as he can whenever he has the opportunity. Salisbury may incline to this alliance, but Gladstone and his friends are utterly against it, as they think the less England complicates herself with continental ties the better for their country and their people.

But history at times repeats itself; and as France alone at one time was able to meet successfully the vast naval power of England and the force of the Germanic and Austrian armies, so she might do again if she were attacked and invaded without cause and her whole population were aroused as in 1792.

Of course such an event requires a mighty military leader, and people think with reason that France can produce but one Napoleon. Military commanders of the present day in all countries seem commonplace; and perhaps this is well for the peace of the world, as the great military monarchs, on account of this dearth of genius, hesitate to provoke the uncertainties of war.

The question is now being more or less discussed in Europe, whether great standing armies tend to promote peace. Some think they are a menace to tranquillity, while others hold that they are potential conservators of international peace. The question now stands, as it does among boys who are inclined to have a fight—"the one is afraid and the other daren't."

Some time the increase of armaments must stop, as the taxes for the maintenance of the European armies are devouring the substance of the people.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

A First-Class Point.

A Detroit drummer who lately made a trip into Indiana, put up in a hotel at a small town one night to find the fare the very poorest, the beds the worst he ever saw, and the house run in such a way as to amaze him. After a breakfast which he scarcely tasted, he entered the office and said to the landlord: "What kind of a caravansary do you call this?"

"A first-class hotel, sir."

"You must be crazy! Show me one single first-class point about it."

"The price, sir. You have had supper, lodging and breakfast. Three dollars, if you please, and if you want to ride down in the 'bus that will be a quarter more."—Detroit Free Press

Admitted to Citizenship.

"Mary," said the mistress of a Cass avenue residence to her cook the other morning, "isn't that new bean of your's a German?"

"He was, ma'am, until last night."

"What happened last night?"

"Why, he declared his intentions, ma'am, and we are to be married in the fall."—Detroit Free Press.

HAD HIS HAIR RAISED.

Vivid Description of the Sensation Under the Knife of a Sioux Chief—Two Westerners Who Survived the Operation.

Few men have been scalped and lived, but a frontier correspondent has found two who have survived the operation. One is a private in the regular army named Sanbertson, and the other a former resident of Milwaukee named Ganzio. Sanbertson was shot through the arm in a fight with Black Kettle's band.

"Imagine some one who hates you with the utmost intensity," Sanbertson said, in describing the sensation of the scalping, "and he suddenly grabbing a handful of your hair, while you are lying prostrate and helpless, and giving it a quick, upward jerk with force enough almost to loosen the scalp; then, imagine the not-particularly-sharp blade of a knife being run quickly in a circle around your scalp, with a sawing-like motion. Then let your imagination grasp, if it can, the effect that a strong, quick jerk on the tuft of hair to release the scalp from any clinging particles of flesh that may hold it in place would have on your nerves and physical system, and you will have an inclining of how it feels to be scalped. When that Indian sawed his knife around the top of my head, first a sense of cold numbness pervaded my whole body. This was quickly followed by a flash of pain that started at my feet and ran like an electric shock to my brain. That sensation was but momentary, but it was terrible. When the Indian tore my scalp from my head it seemed as if it must have been connected with every part of my body. The pain that followed the cutting around the scalp had been frightful, but it was ecstasy compared to the torture that followed the tearing of it from my head. Flashes of pain shot to every nerve. My knees were drawn up almost to my chin, and the fingers of my one hand closed convulsively in the snow, those of my left hand being powerless owing to the shattered arm. That was all I remembered. When I came to I was in a tent. The cavalry had come up in the meantime, and the Indians were routed. Only a few escaped, but Black Kettle was among the few."

Sanbertson lay for weeks in the government hospital at Fort Laramie perfectly helpless and suffering untold agony. He finally recovered, and in the meantime his term of enlistment expired. He had no desire to re-enter the service, and Gen. Custer jocularly remarked to him that he made a mistake in quitting the service. "For think," said the General, "how surprised and disgusted some red devil of an Indian might be, if you should stay with us and happen to fall in his hands, when he went to raise your hair to find that some one had been there before him." I saw Sanbertson several years afterward, and the same pale-red, flat, round, bare spot was on top of his head, showing where his scalp had been torn away, as I had seen it when he left the hospital. He said that it was extremely tender, and in damp or cold weather was very painful.

The other person I saw at Fort Laramie whose head had been tampered with by the scalping knife was Herman Ganzio. The Indian who was after this man's scalp did not have time to complete the job, for he was compelled to abandon it after having got the scalp ready to tear off. Ganzio, I believe, was from Milwaukee, and had been acting as scout and guide for a party of tourists on the plains in the summer of 1876. The party was scared away from the valley of Hat Creek by Indians, and were on their way across country to Running Water creek. Ganzio had gone ahead to pick out a good place for a camp on their way. He discovered five Indians riding across the valley off to his right and he turned to rejoin his party, who were only a short distance in the rear. He had got to within sight of the teamsters when a dozen Indians jumped from the bushes. Ganzio started on a run and shouted for help. The Indians fired on him and he fell wounded in the shoulder and his leg. The Indians rushed upon him. Ganzio lay flat on his face. One of the Indians pressed his knees on Ganzio's back and grabbed him by the hair. The Indian sawed his knife around the top of Ganzio's head, and his description of the sensation was the same as the one Sanbertson had given at the fort seven years before. Ganzio escaped the tortures of the tearing-off process, for before the Indian could finish that part of the work Ganzio's friends, a dozen or more in number, were upon the spot, and the Indians fled, not one shot that was fired after them taking effect on any of them. This happened only seventy miles from Fort Laramie, and Ganzio was taken there directly. The army surgeons found the scalp hanging to the head by a small connection of flesh. The scalp was bound to its place, and in a few weeks it grew fast there again, but the ugly red scar around the top of Ganzio's head, marking the course the Indian's knife had taken, the surgeons said would always be a conspicuous reminder to Ganzio and his friends that he owed the possession of the top of his head to one second of time, for if his friends had delayed their arrival by that much, the scalp and the Indians would have gone away together."

European Money Markets.

In modern times money has become the motor of all industrial enterprise. When the great moneyed centers of Europe and America are abundantly supplied with loanable funds business may be dull, but it does not languish. At the present time there is an unusual plethora of capital in Europe, and especially in England. The certainty that peace is assured, at least for the current year, prevents the possibility of large government loans. These loans for warlike purposes in years past have absorbed no small portion of the natural accumulation of capital. Now capitalists have to look for other outlets for their incomes. This necessitates new industrial enterprises or large investments in existing forms of business.

The British railway share market has felt the uplifting influence of this plethora. British investors are now renew-

ing their attention to the United States, under the hope that they will get a fair remuneration for their money invested in our railroad shares and securities; and if the American railway companies pursue a firm and steady policy, and studiously avoid the waste of competition, there will be a flow of foreign capital to our shores unprecedented in past years. England has become a finished country, and so has France, and Germany in a great measure also. Their capitalists must look to other places and other countrys to invest their funds.

This appears to be the precise condition of the foreign money market. The United States, with its vast territory and its boundless resources, offers such inducements and exhibits such possibilities, that it is not surprising the current of capital is flowing strongly to our shores from Europe. During the past year, for the first time, our iron miners have attracted that attention. Heretofore, gold, silver, copper and lead mines have been favored investments. No small portion of the gold of California and the silver of Nevada has flowed directly to England. Some years ago an English company put \$5,000,000 into the Mariposa hills, in California, and large amounts in the Emma and Flagstaff mines in Utah. Some of these investments have proved so unfortunate that foreign capitalists are now placing their money in the iron mines of Peninsular Michigan and Northern Wisconsin. They do not expect a large profit, but larger than they are receiving in England or Germany; hence the current flows in this direction.

Most of the European governments are trying to reduce the interest on their debts. They are issuing bonds at a lower rate of interest. That also makes the European capitalist think that he can do better in the United States, and therefore he places more or less of his ready money in our country.

So long as the United States maintains the law, the order, the stability and the fidelity which it has manifested since the suppression of the slaveholders' rebellion, this country will become more and more the receptacle of the capital, the energy, and the industrial artistic skill of all nations.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Where Chocolate Comes From.

Chocolate, according to the New York Sun, is made from the seeds of the Theobroma Cocoa tree, which is found only in tropical climates, and bears a fruit somewhat like a cucumber in shape, inside which are the brownish seeds or beans, which form the cocoa beans of commerce. The principal constituent of these beans is a soft, solid oil called cocoa butter, and their attractive principle is theobromine, analogous to the caffeine in coffee. There is but very little pure chocolate in the market, owing to the great medical value of the cocoa butter or oil, which is expressed in the grinding, and cheaper, less nutritious oil supplied. One of the best ways to buy cocoa or chocolate, it is said, is to purchase what are called "cocoa nibs," which are the beans crushed in fragments, but not ground, for the ground chocolate is frequently adulterated with roasted hazel nuts or almonds, rice meal, oatmeal and other ingredients.

The best chocolate is prepared by first burying the fruit until the pulp is decayed and only the beans are left. The beans are roasted and the shells removed. The chocolate is then ground between stones, the friction heat of the grinding melting it so that it is a soft molten mass as it drips from the stones and is poured into moulds. The molten chocolate is pressed in cloth until all the oil is expelled; the sediment is ground very slowly to prevent remelting it, and the powder boiled like flour through silken sieves, and then it is called cocoa, which makes a lighter, less nourishing, but more easily digested beverage than chocolate.

In buying cocoa it is not advisable to select any of the sweetened preparations; because, as they are sold by weight, the more sugar contained the less cocoa in the mixture; and as sugar is the cheapest ingredient, and can be added afterward equally as well, it increases the cost of the drink to pay the same price for sugar. A peculiar and very delicious chocolate is imported from the West Indies, which comes in round bars and is so hard it is difficult to grate it. This is said to be prepared entirely by hand by the natives, is ground in mortars, and not melted. It seems to contain less oil than that found in market, and is more digestible and nourishing.

Doesn't Last Long.

Dr. Brown-Sequard is confident that his "Elixir of Life" will restore impaired vitality for a period, but he is not prepared to say that its effects will be permanent. Some old thing, exactly. We never knew of a patent medicine in the tonic line yet that was anything else but whisky with a new alias. The new wrinkle now seems to be injecting it into the arm instead of the neck, but it puts the spring into the old man's heels just the same. Then he appears to have the same old trouble getting over it. "But don't we believe in the Elixir of Life?" Don't we? Yea, verily, son; we believed in the hot water cure, in blue glass, in faith cures, in Christian science, potato in your pocket, water cure, mind cure, Swedish movement, "Injun doctor," bag of camphor and asafoetida round your neck and rabbits foot, and do you suppose we are going back on Brown-Sequard? Nary; put the Elixir in the creed; everything goes.—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

A Powerful Actor.

"Yes, sir," said the old actor, "I have had many triumphs on the stage. I remember way back in the forties there was a crowded house in Syracuse to see my 'Hamlet.' At the end of the first act the audience got up and left the theatre." That was hardly a triumph was it? "Certainly it was; they couldn't stand any more. Ah! I was a powerful actor in the forties."—Rochester Post-Express.

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. H. MCCLINTON, PHYSICIAN, SURGEON and Accoucher. Graduate of V. C. University 1865. Office first door over Fritz's drug store. Specialties—Diseases of women and nervous debility.

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

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

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 17 Cass City, Mich.

STRAYED—From the premises of Dow Biegel in Cass City, a small spotted pig. Finder will please leave word at this office.

FOR SALE—One four-year-old mare, Sound Good driver. Enny and harness, J. W. ROBINSON, Cass City.

LOST—An Thursday mat, in Caro, a pocketbook containing some valuable papers. Any one finding the same will be suitably rewarded by returning the lost article to me. JNO. SHERIDAN.

LOST—A pocketbook, between Cass City and J. Malcolm McIntyre's, 1 mile west and 1 mile north of Cumber. Finder will please leave the same at this office or with E. L. ROBINSON, 8-30-91.

NUMBER FOR SALE—I have 45,000 feet of L. wood green hemlock, also eight M feet of round dressed lumber. For further information inquire of J. W. ROBINSON, Grant Township, O., Gagetown, Aug. 30-91.

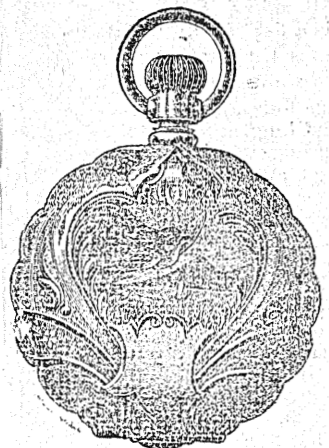
WANTED AT ONCE.

To Rent With Privilege of Purchasing.

A dwelling with considerable ground in Cass City, or small farm adjacent, care your address at this office. This notice will not appear again.

THE BEST GOODS FOR THE LEAST MONEY

Is The Motto of F. HENDRICK The Jeweler.



A Large and Choice for the Fall Trade.

Important Letter to E. F. Marr.

E. F. MARR, Cass City, Michigan. AR SIR—We this day ship you Ladies' Cloaks, amounting to a dozen and seventy eight dollars which we wish you to sell. You had every garment marked in plain and at a price that will surely sell it is just a trifle above what to manufacture them. We will you seven per cent on all goods and you can return all unsold by May 1st, 1890. This will you to control the cloak trade in town, as you will, no doubt, the largest and most complete line. Customers will soon see the difference in paying the usual 30 per cent that is charged by retail dealers mode of dealing with them. Matter of dollars and cents with that they will appreciate it. You that you have a complete assortment of children's girls' and ladies' the latest designs and patterns. It is to "to seal and keep the thing." Hoping you will give attention to the business we are affectionately yours, THOMAS CLOAK MAN'F CO., 890. Buffalo, N. Y.

ADDITIONAL LOCAL.

The postponement of the fair has been an absorbing topic for discussion during the past two weeks, and the gentle kicking which prevailed at first has gradually died away. If our townspeople are ever awake in the encouragement of every enterprise calculated for the growth and advancement of the village which is so strongly supported by the excellent farming community, let not words of dissent, but of approval sanction the motives and deeds of both associations.

Before this issue shall have reached all of our readers Detroit's great fair and exposition shall have closed. Without doubt this great fair has been one of the most successful, as well as beneficial exhibitions ever held in the country. According to the statistics the premiums of Detroit's fair have exceeded any that have been offered in the United States. Not only Detroit but the whole state has lent her aid to the enterprise, which has secured for good old Michigan a lasting reputation. Let such evidences of prosperity which has characterized Detroit's great fair extend to the smaller towns of the state, and may the names of the promoters and propagators of that enterprise be revered in the annals of history. They certainly deserve all the homage that is due men of less distinction than they.

The editor of the Richmond Review castigates the non-paying patrons of his paper in the following: "Hereafter a uniform charge of five cents a line will be charged for local notices advertising any church or society entertainments where the object is to make money. We are sorry to say that there are societies in town that never think of ordering bills printed for the simple reason that they have been getting local notices in the Review for nothing. There is nothing fair in this, for there is no more consistency in asking us to give to everything that comes along than there is in asking every other business man in town. Our paper is our stock in trade we must make our living out of it—and we cannot do so if we are continually asked to give our space to those who are able to pay. No charge will be made for local notices where bills are ordered, but this will be the only exception."

Fair Notes.

We pillar the following from the fair daily issued by the Caro Advertiser of Friday last: Willett Wright, of Cass City, exhibits an iron percheron stallion which weighs about 2,000 pounds. Alfred Randall, of Cass City, exhibits his Clydesdale and English draft stallion five years old, which weighs 1,600. Levi Muntz, of Cass City, exhibits a French Coach Stallion, which weighs 1,638. Mr. Muntz has every reason to feel proud of this horse. John Marshall, of the "Hillside Stock Farm," Cass City, exhibits fifteen thoroughbred Shropshire sheep, all registered, one of which was imported from England. Mr. Marshall also exhibits four Shorthorn cattle, among them a three-year-old bull that tips the beam at 2,300 pounds. The baby show was quite a center of attraction in the hall Thursday afternoon. There were 22 babies entered, and the baby which received the most votes was Pearl Fisher of Caro. Friday was the last day of the fair, and it started out with a cold wind and frequent sprinkles of rain, but towards noon the wind wheeled around to the north, and it settled in for a cold raw day. The rain in the morning had a tendency to diminish the crowd from what it was the day before.

Licensed to Wed.

The following are the marriage licenses furnished us by the county clerk for the week ending September 23: Simeon C. Newton, Arbia, 23. Ellen J. Baldwin, Tuscola, 18. Mark E. Wright, Elkland, 21. Luella Simkins, Sanilac County, 19. William Johnson, Huron County, 27. Mary Celia Mosack, Elmwood, 21. Isaac Nutt, Akron, 27. Sarah Bechtel, Fairgrove, 18. Peter Speckel Jr., Reese, 22. Ida A. Martindale, Bay Port, 20. Charles W. Parsons, Caro, 62. Lettie M. June, Vassar, 50. Abram Brando, Dayton, 24. Mary Wall, Dayton, 23. Andrew J. Tobias Jr., Akron, 21. Lillie Honeywell, Akron, 16. William Kennedy, Akron, 22. Nettie Austin, Unionville, 18.

A Scrap of Paper Saves Her Life. It was just an ordinary scrap of wrapping paper, but it saved her life. She was in the last stages of consumption, told by physicians that she was incurable and could live only a short time; she weighed less than seventy pounds. On a piece of wrapping paper she read Dr. King's New Discovery, and got a sample bottle; it helped her, she bought another and grew better fast, continued its use and is now strong, healthy, rosy plump, weighing 140 pounds. For Full particulars send stamp to W. H. Cole, Druggist, Port Smith. Trial Bottles of this wonderful Discovery Free at Fritz Bros., Drug store.

ABOUT OUR NEIGHBORS!

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

GAGETOWN.

Quite warm again. Some of our people attended the Sebwaing fair on Tuesday last.

Quite a number of our town people who did not attend the exposition last week, took advantage of the excursion and attended this week.

Chas. Maynard, who has been manager of the Washington House for the past few months, intends giving up the hotel business, and will continue his former business in the medical hall.

One of the largest funerals that ever entered our village, occurred on Monday last, it being the remains of the late Henry Kelly, of Brookfield, who died on Saturday of that awful disease, spinal fever. The bereaved family have the sympathy of the entire community. Undertaker McKenzie of Cass City had charge of the burial of the deceased.

A party was given on Wednesday evening of last week in the G. A. R. hall in honor of Miss Jennie Watson's birthday. During the evening Mr. John Duncan, in behalf of the friends present, presented Miss Jennie with a beautiful pair of vases. Dancing was the social amusement of the evening, and was enjoyed by all present up to a late hour.

ELLINGTON.

Fine weather again. Cold north winds all last week. A heavy frost last Sunday morning. Farmers are still plowing for wheat. The weather began to moderate last Sunday.

James Wilson left for the north woods on Tuesday morning.

A good many from Ellington attended the Caro fair Thursday and Friday.

Darius Gould made a flying visit to friends in Sanilac County last Sunday.

There is going to be a large amount of wheat stubble sown to wheat again this fall.

Levi Whipple tried his hand at a horse trade last Saturday with a man living east of Caro.

School commences in District No. 1 next Monday morning with Preston Cooley as teacher.

Ormond Malloy has two machines now at work, one threshing grain of all kinds, and the other hulling clover.

Pearl Hobart, daughter of Everett and Mary Hobart, who has been sick with malarial fever for some time, is getting some better.

James Andrews and family, who left here last week for Wisconsin, arrived at their destination the morning of the 19th, at Waupaca, Waupaca county, Wisconsin, where they will visit for some time.

The District meeting of Cass River District W. P., will meet at the Sutton church on Thursday of next week and continue Friday, and the first quarterly meeting of the Cass River Circuit will follow on Saturday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock p. m., and Sunday morning at 9 o'clock a. m., lovefeast and usual services following. Rev. F. Teaver, of Michigan, presiding. Annual conference W. P., will be in attendance. All are cordially invited to attend.

GRANT.

Robt. Russell and his mother were over to Grant visiting at Joseph Doerr's on Sunday last.

Some talk of a Granger picnic at Finkle's grove ere long, although it is only talk in the meantime.

The center of attraction is at Grant Center now to see the newly arrived drove of horses for sale.

Saturday nights are good nights to set up with good company away over in Brookfield. Don't you think so, E. M?

Tony Doerr went to Gagetown on Sunday to visit, and he also took his better half with him; nothing like pleasure.

Charlie Waters, Tom Walters and I Breckenridge paid Cass City a visit on Saturday last, some business transaction to be settled between the trio of youths.

Dr. McClinton of Cass City was called upon early Sunday morning to attend Johnnie Wilson, who was taken ill very suddenly. We have not heard what the trouble was as yet.

Mr. Bumbard, of the Kickapoo troupe is not easily forgotten by the youths of this locality as his songs and sayings can be heard every day that passes. Dr. Etherinton should get him.

Our equinoctial storms did come and brought Jack frost with them. Sunday morning everything was painted white and a cold north-west wind blowing and good prospects of more street sprinkling to be done.

Anthony Doerr has a field of maize near Mud Lake swamp and Mr. Bruin has taken the job of husking it for him, Bruin takes the maize and Anthony takes the husks and stalks, but Tony wants to compromise with him but he cannot find out where Bruin's place of staying is, his homestead is rather to large.

Our Berne friend tells us something about Angels having a flaming sword. That must be a weapon not used in modern warfare. We should think it would be a dangerous weapon to handle and what use have Angels with hot swords. We thought that Angels were a peaceable race of imaginary beings, but there would be no danger of fire

from a flaming sword down in the Columbia swamp. The next thing will be red-hot guns handled by saints.

The South is the only place in the United States where an attempt is made to maintain an aristocracy in office-holders. It is time the Southerners realized the hopelessness and absurdity of their efforts in this direction. If Northern men go down there they will take part in politics.

The flag still there. That is at the front. And it is getting there more and more. The idea of raising the stars and stripes over the public schools and keeping them floating there has struck a strong chord in the popular heart and meeting with a prompt response. The Detroit Tribune is receiving new orders daily. The scholars are taking hold of it with enthusiasm and making it their special enterprise, precisely as the Tribune desired and designed. That is a splendid sign of promise. The youth of today is to be the citizen of tomorrow. His country and his country's flag should be foremost in his thoughts and affections. And this will be the case when, as a part of the education of our public schools, their scholars everywhere see the emblem of the Nation's greatness and power floating as an impressive object lesson daily before their eyes.

GOOD FARM EXCHANGE FOR STOCK!

The south half of southwest quarter of Section 12, Elkland. Price, \$1,200. \$200 Cash; \$600 in Cattle, Horses or Sheep. Balance on 7 per cent interest.

J. F. SEELEY, Agent, Caro, Mich.

DRUGS, DRUGS! Come to Fritz Bros. for pure drugs and patent medicines. New and fresh supply received every week. The best quality of insect powder and all vermin exterminator, Chemicals, pure Cream of Tartar, Mustard and essential oils. Also School Books blank Books, Tablets, and Stationery of all kinds. Students remember us when in need of anything in this line. Special attention given to the filling of prescriptions. Farmers bring your receipts to FRITZ BROS., DRUGGISTS.

A. A. McKenzie, UNDERTAKER. And Funeral Director. A complete stock of Coffins, Caskets and Undertaker's Supplies on hand. EMBALMING WHEN DESIRED. Burial Robes, Cape, Gloves, etc., always in stock, at lowest prices. Good Hearse in connection. I have the agency for THE Artificial Marble Caskets. Undertaking Rooms in Mrs. Gamble's Building on Main Street. Give me a call. CASS CITY.

PROBATE ORDER—State of Michigan, County of Tuscola, ss. At a session of the Probate court for said county, held at the Probate office, in the village of Caro on the sixth day of September, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty nine. Present, James M. VanTassel, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of George W. Boughton, deceased. On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of George A. Boughton, praying that administration of said estate may be granted to Emily E. Boughton, or some other suitable person. Thereupon it is ordered that Monday, the seventh day of October next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be held in the Probate office, in the village of Caro, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. And, it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the several persons interested in said estate of the pendency of said petition and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Cass City ENTERPRISE, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three successive weeks, previous to said day of hearing. JAMES M. VANTASSEL, Judge of Probate. [A true copy]

GREAT REDUCTION SALE

AT A. FRUTCHEYS, DEFORD, MICH.

Having sold my property in Deford to a couple of parties from Otter Lake, Mich., and they having a large stock on hand and wishing me to reduce my stock in order to make room for their goods I will offer to the people of Deford and residents of the surrounding country

GOODS AT COST For the Next Thirty Days!

---INCLUDING--- DRY GOODS, BOOTS AND SHOES, GROCERIES, HARDWARE, ETC.

I quote a few prices: Salt, 75 cents per barrel; Nails, \$2.00 per Cwt Lime, 80 cents per barrel and other articles in the same proportion.

Highest Price Paid for Butter and Eggs.

Parties wishing to purchase their winter goods should not fail to pay me a visit during my last thirty days in Deford.

A. FRUTCHEY.

MAKING A POINT!

We make a point of insisting upon the distinction of Cheap Clothing and CLOTHING CHEAP.

The City is full of the former, but there is little of the latter.

WE HAVE CORRECT CLOTHING FOR ALL MEN AND BOYS CLOTHING SUITABLE FOR ALL OCCASIONS AND OCCUPATIONS.

Never have better goods been shown, nor a greater variety of fine goods been seen. Our new stock is all bright and clean and fresh, and at prices you cannot resist.

McDOUGALL & CO.

Save Money! Port Huron

MARBLE WORKS,

By Buying Your HARDWARE, DRY GOODS, BOOTS, SHOES, PAINTS, OILS, PUMPS, ANVILS, NAILS, ETC. PHILLO 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. J. L. HITCHCOCK. WORKS; 401, 403 & 405 Butler Street,



Eugene d' Albert.

The theatrical season is now upon us and American managers who have been in Europe looking for artists are returning with their precious freight, among others Eugene d' Albert, one of the best pianists in Europe.

In the countries of Western Europe where forestry has been studied for ages and the perils of deforestation are recognized by all enlightened men, there are the most stringent regulations that prevent the destruction that in this country wastes at noonday unrestrained. The overthrow of a tree on the side of a mountain in Switzerland is regarded as a crime equal to incendiarism. There must be intelligent authorization before the beneficent growth of years, and often centuries, can be stricken down; and while the woodman, under pains and penalties, spares the tree, the peasants cultivate shrubbery to prevent depressions from becoming ravines, and protect their strips of fertile land along the rivers from being overwhelmed by the wash that otherwise would free avalanches of loosened stones from the mountain sides. A traveler through Germany, not already informed, is astonished at the extent of the forests, the endless array of trees by the roadside, the systematic cultivation of shrubbery, groves of lovely willows by the streams, and the growth of grasses where there is a liability of loss of the soil, and the careful plowing that is done so that the rain may not scrape off the rich earth from the hillsides. The same care may be observed, though hardly to as great an extent, in France. In England the preservation of timber is a matter of pride as well as of profit. One does not there see great areas of country entirely devoid of trees. They dot the landscape on every side, and are regarded as veritable mascots. One of the sorrows of Spain and of Italy is that they have been so largely deprived of trees, and the once fruitful lands of those once famous peninsulas so greatly impoverished.

A curious complication has arisen in Canada in connection with the marriage of a deceased wife's sister bill of 1882. Before the passage of the act several men married their sisters-in-law, and the measure very charitably legalized such unions. Now one of the men for whose benefit the legalizing clause was enacted, is trying to convince the courts that the enactment was irregular, and that the lady with whom he has cohabited was not his wife. His object was to prevent the lady's estate being held for his debts. As he was one of the foremost agitators for the passage of the measure, it seems to the casual observer that he must be a mighty mean man.

An official report concerning the oil regions of Pennsylvania has just been published and shows such a marked falling off in both production and stock as to cause the state geologist to express the opinion that the oil wells in that state are giving out. Should the failure be as extensive as is now thought it will be, the country will have to look to the west for its future oil supply. The oil fields of Wyoming are extensive, but as yet undeveloped, and Colorado claims to have discovered large districts of oil-producing land in its territory. It will prove a source of vast wealth to that part of the country if the old Keystone state loses her oil-bearing reputation.

Wyoming has taken an important step in the direction of the purity of the ballot, by incorporating in its constitution a provision which withholds the ballot from foreigners who colonize and refuse to adopt American customs. The foreigners who come to this country must become citizens who have ceased to render homage to any foreign potentate before they are entrusted with the printed slip, which to Americans means the culmination of all our history—the ballot.

'BUSY BEES IN A HOTEL.

A Drummer's Lively Experience in a Southwest Georgia Town.

"Did you ever see bees making honey in a hotel?" The question was put to a Savannah News reporter by a traveling man who had just returned from a six weeks' trip through the southern portion of Georgia.

"I wouldn't have believed," he continued, "that people and bees could live together, but I have seen it with my own eyes, and I am convinced that they can. Last week, as I was making my return trip to Savannah, I stopped over at Oglethorpe and I spent the night in that industrious little town at the Drummers' Home, the only hotel there. It is kept by Judge Willis, the largest merchant and one of the wealthiest men in southwest Georgia. I was sitting out on the front porch just after supper, smoking a cigar, and I kept hearing a rumbling noise, as if water were pouring off some place. The sound came and went at intervals, and sometimes I could hear it distinct enough to almost tell, I thought, what it was. From the artesian well situated in the center of the town, runs a small stream. It runs down a hill over rocks and pebbles, making a rumbling noise like that of a brook, and forms a branch further down the hill, and the rippling of the little stream is heard at the business houses.

"I got up and walked down to the south end of the porch, imagining that I could smell the sweet fragrance of the violets and honeysuckles on the branch, when a bug as I supposed, whizzed by my head. I threw my hand up to my head when something lighted on it. I wasn't frightened, but skittish of bugs. I made a desperate brush at the insect with my left hand and struck it. It did not fall dead to the floor as I expected. It's sting was in my hand and the poor thing could not get loose. The sensation was unnerving, and with an energetic use of my cap I got rid of it. It was a bee. I smelled him and his scent was abroad. I leaned up against a column to get breath after the experience and jarred the post considerably. I stooped down to pick up my cap, and when I straightened up I ran my head into a bee nest." There were more bees than I ever felt before. They pitched on my face and head, and as fast as one would sting he gave place to the next one, who gave me a whack. I ran into the room and in some way they got the bees off of me. I remained over in Oglethorpe two days—that was longer than I expected to stay, but I wanted to stay until my fondness for the place 'swaged down' to its natural size.

"Two days afterward, a few hours before I was going to leave, I thought I would take a last look at the 'fated spot.' I found the column against which I leaned, and the first thing that attracted my attention was the rumbling noise that I heard two nights before. Looking at the top of the post I saw a bunch of bees that would have filled my hat. They were going in and out of a crack in the post just as they go in and out of a gum. They were making honey. I had made a discovery. I made known what I had seen to the proprietor of the house. He investigated it and found that the column, which is about 10 feet high and 8 inches in diameter, was full of honey up to within two feet of the top. After calculating awhile we found that the column contained over 200 pounds of honey. It was a find of between \$80 and \$100. Nobody had ever seen the bees before, and notwithstanding the rumbling noise had attracted the attention of numbers of people they attributed the sound to the branch just as I did. I was told that the bees would be robbed of their honey the next day if I would remain over, but I was two days behind and had to pull out. The two families live peacefully together now I am told, and no hostility will be manifested until the post gets full of honey, then the whites will begin pillaging and robbing."

A Story of Washington.

Some time ago a party of gentlemen at Woodland were discussing the characteristics of George Washington, the Father of His Country, when Sam. Ruland, the gorgeously of whose imagination has made him well known throughout the state, broke in upon the conversation. "You are right, gentlemen," said he, "Washington was a cold, austere man. He was as haughty as could be, and a stickler for formalities. There was never but one occasion, so far as I have heard, when he threw aside the usual frigidity of his demeanor. That instance was narrated to me years ago by my grandfather, who served under Washington in the war of the revolution. It was the next day after a battle in which the British troops had been routed. The colonial troops were drawn up in ranks, and Washington rode down the line, mounted upon the white charger of which you have all heard. When he came up to where my grandfather was standing the latter called out:

"Why, how do you do, general?" "Gen. Washington reined up his charger, dismounted, threw his arms around my grandfather's neck and exclaimed: "Ruland, do not call me general—call me George!"

Well Water.

The common well is the most undesirable source of all. If it is deep enough to strike a living spring of water, and removed from all sources of contamination, it may be unobjectionable, but these conditions are rarely met with in the country, and, we may say, never in large towns or cities. A well is usually placed near the house, for the same reason that the barnyard, privy and sick drain are, but their existence in the same vicinity is incompatible with a pure and wholesome water supply. Some even go so far as to dig the well in the cellar, and we recall the case of a refined and cultured family who actually had both well and cesspool underneath their dwelling, and only a short distance apart. Such a barbarous practice is unworthy of a civilized race, but it is to be feared that a large proportion of wells are not much better situated.—Popular Science News.

"Sunset" Cox's Bear Story.

"In the Yellowstone park," said Representative Cox to a Washington correspondent of the New York World, "the scriptural prophecy about the lion and lamb lying together is paralleled if not fulfilled. If the lion and the lamb don't lie together at least the bear and swine sup together and all the animal kingdom are on fairly friendly terms. The hunted beasts outside the borders of the reservation seek its security, and when they feel the protection of the government thrown around them they ease their headlong speed and breath in the fresh air of freedom. I can't tell how they know it; they can't read the posters that are stuck up warning hunters, but they somehow realize that the arm of the government is thrown around them when they get into the national park.

"When Mrs. Cox and I were at an inn in the park they told us of a big bear that came down every evening just before sunset to eat the swill that was thrown out to the hogs." The hogan was about a mile back of the house, in the woods, and this bear would come down every day to eat the swill, and would go away content without eating any of the little pigs. As he did not leave much food for them, perhaps they never got fat enough for his taste. While we were at dinner they told us that the girl who was waiting on table had met the bear in the path near the pen. She was carrying a basket of clothes from the wash and had the clothes on her head. She said she was not afraid, but I suppose she was a modest girl for she dropped her clothes and ran. Mrs. Cox and I had a suspicion that they were fooling us, but if there was a bear we wanted to see it. So my wife and I went out by the hog-pen to see the bear. Sure enough we met him in the woods—a great, big fellow. He gave a side glance at us and shuffled off as if he were about to run away. We were about twenty yards away from him and quickened our pace to advance on him. He suddenly changed his mind about running, and we changed our minds also. He turned toward us and growled. I remarked to Mrs. Cox that as she was getting fat and could not walk as fast as formerly it would be just as well if she'd turn back toward the hotel. Then I modestly followed. She walked much faster than I thought she could."

Merits of Southern Women.

Northern people have always had a good many queer notions about their cousins down this way, and the queerest of all is the notion that the Southern women are not practical. On the contrary, the women of the South take to business as naturally as a duck does to water. They have not the tendency to isms that the fair Northerners boast of, thank the Lord. Their way is to take things as they find them and make the best of the situation. Without the least appearance of effort or sounding tom-toms, they go quietly about paying their own way, and their failures are too few to talk about. It was nothing uncommon in old times to see a woman riding about in the fields bossing the negroes and the overseer. She usually supplemented this care on her own account with a general supervision of the country side, and her masculine neighbors were only too glad to consult her on matters of common interest. Many a debt burdened estate has been freed by the feminine turn for detail, a faculty that too many planters lacked before and since the war.—Sunny South.

Secretary Tracy's Little Adventure.

Secretary Tracy engaged in a little "Arabian Nights" expedition yesterday, says the New York Herald, which called forth some rather humorous incidents. He visited the Brooklyn navy-yard without any of the pomp or ceremony of state, and naturally was not recognized when he got there.

The man at the gate handed him a pass to let him out, as is done in the case of visitors. The secretary remarked: "I don't need any pass."

"Yes, you do," said the man at the gate, emphatically. "You can't get out of here without a pass unless you climb the stone wall."

The secretary took the pass. It did not take the news of his identity long to spread and reach the gate-keeper.

"Here's your pass," said the secretary, as he passed out.

"It isn't necessary," was the response, in an apologetic tone.

"Oh, yes it is," was the rejoinder; "I'm too old to climb any fifteen-foot wall."

In a Curious Position.

Prince Joseph Sulkowski is now drawing a good deal of attention to himself, says a letter from Berlin. About three months ago he escaped from an asylum in Vienna, was captured at Zurich, and relegated to another asylum at Bonn. The attendants who abetted his escape from the Vienna asylum have been punished by imprisonment, but meanwhile the doctors at Bonn are declaring that the prince is not and never has been mad. "This puts him in a curious position. He is the owner of vast estates" in Prussia and Austria, and an hereditary peer in both countries. Unless, therefore, the doctors all come to an agreement, he will be mad in one country and sane in another. In Prussia he will be privileged to make laws, in Austria his signature will not be valid for so much as a florin.

Making Postage Stamps.

The manufacture of postage stamps for the government, an industry which has been confined to New York for the past twenty-eight years, is likely to be transferred to this city. The government recently received bids for the contract, and when they were opened that of Charles F. Steel, of this city, was found to be the lowest. The award has not yet been made, but there is scarcely a doubt that he will secure it. He has made an offer to the Girard trust for the old stock exchange, and if it is accepted he will manufacture stamps there. The annual output will be about 140,000,000 sheets. About 200 hands will be employed.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

COMPLAINTS FROM BRAZIL.

Strange Results Reported from the Abolition of Slavery.

Washington correspondence of Chicago Inter Ocean: Henry Clay Armstrong, consul general at Rio de Janeiro, in his last report to the Department of State, makes some observations on effects of abolishing slavery in Brazil. Mr. Armstrong's residence in Georgia may have given a darker hue to the picture than the facts warrant. He says: "On the 13th of last May slavery was abolished in this empire. To obtain a correct idea of this measure it would be necessary to travel in the interior of the country, examine carefully the state of affairs in different localities and have full and frank intercourse with the people. Not having had an opportunity to make so thorough an investigation, I can only say that the chief results at present apparent are the loss of a considerable part of the last coffee crop (estimated at about one-third of the whole), the deteriorated quality of the coffee sent to the market, the scarcity and high price of provisions, the lack of adequate labor on the plantations for the proper culture and gathering of the next crop of coffee and other products, the uncertainty of obtaining labor in the future, and in consequence of all this a great increase of the discontent that previously existed to some degree among the people. When the abolition of slavery was declared the planters had begun to gather their coffee, and the freedmen, with some exceptions, seem to have continued in this labor either on the plantations of their former masters or on those of other planters. It is generally admitted, however, that their work was much less efficient, so that notwithstanding the additional labor of a large number of newly arrived immigrants a great deal of coffee was lost, and the greater part of that sent to market was so improperly handled as to be of inferior quality. Of the present crop, the highest grade of coffee (unwashed) which has come to market in sufficient quantities to be mentioned in the quotations of prices, is that known as medium first, which is usually quoted at 30 to 40 per cent less than that known as superior and fine.

Some efforts were made by the government and Parliament for the relief of the persons who lost most heavily by the abolition of slavery to allay the discontent thereby occasioned. A bill was passed by the Chamber of Deputies authorizing the government to charter banks for lending money on plantations. These banks were to have a total capital not exceeding \$16,500,000, and were to be allowed to issue negotiable mortgage bonds with 5 per cent interest guaranteed by the government to the amount of \$16,500,000. This bill was passed by the Chamber of Deputies too late in the session for the Senate to take any action thereon. A bill for the repression of idleness was also introduced in the Chamber of Deputies, but its discussion was not concluded. A bill for compensating the owners of the emancipated slaves was rejected by the Senate, but the friends of the measure do not consider the rejection as final.

After some month's delay the government made an agreement with one of the banks of this city by which the latter was to lend the planters of the provinces of Rio de Janeiro, Sao Paulo, Minas Geraes and Espirito Santo the maximum sum of \$6,600,000 at six per cent interest. Half of the money required for this purpose was to be lent without interest by the government to the bank. Similar contracts were made for lending money to planters in the northern provinces of the empire.

Born in Hard Luck.

"I don't s'pose it's any use," said the hungry man, mournfully, sidling up beside the well dressed man, "for me to ask you for a little assistance toward gettin' a bite to eat?"

"Not the least bit in the world," said the other man, cheerfully.

"I s'pose not," continued the hungry man, a tinge of sarcasm coming into his tone of voice and blending in a fine mezzotint quality with the Jeremiaic strain. "I s'pose not." And this time he spoke reflectively. "I ain't no Johnstown sufferer, I ain't, I don't know nothin' about Johnstown, so I can't tell no straight story. I ain't never been to Seattle, an' so I can't pose as bein' burnt out. I ain't even a Braidwood miner, I ain't. Ef I wuz any of them I wouldn't be a askin' for a little somethin' to get a bite o' vittles. I'd be a wearin' good second-hand close an' a necktie an' a shirt that splits down the front and back both. Mebbe I'd have a collar and cuffs with buttons int' em. Anyway, I'd be a spendin' relief money an' a eatin' regular. But I ain't none o' them. I b'long right hyar, an' I ain't had no job for a year. I'm busted 'cause it's my own fault. I am, an' I ain't got no show to kick over the bad distribution o' no relief money at all. All the luck comes ter people on the outside, an' a man right hyar at home has ter eat out o' slop barrels an' sleep coal holes, an' git moved on an' not have no close to speak of. It's mighty hard, an' I just wisht some o' these fires or floods or somethin' would sorter come my way onct. I ain't had no luck since I wuz er kid, I ain't," and he ambled away, broken in spirits, hungry, footsore and ragged.—Chicago Mail.

Cutting Down Trees.

Recently an Ulster county (New York) farmer cut an acre or two of trees on an elevated portion of his farm with the following result: "My first loss was the drying up of a beautiful brook which had its source in my grove and which ran through a number of fields, furnishing water for cattle while grazing. Five times the value of the wood I sold would have been refused for this stream. In the vicinity of the place where the timber stood the ground became dry during the summer. When rain fell it did not seem to be absorbed; the water ran down the hillsides, making great gullies and doing much damage, while the fields through which the brook flowed did not yield as good crops."

No Booms Need Apply.

"Can you direct me to Pacific City?" asked the Buffalo man to a station agent in Dakota as he left the train at a "huddle" of four or five houses.

"Right across the street for information, sir," was the reply, and the stranger walked across to a shanty bearing the sign "Real estate" and put the same question to a red-headed man who was busy folding and sealing a prospectus.

"This is it, sir," was the calm reply.

"Why—why—"

"You are disappointed, of course."

"Well, rather."

"You expected to see a city of at least 5,000 inhabitants, with parks, schools, factories, and churches, and all that?"

"Yes, I did."

"That's the way with many others, but it is not our fault. Our object is to go slow and sure, and not create anything like a boom to give fictitious values. We have done remarkably well thus far. One year ago this was the only structure in the city. Now look around."

"Now I can count seven."

"Exactly. That's what our latest prospectus says—improved 700 per cent in one year. Can you ask a town to go ahead faster than that? Don't confound this wonderful progress with a boom, however. Booms have killed half this western country. We don't want any."

"How's real estate?" queried the Buffalo man, after a while.

"Advancing, of course. Six months ago I offered lots on Washington avenue for \$10 a foot. To-day I'm asking \$20. That's 100 per cent, isn't it, and nothing like a boom. We are simply growing on our merits alone. That's the proper way for a town to grow."

"Any factories here?"

"There are. A year ago we had none. Now we have a blacksmith and a shoemaker. That's an increase of 200 per cent, and I want you to find a town to match it. There has been no boom, however—remember that. It's just a natural growth."

"What's the population?"

"That's one of the strong points in my new prospectus. A year ago I was here alone. To-day we number twenty-two souls. Think of the tremendous per cent of increase! All legitimate and on its merits, and no boom to cause a rush."

"Are the future prospects flattering?"

"Exceedingly so. The climate is good for catarrh and a check on biliousness. Our seasons are very mild, and a farmer can get sixteen hours a day out of the hired men. This is a great distributing point for the trade and the centre of manufactures, and we shall seek to have the national capital removed here. We expect six railroads and two canals to cross here, three large universities have asked for sites, and before the end of the year congress will be asked for a public building to cost not less than \$1,000,000. Flattering? I should remark! But we ain't doing any crowing about it. It might start a boom, and booms are the bitter foes of new towns. We want to grow on our merits as the coming city of the glorious west. If you write anything for your home paper just put that in—all legitimate and solely on its merits, and no booms need apply."

—New York Sun.

Canadian Annexation.

Senator Wade Hampton, who has been traveling in Canada recently, says the Canadian authorities are very seriously considering the annexation question. He says there is a universal dissatisfaction with the relations at present existing between the two countries, and a feeling that if the friction which arises from the fishery and transportation questions is not to be increased, there must be in the immediate future some arrangement for reciprocity or for commercial union, if not, indeed, for annexation outright. The senator thinks the religious question will prove a serious obstacle, however, as the Catholic element, which effectually opposed the union of Canada with the American colonies at the time of the revolutionary war, is still violently opposed to annexation.—Burlington Free Press.

Heaven.

The world is beautiful; but I Can see in all beneath the sky, Proof that the Great Divinity

Designed that mortals, To taste of perfect bliss, must fly To heaven's portals.

If not, why are our natures tried By longings all unsatisfied?

Why do our towers, reared with pride, Fetter and fall?

Why are the sweets on life's wayside Mingled with gall?

Music and discord mingle here— The joyous laugh, the bitter tear, The sunshine and the storm-cloud drear, All in an hour,

By turns will crush the heart and cheer— Such is earth's dower!

But there's a land beyond the sky, Where hope within us cannot die, Where there is neither tear nor sigh, Nor strife nor terror;

Where all is peace and harmony, Unmixed with error.

There, bathed in light, we'll stand before The One who human sorrows bore; Who, homeless, famished, sick, and sore, Was yet man's friend;

And will be when this life is o'er, Time without end.

Oh, glorious home! Oh, mansion blest! Thou recompense for life's unrest! Close to the Saviour's bosom press; How sweet to be

Loved, pitied, comforted, caressed, Eternally!

—Francis S. Smith, New York Weekly.

Really an Advantage.

Again the hard hearted historian has laid violent hands upon the story of the Highland lassie who, shut up in the walls of Lucknow, heard the welcome sound of the bagpipes of the Highland regiment playing "The Campbells Are Coming," which, he declares, is founded upon imagination and not upon fact. It really does not matter much. People enjoy "Hamlet" and "Dandie Dimton" and "Sam Weller" without bothering themselves to inquire whether they are founded on fact or not, and it is really an advantage for the Lucknow lassie to leave the shifting sands of history and take up her abode on the firm ground of fiction.—Toronto Globe.

WOMEN AND TIGERS.

A Narrative of Feminine Exploits in Bagging Big Game.

The method of bagging tigers in Nepal is peculiar to the country, says Eva Wyndham Quin in the Nineteenth Century, and has this great advantage that one is nearly always successful in shooting any tiger which has been marked down. Our friend who is quietly digesting the buffalo he ate last night must be lying not far from his kill. So we advance with some two or three hundred elephants in a line and gradually close in upon him, shoulder to shoulder, in a huge ring, from which he has small chance of escape. As the circle contains a fairly large piece of jungle a "shikari" goes in on his elephant to ascertain exactly where the tiger is lying, and having found him at his move—six guns, disposed on three howdah elephants—advance for the fray. Those who are accustomed to tiger shooting and think no more of bagging Master Stripes with a well placed bullet than most do of knocking over a woodcock in a home cover will not realize the anxious feeling one experiences when for the first time one is perched on top of an elephant, poking about in a thick undergrowth and expecting to see a tiger bound out at every bush! At last out he rushes with a mighty roar, and dashes round and round the ring, vainly trying to force his way through, while all the elephants trumpet loudly, with their trunks in the air, and their mahouts shriek and yell, so that one requires all one's nerve to fire and hit him under such alarming circumstances. But it is really a case of now or never, and I take a shot at a tigress as she is galloping by, and am lucky enough to hit her in the back with my first shot, and again in the shoulder with my second one, whereupon she charges straight at our elephant, but only to receive her death blow from a second rifle in the howdah. One cannot help feeling sorry to see such a noble beast laid low, but so great are the rejoicings when she is brought triumphantly into camp, thrown across an elephant's back, that one's regrets are soon forgotten in the pride and delight of having shot one's first tiger.

After this first day's sport we continue to have good luck, especially that red-letter day when, quietly moving across country with a line of elephants, we manage to surround five tigers. On entering the ring we first only catch sight of one tigress, which is cleverly hit in the shoulder by Mrs. Durand; then, to our astonishment, tigers seem to crop up in all directions—one pair of green eyes glare from beneath the grass at one point, and then yet another pair a few yards on, so that finally we realize there are four big cubs, besides the tigress, galloping among our elephants in the ring. Such a howling, growling, snarling, shouting, trumpeting, and firing off of rifles can never have been heard before. Wounded and furious the tigers take refuge in a small nullah, and there is some difficulty in finishing them off; but at last all five are ours, and piling them on to various elephants we return to camp in the fading light, the sun sinking peacefully in a glow of crimson and gold behind the trees, while the moon rises in the east and glints through the dark boughs as we wind our way home. By the camp-fire are laid out our five tigers, and it is with some pride we examine their soft, golden winter coats and discuss again and again by the flickering light the experiment of the day's sport.

A Fish With Scales Like Silver.

The tarpon is a fish known to naturalists as megalops thriassoides, ranging from fifty to two hundred pounds in weight and from four and one-half to over six feet in length; not unlike a cross between a huge herring, to which family it belongs, and a huge blue fish in its general proportions; with large protuberant eyes and an ugly mouth that opens on the fish's nose, so to speak, covered on either side with a hard bony semi circular flap that gives the effect of a jaw. Behind and contiguous to the dorsal fin is a sort of bony bayonet called the feather, some eight or nine inches long, that protrudes into the air in the direction of the tail forming an acute angle with the line of the back. The body is covered with brilliant argentine scales which give the fish the effect of having been laved in silver, and which have won for it the title of the Silver King. These scales, which are circular and slightly scalloped on the part of the edge that is overlapped, vary from one inch to two inches and a half in diameter. The silvery epidermis covers only the exposed portion which is about one-fourth of the circumference. The remaining surface is a slightly yellowish white not dissimilar in hue to mother of pearl, though without its iridescence, translucent but not transparent, and shiny on the inner side. They are hard, thin, and of shell like fiber. After being removed from the fish and dried, they curl up so as to remind one of a Saratoga chip, but will, if moistened and compressed, regain at least for a short time their former shape. The extreme brilliancy of the silvery portion becomes tarnished by degrees, inclining either to yellow or black, but the permanent color is still beautiful and astonishing. The back of the fish is black, and the silvery effect gradually begins at a line well above the eye. Some anglers have seen fit to perpetuate their triumphs by having specimens of these monsters mounted on a panel. They form magnificent trophies for the hall or dining room of a large house; and when grazing at a hundred pound tarpon, which is certainly rather below than above the average weight of the fish, one finds difficulty in believing that it has been captured with rod and reel.—Robert Grant, in Scribner's Magazine.

Astronomical Intelligence.

Telescope man—Come up gents, and take a look at the moon. Only ten cents.

Countryman—Does it make the moon look any bigger?

Look any bigger? Why, it brings the moon so close that you can read the signs on the board fences.—Texas Siftings.

MY LATEST LOVE.

GRADUATE SONG. 'Tis many years since I was young, Yet still I feel the pulsing glow...

A SUMMER SHOWER.

"So you will not forgive me, Cosy?" George Wharton asked, as he stood in the garden path below, looking up at her as she leaned out of the old library window of Ashley manor-house.

table, strewn with fancy work and books belonging to Cosy and her sister, he leaned his head upon his arms, and a few great sobs struggled up from his proud, wrung heart.

"This is your bracelet, I believe," began George struggling to preserve a dignified reserve and coldness of manner. "I found it here only a few moments ago."

"Cosy, what are you talking about? Have you taken leave of your senses? Don't you know it is not five minutes since I picked up this proof of your heartless conduct—the bracelet you now have in your hand?"

"My darling," whispered George, folding her tenderly in his arms, "will you, can you ever forgive me?"

"George," she said, looking down at her wet feet, "don't you think we had better go indoors? You can come into the library if you like, and smoke, just for once, to please me, the proverbial pipe of peace, while I promise on my part never to lose my temper again."

The Discovery of Oxygen. Fixed air and combustible air had been speculated upon, and the air that is left after combustion had attracted attention.

"Yes, I care for you a little—only a very, very little." Was it really Cosy who was taken into Percy's arms and kissed once, twice, under the cedars, with the fragrance of the Portugal laurels around, and the moonbeams shining through a rift in the dark boughs overhead—Cosy, the dear little girl of his hopes and dreams, the sweet little love for whose sake he had traveled many thousand miles, and resigned willingly all the advantages that might have accrued to him from a longer stay in the land of pagodas and pig-tails? Could it be that the gay, trifling girl whose merry laugh had aroused him from his reverie was his own sweet Cosy, who, despite her hatred of smoking and her passionate temper, had so often timidly confessed her love for him, and in whose pure eyes he had read nothing but truth and honesty? Oh, it was impossible, simply impossible—he could never have been so deceived!

Chicago Enterprise. First Chicago Man—I read of a fellow in California who has a defect in his eyes which causes him to see every object multiplied twenty-seven times.

Second Chicago Man—It's a pity we can't hire him to take our census. Then we would not have to annex all the adjacent villages to swell the returns.—Texas Siftings.

The cotton crop of Texas will be worth \$34,000,000.

The saw is largely used now instead of the axe in bringing down the giant redwoods in California. The tree is sawed partly through, and then is forced over by wedges.

Mary A. Schaub, of Nashville, who died the other day, left an estate of \$5,000 to be applied to the support of her two dogs. Many richer people leave larger sums for the support of puppies.

Persons who have tried themselves that the trans-Atlantic steamers that beat the record are not as comfortable ones on which to travel as those which take a day or two longer for the passage.

About \$200,000 in treasure, which was on board the Pacific Mail steamer Grenada, when that vessel was wrecked on the Pacific coast about a month ago, has been recovered. The vessel, valued at \$200,000 is a total loss.

It is announced that Claus Spreckels, the millionaire sugar refiner, proposes to build another refinery at Philadelphia, fully as large as the mammoth refinery now in the course of erection by him at the neck on the Delaware river.

One thousand six hundred people have been thrust to death at Lu Chow, China, making half a dozen stupendous calamities in the celestial empire in many months. Even the Chinese do not seem to grow very excited over such occurrences.

A Kentuckian shot himself with suicidal intent, the other day, and died, after several hours of intense suffering. Being asked how it happened that with his known skill with the pistol he did not kill himself instantly, he said he wished to live long enough to be forgiven for his act.

The trustees of the Madison-square Building Company, New York, has executed a contract for tearing down the present Madison-square Garden, and the erection of the new building, which is to take its place at a cost of \$1,200,000. The amphitheatre will be completed by March 20, and the entire structure by June 15, 1890.

Secretary Windom has directed that all the bonds purchased by the government since the first of July last be applied to the sinking fund until the requirements for the current fiscal year, estimated at \$47,000,000, are met. The amount already applied to this purpose is \$3,983,450, of which all but \$15,500 was in 4 1/2 per cent bonds.

Postmaster General Wanamaker has issued an order extending the age limit of appointment of letter carriers in non-civil service postoffices from thirty-five to forty years of age. This age limitation does not apply to persons honorably discharged from the military or naval service of the country who are otherwise duly qualified.

The general dissatisfaction among the cigar-makers of New York city has resulted in strikes at several factories, and the trouble is spreading. The men claim that the tenement-house system, which was checked for a time by the enactment of a law on the subject, is again in full swing, and that wages are down to the starvation point.

J. Frank Collum, who robbed John S. Blaisdell of Minneapolis, of nearly \$300,000 by forgeries has made a full confession of his guilt, and says he desires that no mercy be shown him. It has been discovered that Collum also had forged the names of several other prominent citizens of Minneapolis for amounts ranging from \$5,000 to \$20,000.

"If I gave you a pound of metal and ordered you to make the most out of it, what kind of metal would you select?" asked a well-known jeweller. "Gold, of course," was the prompt reply. "I'd prefer a pound of steel," said the jeweller, "and I'd have it made into hair springs for watches. A pound of such springs would sell for an even \$40,000."

Benjamin Johnson, it is said, owns a farm in Rush Valley, U. T., upon which he has just discovered a mine of natural shoe blacking. An analysis of this peculiar material shows that it contains sixteen per cent carbon, thirty-four per cent aluminum, and the remainder clay. When taken out the material is moist and soft, and when used as blacking produces a fine polish, which is not easily destroyed.

TICKET 42,758.

A Pick-Up of \$12,500 by Three Well-Known Cheyenne People. Cheyenne (Wyo.) Ledger, August 8. The drawing of \$15,000 from the Louisiana State Lottery in the July drawing by three well-known Cheyenne people has created a decided sensation. The children of fortune are all employed at H. H. Ellis' bakery. They are Louis Salada, and wife, and Edward P. Gaylor, an old-timer and a prominent Odd Fellow.

Fifty-eight hours after the drawing Salada and wife, and Mr. Gaylor were overjoyed to learn from a list that ticket No. 42,758 had drawn the capital prize of \$500,000, and that they were entitled to one-twentieth of that sum or \$15,000.

Advices from New Orleans confirmed the list and the money was collected through the First National bank of this city, being paid over to the winners Aug. 1.

Salada and wife are visiting relatives in Missouri. The lady, who has been an invalid for several years, is to retire to an eastern hospital for several months and will be treated by eminent specialists.

Donnison Dana, a deacon in the Harvard Congregational church, a prominent worker in the Sunday school, and treasurer of the Douglas axe company of Boston, is short in his accounts with the company to the tune of \$300,000. He has been missing for several days. His stealings have been going on for years.

Your Life in Danger. Take time by the forelock ere that rasping, hacky cough of yours carries you where you lose no time, but procure a bottle of the rational remedy for lung and bronchial diseases, Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites. It will cure you. Sold by all druggists.

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.

Grand Harvest Excursions Will run via the Washburn line to points in Kansas, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Dakota, Colorado, and all parts of the west, on August 20, September 10 and 24 and October 8, 1889. Rate one fare for round trip. For particulars apply to nearest Washburn ticket agent.

The entire business portion of Linkville, Oregon, was destroyed by fire Sept. 7, causing a loss of \$250,000.

W. H. Griffin, Jackson, Michigan, writes: "Suffered with Catarrh for 15 years. Hall's Catarrh-Cure cured me." Sold by druggists, 75c.

This was the way we played the game that we used to call "flower-ladies." We gathered roses with stems about two inches long and set them down on their petals, and any one can see in a minute that they then became beautiful ladies, with tall, slender figures, lovely pink or crimson, satin or velvet, skirts and little green overskirts.

The men were thoras from the hedge, which stood up very nicely when stuck in the ground, or else they were bits of stick; but they were rather stiff and unbending,—were these gentlemen,—and really played a very insignificant part in the flower ladies' households.

The houses in which the ladies lived were of the very simplest architecture; just bits of stick or blades of grass laid together in squares to inclose rooms and halls. A green leaf made a pretty bed, and tiny flat pebbles furnished beautiful chairs. Then a chip served excellently for a grand mahogany table, and upon very small mud-pies, frosted with sand, and mud chocolate-custards, in acorn-cups, and loaves of mud-bread, the flower ladies lived luxuriously.

Our ladies were divided into two families. My sister's family always bore the surname of Grey, and mine was called Graham. The big Solferino roses with the thick loose petals were the grandmothers, because they had wide laps for the babies to rest upon. The common damask-roses were nice comfortable mothers, who were careful lest the children should get their feet wet, and always had ready lovely mud-pies for the children when they came home from school.

The Gloire-de-France roses were the sweet young aunts, named Mabel, or Irene, and the moss-roses and old-fashioned thorn-roses were the ugly-tempered aunts, called Jane or Maria.

There was a rose-bush that bore very long, slender white buds, and one of these buds, because it could not stand up well, was always a girl named Kate who had hurt her spine. Lying on the orange-leaf sofa, she bore her sufferings with touching fortitude.

Next came the children. The Greys and Gramams had very large families. The peacocks-roses came in here, the fullest-blown kind being the eldest girls of about twelve, and from these they went down through various ages to the tiny, tiny bud that was the newborn baby rocked to sleep in a velvet rose-leaf, and so sensitive that all the little flower children had to tread lightly for fear of waking her.—Elizabeth Bisland in St. Nicholas.

Copy of Original.

VAN WERT, O., July 11, 1889. RHEUMATIC SYRUP Co., Jackson, Mich.

GENTS: This is to certify that I had what is called sciatic rheumatism so badly that I was laid down over to one side. My hip sank in so that you could lay your hand in the cavity, and I could do no work for over one year. I tried some of the best physicians and did almost everything I could hear or think of, and nothing did me any good until I purchased a bottle of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup of Hines & Son, Druggists, Van Wert, O. Four bottles cured me and have never had it since.

ALBERT KING. We certify to the above testimonial. HINES & SON, Druggists.

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!"

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.

YOU WILL SAVE MONEY. Time, Pain, Trouble and Will Cure. CATARRH OF THE HEAD AND EARS.

Ely's Cream Balm. Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., 59 Warren St., N. Y.

SICK HEADACHE. Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Biliousness, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, and all the other ailments that regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 Cents.

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

Hibbard's Rheumatic and Liver Pills.

These Pills are scientifically compounded, uniform in action. No gripping pain so commonly following the use of pills. They are adapted to both adults and children, with perfect safety. We guarantee they have no equal in the cure of Sick Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness; and, as an appetizer, they excel any other preparation.

The engineer of a steamer plying between Longport and Ocean City, N. J., is a pretty brunette and her husband is the fireman.

No Cure No Pay.

It is a pretty severe test of any doctor's skill when the payment of his fee is made conditional upon his curing his patient. Yet after having, for many years, observed the thousands of marvelous cures effected in liver, blood and lung diseases, by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, its manufacturers feel warranted in selling it, as they are now doing, through all druggists, the world over, under a certificate of positive guarantee that it will either benefit or cure in every case of disease for which they recommend it, if taken in time and given a fair trial, or money paid for it will be promptly refunded. Torpid liver, biliousness, impure blood, skin eruptions, scrofulous sores and swellings, consumption (which is scrofula of the lungs), all yield to this wonderful medicine. It is both tonic or strength-restoring, and alterative or blood-cleansing.

Chronic Nasal Catarrh positively cured by Dr. Sage's Remedy. 50 cents, by druggists.

A New York syndicate is trying to gobble up coal and timber lands in Pennsylvania to the value of \$50,000,000, whereas a Chicago paper observes that New York wants both the world's fair and the earth.

A Few Painters.

The recent statistics of the number of deaths show that the large majority die with Consumption. This disease may commence with an apparently harmless cough which can be cured instantly by Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, which is guaranteed to cure and relieve all cases. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial size free. For sale by all druggists.

A box wind matches free to smokers of "Tansil's Punch" or "Cigar."

Commissioner Tanner says there may be official differences between himself and Secretary Noble, but there are none of a personal nature.

If not above being taught by a man, take this good advice. Try Dobbins' Electric soap next Monday. It won't cost much, and you will then know for yourself just how good it is. Be sure to get no imitation. There are lots of them.

When the shah was introduced to the wife of the king of Belgium with her ladies in waiting, the shah asked the king if it was his harem.

"The days of miracles are past." That may be, and yet some of the most wonderful things ever witnessed by the human family have occurred within the last decade. Not the least of these wonders is the success which the agents of B. F. Johnson & Co. of Richmond, Va., are meeting. Write them for particulars. They will show you how to work wonders.

JACOBS OIL. TRADE MARK. THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN. IT CONQUERS PAIN. Relieves and cures HEADACHE, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, Sciatica, Lumbago, Burns and Scalds.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS. THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

FREE. Return mail full descriptive circulars of MOODY'S NEW TAILOR SYSTEM OF DRESS CUTTING. Any lady of ordinary intelligence can easily and quickly learn to cut and make any garment, in any style in any measure for lady or child. Address MOODY & CO. CINCINNATI, O.

TOWER'S SLICKER. The Best Waterproof Coat Ever Made. Don't waste your money on a gum or rubber coat. The FISH BRAND SLICKER is absolutely water and wind proof, and will keep you dry in the heaviest storm.

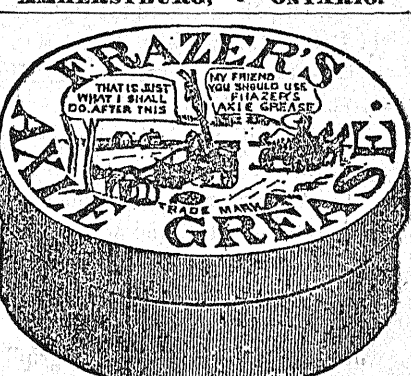
DWIGHT'S COW BRAND. TO MAKE A Delicious Biscuit. Ask your grocer for COW BRAND SODA OR SALERATUS. ABSOLUTELY PURE.

Bright eyes and dull; near sighted; far sighted; anybody (except those who won't, and they are worse than blind) can see at a glance the advantages gained by using PEARLINE. We do not expect everyone will see it, but millions do, and the number increases every day. Delicate women and strong, wonder at the amount of work they can do with the aid of PEARLINE—the time saved; the satisfactory results, and when they have used it for years they realize that everything that is washed or cleaned with Pearline lasts longer. This is very simple—Pearline does away with most of the rubbing—the greatest wear and tear that clothes are subjected to is the repeated rubbings necessary to keep them clean with ordinary soap. Your own interests should lead you to use surely convince any bright woman that it is to her interest to see that her servants use it. Beware of Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers are offering imitations which they claim to be Pearline. IT'S FALSE—they are not.

FARMS!

100 Choice Farms in ESSEX COUNTY, ONTARIO, The Garden County of the World.

Full description of improved and unimproved farms sent free to any address. For circular concerning the county and its resources, apply to LEIGHTON & OUELLETTE, Props. Essex Co. Land Office, AMHERSTBURG, ONTARIO.



HARVEST EXCURSIONS! VIA Iron Mt. Route

Half Rates for the Round Trip To all points in Arkansas, Texas, Kansas and Nebraska, August 6th and 20th, September 10th and 24th, and October 8th. Thirty days' limit, ample stop-over privileges, cheap fares. Come early for first choice. For descriptive pamphlets from address company's agents or H. C. Townsend, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, St. Louis, Mo.

Dollars AND SENSE IN EDUCATION

in a course in the Business, English, Short-hand, Penmanship, Mechanical Drawing, or German and Diction Departments of the Detroit Business University, 119 Griswold St. Students receive any time. Elegant illustrated catalogue free.

1 prescribe and fully endorse Big G as the only specific for the certain cure of Gonorrhea. G. H. INGERSHAM, M. D., Amsterdam, N. Y. We have sold Big G for many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction. D. R. DYCHE & CO., Chicago, Ill. Trade Mark \$1.00. Sold by Druggists.

Baby Carriages. We manufacture to sell direct to private parties. Write for catalogue. CHAS. RAISER, Mfr., 264 Cuyahoga Ave., Chicago.

BASE BALL. 7 in x 5 in. 70 pieces. ILLUMINATED COVER. SENT FREE on application enclosing one (2c) stamp. Write for catalogue. HOLLAND, P. O. Box 120, Philadelphia, Pa.

SINGERS. Find Pilo's Cure for Consumption. THE BEST REMEDY for all throat troubles and to clear the throat.

PENSIONS. Write J. L. STANWORTH, Pension Agent, Boston, Mass. blanks, Vouchers and Rejected Claims a Specialty. Mention this Paper.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A sure ASTHMA relief. Price 50c. Write for catalogue. STOWELL & CO., Charlestown, Mass.

OPIUM. Habit. The only certain and easy cure. Dr. J. L. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

HOME STUDY. Book-keeping, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Short-hand, etc. thoroughly taught by mail. Write for catalogue. BILLY ANTON'S COLLEGE, 431 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

\$5 to \$8 a day. Samples worth \$2.15 FREE. Ladies put under horses' feet. Write for catalogue. Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

W. N. U., D.—VII—38.

When writing to Advertisers please say you saw the advertisement in this Paper.

KINGSTON.

Put up your stoves. Dr. Simenton visited Caro last week. Mrs. H. A. Pulling is visiting in Ont.

The ladies' Aid met at the parsonage this week. Wheat is worth more in Kingston than in Marlette.

Wanted, a good harness maker to locate in Kingston. Dave "trotted" out another mowing machine this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Gifford are sight seeing in Detroit this week. Geo. Perry, of Orion, was a Kingston caller on Monday.

Frank Gifford is shipping large quantities of apples now days. Jas. Crocker reports a yield of 34 bushels of wheat to the acre. Next. Geo. Meidlein had 320 bushels of fine wheat from 10 acres of summer fallow.

Jas. McGinnis packed his "grip" on Monday and left for Washington Territory. The frost on Saturday night resulted in a severe injury to the corn in this vicinity.

Station Agent Veit and wife are in attendance at the Detroit exposition this week. Wish now we had subscribed for the Caro daily advertiser, which was issued during the fair last week.

There are five members of the family of Lyman Soper's seriously ill. Quite enough for one household. The moss-backs around here are looking forward to six weeks of "Injun" summer in October this year.

The Misses Lilly, Hattie and Mamie Allen have arrived home from the upper peninsula, where they have been for a year and a half past. Jos. Legg visited the exposition on Monday, having gone to Detroit on Saturday, so as to be on hand bright and early the first of the week.

Rev. J. R. Beach was summoned from Caro one day last week to unite in marriage a Mr. Calkins of Clayton, Genesee county, and Miss Raymouth of Wilmot.

Mr. Torrey is put in five more lock drawers in his post office case to meet the requirements of the public, three of them being already rented. This makes a total of 20 lock drawers.

Jno. C. Clark, at this writing, is very low with fever. His brother from Oxford is with him, and his family is anxious as to the result of the crisis, which will either terminate in the resuscitation or extinction of life.

A great many people, too numerous to mention took the train from this place this week for the Detroit exposition, and we expect to hear glowing accounts of that great show, which is attracting the attention of the civilized world.

Mrs. J. R. Beach received word from her sister in Chicago a few days ago to pay her a visit in that city, which request has been granted and she will leave for that point in a few days. Mrs. Beach will attend the Chicago exposition while there. Wish we had a sister in that metropolis of the West.

Occasionally a person comes in contact with an old resident, who has absented himself from his rural and antiquated home for several years. Such a meeting recalls to the memory of the oldest inhabitant scenes of his early childhood, and brings back to his thoughts a remembrance of the early days, when this country was yet in its infancy.

Mr. Philo King of Ravenna, Ohio, who is visiting his brothers, Wallace B. and Russel B. King, and chatting with his old-time friends here, and shaking hands with everybody in general, is one of these pioneers whom all are glad to meet. Mr. King was a resident of this territory 31 years ago, and was supervisor of Kingston township for seven years, which township was named in honor of his father. He assisted in the construction of a road from Hurd's corners, (now East Dayton) to within one-half mile of this village. Mr. K. also built the first house in Kingston, the one now occupied by Jas. Corlis. He was the first man to get entangled in the silken tie and took his wedding trip through the woods, a distance of four miles, on a jumper sleigh, and the road which he traveled was only discernible by blazed trees. Think of it, ye soft gloved sons, and daughters, who think you have such a tough time of it in this age of reason! Mr. King was a veteran in the late war, and has traveled extensively. His recital of the early hardships are exceedingly interesting, coming, as it does, from a man who is well informed. We were pleased to meet him.

Mrs. W. A. Densmore of Battle Creek was recently prostrated by the sudden death of her husband. She now lies unconscious and is subject to spasms at frequent intervals. She has been taken to Kalamazoo asylum.

W. D. SCHOOLEY 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, HARNES 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.

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 both in Michigan and in Ontario.

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 inorganic trouble, 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 cures; they only wish 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, be treated at their homes. The course of treatment will not, in any way, interfere with their business. Absolute secrecy in all cases. Charges moderate. Consultation and diagnosis free. 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 9, p. m., week days only Rooms 1, 2 and 9.

Mr. Torrey is put in five more lock drawers in his post office case to meet the requirements of the public, three of them being already rented. This makes a total of 20 lock drawers.

Jno. C. Clark, at this writing, is very low with fever. His brother from Oxford is with him, and his family is anxious as to the result of the crisis, which will either terminate in the resuscitation or extinction of life.

A great many people, too numerous to mention took the train from this place this week for the Detroit exposition, and we expect to hear glowing accounts of that great show, which is attracting the attention of the civilized world.

Mrs. J. R. Beach received word from her sister in Chicago a few days ago to pay her a visit in that city, which request has been granted and she will leave for that point in a few days. Mrs. Beach will attend the Chicago exposition while there. Wish we had a sister in that metropolis of the West.

Occasionally a person comes in contact with an old resident, who has absented himself from his rural and antiquated home for several years. Such a meeting recalls to the memory of the oldest inhabitant scenes of his early childhood, and brings back to his thoughts a remembrance of the early days, when this country was yet in its infancy.

Mr. Philo King of Ravenna, Ohio, who is visiting his brothers, Wallace B. and Russel B. King, and chatting with his old-time friends here, and shaking hands with everybody in general, is one of these pioneers whom all are glad to meet. Mr. King was a resident of this territory 31 years ago, and was supervisor of Kingston township for seven years, which township was named in honor of his father. He assisted in the construction of a road from Hurd's corners, (now East Dayton) to within one-half mile of this village. Mr. K. also built the first house in Kingston, the one now occupied by Jas. Corlis. He was the first man to get entangled in the silken tie and took his wedding trip through the woods, a distance of four miles, on a jumper sleigh, and the road which he traveled was only discernible by blazed trees. Think of it, ye soft gloved sons, and daughters, who think you have such a tough time of it in this age of reason! Mr. King was a veteran in the late war, and has traveled extensively. His recital of the early hardships are exceedingly interesting, coming, as it does, from a man who is well informed. We were pleased to meet him.

Occasionally a person comes in contact with an old resident, who has absented himself from his rural and antiquated home for several years. Such a meeting recalls to the memory of the oldest inhabitant scenes of his early childhood, and brings back to his thoughts a remembrance of the early days, when this country was yet in its infancy.

Mr. Philo King of Ravenna, Ohio, who is visiting his brothers, Wallace B. and Russel B. King, and chatting with his old-time friends here, and shaking hands with everybody in general, is one of these pioneers whom all are glad to meet. Mr. King was a resident of this territory 31 years ago, and was supervisor of Kingston township for seven years, which township was named in honor of his father. He assisted in the construction of a road from Hurd's corners, (now East Dayton) to within one-half mile of this village. Mr. K. also built the first house in Kingston, the one now occupied by Jas. Corlis. He was the first man to get entangled in the silken tie and took his wedding trip through the woods, a distance of four miles, on a jumper sleigh, and the road which he traveled was only discernible by blazed trees. Think of it, ye soft gloved sons, and daughters, who think you have such a tough time of it in this age of reason! Mr. King was a veteran in the late war, and has traveled extensively. His recital of the early hardships are exceedingly interesting, coming, as it does, from a man who is well informed. We were pleased to meet him.

Occasionally a person comes in contact with an old resident, who has absented himself from his rural and antiquated home for several years. Such a meeting recalls to the memory of the oldest inhabitant scenes of his early childhood, and brings back to his thoughts a remembrance of the early days, when this country was yet in its infancy.

Mr. Philo King of Ravenna, Ohio, who is visiting his brothers, Wallace B. and Russel B. King, and chatting with his old-time friends here, and shaking hands with everybody in general, is one of these pioneers whom all are glad to meet. Mr. King was a resident of this territory 31 years ago, and was supervisor of Kingston township for seven years, which township was named in honor of his father. He assisted in the construction of a road from Hurd's corners, (now East Dayton) to within one-half mile of this village. Mr. K. also built the first house in Kingston, the one now occupied by Jas. Corlis. He was the first man to get entangled in the silken tie and took his wedding trip through the woods, a distance of four miles, on a jumper sleigh, and the road which he traveled was only discernible by blazed trees. Think of it, ye soft gloved sons, and daughters, who think you have such a tough time of it in this age of reason! Mr. King was a veteran in the late war, and has traveled extensively. His recital of the early hardships are exceedingly interesting, coming, as it does, from a man who is well informed. We were pleased to meet him.

Occasionally a person comes in contact with an old resident, who has absented himself from his rural and antiquated home for several years. Such a meeting recalls to the memory of the oldest inhabitant scenes of his early childhood, and brings back to his thoughts a remembrance of the early days, when this country was yet in its infancy.

Mr. Philo King of Ravenna, Ohio, who is visiting his brothers, Wallace B. and Russel B. King, and chatting with his old-time friends here, and shaking hands with everybody in general, is one of these pioneers whom all are glad to meet. Mr. King was a resident of this territory 31 years ago, and was supervisor of Kingston township for seven years, which township was named in honor of his father. He assisted in the construction of a road from Hurd's corners, (now East Dayton) to within one-half mile of this village. Mr. K. also built the first house in Kingston, the one now occupied by Jas. Corlis. He was the first man to get entangled in the silken tie and took his wedding trip through the woods, a distance of four miles, on a jumper sleigh, and the road which he traveled was only discernible by blazed trees. Think of it, ye soft gloved sons, and daughters, who think you have such a tough time of it in this age of reason! Mr. King was a veteran in the late war, and has traveled extensively. His recital of the early hardships are exceedingly interesting, coming, as it does, from a man who is well informed. We were pleased to meet him.

Occasionally a person comes in contact with an old resident, who has absented himself from his rural and antiquated home for several years. Such a meeting recalls to the memory of the oldest inhabitant scenes of his early childhood, and brings back to his thoughts a remembrance of the early days, when this country was yet in its infancy.

Mr. Philo King of Ravenna, Ohio, who is visiting his brothers, Wallace B. and Russel B. King, and chatting with his old-time friends here, and shaking hands with everybody in general, is one of these pioneers whom all are glad to meet. Mr. King was a resident of this territory 31 years ago, and was supervisor of Kingston township for seven years, which township was named in honor of his father. He assisted in the construction of a road from Hurd's corners, (now East Dayton) to within one-half mile of this village. Mr. K. also built the first house in Kingston, the one now occupied by Jas. Corlis. He was the first man to get entangled in the silken tie and took his wedding trip through the woods, a distance of four miles, on a jumper sleigh, and the road which he traveled was only discernible by blazed trees. Think of it, ye soft gloved sons, and daughters, who think you have such a tough time of it in this age of reason! Mr. King was a veteran in the late war, and has traveled extensively. His recital of the early hardships are exceedingly interesting, coming, as it does, from a man who is well informed. We were pleased to meet him.

Occasionally a person comes in contact with an old resident, who has absented himself from his rural and antiquated home for several years. Such a meeting recalls to the memory of the oldest inhabitant scenes of his early childhood, and brings back to his thoughts a remembrance of the early days, when this country was yet in its infancy.

Mr. Philo King of Ravenna, Ohio, who is visiting his brothers, Wallace B. and Russel B. King, and chatting with his old-time friends here, and shaking hands with everybody in general, is one of these pioneers whom all are glad to meet. Mr. King was a resident of this territory 31 years ago, and was supervisor of Kingston township for seven years, which township was named in honor of his father. He assisted in the construction of a road from Hurd's corners, (now East Dayton) to within one-half mile of this village. Mr. K. also built the first house in Kingston, the one now occupied by Jas. Corlis. He was the first man to get entangled in the silken tie and took his wedding trip through the woods, a distance of four miles, on a jumper sleigh, and the road which he traveled was only discernible by blazed trees. Think of it, ye soft gloved sons, and daughters, who think you have such a tough time of it in this age of reason! Mr. King was a veteran in the late war, and has traveled extensively. His recital of the early hardships are exceedingly interesting, coming, as it does, from a man who is well informed. We were pleased to meet him.

Occasionally a person comes in contact with an old resident, who has absented himself from his rural and antiquated home for several years. Such a meeting recalls to the memory of the oldest inhabitant scenes of his early childhood, and brings back to his thoughts a remembrance of the early days, when this country was yet in its infancy.

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. Burnett, 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 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 everybody. Yours respectfully. JOHN ASHMORE.

J. ETHERINTON'S PAIN KILLER.

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.

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.

O. A. BRIGGS.

\$65.00 WITH LESSONS FREE. No shoddy Organ with weak tone, but a solid black walnut one with 12 reeds. Warranted 7 years. Organ, Stool, Book & Teru of Lessons \$65.00. C. M. MORRIS, 214 Gen. Ave., 2, Saginaw

M'GINNIS HOTEL

Good Sample Rooms. Livery in connection. Rates, \$1.00 per day. JAMES M'GINNIS, Proprietor. KINGSTON - - MICHIGAN.

Central Meat MARKET,

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

BUCKLEN'S ARNIC SALVE.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sore throats, sore shins, fever sores, letter, chapped hands, chilblains, 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.

Cass City Markets.

Friday Morning, September 20. Wheat, o. 1 white..... 73 Wheat, No. 2, white..... 66 do o. 2 red..... 62 do No. 3 red..... 65 Oats..... 17 @ 18 Beans hand-picked..... 100 @ 140 do un-picked..... 90 @ 125 Rye..... 35 @ 40 Barley..... 85 @ 105 Clover seed..... 300 @ 365 Peas per bushel..... 30 @ 40 Buckwheat..... 35 Butter..... 12 Eggs..... 15 Wool..... 20 @ 25

PATTERN FREE.

By Special Arrangement with DEAR OLD FATHER'S MONTHLY, the Greatest of all Family Magazines, we are enabled to make all of our lady readers a present of a Pattern of the Beautiful Jacket. This Pattern will be worth 25c, as it will be accompanied with a large illustration and complete directions, they must be sent at once to our office. We shall print a Pattern for each of our readers. We shall be glad to receive the names of our readers, and of the State they live in. We shall be glad to receive the names of our readers, and of the State they live in. We shall be glad to receive the names of our readers, and of the State they live in.

DR. GEO. SIMENTON,

PHYSICIAN and Surgeon. Office in drug store, Kingston Mich.

Saginaw, Tuscola & Huron R. R.

GOING NORTH. STATIONS. Freight. Mixed. Pass.

GOING SOUTH. STATIONS. Pass. Mixed. Freight

Saginaw, Tuscola & Huron R. R.

TIME TABLE. Trains going North.

Trains going South.

CONNECTIONS.

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

F. & P. M. R. R.

Time Table taking effect June 16, 1889. PORT HURON DIVISION.

WEST. EAST. STATIONS. Express and Mail. Express and Mail. Express and Mail. Express and Mail.

SAND BEACH AND PORT AUSTIN DIVS. NORTH. SOUTH. STATIONS. Express and Mail. Express and Mail. Express and Mail. Express and Mail.

CONNECTIONS.

Port Huron (Union Depot), with the G. T. R. to and from all points in Canada, and to Flint, Battle Creek and Chicago.

Clifford (Union Depot) with the P. O. & P. A. for North Branch, Bay City, Kingston, Cass City, Berne and Caseville.

Vassar, with the M. C. R. for Caro, Bay City, Alpena, Mackinac, etc.

East Saginaw (Transfer) with the S. V. & L. N. for St. Louis, Alma, Grand Rapids, etc.

Bad Axe (Union Depot) with the S. T. & H. for Bayport, Sebawing, Unionville, East Saginaw, etc.

SANFORD KEILER, Superintendent.

For Diseases of the KIDNEYS

DR. HILL'S ROYAL ENGLISH BUCHU. Will cure all diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, Irritation of the Bladder, Burning Urine, Gleet, Gonorrhoea, in all its stages, Mucous Discharge, Catarrh of the Bladder, Bright's Disease, Diabetes, inflammation of the Kidneys, Acid Urine, Blood Urine, GRAVEL, etc. It is a KIDNEY TONIC, and restores the natural color, and cures the itching, burning, and the effect of the excessive use of intoxicating drink.

PRICE, \$1; Three Bottles for \$2.50. Sent by Mail, free of charge, to any part of the world. W. JOHNSTON & CO., DETROIT, MICH.

DR. GEO. SIMENTON,

PHYSICIAN and Surgeon. Office in drug store, Kingston Mich.

Saginaw, Tuscola & Huron R. R.

GOING NORTH. STATIONS. Freight. Mixed. Pass.

GOING SOUTH. STATIONS. Pass. Mixed. Freight

Saginaw, Tuscola & Huron R. R.

TIME TABLE. Trains going North.

Trains going South.

CONNECTIONS.

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

F. & P. M. R. R.

Time Table taking effect June 16, 1889. PORT HURON DIVISION.

WEST. EAST. STATIONS. Express and Mail. Express and Mail. Express and Mail. Express and Mail.

SAND BEACH AND PORT AUSTIN DIVS. NORTH. SOUTH. STATIONS. Express and Mail. Express and Mail. Express and Mail. Express and Mail.

CONNECTIONS.

Port Huron (Union Depot), with the G. T. R. to and from all points in Canada, and to Flint, Battle Creek and Chicago.

Clifford (Union Depot) with the P. O. & P. A. for North Branch, Bay City, Kingston, Cass City, Berne and Caseville.

Vassar, with the M. C. R. for Caro, Bay City, Alpena, Mackinac, etc.

East Saginaw (Transfer) with the S. V. & L. N. for St. Louis, Alma, Grand Rapids, etc.

Bad Axe (Union Depot) with the S. T. & H. for Bayport, Sebawing, Unionville, East Saginaw, etc.

SANFORD KEILER, Superintendent.

For Diseases of the KIDNEYS

DR. HILL'S ROYAL ENGLISH BUCHU. Will cure all diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, Irritation of the Bladder, Burning Urine, Gleet, Gonorrhoea, in all its stages, Mucous Discharge, Catarrh of the Bladder, Bright's Disease, Diabetes, inflammation of the Kidneys, Acid Urine, Blood Urine, GRAVEL, etc. It is a KIDNEY TONIC, and restores the natural color, and cures the itching, burning, and the effect of the excessive use of intoxicating drink.

PRICE, \$1; Three Bottles for \$2.50. Sent by Mail, free of charge, to any part of the world. W. JOHNSTON & CO., DETROIT, MICH.